Our newspaper will be located in a great corner house. Beside it is a garden, on the right a huge sports field, on the left a pond — a waiting room, or maybe two — one for the grown-ups, one for the kids. Because grown-ups will come to our newsroom with various matters, too. The paper will consider all of the matters concerning students and schools. And it will be edited in such way that it will defend children.

The paper will make sure that everything happens fairly.

There will be three editors in chief (tall, wearing glasses), to make sure everything stays in order. A young editor for the boys, and a girl — an editor for the girls. So that nobody’s ashamed and everyone speaks honestly and clearly what they need to have thing them, what are their worries and cares.

Whoever wants to can say whatever they want to, they can come in and write it down, right there in the newsroom. Permanent correspondents will have their own desks or drawers. If someone is embarrassed that they write messily or make mistakes, the editor will tell them: “Don’t worry. We’ll fix it in editing.” Or if they don’t want to write at all, the editor will call the stenographer and tell them, “Go on.”

They’ll go into a separate room and dictate.

People will be able to pass on news themselves, by phone, send by mail, dictate or write.

Just so that everyone’s comfortable, so they’re not embarrassed that something will be published.

There are many grown-ups who write only because they’re not embarrassed. There are many children who have so many good ideas, observations, and comments, but they don’t write, because they think that what they write is silly, what they aren’t in, what they make it the best possible. If I was writing for grown-ups, I would write about something that I know well, that everyone just wants to read and nobody wants to write, or file a complaint.

To start, I’m opening a permanent section called: "FAIRLY." People will be able to pass on news themselves, by phone, send by mail, dictate or write.

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There are many grown-up...
SCARLET FEVER

Scarlet fever is a sickness that grows-up catch very rarely, and children very often. The sickness can be mild, heavy, or fatal. In Warsaw hospitals, there are nearly 1000 children sick with scarlet fever, and there are also probably a lot of them in private homes. Scarlet fever is an infectious disease, and if a lot of people get this kind of disease at the same time, then they call it an epidemic.

We have a scarlet fever epidemic now, and the papers are writing what people should do to not get sick or infected anymore.

We don’t want to argue with the grown-ups starting in the first issues, so we’ll only have a few remarks about what they’re writing.

Yes, vaccines are very important, as well as having clean hands, washing hands as soon as you come back from school, or even from walking on the street. It’s also important to rinse your mouth and brush your teeth, as well as carefully wipe your nose. It’s important not to pick anything up off the ground on the street or in the garden and to not put anything unnecessary in your mouth.

But scientists have proven that a hungry person will get infected more easily and be sicker. There are many hungry children in schools, but nobody’s writing that the hungry children in schools should be fed.

Scientists have also proven that people need fresh air; and meanwhile, many schools are very crowded, there are few windows, and there’s nowhere to play even during breaks. And even if the day is nice, you don’t see children on field trips or walks. Nobody’s writing that they should organize more walks and give less homework, while the epidemic lasts.

A happy and satisfied person is more resistant to plague, and as soon as you get bored or scared, you can get sicker more quickly. So there should be more fun, too. Children should always be happy, especially while there is an epidemic. That’s what the papers for grown-ups have forgotten to write about, so it’s our duty to remind them.

PROPER WORKING TOOLS

Parents and teachers demand that students should have their books and notebooks in order and that their handwriting be neat and careful. This is a reasonable demand — we want the same. However, there are many obstacles. One of the greatest obstacles is the low quality of our working tools.

The working tools of a student — pen, pencil, blotting paper, compass, crayons, paints, etc. And everything that’s for the grown-ups, for offices and institutions, it’s made different, more expensive and better, and everything for schools is low quality.

Who hasn’t had a nib fail off just when we’re in a hurry and have to be careful to make it on time and not make a mistake? Or one that’s stuck so deep that the only way to get it out is with your teeth? Of course, it’s bad for your teeth, but what are we supposed to do if there’s no other way? You can count yourself lucky when you get a nib that doesn’t scratch, doesn’t write too thick. Sometimes, you break it on purpose, to get rid of a bad nib, and other times, you can write for a month or longer, take care of it and enjoy it, and regret it when it breaks from oversize or through any fault or a friend’s.

The paper of school notebooks leave a lot to be desired. It’s bad news that everyone wants to pay less, but should factories keep making notebooks that everyone knows are good for nothing? You can’t even erase something without putting a hole in the paper.

But little hairs get stuck in even the best nibs, and then you have a few smudged letters that nothing can be done about. You wipe a nib like that on your hair, trying to get the little hair out, and get ink all over your fingers. And that gets you angry and makes it hard to think. Then people ask why you have ink stains on your school apron or in your hair. Why? Because of flimsy paper that frays, drags, and smudges the writing.

Sometimes a student manages to get to the end successfully. They look over their work with satisfaction, breathe a sigh of relief and apply blotting paper. Except instead of blotting paper, they were given just plain thin paper. Careful application won’t help, all the effort will be wasted. They’ll have a smudged, dirty, awful page. What are they supposed to do?

FOR P. 2

We call it a “flash in a pan” if someone starts to work on something enthusiastically and then gets bored very quickly. It’s like a flying pan — starts easily and burns out quickly. And that sort of thing is a hindrance when you’re starting on something. Everyone rushes forward, calling “out!”, “Me!” and “Me!”

There’s none, there’s a crowd, and then someone gets impatient, another gets tired quickly, yet another gets mad, and then there aren’t enough people left.

It’s going to be the same with the Little Review. There will be those who’ll say, “Oh, we’ll write for sure, every week, for every issue, we’ll write a lot!”

And there will be a lot of letters, and then fewer and fewer. The first letter will be carefully written, the others, not so much.

A flash in a pan — here today, gone tomorrow.

But there will be those who’ll last, those who have a strong will. They won’t hurry — instead, they’ll read a few issues, they’ll think about it, make a plan, write a rough draft, read it through, work on it, and only then put the letter in an envelope.

HACEFIRA

The oldest Hebrew paper, Hacefira, is being published now, from September 29. This is the sixty-fifth year of its publication.

Hebrew papers have almost always remembered children and young people. For a long time, Hacefira published a column “for the kids.” Reports from the Hacefira newsroom say the supplement for young people will soon be published again.

A FLASH IN THE PARLIAMENT

There is a lot in papers about the Parliament: “It was said in the Parliament.” “An MP said in the Parliament.” “There was a vote.” “A minister spoke in the Parliament.”

These articles are long and boring. What’s worse, they’re full of incomprehensible words. Although the smartest people in every newspaper always write about the Parliament, it would be better to replace these articles with news about various events and interesting things happening in the world.

I would also like to start with something else, but there is no way around it — until we come up with our own paper, we have to imitate the grown-ups. In all papers, there are introductory articles and so we also have to have an introductory article.

And later we’ll see what we’ll do.

The Parliament is located somewhere in the district of Mokotów, and I live in Wola, so I don’t really know what goes on there. But maybe I can manage somehow. And if it turns out that there have to be introductory articles about the Parliament in the Little Review, too, then maybe we’ll do that way.

Members of Parliament have children. Let the dad write for the grown-ups, and the MP’s son will write for us. Or perhaps the editor can read the grown-ups papers, and then write it again for children, in a way they’ll understand. After all, a little knowledge won’t hurt.

And so, recently the government, that is, all the ministers, got upset with the Parliament. The government said that the Parliament was advising them badly, and the Parliament said that the ministers were governing badly. The Parliament is most upset with two ministers and told them that they should leave. The others could stay, but those two had to leave.

And the government said, that the Parliament should get studded and paint itself green.

And the two ministers stayed. So the Parliament got even more upset, and wouldn’t let the government spend as much money as they needed for all the expenses. “The government has fallen. The cabinet has fallen.”

When a student doesn’t pass a grade, or fails an exam, they say he be short, as if he tried to jump somewhere and missed, even though grades are written in pen. And when we talk about mathematics, we say they fell. As if they were walking, walking, and someone tripped them and they fell.

“The fall of Bartel’s government.” Bartel was a class monitor. He was responsible for the work of his ministers.

So we just say Bartel, without the “mister.” And that’s very strange.

If you don’t respect someone a lot, you just say his name without adding the “mister.” That’s how the teacher usually lists names in school. But also, if you respect someone a lot, you also don’t say “mister.” Because no one says Mister Kościuszko, Mister Mickiewicz, or Mister Bartel. And if you want to insult someone, say that they’re not really a great figure, you write about him as “mister.” This is all very strange, but it can’t be helped.

This is how it is:

The Parliament holds a vote that they don’t trust the ministers. Then the ministers write a letter saying that they don’t want to govern anymore. And the President picks another class monitor, another minister to be the most important one, to choose whoever he wants.

President Mościcki has picked Piłsudski.

There are many people in Poland who like Piłsudski a lot and they write that things will be better. And those who don’t like him, write that “Mister” Piłsudski has been picked, and they’re mad.

And what happens next, nobody knows.

A FLASH IN THE PAN

Allow us to answer:

Do you do everything you want.

What is most important for the paper are new ideas. What someone writes about them is a hindrance.

Dear Editors,

Before I start writing for your paper, I would like to know some things:

1. Can we criticize if we don’t like something?

2. Can we write fairytales, poems, and dreams?

3. Can we submit illustrated articles?

4. Can we write several articles at once?

5. Can we write under a pen name?

Sincerely,

PT.

One of our careful readers writes to us:

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This is a diary, not a novel. A diary contains the adventures and events from a person’s life. They describe it all themselves, not someone else. A diary is the truth. We are happy to print this diary, which was given to us with the title “the short history of my life.”

Finally, at the age of 14, I have decided to describe my life’s experiences. I was an orphan at a very early age. (Very young mother a little bit is because I was three when she died.) Then I went back to my room and stood by the door to our parents’ bedroom. Across from me was a bed, on which father lay. I only remember his black beard and uncovered chest that was smeared with something. When I told him later that he had been much slimmer, he told me that that was indeed what my father looked like. And I think that was the reason I am so thin now.

What I did later, whether I went back to bed, I don’t remember. I often think back on that memory. It is nice to see myself in a nightgown, standing at the door and probably rubbing my sleepy eyes.

I know from stories that father died of pneumonia, and mother from grief for father.

There were four of us orphans left. The oldest boy, who was twelve, and three girls.

When we were left alone, we had no choice but to go live with relatives. That is when I came to live with my aunt. I remember my brother and sister walking on the stairs. My brother went to Warsaw, one sister to Lublin and the other to Minsk. I remember that my brother gave me candy when we said goodbye.

I slept in one bed with my aunt’s servant, who was very dirty. I was homesick and cried that I wanted to go home. My aunt said, “If you want to see another baby, and how, when I was five or six years old, I found out from the children in the yard that school was free and I could learn. I immediately ran to the school with one of the girls. The teacher was a very nice boy; probably from the fourth grade. He accepted me and told me to come back tomorrow. I went back home very happy.

The next day, I went to school. I didn’t say anything about it because I was very proud that I found the school on my own. I wanted to surprise my aunt by being able to read and write. When I came back, instead of a mother, who would hug her child and praise her diligence, my aunt was waiting for me with an angry face. She shouted at me, asking where I was, but I didn’t pay attention to her anger and started telling her about my adventure. Auntie said, “I don’t want to hear anything about it, she was furious and threatened to throw me out if I went back there. From then on, she took no interest in me for so long, it was now uncle’s turn to suffer a hit. But I didn’t understand it — lay on the floor and refused to go anywhere. I was used to being there, and I was very scared of uncle.

(To be continued in the next issue of the Little Review.)

FOR THE POLISH PAVILION AT THE 57TH VENICE BIENNALE 2017

Mały Przegląd (Little Review) is co-financed by the City of Warsaw.

The exhibition in the Polish Pavilion is financed by the Ministry of Culture and National Heritage of the Republic of Poland. The translation of Mały Przegląd is co-financed by the City of Warsaw.

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

AN ORPHAN’S DIARY

The construction of the Polish Pavilion is the Ministry of Culture and National Heritage of the Republic of Poland. The translation of Mały Przegląd is co-financed by the City of Warsaw.

The first FLASH in the Pan is continued from p. 1

Just like enthusiasm can be a flash in a pan, so can fame. Last year, one girl kept talking about Breinhart. She even bought a postcard with his picture and cried when he was ill. And now she doesn’t even know if it’s been a year since he died.

Smulek Reeszewski, who played chess, was also famous, but now nobody knows anything about him. Staiger was famous, there were even songs written about him. And Coogan was famous, as long as he was little, and now the children in American are beginning to become famous. Not only people are famous, but also animals. Rin Tin Tin has been also a bit of a film star for a long time, and many of them are learning to work in the field.

Last week, 300 older schoolchildren from cities all over Poland gathered in Warsaw.

They decided to go to Poland in the near future.

ACHING AND IMPROVEMENTS

In every issue of the Little Review, we will write about the changes and improvements we have made. We will ask for the advice of various people, and our readers will write to us what they don’t like— if there is too much or too little about the people, what they want to know and what they don’t care about. Of course, we will not be able to satisfy everyone. Some prefer fairy tales, others true events, some like travel, others want historical information. The beginning is always the most difficult, because you have to think about everything; later, you can repeat what is good, and that’s all right.

And there is more time to introduce interesting new ideas.

We know that the Little Review is not very good yet.

My mother works as a heavy laborer. Her hands are calloused and the nails are always overgrown. She’s been working for a long time in very dirty work. She’s had taken care of me for so long, it was now uncle’s turn to suffer a hit. But I didn’t understand it — lay on the floor and refused to go anywhere. I was used to being there, and I was very scared of uncle.

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