

# KOSHKA

THE MIDWEST ISSUE





# HEY GUYS...

Welcome to *Koshka #4 : The Midwest*. Here in my beautiful home city of Chicago, there is a constant undercurrent of Eastern Europeanness that becomes part of all Chicagoans. For example, one of our most-loved fast foods is the Polish sausage, and many schools in the area get a day off for Casimir Pulaski Day. A bus ride can become a primer in Polish, Ukranian, Russian, Lithuanian, and any other thick tongue you can think of.

In that presence, however, there is a sense of taking our Midwestern Eastern European roots for granted—the Ukranian Village gets gentrified, a Polish dive bar serves its last “ZIMNE PIVO”, and each successive generation loses their native tongue and moves further into to suburbs. As is the problem with cultural groups that generally don’t talk about their problems, very few actually want to talk about what being Eastern European in Chicagoland means—until you ask them!!! While waiting in line to pay for bread and cakes, being from the same place, even if you only speak English, is the great connector. Hell, I’ve been called out as Lithuanian from sight alone!

This volume serves as a sliver of poppy seed cake to whet your appetite for what is a great deal of further reading—there is no way myself or the contributors could touch on every piece of Eastern European history, contributions, and cultural and spatial movement in the Midwest in one zine alone. But like your first taste of poppy seed cake makes you think, “What the hell am I eating? Hey, I kinda like it!”, I hope this zine also inspires you to discover more of Chicago’s Eastern European cultural and gastronomic delicacies for yourself. You don’t even have to *mówić po polsku*.

Kaitlin Kostus, editor/creator, 2014

# CONTRIBUTORS

**Jen Blair** has taken a linguistics course or two and can swear pretty good in American.

**Robert Krüms** is a designer and illustrator based in Chicago. He is a self-proclaimed "Kitty Cat Man" and always eats all the cereal and peanut butter. He contributed the cover art for this issue. You can see more of his work at [cargocollective.com/robertkrums](http://cargocollective.com/robertkrums).

**Anna Krztón** lives in Silesia, the most industrialized region of Poland. She makes work about the heartbreak of demolished architecture in her city. View more of her work at [anna.krztón.com](http://anna.krztón.com).

**Dan Pogorzelski** is a writer and editor for *Forgotten Chicago* as well as the Vice President of the Northwest Chicago Historical Society. Dan has coauthored three history books from the *Images of America* series on the neighborhoods of Portage Park, Bridgeport and Avondale. A native resident of Chicago's Northwest Side, Dan has been civically involved in a number of community initiatives improving this often overlooked part of Chicago, such as the installation of Historic Kiosks at Six Corners, the Murals and Community Garden at Addison and Avondale, as well as the Polish Triangle Coalition.

**Melissa Potter** is a multi-media artist working in paper, print, video and social practice collaborations. Her work has been exhibited at venues including White Columns, Bronx Museum of the Arts, the VideoDumbo Festival, and Galerija Zvono in Belgrade, Serbia. Grants for her work include three Fulbright awards, ArtsLink, the Soros Fund for Arts and Culture, and the Trust for Mutual Understanding. She is an Associate Professor and Director of the Book & Paper Program in the Interdisciplinary Arts Department of Columbia College Chicago.

**Mat Rappaport's** art work has been exhibited in the United States and internationally in museums, galleries, film festivals and public spaces including the United Kingdom and the former Yugoslavia. His current work utilizes mobile video, performance and photography to explore habitation, perception and power as related to built environments. Rappaport is a co-initiator of V1B3 ([www.v1b3.com](http://www.v1b3.com)), which seeks to shape the experience of urban environments through media based interventions. Rappaport is an Associate Professor at Columbia College in Chicago.

**Tony Sparrow** is a self-taught mixed media artist and muralist from Chicago. His work is often executed in series or set formats as he explores themes through repetition. Sparrow has conceived and painted his own murals at locations in Chicago such as the Whoot Mural on Belmont Avenue, the *Manifest Mural* at the Pulaski Blue Line exit, the *CrossCuts Mural* at the Addison Kennedy Expressway Exit, the *Positive Babel Mural* at the Irving Park Metra Station and the *Hep Cat Mural* on Cicero Avenue. Sparrow is also a celebrated graphic designer in his professional career as Creative Director of TribeAgency.

**Tom Vasilj** is a lifelong Chicagoan and very avid photographer and videographer. He grew up Croatian-American, with his formative years spent between Bridgeport and Hyde Park, on Chicago's South Side. He currently resides in Bridgeport, doing freelance video work and street photography. He also has a budding interest in urban planning.



# MANY THANKS

**Koshka #4: The Midwest**, was printed at the **Publishing Clearing House**, an in-gallery print shop built by collaborative art group Temporary Services for the exhibition "A Proximity of Consciousness: Art and Social Action." The exhibition was part of **A Lived Practice**, a symposium on art and activism hosted by The School of the Art Institute Chicago, from the dates of September 20th-December 20th 2014.

Many thanks to Marc Fischer and Brett Alton Bloom, otherwise known as the current iteration of Temporary Services, for inviting **Koshka** to be a part of such an exciting project. They also provided crucial support and feedback for an anxiety-riddled zine creator such as myself, as well as help with the Risograph process. This was both the first time I got to use a Risograph and have printing costs covered by something other than my paltry bank account, so my gratitude is undying.

Thank you also to all the contributors, who are the real creative talent behind this project! It is an honor to work with so many intelligent individuals from all over the world on each issue. Extra special thanks to Dan Pogorzelski, who was instrumental in his assistance by introducing me to Tony Sparrow. Thank you also to Sophia Mathelier and Arcadia Press who, with her kind assistance, allowed reproduction of excerpts from Dan's book. The very talented and patient Robert Krums, who also just so happens to be my life partner, deserves special thanks for creating an amazing cover image, providing design assistance, and for helping me keep the will to continue working through long projects like these.

Questions or comments? Want to submit something? Email [koshkazine@gmail.com](mailto:koshkazine@gmail.com).

[koshkazine.tumblr.com](http://koshkazine.tumblr.com) is where **Koshka** lives online.

# FAMILY MYTHOLOGY

BY TOM VASILJ



This is the front cover and accompanying text of Father (and Dr.) Vendelin Vasilj's *Komunizam i Vjera*, or *Communism and Faith*. Croatian Franciscan Press published it in 1950, and printed it from their Chicago headquarters at 4851 S. Drexel Blvd. This 1950's edition is based on Vendelin's writing in the late 1930's, up until 1944. Vendelin Vasilj was my father's Uncle. Born in 1909 in the tiny village of Medjugorje, in what a decade later became known as Yugoslavia, but today is part of Bosnia-Herzegovina. I'm a little sketchy on all the biographical details of Vendelin's life. My father Andrija (born 1942 in Medjugorje) always spoke highly of Vendelin. Father Vendelin passed away in 1971, four years after my father arrived in Chicago to flee the political shit-hole that was Communist Yugoslavia. Vendelin had been in the states, particularly the Midwest region, for a couple decades.

He was instrumental in bringing my father to Chicago in 1967. My father never knew his dad. At the age of three, Andrija lost his father, Mate, my grandfather, to the horrors of WWII. From what I understand, my grandfather was last seen volunteering in a bread line. His body was never located. Suffice it to say, Vendelin served as a surrogate father to my dad. In the early 1960's, my dad served in the Yugoslav army, per the draft, with training in piloting a biplane, skydiving and hang gliding. Andrija was well on his path to becoming a commercial airline pilot, but "alleged anticommunist ties" doomed any of his chances at a successful career, or even an autonomous life if he stayed in Yugoslavia.

Back to the cover image posted at the beginning of this piece. *Komunizam i Vjera* has been out of print for decades. If I had to hazard a guess, I would say I hold one of the few extant copies. The copy I possess includes a front cover image that employs communist agitprop of that era. The artist responsible for the artwork is not credited in my copy. My Croatian is very rusty. The last time I was adequately bilingual was around the age of nine. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, my understanding of the Croatian language has been rendered vestigial. Ironic considering that Vendelin was fluent in seven different languages, held multiple doctorate degrees and at one point in his life, in the 1930's, studied at the Sorbonne. Perhaps not too coincidentally, my copy of *Komunizam i Vjera* features a glowing review of Vendelin's writing from a French reviewer by the name of Jean Mullet, published in the *Les Amitiés Catholiques Françaises* journal.



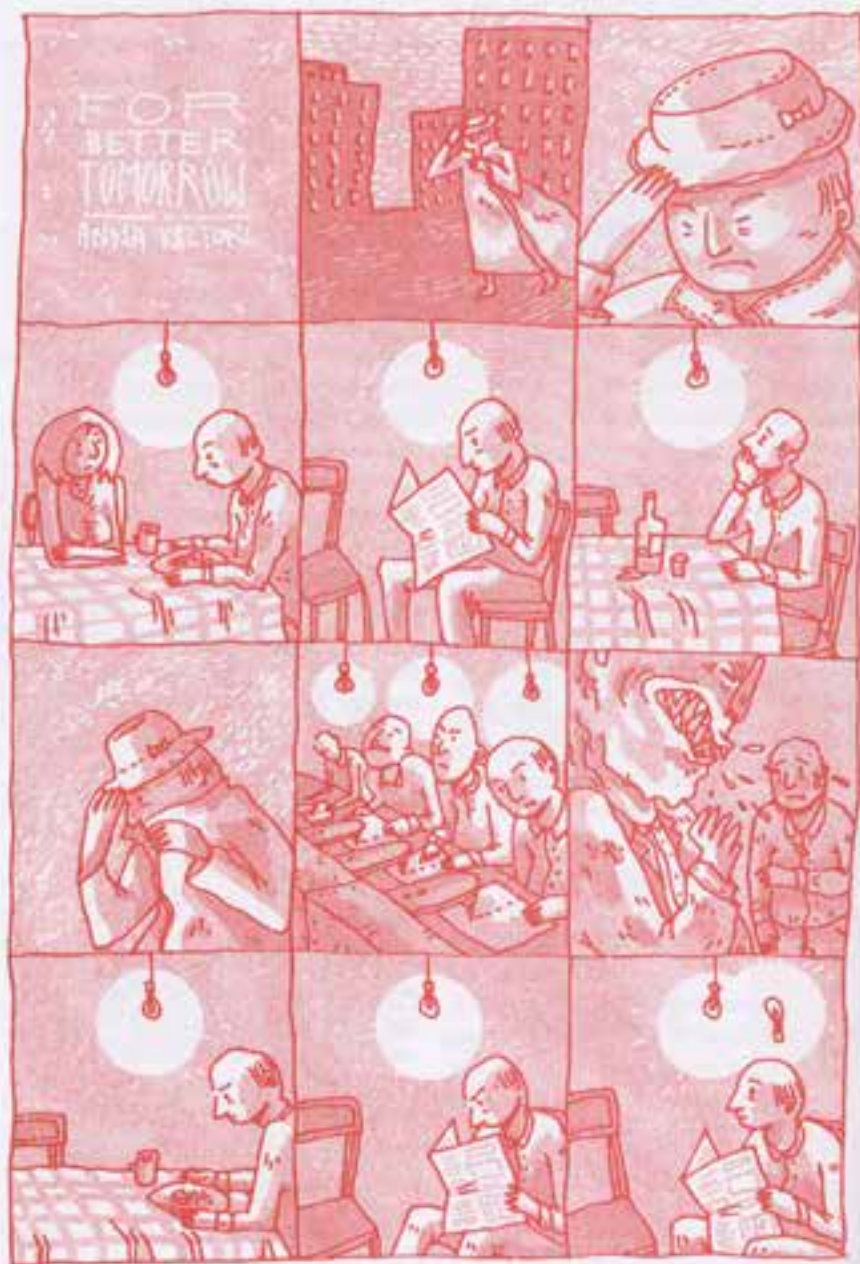
What the hell is the book about? Beats me. Even if I was fluent in Croatian these days, I don't know if I'd be up for reading some heavy-handed, sociopolitical tract. The way my father and others once close to Vendelin put it, the book demonstrates how communism emerged at a crucial stage of history to put a stop to brutal capitalism. How does faith tie into all of this? I don't know. I should know more about this landmark book. I guess the only reason I ever dwell on this bit family and European history is because I still have that out-of-print copy of *Komunizam i Vjera* collecting dust on my shelf.

I'm holding onto it as some form of ancestral talisman. It reminds me of my father who always spoke reverentially of Vendelin. My father considers him one of the smartest men he ever encountered, a larger than life father figure and intellectual mentor. My dad also noted that he was a big man, the life of the party and strong as an ox. He almost froze to death during WWII, which left him with considerable physical disabilities later in life and surely contributed to his early demise in 1971.

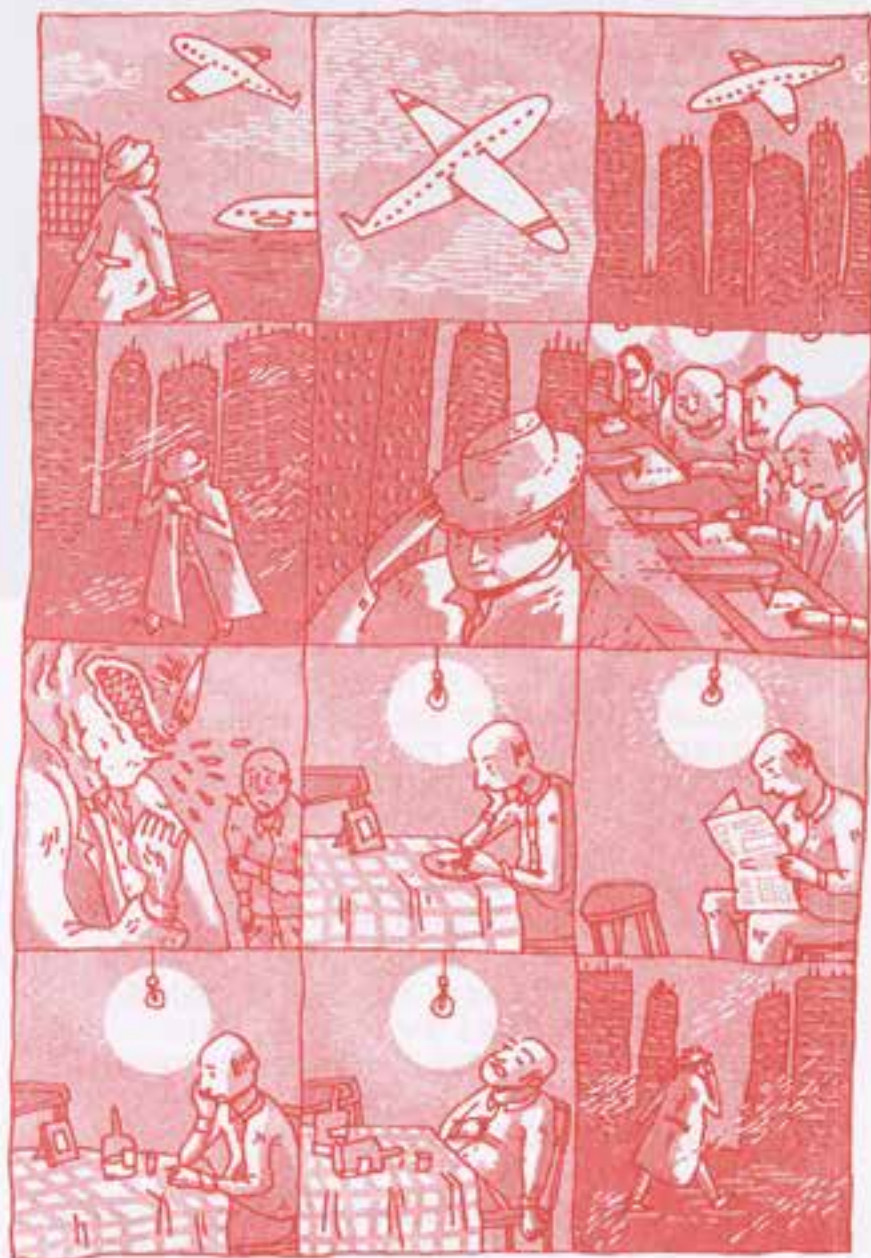
I might as well continue this line of ancestral hero worship. I've yet to get a tattoo, but if I decide I want one, it'll be the front cover of the 1950's edition of *Komunizam i Vjera*. The book is out-of-print. If I lose that copy, at least I'll have the tattoo to pass on the legacy.



# FAMILY VIOLENCE





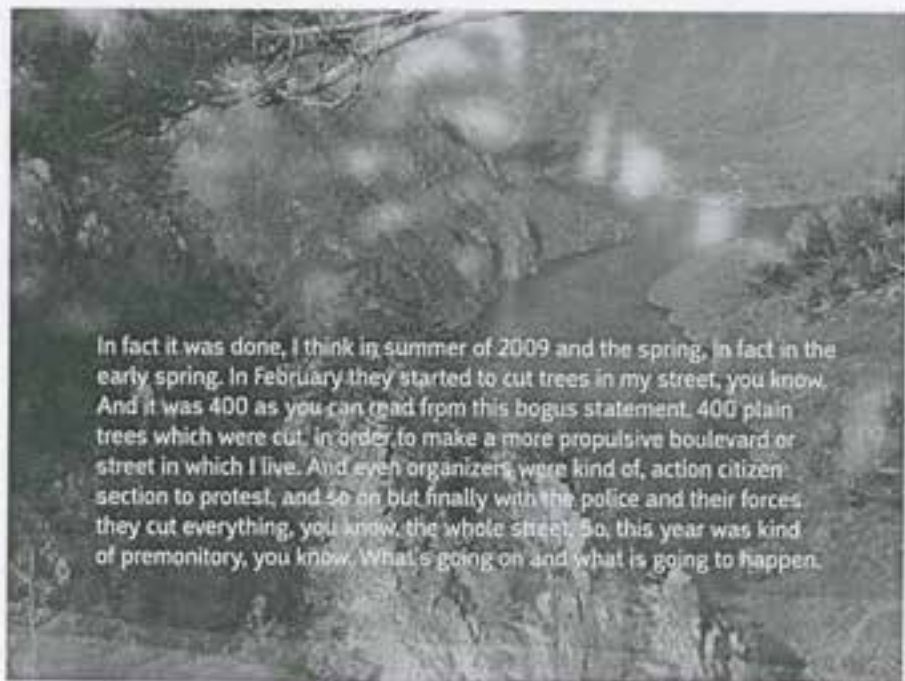


# HOMELAND:

## CHICAGO + BELGRADE DIASPORAS

ARTWORK BY MELISSA POTTER  
+ MAT RAPPAPORT

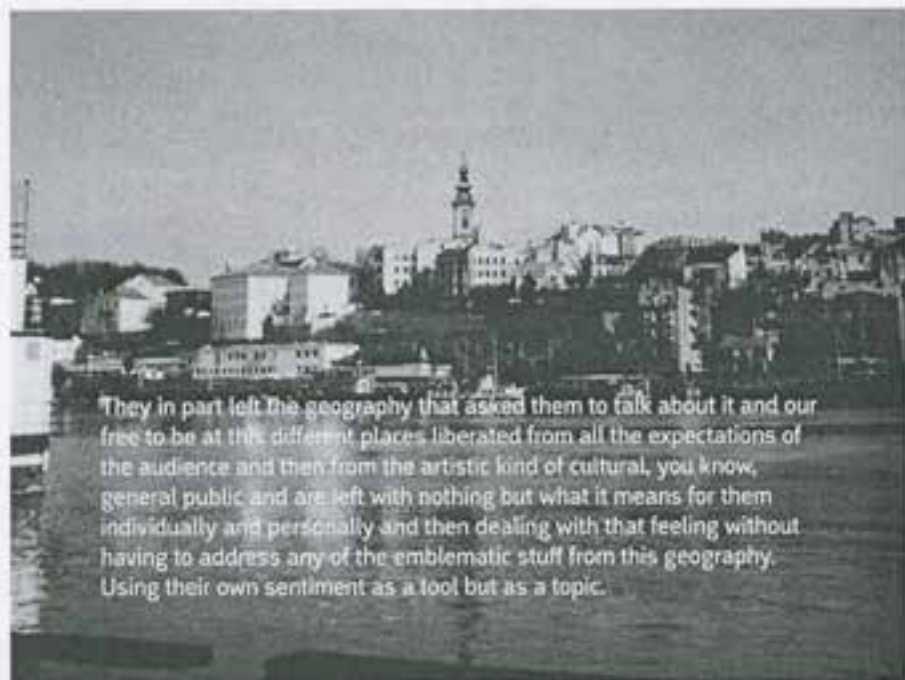
BELGRADE'S SISTER-CITY, CHICAGO IS KNOWN AS THE SERBIAN CENTER OF THE UNITED STATES WITH AN UNVERIFIED, BUT ESTIMATED POPULATION OF 400,000. SINCE WORLD WAR I, THE SERBIAN DIASPORA TRIED TO CREATE RELATIONSHIPS TO A HOMELAND IN NEARLY CONSTANT FLUX THROUGH WARS, NATIONAL AFFILIATIONS, AND SECESSIONS. THIS PROJECT EXPLORES THE SHIFTING CONTEXT OF SERBIAN EXPERIENCE THROUGH A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS WITH MULTI-GENERATIONAL ARTISTS AND CURATORS WHO DESCRIBE THE CONDITIONS THAT SHAPED THE EXPERIENCES OF CHICAGOANS AS THEY MADE THE U.S. THEIR HOME. IT PAIRS THEM WITH IMAGES BY POTTER AND RAPPAPORT IN THEIR CHICAGO SERBIAN NEIGHBORHOOD, AND IN BELGRADE WHERE THEY BOTH TRAVELED IN 2003.



In fact it was done, I think in summer of 2009 and the spring, in fact in the early spring. In February they started to cut trees in my street, you know. And it was 400 as you can read from this bogus statement. 400 plain trees which were cut in order to make a more propulsive boulevard or street in which I live. And even organizers were kind of, action citizen section to protest, and so on but finally with the police and their forces they cut everything, you know, the whole street. So, this year was kind of premonitory, you know. What's going on and what is going to happen.

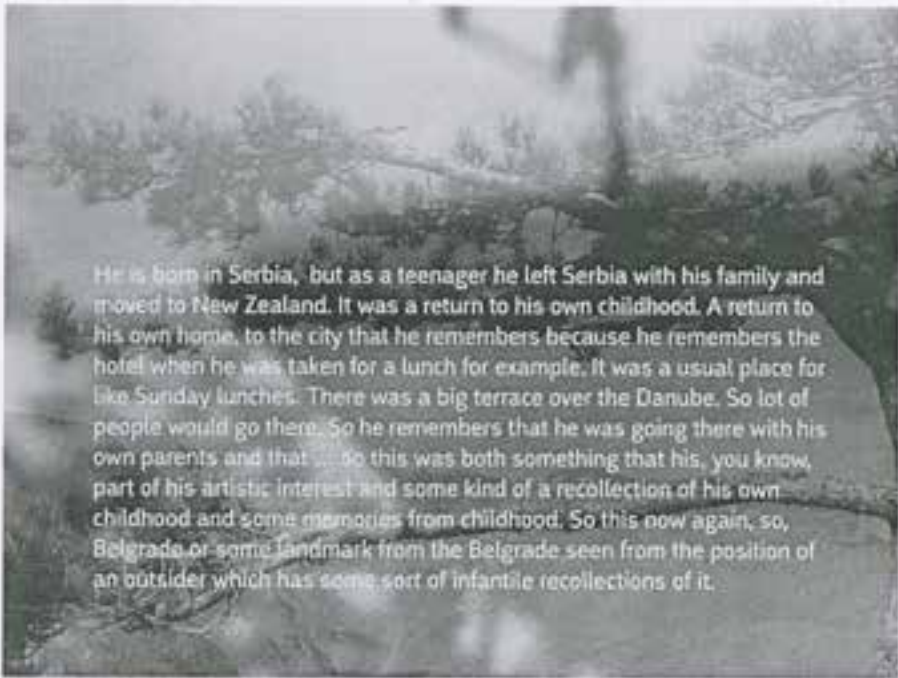
Čedomir Vasić, a Belgrade based artist, talks about the removal of trees from King Aleksandar Boulevard in an exhibition by Mirjana Boba Stojadinović exploring the metaphor of chaos in the city. Image from JAT headquarters in Irving Park, Chicago.





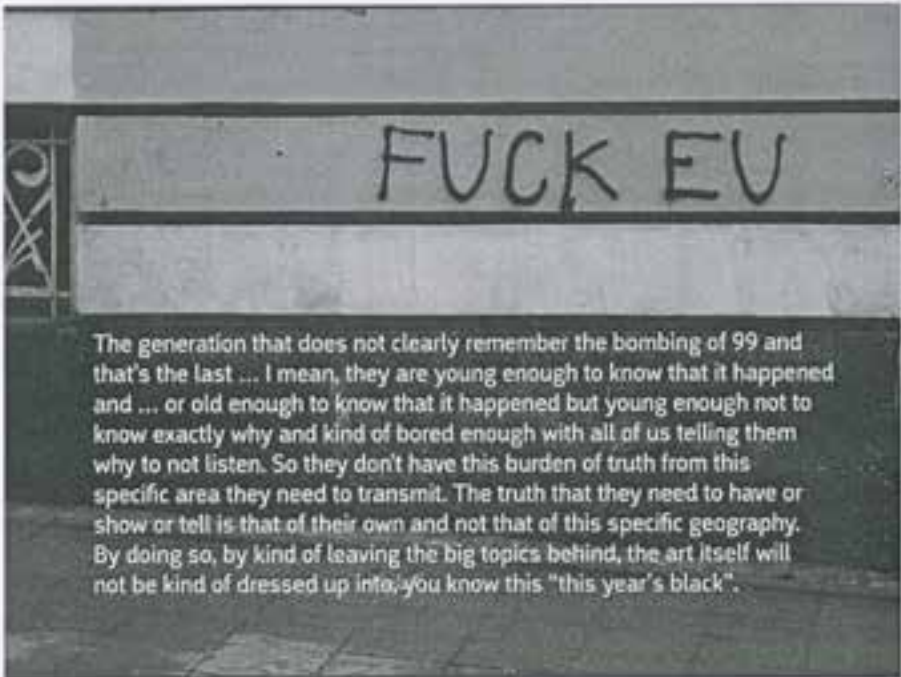
They in part left the geography that asked them to talk about it and our free to be at this different places liberated from all the expectations of the audience and then from the artistic kind of cultural, you know, general public and are left with nothing but what it means for them individually and personally and then dealing with that feeling without having to address any of the emblematic stuff from this geography. Using their own sentiment as a tool but as a topic.

Čedomir Vasić, a Belgrade based artist, talks about a Ministry building in downtown Belgrade that remains abandoned 14 years after the NATO strikes on the city; the façade is rented as billboard space. Image of religious artifact in the collection of Serbian American Museum St. Sava, Chicago.



He is born in Serbia, but as a teenager he left Serbia with his family and moved to New Zealand. It was a return to his own childhood. A return to his own home, to the city that he remembers because he remembers the hotel when he was taken for a lunch for example. It was a usual place for like Sunday lunches. There was a big terrace over the Danube. So lot of people would go there. So he remembers that he was going there with his own parents and that ... so this was both something that his, you know, part of his artistic interest and some kind of a recollection of his own childhood and some memories from childhood. So this now again, so, Belgrade or some landmark from the Belgrade seen from the position of an outsider which has some sort of infantile recollections of it.

**Branislav Dmitrijević, curator and critic, discusses work by Mladen Bizumić about a recently renovated Tito-era hotel. Image from JAT headquarters in Irving Park, Chicago.**



FUCK EU

The generation that does not clearly remember the bombing of 99 and that's the last ... I mean, they are young enough to know that it happened and ... or old enough to know that it happened but young enough not to know exactly why and kind of bored enough with all of us telling them why to not listen. So they don't have this burden of truth from this specific area they need to transmit. The truth that they need to have or show or tell is that of their own and not that of this specific geography. By doing so, by kind of leaving the big topics behind, the art itself will not be kind of dressed up into you know this "this year's black".

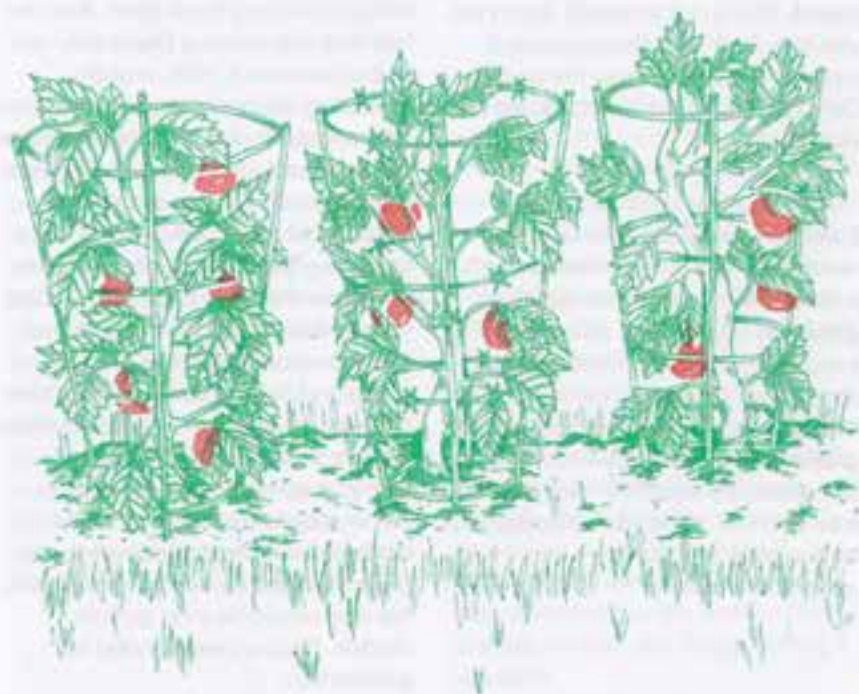
Dorijan Kolundzija, artist and curator discusses the Serbian Millennial response to a war culture they never experienced firsthand. Image of graffiti in Belgrade by Melissa Potter, 2010.



on upfront avoidance of the  
topic of eastern european influence  
in chicago

by Jen Blair

illustrated by Karlin Kostus



### **I think Ted votes Republican.**

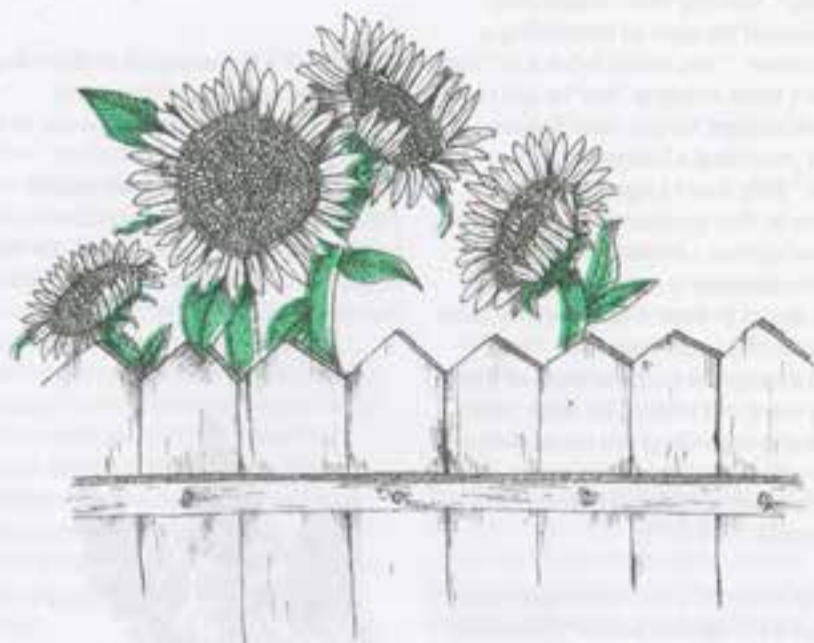
The first day we moved in he gave us eight tomato plants. The heat extraordinary, even for a Chicago July. "Plant them right here, between the garage and the fence. That is the part that gets the most sunlight." Said seriously, the middle ground between suggestion and command. Ted used to manage crews of workmen in Poland. He knows how to tell people things.

"You don't think like an American, Jen" my friend Mónica told me once, and this is halfway true. Mónica herself halfway between teacher and friend. This is not an insult. She'd tell you too. Don't ask the question if you don't want to know the answer. Don't be fake. Don't be fake and lie to my face.

Here is how I am in not Eastern European: my slack. The lack of weeding. Here is my inheritance: now that we have the house, the garden is taking over. So much produce, zoned and clustered but spreading. Mostly we eat from it, but the marigolds and roses, morning glories and sunflowers—now entirely beheaded by squirrels—are there, interspersed. Next year snapdragons by the gate, just like my grandparents had.

Ours is a fancier version of their Chicago-style bungalow, all red brick and stoic on the outside. Inside the proportions of the rooms are a delight, as is the craft of the house as a whole. Woodwork and small rectangles of stained-glass. Stylized flowers the detail. We live almost exactly-on-the-dot two miles from where my grandparents used to live. I mapped it out.

Which when my Papó died. And the hell that was moving Uncle Billy out of the basement. Him, nightly, retrieving the trash my mom and aunt cleaned out that day—piles and piles of paper and old clothes and broken pipes and tobacco tins, halves of buttons, all his empties, things that smelled—back into the house. Billy took over the basement in those last years. Mom and Aunt Kathy found him a Section 8 apartment near Irving and Pulaski so he wouldn't be homeless, managed the money Papó left him so that Bill didn't spend everything, made sure he didn't starve. There was no more to be done unless you wanted to assume guardianship, have Billy committed. No way would he ever go to a doctor. Doctors were trying to poison him.



Mom and Aunt Kathy helped him manage his money for years until he started getting agitated and abusive in his accusations that they were stealing from him. After that there was less contact, no more going to his apartment, Bill only coming to my parent's on holidays and the larger family occasions. Then no one could reach him for two months, so my mom and dad went over there and found him massively dehydrated and barely conscious. They rescued him, sort of. He died two years later in a nursing home. I think he wanted to die.

I am sad about this even though he was out of his mind. The occasional creepy-uncle moments enough that my dad, always the kindest to Billy, would not tell him where I lived or later where my sister Kim went to college. Sometimes you could see Bill trying, the person he could have been filtering through. "How's Jennifer?" he'd ask me. "Still swimming?" "How's Kimberly?" He tried. Dad gave him shoes and refused to tell him about Kim in college. No risking the very small chance he could have made it downstate. Mom is still devastated about the death of her brother though she doesn't bring it up much.



"You know what your problem is Bill?" said my mom when Billy disclosed his plan of becoming a cabdriver. "You know what it is? You don't think straight. You've got to think straight to get your license, and you need a license to drive a cab," Billy had to agree. Mom's voice in that moment stronger than other voices. Untreated paranoid schizophrenia is progressive, and the drugs to treat it had harsher side effects fifty years ago. Plus, tightly-knit immigrant communities of that day were not known for their open attitude regarding the consultation of mental health professionals. Were not always known for being open minded.

Mom married a man who is in many ways a lot like her father: generous, loving, opinionated, and profoundly loyal. But of course Dad is Jewish, and until I came around, Papó could not quite extend his generosity to that. My understanding is that my gentle and strong-souled Papó flipped out, went cold those first years. With me it was different. He treated me like sunlight.

Is my delight in blasphemy and profanity an Eastern European inheritance? I come by it honestly, from my mom. But Mom's deeply evangelical Aunt Irma had all four of her children believing into their twenties that there are no swear words in Hungarian. There are approximately one million swear words in Hungarian. Hungarians can swear with a focus and specificity impossible in English. That, or Americans are just lazy.

Probably it's the extreme of the thing that makes it Eastern European. Either/or. Hungarians will swear, but not in front of you.

"Jesus H. Christ!" my mom would yell when she was coming down from being mad. "Goddamn" for the escalation, "Christ on a crutch!" for the recovery.



How I ended up a Jew (vaguely, but still) and my sister a Lutheran is another story, but I don't talk about it with my Polish neighbors. Not even with Grace who nannies for a Jewish family that she loves. Grace has made it pretty clear that she harbors no prejudices. She's subtle enough to hint that she knows what Marc and I are but not press the issue. Grace is sharp sharp sharp, and kind in the way that a knife is kind cutting up the tomato that Grace has shared with you. She has too many. She can't eat them all. Here.

All the neighbors in the two-flat next door are kind, at least from what I can tell. Anna does not really speak English, but she smiles kindly. I can't say much in return as my Polish is limited to five things corresponding roughly to: "Good day/hello," "hi," "thank you," "thanks," and "whore." The last courtesy of our electrician Pawel ("Paul!") who is the absolute best, reliable, has an earring and a Sepultura ringtone, everything clean and up to code. Any switch or wire giving trouble is a whore. Paul is funny, honest, and usually comes in under estimate. He only rescheduled once because he forgot the day he was to take his citizenship oath.

By the third generation in America, the grandparents' language sifts down to food words, baby words, half-remembered lullabies. *Közönöm szépen, szívesen.* What is culture? You are old-fashioned, nostalgic, suspicious of sentiment even as you hold on tight. It's the same city, though you'll miss your sister when she has to move for work.



You have to do what you say you're going to do, but you don't have to give the whole story. Be honest, or at least be true. The Hungarian word for tomato, *paradicsom*, also means paradise. I better go weed, make some incursions in the dandelions, white-puffed and busy now seeding Ted's lawn.



# CROSSCUTS MURAL: AVONDALE

WORDS AND IMAGES  
BY TONY SPARROW

EDITING ASSISTANCE BY  
DAN POGORZELSKI



The Addison and Avondale Mural and Garden committee asked me to come up with a mural that would work with Rafael Lopez's mural on the south wall. Rafael López is a well known and respected Mexican-American artist, so his work naturally went in a beautiful direction that has a strong Latin flair with a vivid color tone to it in final execution.

The committee asked me to try come up with a concept that not only worked in concert with Rafael's excellent piece but also worked to acknowledge the various cultures (Polish, Swedish, German, Asian, Filipino, Belarusian, Ukrainian, and Latino) that make Avondale along with the nearby neighborhoods of Independence Park and The Villa District their home.

I put together and submitted a bunch of early concepts that were all well received but something was not fully clicking and I kept pushing. I started to look for a shared thread in traditional and folk art that wove through Polish, Swedish, German, Asian, Filipino, Belarusian, Ukrainian, and Latino cultures and in my research landed on paper cutting as a common theme. I then blended my findings into a series of unique design sketches and actually went through the exercise of cutting them up and experimenting with them to get a feel for the traditional craft of paper cutting.

In the end the mural's design is a unique take on artistic paper cutting techniques (Wycinanki, Papel Picado, etc.) and folk art decorating (Kurbits, Bauernmalerei, etc.) as practiced within various cultures. Rather than lean in any one culture's direction, my take is more a bit modern or should we say "melting pot" approach to paper cutting which I feel fits the community around the mural location very well. The final mural has nine distinct panels that will share a common 5 color palette. I chose a 5 color palette in the cooler range as Mr. López's mural is made up of mostly earth-toned colors (gold, orange, and brown tones) with occasional use of blue, purples and green as accents in some panels.

My color thinking here is that if I fully matched the colors Rafael used on his mural the pieces would compete and possibly confine those passing by, where with my approach I hope the the location will have a warm wall and a cool wall which gives the surroundings a complimentary feel.

Tony Sparrow, 2014

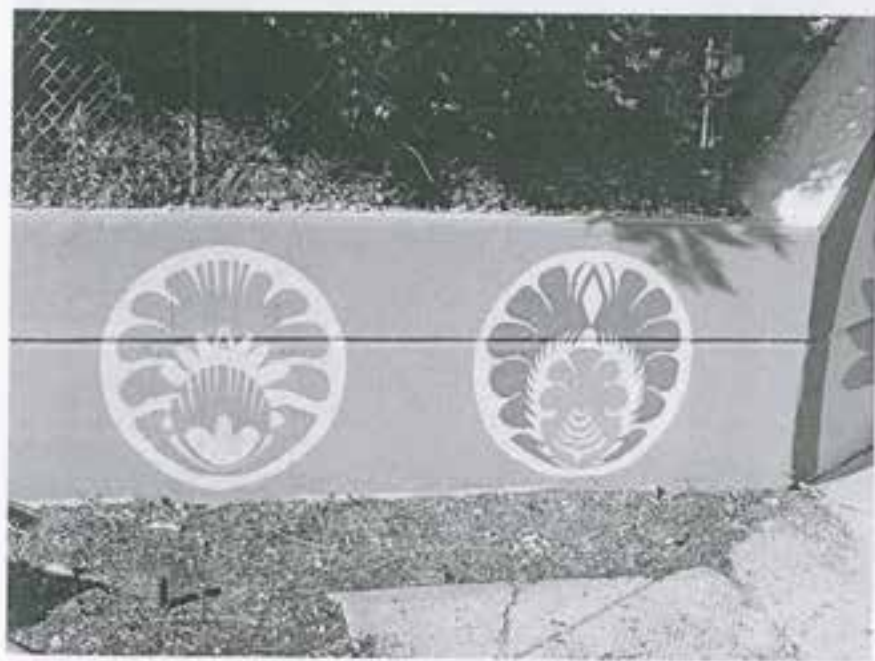


Above: Polish artist Jerry Rogowski acted as co-lead artist and onsite manager for the Crosscuts mural.

Below: Artist Tony Sparrow hones in on a detail.



Above: Dan Pogorzelski is a high roller!  
Below: Volunteers Juan Carlos Frias and Annalis DeLaCruz.



Above: An unfinished panel view.

Below: A completed panel detail hugging the sidewalk.





Above and Below: Completed panels of the Crosscuts mural.

# FROM POLISH VILLAGE TO POLISH MECCA

EXCERPTS FROM  
AVONDALE AND CHICAGO'S POLISH VILLAGE

BY DAN POGORZELSKI, ROBERT  
REID, JACOB KAPLAN, + ELISA  
ADDLESERGER

REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM AVONDALE AND CHICAGO'S  
POLISH VILLAGE, BY DAN POGORZELSKI, ROBERT REID,  
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The Polish Village, or Polska Osada, dates to the founding of St. Hyacinth in 1894. The community is comprised mainly of two parts. St. Hyacinth Basilica anchors Jackowo, the Polish name for "Polish patch" that dominates Avondale's west end. This ethnic neighborhood is usually clumped together with the Polish district just north around St. Wenceslaus, or Wacławowo, as local Poles refer to it. The Settlement later grew as the "Villa District", a small subdivision that Chicago journalist Mike Royko christened the "Polish Kenilworth," just north of Wacławowo. It took shape in Irving Park during the first two decades of the 20th century. The Polish Village soon came to dominate the vicinity. The author of a Chicago Tribune piece published in 1913 described the area this way:

*On past Irving Park boulevard and into Avondale, where the names on the street signs make evident that this is a Polish neighborhood, "Ski" is the regular terminal, while the trim brick flats and shop buildings and the well kept, well paved side streets leading off from the avenue declare that these people are well to do and enterprising. Where Belmont Avenue cuts diagonally across Milwaukee Avenue there is a big holding of vacant land by a New York man, who is waiting to cash in on the movement increment built up by the busy immigration.*

As Polish refugees made the area their first home in the New World, a distinct flowering of Polish arts and culture took place in Avondale. Here, Poles could freely express themselves without worrying about incurring the wrath of government censors or the threat of political repression. Through organizations such as the Polish American Congress, Pomost, and Freedom for Poland, the events and activities organized by Chicago's Polish community played a key role in shaping the chain of events that resulted in the collapse of the Communist government in Poland. A highly expressive and now-decaying mural in the McDonald's parking lot on Belmont Avenue just west of Pulaski Road, titled *Razem* [Together], combines Polish patriotic and folkloric motifs in mute testament to this bygone renaissance.

Avondale's connection to Chicago's Polonia has brought the area some notable visitors, including a future Polish pope and two presidents of Poland. Given that St. Hyacinth has served as a polling place where Polish citizens are able to vote in elections in their former homeland, it is not surprising that a steady stream of government officials and candidates from Poland have made campaign stops here, often full of drama and excitement.



After his election as head of the Polish National Alliance, Karol Rozmarek relocated to Chicago, where the fraternal organization bought him a residence in the Belmont Gardens section of Avondale. His home became a hotbed of Polish American activism on behalf of the occupied motherland. Pictured here in Rozmarek's home are representatives of the Polish government in exile, which was based out of London, having come to confer with the leader of American Polonia. (Courtesy Charles Komosa.)





In the spirit of ethnic solidarity, Rozmarek's grandson Charles Komosa estimates that well over 7,000 Poles displaced as a result of World War II came through the Rozmarek residence in the course of a decade. As displaced persons arrived in the United States as refugees, the home earned its nickname as the "Hotel Rozmarek." Karol Rozmarek is seen here with General Tadeusz Bór-Komorowski, his family, and members of the Polish American Congress at his home in 1948. (Courtesy Charles Komosa.)



Jackowo has long been the dominant community within Chicago's Polish village, or Polska Osada, overshadowing both Wacławowo and the Villa District. In the early 1980's, under Mayor Jane Byrne, 64 neighborhood identifiers with historic crests of Polish cities were installed along Milwaukee Avenue between Kostner and Kimball Avenues, a testament to the strong ties that bound the area to Poland. Their removal under Mayor Richard M. Daley is a loss that is still mourned by the Polish community. (Courtesy Jerzy "George" Skwarek.)



Czesław Niemen was a legend of Polish rock. Singing mostly in Polish, Niemen also performed in English. He famously introduced psychedelia to Poland, melding it with Slavic folk and patriotic motifs. Part of the matchless allure of the Polish Village for residents at the time was their good fortune to regularly socialize with Polish cultural superstars of the highest caliber. (Courtesy Jerzy "George" Skwarek.)



Polonia Bookstore was the literary pipeline connecting the socially diverse Polish communities of Chicago with literature in the Polish language. Hosting meetings, lively discussions, and poetry readings, the bookstore was also a vital outlet of information coming out of Poland for politically engaged Solidarity refugees. (Courtesy Polonia Bookstore.)





Pomost [Footbridge], located at 3242 North Pulaski Road, was an important anticommunist organization whose origins were among students at the University of Illinois at Chicago. Notable members included Prof. Jan Magnus Kryński and acclaimed Polish-Jewish writer Leopold Tyrmand. Pomost systematically supported the democratic opposition in Poland, both financially and with material aid, shipping them relief packages, radio equipment, covert literature, underground printing equipment, and even polygraph machines. In America, it helped distribute independent writings published in Poland. (Courtesy Jacob Kaplan.)



## TEMPORARY SERVICES

P.O. Box 121012

Chicago, IL 60612

[www.temporaryservices.org](http://www.temporaryservices.org)

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