

ANNEX

ROMAN TEISSEYRE IN MEMORIAM English version of the close relatives' recollections (published in electronic edition only)

SON KRZYSZTOF RECALLS

I recall my Father most nicely from childhood. I was so proud of his scientific expedition to Vietnam in 1957. It was a very exotic, remote land – and travelling was rare in those years. Upon his return, Mum took me to Szczecin (a port city), so we could welcome him.

In our flat on Filtrowa Street (Warsaw), Grandmother Władysława (Vlada), mother of my mother Elżbieta, ruled. Although she lived in another district of Warsaw, Żoliborz, she used to come each day very early and leave in the evening; it looked like she lived with us in this quite crowded home. I mean *crowded* because one of the three rooms was occupied by another family of three people. Weights of the household chores fell on my Mother and grandmother; it relieved Dad. Certainly, it was my grandmother who arranged for a peasant to supply us with the meat. Nowadays, it could be called a *gray area*. And indeed, this tall, taciturn peasant always wore grayish clothes. He was unofficially nicknamed Praised (Pochwalony), as he spoke „Praised be”, entering our home. During the German occupation time, grandmother Vlada had to work hard. She was a widow of a pre-war officer (a bank manager in peacetime). It was Stalin's fault that she was a widow, Stalin's and his willing followers. I learned this terrible, awful truth not so early.

In our early years, also the second grandmother lived with us – always cheerful Wacława (Vatsia) with her daughter Izabela, a few years older than me. She was always ready to make a funny remark, even to inweave Latin into Polish. Grandmother Vlada was, let us say, more down-to-earth. She also had her sayings which were more brutal and plebeian-like. Unsurprisingly, arguments used to spark between grandmothers, but their squabbles were friendly.

As children, we learned that there was a significant scientist in our family. It was Wawrzyniec Teisseyre, Dad's Grandpa – father of our Grandpa Kazimierz. We also learned that the four brothers of Kazimierz lived in other cities. Three of them were scientists: Jerzy, Henryk, and Andrzej; only Stanisław was a painter.

My Mum studied physics, too. Most probably, she helped Dad in the crystallographic laboratory. Besides physics, it was also the passion for mountains that brought them together. Specifically, the devotion to the Tatra Mountains. They climbed together at the Monk (Mnich in Polish). After marriage, they still used to travel to the mountains. My brother says that it was Dad who pulled Mum away from climbing; I also think that was the case.



My parents in their youth, in the Tatra Mountains

I remember long holidays in Kościelisko (a village in front of the Tatra Mountains, near the town Zakopane) – with my Mother, grandmother Vlada and occasionally Father – he used to join us whenever he could. Mummy was the greatest friend of the local people. She used to have unhurried conversations with our beloved landlady (Gaździna). We used to relax in Kościelisko each summer, for many years. During these holidays, the first or the second, my brother Mikołaj was born, exactly on my name day. Thus, I was given a brother – a Zakopaner (he is very proud of this). In the summer or winter excursions, our Father was a great companion. In the winter time, we used to put on big lace-up boots for skiing. Because, when we were very young, Dad and our uncle Jacek taught us to ski. Mikołaj (Misiiek) was progressing rapidly, while I had problems when it came to the style. Misiiek has grown up to be the best skier in the family. Our Father used to ski for a long time – up to his eighties.

In Warsaw, our Father didn't have as much time for us as we wished. However, there was his special time for us – the evenings. At that time, he used to tell us stories about the adventures of animals – the Fennecs and the Bears; in the episodes. Those good-night stories were joyful, full of colors and shades. With time, we began to participate in their creation.

I have not seen the unremitting work of my Father: he used to scribble something on a loose piece of paper, even in the Philharmonics. Or – as an old friend reminded me – during loud parties, it happened that Roman suddenly changed the room to find a solution to a scientific problem. It used to be the same at the family meetings.

Neither our Father nor his older brother Mieczysław (Mietek), who worked at the Wrocław University of Science and Technology, has played a great scholar. Also, nobody in the family, or among close friends, played a wartime hero. Some of them were participants in the Warsaw Uprising, some – only witnesses, but nobody was talking about it. Times were like that.

I admired our Father and his colleagues and was convinced that of the biggest value in their work was friendship, in total harmony with their personal ambitions. After the years, during field trips with him and Tomasz Ernst, Marek Górski, Janusz Marianiuk, and Jerzy Suchcicki, I realized that my youthful opinion was correct.

Dad was a sociable and likeable man. Zofia Droste (Zośka) belonged to his greatest friends; she was a seismologist and also the closest friend of my Mother. When I think about her, other people immediately stay before my eyes: Józef Hordejuk (Józwa), Wojciech Stopiński, Mr. and Mrs. Gadomski, Jerzy Jankowski, Sławomir Gibowicz, and others, including Andrzej Zawada,



This photo was taken in the flat of Anna Milewska and Andrzej Zawada, after their wedding. In the uppermost row: Andrzej Zawada (he keeps his hand on his wife's head) and Jerzy Pruchnicki; in the next row: my grandmother Wacława Teisseyre, further on – mother and sister of Andrzej Zawada; his wife Anna Milewska and my grandmother Władysława Kowalska. Next row: Tadeusz Siemek, his wife Danuta, and their children Maia and Tomasz, then Krystyna Kozłowska and my mother Elżbieta Teisseyre. Below, lying: Zdzisław Kozłowski (husband of Krystyna) and my father Roman Teisseyre.

who belonged to my father's friends starting from their young years. Of course, he was also a friend to my Mother and us – the sons. The same was with Tadeusz Siemek and Olgierd Idźkowski. These two were jokers; their wives were quieter. Andrzej Zawada was a great climber and leader of high-mountain expeditions; he became a well-known Himalayan climber. His wife Anna Milewska, an actress, joined the group of friends. Me and my brother liked those loud meetings of my parents' friends, even though we didn't participate in them. Our grandmother Vlada used to comment on such meetings: The "youngsters" are having fun...

I never noticed, in my family and among their close friends, any cult of position or title. It was not appropriate to boast or disregard other people. It was also not in good taste to enroll somewhere for convenience (or even to talk about good taste).

When I was not a child anymore, I asked my Father about my future way of life only once. Father, thoughtfully, said that he regards the scientists as the people who are bonded by one common goal – to discover the truth. And they are friends with each other, just for this reason.

Whether our Father had any hobbies besides skiing? Oh yes – it was handcrafting. He made shelves and cubbyholes. He also built stairs in our country house. However, the shortening of the big birch wardrobe appears to be his masterpiece. For this occasion, a meeting under the slogan “Opening of the wardrobe” was held. He also used to collect stamps. Later, after many years, I realized that the real hobby of my Father was physics: various branches of this science. He used to explore them in order to try to see something new everywhere; to look from a new side. Therefore, he had respect for other researchers. As a rule, everyone who cooperated with him became his friend or a good colleague.

We used to visit, with our Parents, the Polish observatories. First of all, the biggest one – the Central Geophysical Observatory in Belsk. It is beautifully deployed in a large area, on the edge of a mysterious forest. Our beloved uncle Jacek Kowalski (he was a relative of our Mother) worked there, among some other friends of our parents. We also visited other Observatories – the one in the Niedzica castle, the one at the seaside in Hel, and the observatory on the grounds of the Książ Castle. This is a huge, very interesting castle. There, I liked the dangerously looking undergrounds (where the seismometers were transferred to, later).



From the upper left corner clockwise: (1) Maciej Zalewski, polar explorer from the Institute of Geophysics PAS, and his wife Marina; (2) Mieczysław Teisseyre, our Father's brother; (3) our Father, Tadeusz Kowalski (Uncle Jacek), and Prof. Eijo Vesanen from Institute of Seismology, University of Helsinki; (4) sitting by the table: Vesanens' daughter Outi, her mother Raija Irma, and father Eijo, Konstanty Pielak, and our Father.

In various fields of geophysics, our Father belonged to the pioneers. He was one of the initiators of the study of icequakes occurring in the glacier. He participated in the first experiments with seismometers placed directly on the glacier's surface. He was also among the pioneers in studying the effect of a structured medium on seismic waves passing through this medium – that is, a medium containing numerous fine structures (smaller than the wavelengths being studied). Such research has led to complicated problems related to torsion or rotational waves and effects in a continuous medium (or, for example, in a building!). To this subject, in its various aspects, my Father devoted many years. He was a researcher, initiator of experimental and theoretical projects, as well as an editor and author of many publications.

Our Father used to be frequently invited to conferences and research stays. Our Mummy also started to travel with him. Our stay in Japan in 1965/1966 is my favorite. We even traveled a bit through this beautiful country.

The Institute owned, at a certain time, a boat destined for scientific explorations; it was called Sonda. Its captain Konstanty Pielak was also a friend of my parents. My Mother became the godmother of this boat. Sonda was used for geophysical measurements in the seas. When some researchers and some research topics of the Institute of Geophysics were transferred to the newly established Institute of Oceanology (which my Dad supported!), also this boat, along with its captain, changed "club colors". I enclose a selection of four photos, from the 70' or 80', probably from Sonda's visit to Helsinki.

Parents have gradually become travelers. Everything interested them: landscapes, architecture, museums, regional cuisine, and folk performances. They were not interested in organized trips.

After our Mother's death, Father found a new home with Bogna, officially: Maria Jeleńska, who still works at the Institute. After the wedding, she started to go with him to scientific meetings – her and his. They also liked the sanatorium in Busko. Their dreams for longer trips have been broken by the Father's illness. During this time, Bogna also became his caretaker.

Even a long and happy life ends at a certain point because, as it is commonly said, there are no miracles. But love, friendship, and goodwill are, in fact, miracles! My Father was open to these miracles and received them with gratitude.

Krzysztof Teisseyre

Translated by Bartosz Woźniak

SON MIKOŁAJ RECALLS

Recalling our parents, we think back to our childhood, to a good, orderly world in which good and evil were obvious. Although we lived modestly back then, initially with a subtenant in the apartment, those were fun times with a sense of full support from our beloved parents.

I divide my memories into two seasons: Dad with us (me and my brother Krzysiek) in the winter and in the summer. I may have remembered the winter Dad more. And the winters back in the 1950s and 1960s were real; no one asked if it would be white for Christmas because it was obvious that there would be snow, and there always was. Winter, then, meant sledding. Dad would harness himself to the sled and take us, sometimes running up like a draft horse through the park to a Jordan garden with a hill piled up for sliding. "Z drogi śledzie bo Pan jedzie" ("Herrings, get out of the way, the King is coming"), shouted the haughty sledders. Then, when I was older, it was the first skates screwed to the soles of ordinary shoes. Today, they are museum specimens, just like the wooden skis with Kandahar bindings. Then, I already got real skates, the hockey skates of my dreams. We used to go skating often because the ice rinks were poured at the nearby Skra stadium, the frost lasted for a long time, and the thaws were short pauses in the snow world.



Dad and one of his sons in the Tatra Mountains

Then there is skiing, my greatest passion to this day. Both of my parents lived and breathed mountains; Mom used to climb in the Tatra Mountains, while she had no knack for skiing. Dad was the other way around: he talked Mom out of the climbing, while he liked skiing. Me and my Dad, my brother, and Izabela (my Dad's sister) took a week-long ski course at the Ornak hostel in the Kościeliska Valley. We used to practice on the field in Hala Smytnia and also used to go on trips (now would be called ski tours) to the Iwaniacka Pass and to the cradle of skiing – Hala Pyszna. They called us “the docent with the younglings” (my Dad was a docent by then), which outraged Izabela, who was already an adult at the time. Then there were trips to the Chochołowska Valley to the Blaszyńskis' shelter – today a forester's lodge. And then again tramping the fields and going on trips to Rakoń and the Starorobociańska Valley. In the following years, we used to rent an accommodation in Zakopane (we once managed to get a place in the shelter on Hala Kondratowa), slowly getting used to skiing at Kasprowy Wierch. And so the years were passing and my Dad's and my love for this sport did not fade away.

It was Dad who enthused us with the Dolomites, although I don't know what he appreciated more at the time – whether it was skiing or going to mountain pubs he used to visit during breaks for coffee and bombardino. Much later, it was my wife Joasia and me who used to take Dad skiing, which he enjoyed for many years.

And summers? It also meant, of course, the mountains, most often the Tatra Mountains, with a stay in the Kościelisko on Groń at the place owned by a local landlady (gaździna), a friend of ours. The mountain trips had gradually been more ambitious. When I was 9 years old, I climbed my first two-thousander – Czerwone Wierchy. Today, I can't count how many

times I've been on them, and I'm not bored of them at all. And then, when I was 11 years old, I completed the first Tatra chains – conquering Zawrat. I remember that there was a fog at the time, which helped me overcome my fear of heights. Descending back to Hala Gąsienicowa was too much for me, so we took a gentle trail to the Pięciu Stawów Valley and then through Świstówka to Morskie Oko, which was then served by buses. In the following years, there was also a visit to Rysy, and during our return from Japan, already in France, a mountain trip with Andrzej Zawada. Later, in the summer of 1968, my parents, brother, and I travelled around Europe: to France and northern Italy, returning through the Austrian Dolomites. After finishing my studies, I spent a week with Mom and Dad in the Slovak Tatras.

We returned to the joint trips to the mountains, to the Austrian Alps, together with my Dad in the current millennium, after our beloved Mom passed away. We were in the Dachstein area at the beautiful Gosau lakes and, during the next trip, in the Ötztal Valley. Going back to my childhood, it is obvious that both of my parents preferred active recreation. In addition to the mountains, there were also water accents, kayaking rather than lazing on the beach. On vacation, we also visited geophysical observatories scattered around Poland, often located in attractive places such as castles in Niedzica and Książ, as well as by the sea on Hel. We also frequently visited Belsk with its Central Geophysical Observatory, located in the vicinity of the nature reserve in Modrzewina.

Dad travelled abroad a lot. His journeys included both the research trips (to Vietnam and Spitsbergen), as well as longer stays with lecturing (Tokyo, Trieste). My brother and I really enjoyed listening to Dad's stories about Vietnam, enriched with humorous anecdotes about the pranks that the expedition participants used to play on each other. Some of those stories became hits, like the one about an expedition participant who tried to build a church in this communist country, and another about an expedition doctor who tried to build a hospital named after him.

Physics was Dad's greatest passion, but he also had other interests. He enjoyed spending his free time with Mom on a plot of land in Zambski by the Narew River in a modest but charming cottage (in Kurpie style). He loved animals, German shepherds Agis and Ares and the black cat Pipi. Parents led a social life, but it was Mom who was the initiator of meetings with friends, most of whom worked with Dad. We will never forget our parents' wonderful name days and other gatherings to which they used to invite guests under funny slogans.

Dad was passionate about the field of science he chose, but neither my brother nor I followed his footsteps, although as a medical doctor I have an appreciation for physics and mathematics – the queens of the sciences. Interests, and perhaps abilities as well, jump across generations. My older son Paweł became a math scientist, and the younger one, Piotr, after studying sociology, is involved in data analysis. Dad, like me, can be proud of them.

Mikołaj Teisseyre

Translated by Bartosz Woźniak

WIFE BOGNA RECALLS

MY HUSBAND, PROFESSOR ROMAN TEISSEYRE

Roman Teisseyre – a world-renowned, widely respected scientist. And what husband and man has he been?

He was a Man with a capital M and such a Husband, very cheerful and full of optimism. In the morning, just upon waking up, he would immediately start singing. And, as he had neither a musical ear nor a vocal talent, his morning performances could have been a nuisance if they were not so entertaining. He would arrange the text to the melodies he sang, always different, always funny, although often wholly pointless, full of Monty Python-style absurdity.

Romek led a very active life. Although the work on scientific problems absorbed him a lot, he always had time and desire to socialize, go to the cinema, a concert or an exhibition. He was very fond of going to restaurants. But he also used every free moment to do science at home. He was able to work on the computer for 15 minutes between other activities. Those 15-minute spans made up hours.

He had to have shirts with a pocket, and in this pocket landed scraps of paper and a pencil to enable him to write down the ideas that might come to him at a concert, on a walk or at an invited dinner.

There were four fixed points in Romek's daily "repertoire": a post-lunch 15–20 minute nap, then gymnastics – a few minutes, a shower, and then a walk. The post-lunch nap was mandatory. My friends already knew that Romek needed to be provided with a place to sleep after lunch. Gymnastics, showering and walking were sometimes skipped, because it's hard to take a shower in someone else's house when you're at an invited dinner.

Romek was very fond of going shopping. He charmed all the saleswomen. They beamed while seeing him, and he used to ask: "What do you have for me today?" and he would always get something sweet – a candy, a chocolate or a cookie. At the end of shopping, he often declared: "I don't pay", and this duty fell on me. It did not matter, though, that I could have used his card.

He had a peculiar sense of humor. He was very fond of joking, including jokes about himself.

He was a lover of Podkowa Leśna (suburb of Warsaw), where we lived for the last seven years. Podkowa Leśna enchanted him at first sight, when, in the garden by the St. Christopher's Church, he saw peacocks. This enchantment only deepened when we went to a great local restaurant and when he started going for long walks.

Romek loved life and was able to enjoy every day. He was enchanted by the color of the sky, the shape of the clouds, and thousands of little things he enjoyed. He never complained, always saying: "Everything will be fine", and if things were not fine, he commented: "Such is the life".

Maria Teisseyre-Jeleńska

Translated by Anna Dziembowska

SISTER IZABELA RECALLS

I have a wonderful family, a husband, children, and grandchildren, but now I am recalling the one from my childhood.

Mom – a romantic dreamer with contempt for material possessions, an angel of goodness. I memorized such a story: Standing on a bridge over a creek, she was playing with a precious ring by spinning it on her finger; when it fell into the water, her first reaction was a burst of uncontrollable laughter. She tried to make me love literature; she read a lot herself, and permanently kept looking for glasses or a watch (once it was in the refrigerator).

Dad was a romantic, too, and I enjoyed talking with him very much – he dreamed of a world without borders and wars; the first stage was to be a united Europe. He also suggested that trade was not an entirely honest business. I think about this when selling things on OLX.

And then there was my brother Romek – the ideal. Anyway, this was not just my opinion. Once, when I was already married, we used to play in the circle of acquaintances in listing the flaws of our husbands; each of us had a lot to say. When it was the turn of Romek's wife Elka, she thought for a moment and declared emphatically: there are none.

And indeed, Romek inherited from our parents the best qualities: selflessness, kindness, willingness to help and a very characteristic great sense of humor, which does not diminish with

age, according to the Montesquieu maxim: “Seriousness is the armor of fools”. I don’t remember him speaking unfavorably of anyone, or refusing when he could help. He was brave and courageous when necessary, and never complained. At the same time, he was very sensitive, afraid of offices, official appearances and conflicts. When he was leaving our mother’s apartment, he would check a few times to make sure the gas was off. Such a close, loving man. He used to tell me about physics; it was fascinating. I quickly abandoned writing another unfinished novel (inspired by my mother) and became a physicist due to him.

I also had a second brother, Mietek, three years older than Romek. He lived in Wrocław and I knew him much less. I remember that he was always the “soul of the company”. I really liked to go with Mom to visit him, because I was playing with my nephew Rysiek (three years younger) at the time. At night, we would sneak out into the garden, inventing surprises for his parents, who were not always pleased with it.

All in all, the whole family was wonderful, characterized by a light-hearted approach to material values, never a question of financial problems or disagreements over this. We were not rich, these were poor times. I remember my childhood – an apartment on Filtrowa Street – three rooms: me with my mother, my brother with his wife and two children + mother-in-law on the incoming + other tenants, i.e., a family completely unrelated to us: a married couple with their son (I played with him). The kitchen was shared, as was the bathroom; hot water twice a week. It was tolerable and even cheerful. Romek’s friends were often there, I liked them very much. I also liked the last days of the month, when my mother and I ate only bread dipped in oil with salt – yummy!

I remember my crazy wedding on Filtrowa Street (the compulsory tenants had already moved away): throwing tartar balls, splashing with water, changing funny clothes and dancing. There were plenty of such family parties – crazy and relaxing.

Romek worked almost until his last days; he had new ideas, which he told me about, not all of them quite accurate, but physics was his passion to the end; it was his life. I understand this now when I think with anxiety about what I will do when I can no longer work.

As years go on, one has a tendency to idealize. Maybe my family wasn’t quite so ideal, it was crazy and not always serious, but it taught me the most important thing: first and foremost, it’s the people that matter.

Izabela Gorczyca

Translated by Anna Dziembowska

NEPHEW RYSZARD RECALLS

A few words about my uncle Roman Teisseyre

My father’s brother was known to me from early childhood. With my parents, I often visited Warsaw, where Roman lived with his family. He also used to come to Wrocław entertaining us all with his cutting jokes and anecdotes. He had been known for his good humour.

His interjections, comments and remarks were always on an intelligent level, as was his work and scientific creativity.

The uncle’s love for tourism and sports, especially skiing, was also well known. My Dad (his brother), also an avid skier, used to take me, even as a small boy, to the mountains and harshly trained to ski. And so there were many occasions to go together to various slopes of our magnificent mountains, most often the Karkonosze, the ski area closest to Wrocław.

Once, as I recall, my uncle organized a trip from Warsaw to Szklarska Poręba taking my father and me, a high-school boy at that time. It was an unusually warm April. We stayed in Szklarska Poręba and Hala Szrenicka was our ski area. Then a funny incident happened. After

many hours of downhill skiing, we decided to return to the town we lived. And here Romek came up with an idea – why go down on foot, we'll ski down through the forest on the side of the ski area. We did it successfully up to the moment when the road was crossed by a rapid stream. Not much thinking, the uncle took off his skis and, lifting his trousers, stepped into the water. My father did the same, and I tried to jump over the rocks with my skis under my arm, which was quite difficult. Romek was already on shore and jokingly commented on our efforts. We put on our skis and slowly continued through the forest. And here suddenly a second branch of the stream crosses our path, even wider and deeper. Uncle continues joking, my Dad growling. Another stream crossing, and Roman falls into a hole, wetting himself to the waist, provoking his brother's comments and laughter. Now the skis on the shoulder and we walked, and again the road was cluttered with water. We saw that the stream splits into parallel branches, and this happened three more times!!! The brothers started making uncensored remarks and at the fifth creek we decide to go along it, because we did not feel like soaking again. And so, after 15. minutes of walking we come to a bridge (!) – a place where the branches descend into one stream!! So, it would have been enough to start walking 200 m along the water and ... I won't quote Professor's comment here. Another hour of walking and we were at our destination. But the Uncle still claimed that he had an ingenious idea.

This is just one anecdote about my dear Uncle Roman, a very affectionate, warm, though sometimes harsh, Mentor and Professor, liked by his staff and loved by his family and myself.

Ryszard Teisseyre

Translated by Anna Dziembowska

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