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POLUTOPIA

- a Polutopian
Anthology
by
Polutopicus

Polutopicus

FROM OUR BOOK LIST

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MEN OF DESTINY

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POLUTOPIA

by

POLUTOPICUS

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R Z Y M



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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
PREFACE	4
PROLOGUE	5
GOOD MORNING! (POLUTOPIAN DAILY) ..	6
POKER	8
I. T. M. A.	9
TEN POLUTOPIAN BOYS (<i>A Nursery Rhyme</i>) ..	13
HOMAGE	15
HISTORICAL INTERLUDE	17
POLUTOPIAN BRAINS TRUST	18
A COSMETIC INTERLUDE	23
OR ELSE	24
SCOTTISH INTERLUDE	27
TWILIGHT (<i>A dramatic Scene</i>)	28
THEY ASK	34
LETTER TO GEORGE	35
FANTASIA (<i>nearly by Disney</i>)	38
SECOND LETTER TO GEORGE	39
THE INSCRIPTIONS	41
A THIRD (<i>Short</i>) LETTER TO GEORGE	42
FROM A TO Z (<i>The ABC of a Polutopian</i>)	43
FOURTH AND LAST LETTER TO GEORGE	44
WARSAW CONCERTO	46
EPILOGUE	48

PREFACE

*The reader is asked to bear in mind
that this little book was written before
VE— and VJ— day, and certainly
before the liberation of Warsaw.*

THE AUTHOR.

PROLOGUE

*I*T may be problematical
If this book is poetical,
But surely one is able
To christen it a fable.

*Irene Dunne once sang a song
“Wishing will make it so . . .”
A blue.
Dare one hope it won't be long
Before those wishes will come true?*

*Happy, rebuilt and free.
When?
Don't ask me,
Ask the White House, Kremlin, Number Ten.*

*But somewhere there must be a chain
Linking
Life—bitter and plain—
With wishful thinking.*

*Wishful thoughts and wishful dreams . . .
Fairy tales . . . a soporific—
Illogical, unscientific,
But plastic,
Just Polutopian and fantastic.*

GOOD MORNING!

POLUTOPIAN DAILY

November 11th, 19 . . .

Extracts from the Editorial :

ONCE MORE WE CELEBRATE OUR NATIONAL Day in a proud and happy mood. Proud, because we have the goodwill of other nations; happy, because there is no cloud on the horizon of our life. One of our greatest pleasures to-day is to receive genuine friendship from those who during the second world war did not always comprehend our struggle. It is good to see that our sacrifices were not in vain. It is good to know that misunderstandings have been cleared up. Our eyes are turned to the West, but our hearts beat to the rhythm of the East. A light comes from the East and it warms us. *Ex Oriente lux!* There was a time when it threatened to destroy us, but to-day it is a life-giving light. Peace for Polutopia! No dread of to-morrow! The sufferings of bygone days rewarded! We greet the Great Day!

Extracts from the News Page :

IN LWÓW

the Brotherhood Hall has been finished. This new landmark—a landmark both architecturally and symbolically—stands in one of the most beautiful squares of the ancient city. It comprises a theatre, library, cafés, restaurants and dance-halls, and is always crowded with people of the three nationalities of Lwów. All are inspired by an overwhelming feeling of brotherhood. A large delegation from our Eastern Neighbour occupies a suite reserved for honoured guests.

IN WARSAW

the Three-Monuments-in-One were unveiled to-day in the British (formerly Saxonian) Gardens. This monument symbolises the three battles of the Capital: that of September 1939, the 1943

GOOD MORNING! (POLUTOPIAN DAILY)

battle of the Ghetto, and the 1944 insurrection. Among the many wreaths laid on the steps was one of beautiful red roses, arranged in a hammer-and-sickle design.

THE POLUTOPIAN

Ambassador to the capital of our Friendly Eastern Neighbour was received by the Premier and assured by him that the Friendly Eastern Neighbour will do everything in its power to rebuild the devastated Polutopian areas.

Extracts from the Advertisement Page:

Is anybody interested in books about past unhappy relations between Polutopia and her Eastern Neighbour? I am prepared to sell second-hand a complete collection in both languages, including newspapers and periodicals of that time. "Optimist," Box 1378.

★ ★ ★

WANTED: The negative of a snapshot showing the signing of the pact of Eternal Friendship, concluded five years ago. "Educational," Box 7224.

★ ★ ★

The Circle for Exchange of Modern Ideas welcomes new members, interested either in Radical Socialism or in theories of Democracy. "Progress," 521.

★ ★ ★

The exhibition "The Last Anti-Semite and His Work" in the National Gallery will remain open another fortnight. Over one million visitors so far.

★ ★ ★

National Theatre: Alexey Tolstoy's great new drama, *Polutopia's Second Resurrection*.

★ ★ ★

Right and Left Theatre: The Moscow Ballet. Repaying the recent visit of Polutopian artists.

POLUTOPIA

Polutopian "Madame Tussaud's": Here may be seen not only the villains of the past, but also friends and liberators of Polutopia, including Anthony Eden, Marshal Zhukov, Edward Stettinius jun. and Ilya Ehrenburg.

* * *

The Committee for the first post-war Olympiade announces that international games will start on August 6th in the new Polutopian Stadium. Representatives of all European nations (except our repenting Western Neighbour, who is still in Coventry) and of nearly all nations and races of other continents will be present.

* * *

POKER

*If facts invade the Fairy Land
And logic should intrude,
Pretend we do not understand,—
Let's have an interlude.*

*The show goes on, the stage is set,
The people sit and look.
The curtain falls? Oh no, not yet.
Unfinished is the book.*

*Known are the victimised (and how),
Unknown the author's name.
Is it a play? Maybe it's now
Only a poker game.*

I. T. M. A.

(With apologies to the B.B.C.)

Chorus:

It's that man again, it's that man again, it's Tommy Handley . . .

Producer:

All wrong. It is not he. It is somebody else.

Joan:

It's me. Joan. *The* Joan. Joan of Arc. Times do change, don't they?

Robin:

They certainly do. You fought my people, but now we are allies. I fought the rich people to help the poor, but now the rich are poor.

Joan:

Anyway, it is nice to see you, Mr. Hood.

Robin:

You flatter me, Mademoiselle.

Lenin:

What a nice couple, but what a silly discussion.

Chorus:

It's that man again.

Lenin:

Wrong. I am not *that* man. I am *the* man.

Joan:

I respect you, but I do not understand you.

Robin:

I understand you, but I do not respect anybody.

Lenin:

I don't think I care much.

Chorus:

It's that man again . . .

Producer:

Right the first time. It is he.

A Polutopian:

Oh, what a magnificent company: Joan, Robin, Vladimir . . .

Joan:

Polite as ever. But what brings you here?

A Polutopian:

Just the wish to be among brotherly souls.

Producer:

Yes, it is definitely that man again. He will never change.

Lenin:

No need for him to change. I respect him as he is. I said so in 1920.

Giuseppe:

I respect him, too. His ancestors helped my country to rise.

Robin:

So tell me, Signor Garibaldi, why do they always sneer at him "It's that man again"?

Giuseppe:

You should know, Mr. Hood. Human nature, the nature of people is Ingratitude.

Leo:

But we must hope. A day will come.

Producer:

Stop, Count! What is hope? That man gets on my nerves.

Robin:

I feel like you, Mr. Tolstoy. With one difference: you gave away what belonged to you, I gave away what belonged to others.

Lenin:

I would not compare Leo Tolstoy with Robin Hood.

Joan:

Whoever means well, whoever fights for the welfare of his fellow men or his country, is one of us.

Theodor:

What if he fights for his country of the future which is his country of the past.

Leo:

Certainly, Dr. Herzl, he belongs here.

A Polutopian:

And what when there is no present, and the future obscured?

Chorus:

It's that man again!

Producer:

Well, if the present does not exist, and the future is obscure . . .

Lenin:

There was a time when my present was despair and the future dark as night.

Theodor:

Blood and night have been the history of my people for a thousand years.

Joan:

When they burned me alive, they thought they killed the hope of my people with me.

Giuseppe:

One can kill individuals, but never a people.

A Polutopian:

Thank you, friends, But why don't they understand?

Chorus:

It's that man again!

Lenin:

That's because you are alive. They know only how to reverence dead men and their deeds.

A Polutopian:

But millions of my people are dead. Are their deeds remembered?

Leo:

They will be one day.

A Polutopian:

But now it is night, and the night seems to be endless.

Theodor:

How young you are! How I do envy you! What do you know about millenium—nights?

Giuseppe:

A dawn always comes.

Lenin:

And when the sun does rise, its rays heal all.

Leo:

I wish I could believe in that.

A Polutopian:

But I want so little, so little. Only the right to breathe, to work, to eat, to love, to sleep.

Robin:

To eat, to sleep . . . That is what the simple people always want.

Lenin:

There are others who deny this right to simple people.

Joan:

So the fight goes on, and in the end we shall win.

A Polutopian:

The end should not be too distant. This is not bearable.

Chorus:

It's that man again.

Joan:

Yes, it's that man again, and that woman again, and that child again. It is over and over that human being again. Freedom—is the call, is the yearning, is the need of life. Freedom is the battle-cry. If there be no freedom, one must die.

(Curtain)

* * *

TEN POLUTOPIAN BOYS

A NURSERY RHYME

TEN Polutopian boys
Lived in sunny shine.
War broke out. Then one was killed.
So remained just nine.

Nine Polutopian boys
Were pursued by Fate.
One fell in the Narvik battle,
So remained just eight.

POLUTOPIA

Eight Polutopian boys
Dreamt of future heaven.
One was murdered by Gestapo,
Left were only seven.

Seven Polutopian boys
Fought in Libyan sands.
One lies in the Tobruk harbour,
Six roam through the lands.

Six Polutopian boys,
Happy and alive . . .
One has fallen at Cassino,
So remain just five.

Five Polutopian boys
Went with General Bor.
One received an S.S. bullet,
Left were only four.

Four Polutopian boys
Watched the Straits of Dover.
One was shot down by a Heinkel,
Three were now left over.

Three Polutopian boys
Joined a naval crew.
One died when the ship was hit,
So remained just two.

Two Polutopian boys
Were firing a gun.
One has his tulip-grave in Holland,
Now remains just one.

One Polutopian boy,
The last surviving hero,
Is wandering and wondering
When there'll be only zero.

HOMAGE

TOWNS AND CITIES HAVE NOT ONLY HOUSES,
factories, parks and streets. They have also a soul and a
memory. They do not forget.

Four towns and one big city called on another city to pay
homage to her. This is what they said.

First Town:

A few months after you were conquered, your sons came to
fight for my freedom. They fought bravely and did not return
to their island base until after all hope was gone. I am a northern
town, but my heart beats warmly for them. My name is Narvik.

Second Town:

I come from a hot country, from the shores of a blue sea. My
name became famous during the war. Proud of being a fortress,
for whom Empires strove, I am also proud of having harboured
for a while your gallant troops. The sand of the desert will
never blow their memory away. My name is Tobruk.

Third Town:

I am small and picturesque; unimportant but romantic. Few
people knew of me before the war. Then I suddenly became
famous. A mountain-fortress overlooks me. That mountain
was one of the most inaccessible strongholds of the enemy.
Your sons conquered it, though they paid a heavy price.
My name is Cassino.

Fourth Town:

In my country I was one of the first towns to be liberated.
Your tank division did it. They came storming, laughing,
singing, and captured not only the town, but also the hearts

of its inhabitants. We are an unemotional people, but I cannot think of you without emotion. My name is Breda.

The Big City:

Battered and shabby are my streets, but still proud. Many of my houses are ruined, but I am very much alive. There was a time, when I was—for the first time in my history—directly in the front line, the biggest prize coveted by the enemy. For weeks and months air battles were fought in the skies above me. We defeated the intruders, we inflicted on the enemy the first decisive reverse in the war. That was done with the very efficient help of flyers coming from your country. Squadron 303 will remain in my memory. I am London.

And this is what The Other City, to whom the five paid homage, replied:

The Other City:

Thank you, friends. If I still had tears, I would cry for happiness, seeing so much love. If I still had beauty, I would wrap you in it and try to give you joy. If I still had some remnant of past wealth, I would give you hospitality. I have lost all. I am a beggar among towns and cities. I am poor and dejected. I am half dead. But not dead. Go back to your countries, my friends, and tell your peoples that I wish nothing more ardently than that Freedom should be established everywhere, all over the world, including my ruins. And then I want your goodwill and possibly help, when my people start rebuilding me, so that once more I may rise to a new life, a happy life, to splendour and gaiety, to music and love, to beauty and liberty. Then you will come again and I shall be happy to give you hospitality as in former days, for then I shall be New Warsaw.

The following are not telephone numbers.

GRUNWALD 1410

I S a date telling when
The arrogant Teutonic fellow
Was beaten by the King Yagello.

Vienna 1683

*Besieged by Turks, was then made free
When King Sobieski did his best
To save the West.*

Warsaw 1939

*Should be forgot this Auld Lang Syne?
Then '43 and '44,
Two memorable risings more.*

POLUTOPIAN BRAINS TRUST

The questions were utterly simple. There was no discussion. All answers were given unanimously.

Question:

Which country situated between Germany and the Soviet Union consistently opposed all German attempts to lure it into a common "crusade against Bolshevism," with a view to annexing the western and south-western provinces of the Soviet Union?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

What is the name of the first Allied statesman who, after the launching of the German attack on the Soviet Union in June 1941, went to Moscow and concluded a pact of friendship with the Soviet Union?

Answer:

General Wladyslaw Sikorski, at that time the Polish Premier.

Question:

Which Allied country has been longest in this war?

Answer:

Poland—from the day she was attacked by Germany, on September 1st, 1939. Britain and France joined the war two days later, Norway in the early spring of 1940, and Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg in the early summer of that year. Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union, the United States and other American countries joined the war in 1941.

POLUTOPIAN BRAINS TRUST

Question:

What is the name of the country which remained faithful to her active alliance with Britain, when she stood alone in autumn 1940?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which country has suffered the greatest loss of civilian lives during this war?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which country produced no Quisling?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which country has had her boundaries disputed by other Allies?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which country was told that the benefits of the Atlantic Charter cannot be applied to her, as hers was an exceptional case?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which country had, during the German occupation, the largest and best-organised Underground Movement?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which occupied country had the largest armed forces, on land and in the air, fighting alongside the Allies on almost every front?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which country has the most unfortunate geographical situation?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which Allied country during the war passed through the process of development from a semi-authoritarian state into a democracy?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which Allied country made grave political mistakes in its treatment of Germany during the period 1933-1939?

Answer:

All of them, without exception.

Question:

Which Allied country is being most reproached for the mistakes of the past?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which country must, after the war, radically revise her attitude to the large masses of her peasantry?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which Allied people are sometimes criticised for their "political short-sightedness," for being "dreamers," and for their "inability to act realistically," but always praised for their bravery and spirit of sacrifice?

Answer:

The Polish people.

Question:

Which German-occupied country became a mass grave for her Jews, and for Jews deported from other countries?

Answer:

Poland.

Question:

Which people, during the German occupation, helped at the risk of torture and death those individual Jews who were able to escape from the hell of Ghettos and concentration camps?

Answer:

The Polish people.

Question:

Are the Polish people faultless?

Answer:

No, they are not. But only he who is faultless himself has the right to condemn them.

Question:

How many Atlantic Charters are there?

Answer:

Only one.

Question:

How many Polish Governments are there?

Answer:

Two. One—"provisional"—in Soviet-occupied Poland, recognised by the Soviet Union, and the other—legal—in Britain, recognised by all other United Nations.

Question:

Who has the power to decide about the near future of Poland?

Answer:

The Big Three.

Question:

What are the United Nations fighting for?

Answer:

For the Four Freedoms.

A YOUNG lady of perfection,
 Who has a good selection
 Of toilet preparations,
 Must always show much patience
 When making up her face.

"Take me only"—the red lipstick says
 "Take me only"—the white powder prays.

The age-old fight
 Between Red and White.

But the lady decides to give the prize
 To a compromise.

Only red would not be pretty,
 Only white just asks for pity.
 One-sidedness is erroneous,
 But the effect of two colours combined
 Is refined
 And harmonious.

(The national colours of Polutopia are red and white).

• *Let's imagine that events in 1940 took this course:*

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN WAS LOST BY THE R.A.F.; Hitler succeeded in invading England; the United Kingdom became Nazi-occupied territory. But the flame of resistance continued to burn, and—after several years—the New World came to the rescue of the Old.

The first American landing was made in Northern Ireland. Scotland followed. Six months passed and the Huns were expelled from England by the victorious U.S. armies, aided by the English Underground Resistance Movement. Now the Germans have been thrown back over the Channel, but the war is not yet over.

In the Capitol of Washington the Under-Secretary of State has a talk with the Foreign Secretary of the emigré British Government, which has not yet been able to return to London. Here is the imaginary dialogue between Uncle Sam and John Bull:

Uncle Sam:

Well, my dear John, you must admit that if it were not for our sacrifices and military power, you would still have to suffer under the Nazi jackboot.

John Bull:

I certainly admit that and am grateful.

Sam:

Don't interrupt. I am your strong neighbour on the other side of the Atlantic. You must live with me in perpetual friendship. Apart from that, America should expand to the east, for the sake of future security . . .

John:

Yes, but . . .

Sam:

Don't interrupt. We cannot allow that some future Continental aggressor should endanger our country. Under these circum-

stances, we must annex Northern Ireland for the United States, particularly as so many of our good American citizens are of Irish extraction.

John:

Yes, but . . .

Sam:

No "buts," please, and don't interrupt. If we take Ireland, it is only for your own good. We want a strong, independent Britain. Ireland is not British.

John:

It is certainly not American.

Sam:

You should agree in your own interest.

John:

I shall never agree to anything under pressure.

Sam:

But this is not pressure, this is only justice. Some transfers of the population will probably be necessary. And we do not want Ireland for nothing. We shall support your expansion to the east.

John:

Our expansion to the east?

Sam:

Certainly. Isn't Normandy an ancient English land? Where did William the Conqueror come from if not from there? Isn't Brittany, as even the name shows it, British? Weren't both once yours? It may have been some centuries ago, but time does not matter.

John:

We are not a country on wheels.

Sam:

Don't interrupt. What was I going to say? Oh yes. This territorial exchange would be very profitable for you. Brittany and Normandy are certainly richer than Ireland. It's all for your own good.

John:

But these are French Provinces and millions of Frenchmen are living there.

Sam:

I know. We shall send them back to the interior. That is easy.

John:

I am afraid I can't agree to this plan. Neither would my Government. Let's settle it at the Peace Conference. Let's ask the people of Britain, of Ireland, of Normandy and Brittany what is their opinion about it. Let's have a free popular vote.

Sam:

Sorry, John. I am not going to wait. Either we settle this matter now, at once, amicably and on the basis of my generous proposals, or else . . .

John:

Or else? . . .

Sam:

Or else we shall break off diplomatic relations with your emigré Government and shall recognise the Belfast Committee of National Liberation as a provisional Government of Great Britain. If that suits you better . . .

(Curtain)

SCOTTISH INTERLUDE

*WHEN one takes the high road,
And one takes the low road,
The first will arrive before the second—
When one is privileged,
And the other has no road,
It's a fact which surely must be reckoned.*

*Some are joyfully humming,
Some are taking the beating,
Some are strong and some without assistance—
When the Campbells are coming,
There can't be any meeting
In the bonny, bonny camps in the distance.*

*Someone is cunning, someone makes a plot,
And another auld acquaintance is forgot.*

TWILIGHT

A dramatic Scene

THE STAGE IS DIMMED OUT, THE AUDITORIUM dark. From somewhere comes soft piano music. Is it Chopin?

With the melody of preludes and mazurkas is mingled a distant thunder of guns. Lightning suddenly illuminates the stage. We now can see: it is part of a large square in Polutopia's capital. Ruins of houses, dead trees and a half-destroyed monument.

Which year? Some time between September 1939 and January 1945. The music is now *pianissimo*. The thunder of guns has stopped. There is another sound to be perceived: heavy steps of heavy feet in heavy jackboots.

Hans:

I asked him for his papers, but he just laughed and vanished, like a ghost. I don't like it.

Fritz:

I don't like it either. I don't like it here at all.

Hans:

I wish they would transfer us to Oslo.

Fritz:

Why to Oslo?

Hans:

It is one of the very few capitals still under our occupation. The beautiful collection has gone. And gone for good.

Fritz:

You there, stop!

TWILIGHT (A dramatic Scene)

Joseph Conrad:

Is he talking to me? Never mind, let him! So this is it! This is the city. I sailed over seven seas, I visited remote countries, I wrote successful novels about negroes and storms and just people. Now that I am dead, I came here. So this is it. This is the city.

Fritz:

Your papers or I shoot.

Conrad:

Go ahead, shoot! You will have your surprise. Don't you know that a man can die only once, but once dead he is immortal?

Nicolas Copernicus:

What is going on? Will there never be peace here? They left my monument alone, for they pretend that I am one of them. But they destroyed all around me. If it be true that I am a German, then the sun may just as well start revolving round our old earth.

Conrad:

I, too, am regarded by a foreign people as one of them, but they did not annex me for propaganda reasons.

Copernicus:

You are the luckier one. Good evening, Madame.

Madame Curie:

Good evening. So this is the city. This is it . . .

Hans:

What are you doing here, woman? Don't you know there is a curfew?

Madame Curie:

I know, I know. I know too much. I heard too much. They told me too much. So this is the city, the ruined beauty.

Fritz:

You will all go into a slave factory.

Hans:

What is wrong with Oswiecim?

Ahasverus:

Nothing is wrong with Oswiecim and nothing is wrong with Majdanek. I was there, so I must know.

Madame Curie:

All the world knows. All the living and dead know.

Ahasverus:

My son fought in the ghetto rising, here in this city. I came to look for his ashes.

Conrad:

Cremated?

Ahasverus:

Yes, in a way: burned to death in the last fortified house.

Madame Curie:

Why did I discover radium, and not a medicine for broken hearts?

Frederic Chopin:

There is no medicine for broken hearts, except maybe some heavenly music, not yet composed.

Copernicus:

There is no remedy for broken hearts, except—perhaps—contemplation of the firmament.

Conrad:

Nothing can heal a broken heart, except—perhaps—the sea.

Hans:

What are they talking about?

Fritz:

They are mad.

Ahasverus:

No, only dead and invulnerable. Dead and wise.

Hans:

I wonder who allowed this Jew to escape?

Ahasverus:

God.

Chopin:

Where has God been since 1939? Did he ever look upon this city?

Ahasverus:

He loves it, like you and I.

Casimir Pulaski:

If I only knew . . .

Chopin:

Welcome, warrior. If you knew what?

Pulaski:

If I knew that my fight for American independence made sense! I hope it did. But where are the friends from the New World now?

Madame Curie:

They will come one day, quite certainly.

Conrad:

My friends from the British Isles will come, too, I am sure.

Pulaski:

I do hope so. But what about our brethren coming from the east? Will they come and go, or come and stay?

Conrad:

This I do not know.

Copernicus:

The stars do not say it.

Chopin:

Music does not say it.

Madame Curie:

Science does not say it.

Ahasverus:

And God does not talk.

Hans:

You all talked too much.

Copernicus:

That is not yet the end, stupid man.

Madame Curie:

When will be the end? For millions it was. They died.

Pulaski:

A death of heroes.

Ahasverus:

Of heroes and martyrs. My son was a hero.

Madame Curie:

You were a martyr. The world knows.

Ahasverus:

Will the world remember?

Conrad:

How I should like to burn all my books, and to write only one: a story of this city.

Chopin:

How I should like the Nocturne to end!

Pulaski:

How I should like to fight again—for Freedom!

Ahasverus:

How I should like to find the ashes of my son.

Madame Curie:

How I should like to cry. But I can't.

(Curtain)

THEY ASK

TELL me, why do they make this fuss
 About Nicolas
 Copernicus,
 Who said we run
 Around the sun?
 This is no news
 To us.

Why so much ado, tell me,
 About Madame Marie Curie?
 All right, suppose she did discover
 Radium, whatever it may be.
 But now it's over,
 And despite the extensive
 Propaganda, radium is still so expensive.

LONDON, Second World War.

Dear George,

I am a poor teacher, a bad historian, and an enemy of politics, though I know that they play an important part in everybody's life. Nevertheless, I agree to your suggestion, which flatters me very much, of giving you some sort of guide in Polutopian affairs. You call them "damn complicated." Right. All the world problems are to-day "damn complicated." Still, they must be solved, unless we prefer lethargy to active progress. I know you believe in progress, just as you believe that it is not a gift from heaven but a thing to work or fight for. This war is fought for the sake of future progress and not for survival only, as we thought in 1940.

Well, if you will have patience with me and my poor English, learned during the hospitality enjoyed in your country during the last few years, I shall do my best to let the "damn complicated" problems of Polutopia appear simple and comprehensible.

In your last letter you asked many questions. All of them are quite important, each of them is logically justified. But they are too many for me to answer them all in this letter. Do you mind, if I devote this one nearly entirely to geography?

When I came to this country, I was astonished about the geographical attitude—so to speak—of the average Englishman to distant countries. We, people born on a small Continent, have been always naturally primarily concerned with the countries of that Continent; but you learned in school more about Central Africa, than about Central Europe, and—before the war—you knew more about the remote Far East, than about the very near European East. Burma was a commoner name than Bulgaria, New Guinea certainly better known than new Gydnia, and Canadian or Australian mountains were to you nearer than, say, the Carpathians. However, now you

know that it is impossible to understand Europe without knowledge of its geography. Before the war, you used to be concerned about your Empire only—who could blame you for that! Now, whether you want it or not, you have to learn such difficult names as Przemysl and Neyir-eghaza. You learned them together with El Alamein, Lampedusa and Houffalize.

Well, the most important Polutopian problem is a geographical one. An unhappy problem! George, imagine that the boundaries of your country are not made up by oceans. Imagine that you share a land frontier with six or seven other states, two of them, say, hostile to Britain. Do you think that your history would have taken the same course? Polutopia has a natural mountainous frontier in the south and that is all she has as far as natural frontiers are concerned. To the north there is a bit of the Baltic Sea, to which she should have a wide access, but instead had just a small and artificial one. In the west and the east there is nothing which could be regarded as a natural barrier between her and her neighbours. No seas, no mountains. This is very unlucky, but it cannot be changed. An open plain in the west meant that a strong neighbour who had no moral scruples could fall in, rob, pillage, burn and murder. Open country in the east created the same opportunity for the eastern neighbour. Advantage has often been taken of this geographical position of Polutopia. In the west, Prussian Knights, then Prussians, and in our days Prusso-Germans, used to look for "Lebensraum" in Polutopian lands. The same easy opportunity existed in the east for Mongols, Tartars, Turks, and then the Czars. As you see, geography sometimes solves strategic problems. If you look superficially at the history of Polutopia, you may even be amazed that her people were able to build a state a thousand years ago, to remain for several centuries a dominant central-eastern European Power, and to become a nation with some claim to greatness.

George, do you still wonder why Polutopia's boundaries are so much discussed? Now you understand how the Three Partitions

occurred. There was an enormous Czarist Empire in the east, a militarist Prussian state in the west and the great Austrian Empire in the south-west, and these neighbours just agreed to divide the Polutopian country between themselves. It was a relatively easy job, as there were no obstacles in the way, no natural frontiers, like the Atlantic or the Alps. The material superiority of the three aggressors was immense. True, not all was well in those tragic days in Polutopia itself. It was not a faultless country (is there any to be found?), but Polutopia, weak for geographical reasons, only made mistakes, whereas her neighbours, aided by geography, committed a crime.

Geography has not changed. Geography never changes, but one might hope that civilisation would advance. Don't you think that progress of the human mind ought to eradicate any possibility of aggression?

Hope to hear from you soon. Meanwhile all the best,

Yours . . .

FANTASIA

(nearly by Disney)

THE Seven Dwarfs are very industrious,
Master Pinocchio is very illustrious,
Snow White is not as white as snow.

And yet, it's a fantastic show
Of feasts
And beasts.
Musicians play,
The picture's gay,
And a fairy tale
Is served on a tray.

A cunning bear
Arranged a fair
From the Vistula to the Persian Gulf
And to the Pacific Ocean.

A greedy wolf,
Devoid of emotion,
Had the profitable notion
To torture, to pillage
Every town, every village
On Vistula's western side.

Two took one for a ride.

Listen, Walt!
This is too bad.
Who cares for the victim's valour?
The film is mad.
Stop showing it in glorious technicolour.

The tune is chilly,
The symphony silly.
Dead flesh is called meat,
And millions pay to see it.

SECOND LETTER TO GEORGE

May 3rd . . .

Dear George,

No, it is not as simple as that. It is not an arithmetical problem. True, in the south-eastern provinces of Polutopia there are many Ukrainians, in some parts more than Poles. Not the towns, but the countryside is predominantly Ukrainian. No one would deny that. But I would like to draw your attention to the fact that the province of Polutopia, whose capital is Lwow, never belonged to the Russian Empire. In ancient days it was Ruthenian, but even the Czars never thought of Lwow as a Russian city. When the Partitions came, the Austrian Empire received Galicia, and not Russia. Do you need a better proof that there was never any historical connection between Lwow and Moscow?

It is true that Ukrainians are living both in Eastern Galicia and in that part of the Soviet Union which is to-day called the Soviet Ukraine. Apart from vague and undeveloped nationalist tendencies, they have not much in common. Their religion—an important matter in that part of the world—is different. The Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia are Catholics, not Roman Catholics, they are Greek Catholics and recognise the Pope as the head of their Church, whereas the "Russian" Ukrainians are Greek-Orthodox, like the Russians themselves. The language of the former is related more to Polish, of the latter more to Russian. Polutopian Ukrainians are more western than their brethren in the east. Last but not least, the Soviet Ukrainians live on a Communist system—I do not know if they like it, maybe they do, but anyway it is their own affair—whereas the Galician Ukrainians have never shown much desire to become Sovietized, and that again is their own affair.

I most certainly agree with you that between the two wars Polutopian Governments have shown not enough understanding for the needs, wishes and aspirations of the Ukrainian population. Mistakes were made, authorities were not always just, and there were also cases of oppression. But should Polutopia forfeit her rights to Lwow, an

POLUTOPIA

essentially Polutopian city? No, George, this sort of "punishment" is not known in history, neither is it a solution of the problem. One is at least allowed to doubt, whether the Polutopian Ukrainians, if asked by an impartial and unarmed authority what their real wishes were, would prefer to become Soviet Ukrainians, than to remain within the framework of a truly democratic, freedom-loving and freedom-giving Polutopian State.

Polutopia may have had difficulties in solving her internal problems after 1918. I would, however, like you to know that for centuries she used to be the most liberal state in the world. Before the Partitions, Ukrainians (then called Ruthenians) and Lithuanians were happy in Polutopia. They lived in harmony with other Polutopians and enjoyed complete equity. There were guarantees of that equity in the charters of Horodlo and Lublin. There was a Lithuanian Duke, Ladislas Yagello, who not only became a king of the Commonwealth, but also the creator of the most important dynasty of Polutopian kings, the Yagellones. By the way, many of the most distinguished Polutopian families are of Ruthenian or Lithuanian descent. The great poet, Mickiewicz, was a Lithuanian, so was Pilsudski. George, do you realize that at a time when in nearly all parts of Europe, including the British Isles, wars were being fought in order to establish the domination of one country over another, Polutopia created a happy confederation of three peoples?

Eastern Polutopia is a country where not one, but several races have been living from time immemorial. Europe's western civilisation is nearer to them than the ancient, mystical, primitive east. That also applies to Ukrainians. They are not Russians. They are a hard-working peasant people, kind, music-loving, and talented. They need freedom and will demand it. But let them first freely say what they wish.

Never mind, George, keep on asking me questions and criticising my letters. I am only too glad to argue with you.

Yours . . .

THE INSCRIPTIONS

Before the ceremony of the symbolic funeral of Anti-Semitism—the first of the acts of symbolic abolition of any Intolerance—took place in the capital, the Ministry for Social Welfare arranged a competition for a suitable inscription on the tomb. Many thousands of ideas reached the judges. Here are the three which won the prizes:

FIRST PRIZE:

*True, short and terse:
Here lies mankind's curse.*

SECOND PRIZE:

*Here lies in peace
Buried for ever,
That most terrible mental disease:
Anti-Semitism.*

*May it never again
Rise from this tomb,
To poison a child in its mother's womb
And to forge a new chain
For a scapegoat slave.*

*May this grave
Remain a Mene-Tekel
That Nationalism can have two faces:
One of Dr. Jekyll,
The other of Hyde.*

*May this be a guide
For all the nations
And future generations.*

POLUTOPIA

THIRD PRIZE:

*It blinded our eyes with sand,
It lent the enemy a hand,
And it helped to destroy our land.*

* * *

A THIRD (Short) LETTER TO GEORGE

May 3rd, afternoon.

This is only a P.S. to my letter to you, written this morning. I have just noticed that to-day is May 3rd. This is an interesting coincidence. May 3rd is Polutopian National Day. Do you know what the Polutopians celebrate on this day? No, not a victory or something like that! It was on May 3rd in the year 1791 that the Parliament decided to introduce democracy into the country. Please note: that happened in 1791, 154 years ago. There was no freedom in the neighbouring states—autocratic Prussia and despotic Russia. What do you think of that?

Yours . . .

FROM A TO Z

The ABC of a Polutopian

Abyssinia—oh, to be liberated like her!
Bulgaria—oh, to be tolerated like her!
Chile—oh, to be in the distance like her!
Dakota—oh, to have assistance like her!

Equity! Where can one find you?
Freedom! Where now is your beam?
Glory! Oh, what is behind you?
Happiness! Are you a dream?

Independence! What a word!
Joyfulness! Oh, what a chord!
Kingly past? Of no avail!
Legality? Allowed no bail!

Morality becomes immorality,
Normality—abnormality,
Ostracism—a daily habit,
Peace of mind—a hunted rabbit.

Questions are now out of fashion,
Reasoning inhibited,
Sincerity? In some future session!
Tragedy—not prohibited.

Utopia! Where is that land?
V—for what does it stand?
World is crazy and we know it,
X-rays very clearly show it.

You must get used to the diet,
Zip your lips, shut up, be quiet!

FOURTH AND LAST LETTER TO GEORGE

June 27th . . .

Dear George,

Believe me, I do appreciate the Russian victories just as you do. When the Germans suffered their Stalingrad disaster, Warsaw, then enslaved, rejoiced certainly as much—if not more—than free London. We all know what we owe to the spirit of resistance and endurance of the Soviet peoples. We all genuinely admire the incredible achievements of the Red Army. We all realise that when the history of the present war will be written the historian will have to emphasize very strongly the part played by the Soviet Union against the Nazi tyranny.

But, please, do answer this question for me. Does your admiration for the Soviet Union go so far as to wish to adopt her system in your country? Ask Mr. Davies, Roosevelt's special envoy to Stalin, whether his "Mission to Moscow" has created in him the wish to transform the United States unto a Soviet Republic. Is there any contradiction in the fact that one can respect somebody else's ideas without wishing to adopt them? Can one really say that Polutopians are anti-Soviet because they feel that they would not be happy under that system? Certainly not. Russian military victories are greater than anybody could expect. Russia under Stalin is certainly stronger than Russia under the Czars. The millions of people inhabiting the vast Soviet Union have a genuine love of their country, and that love has been one of the inspiring powers of the Red Army. But what has that to do with the question of regime in neighbouring countries? The overwhelming majority of the Polutopian people believe in democracy as the best possible system of regulating the life of a national community. It is true that during the political twilight preceding the present war, authoritarian tendencies got the upper hand in Polutopia. That development was not natural, but imposed both by external influences and the internal situation. Ask an average Polutopian, ask millions of them, what sort of life they wish to have and they will all choose a free one. Freedom is democracy.

All right, there were some Totalitarian tendencies in my country

FOURTH AND LAST LETTER TO GEORGE

before the war. But did not Britain have her Sir Oswald Mosley? Would anybody say that the existence of the British Union of Fascists in pre-war days proves that Britain was on the way to becoming Fascist? You will state and rightly—that a ridiculous and numerically small movement should not be compared with a system introduced by an authoritarian Government. Agreed. Do not forget, though, that the distance from London to Berlin is much greater than that from Polutopia to the Nazi capital; and do not forget that, given a chance, small and ridiculous movements can grow into a veritable menace. The significance lies not in the fact that a country can be infected to a greater or lesser degree by a dangerous mental disease, but in the resistance produced to overcome the illness! In Polutopia Fascism was never popular. One day the world may realise that it was not at all easy for a country hemmed-in between two powerful Totalitarians to preserve, on the whole, the soundness of its mind.

The majority of the people of that unhappy, hemmed-in country do not wish to live either in a Fascist or Soviet State. They want work, bread, reasonable livelihood and freedom.

Let us dream for a moment. Let us imagine that the war has come to an end, that the Fascist and Nazi tyrannies have disappeared for ever, and that the world now asks the Polutopian people what sort of life they want. And let the world ask them without any pressure, material or moral, without pressure of tanks or doctrines, so that everybody could be quite certain of his or her opinion being respected as the free-will of a free man or woman. The reply will doubtless be: we want freedom and democracy.

Did I say "let us dream?" It is not a dream, but must come true, unless we are to compromise with something we may call peace, but which does not deserve the name.

Goodbye, George,

Yours . . .

WARSAW CONCERTO

A YOUNG ENGLISH COMPOSER, RICHARD Addinsell, composed a musical piece for the film, *Dangerous Moonlight*. He called it "Warsaw Concerto." It is a musical homage to a city which fought and resisted and bled in September 1939. The "Warsaw Concerto" became popular, even more popular than any of the musical hits produced during the war. It does not often happen that music composed in a classical style and not destined for dancing is whistled by boys in the street and hummed by young girls in the bus. That happened with the "Warsaw Concerto." Maybe that was one of the ways in which British appreciation of gallantry and sacrifice for the common cause found its expression.

Time marched on: 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944. In August, 1944, the city whose fight in 1939 inspired Richard Addinsell, rose again. Large parts of it were freed by insurrectionists. A Radio Station began broadcasting to the world. On August 22nd, 1944, when hope of help from the outside world was diminishing, the Free Radio Station in the burning city broadcast in Polish an appeal in the form of a poem. Here is its translation into English:

*We march upon graves but we still smile and hope,
For no one is sad in the city that fights.
Bare hands are our weapons, yet still we can cope
With brutal invaders through days and through nights.*

*In faraway countries you're sorry that Huns
Are firing the city which rose for the cause.
We've no time for tears, we're a target for guns,
We hate admiration and scorn the applause.*

*Stop your mourning and weeping. Although it's a plight,
Our great days have come, with an uprising flood.
Our young girls have now joined the boys in their fight,
Now small children shoot, and shed freely their blood.*

WARSAW CONCERTO

*Here's the Nation's heart throbbing, here Warsaw is calling.
Stop the vain admiration in radio transmissions.
Our heads are erect, our spirit—not falling.
We need no applause, we need arms and munitions.*

* * *

The appeal remained unheard. Some help arrived by air. That from the west was too little; that from the east was too little and too late.

A few days later the last chords of the Warsaw Concerto were drowned by the blowing-up of the last blocks in the dying city.

But thinking and dreaming in a Polutopian way, one could imagine that this reply was broadcast by Moscow Radio:

*WE have heard your appeal, you brethren in hope,
We've watched your uprising, devotion and fight—
We are sending you arms, to help you to cope
With the dangerous foe by day and by night.*

*We asked you to rise and we're keeping our word,
We asked you to help us, now we shall help you,
So that two nations' hearts may beat to one chord,
And Brotherhood once more be real and true.*

*It's a matter of hours till thousands of planes
Will fly over Warsaw and drop what you need.
We'll wipe out your tears, we'll be easing your pains,
We'll pray for the dawn, when you will cease to bleed.*

*We'll help you to triumph, for you were The First,
We'll help to rebuild you, whatever the cost.
When the barbaric ring is finally burst
We'll all be rejoicing that Warsaw's not lost.*

POLUTOPIA

EPILOGUE

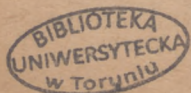
ONCE upon a time there was . . .
Again in a time there'll be
A Polutopia—inwardly and outwardly made free.

But why the future tense,
When all we need is Common Sense?

Is it not time
That right should not be treated as a crime?

Isn't Warsaw, isn't Lwow
Enough?

The dream must grow and ring,
The stream must flow and sing,
If Peace means anything.



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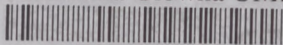
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- WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?
WORLD-WIDE ODDITIES
ODD FACTS
'TIS PASSING STRANGE
QUEER, ISN'T IT? BY A. O. PULFORD
NOW OR NEVER BY AIR COMMODORE HOWARD WILLIAMS
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THE FLYING SOLDIER
BY MAJOR ALOIS SITEK AND FT/LIEUT. VERNON BLUNT
THIS IS LONDON BY "JIMMY"
THOSE LITTLE ONES BY MAVIS AXTELL
KING GEORGE VI AND HIS PEOPLE
QUEEN WILHELMINA—MOTHER OF THE
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