



Cosmirsky & Company

Cabaret Project

Present

the

FIRST EVER

EDITION

of



WWWA 3000

WORLDWISE WARSAW WYVERN ARTEZINE

Wrzechwiedzca Warszawska Wywerna Artezina

**ZUZANNA
GINCZANKA**

in

Brand New
Translations

Warsaw, London, Toronto

2000 3000

∞

**JULIAN
TUWIM**

in

Brand New
Translations



CONTENTS	PAGE
INDEX	2
WARM WARSAW WYVERN WELCOME!	3
TUWIM – W-wa in translation & TALE OF TWO POLANDS	4 / 5
DRODZY RODACY & DEAREST EARTHLINGS	6 / 7
YELLOW, GREEN & RED WYVERNS GO, GO GO!	8
WORLDWISE WARSAW WYVERN STORY	9
The Three Worldy Wyverns of WWWA 3000!	10
 GOLDEN WYVERN – <i>Rhyming Fables for Adolescents & Adults</i>	 11
TUWIM – Lokomotywa / Locomotive	12
LOCOMOTIVE Activities	16-17
GINCZANKA – Uczta Wakacyjna / A Holiday Feast	18
 LIMEY WYVERN – <i>Popular Songs for All Ages</i>	 21
WHEN JULIAN MET SANA	22
TUWIM – Miłość Ci Wszystko Wybaczy / Love will forgive you	23
GINCZANKA – Żar-Ptak / Fire-Bird	24
Ginczanka & Tuwim Across the World Activity	26
Listen Closely to the Limey Wyvern...	27
 RADIANT WYVERN – <i>Classic Verses for Advanced Audiences</i>	 29
GINCZANKA – W OBRONIE POETÓW / IN THE DEFENCE OF POETS	30
TUWIM – Pociągiem do Warszawy / Desperate for Warsaw	32
Warsaw Map Game	36
GINCZANKA & TUWIM – POECI TŁUMNIE PO KAWIARNIACH...	38
GINCZANKA – Non Omnis Moriar / Not All of Me will Die	40
 GIVE THE WORLD FREE GIFTS FOR YOU & YOUR LOVED ONES	 42
WWWA 3000 WALL OF WISDOM & INSPIRING CHARACTERS	43-44
THANK YOU FROM COSMIRSKY & CO	46

WARM WARSAW WYVERN WELCOME!

A poem a day helps keep sorrows at bay...

Bajeczki to szczepioneczki na smuteczki...

As you can probably tell by our name, we are based in the capital city of Poland, which is also the home of Give The World, the arts foundation which publishes this magazine and owns the only copy of the world's largest book of poetry – **Our Great Book Of Poland** – containing 2020 Polish and English rhyming fables, popular songs and classic verses, the best of which will now be picked for publication in WWA 3000 – we already have 365 verses to share with you all, totally free of charge – find the complete catalogue of all the fables, songs & poems we have ready to publish at the back of this issue.

Now back to Warsaw, which is a rather remarkable place – completely destroyed 70 years ago in WWII by Nazi armies invading from the West and Soviet armies invading from the East (Warsaw Saw Wars aplenty), it was recently reconstructed from absolute scratch, so now has many phenomenal stories to Give The World.

WWA 3000 aims to Engage, Entertain & Enlighten international audiences with the best stories taken from 3000 years of European history and for this first issue we have chosen fables, songs and poems by two of Poland's most remarkable authors – Zuzanna Ginczanka and Julian Tuwim – at the age of 27, Ginczanka perished in the Holocaust, while Tuwim managed to survive WWII by wondering the world in exile – both their works have more than stood the test of these turbulent times.

Future editions of WWA 3000 will introduce audiences to the finest authors of fables, songs, poems, legends, stories, novels and non-fiction books from Poland – all enhanced by specially filmed WWA 3000 Cabarets broadcast via Youtube, allowing audiences to enjoy the magazine in multimedia (film and audio) formats, enriching the experience of reading and engaging with the creative learning activities each issue contains.

All of this content is free for all users of internet enabled digital devices – phones, computers, tablets – to download and enjoy any way they like: our artzine is designed to be printed, coloured and doodled upon to help you learn from the 365 great Polish fables, songs and poems it will feature – check out the fantastic ebooks you can download and print ANY TIME YOU LIKE completely free of charge by visiting our Give The World foundation's website – the link is at the bottom of every page:

EVERLASTING ECOBOOK ENTERPRISE CATALOGUE

AKADEMIA PANA KLEKSA *for the first time ever in English Translation*

NOT ALL OF ME WILL DIE – 38 poems by Zuzanna Ginczanka in Polish & English,

CANNONS BENEATH FLOWERS – 20 songs by Frederic Chopin in translation

100 CLASSIC POLISH FAMILY RHYMES by Fredro, Mickiewicz et al.,

PRETTY PERFECT POLISH SONGS – 63 popular songs in Polish & English

Now, let's take a look at the first ever English translation of a poem Julian Tuwim wrote about the way the name of our capital city is often spelled...

Tongue totally in cheek, of course!

AB Cosmirsky & Co, WWA 3000

Julian Tuwim

„W-wa”

Kto pisze zamiast Kraków – K-ków?
Nikt. Nie ma w Polsce takich kpów.

Komu by wlażło w mózgowicę
Na K-wice zmieniać Katowice?

Czy kto z Bydgoszczy robi B-oszcz?
(Jeżeli robi, to go schłoszcz).

Albo z Białegostoku – B-stok?
(Dostałby za to butem w bok).

Czy jest gdzieś znane jakieś Z-ane?*

Czy ktoś tak skraca Zakopane?
*Z-ane, nie Za-ne! Bowiem Za-ne
Może być brzydko zrozumiane.

Nie ma też u nas takich praw,
żeby z Wrocławia robić W-aw.

A skądże ta nawyczka zła,
Zamiast: Warszawa, pisać: W-wa?

Kto to wymyślił, lichy wie!
W War-sza-wie mieszkam,
a nie w W-wie!

Kto z ośmiu liter robi trzy,
Mam go za cztery. Nie chcę W-wy!

Kto o Jej dobre imię dba,
Pisze Warszawa, nigdy: W-wa!

A który z was napisze tak,
Ten nie warszawiak jest, lecz wwiak.

(Prawda, mój Wiechu, że to śmiech?
Prawda, że jesteś Wiech, nie Wwiech?)

Kocham Cię, piękna! Kocham, o
Stolico moja! (A nie st-co!)

Wiwat WARSZAWA! Czcijmy ją!
Precz z obrzydliwą, głupią W-wą!

J.T. poeta, co pochodzi
(mówiąc najkrócej) z miasta Łodzi

- Julian Tuwim

W-wa

Who would write Krakow as K-kow for short?
No one. That's who. Nobody. Nought.

Who being sound of body and head
Would spell Katowice as K-wice instead?

Who would turn Bydgoszcz into B-oszcz?
(Boil them alive in a cauldron of borsht).

Białystok make into B-stok instead?
(Not I, no way, I'd rather be dead).

Our cute Zakopane spell Z-ne, gosh, why?
Who'd do such a thing? Who, me? No, not I!
That highland resort is buried in snow,
As all who do ski there will certainly know.

It really would be a very poor show
To turn our Wroclaw a W-aw, don't you know.

So wherefore and why do some people now
Spell our Warsaw as W-wa somehow?

Who can explain this, who will now tell?
If you ask me, plain Warsaw's real swell!

Who then would cut this word in half?
No sir, that joke just won't make me laugh!

Ww-a is just not enough,
Count the letters, do the math!

Those who fail to spell it right
Folks of Warsaw will now fight!

(We don't cut our own names short,
While a city can't retort)

I do love you, Warsaw town,
Heart of Poland, best around!

Cheer our Warsaw! Celebrate!
Keep it's name now proud and great!

I, J.T, let's make this clear,
Was born in Łódź, I just lived here.

- Julian Tuwim *translated by Cosmirski & Co.*

A TALE OF TWO POLANDS

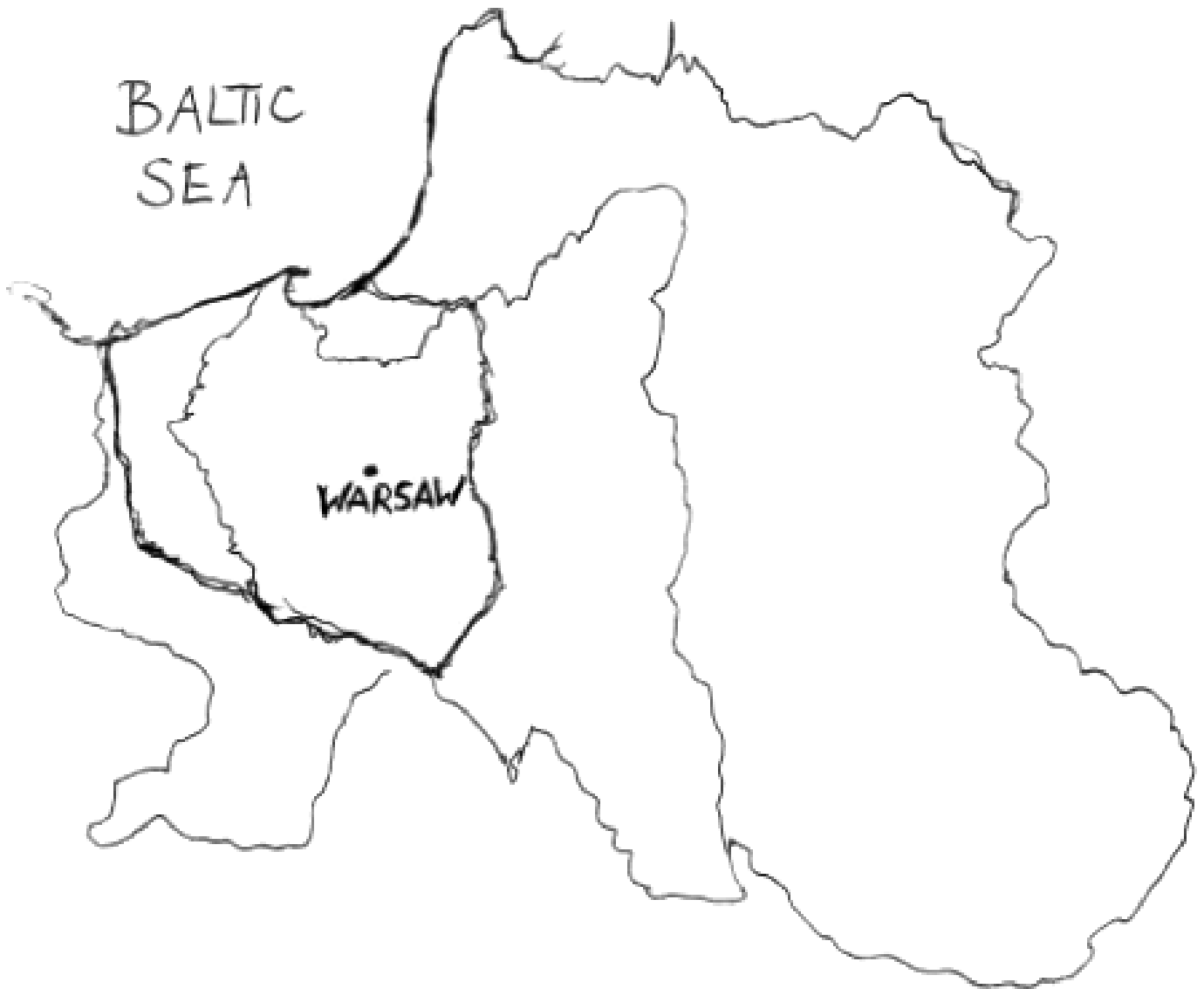
I know I have taken liberties with some of the translation of “W-wa” on the previous page... why? Tuwim chose to use certain words just because they rhymed right – I did the same in my adaptation!

Now, look at the map of Poland below...

How many cities can you pinpoint on this map and then name?

How many feature in the poem?

Write them all on the map!



Now, how many of you know that when Julian Tuwim was born, Poland looked a lot different than it does today – in fact, it didn't exist at all, not before it was restored to world maps following the end of WWI and then completely reshaped by international agreements following the end of WWII.

The borders you see above show you how Poland has changed over the centuries – today, it is far, far smaller than in its medieval heyday – once upon a time, when merged with the Lithuanian Commonwealth, it was the largest land based state European maps ever seen! Can you add more city names to the map above – those which are no longer in Poland today?

DRODZY RODACY *Słownko po polsku... A wee word of Polish*

Witajcie! Jak widzicie – serce tego artzynu to najpiękniejsze bajki, piosenki i wiersze przełożone z polskiego na angielski – 1000 lat naszej niesamowitej historii przemyczonej w poezji i przekładach tak by calusienki świat mógłby się perłami polskiej poezji i piosenki zachwycić... lecz także byśmy my Polacy odkryli na nowo genialne dzieła na których się wychowaliśmy, lecz z wielu powodów nie umiemy się ciągle cieszyć i czerpać z bezcennego źródła ich mądrości by żyć dłużej, zdrowiej i szczęśliwiej...

Natomiast – pomimo tego że urodziłem się w Polsce, od dawna mieszkuję w Anglii i Kanadzie – ciągle podróżuję po świecie angielskojęzycznym i prawie że nigdy nie piszę po polsku – a na pewno nigdy nie tłumaczę z angielskiego na polski! Brak mi wprawdy – są w tym dużo lepsi ode mnie, im zostawiam ten karkołomny czyn, skupiając się na przekładach z polskiego na angielski najpiękniejszych i najtrudniejszych dzieł pisanych w języku w którym się urodziłem ale z którego jako dziecko zostałem wygnany...

Nawet pisanie tego króciutkiego wstępu sprawia mi olbrzymi trud, nie znając się na polskiej gramatyce, ortografii i interpunkcji (mój komputer bardzo mi pomaga...). Od 30 lat sam finansuję wszelkie przedsięwzięcia mej fundacji w GB i po prostu nie stać mnie na zatrudnienie profesjonalnych tłumaczy z angielskiego na polski by teksty angielskojęzyczne w tej publikacji dla was przełożyć...

Lecz – mam dobre nowiny! Będąc publikowany w formacie PDF, możecie przecież nasze teksty „wrzucać” w internet kopiując i wklejając je w Google Translate etc... Lub sami je sobie tłumaczyć – to w końcu język międzynarodowej komunikacji, a nauka przez bajki i pioseneczki czystą przyjemnością :)

W ten właśnie sposób oszczędzam kasę i kartki których niepotrzebnie nie drukujemy – ponieważ wszelkie nasze Give The World projekty są stworzone by używać nowych technologii tak by nie marnować ani energii ani czasu ani materiałów czerpanych z natury – co nie znaczy że nie zachęcamy do drukowania tego czasopisma i książek które za darmo możecie z naszej strony ściągnąć w każdej chwili – róbmy to, bo czytanie na papierze jest efektywniejsze i zdrowsze niż z ekraników – natomiast róbmy to wtedy kiedy naprawdę trzeba, piszmy, kolorujemy, twórzmy z nich dzieła sztuki i prezenty by posłać w świat to co na papierze najświętsze – słowo naszego narodu który tak wiele nacerpiał się przez wieki, lecz przetrwał tak często właśnie w naszych najpiękniejszych bajkach, pieśniach i poematach...

Lewy Do Prawego, Polski do Angielskiego, Stary do Nowego, itd

Mniej więcej 10 milionów rodaków w Polsce stara się uczyć angielskiego a 23 miliony Polaków mieszka poza granicami kraju... chcę by ta publikacja trafiła do nich wszystkich, i żeby podali ją dalej tak by cały świat zachwycił się tym czemu poświęciłem całe swoje życie – genialnym autorkom i autorom języka polskiego który, owszem, jest trudny do przełożenia na obce języki, ale w dzisiejszych czasach tak wielu historycznych i technologicznych turbulencji wydaje mi się że to właśnie ich dzieła, tworzone tak wielkim trudem w tak ciężkich czasach, są nawet bardziej nam potrzebne niż kiedykolwiek indziej...

Jak widzicie, polskie oryginały są ustawione tak by zawsze były po lewej a przekłady po prawej stronie, by łatwo porównywać obie wersje i zapisywać sobie słówka i złote myśli i uczyć się angielskiego... Czytamy od lewej do prawej, kartki przerzucamy w tym samym kierunku, a kurs historii steruje nami od komunizmu do kapitalizmu. Życie zmusiło mnie i mą rodzinę uciekać z wschodu na zachód, ale zawsze do Polski wracałem i nie chciałabym już mieszkać nigdzie indziej – to serce mego świata, i stąd chcę, tak jak mój dziadek Sergiusz Orłow, eksportować książki w świat. Jestem po prostu obywatelem naszej pięknej planety który od 30 lat robi to co kocha – pracuje w fundacjach na całym świecie by pomóc wykluczonym grupom odnaleźć się w naszym świecie przez czytanie, pisanie i kontakt z wieloma kulturami...

Na świecie naszym który połączony jest dziś pokojowymi układami, siecią internetu, sportowymi igrzyskami – coraz mniej wojnami i kolonialnymi okupacjami – niech to co stare i złe pozostaje za nami, a to co nowe niech będzie oparte na lekcjach z historii – i czy są lepsi nauczyciele jak żyć niż bajki, piosenki i wiersze? Jedno rozbawia, drugie rozkręca a trzecie informuje. Więc z góry („from the mountain”:) przepraszam za byki zawarte w tym wstępie – nie moja wina że w niezwykłym roku 1984 straciłem swą ojczyznę – proszę was serdecznie; drukujcie, kolorujcie, piszcie i bazgrajcie na kartkach naszej skromnej Wszechwiedzącej Warszawskiej Wywerny – po czym wydrukujcie drugi egzemplarz, kolorujcie i ilustrujcie ślicznie i zszycie cudnie (instrukcje są na naszym kanale Youtube) i wręczcie jako prezent kolegom, nauczycielom, sąsiadom, rodzinom, itd. jako malutkie dzieło sztuki które zawiera to co najcenniejsze w kulturze naszego narodu... a na ostatnich stronach tego artzynu znajdziecie listę następnych numerów WWW 3000 i zawartych w nich bajek, piosenek i wierszy... do zobaczenia na Youtube!

Marek Kazmierski, WWA, 2021

DEAREST EARTHLINGS

For all those of you who do not speak Polish, may have never been to Poland and know little or nothing at all about this most central nation state on the old continent we call Europa... Welcome! While hoping to reach all English language readers around the world, our magazine is designed to help Poles learn English and also their own native tongue – 23 million Poles live abroad, according to most recent statistics – this is because Poland, being trapped on the fault-line between East and West, Asia and America, has had a terribly turbulent history which forced so many of its peoples to seek refuge in many other parts of the world.

Partitioned and wiped from global maps for 123 years of the 18th and 19th centuries, Poland suffered terribly upon it's rebirth in 1918, devastated by both World Wars I and II... Estimates vary, but more than five million Polish citizens were killed during WWII, almost a fifth of the total population of this recently reborn nation... But it's not just the sheer scale of the tragedy which baffles the brain and breaks the heart – the calculated strategies behind this genocide must also be taken into account. You may not know that when Hitler's Nazi armies invaded Poland from the West in 1939, Stalin's Soviet simultaneously armies invaded from the East – yes, the Nazis and the Bolsheviks had signed a military pact giving them even share of Polish territories which just happened to be lying slap bang between their totalitarian empires...

They then both focused on murdering our nation's leaders – teachers, lawyers, doctors, and so on – who had been drafted in at the last minute as officers to lead the Polish armies in defending their nation's borders. Hundreds of thousands of the smartest and best educated sons and daughters of Poland (women fought and lost their lives too, of course) were intentionally executed in Nazi and Soviet death camps, followed by millions of Jewish, Roma, LGBT and other communities, such as the mentally and physically less-abled and of course Communists killed in Nazi concentration camps.

There is a reason why so many classic Polish fables, songs and poems were written by authors of Jewish origin – Poland was home to many Poles of Jewish origin when WWII broke out, which is why millions of Jews from all over Europe were murdered in camps erected by Nazis and Soviets on Polish lands... Even after WWII ended, Poland remained under Soviet control and further persecution of Jews in Poland continued, many of those who survived the Holocaust forced to emigrate to Israel and beyond...

I have translated so many of them into English – Tuwim and Ginczanka (who you will meet soon enough in the pages of this very special edition of WWA 3000), Brzechwa, Kořta, Amiel, Szelengel, Lesmian, Mickiewicz (his momma was of Jewish origin) and many, many more...

When I look at the names of my own ancestors I have been able to trace and document: Edgelhardt, Ernst, Morgenstirne, Nickel, Nienatkiewicz, Orłow, Sachajski and of course Kazmierski... I see the incredible diversity of races and ethnicities which went into making me who I am today – an Earthling with both English and Polish passports, born in Soviet occupied Poland, then exiled to England just a few years before the Cold War ended and Poland became a member of the European Union – my childhood was profoundly affected by global conflicts, but my adult life has been blessed by periods of unprecedented peace and prosperity few in Europe have ever experienced before our era.

My writing and translations have been published and staged on all the world's continents, so it is now, in our age of radically fast and easy access to information technology, that I am using the Word Wide Web to launch this Worldwide Warsaw Wyvern Artezine – hoping to share with all humankind both classic and modern treasures of Polish poetry and prose, children's fables and popular songs, fiction and non-fiction writing. By visiting our charity's [GIVE THE WORLD.org](http://www.givetheworld.org) website, you can instantly download, totally free of charge, books I have created and uploaded containing some of the finest fables, songs and poems penned by authors writing in Polish which I then translated into English.

Please enjoy the contents of this magazine, print as many copies as you wish, colour and write upon them, then visit our Youtube channel to see how they can be bound into beautiful, hand-made books you can give as gifts from you and I to all those around the world you think would enjoy these pearls of Polish poetry, prose and song...

Our pasts are troubled territory, but great errors of judgement make for great stories and that is what I wish to celebrate – not the errors and tragedies, but the beauty and wisdom contained in the best writing and art produced by our ancestors – in time, I hope to work with and publish authors from all over the world... oh, and if you enjoy the contents, consider giving a donation to Give The World by following the instructions at the back of this magazine...

AB Cosmirsky & Co.

YELLOW, GREEN & RED WYVERNS GO, GO GO!

To take a break from reading, grab some crayons or markers or paints and colour in the three wyverns you see below... the one named **Wessex** should be gold or yellow... the one named **Wisla** should be coloured green... the one named **Warsaw** should be bright orange... why? All is explained on the page opposite – for now, get creative, use other colours to add details to these wondrous beasts...

Just keep in mind – all three are original designs of the Warsaw Coat of Arms – which today looks so, so very different!



WISLA



WESSEX



WARSAW

Mazovia Coat of Arms



Cosmirsky & Co

present

WWWA 3000

&

The Philosophers' Stone

Worldwise Warsaw Wyvern STORY

Medieval Warsaw
Coat of Arms



WWW stands for World Wide Web – **W-wa** is how Poles abbreviate Warsaw, the name of their capital city – now **WWWA** stands for **Worldwise Warsaw Wyvern Artezine**:

Worldwise because our content is based on 3000 years of European history, 2020 Polish verses & 1000 books of world literature, designed to engage, entertain and enlighten audiences all around our world with hundreds of Rhyming Fables, Popular Songs and Classic Poetry from Poland translated into English...

Warsaw because our magazine is based in the most central capital city in Europe – wholly rebuilt following its total destruction by Nazi and Soviet armies during WWII – now there's a tale to tell!

Wyvern because the original medieval Warsaw coat of arms was a two-legged, bat-winged monster symbol adopted from nearby Czersk, a town which was once the capital of Mazovia (an earldom absorbed into the Polish Kingdom centuries back), which had adopted it from far-off London, a town which was once the capital of Mercia (an earldom absorbed into the United Kingdom centuries back) – how did the ancient wyvern of the Earls of Wessex become the original symbol of Warsaw?

Magnus Haroldson – Son of Harold, the last king of independent Anglo-Saxon Britain killed at the Battle of Hastings in 1066 – sought refuge in the newly established kingdom of Poland and around the year 1084 became first the Duke of Wroclaw and then the Duke of Czersk, responsible for defending Polish borderlands from pagan armies crossing over the mighty wild River Wisła from the East. This is how the golden wyvern of Wessex became the coat of arms of the Black Castle in Czersk on the shores of the Wisła, and once that city was ravaged by wars and plagues, the wyvern became the coat of arms of the newly established Polish capital of Warsaw, which at the time was a humble fishing hamlet...

It is only in the centuries since that the fearsome wyvern of old has slowly been tamed and prettified to become the saucy siren (*syrenka*) or mermaid (lady of the seas) we know today.



The Three Worldly Wyverns of WWWA 3000!

WWWA 3000 is divided into three sections:

The Golden Wyvern Section is for Rhyming Fables perfect for Adolescent Audiences, but fun for all ages – golden because it represents the innocence of childhood and also the original story of the golden wyvern of the Earls of Wessex which came to Poland 1000 years ago with the teenage son of the last king of Anglo-Saxon Britain...

The Limey Wyvern Section is for Popular Songs perfect for Audiences of All Ages – limey, because it blends the yellow gold colour of Wessex and the verdant green colour of Czersk, where it flies as the coat of arms of Black Castle to this very day... “Limey” is also a word Americans and Australians use to describe people from England – and great songs are often called “evergreen” too :)

If the Golden Wyvern represents the past and the Limey Wyvern the present,

The Radiant Wyvern Section represents the future of our storytelling species and of Warsaw, the home of our digital artezine – the flag of Warsaw is red and yellow, which mixed together give orange, the colour of fire... the Phoenix is a fire bird which rises out of its own ashes – isn't that a fitting symbol of a city which had to be rebuilt from millions of tons of its own rubble in the aftermath of the most recent World War, under Soviet occupation of the second half of the 20th century?

This is the colour we have chosen for the third and last section of our Fable, Song & Poetry magazine – it will feature more complex, ambitious verses for Aspiring Audiences looking to dig deep and read hard between the lines of some of the finest poems ever written in 1000 years of Polish history.

And in time we hope Warsaw will wake to its own history and add the original wyvern to its coat of arms to reflect its incredible history...

We @ **WWWA 3000** we are not just interested in the

PAST – symbolised by the Golden Wyvern of Wessex – or the

PRESENT symbolised by the Limey Wyvern of the river Wisła – we are also focused on the

FUTURE symbolised by the Radiant Wyvern of Warsaw,

Where will

Warsaw...

Poland...

Europe...

Planet Earth be by the year 3000?

By reading old fables, singing smart songs and reciting the best poems around, can we get our brains in shape for a really fascinating and ever changing future?

Sure enough, our theories of the Philosopher's Stone, which you will find in a special INFINITY EDITION of WWWA 3000 published now on our website, suggest so...

But for now, let's Engage with, be Entertained by and become Educated & Enlightened through the best of Poland's Fables, Songs and Verses!

Golden Wyvern Section

Rhyming Fables for Adolescents & Adults

Please colour this wyvern yellow or gold, adding as much colour as you wish...





A young Tuwim

Juliana Tuwima LOKOMOTYWA

Stoi na stacji lokomotywa,
Ciężka, ogromna i pot z niej spływa:
Tłusta oliwa.

Stoi i sapie, dyszy i dmucha,
Żar z rozgrzanego jej brzucha bucha:

Buch - jak gorąco! Uch - jak gorąco!
Puff - jak gorąco! Uff - jak gorąco!

Już ledwo sapie, już ledwo zipie,
A jeszcze palacz węgiel w nią sypie.

Wagony do niej podoczepiali
Wielkie i ciężkie, z żelaza, stali,
I pełno ludzi w każdym wagonie,
A w jednym krowy, a w drugim konie,
A w trzecim siedzą same grubasy,
Siedzą i jedzą tłuste kielbasy,
A czwarty wagon pełen bananów,

A w piątym stoi sześć fortepianów,
W szóstym armata - o! jaka wielka!
Pod każdym kołem żelazna belka!
W siódmym dębowe stoły i szafy,
W ósmym słoń, niedźwiedź i dwie żyrafy,
W dziewiątym - same tuczone świny,
W dziesiątym - kufry, paki i skrzynie.

A tych wagonów jest ze czterdzieści,
Sam nie wiem, co się w nich jeszcze mieści.

Lecz choćby przyszło tysiąc atletów
I każdy zjadłby tysiąc kotletów,
I każdy nie wiem jak się wytężał,
To nie udźwigną, taki to ciężar.

LOCOMOTIVE by Julian Tuwim (translated by AB Cosmirsky & Co)

A locomotive waits at the station,
Heavy and huge – drip, drip... perspiration?
That's grease – lubrication!
It waits there, huffing, puffing and blowing,
Heat from its fiery belly glowing:

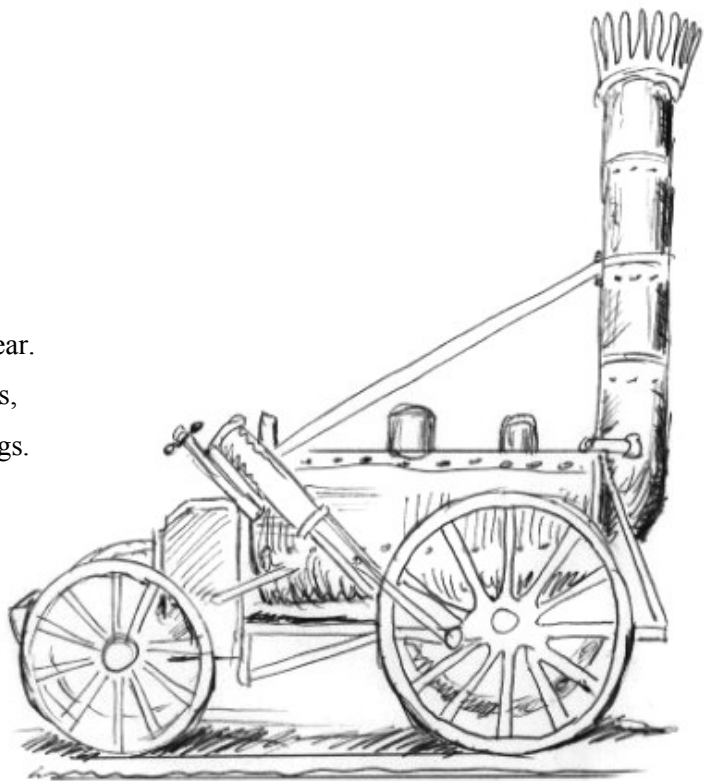
Whoosh – how hot! Gosh – how hot!!
Phew – how hot!!! Coo – a lot!

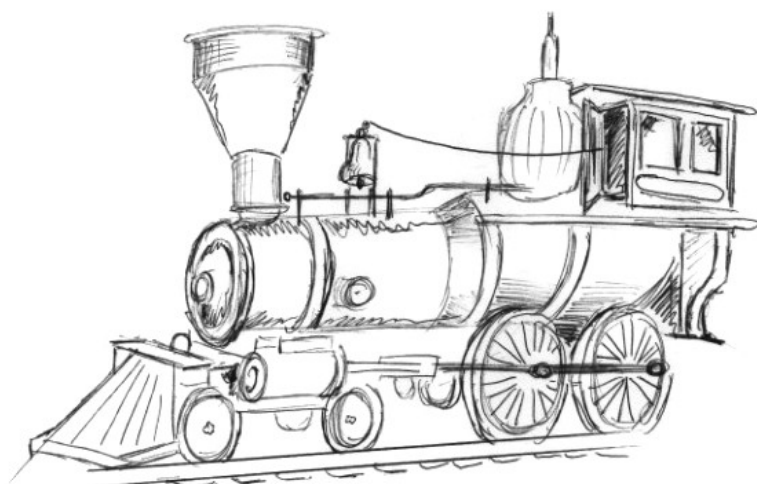
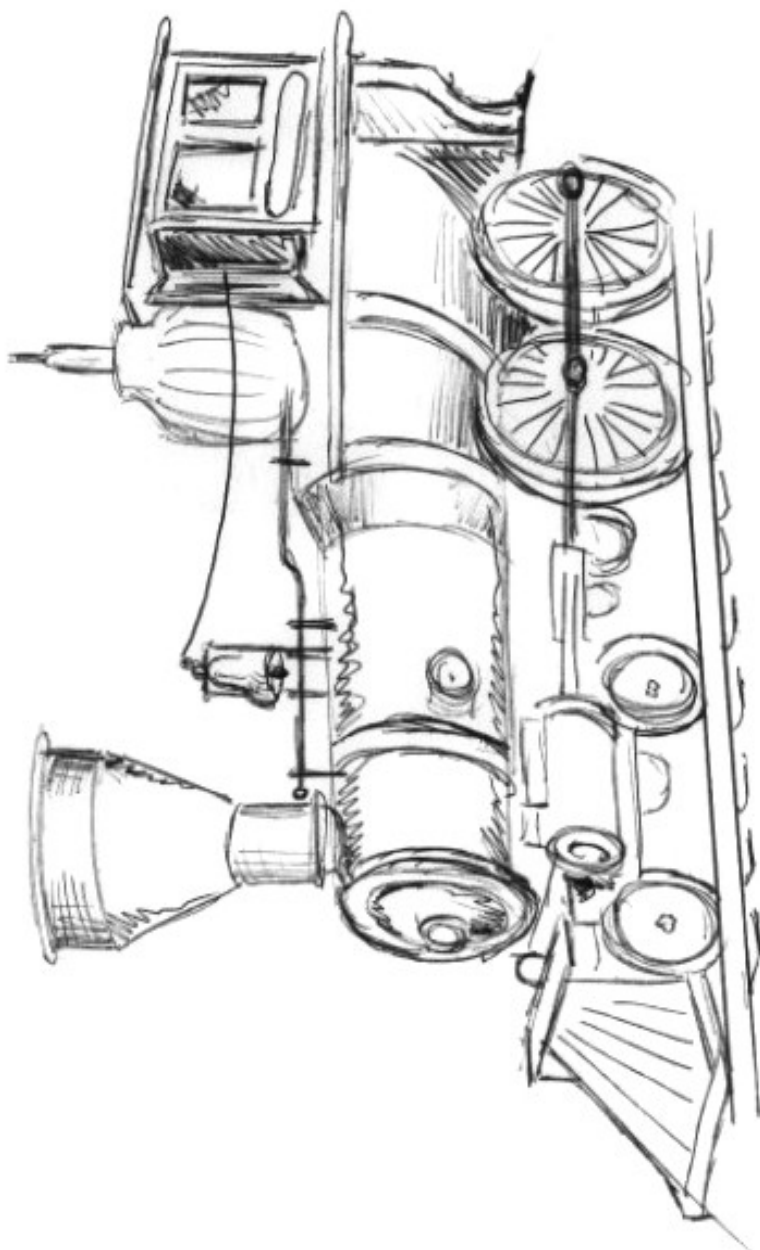
It's barely breathing, not ready to roll,
Still now the stoker keeps feeding it coal.
Wagons they add more and more still,
All huge and heavy, of iron and steel,
And every wagon packed full of crowds,
In the first horses, the second holds cows.
In the third wagon there's just chubby chaps,
Sitting and lapping fat sausages up.
The fourth is filled full of bananas,

While the fifth holds six grand pianos.
In the sixth wagon a cannon – How vast!
Iron bars propping each wheel up quite fast!
The seventh holds oak tables and chairs,
The eighth an elephant, two giraffes and a bear.
In the ninth wagon – there's just fattened pigs,
And in the tenth – trunks, cases, packed things.

How many wagons? Forty in all,
I've no idea what they all hold!

Yet if a thousand athletes arrived
To eat a thousand steaks each one tried,
And I don't know how they'd all strain,
They wouldn't lift it – this heavy old train!





Nagle - gwizd!

Nagle - świst!

Para - buch!

Koła - w ruch!

Najpierw - powoli - jak żółw – ociężałe,
Ruszyła - maszyna - po szynach - ospale,
Szarpnęła wagony i ciągnie z mazołem,
I kręci się, kręci się koło za kołem,
I biegu przyspiesza, i gna coraz prędzej,
I dudni, i stuka, łomocze i pędzi,

A dokąd? A dokąd? A dokąd? Na wprost!

Po torze, po torze, po torze, przez most,
Przez góry, przez tunel, przez pola, przez las,
I spieszy się, spieszy, by zdążyć na czas,

Do taktu turkoce i puka, i stuka to:

Tak to to, tak to to , tak to to, tak to to.

Gładko tak, lekko tak toczy się w dal,

Jak gdyby to była piłeczka, nie stal,
Nie ciężka maszyna, zziąjana, zdyszana,
Lecz fraszka, igraszka, zabawka blaszana.

A skądże to, jakże to, czemu tak gna?

A co to to, co to to, kto to tak pcha,
Że pędzi, że wali, że bucha buch, buch?

To para gorąca wprawiła to w ruch,
To para, co z kotła rurami do tłoków,
A tłoki kołami ruszają z dwóch boków

I gnają, i pchają, i pociąg się toczy,
Bo para te tłoki wciąż tłoczy i tłoczy,

I koła turkocą, i puka, i stuka to:

Tak to to, tak to to,
tak to to, tak to to!...

Suddenly – hoot!

Suddenly – toot!

Steam – blow!

Wheels – roll!

At first – so slowly – like a tortoise – meek, mousy.

So moved – the engine – on rails – oh so drowsy.

It tugged at the wagons, against its own will,

Then started rolling, wheel after wheel,

And running faster, picking up speed,

And knocking and rocking and rolling indeed.

But where to? Oh, where to? Where to? Ahead!

Along the rails and bridges it sped,

Through mountains, tunnels, fields and wild woods,

Rushing so, rushing to make time it should...

It drummed out a rhythm, a beat and a rhyme,

Rolling and rocking and clocking good time,

Smoothly and sprightly far now on wheels,

Like a small ball, not made of pure steel!

Not heavy machine, exhausted from toil,

But a fun trifle, a toy of tin foil.

But where from and how does it, why does it go?

What is it, how is it that's pushing it so?

Making it hurry and chatter and flow?

It's steam under pressure that happens to grow,

Hot air from the boiler the pistons does guide,

Pistons then moving the wheels from each side,

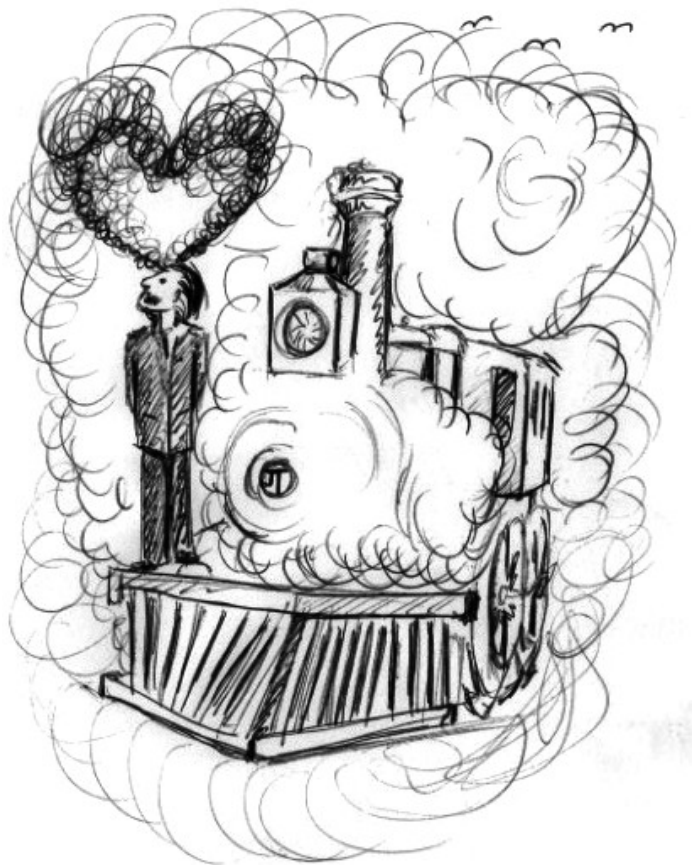
And whooshing and pushing and so the train rolls,

All that hot steam moves all the train holds,

And wheels still rock and knock down the track:

Rickety, clackety, clickety-clack!...

Rickety, clackety, clickety-clack!



JULIAN TUWIM – *LOKOMOTYWA* / *LOCOMOTIVE*

Activity Pages...

As you were reading this remarkable poem, did you notice:

A / Tuwim starts with a simple maths lesson, encouraging children to learn how to count...

B / He also adds a physics lesson – his poem clearly explains how a steam engine works, step by technical step... WOW!

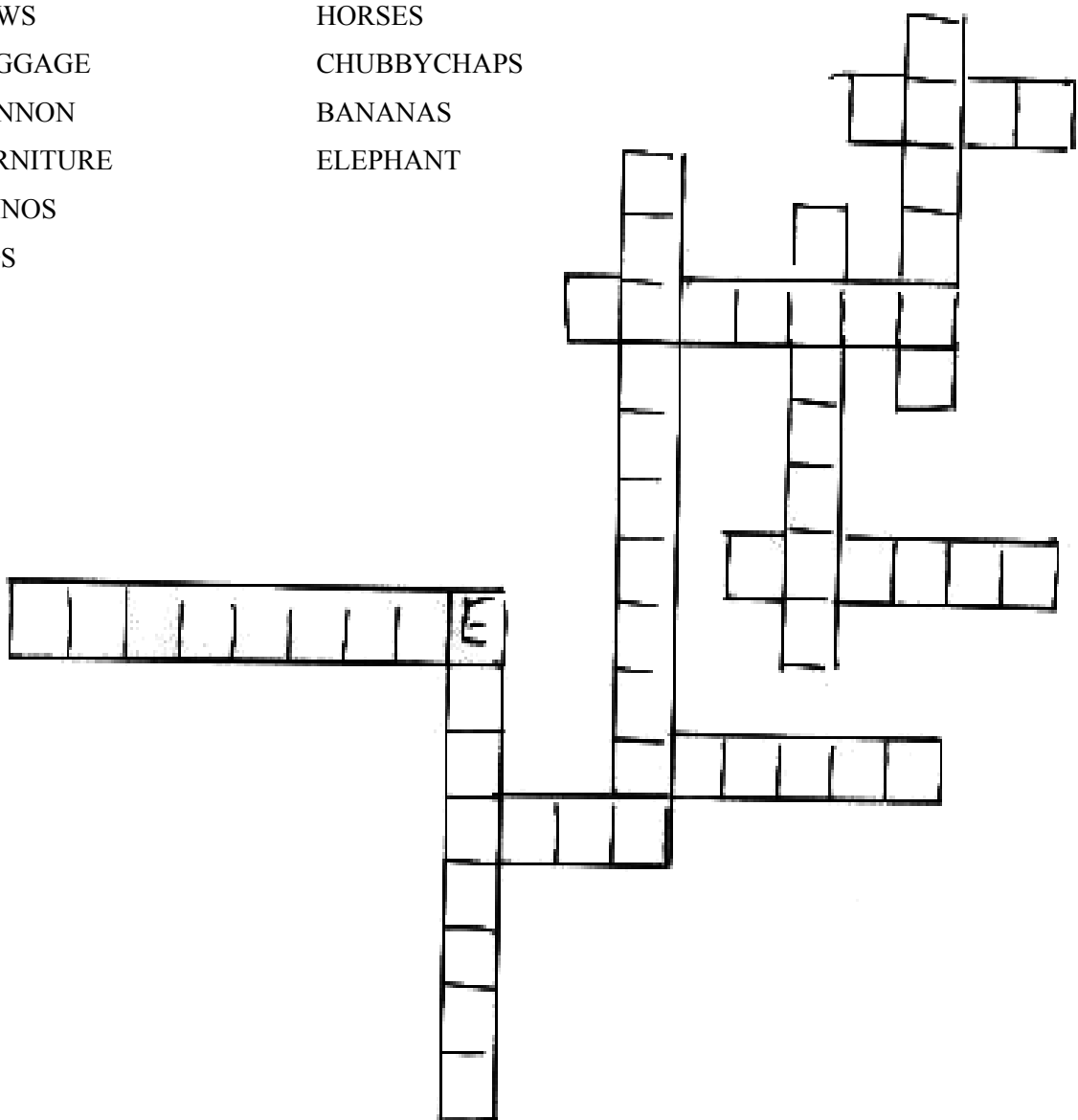
Now, use these words to complete the crossword puzzle featuring all the things being pulled by Tuwim's Locomotive:

LEFT>RIGHT

1. COWS
2. LUGGAGE
3. CANNON
4. FURNITURE
5. PIANOS
6. PIGS

TOP>BOTTOM

- HORSES
CHUBBYCHAPS
BANANAS
ELEPHANT



JULIAN TUWIM – *LOKOMOTYWA* / *LOCOMOTIVE*

Here to help you relax and learn a little more vocab, here is:

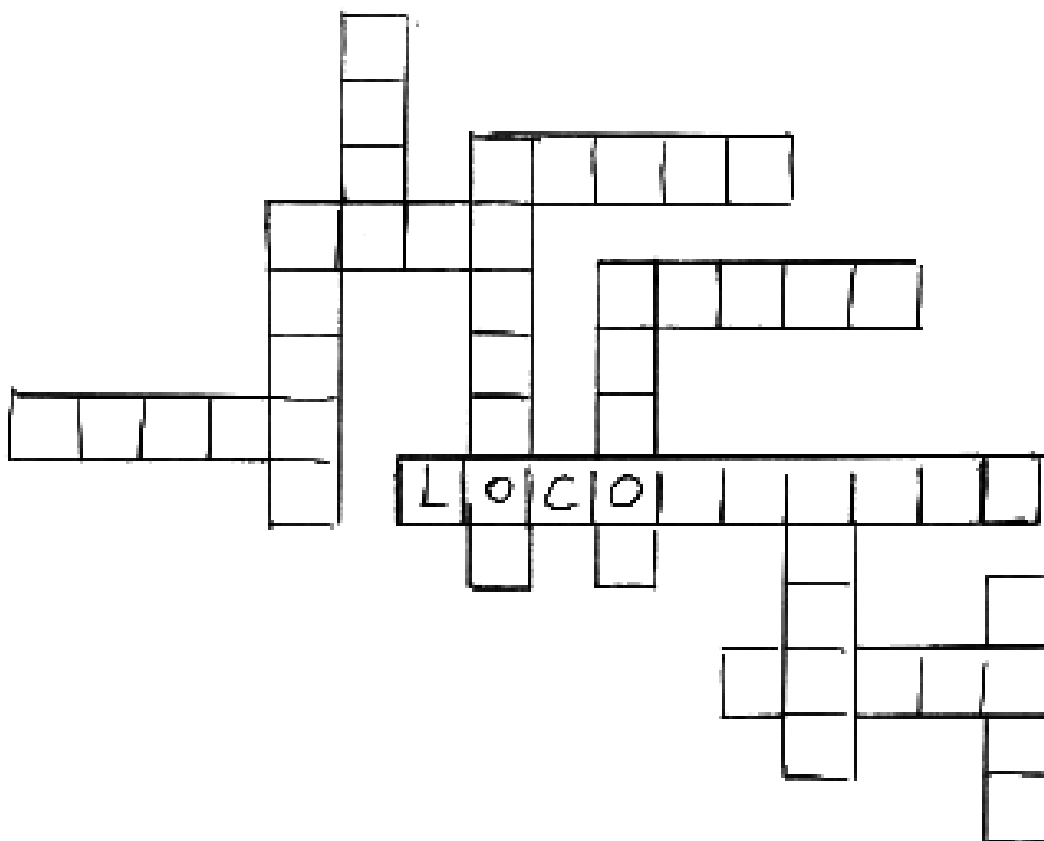
CROSSWORD PUZZLE # 2

LEFT>RIGHT

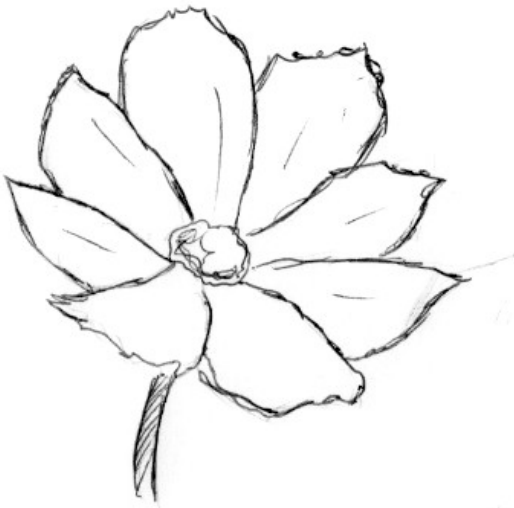
1. STEAM
2. WHEEL
3. HEAT
4. LOCOMOTIVE
5. RAILS
6. PIANO

TOP>BOTTOM

- FIRE
- STATION
- WAGON
- HORSE
- TRAIN
- COAL

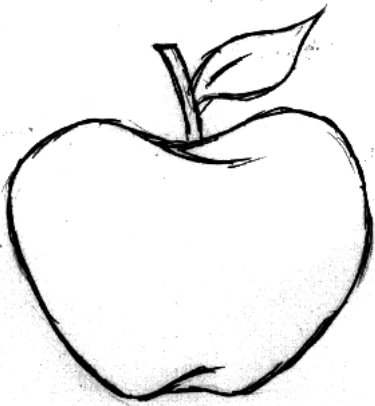


UCZTA WAKACYJNA



Na talerzu szarym ziemi, malowanym w zieleń trawy,
Mam sałatkę, przyrządzoną z kwiatów wonnych i jaskrawych
I z naczynia w kształcie słońca, które formy swej nie zmienia,
Leje lato na nie ciepły i złocisty miód promieni.

W innej misie z szkła czarnego, niby nocnych chwil kryształ
Leży banan półksiężyca żółty, gruby i dojrzały;
Lipiec suto obsypuje wnet firmament półksiężyca
Cukrem gwiazdek, których pełna jest wszechświata cukiernica.



Z przezroczego dzbanka piję niebo z pianką chmur – oczyma;
Lokaj – lato na swej tacy złotą dynię słońca trzyma.
Wgryzam się zębami uczuć w kraśne jabłko dni czerwonych
I do kosza serca chowam skórki wspomnień już zjedzonych.

Zuzanna Ginczanka



HOLIDAY FEAST

On a plate of earthy greyness, painted grassy shades of green,
I arrange a dish of flowers, bright and fragrant like a dream.
From a jug shaped like the sun, to warm up your appetite,
the summer pours a honey dressing made of golden beams of light.

In dish of blackest glass, darker than a starless night,
a banana flavoured moon lays there yellow, fat and ripe.
Then, July sprinkles stars all around our waning moon
as if stars were made of sugar and the moon a shiny spoon.

With my eyes I sip the froth of clouds pouring from on high;
the sun a pumpkin served by summer on a tray of purest sky.
I nibble days like red apples, hoping autumn won't come soon,
while the basket of my heart fills with rinds of life consumed.

Zuzanna Ginczanka translated by Cosmirsky & Co



ZUZANNA GINCZANKA – *Uczta Wakacyjna / Holiday Feast*

Activity Pages...

This remarkable poem was the first Ginczanka managed to get published – in a school newspaper in her home town of Rywne – when she was only twelve years old.

Her grandma sent it to the Polish capital where it reached Julian Tuwim, who wrote back to say how special it was and invited the author to come visit him! Once Ginczanka was old enough, she enrolled to study at Warsaw university and introduced herself to Tuwim, who arranged for more of her poems to be printed in journals and helped her find a publisher for her first book of poems – called *O Centaurach / Of Centaurs*, which you can download from our website, free of charge of course (it is included in an anthology of Ginczanka's poems we called *Not All Of Me Will Die*).

All this happened in the year 1936 – soon after, Tuwim would write all the great poems for young readers we still read and love today – including of course the wonderful *Lokomotywa / Locomotive* – even though he and his loving wife never had kids of their own, perhaps it was meeting the beguiling Ginczanka which inspired the much older poet to start writing verses for young readers?

You see, great poems written for children are often filled with wise messages and fascinating characters which draw readers in, as well as being jolly pleasant to read due to their lovely rhythms and rhyme structures... great children's poems are not just great children's poems – they are great poems full stop!

Now do go back, colour the pictures which illustrate Ginczanka's lovely poem, then think – how does it make you feel? Happy or sad or a bit of both? Why? What was 12 year old Ginczanka feeling at the time of writing? What did she want to tell us about her world?

Perhaps now you can also write a simple poem about something like a holiday or a meal or something else which is ordinary but also pleasant to remember...

First, write down some ideas, then think of a story to go with them, and only then put it in lines of poetry which can – but do not have to – rhyme!

Illustrate it too – practice by drawing simple but careful pictures of the following items:

Plate, bowl, moon, lips, apple, banana, spoon, eye – do so below...

Limey Wyvern Section

Popular Songs for All Ages

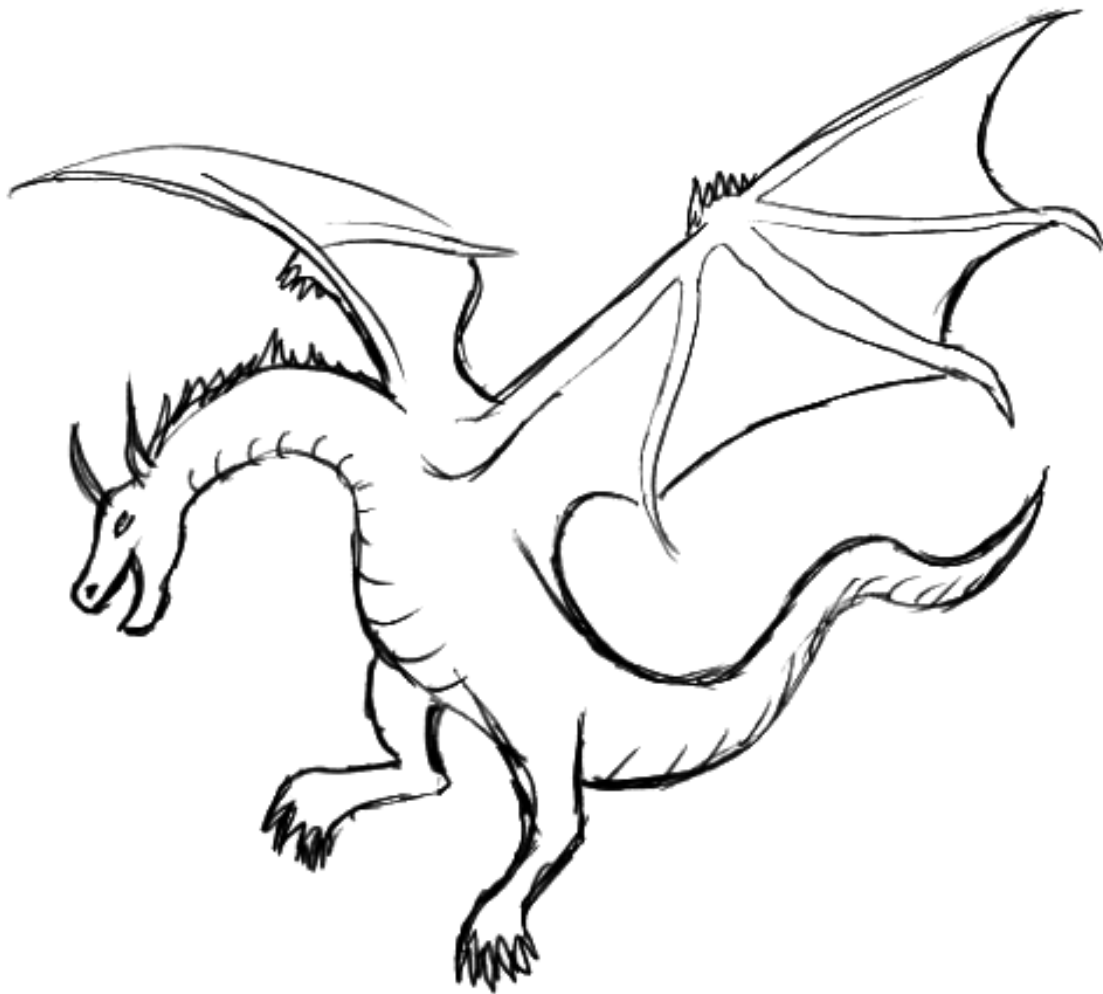
Welcome to the wondrous adventure which begins when we marry verses and melodies to make songs, often arranged and performed by some remarkable artists too...

Most human beings, if asked, would probably fail to name many classic poets or composers – yet ask them to name those who write and perform rock and pop and love and dance songs – just think how often we listen to these little treasures which combine words and music – when we rest, when we work, when we exercise, when we travel, when we are alone, when we are with others, when we are celebrating and when we are mourning...

Yes, songs are the pinnacle of what can be achieved when we put our heads together and marry different talents and styles and forms of expression... Melodies communicate all sorts of moods and lyrics add detail and frame feelings in stories which we human beings so very much love to hear...

These classic songs are Poland's gift to the world... Enjoy and sing along!

But first, colour in the wyvern below – make it as green and bright and colourful as your favourite songs can be!



WHEN JULIAN MET SANA...

One of the most popular movie comedies of our time is *When Harry Met Sally* of 1989, which is also the year *Dead Poets Society* was released – a great year for cinema indeed!

Julian Tuwim, born in Lodz in 1894 when Poland was still partitioned and did not exist on world maps, is arguably the greatest human being to ever write in Polish – his children's verses, his lyrical poetry, his plays and songs are still published and performed today all across the world to the delight of both child and adult audiences.

His 1938 poem *Lokomotywa* / Locomotive is arguably the best loved work of literature in the Polish language – for almost a century, it has been recited by Poles all around the globe, regardless of how well read and educated they might be. This is why the first ever edition of our WWA 3000 Artezine simply had to open with this very verse.

Before World War II destroyed so much of our planet and led to the deaths of 75 million human beings and countless animals, Tuwim was a star author and wrote for several cabarets in Warsaw, the capital city of a Poland which was newly returned to world maps following the end of WWI. This was when he discovered a teenage poet from the eastern borderlands of Poland (now Ukraine) who came to study in Warsaw – her name was Sana Gincburg, but she wrote and then lived under the adopted name of Zuzanna Ginczanka – like Tuwim, a poet of Jewish origin raised on Russian and Polish literatures, forced to deal with the rise of Left and Right Wing totalitarian regimes in Europe and the outbreak of World War II in 1939.

Tuwim managed to escape Poland by trekking across Romania and then on to Portugal, from where he sailed to Brazil and ended up spending the remaining years of WWII in the United States, before returning to Poland after 1945.

Ginczanka was far less fortunate – forced to flee Poland and go into hiding in Ukraine, she was betrayed and captured and executed at Kraków-Plaszów (Plaszow) concentration camp in 1944 as one of an estimated 6 million victims of the Holocaust.

Best known for her epic poem *Non Omnis Moriar* / Not All Of Me Will Die, written while imprisoned in KL Plaszow and smuggled out following her death, she remains one of the most remarkable figures in Polish literature. An anthology of her poems in Polish and in English translation can be downloaded free of charge from our website (link at the bottom of the page), but for this edition we have chosen some of her finest verses – including one she wrote together with Julian Tuwim and other poets of the era – members of the legendary Skamander poetic movement in inter-War Poland – and end with *Not All Of Me Will Die* – possibly the most powerful and important poem ever published in Poland – the only poem we know of in history which has been used in an international court of human rights to convict perpetrators of crimes against humanity – in it, Ginczanka named the persons who betrayed her hiding place to the Gestapo, and even though it was not published until after her death, the woman responsible for her demise was jailed for 4 years hard time in a Warsaw prison in the years following the end of World War II...

Sana Gincburg self portrait



Miłość Ci wszystko wybaczy

Miłość Ci wszystko wybaczy
Smutek zamieni Ci w śmiech.

Miłość tak pięknie tłumaczy:
Zdradę i kłamstwo i grzech.

Choćbyś ją przeklął w rozpacz,
Że jest okrutna i zła,

Miłość Ci wszystko wybaczy
Bo miłość, mój miły, to ja.

Jeśli pokochasz tak mocno jak ja,
Tak tkliwie, żarliwie, tak wiesz,

Do ostatka, do szafu, do dna,
To zdradzaj mnie wtedy i grzesz.

Bo miłość Ci wszystko wybaczy
Smutek zamieni Ci w śmiech.

Miłość tak pięknie tłumaczy:
Zdradę i kłamstwo i grzech.

Choćbyś ją przeklął w rozpacz,
Że jest okrutna i zła,

Miłość Ci wszystko wybaczy
Bo miłość, mój miły, to ja.

Autor tekstu: Julian Tuwim

Kompozytor: Henryk Wars

Rok powstania: 1933

Love will forgive you, my darling,

Love will forgive you, my darling,
Swap sadness for laughter within,

Love will explain all these charming
seductions, betrayals and sins,

Though you might rue every parting,
Curse it as cruel and mean,

Love will forgive you, my darling,
For love, darling lover, is me.

If you desire as madly as I
As keenly, as meanly, you know,

Until we burn up, until we die,
Then cheat, lie and sin, just don't go.

Love will forgive you, my darling,
Swap sadness for laughter within,

Love will explain all these charming
seductions, betrayals and sins,

Though you might rue every parting,
Curse it as cruel and mean,

Love will forgive you, my darling,
For love, dearest lover, is me.

Author: Julian Tuwim & Cosmirsky & Co

Composer: Henryk Wars

Release date: 1933

ŻAR-PTAK

Zuzanna Ginczanka

Nie znam spełnienia swojego, jak nie znam śmierci swojej.
Wśród jakich drzew sandałowych i pośród jakich aniołów,
mądrym żądłem języka struny wspierając gardłowe,
Żar-Ptak o piórach z płomieni tokuje i niepokoi?

Pod niebem zoologicznym zwierzęcy zziąjany park
łączy gwiazdzisty znak lwa z lwicą zażartą i żywą;
miłosne gaje przebiegam. Ziemia do lotu się zrywa,
niebo powoli opada. Zderzają się obok mych warg.
Czy tu mnie skrzydło uderzy i oczy porazi blaskiem,
gdzie róża wiatrów gorącą czerwiec napęczniał i kwitnie?
Przebiegam czujna i patrzę: w trawie dziewczęce przepaski
i celne łuki myśliwskie w innej zgubione gonitwie.
Miły mnie dojrzał i wybrał — i oto kroczy jak lew:
„Okręt odpływa dziś w czułość, czeka z szumiącą banderą!”
Daremnie. Wiem: nie pojadę. Nie tutaj jeszcze, nie teraz
metalem roztopionym ptasi zachłyśnie mnie śpiew.
Bo oto łopot przelotu. Trzepot i popłoch we snach.
Mięciutki księżyc łaskocze zgubiony w przelocie puch.
W oddali przeciągły bulgot. To tokowanie. I znów
nie znam spełnienia swojego, jak śmierci swojej nie znam.

W bitwę mnie pogoń prowadzi z zielonych miłosnych gajów,
Żar-Ptak z piór rozżagwionych zatacza koła nad bitwą,
wodzowie sprawdzają zbroję, sławę węszący zaszczytną,
przykrywam przyłbicą twarz, pomna rycerskich zwyczajów,
i ciężki wyciągam miecz — a okiem kołuję w górze.
Pędzi spiżowy mój wódz i głosem wrogów roztrąca:
„Okręt odpływa w zwycięstwo, czeka z banderą szumiącą!”
Daremnie. Wiem: nie pojadę. Żar-Ptak zatonął mi w chmurze.

Zdejmuję sennie przyłbicę i idę świadoma strat
w pełne podziemnych wspomnień i snów wiejących od ścian
ciche, zastygłe podziemia. Zmęczenie dławi mi krtań,
a za mną smugą surową wiersze znaczą mój ślad.
W kamieniołomach smutku wyrzekam się ptaków i spełnień,
dotykam kolumn bazaltu: — „Panie, — powtarzam śpiewnie, —
wypróbuj mnie smutkiem, rozpaczą, dnem zatracenia i zguby,
lecz szczęściem już nie doświadczaj, nie przetrwam bowiem próby”.

I nagle — łopot przelotu. W oddali głos mi się roi,
w zielone soczyste gaje wybiegam znów, i znowu
mądrym żądłem języka struny wspierając gardłowe,
Żar-Ptak o piórach z płomieni tokuje i niepokoi.
Lecz nie ma rzeczy zupełnych — i żadna dlatego rzecz
nie wtrąci mnie w miłość doszczętną, zwątpienie doszczętne ni gniew,
blask piór mnie nie porazi, nie zakołysze mną śpiew,
i skrzydło mnie nie uderzy i nie odrzuci wstecz.



FIRE-BIRD

Transmuted by Cosmirsky & Co.

I don't know how to be happy, as I don't know what death's in store.
In a grove of sandalwood trees, where daemons and angels sing,
stinging with its wise tongue and a howl of trembling strings
the flaming Fire-Bird crows, shaking me to my core.

Beneath a zoo of a sky, beasts pant in the park
tie the star sign of Leo to a lioness darting to fight;
I run through lovers' orchards, the earth longing for flight,
the sky descending slowly. They crash and kiss in the dark.
Will a wing smite me down here, blind and then come to pass
the rose of sweltering winds hot June breathing to bloom?
Wary, I run on and look: pink ribbons tossed in the grass,
while hunting bows take up aim, by a different chase consumed.
My lover saw and took aim – like a lion he paces along:
“A ship sails off for desire, a lush flag fixed to its bow!”
For naught. I know: I won't sail. Not here, not yet, not now,
its iron wings on fire, air scorched with avian song.
For here is the beating of wings, in dreams we panicked and flew,
The softest of moons now tickles with feathers lost in flight.
In the distance, waters rage on and sirens give no respite.
I don't know where to be happy, my death a mystery too.



Into warfare I'm chased, away from lovers' groves,
the Fire-Bird's flaming feathers swooping over the battle,
good knights checking their armour, proud medals starting to rattle,
I shield my face with cold steel, wary of valiant shows.
I draw my heavy sword – not certain if I am allowed,
my bronze champion screaming, scattering enemy lines:
“A ship sets off for victory, flying a glorious ensign!”
For naught. I know: I won't go. My Fire-Bird lost in the clouds.

I strip off my armour and walk, aware of what has been lost
down basements drowning in memories, dreams struggling to float,
silent, strangely still basements. Tiredness gripping the throat,
while behind me a trail of raw poems marks the path and its cost.
Sunk in the quarries of sadness, I denounce all birds and dreams,
touching columns of basalt: — “Sir, — repeating, I sing, —
test me with sorrow, despair, with tracks of torturous miles,
but no more joy for me, sir, I won't survive such sweet trials.”

And then — more beating wings. My voice now split and sore,
I race those groves again, yet trying to spite my words
its wise tongue stings again, scorching the vocal chords,
the flaming Fire-Bird crows, shaking me to my core.
But nothing on earth is complete – and hence I dare to say
nothing will draw me to love, no doubt nor absolute ire,
the lustre of feathers won't stun, no song will light my fire,
no wings will fan my fall, no flames get in my way.

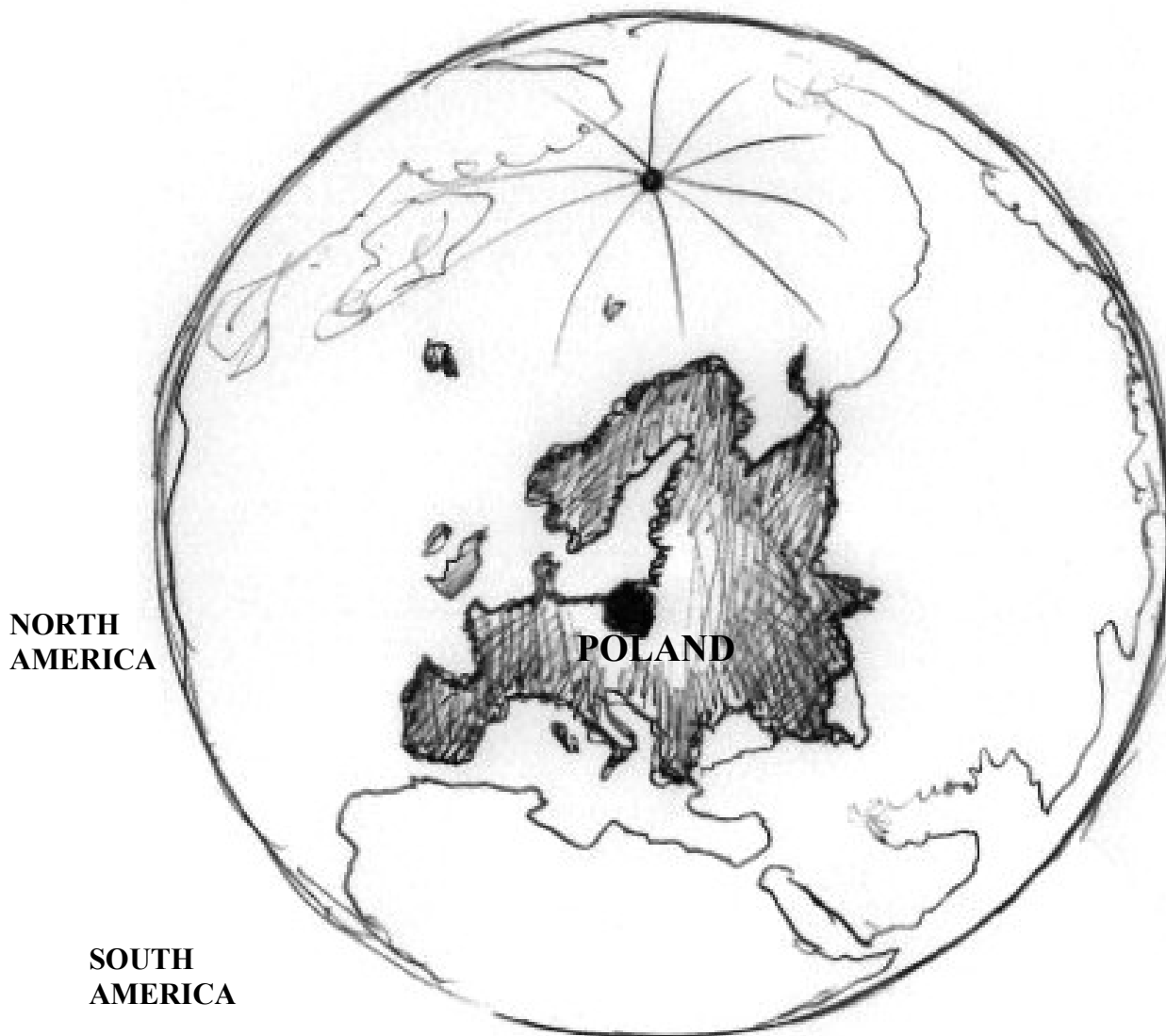
Adapted for musical performance by Gabi Von Seltmann & Company as PROJEKT GINCZANKA in 2017

Ginczanka & Tuwim Across the World activity

During World War II, Tuwim escaped Poland by travelling to Romania, then to Portugal on foot, then on to Brasil and America by ship... can you mark his route on the map below?

Ginczanka did not have the means of escaping from Nazi oppressors – in 1939, she left Warsaw and moved to Lviv, where she was betrayed to the Gestapo, but managed to escape and moved to Krakow, where unfortunately she fell into Nazi hands and was killed in 1944...

One can only imagine the poems she would have written if she had lived...



Listen Closely to the Limey Wyvern...

Let us revisit the lyrics of Love Will Forgive You and Fire-Bird... using the Five Golden Questions on this page, ask yourselves – how does the author of these lyrics tell their story?

THE 5 GOLDEN QUESTIONS



What is the motive you feel drove them to write this song...

Who is the song about and what sorts of characters feature in it?

When could it be set – how does this affect the overall mood?

Where might it be happening – does this tell us anything?

How does it make us feel – does it lift the spirits or express painful emotions? Or a bit of both?

Make some notes or doodle some pictures below!

*Now – and this is really important – **recite it aloud** to yourself or to others , for the sheer pleasure of delighting in the language – you do not need to sing the melody, though you can of course – in any language and tonality which brings you and others joy !!!*

Radiant Wyvern Section

Classic Verses for Advanced Audiences

Be you young or old, one thing is clear – poetry is a demanding literary form, and not for everyone...

You might, however, be surprised to find the poems we have selected for you bring lots and lots of satisfaction if you give them and yourselves a chance to go on a real reading adventure together!

No, poetry is no stroll in the park – but no stroll in no park ever brought anyone the sorts of treasures we find along the way when we take risks and go further than we expected ourselves to be able to – when we adventure!!! Adventures are sometimes painful, hard going – just like most modern poetry – yet sometimes exciting and fun!

But first, colour this last wyvern... a bright red or orange! Make it glow!!! This is the radiance we feel when we celebrate Poland and Warsaw and the amazing verses they Give The World...



W OBRONIE POETÓW (APEL DO REDAKCJI)

„Na nowy sposób się zdobyłam i wierszyk piszę »niby« prozą. Redakcjo! wiersz Ci ten przysyłam, choć kosz twój mnie przejmuję zgrozą; tak strasznie boję się koszyka i w pięty mi ucieka dusza, lecz ja już mam takiego bzika, co do pisania wierszy zmusza.

Moja duszyczka litościwie w obronie dziś poetów stała i z pięt ogromnym głosem wzywa, byś się nad nimi zlitowała. Nie rzucaj wierszy ich do kosza, oni się strasznie obrażają i nawet rzekli mi poeci, że wkrótce się zbuntować mają. Każdy, kto kleci wiersze w budzie, a ich podobno długa lista, do skrzynki twojej zaraz rzuci... – wiesz co? – utworów prozą trzysta. I wtedy będziesz na pokucie nad utworami »wciąż siedziała« i (przyjm wyrazy me współczucia) »utwory wszystkie te czytała«”.

Aż przeczytamy na stronicy »Ech Szkolnych« słowa tchnące grozą »S.O.S.«... Mili Czytelnicy, my się krztusimy dzisiaj prozą. Gdy nie pragniecie naszej zguby, jeśli nam dobra z serc życzyście, wówczas, o bracia z szkolnej »sztuby«, utwory wierszem do nas ślijcie!!!”



This is Ginczanka at the time of her life she wrote this poem...

IN THE DEFENCE OF POETS (AN APPEAL TO THE EDITORS)

It may not seem like a good omen, but I have penned this verse in prose. Dear editors! I offer up this poem, though dread and terror in me grows; I fear the damned rejection pile, your “NO!” strikes poets hard as lightning, yet though I sometimes want to cry, my love of language keeps me fighting.

It is my soul which has to write in the defence of all good verse and call with all its tiny might for your harsh judgement to reverse. Do not toss poems in the bin and send our feelings straight to hell, a hungry fire burns within our angry hearts, soon to rebel. Everyone penning private verses, and it does seem there's lots of those, will put upon you endless curses and swamp your desks with tons of prose. And then you'll see how hard it is to sit there, reading all those pages of prose, and then you'll start to miss the work of us poetic sages!

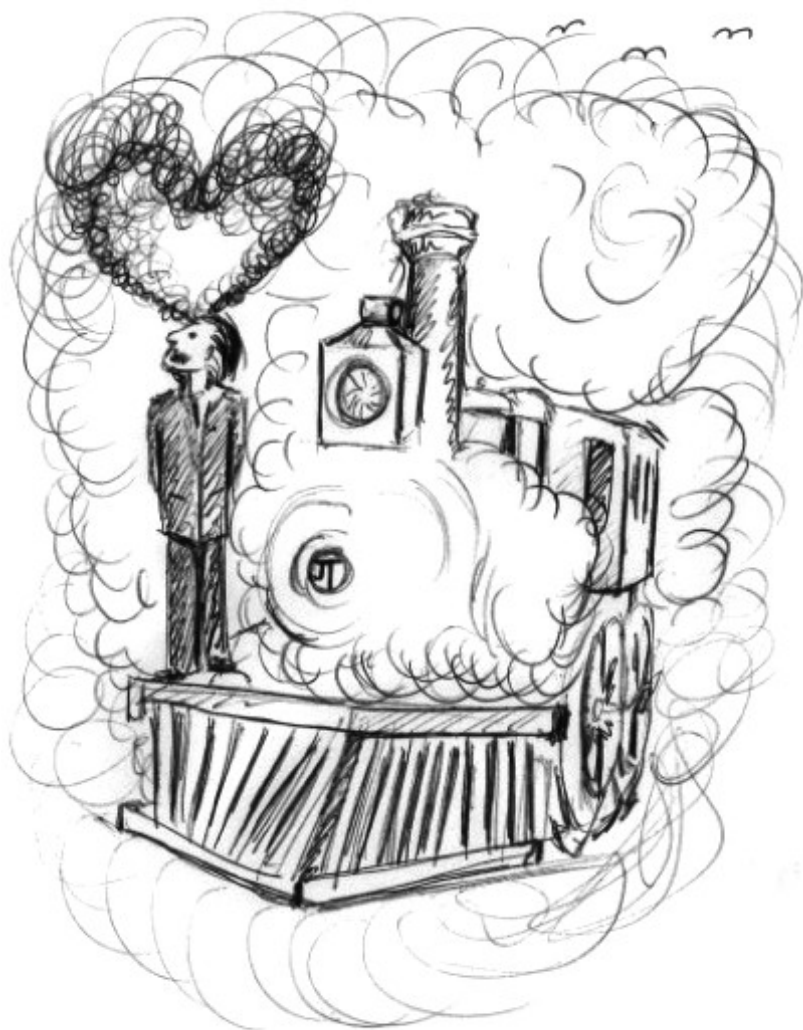
And then we'll read endless appeals from editors, publishers, critics too: “Help! Readers, write, don't stop until you've started writing verses new! So, if you don't want words to die, and usher in the end of times, then friends the time is really nigh to write all things that end in rhymes!!!”



This is Ginczanka as a young woman...

Pociągiem do Warszawy

by Julian Tuwim



Poranek wczesny
Jadę pospiesznym
Wprost do Warszawy
Załatwiać sprawy.
Pociąg o czasie
Ja w drugiej klasie
Wagon się kiwa
Pije trzy piwa.
Łódź Niciarniana,
W pęcherzu zmiana.
Pęcherz nie sługa,
A podróż długa.
Ruszam z tej stacji
Do ubikacji.
Kto zna koleje
Wie, jak się leje.
To co trzęsie się
W Los Angelesie
Formę osiąga
W polskich pociągach.
Wyciągam łapę,
Podnoszę klapę,
Biada mi biada,
Klapa opada.
Rzednie mi mina
Trza klapę trzymać.
Łokieć, kolano
Trzymam skubana.
Celuje w szparkę,
Puszczam Niagarę,
Tryska kaskada,
Klapa opada.
Fatum złowieszczę-
-wszak wciąż szczę jeszcze.
Organizm płynną
Spełnia powinność.
Najgorsze to, że
Przestać nie może.
Toczę z nim boje
Jak Priam o Troje,
Chce się powstrzymać
-Ratunku ni ma.
Pociąg się giba,
A piwo spływa.
Lecę na ścianę
Z mokrym organem,
Lecąc na druga
Zraszam ją struga,

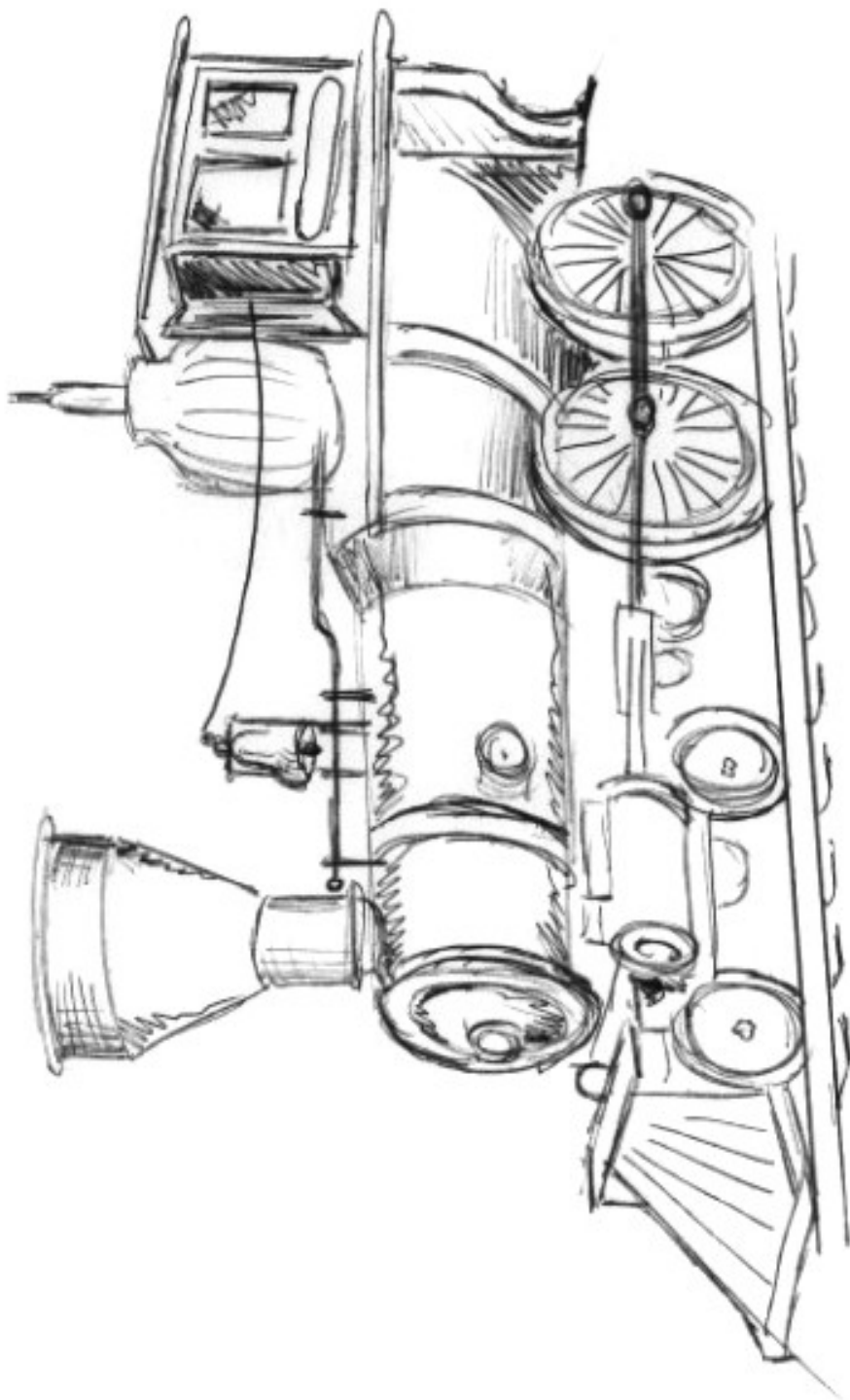
Desperate for Warsaw

by Julian Tuwim & Cosmirsky & Co

In the morning rain
on an express train
to Warsaw I go
on business, you know.
The train is on time,
second class mine.
The station disappears,
I drink me three beers.
We've barely departed
but my bladder's started
to complain and moan,
Cos the trip is long.
So without ado
I hit the loo,
But on PKP
you should never pee!
That which shakes
in old L.A.
trembles insane
on Polish trains.
I fumble a bit
to lift the seat,
it's my rotten luck
the seat won't stay up.
My mood falls flat,
But here's the old chap.
With elbow and knee cap
I keep that damn seat up.
I aim for the wee hole
Unleashing my pee whole,
Niagra it ain't –
I'm ready to faint.
The seat falls again,
my bladder in pain.
My body sheds water
just like it ought to.
But what really grates
to stop it's too late!
I battle a bit
to keep to a drip
try hard to hold back –
he's not having that!
The train rocks and rolls
the beer down the hole.
I manage to fall
against a wet wall,
bouncing around
my peeing abounds.



Julian Tuwim in his elegant “inter-War” prime



Wagonem szarpie
Leje do skarpet,
Tańcząc Czardasza
Nogawki zraszam.
O straszna męka,
Kozak, Flamenco,
Tańczę, cholera
Wzorem Astair'a.

Miota mną, ciska,
Ja organ ściskam.
Wagon się chwieje,
Na lustro leje,
Skład się zatacza,
Ja sufit zmaczam.
Wszędzie Łabędzie
Jezioro będzie.
Odańczę z płaczem
La Kukaraczę,
Zwrotnica, podskok
Spryskuje okno,
Nierówne złącza-
-buty nasączam,
Pociąg hamuje
Drzwi obsikuję
I pasażera
Co drzwi otwiera
Plus dawka spora
Na konduktora.
Resztkę mi kapie
Na skrót PKP.
Wreszcie pomału
Brnę do przedziału.
Pasażerowie
Patrzą spod powiek.
Pytania skąpe
"Gdzie pan wziął kąpiel?"
Warszawa, Boże!
Nareszcie dworzec!
Chwila szczęśliwa
Na peron spływam,
Walizkę trzymam,
Odzież wyżymam.
Ach urlop błogi
Od fizjologii.
Ulga bezbrzeżna.
Pociąg odjeżdża,
Rusza maszyna
Hen w dal
Po szczy...
Po szynach.

While the train rocks
I pee in my socks.
Draining those dregs
I soil both pant legs.
Dancing a bit
My pants almost split.
I'm up in the air
Like Freddie Astaire.

Shaken and sapped
I squeeze the old chap.
Like a total zero
I pee up the mirror.
Rocking and reeling
I'm soiling the ceiling!
In time, if you please,
I'm up to my knees.
I dance the fandango
My peashooter mangled.
Oh golly, oh gosh,
The window next sloshed.
The rails ain't straight –
The door getting sprayed.
The train hits the brakes
I'm getting the shakes!
Someone opens the door
Now I'm really done for!
I spray him real swell,
the inspector as well!
We're covered in wee
me, them, PKP!
Shaken again
I walk down the train.
Back in my seat,
I feel a bit beat.
A passenger asks
“Did you take a bath?”
Warsaw, at last!
I get out there, fast,
down the concourse
feet squelching, of course.
Running from shame
escaping that train
I wring out my clothes,
damn, nature your calls!
Relief in my heart
as they train departs.
The machine now gone
I watch it move on
Along the rails...
My urine trails.

WARSAW MAP GAME

Now, did you have fun with that poem? If you did, underline the bits you enjoyed the most and think – why did I stop and think or laugh right there?

Before we move on to the next poem, have a look at this map of Warsaw – can you label all the districts of the capital city of Poland?

We did the first one for you – this is where Cosmirsky & Co was born and is now based!



WARSAW MAP GAME PAGE 2

Write down all the world's continents and the three largest cities on each one...

Then notice how the shape of Warsaw is similar to the cross section of the human heart :)



POECI TLUMNIE PO KAWIARNIACH ZGROMADZENI WYRAŻAJĄ SWOJE ZDANIE O PEWNYM TOMIE WIERSZY

Zuzanna Ginczanka oraz Władysław Broniewski, Marian Hemar, Paweł Hertz, Tadeusz Hollender, Andrzej Nowicki, Antoni Słonimski i Julian Tuwim

Po pierwsze
złe wiersze

Po drugie
za długie

Po trzecie
Po czwarte
nic nie warto
hańba takiemu pocie

Po piąte
pachną Fółksfrontem

Po szóste
puste

Po siódme
nudne

Po ósme
rozpustne

Po dziewiąte
czytaliśmy piąte przez dziesiąte

Po dziesiąte
vide - dziewiąte

Po jedenaste
pisane przez pederastę

Po dwunaste do dziewiętnastego
nie czytaliśmy nigdy nic gorszego

Po dwudzieste
trącał wiersze pies te.

POETS CROWDING IN CAFES TO EXPRESS THEIR OPINION ABOUT A CERTAIN BOOK OF POEMS

Zuzanna Ginczanka with Władysław Broniewski, Marian Hemar, Paweł Hertz, Tadeusz Hollender, Andrzej Nowicki, Antoni Słonimski and Julian Tuwim

First of all
deeply flawed

Secondly
too lengthy

Third
and fourth
Turd
nowt worth

Fifth
it's filth

Sixth of all
boring chore

Seventh place
a disgrace

Eight of all
rhymes banal

And at nine
asinine

Tenth, by Jove!
see above

Point eleven
oh, dear heavens!

Twelve to nineteen
worst we've seen

And at twenty
they suck, plenty!

Translated by Cosmirsky & Co.

(Ginczanka did not give her final poem a title on the scrap of paper she used in prison to write it down upon) is possibly the most powerful and important poem every published in Poland – the only poem we know of in history which has been used in an international court of human rights to convict perpetrators of crimes against humanity – in it, Ginczanka named the persons who betrayed her hiding place to the Gestapo, and even though it was not published until after her death, the woman responsible for her demise was jailed for 4 years hard time in a Warsaw prison in the years following the end of World War II...

Non omnis moriar – moje dumne włości,
Łąki moich obrusów, twierdze szaf niezłomnych,
Prześcieradła rozległe, drogocenna pościel
I suknie, jasne suknie pozostaną po mnie.

Nie zostawiłam tutaj żadnego dziedzica,
Niech więc rzeczy żydowskie twoja dłoń wyszpera,
Chominowo, lwowianko, dzielna żono szpicla,
Donosicielko chyża, matko folksdojczera.

Tobie, twoim niech służą, bo po cóż by obcym.
Bliscy moi – nie lutnia to, nie puste imię.
Pamiętam o was, wyście, kiedy szli szupowcy,
Też pamiętali o mnie. Przypomnieli i mnie.

Niech przyjaciele moi siądą przy pucharze
I zapiją mój pogrzeb i własne bogactwo:
Kilimy i makaty, półmiski, lichtarze –
Niechaj piją noc całą, a o świcie brzasku

Niech zaczną szukać cennych kamieni i złota
W kanapach, materacach, kołdrach i dywanach.
O, jak będzie się palić w ręku im robota,
Kłęby włosia końskiego i morskiego siana,

Chmury prutych poduszek i obłoki pierzyn
Do rąk im przylgną, w skrzydła zmieniają ręce obie;
To krew moja pakuły z puchem zlepi świeżym
I uskrzydłone nagle w aniołów przerobi.

NON OMNIS MORIAR

Not all of me will die – not my proud estate,
Meadow table cloths, wardrobe castles strong,
Acres of fine bedsheets, linen treasures great,
And dresses, light dresses – these are my swan song.

Because I leave behind not a single heir,
Let your hungry hands through my Jew things browse,
Ms Chomin of Lviv, landlady betrayer,
Nazi true informant, if conscience allows.

You and your loved ones, recall my name and face
As you remembered me when the Gestapo came,
Minding to lead them to my hiding place.
They recognised me then. Now, remember again

As you drink to my grave and supposed wealth:
Fine drapes, candlesticks, my remains your prize:
Goblets raise, friends, to your lasting health,
Drink all night, drink! And when the cockerel cries

Start hunting for gemstones, digging round for gold
Through mattresses, sofas, furnishings what may
The bounty you seek, the treasures you want hold
As you go tearing through stuffed horsehair and hay.

Feathers ripped from cushions, clouds of gutted quilts
Will snow upon your hands, turn your arms to wings,
Pure white down will bind with my blood congealed,
Letting you take flight, my angels, my kings.

(Non omnis moriar, “Not all of me will die,” are the opening words of Horace, Ode 3.30.)

Translated by Cosmirsky & Co, *performed by the BBC Orchestra in 2018*

GIVE THE WORLD GIFTS FOR YOU & YOUR LOVED ONES

We hope you've enjoyed these pearls of Polish fable, poetry and song... If so, why not pass them along?

The world "pearls" suggests something elegant and precious – why not turn this magazine into a hand-made art book you can then give as presents to your friends, family and colleagues?

10 years ago in London, I was taught how to bind books by hand by some Japanese experts – to this day, I love using these skills to create publications which feel more special than the magazines and books we buy from the stores – now I wish to pass this passion onto audiences all over our planet.

The 50 or so pages of this special bumper edition of WWA 3000 can be bound by hand and fitted with lovely covers – visit our Give The World Youtube channel to watch instruction videos to see how easy and fun making your own books at home or school can be.

All you need is an ordinary hole-punch and some string or ribbon and nice, coloured paper...

After all, it would be a shame for this book – now you have done reading it – to just wilt in some drawer or on a dusty bookshelf...

Best Give it to The World by turning it into a gift and sharing it with people you care about.

By sharing the books we buy with others or donating them to libraries and schools we ensure their inner wisdom is not lost, but shared with countless other readers – just look at the following page and our WWA 3000 Wall Of Wisdom... isn't it fun?

Then look at the books you can already download from our website, completely free of charge:

AKADEMIA PANA KLEKSA for the first time ever in English Translation

NOT ALL OF ME WILL DIE – 38 poems by Zuzanna Ginczanka in Polish & English,

CANNONS BENEATH FLOWERS – 20 songs by Frederic Chopin in translation sampler

100 CLASSIC POLISH FAMILY RHYMES by Fredro, Mickiewicz et al.,

PRETTY PERFECT POLISH SONGS – 63 popular songs in Polish & English

WWA 3000 INFINITY EDITION & The Secrets of the Philosopher's Stone

Counting both Polish language originals and English translations, this is more than 150 verses free for anyone with an internet connection to download as of now – books you can print and bind and also give as gifts to family and friends!

Taken from the largest book of poetry in the world (Our Great Book of Poland), to ensure our audiences have 365 poems and songs to keep them going all year round, before the end of 2022 we now have more than 300 Fables, Songs & Poems in Polish and English to Give The World via **WWA (Worldwise Warsaw Wyvern) 3000** in 45 Issues all ready to go – download the complete catalogue here – click the link: **WWA 3000 & GTW EEE CATALOGUE**

Our WWA 3000 digital artezines will include hundreds of free fables, songs and poems by the likes of Brzechwa, Mickiewicz, Konopnicka, Młynarski, Osiecka, Tuwim, Młynarski, Kofta, Fredro and many many more... Our EEE Everlasting Ecobook Enterprise, in addition to the books already available for downloads via Give The World, will now launch the following titles:

2021

CANNONS BENEATH FLOWERS – a historical novel based on the songs of Frederic Chopin

2022

LEGENDS OF WARSAW & HER WYVERN – legends of Warsaw in English translation

WATCHERS OF WARSAW – a fantasy novel based on classic Warsaw legends

DUNE PLANETS SOCIETY – follow up to the 1989m movie Dead Poets Society

RAINBOW COLORS MEET – follow up to Krzysztof Kieslowski's Three Colors movie trilogy

BOOKISH BIBLE OF POLISH COOL – Featuring the coolest yet least well known Polish

authors

MAREK KOTERSKI – FILMS, PLAYS & POEMS

THE POLISH BUSH – Ryszard Kapuscinski's first ever published book in translation at last

Q-LEMISTRY – Stanislaw Lem – THE BEST OF in English translation

WWWA 3000 WALL OF WISDOM

The most memorable verses of our age are quotes from classic books and films... Try to match the authors with their quotes – *the first few have been done for you* – use the internet to help, it's what it's there for!

“Medicine, law, business, engineering, these are all noble pursuits, and necessary to sustain life... But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for.”

John Keating

“Hope clouds observation.”

Frank Herbert

“What matters most is how well you walk through the fire.”

Charles Bukowski

“All styles are good, except those that bore...”

“They have all these concepts of what poetry should be. Mostly they are still in the 19th century... The politicians and newspapers talk a lot about freedom, but the moment you begin to apply any, either in Life or in the Art-form, you are in for a cell, ridicule or misunderstanding.”

“Nothing in life is to be feared, it is only to be understood. Now is the time to understand more, so that we may fear less”.

“The definition of insanity is repeating the same experiment over and over again, expecting a different outcome.”

“You tell me, please, if you can play it safe and still sing the madman's beautiful song? No. I'll tell you. It's impossible. Then... there is this other type, just as sickening, who play the Artist and don't have the Art. Beards. Mary. Sandals. Jazz. Tea. H. Coffee-shops. Poetry readings. Poetry clubs...”

“Poles are the best in the world at winning the war and the very best at losing the peace.”

“Songs are tiny works of art which can encourage people to think, but cannot do the thinking for them...”

Wojciech Młynarski

Charles Bukowski

Marie Curie Skłodowska

Frank Herbert

Winston Churchill

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Albert Einstein

Voltaire

John Keating

WWWA 3000 INSPIRING CHARACTERS

No man is an island, a poet once said... we are all products of countless influences which come from groups and individuals, institutions and works of art which shape who we become. This is why it is essential we honour those who influence our Cosmirsky & Company vision – we would not be here without you all:

Jan Brzechwa

Noam Chomsky

Frederic Chopin

Leonard Cohen

Joseph Conrad

Maria Curie Skłodowska

Zuzanna Ginczanka

John Keating

Janusz Korczak

Marek Kotarski

Wisława Szymborska

Marian Turski

Julian Tuwim



Can you tell which of this “baker's dozen” is the odd one out – the answer is on page 46!

Next, can you correctly label these portraits?



A PAGE FOR NOTES, DOODLES AND GREAT IDEAS !!!

All the illustrations in this magazine were produced by AB Cosmirsky using the Zen “5 Minute Pen Method” – all you need is a piece of paper, a pen and five minutes of free time - nothing fancy, no fine art tools, etc. Look and draw and see what will come of it, just like you did when you were little – expecting nothing but to have fun in the process of playing with art :)



THANK YOU FROM COSMIRSKY & CO

All our resources are free of charge to anyone with access to the internet – all we ask in return are for donations to Give The World – the non-profit foundation which runs the WWA 3000 & Cosmirsky & Co Cabaret Program initiatives.

You can donate via bank transfer or Paypal – easy to do via our website:

<https://www.givetheworld.org/contactgivetheworld>

How about donating a pound per poem (“pound” is the currency we use in the UK) – so in the case of this very first issue, how about a donation of 9 GBP or the equivalent in US Dollars or Polish Zlotys? Thank you – it all helps us to keep on creating more content to Give The World!



Wanda Traczyk Stawska, a former child soldier who fought in the 1944 Warsaw Uprising and has just been named 2021 WOMAN OF WARSAW by the people and the president of Warsaw – this first ever issue of WWA 3000 is dedicated to your wit, wisdom and amazing courage... This is why you, Dearest Lady of Warszawa, feature on both the front and the back pages of WWA 3000...

Answer to the riddle on page 44 – John Keating is the only fictional character – he is also the only one we do not believe has any Polish roots... but then again – WHO CARES?! Dead Poets Do Not :)