

Second Century of Sana



PROJECT OUTLINE

1917
London Warsaw Elsewhere
2117

Second Century of Sana

**Orphan... teenage girl... struggling artist...
sudden celebrity... poet in search of a voice...
refugee without nationality... victim of a loveless marriage...
one of the final victims of the Holocaust**

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**Zuzanna Ginczanka was born exactly 100 years ago,
on the 9th of March 1917.**

In so many ways, through her life and her work,
Ginczanka speaks to us all to deliver a message of light:

"You need joy to survive. Only joy is real life."

Therefore, 2017 is the ideal moment to launch a literary project,
involving EDUCATION, ENTERTAINMENT & ENTERPRISE
in her name and the memory of her achievements.



JUSTIFIED IN THE MARGINS

**Gina
Sana
Sulamite
Sonny Girl
Star of Zion
Jewish Gazelle
Rose of Sharon
Zuzanna Ginczanka
Zuzka Ginczburżanka
Zuzanna Polina Gincburg**

I did not come
from dust,
so I won't go back
to dust.
I did not come
from heaven
so I am not heaven-bound.
I myself am heaven,
a sky of purest glass.
And earth itself am I,
a child of native ground.
I did not run at all,
so I won't be running back.
Apart from my own self,
all else is unconfined.
My lungs bellowing wind
all sediments do crack
and I, fragmented,
here
now myself
must
find.

Second Century of Sana

Zuzanna "Sana" Gincburg was born in 1917 in Kiev, at a time when Poland still did not exist on the world map, following 123 years of partitions and occupation. She became a poet, writing in Polish using the surname Ginczanka. At the age of 19, she published her first and only collection of poetry which caused a sensation in Poland's literary circles.

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Ginczanka was a holder of a Nansen passport and was unsuccessful in obtaining Polish citizenship before the outbreak of WWII. She spent the War hiding in various parts of Poland and Ukraine. When her hiding place was betrayed to the Gestapo - an event famously described in her final poem - she was arrested and murdered by the Nazi occupiers, mere weeks before Krakow was liberated.

For the next 50 years of communism in Poland, Ginczanka's name was kept out of history books, literary anthologies and educational materials.

Even after communism fell in 1989, Ginczanka's legacy has been attacked by those who are still uncomfortable with the powerful lyrics she left behind.



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 curious hands through my Jew things browse,
Ms Chomin of Lviv, landlady betrayer,
volksdeutsche informant, if conscience allows.

You and your loved ones, recall my name and face
As you remembered me when the Gestapo came,
minding to show them my hiding place,
They noticed me then. Now, mind me again.

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 sun does rise

Start hunting for gemstones, digging for gold
Through mattresses, sofas, furnishings what may
The bounty you seek, the treasures you want, hold
As you go tearing into 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.)*

www ginczanka org

There are approximately 1500 new books of poetry produced in Poland each year, but because there is a silent assumption that poetry doesn't sell, they instantly become "white ravens" - books you cannot buy, even in online second hand bookstores.

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This is why our activities will be centred around a website, where all materials will be free to access by anyone with an internet connection. Poetry in our "age of information" is essential - maybe not every day, but like champagne or a scalpel, there are moments in life when nothing else but poetry will do.

Ginczanka and modern Poland were born within a year of each other, and yet while the latter endures, the former has been lost to us.

By restoring Ginczanka to her rightful place in the annals of literary history we are giving ourselves back the right to enjoy, and use, poetry in our lives.



Poets gather in a large crowd at a cafe to express their opinion about a certain book of poems

Zuzanna Ginczanka

With

**Paweł Hertz,
Julian Tuwim,
Marian Hemar,
Andrzej Nowicki,
Antoni Słonimski
Tadeusz Hollender &
Władysław Broniewski**

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!

Not all of me will die

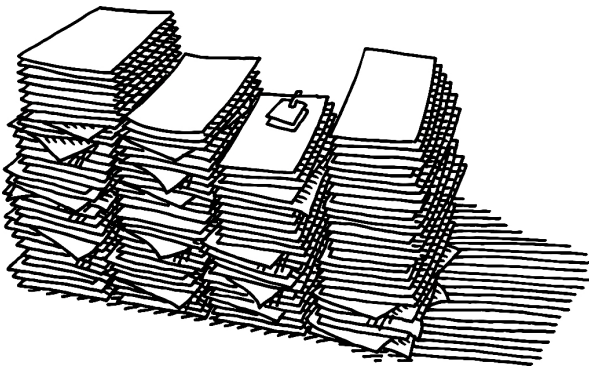
On the 100th anniversary of her birth, we will be producing an "everlasting book" - 100 pages, containing 27 poems (symbolising the age she was killed) in both original Polish and English translation - printed on unbound A4 paper, a book which can be copied and added to indefinitely... a book which is a fire bird phoenix, not a white raven.

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Thus we avoid the pitfalls connected with conventional poetry publishing, helping us approach reading in a fresh, vivid way. And we hand over responsibility for spreading her legacy around the world to others...

Readers will be invited to visit www.ginczanka.org, add their email address to our mailing list and receive new translations and other texts they can print off and add to this collection.

They will be invited to post their responses to Ginczanka's verses, share Ginczanka-inspired creations on our social networks, as well as celebrating the names and poems of other forgotten writers.



IN THE DEFENCE OF POETS (AN APPEAL TO ALL 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 lighting,
yet though I sometimes want to cry, my love of language keeps me writing.

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 all 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!!!"

**Zuzanna Ginczanka's
first ever published poem**

Second Century of Sana Extras

Ginczanka's poetry is full of vivid imagery - sexual, romantic, mystical, scientific, political, historical, and of course lyrical. This presents us with the opportunity to make her work attractive to a range of readers, using a variety of tools and techniques.

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SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES - a selection of teaching materials will be produced and provided, in a range of languages, to ensure teachers can make best use of the life story and the poems of Ginczanka.

GINCZANKA ILLUMINATED - in the spirit of William Blake (along with many other writers who were also visual artists), we will publish a hard-bound book containing a number of Ginczanka poems along with specially commissioned illustrations from some of Poland's most renowned artists (summer of 2017).

GINCZANKA ON STAGE AND SCREEN - Ginczanka's life story and words make prime material for stage and screen productions, including song, musicals, theatre and feature film scripts. The plan is to work with as many international artists in as many genres as possible for the upcoming 100 years!



MEDIATIONS / RESOLUTION

Turning his winged back on me
Pegasus, wise ally, runs right out.
I'm left alone to find the key
to solve this one scholastic doubt -
hit on the head by that fool Cupid
with this conundrum from above:
Am I in love because I'm stupid
or am I stupid out of love?

It could be fixed so easily,
without much effort or ado,
if you just fell in love me,
or I fell out of love with you.

Zuzanna Ginczanka
Szpilki 1938

Second Century of Sana



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