THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

Until now, in the anniversary issues, the editors have made reports, the readers have offered critique and made suggestions.

Today, you can write the report yourselves. You can see that the letters and articles are better, you know that 1000 more manuscripts have been sent in as compared to last year, and so the size of the paper was increased to six pages. At one point, you read that the newsroom saw 270 interested visitors, that the Little Review mailboxes have been hung out in four cities and correspondents responsible for them have been selected. What matters were discussed, what departments were introduced – you probably remember all that. We have also mentioned the number of postcards and books. There have already been reports about the survey, contests and tournament, and the reporters have written themselves about how they tried to set out into the world and what they brought us.

And so for the first time, a report in the anniversary issue turned out to be unnecessary. Critique, on the other hand, is needed, but there is none. Only Henryk and Seweryn, pointed out the faults of the Little Review – with Seweryn's article, written last year, no longer applies, since we have gotten rid of or changed what it criticized. Only Henryk's article, "I believe in the Little Review" remains. We are publishing it on the front page under a different title – "A conventional paper" – to call the readers' attention to its main accusation.

The lack of critique is not proof of the paper's perfection. It only shows that our correspondents and readers are so far satisfied with all the changes and surprises, and that they have not yet noticed their negative sides.

in the near future. Let us not fool our- we can handle this, too. selves. This will never happen, for the simple reason that when we reach our ebration. For now, we are closing the goals, we always notice the unintended consequences.

We wanted to update the material, to raise the level of the paper, to broaden the scope of matters and interests discussed. We have what we wanted, but now we see two very dangerous phenomena:

1. From the enormous group of correspondents, a group of 25 useful and popular contributors has emerged, but sometimes, they drown out the voices of the group. And so we have new problems and tasks: how to maintain the mass character of the paper without lowering the quality we have achieved?

2. Our statistics show that the group of youngest correspondents and the group of young adults is growing. However, the group in the middle, who aren't writing short letters to the "Reader updates" department, but can't write long articles like the young adults do, have lost their heads and can't find a place for themselves.

"The younger kids probably don't appreciate that L.R. has become more serious, but I've become more serious and I'm glad," confesses Aneri with disarming honesty.

"It was a pleasure to see the Alusies gradually disappear," said Franka from Przyokopowa Street, speaking selfishly and frivolously.

Selfishly, because she would want the whole issue only for herself, frivolously – given the paper's mission and future – because Alusies grow up to be Aleksanders, whom she likes and admires.

We say this so that after reading the articles, which were unfortunately "special occasion" ones, you don't think that everything here is perfect and remain silent like Eljasz. He is only right when he advises a specific and cautious critique.

Together, we have overcome many Eljasz sees a perfect Little Review troubles and difficulties. We hope that

WHERE THERE'S NO CRITIQUE, THE EDITOR GROWS LAZY

A paper is a youth organization when it has something youthful and natural in it. It should be a youth paper not through its title but through the work, through the articles.

There are quite a few doctrinaires among the readers and contributors of the Little Review, who, after reading the title, typed in neat letters, "a children's and youth paper," consider all the articles to be young, although they frequently do not deserve such an adjective.

Let us take a person without any doctrine, thought. Such a critic would only qualify articles full of verve and youthfulness to print in our paper.

I met a friend, a contributor to the Little Review. "I started a paper, it's really cool," he said.

"What about the Little Review?" I asked him.

"I've given up on that. I prefer my own paper, made on the mimeograph. Everyone tells me that it's only going to get better. I already have all the doesn't want to write."

essential sections: school life social life, and lots of young critique."

I asked him what he had against the Little Review. He said that he's still reading it all the time, but he's not writing for it anymore. He sees that articles by the same authors are constantly published, sometimes two letters per issue, while other letters rot in the editor's thick file.

"So what are you accusing the editor of?"

"He's not doing enough work!"

That makes me somewhat indignant. "I don't know him, but I can see his work. I can see from the mail lists how many letters are sent in. He has to read them all, select them for publication, do the editing, prepare the issue, and what about seeing people in the newsroom?"

"That's not what I mean. The editor works diligently and quite intelligently, but why does he not answer letters from new contributors in the 'Current News'? Sure, it's a lot of work. He

"But then you'd have to take up half the issue for the answers. There would only be scraps left for articles."

"There's a way to solve that. There are many unqualified works, especially those from new contributors. They write a debut article, in the neatest handwriting possible (without any inkblots), they put it into an envelope and into the mailbox with bated breath. They impatiently wait for Friday. And then it turns out that there are no 'Current News'. They look for their name in vain, and finally they give up on contributing."

"All right, I'll agree with you on some of that," I said. "The editor should answer letters in the very next issue, invite people to the newsroom, point out the mistakes and correct them. It's possible that many contributors wouldn't give up on writing then, and everyone would be happy: they, the Little Review and the readers.

Seweryn

WHAT TO WRITE ABOUT?

I've written 12 letters now. I edited some of them after recopying and thought about whether they were worthwhile, whether they would be published.

I can see that my letters are written in the style of essays, as if someone gave me a topic and I'm elaborating on it.

I understand that letters should be written only when we feel a heaviness in our hearts and a need to express ourselves, when we have interesting impressions.

My letters aren't what they should be. They're different – I can't describe them. I compare articles published in the Little Review to mine, and I see differences. I try as hard as I can to make my articles be the best they can be, but I'm not seeing improvements.

This is one of smaller weaknesses of my writing. I guess I can overcome it over time.

But I have a worse fault. As a beginner correspondent, I had a lot of topics, which are running out now. I really want to write, but I don't know what about.

I have a friend who is the very opposite of me: he has a lot of topics, but he doesn't like to write.

The result will be that I will be forced to seldom write for the Little Review, maybe once a month, which I don't like at all. I don't know what to do. I'm in an unpleasant situation and I'm asking the editors for advice. for topics, that we should only write when we have really important news

or confessions. On the other hand, I have the constant urge to write. And so I don't see a way out.

I can tell you about summer camp, but that is not a current topic right now.

Sometimes I think I'm a failure because there are thousands of current topics, but I can't find them.

Stasiek

ANSWER: You're right in noticing that you should write about what's on your heart or mind. The essay style always appears when the topic is imposed on the writer. This is why the editors are not giving a list of "A thousand current topics," and only sometimes writes that this or that permanent section will be published soon, so there are fewer late submissions. Ludwik and Emkott, and later Renia and Stefa formed writing teams because they I think that we don't have to look complemented each other. Perhaps you could try writing with your friend who has so many good ideas.

The tenth anniversary will be a celseventh and beginning the eighth year of our paper's existence.

A CONVENTIONAL PAPER

The Little Review contributors and readers – they were my friends and loved ones. Today, they have turned their backs on the paper with words of contempt: the Little Review is a cowardly and conventional paper for people who only walk the well-trodden paths. There is no rebellion in it – nothing new and young. It's a paper for young-old people.

Young people are saying this – former readers. They are somewhat right. But that is not the fault of the editors, but of those people whose letters are so old. I do not believe - I do not want to be-

lieve that the Little Review is a cowardly

and conventional paper. Many a rebellion has matured on its pages – it's very founding was a rebellion against the old, against the lack of freedom of expression.

I believe in the Little Review. What it is and what it could be - we are responsible for this, and it is up to us and only us. If our letters and articles are young and fresh, the Little Review will be, too.

The Little Review is in our hands. Let us keep them up, and it will be a true paper of thinking children and thinking youth.

Henryk

ONLY POEMS ARE MISSING

Issue no. 313 of the Little Review was more curious and interesting than the previous ones for me. In every issue of the Little Review. I look for something surprising and new, and in this issue, I found many such surprises. In the notes from the editors I found apt judgment and answers to questions I wanted to ask the Little Review. Other readers asked them for me.

I noticed that the Little Review does not overlook or forget any correspondent (I'm speaking of the good ones). Whoever writes once, but well, gets mentioned by the Little Review even after a long time. Although many readers complain that the Little Review does not publish all the articles or does not judge all articles fairly, I don't think that's how it is. But I won't defend the Little Review, because it can handle it on its own.

I have often spoken of the Little Review with my friends, or thought about it myself. I always considered the Little Review to be an unserious paper. And although I read it, cover to cover, I did not see or tried not to see the positive traits of the Little Review.

I decided that I would never write again. But in my reading, I noticed that I liked it more and more. The Little Review moves forward with every week. The readers are becoming more attached to it, there are more articles about more serious subjects, things that interest us or literary ones; there have also been columns, etc.

Only poems are missing. Many readers, including myself, would like to see poems in the Little Review. And so I suggest that every now and then, there is an issue with a poetry section. CONTINUED ON P. 4

FIRST LETTERS

I. I have been reading the Little Review for four years. Every Friday, after reading the paper, I thought: how do

I write an article? I thought about it for a long time, and then I decided not to write but simply read every Friday.

Last year on a Friday, I was sitting at the table and I heard a loud knocking. I ran to open the door and saw a friend standing there, out of breath.

"Tobcia!" She shouted. "Have you read my article in the Little Review yet?" "No," I said.

She quickly took the paper out of her pocket and showed me her article. I was jealous. After she left, I thought for a long time.

"No," I said to myself. "That's not how it's going to be. She gets to write and I don't? I'm going to write."

A few weeks later, there was an unhappy event in our class. Our teacher got sick and left. I decided to confide in the readers. After writing the letter, I showed it to my mother. Mother said that it was childish for my age. I wanted to rip it up, but then I thought, "no, I'll show it to the girls."

The next day, I read the letter to my friends.

"It's so good, you can go ahead and send it."

Happy about what I heard, I took the letter to mail it after school. After I put it in the box, I thought that maybe the teacher would read my letter, and she would know that we liked her.

One day, my sister came to me. "You know, I want to write an article for the Little Review but about what?" "Write about how mommy surprised

you with the watch."

write that."

"But what will I write?" I thought to myself. "I know: about the incident that happened to me on Kupiecka Street." We wrote the articles, and then we

gave them to mother to read.

"You should be ashamed of sending such childish letters," mother told me.

I didn't say anything. My sister took the letters to mail them. I was embarrassed in front of mother for writing such childish letters.

After a while, I sent in another letter. I didn't give this one to mother to read, because I knew that she would say, "too childish."

One evening, lying on the settee, I thought to myself, "I write childish letters now, but later I'll write like Aneri and Stefa. I'll try to write more serious articles, and then I won't hear that they're 'childish' from mother again."

Tobcia from Muranowska Street

II.

My cousin lived across the street from us. It was there that I first encountered the Little Review. I was young then and went to kindergarten, but the Little Review was also young and not like it is today. The kindergarten teacher brought us the paper every Friday, and told us that all the articles she read us were written by children. We were surprised – children?

"May I also write something?" I asked once.

"You may," the teacher said.

So I wrote a short letter about going to kindergarten, that I knew how to read and write, and that my name was Ala. The editors evidently didn't like my letter, because it wasn't published. I got mad and didn't read the Little "All right," my sister said. "I'll Review for two weeks. Afterwards,

I started reading again, but I didn't want to write anymore.

I tried again later. I wrote about a nasty aunt. It was published, but in the "Reader updates" section (I think it was called something else then). I thought that I was too old for the section, and I promised myself I wouldn't write anymore.

A few years went by. That whole time, I kept reading the Little Review, but I didn't write anything. I was in school, by then. One day, it was discovered in class that I have a good style. My friends started encouraging me to write an article. I did, and it was printed. The beginning was the most difficult – later on it was easier, but not always the way I would have liked.

After a few articles, I was called into the newsroom, and I found out that while they printed my letters, they were a little... dumb. The rest of the conversation was about how I had to make more of an effort because otherwise all my articles would end up in the trash.

After that conversation, I told my friends to go to hell and decided not to write again. I changed my mind later: better to keep writing, maybe I would acquire more skills and someday, write well.

I would like the editors to tell me if I have improved (indeed - Editor's note) because you really need a lot of patience to keep writing after swallowing such a bitter pill. It's not easy.

I suggest that the Little Review try and publish the first letter of a new contributor, even if it is not very good. It will cheer them on and encourage

them to keep working.

Ala from Zamenhofa Street

Aneri THE LITTLE **REVIEW AND I**

The Little Review has changed. It has changed unconditionally. But is it for the better? I don't know. The youngest readers are probably not thrilled by it, because it's become more serious, but I've grown more serious, too, and I'm happy with the metamorphosis of the Little Review.

I treat it as a good Friend. Not because I confide in it. You can't really confide your childish cares in the Little Review – that your tummy hurts, or that your older brother beats you. No, I won't write about that anymore, because these things don't matter to me anymore and few people entrust their cares to the indiscretion of an editorial machine. Despite all our good will, what we pour onto paper with the awareness that everyone can read it loses much of its honesty adorned with the embellishments of style.

I know that I often write not because of an ache, but because I feel an inner need to write. That is why I like the Little Review, for satisfying this inner need (perhaps a graphomania), for giving me somewhere to unburden myself, and... I've grown attached to it.

I remember my wild joy when I saw my first article published in an issue. I was as happy as a child, and I am almost as happy with every new one, as long as the typesetter or some other devil doesn't mess it up. That's when I get upset. I impatiently wait for Fridays as if I were waiting for the arrival of a good friend.

That is when it pains me when the Little Review advertises itself. There were two advertisements. Two dry ads in Our Review, which reminded me that the Little Review is a paper and a business after all. Perhaps this

makes the paper for children and youth more grown-up, but why be like the grown-ups in this case? Perhaps the editors thought that we would like it, that we would be proud of it? I don't know. Perhaps there are those who were impressed by this, but as far as I am concerned, such an advertisement was a bit hurtful: I have put too much of my heart into this paper, and just like someone in love sees only the positives in their beloved, I hold the Little Review above the commonness of advertising and would not want to be disappointed. But then again, that is my view. I don't know what others think about this.

Nevertheless, I like the changes in the Little Review. First of all, expanding it to six pages means a lot. This was the most important thing: staying current. Reviews won't wait a month to be published, and current affairs won't stop being current. And there will be more room, which means more to read.

We should also note that the Little Review is not inspired by any similar paper, that it is the first and only of its kind, and that is its main advantage. And after all, we have all created the Little Review. Someone had the idea, someone else added another thing, and the paper improved. It is this united work that I am proud of.

When we were writing our articles, we didn't realize that we were creating together, and maybe only the editors can comprehend and see the enormous mass of heads and pens that created the Little Review for seven years.

We will celebrate the seventh anniversary of our paper. Seven years is a lot of time, after all. Dr. Korczak's fears of a "flash in the pan" have not come true. We have a lot to be proud of!

Perhaps one day, we will sit our grandchildren on our laps and point to the yellowed pages of old issues of the Little Review with trembling fingers.

"Look," we'll say. "See what young people thought about in our times."

WHAT I LIKE – AND WHAT COMMEMORATIVE I DON'T POSTCARDS

I don't remember the period when I started reading the Little Review; I only know it was a long time ago. I didn't read it regularly then, because I didn't understand some of the sec-

discussion for me and my friends for the whole week.

We were not gentle in our critiques. We had our favorites, as well as contributors we didn't like. Among my favorites tions. I thought the short letters were is Ludwik. I think he is intelligent, nice, silly. In general, I considered mocking and energetic. He did mock and ridicule the Little Review to be something girls, yes, but I do not think he is their To commemorate useful collaboration in 1932–33, 260 contributors have been awarded postcards.

"I've only written 12 letters, and I have already received a postcard," Stasiek writes in surprise.

"I have not written for four months. Am I eligible for a postcard?" one very long "letter" titled "Kaytek the Wizard." As you can see, we have one grown-up correspondent. This year, for the first time, the ranks of valued correspondents were joined by a Polish student: Tadeusz B–ski.

After the postcards are delivered, a postman comes to the newsroom

let anyone get ahead of it this year, either, receiving the highest number of postcards as compared to other cities -14).

Postcards which were undelivered, due to inexact addresses or changes of address:

Warsaw: Sz. Altenberg, H. Aszkinazy, A. Babic, A. Belin, F. Choimowicz, R. Chojna, S. Dobraszklanka, J. Dornówna, C. Fuksówna, A. Jęczmień, B. Hochglik, H. Horowicz, I. Mitman, Cz. Rakowska, M. Szwalbe, R. Tołczyńska, Zb. Walfisz, R. Wermus, T. Zajdman. Province: Bajtnerówna Mila, Hirszberg Renia from Włocławek, Mocnówna Lusia from Żuromin, Tchórzewska Stella from Włocławek, Mania from Pińsk ("Joint Diary"), Raja from Suwałki ("The Women's Legion"), Mala and Lusia from Bydgoszcz, Synmcha from Zamość and Dosia from Łódź.

that was in good tone.

I only started reading the sections a few years ago, putting together the letters and comparing them. After a short time, I stopped mocking them

- I started to be surprised.

After the Little Review published Benjamin's article "Into an unknown world," a storm of jeers poured out of my cousins, directed at Benjamin, for having something in common with a "pamphlet" for kids, as they contemptuously called the Little Review. I defended the paper and the contributors, although I did not like them all.

I could tell the regular contributors from the occasional ones, and I had an opinion about each one of them.

I was pleased to see, to quote Kaaa, the gradual disappearance of "Alusies." I leafed through and then carefully analyzed every issue of the Little Review. It was the subject of

enemy.

I like Norris for his sense of humor. Edwin bores me a bit with his tourist's enthusiasm. I liked Mendel and the author of "Redhaired Bluma's smile," but "Off the rails" left me feeling rather unpleasant. I do not sympathize with Le Zjon since he said that he considers the entire class to be brats. I also like to read Efraim's reportages very much, which, despite giving him away as an extreme cinephile, are very interesting. I recently saw Efraim's name together with Aneri under an article recently, and it made me mad because I am definitely not a proponent of Aneri. I find her articles to be pompous and fake, and Aneri herself to be a poser. Only her "Playing hooky" seemed a bit nicer.

I hope that you will share your observations with me and write about the same subject.

Franka from Przyokopowa Street

Niewiadomski asks.

Many would like to know who is receiving the postcards, what for and for what purpose.

This is explained by the writing on the postcard: ... "(name and surname) received the postcard as a souvenir." When a correspondent receives a postcard, they know that the editors remember them and value their contributions.

Postcards are issued for letters qualified for publication, even if they have not yet been printed. For how many letters? That differs. For one, for six, for ten – it depends on what letters or articles they are.

The youngest "postcard recipient" is 5 years old, the oldest 55. They are Miecio from Miła Street, and Dr. Janusz Korczak. Miecio received a postcard for 18 letters, dictated to his sister, and Dr. Janusz Korczak for

with a bag, filled with joy and tears. Some are very happy and send their thanks, others complain about unfairness, pointing out the "exceptions" – why did he get one, and not me?

It is time to do away with the legend of exceptions. Everyone has the same rights and opportunities, but not everyone is sensible, talented, and persistent in the same way. If we understood equality to mean that we would have to publish all letters, even silly and mean ones, things would be a garbage heap that everyone avoided. Those who write well and often will of course find their letters or works being published in the Little Review more frequently. This year in Warsaw, Muranowska Street took first place with 13 postcards (last year, it was Nalewki Street - 11 postcards). Białystok didn't

Abroad: Charles Kurcbard from Paris and Monacsy Józef from Budapest.

The above correspondents from Warsaw can pick up their postcards in the newsroom from 4 to 5 o'clock on Sunday. Recipients from the province should provide an exact address.

Janusz Korczak KAYTEK THE WIZARD

CHAPTER EIGHT

Scenes the world has never seen — People, clocks, store signs, dogs and cats all muddled up — In the square and on the bridge — Kaytek's lookalike

Mom is in tears and Dad is mad.

"Where have you been all this time?" "It's such nice weather," says Kaytek.

"Nice weather, so after being sick you run off for half a day? We thought something had gotten into you again. You promised you'd come straight back from the cemetery. I went there to look for you. Aren't you ashamed?"

Kaytek has let his head droop; he doesn't even try to explain. He feels ashamed: he broke his word.

His father says some more, but Kaytek isn't even listening.

It's always like that when the grownups get really mad, and the child is so terrified he can no longer understand what and why they're shouting at him. It's just a noise in his ears and his head. He's just waiting for it to be over, and wondering if they're going to hit him or not.

"Today you're staying home, and tomorrow you're going to school. That's enough of this delinquency. You're well, so you can go study. Understood?"

Without saying goodbye, his father goes out. Kaytek is left alone with his mom.

Mom tries to console him. She's so kind.

"Oh well, never mind, it happened.

You won't ever do that again. It's not even your fault. I shouldn't have let you go to the cemetery on your own. You're all we've got, so we're afraid of something bad happening to you. Don't worry – we won't send you to a detention center. Your dad just said that."

Kaytek calms down.

"Apparently there was some fuss going on in town? Is that where you went?" asks Mom.

Kaytek reads the special supplement aloud.

"Yes, yes – there must be another war on the way. They just won't leave people in peace. Your great-grandfather, and your grandfather, and your father . . ."

tell him how the insurgents hid in the woodshed, and how there were secret books and papers hidden under the

to sleep. Because if he does, at once he'll hear the thunder of cannons, the roar of airplanes, bombs, and grenades.

At once Kaytek's spells are helping to win the battle.

All right, so Poland has Kaytek. But the enemy might have some wizards too - maybe older ones who are more careful? What if Kaytek makes a mistake, or his magic power lets him down at a critical moment, and the enemy wins the war?

Kaytek considers what sort of unknown weapons to conjure up, what sort of fortresses to build, what sort of orders to give, what sort of armor, helmets, and masks to dress the army in.

"Maybe a regiment of giants, or maybe some iron cavalry on horses made of steel?"

Dad is moving in bed.

"Dad!"

"What?"

"What's stronger: iron or steel?" "Go to sleep!"

His father mutters something else too. He's annoyed. So Kaytek went to sleep. He woke up and thought: "Tomorrow I'm going to school. They're going to ask why I ran away from home, and what I was doing in the hospital; they'll start bugging me to tell. Maybe I'd better leave late so I can go straight into class just before the bell?'

Or maybe he should postpone his power for another month?

No, he can no longer do without it; admittedly it hasn't brought any benefit, but that depends on him. He doesn't have to do silly things with it. He must work out a plan of action.

"A strategic plan."

He doesn't entirely understand what that means, but he senses that's exactly what it should be – there should be order, the spells should have a plan, and he shouldn't worry his parents.

Until finally he finds a way to leave the house whenever he wants and for At once Kaytek asks his mom to as long as he likes, so that his mom and dad won't be in the least bit worried. It'll be good if it works.

"I'll conjure up an alter ego. I'll summon up an illusion that looks just like me. There'll be two Kayteks; one will be the apparition, the lookalike, the illusion, and the other one will be the real me. That'll be good. Gradually I'll try things out and learn: meanwhile I'll send the lookalike to school or let him stay home. I'll even be able to go to foreign countries – for a long time. I'll travel; I'll sail on a ship, and I'll go hunt wild animals."

For a long time Kaytek can't get He lies on his back, then on his side. He tries to go to sleep.

> "Get up. Time for school." "Hmmm."

"Hurry up or you'll be late." He gets up. He sorts out his text-

books and exercise books. Then he says goodbye and leaves.

His father is annoyed.

Behind the wooden fence he summons up his lookalike. It makes him feel sorry, strange somehow. The lookalike is just the same as he is – it's as if he were looking in a mirror.

So they walk along side by side, but they don't talk. They stop outside a store. A lady comes along with a man. She stops too, and stares at them.

"Look how similar they are. Are you boys twins?"

"What's it to you?" mutters Kaytek. "How rude you are," says the man. "So what? Why do you have to interfere? Why accost us?"

Grown-ups think they have the right to accost you, make loud remarks, and ask any old questions just because you're a child.

They say: "What fine eyes that little boy has. How old are you? It's not nice to whistle in the street."

Kaytek has always pretended not to hear, or he sticks out his tongue and runs away.

But this time it's lucky it happened, because it has made him realize he shouldn't walk along with his lookalike. What would he say if he ran into someone he knew?

Disappear, double.

The apparition dissolves like the mist. Kaytek sighs with relief because he hasn't a clue what to talk to his twin about.

Then he bumps into a friend who collects stamps. He already has stamps from thirty-two different countries, and he knows a store where you can swap double stamps for others – it's better to swap them at a store than with other boys, because they might cheat you, and there's a bigger selection at the store.

There are stamps that cost a hundred zlotys or more.

Kaytek gets carried away talking,

Kaytek reluctantly steps forward. He decides not to say anything, even though he could. Let the teacher lose her temper, seeing she's in such a jovial mood.

And why has Kaytek come to school at all? He could have sent his lookalike, and played truant himself.

"Come along, write it out," orders the teacher.

Kaytek grudgingly picks up the chalk.

The teacher dictates the problem, and it's actually quite easy, but Kaytek refuses to do it.

"Read it out."

He reads it out badly. Just from spite. "That's wrong. So you know how to

travel, but you can't read out a stupid problem?"

Well, exactly. Because it's stupid and doesn't interest him in the slightest bit.

Kaytek is a wizard, and he's not going to let himself suffer. He's not going to stay at school.

He puts down the chalk, licks his finger, and stares sneeringly at the blackboard; then he thinks in his secret way: By my might and willpower, I command it to be twelve o'clock already. Even though it was only a quarter

past eight.

None of Kaytek's spells had ever caused so much confusion throughout Warsaw.

Every person who glanced at the clock couldn't believe his eyes. In every home, people started complaining that someone had moved the hands on the clock forward, then ran to the neighbor's to check. They were calling each other left and right, trying to find out what on earth had happened and what time it really was.

The clerks rush to their offices with no breakfast, and the salespeople rush to the stores.

The trams are packed full. The conductors can't cope. Anyone who hasn't squeezed on board takes a shared cab. Everyone's late - they thought it was early, but it's already noon.

The students come pouring out of school.

"Those kids are a real curse, they get in the way when a person's in a hurrv."

And then each went his own way, back home or for a walk.

Kaytek goes to Teatralny Square. He's accosted by a blind man wearing blue glasses.

"Escort me across the road, young man, because I can hardly see."

Kaytek takes him by the arm and carefully leads him across. Then the man says, "Here, have some chocolate."

It's the same kind of chocolate as in the little bags under his pillow. And it tastes just the same.

So he eats it. Then he looks around. The town hall clock is striking one, but the shops are only just opening. He remembers Professor Pootle's lecture. Suddenly he thinks: I'll change all the names on the store signs.

This store can be called Dangler's. This one can be Gewgaws and Co., that one's Butterfingers and Sons, that's Mongrel and Hogsnout, that's Kelly Smelly, that's Nopants, and that's Cockadoodledooson.

At once, instead of the familiar, respected names, funny ones appear on all the store signs. But that's not enough for Kaytek. He changes the stores too. There's going to be even more chaos.

On the corner of the square he changes the bank into a fruit store. Instead of money, now there are pears, apples, and plums in the window display. There are nuts, bananas, and grapes on the bank clerks' desks.

Not far from the bank there's a wellknown pharmacy.

Let there be birds, monkeys, and goldfish inside it now.

At once you can hear canaries singing on the counters and in the pharmacy jars. Where there used to be cough medicine, now there are tortoises lumbering about, and where the ointment for cuts and bruises used to be, there are humming birds.

And there's a monkey sitting in a locked cabinet for poisons, making faces.

Opposite the pharmacy there's an old store – it's an ironmonger's. There used to be knives, forks, and tools for carpentry and gardening in the windows, as well as ice boxes, scythes, scales, typewriters and razors. Kaytek changes this place into a candy store. And he puts signs in the windows saying: "Special offer! A free cake for every school student!"

wood.

What sort of books were they? Why weren't they allowed? Why were people sent to a freezing cold country as a punishment for having books like that? Maybe there was at least one of those books left?

It had occurred to Kaytek a long time ago that maybe there were instructions in the secret books saying how to conquer your enemies.

So Mom tells him about the wars that happened in the past, and Kaytek thinks about the one that's going to happen. He even wants a war to break out. Because then he could help - his strong will could be useful.

After that his dad comes home; he talks about the events described in the papers and what he has heard from other people.

"It looks as if there's trouble brewing."

Kaytek thinks and sees what he has read and seen at the movies. His thoughts and mental images all mix together and go racing around his head. Some of the images are distinct, others are foggy, some are near, others far away.

And now he wants to sleep.

But his pillow is making him hot. He tries arranging the quilt first one way, then another. He puts his hand under his head, now this way, now that.

and forgets he's meant to be in school. But at school no one takes any notice – they're all talking about the incident in town.

In the corridor the lady teacher smiles at him, but she doesn't say anything either. Only in the first lesson does the other teacher start to make jokes.

"Ah, here he is at last, Robinson Crusoe! When will you run away from home again? Did your father tan your hide?"

Kavtek stands at his desk; he isn't even free to respond when his friends laugh at the teacher's words.

Grown-ups often tease children as if on purpose. It's unpleasant when someone you don't like much anyway starts joking and mocking you.

"Come on, Robinson, up to the blackboard. Let's see what you learned on your desert island."

"What a surprise," the children rejoice. "Who thought of such a good idea?"

"The foreign visitors," says Kaytek, cheering up. "Let's go and thank them." He goes to the gate, summons up his lookalike, and sends him home. The real Kaytek joins the procession of schoolboys, and off they go to town. Until they have to stop the trams because such a huge crowd has gathered from all the schools.

Afterward the papers wrote that the young students held a tempestuous demonstration outside the visitors' hotel. Other papers said it was impetuous and spontaneous.

Admittedly there was some shouting.

"Long live the visitors! Thank you!" The foreign visitors came out on the balcony and bowed and said thank you too.

Instantly the rascals start flocking into the store.

"A sponge cake please."

"I want one with cream!" "I want one with jam!"

The store assistants don't know what to do. They're wondering what's going on, and the owner says: "You'd better sell them the cakes.'

"But in the windows it says they're free."

"Too bad, we'll just have to give them away, if that's what it says. There must be some explanation for all this." Kaytek pulls his hat down over his eyes and turns up his collar for shame, CONTINUED ON P. 4

KAYTEK THE WIZARD

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

4

then goes to see what's happening at the other stores.

Outside the bank there's a crowd of people.

"Give us our money! We refuse to be cheated! Stop messing with us!"

The bank manager implores them and tries to explain:

"Please calm down, ladies and gentlemen. We're going to open the fireproof safe and the strong room. The cashier isn't here yet. As you know, the clocks have gone wrong."

"So send for the cashier. How long will we have to stand here?'

"So you don't get bored, in the meantime we're handing out fruit whatever we have, you're welcome to it. It'll be served on trays in just a moment. I'm sending the messenger to the store across the way for some trays."

"There aren't any trays in there it's Dangler's candy store now."

"Well, you can see for yourselves, ladies and gentlemen. Would you like some plums?"

"We want oranges!"

"Excellent. Get a move on, bank clerks, the customers are waiting."

The clerks are up in arms.

"We're not young ladies whose job is to trade in fruit."

Then the cashier arrives. He opens the safe. But there's nothing in it except figs.

People start screaming and making threats – there's quite a fuss.

It's no better at the jeweler's. "Excuse me, is the owner here?" "Yes, I am. Right here."

"Mr. Nopants?"

"What's that? I'll teach you to be funny!"

"I'm not being funny. I'm the agent for a horticultural firm. Please take a look at your own store sign."

The jeweler, a well-educated man, goes outside the store, reads the sign and curses so hideously that I cannot write what he said in a book for young people, or I'll set a bad example.

The sign announced:

Nopants and Co.

Tulip and marzipan store.

Roses big and small.

Teensy tartan pansies.

Ding-dong. Hey-ho.

And just then, in comes the lady baroness.

"What's going on in here? I left my valuable pearls with you. Hand them over at once."

"Your Grace, I have nothing but flowers."

The baroness falls in a faint.

The poor jeweler runs to the pharmacy.

"Mr. Pharmacist, please give me some drops to calm the nerves." "There aren't any."

"But the baroness has fallen sick." "I couldn't care less."

"If you're going to refuse to save people, I'm going to fetch the police."

And they start squabbling. Because whenever people are upset, instead of helping each other, they start hurling insults.

So they keep squabbling, while a parrot swings in an empty castor oil jar and shouts: "Stupid, stupid!" And from a small jar of hair restorer,

SEVEN YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE

a little green frog hops onto the pharmacist's sweaty head.

It looks as if Kaytek has caused enough chaos. But he hasn't. Just then he sees a dog chasing a cat.

Let's have a fight between all the cats and dogs in the city, right here in the square, he thinks.

And that's the final straw.

The cats come racing in from Wierzbowa Street, and the dogs from Senatorska Street. They start biting and scratching. There's a big rough-and-tumble, with lots of barking, squealing, meowing, and yelping.

Some people run for it, others simply stand and stare.

"Fifi, Fido, King, Pluto, heel!" And Kaytek thinks: Make the dogs blue and the cats red.

And so it is.

The city council officials are standing in the windows watching.

"Get the firefighters to disperse them with water."

The firefighters fit rubber hoses to the hydrants.

By my will and my power I demand that some green monkeys come and restore order, thinks Kaytek.

At once the monkeys appear, as if they've jumped into the very middle of the fight, and break it up.

The cats run off down Bielanska Street and the dogs up Senatorska.

The foreign visitors have arrived in cars to watch through binoculars.

"What a jolly city this is," says a rich man known as the Ship and Railroad King.

And he turns to his secretary and says: "We must have all this described in our newspapers. Rich people who are feeling bored are sure to come here to see all these curious things."

Kaytek puts the stores and the clocks in order and sets off toward the bridge. He heads across Castle Square and down the slope toward the river.

He used to love watching the ships sailing by here, and the sand dredgers on their flat canoes, digging up gravel using buckets attached to long poles.

Today the ships seem small and dirty, and the River Vistula sailors don't look interesting.

I demand, I command: let there be proper sea here and huge liners. This time Kaytek gets what he

deserves.

An invisible hand seizes him by the scruff of the neck, and an invisible foot gives him an almighty kick.

If Kaytek hadn't been blinded by his own power, he'd have had to admit he deserved that punishment.

He wanted there to be sea. He never stopped to think that the sea would flood the city and the countryside, and there would be a bigger disaster than the biggest flood and earthquake ever. He could have plunged half of Poland into the ocean.

But instead of being grateful that his command hasn't been fulfilled and accepting his sentence humbly, Kaytek is offended, and fixes the evil eve on Poniatowski Bridge.

Make the bridge stand upright! he thinks.

As if not Kaytek, but the bridge were to blame.

The spell works. The bridge starts to rise, but luckily very slowly, or everyone on it would drown or be killed. Not a single horse and not a single person would be left alive, because at once they've all fallen over and gone spinning, and the cars have

company of adult, intelligent people.

Don't be surprised – sometimes

a Little Review contributor can find

himself among intelligent people.

They were talking about children and

the Little Review. I don't repeat all

the complements, I will only quote

good for children. And for adults. too."

it: it has given the grown-ups a way

"The Little Review has done a lot of

In other words, as I understood

What has the Little Review

rolled downward. No one has been killed, but lots of people have been injured and are bleeding.

Enough! thinks Kaytek.

Well, yes, but it's too late. The ambulances are on their way.

And Kaytek is just standing there, in a state of shock.

Enough! I must go home as fast as possible, to avoid causing any new stupidities.

He runs.

He opens the apartment door and steps back in horror: if he goes into the living room, he'll come face to face with his lookalike. Luckily, just now Mom is sitting with her back to the wall, so she hasn't seen him come in.

He slams the door shut.

"Who's that?" wonders Mom. "I'll just be a moment, Mom," he

hears his own voice from the living room.

The lookalike comes into the hall and meekly waits for him.

Vanish, illusion.

It disappears. Kaytek goes into the living room, and Mom asks:

"What did you go outside for?" "Nothing. There was a boy calling me."

"Why are you so red?"

"It's nothing. I have a headache." "Go and lie down. Have a cup of

tea with lemon." He lies down. That's for the best. He does feel tired. Dissatisfied.

Sad. And terribly lonely. And like the most useless creature

on earth.

[English translation by Antonia Lloyd-Jones, "Kaytek the Wizard," New York: Penlight, 2012.] TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

ONLY POEMS ARE MISSING

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

I am curious why the Little Review does not publish poems, and I would like to ask the editors to explain. M. Ener

EXPLANATION:

Yes, sometimes, for variety – like pictures – we publish poems, but harmless ones, that are original, not copied from elsewhere, when the poet, in addition to rhymes, has something to say, but that happens seldom.

The Little Review judges all the letters and articles – or at least tries to - fairly. If we published all of them, under the paper header, we would have to write, "Material should be sent to the printers." The typesetter would put together, let's say 35 letters every week, and the Little Review would have 35 readers.

THAT DAY A young boy, a cheder student, enmarch together, we'll hear the voices tered the door of a certain house on of all our peers." Nalewki Street. He did not stand out

Not many days had gone by since in any way from his peers. He played I had gone from the yard to the cheder the same as they did, and only felt bench. In the yard, I believed, like revulsion towards games in which the others, that the time when playmuscles were the deciding factor. ing was the only thing to do, and Inside the door, a friend from the joy was the only feeling, would last forever. Suddenly I stood before the "Look," he said, showing him melamed. Instead of playing, there was learning – ruthless, demanding, It was the Little Review project. carrying a cat o'nine tails.

I didn't have an ideal yet. I was only for children and youth. The editor had beginning to think, wonder, critique. judge us by appearances, not bothering But at the sight of a criminal, the a dream of a club for young journalquestion appeared: why? At the sight of the bagel-seller's arrest, hands clenched into fists. Spilled blood brought distaste and revulsion. It was a time when a child starts to wonder. They wonder why things are this way and not another, that there are beautiful and ugly, wise and stupid, poor and rich people. A period when tears flow at the site of hurt, when one joyfully gives a penny to a beggar. believing that that penny will help eliminate poverty. Finally, it was a period when the soul, only just awakening, is bored and empty because there are no more toys, but there is no ideal yet. There were many boys like me. We got lost in the crowd of grown-ups. In the evening, let out of the dark cheder, groups of young boys in black capotes walked the streets, lonely among the crowd, and experienced

joy, sadness, desire, thought and wonderment.

Suddenly, we were in a crowd of our peers. There were thousands of children like us, shy and lost, from all cities and towns, from different districts and families.

In this crowd, there was only one grown-up - a guardian and a guide - Doctor Janusz Korczak.

mothers hate the Little Review."

Aneri said, "Our aunts and grand-

Indeed. They had to hate it. They

ists, about their own spacious and light space, about a cinema, about working together. He showed the enormous amount of work and interests of our community. The lines of text seemed to tremble under the force of new thoughts, feelings and desires.

I read about the future of a paper

cheder grabbed his arm.

a paper. "Read this!"

The street thudded. On the sidewalk, a preoccupied crowd chased their pennies and cares. In the doorway, the boys leaned down over the paper, experiencing an epiphany. The words ceased to be a combination of letters - they existed as a need and an aspiration. In a dark room, the curtain was lifted and the spotlight shone on the stage of young life.

"We're going to have a paper!" "We won't be alone anymore!"

"Think about it: there are so many of us in Warsaw, in the entire country, and abroad! Now we'll all

awareness of life, they are in cahoots: we don't say anything, let the children play. It's easiest to be silent.

When they pick up the Little Review and accidentally open a window to our life, they close it as quickly as possible, terrified.

"So our children think, they have desires and longings? So our children know about this, understand that, and want to understand this other matter? They want to be smarter than we are, the conceited brats!"

Those who have forgotten their childhood and youth, whose souls are faded, who don't know kindness and desires, they won't ever understand us. They'll see demoralization in every letter, and will "read between the lines" of every article to find things that the author never thought about. Luckily, they are not all like that. Not long ago, I was sitting in the

to look into our souls. As opponents of created?

to understand children.

a certain teacher:

We were children when Dr. Korczak came to us seven years ago, and gave us two beautiful words: honesty and truth.

That is what intelligent people value us for, and what those who, instead of honesty, prefer indulgence and humility, and instead of truth, fairy tales and "holy lies," hate us for. Seven years have passed since that day when I read the prospectus with my friend in the doorway. What has the Little Review given me?

It was the first to say that the world does not end at the cheder door. It showed us that our thoughts, cares, and experiences are neither stupid nor naïve - they are no less important than those of the grown-ups. It has pushed me to work on myself, to observe and search. Thanks to the Little Review, I am an optimist. Chaim Ewen-Tachanah

LITTLE REVIEW MAILBOXES

Białystok - Wienia Zabłudowski -5 Polna Street, apt. 1. Czestochowa – Lusia Ingberówna – 29 Piotrowska Street. Łódż – P. Liberman – 40 11-go Listopada Street, apt. 14. Otwock - Szlamek Kurcbard -27 Warszawska Street, apt. 2.

A BUCKET OF COLD WATER

This year, a large group of popular that's been described so many times correspondents has emerged.

They know that the readers generally like them. What they do well, what good they have in them, they hear about it often. They hear the voices of the displeased and offended much less frequently.

Let us take last year's survey "About our authors" and the "Anniversary" file, where we have also added critical remarks. The file contains not only delight and praise but also descriptions of how our readers imagine our betterknown correspondents and readers' opinions on what annoys them in the correspondents, what they don't like.

Rays of sunshine are not always the source of good things. Sometimes, a bucket of cold water is equally good.

Here's to your health, my dears! Annnd... here we go, alphabetically...

ANERI:

"Aneri's letters are starting to stick in my throat. She admitted herself that in her class, she's an "expert" at making an innocent face so she can say something horribly stupid. She does the same in her articles: it's like she doesn't know any better, she's embarrassed, but really, she goes at it smoothly and shamelessly. Whenever I see her signature, I don't read the article."

"A little shallow, but not a stupid girl; the kind you usually say "oh, she's a smart one!" about. An average kind of an average girl from the cultural circles."

"I imagine her as a stout girl, tall, healthy. She's maybe 16 years old. I think that she's not smart for her age. She does a lot of boasting in her letters."

'She's a nice bird. She jumps from branch to branch, singing quite prettily, but she doesn't really know what about. Because the sun is shining and she doesn't have any cares, and she's managed to pull off a good joke in school."

BASIA:

"I'm not saying I don't like her. Her notebook was gray, but it had its charms. You could see that she was a new contributor, still shy. In article titled "Oksiutycze," you can see quite a lot of progress. Only one thing annoys me: she talks and talks, like an old grandma, she wants to describe everything exactly, so there are no doubts. But I want to have doubts!

"If you see Basia, please tell her that we like her, because she doesn't show off and she feels nature. But He makes up 95% of it all." she should also know that she has

already, and in the second, paints us a picture from a street. He tries to make it like in a newspaper, so it's a bit lofty, atmospheric and humorous. Although he does it well, it's still altering an old piece of clothing, and not to our measure."

DEWI FROM BRZEŚĆ:

"When I see his name, I always think that he has a lot of spare gloves to throw down in front of his enemies and challenge them to a duel."

DORKA FROM ZAMOŚĆ: "Why does she always cry? She's constantly getting sentimental over something, she's always sad about something."

EDWIN:

"Really, I congratulate you, editors – this is a kid for every subject. He writes about the fire department, about chess, about trips. He goes to Zakopane, then to a camp somewhere. Edwin here, Edwin there – he can fill a 100-page notebook with anything."

"If this important Edwin thinks that he discovered America, he's very much mistaken. Before our trip, the director had a talk with us and advised the same thing as Edwin. Writing scientifically is not art. Write so that it's interesting."

"As far as Edwin is concerned, I get the impression that he's the son of wealthy parents, an athlete who has a lot of free time, so he can write whole dissertations about various things on many pages and to-be-continueds." EFRAIM:

"Efraim, Waszyński and Burjan! Efraim and Pogorzelska! Efraim and Bodo! He's sprawled out across twelve chairs, he pats directors on the back, stars smile at him! He's forgotten how he used to watch movies through a keyhole. Why not? Efraim is the press, an opinion-maker!"

"I would like to write a review, but I'm afraid of Efraim."

"I think that Efraim's reviews are boring. I like reading his reviews, because they're lively, engrossing, and I can always learn something new about film. But his reviews are all the same."

"In my opinion, Efraim is 15 years old, tall, healthy and broad-shouldered. He has a wide and high forehead, and his eyes sparkle in a dark frame. His lips are pale, and his neck is long. I think he writes simply, the way he thinks and feels."

EMKOTT:

"Emkott is too humorous to be honest.

I can only conclude that even though he's smart, he doesn't realize his own faults."

"In his last letter, Henryk writes that last year, he was an intense erotomaniac. Ask yourselves: can a twelve-year-old be an erotomaniac? Clearly, it's one of two things: he's either older, or he's ahead of his age."

"I respect Heniek for his courage and honesty. I can't forgive him one thing, though: that he considered a whole class to be brats. I'm not with him anymore. I don't know, maybe now he's changed not only his pen name but also his beliefs.

KAAA:

"I'm not one of the Little Review's contributors, I seldom read it, but I'll make an observation. In issue 146, why did the editors publish the mysterious Kaaa's article about Kazimierz, when everyday press publishes reports from the city, and of better quality, while historical facts can be found in every history textbook? I think the decision was only motivated by the desire to show that youth can also write seriously, even about such boring subjects as sightseeing. Unfortunately, the editors have overlooked the aims and mission of their paper. Please forgive me and understand, that I am only guided by a worry that the character of this pleasant and original paper, which my daughter will soon start reading, might change and become ordinary."

"Of the whole group, I think Kaaa is the most serious. He always writes long articles, doesn't pick and choose nice words, makes sure to have examples and facts, and can tell a joke when necessary. By why did he choose an African pen name? It makes him sound like some kind of Negro: Kaaa..." KUBA H.:

"Last year, I wrote that I would like to be a sports reporter and that I could show a certificate. The editors didn't trust me. Oh well, I thought, maybe they'll find someone better. Now you have Kuba! You couldn't have found a worse wimp? What kind of an athlete is he supposed to be? He should come to Ascola, a third grader could take him down for a count of 10,000!"

"When will the Little Review reporters stop having stage fright? They keep doing interviews and then staring reports with how scared they were, how shyly they knocked, how they asked questions with a trembling voice, etc. Lately, Kuba H. has been showing off his modesty. He was sent to a girls' middle school. He was scared, tried to boost his 'courage' but I can see that he acted like a real ladies' man."

MIETEK FROM MURANOWSKA STREET:

No critique. There was one remark, which we published in "Current News" from September 20.

PSEUDOS:

"... And finally, the fourth group: girls from small towns. Leading them is the blue-eyed Pseudos, the Greek goddess of longing and sighs. With flowing hair, they walk down an autumn road, stepping barefoot over yellowed leaves. They wring their hands, tears in their eyes... 'Oh, that night will not come back!' 'What night?' 'The night when I was little and went to see grandma.'"

LEJZOR FROM GĘSIA STREET: "I suggest a project, to provide the author's age with every signed article. Sometimes I don't know what to think about an author. For example, Lejzor has his way of writing. He keeps to the subject of life, but that life appears different than in other letters – it's like a picture. He likes to dream things up." LEON G-RG:

"I think Leon is very unhappy. I would be ashamed to write things like that."

"Leon has opened his heart and soul to us – the heart and soul of a depraved person. His words are too honest for me to doubt they're true. But I wonder sometimes: is there perhaps a little bit of fiction in them?'

LUDWIK:

"I imagine Ludwik as a slim boy, who puts his hair up in spikes."

"Everyone is convinced that Ludwik is an eminent realist. I don't agree. He's certainly very sentimental and timid, and he can hide his feelings very well. I wouldn't take the bet on whether he writes poems."

"Ludwik has the best style, but Salek is the smartest."

"Ludwik reminds me of a wolf. He hides for a long time, until everyone forgets him, and then suddenly he

lunges at the herd, grabbing the juiciest sheep. There's a lot of screaming, but he's gone. And then he waits again, and lunges again."

"In the last 'Current news', the editors emphasized that they do not want contributions from showy, loudmouthed youth. These were the words worthy of great educators. Only it happens that we say one thing and do another. Why then do the editors favor various Ludwiks among the contributors? He is a representative of these youths to whom the doors are supposedly closed, because he only cares about putting on a show and provoking loud discussions."

LUSIA FROM CZĘSTOCHOWA: "I think that Lusia from Częstochowa lives in an intelligentsia community. He father is probably an engineer, a doctor, or some other liberal profession. She's probably about 13 years old."

"Lusia has a lot in common with Aneri, she has some of Aneri's faults, such as shallowness, although she's nicer, because there is no pretension or artificiality in her."

SZLAMEK FROM OTWOCK: "The chronicles are winning. Fiszel has been one of the '100-letters' for a long time, and Szlamek, who is very similar, received all of Otwock as a present after the anniversary. I doubt that he'll do something there. Someone older should have been sent to Otwock, for example Leon G-rg, especially since he's unemployed."

STEFA:

"Stefa from Nalewki Street is most certainly a good student, she's probably not very pretty (she has too much common sense), but she is smart and talented.'

RITA:

"I like Rita, because she writes without any embellishments, just takes care of the idea. I would only advise her to change her style, because her ideas are interesting, but her words are wooden, clumsy, very bookish."

WIENIA FROM BIAŁYSTOK:

"So Wienia is no longer an independent editor and publisher of various papers? He has to eat bread from someone else's oven – he has become a reporter. These are the times we are living in. I imagine he prowls Białystok, interviewing everyone he can, starting with the backyard Knight of the Ginger Tail."

WHAT DO I LOVE YOU FOR?

Dear Little Review!

moments of your existence. I haven't through tears, a child who loves the I haven't written.

still smile. Why? Because you are laziness, maybe shyness, or maybe I have known you from the first a child who will always smile, even another reason; what matters is that

Realizing that you haven't been doing something is incredibly difficult, almost impossible, and in any case, useless. For seven years, questions have been answered and topics have been taken up, many of which were interesting to me. I thought about, sometimes painfully so, many subjects, developed many thoughts in my head, but I didn't write. It wasn't a good thing.

quite a big fault. She's constantly in a hurry, she rushes ahead without finishing what she was doing. She started describing how the peasants celebrated the holiday, but then she saw people playing Old Maid and so we never found out what happened in the square in Grabarka."

CHAIM EWEN TACHANAH: "Where did you dig up this fossil? I've been reading the Little Review for three years, and there was never any Tachanah. He writes like a grown-up journalist, so what did the editors accept him for? Let him go off to Our Review."

"I noticed a strange thing. The contributors, rather than making the effort to look into current affairs, take old subjects, come up with showy titles, and work the old stuff over. Chaim does this often. Take his 'Four days' or 'Lord Melchett in Nalewki Street'. In the first article, he describes a town

"I don't like funny, forced articles, where the author jokes for the sake of joking."

"Of this team, I prefer Ludwik because Emkott is conceited."

"Emkott's columns are so polished, so stylized, every word is so well chosen as if he cared only about this 'job', but he doesn't think at all about what he's working for or whether he's right."

FISZEL:

"I used to like Fiszel very much. He gave me an example of how to write interestingly about small things. His 'Nail in a shoe' taught us that all great experiences start with trivial things. I've often asked myself, would I be able to write like that? I came to the conclusion that I wouldn't. Now I like him less, because he writes like the others."

HENRYK:

"Wherever he can, Henryk writes: intellectual. That's his favorite word. skipped one issue. I've experienced all the joys and sorrows of your contributors. I was worried that Moniuś lost a tooth, that another boy had to walk around in an apron (the shame, like a girl), that a girl's cat had run away. I was happy to read that Alinka has a new, beautiful room, that Chańcia is in school now, that Miss Bubusia is very nice, that Jurka's school has a new, bright and spacious location, and that Tobcia has all A's on her report card. I've come to love you, my friend, truly and honestly.

I've come to love you for your attitude towards children, for your wise work, for affecting children through children. I've come to love you for your clear and cheerful outlook, although your pages often cry over an orphan boy or girl, and pity the poverty of families and individuals.

You write about sorrows, but you

world, people, and life, and even in suffering, brings aid to others.

I've come to love you, the Little Review, for being natural and full of life; for the fact that your heart beats with the same rhythm as the hearts of a thousand Jewish children who go to school and those who work.

Your growth, the Little Review, is impressive. You are becoming more perfect every day. In every issue, there is something new. I see the effort in the content, form, and the self-improvement work.

It is arduous and difficult work, but happy, because fruitful work fulfills its tasks. You educate people without pompous platitudes, false "pedagogical methods," and boring morals. Simplicity, love, and understanding – that is your method.

I haven't written for so many years. I don't know why. Maybe it's

Tough. You can't turn back time and live the bygone days again. And even if you could, I wouldn't want to. What for?

And here are the same thoughts, feelings, dreams, sorrows and joys again. I prefer to move on, move forward. You can fix the past with the future. Maybe I don't fix it? Who knows. I'm not promising anything. I'll start now, and later... I don't know. E.D.

WHO WILL BE THE EDITOR OF THIS PAGE? (instead of brain teasers)

In front of you are 11 first manuscripts from the latest, that is the 49th, mail delivery. They have been printed without any changes. If there is no title, that means the author has not provided one, so I've given only the numbers they have in our log.

Would you like to take over for me? First of all, read this whole page carefully. Then read it again, marking errors and unnecessary words and sentences with a red pencil – we have left them in on purpose. Check that the title matches the content – if not, pick a better one.

Send the following to the newsroom: - this page (underlining in the text and notes on the margins);

- a list of articles you would qualify for print, along with a justification. Assess the manuscripts which, due to space constraints, have been printed partially, on a conditional basis: "if the rest of the article is the same, then..."

- a list of articles that should not be printed, along with a critique of them; - answer: which authors should be

invited to the newsroom and for what reason?

You can do this during the week. On Sunday, October 22, I will review the submissions of my successors.

The most talented editor will receive a prize: a coupon for books or school aids worth 20 zlotys.

The Editor

* *

NO. 4028 Please excuse the horrid handwriting, but my hand is shaking; my malaria fever only broke today and I am very weak.

People who know me are used to constantly hearing stories about my hijinks and more or less nice adventures from me or other people. Indeed, something is always going on with me, because I rarely stay in one place for more than a week or two. But recently, it's been the same thing over and over again – there and back again. Palestine is just that tiny. Trains drag slowly here, as if they had asthma. The locals say that if they went faster, they would accidentally cross the border. That is why I ride only in cars.

But there are friends, who hold it against me that nothing special has happened to me this month. Out of courtesy, I can lie to them so well that they can't stop feeling amazed. And I lie so well, that in the end, I believe it myself.

But over the nearly two years I've been in Palestine and visited Syria and and the New Year is only showing itself Egypt, I've seen quite a bit. I promise to us. Today is dedicated to thinking that I will write only the truth. If something is not true, you can take my ear. But I hope that the editor's censure will let through the nice and less nice truths because in the Diaspora, everything that is Palestinian must be shown in rosy colors and with a green frame.

time. After prayer, I went home, ate dinner, and went to bed. That is how I spent the holidays.

Leib from Solec

*

* MEMORIES OF THE FIRE

When we were at a summer resort in 1931, there was a fire in the second villa. It happened like this: one morning, about six o'clock, we were awoken by the caretaker's terrible screaming and a knocking on our windows. Father jerked awake and asked the caretaker what was happening. She said that the forest in our resort was on fire. After five minutes, everyone in our house was dressed. Father ran outside first to see what had happened. Then he came back a short while later (?) and said that a two-story house in the other villa was burning. When I had heard it all, I went towards the burning house with my brother. There were people sitting in the street with all their belongings, as well as the wounded, who had jumped out of windows or porches. It was heartbreaking to see all these people who had been left without a roof over their heads. Standing there with my brother, I noticed that the fire department had arrived. The first and second story in the house burned, only the ground floor remained. When I had seen it all, I went back home, feeling sad, and sat down to breakfast with tears in my eyes.

Dewi from Three Crosses' Square

*

*

NO. 4026 I went to the garden to fly a kite, and

I saw a swallow sitting on the ground. I picked it up and took it home. At home, I took a cage and put the bird in. I put in some grain. It didn't want to eat, only cried pitifully. I took the swallow out and carried it to the gardener. I let it go there, because it would soon be flying south for the Winter.

Z.K. from Browarna Street

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* *

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS

Every cultured nation has its own way of counting time, which starts from some important date. Christians, for example, count from the time of Christ's birth, Muslims from the prophet's appearance, and Jews from the creation of the world.

Yesterday the old year's reign ended, about incidents the old man, the old year has taken with it. If we find mistakes we have made, we try to avoid them in the future. We are a year older. We have gained a year of experience and prudence. The New Year, an empty page of our conscience, opens its doors to us. It will fly by like an arrow again. Let us try to make our work bring a good harvest.

Little Review office, I was amazed by the beautiful pictures made by the Little Review contributors. I would also like to do something for the Little Review and join the group of contributors. I decided to write letters, articles, and poems, to also contribute to the development of the Little Review paper. And so now I enclose two poems with the letter, so that they can be published in the Little Review. I hope that the editors will not reject my contribution.

Sincerely,

Franka

Poem titled "THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER" The holidays are over! The heart's call is heard everywhere, To learning! Begone, holidays! When it waits for us. Textbook, notebook, pencil case, pen, I keep dreaming about it all. Oh, how quickly they have passed, Those happy, blissful days. Come back soon, fun and games, I always dream about you all. I feel all the fears again, What will my grades be. Oh, you glorious blue-sky days, Bring us back those bygone times, Because I want to see them again: Fields, grain, meadows and forests! Franka

* THE EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS

One of the most horrible habits oppressing humanity is drunkenness. It leaves behind countless victims, ruins health, and destroys the morality of individuals, at the same time negatively affecting all of society. This disastrous habit wrecks the human organism, lowers its resistance, and makes it susceptible to various diseases. Drunkenness can take a person full of strength and leave them a complete ruin. The effects of drunkenness focus not only on those who surrender to the habit. They also reach further, they cause harm to the physical and mental development of future generations. In terms of morality, drunkenness lowers a person's dignity, lowering them to animal status. A drunk forgets about moral prohibitions and their actions are the effects of an addled mind.

From the social standpoint, drunkenness is very harmful. The number of drunks in a given society is the expression of the level of culture. The more drunks the lower the level of culture, and vice versa; countries which stand on a high level of civilization have less drunks.

To familiarize our readers with the location of this area, I will describe out trip in a different style than others.

Seven kilometers from Otwock are the picturesque ruins of the castle in Otwock Wielki. The palace, built on an island on the lake, with a large old park with beautiful trees, is located half a kilometer from the Vistula. There are boats for swimming on the lake. On the other side of the Vistula, where you can get in half an hour by ferry or boat, lies the beautifully situated town of Góra Kalwaria, and beside it, the ruins of Czersk Castle. In closer vicinity of Otwock, about 2 kilometers away, is Świder, with a beautiful view of a bridge over the river of the same name. Going downstream of the river, half a kilometer away, you can see the picturesque Brzegi, and further in that direction is Bojarów, from where you can see the Vistula flowing less than a kilometer away. That same day, after touring Śródborów and other towns, we headed home, where after supper, tired and breathless, we lay ourselves (?) to sleep.

Józiek from Otwock

* * *

A FALL DAY

I'm writing for the first time and I'm very worried, because I don't know how I'll be accepted. Maybe the Little Review will throw my letter into the garbage because they won't think it's good? I don't know, thought, and so I want to write, I want to join the large youth family.

The clock strikes. What hour? (Do we really say 'what hour'? - Editor's note) I didn't hear. Oh well, I won't think about it. My mind is running off elsewhere (?). My gaze stops on the windows, down which large raindrops are flowing quietly. This fills me with great sadness. Oh, how nasty the rain makes me feel! Leaning out the window and deep in thought, I didn't even notice the tears flowing down my face and mixing with the cloudy raindrops. Now they flow together, leaving a dirty streak on my face. Only now, I can see that I was looking out the window for such a long time, but didn't see anything. I feel the need to look at people, guess at their sorrows and joys. What would it be like, if you could read people's thoughts! I'm sure it would be good. But the next moment, I change my mind. No, it wouldn't be good, people would be unhappy, not free, they would be completely dazed, they wouldn't think at all, knowing that someone knew their thoughts. A shiver shook me, oh, how cold it is! Resigned, I close the window, realizing that it's completely dark, that there's no way to write, and oh, no, I've got a runny nose. Lazily, I undress and lay down to sleep. Goodnight, Little Review!

always in my home, I never looked at it. Suddenly I caught sight of one of the latest issues and... surprise! With great interest, I started reading, and I have to say, I spent a few carefree moments with it! It's completely not the same! I found many interesting articles in it, as well as world news, and so on. Oh, how I regret that I didn't contribute to its development. But if all is not lost, I will start contributing today, and I vow that I will keep working as long as I have time and strength! As proof, I am sending (?) a poem to start.

* *

ABOUT MY HOMELAND

There... in that quiet, clear distance... There... when the Jordan whispers quietly,

There... where the Palestine sun burns (?),

There... where you can see Canaan's roads.

There... where the desert sands turn white.

There... where the sun sends off thousands of sparks,

There... where innocent lilies bloom, There... my homeland, the most beautiful under the sun!!!

The slender cypresses rise toward the heavens (?),

Palms with arms outstretched (?), As if they wanted to embrace all these groves, wildernesses forests, To stay together with them for the ages.

The moon looks down curiously,

And there... high... far...

The Lord watches over this land, where dreams are reality,

Where the fable is dressed in the sweet truth!!!

Sylla

* * AT THE POLISH CAMP 1.

I spent my summer holidays not very pleasantly (?) this year. Well, not the whole summer, because I was at the Polish camp for only four weeks. I wasn't happy there. I won't describe about the hygiene and about food (Is this how we say it? how should it be said? - Editor's note) but about the attitude of the Polish boys towards us, the "Jews" (do we need the quotation marks?). There were very few of us there. The camp was made up of 120 Polish boys and 10 Jews. On July 19, we left Warsaw. I feeled (?) right away that things would not be good with these boys. They looked out the train window the whole time and did not let us look even for a moment. Why? It's very simple. Because we're Jews. Mosieks. When I asked one of them to let me near the window, he said, "Mosieks and Iceks aren't allowed to use the window." In the second car, things were very happy. The oldest boys had come together and were singing songs about Jews. At 2:30, we arrived at the station. I saw a Jewish boy standing in a group of the younger boys and crying. I went to him and asked why he was crying. He said that they were bothering him. I calmed him down and went back to my place, sure that we would not be happy here. I first I thought that if we stayed out of their way, they wouldn't do anything bad to us. A couple of steps away from me was a boy who was crying. Why was he crying? The same thing had happened to him as to the first boy.

(The first page of Harry the reporter's notebook from Palestine).

* *

HOW I SPENT MY HOLIDAYS

I went to the synagogue and prayed for a long time. Then I went home. I ate dinner and went to play with my friends. In the evening, I went to the synagogue again, and prayed for a short Rudolf from Vilnius

NO. 4028

I visited your newsroom with friends. Before entering, I thought a lot about the Little Review. It had presented itself to me as it is in reality. When I entered the but we benefited a lot from it.

I have to note that I have also noticed drunkenness among children and youth. I therefore advise everyone to try and eradicate this horrid habit, which is destroying youth for thousands of people. Let us all stand under the slogan: "No more drunkenness"!

Józiek from Otwock

* * *

MY SUMMER TRIP

Several weeks ago, I went on a trip to the Otwock area with my friends. The trip took us almost three days,

* * * THEN AND NOW

Gina

It's been almost five years since I last wrote and read the Little Review. Why? When I was 10 years old, I thought it was silly and uninteresting, I was bored by all the confessions of seven-year-olds or my peers, and so I completely crossed it off my reading list. Although it was

(The first two pages from Szmulek's notebook.)

This publication is part of Little Review, Sharon Lockhart's exhibition for the Polish Pavilion at the 57th Venice Biennale in 2017. The exhibition takes its name from the weekly publication the Little *Review (Maly Przeglad)*, which was circulated as a supplement to the daily newspaper Our Review (Nasz Przeglad) from 1926 to 1939.

The young women of Rudzienko, Poland, contributors to the exhibition, have selected twenty-nine issues of the Little Review to be distributed weekly in the Polish Pavilion for the duration of the Biennale. These are the first English translations of the Little Review.

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