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Dear Mr. Nolte,

Suppose you were going to tell a "once upon a time" fairy tale in an urban setting. The city you would describe would be a renaissance dream. It would be the seat of dashing kings. The kings, naturally, would live in a huge castle which would loom over the city. Because fairy tales are layered like onions you might casually mention that the king's castle itself is built on a legend, it sits on top of a mythical dragon's lair.

The city would have strong thick walls with splendid gates, the most gracious market square in Europe with a delicately colonnaded Draper's Hall in the center. Nearby would be a very old and distinguished university. The fairy tale city would be full of churches, each different and almost every one distinguished for some architectural reason. Even if it were a renaissance city, at its heart, in a corner of the market square would be a great Gothic church with a special, unique treasure. So suppose you imagine the church has an enormous, ethereal wooden altarpiece that hides an enduring folk legend like the Golden Slipper behind its larger than life carved figures.

King's cities are designed for glory and for the ages. So imagine this one to be very grand. It would have narrow inner streets, rows of houses, shops, mansions with stately rooms and high carved wooden ceilings, elegant but not quite so elegant as the rooms in the castle. There would be room behind the city walls for centuries of stately growth, or, if the fates decreed it, for worldly, refined stagnation. There would be room for small shops and markets, an opera house, parks, places for recreation within the city and on the river bank beyond the walls. The streets would be well cobbled so the sound of horses pulling carts just after dawn would rumble only loud enough to alert lazy sleepers that fresh produce is on its way to market and the new day has come. At least one corner of the central market square ought to be just for flowers. The flowers, of luscious intensity and dewy freshness, would be sold by old women in black who would fiercely pretend that each sale is really a magnanimous act of personal sacrifice and generosity.

In a fairy tale city each passing hour, every day, ought to be marked by a wistful tune blown by a trumpeter in the tower of the great church; a tune so hauntingly beautiful that passersby will unconsciously pause to listen though they have known the tune all their lives.

The real city is Cracow in south eastern Poland. It was the home and capital of the Polish kings. In 1595 they moved to Warsaw, partially because of a bad fire in Cracow, but also because of Warsaw's undeniably central location in the country and at the crossroads of Europe. Without the kings, their trade and ceremonies, Cracow lost most of its obvious importance and glory. Marvelously though, most of the original cities charms were kept intact. The Baroque Period which coincided with Polish reconstruction after the fierce Swedish wars, left opulent remains all over the country and Cracow was no exception. The evidence is mostly churches. The Old City, the Stare Miasto of Cracow, however, preserved its heady amalgam of Gothic and Renaissance treasures. Very little changed.

During the 19th century, despite the partition of Poland, Cracow actually revived and through its university reasserted itself as a center of learning and intellectual activity. The 19th century urge to tamper with the past did not quite bypass Cracow - the old city walls were pulled down, leaving only the Florian Gate and the Barbican itself as the symbolic remains of medieval protection. To the tamperers' credit, however, instead of building where the walls stood, public gardens, called the Planty, were installed and today provide gracious shade and strolling space around the center of the larger city. Some tram lines have been added, some streets have been paved over, covering the cobbles, but nothing more, nothing to lessen substantially the fairy tale. New construction in the Stare Miasto in the past century or so has faithfully maintained the proportion and scale if not the exact styles of what stood before.

Alone among the principal Polish cities, Cracow survived the second World War almost untouched. The Wit Stowz alterpiece in the Church of St. Mary, also called the Church of Our Lady, was dismantled and hidden before the Germans arrived to use the city as an operations center. The Germans found and removed it, but after the war that curiously Polish combination of Catholic Church and Communist State cooperated to sponsor its reassembly and reinstallation at a cost estimated at 64,000 man hours of delicate labor. The smaller city of Kazimierz, almost as old as and long since a part of Old Cracow, though full of baroque monastaries and churches, had, before the war, been the Jewish ghetto. It was depopulated and run down, but the buildings, cemeteries and even the synagogue survived.

Today the Rynek, the Market Square, still 200 meters square is as forever before, the emotional and commercial heart of the city. Before seven in the morning horse drawn carts move through the streets and old women set up the flower market. As the early morning mists rise people of all ages on their way to work dart into the churches, especially the Church of St. Mary, for hasty prayers. The stalls of the Drapers Hall sell tourist gewgaws, thereby maintaining a semblence of the Hall's original function. By nine thirty the cafes, especially the one in front of the Draper's Hall are filling as the first of the endless coffee breaks begins

with morning pastry, papers and gossip. The housewives are examining fruits and vegetables nearby and complaining bitterly about the usual shortages, especially meat. Near the Jagiellonian University, where Copernicus studied, students sit on benches in the Planty comparing notes before going to class.

Later in the day the museums open, though they never stay open long enough. Close to the city museum, a few yards from the Florian Gate,a rennaissance mansion now used as an art gallery shows off in a worthy setting the painting which somehow summarizes the perfection of the city itself although it is not a Polish work of art. It is Leonardo da Vinci's "Girl with an Ermine." Like the painting, Cracow defies reproduction and has a quality of superior self-satisfaction.

In the afternoon people walk through the city and up the hill called Wawel (pronounced Vavel) to the castle of the same name. After centuries of plundering and looting the interior reconstruction and refurbishing of the castle began some forty years ago between the World Wars. Visitors go through the great court yards and into the magnificent rooms, which, through design, decor and craftsmanship, not to mention paintings and portraiture, trace Polish history. They can follow solemn guides or wander alone. Eventually they pass through the rooms of returned treasures and finally explore the chapels and the vaults below them where the remains of Polish kings and patriots lie buried.

With luck, a fairy tale that struggles into the twentieth century becomes a tourist attraction. For that reason alone it will likely last just a little while longer. For reasons of its own the Polish government's attitude towards foreign tourists (who have hard currency) runs along the fatalistic lines of, "tourists like beaches, we haven't got many therefore why bother?" It is, in many eyes, a short sighted judgement to which there are only two visible exceptions outside Warsaw. In Poznan, where the International Fair is held each June there is a fancy first class hotel for foreigners with modern amenities most of which work although the building is five years old. And, because almost everyone who visits Poland stops in Cracow there is a brand new hotel outside the Old City near the new university complex. The Cracowia was designed to take the strain off the very old, very charming little hotel near the Florian Gate where I was lucky enough to stay. For most, Cracow is more than a one day stop. There is the city itself, the mountain resorts to the south, and for many a grim pilgrimage to the Museum of Martyrology which the world remembers by its German name - Auschwitz. Tourist brochures tout another attraction, but tourists generally ignore it. Only officials, diplomats, industrialists, party members, planners and eccentrics like Institute Fellows pursue the suggestion. A phamplet called "Welcome to Poland" puts it proudly:

> "Visit Cracow - the 1000 year old city, picturesquely located on the River Vistula. Big centre of cultural scientific and industrial life. ... Cracow's pride is Nowa Huta - a huge modern metallurgical Combine named after W. Lenin, built in the post war years. A new town of 100,000 grew up nearby."

Is Nowa Huta a new town? Is it Cracow's pride? Did Nowa Huta, like Topsy, just grow up? No, not really. No, not yet. No, not at all. So much for tourist brochures.

Aside from being fully planned on paper before construction begins, what characterizes a new town? An eminent Polish planner, Bolesław Malisz wrote a splendidly clear paper for the United Nations in 1963, called "Physical Planning for Satellite and New Towns." In it he attempted to categorize new settlements. He noted two main species: satellites, which can also be called overspills, and more or less authentic "new" towns, which, for shorthand reference might be called fillups.

Satellite - overspill new towns are built away but not too far from mother cities, congested metropolitan areas which are the magnetic regional centers for commerce, culture and transportation. Their purpose is to decongest urban areas which otherwise might grow and grow and grow to ultimately unmanageable and unproductive size. Specific satellites can be justified for a variety of economic and / or social reasons. They need not look or behave at all alike. They can be residential suburbs, or they can aim to achieve a large measure of economic self sufficiency.

A fillup new town is one planned as the center of a new activity. Usually they are found in undeveloped or underdeveloped areas. They are most often outposts of either empire rule or modern industrialization. The Soviet Union has built literally hundreds of industrial fillup towns in the past half century. Probably a dozen towns in Canada meet the definition. They are popping up in many other countries either as manifestations of government policy to industrialize in a decentralized fashion, or as private industry takes advantage of natural resources by building technological colonies in areas previously semi-wilderness.

It would be nice if Nowa Huta fit one of those logical categories. It doesn't. On paper it looks as though it ought to be a satellite city in Cracow's orbit, but if you put the plans against a map the scale is visibly off. The distance from the center of Cracow to the gates of the steel plant is 10 kilometers, from the center to the edge of Nowa Huta itself only 5 km. Much too close for any real independence. So, while an independent city was planned the boundaries of Cracow were simultaneously redrawn and technically Nowa Huta is just the largest, newest and fastest growing district of an older city.

Curiously, Nowa Huta comes closer to being a fillup settlement despite its proximity to an urban magnet because it is a conscious introduction of a new activity otherwise lacking. Industrializing an urban district is not a contradiction in terms. The economic rationale for Nowa Huta was strong. The Lenin Steel Combinat, the largest industrial installation in Poland and one of the principal elements of Polish post war reconstruction is located at the point where coal coming from Silesia meets iron ore coming from the east and the Soviet Union. There is sufficient natural water power from the Vistuła to satisfy production needs which, already, are twice the original goals. Additionally there are excellent existing communications and transportation links via Cracow to the rest of the country and, for that matter, Europe.

At the level of logic and economic analysis no other reasons for building the Combinat and its residential district are needed. It's just that every official account quietly mentions what every individual stresses in interviews and casual conversation. In his book on the Polish new towns, Malisz puts it this way: "Cracow was a city of great historical tradition, but the majority of the residents were functionaries." In other words, Cracow was an established hotbed of bourgeoise intellectuals. The implication is that one of the main reasons for Nowa Huta's specific location was to transform Cracow, in fact, if not in tourist brochures, into a more socialistic, worker city. It was a task easier to accomplish on paper and in statistics than in social fact.

Stereotypes are, by definition, unoriginal, but their very simplicity often lards useful truths. The average Cracowian today will tell you with a slight sneer that no, he has never been out to Nowa Huta, the people who live there are crude, boorish, still peasants really. The Nowa Hutan will mutter something about the snobs who live in Cracow and no, he's never been there except to go to church.

In January of 1967 the Polish government announced that the nation had passed a milestone on the long march to urbanization and industrialization - more than 50% of the population were living in towns and cities. In the post war years, and particularly in the last decade Poland has been undergoing intensive urbanization according to plan. I would argue, however, that Nowa Huta is not an urban environment per se, rather a staging ground, definitely not rural but not yet urban. This is a temporary condition although it has been true since Nowa Huta's beginning and will probably continue so for another ten years, or well into the next, critical generation.

Though it is not of prime importance the physical contrast between Cracow and Nowa Huta is stunning. It's like comparing a fine old lute with a home made electric guitar.

The enormous site of the Combinat and town is on a flat terrace of land overlooking the Vistula meadows. The edge of the terrace forms the southern border of Nowa Huta and offers a fine view of rich farm land. The plant itself is said to be on even better

land, perhaps the best land in all of Poland. By virtue of its quality the land was not, to any considerable measure, in peasant hands, and therefore was easily available for nationalization.

Although the name of a Polish architect is attached to formal descriptions of the plan of Nowa Huta, nothing from the early post war period anywhere in Poland reflects Polish design. One architect looked at me reproachfully, "You know" he said," where the decisions were being made then." Since almost all post war construction can be dated, even by a novice, not just to a year but accurately practically to the season, it's not much of a fun game guessing. Nowa Huta was designed with abundant Soviet technical as well as financial assistance in 1949 and looks it.

A book published early in the critical year 1956, called "Town Planning in Poland 1945-55" by Adolf Ciborowski describes Nowa Huta with the absolute caution and dead tone it deserves:

> "The principal composition was centered on treble radial roads - the main arteries of the city running from the principal escarpment. This composition is connected with two arteries that grille the town. ... The correct disposition of areas and this reciprocal relation to the conception of the town bears strong marks of a purely geometrical plan. The baroque geometrical layout of the city has been carried out most consistently."

From this carefully phrased description the reader is not obliged to guess an unsubtle truth more obvious from a diagram than from words or even walking through it. The plan of Nowa Huta is the plan of Leningrad, Peter the Great's plan of St. Petersburg to be precise, only without the River Neva. And without what Edward Bacon summarizes so succinctly in his lavishly illustrated "Design of Cities" as "the convergence at the one point of attraction adequately symbolizing the underlying concept of the city - the point of contact of man and the sea - the Admiralty." Mr. Bacon's description of Leningrad concludes: "the interaction of the cross movements of this highly dynamic and extraordinarily shaped space, with the extreme formality of three axes meeting at the Admiralty tower is one of the wonders of the urban world." Wonders of the urban world are best left unique. The central square of Nowa Huta has no relation to anything. Mr. Ciborowski softly suggested some of the other problems:

> "This purity of the entire composition led to a situation where the layout of the city does not everywhere accord with the functional requirements. Two arteries which are of equal importance as to their spatial and plastic values radiate star like from the central square, but, in reality, play different roles for the whole ensemble of the town. One of them is the principal route leading to the plant, the second gets stuck in the residential district. ..."

The plan of Nowa Huta is rigid, devoid of subtlety complexity, contrast and dynamism. It is a meaningless millstone which further complicates life for the residents. The older sections

are hard rows of perfect Stalinist apartment buildings. Their major advantage is that they are seldom more than four stories high. Age has not made them more attractive, though as the birth rate in those sections has leveled out they are well equipped with nursery schools and creches. The newer sections reflect some interesting pressures. In 1957-58 and early '59 a few clusters of high (8-11 stories) and low (3 stories) apartment blocks were built in more or less free standing arrangement. In recent years the rule has been no buildings under five stories and no elevators in buildings under six. It is an economic rule which inhibits and annoys architects but more importantly is difficult for small children, women with packages and old people.

The newest sections of Nowa Huta are in the free standing International style now common around the world. The trick of the International style is that buildings are either very exciting or utterly ordinary and deadly dull. The little balconies distinctive to almost all Polish apartment buildings which are used for gardens as well as ventilation and storage space, help create some visual variety. That landscaping, aside from the central square, has been ignored is understandable, if sad. Nowa Huta, the town, represents only one quarter of the investment. The Combinat itself, despite its morbidly funny wedding cake administration buildings which flank the statue of W. Lenin at the main gates is impressive. Especially at night when all the lights shine, the plumes of smoke swirl around the eerily outlined buildings and the clanging sounds seem louder, the Combinat exudes the kind of pure industrial power that speaks an international language.

If the buildings that make up Nowa Huta are uninteresting the people who live there may not take much notice. Between 1950 and 1960 some 214,000 people came to Nowa Huta and, as housing became available some 85,000 remained as permanent residents. Of those first 85,000, one third came directly from rural areas, from farms and very small villages. Probably another third came indirectly from the same background. After the second World War rural overpopulation forced many men off the farms into industrial jobs especially in the Silesian coal fields. But many drifted back closer to home and stopped in Nowa Huta. Of the single male workers in Nowa Huta in 1958, 56% were from the Cracow Voivodship (region).

A survey done in 1960 showed that 7% of the adult population of Nowa Huta had higher education and 24% had technical or secondary training of some sort. The same survey showed that those professional and semi professional families tended to live in the most central part of Nowa Huta, The group also includes the Cracow families who moved to Nowa Huta for characteristically overspill reasons i.e. new housing was more of a motivation than a new job, and some became commuters, riding the tram back to Cracow for work. The urban third of Nowa Huta's population has had difficulties settling in, but they have been the problems of the city dweller adjusting to the semi-boondocks. The problems of the country folk have been and will continue to be more complicated.

For example: city dwellers are used to the relative confinement of high density living in apartment buildings. A graduate student at the University of Cracow recently did a study, and not at all a laughable one, of interior decoration in a cross section of Nowa Huta apartments, which are small, although increasingly better built and better equipped. In a peasant families' eyes however, the space is in the wrong places. Farm families were used to living in the kitchen, if only because it was, in winter, the one heated room. Apartment kitchens are notoriously small everywhere. Continental winters are long and the climate in the Cracow region is damp and raw. (I could never figure out why with all they have to boast about, Cracowians and Nowa Hutans alike took such glee from the assertion they have the worst climate in Europe. That's a sweeping statement.) The Polish peasant families also believed firmly that one room must be set aside as a parlour, and kept for special occasions on the order of wakes and weddings. If an ordinary family has two or at the most three small rooms plus a smaller kitchen and a narrow hallway, then imaginative arrangement of furniture, possessions and for that matter bodies, becomes very important. The study showed repeated unimaginative almost fatalistic arrangements.

What about recreational and commercial facilities? Remembering the idealistic conception of a worker city despite construction priorities and modest technical resources one can explain why a large showplace modern theatre got built in the very early fifties long before commercial facilities, for example. got worked out. By 1958 the idealism was sorely tried, it was clear that up to 95% of the theatre audiences were Nowa Huta professionals, visiting Cracow intellectuals and secondary students. Young adults went to the Luna Park and played with their kids. In the early years the few cinemas and centrally located clubs were ignored and underused.

Away from the central square the transition from kiosk and queue distribution of food and supplies to shops where, on a cold day, you can hang around and have a chat is now going on. Especially in isolated districts sodial amenities need not be expensive or elaborate to be effective, but if, after a long enough period of time they don't take shape, then the importance and utility of their ultimate appearance is diluted. In a ten year old section I visited, a cafe, an urban institution much beloved in Poland, recently opened. Too late. The adults had grown used to anonymity, to cellular existence in their apartments, just nodding in queues, smiling in church and maintaining only minimal contact with their neighbors. The cafe was taken over by a swarm of teen agers who, apparantly rather forcibly, claimed it as their "turf." I visited a five year old district planned and built in the sixties that houses 25,000 people. Never mind that a construction shack can be turned into a social hall, that crude benches can be built in courtyards where small children play. The district has not one meeting place, not one cafe, and only meagre shopping facilities.

Obviously people make do. They go to work, raise their children, organize their lives as best they can in what are essentially alien and uninteresting surroundings. I'm merely suggesting that because the surroundings are alien the adjustment period is prolonged by

the absense of appropriate, enjoyable, and, to use a much abused cliche word, meaningful, recreational opportunities.

Try to plot out the life of an imaginary worker at Nowa Huta during these first eighteen years. He was raised in the country and his family back on the farm is sure as sure that whatever his job at the steel plant, he's got an easier, softer life than he did at home. In fact, of course, he's doing hard manual labor either in construction or simple unskilled industrial tasks. By his families' standard, and indeed by non industrial urban standards he is making good money. The average industrial wage comes to $20 a month.

(There are so many rates of exchange for the zwotly and the dollar it's dizzying. The most official and least observed is the standard tourist rate of 24 to the dollar. The National Bank pays a Pole 72 zwotly for each dollar his relatives in the States sends him. There are four or five other figures in use on various black markets, in official frozen rates ,and a special coupon bonus rate for tourists changing larger (50$ plus) sums of hard currency. As a reference point it is easiest and most common to figure 100 zwotly to the dollar, so that $20 comes to 2000 zwotly.)

At first, Stanislaw or Jerzy or whatever his name, is probably going to live in a worker hotel. There are architectural drawings for the first buildings to comfortably fit the term now on the boards, hitherto barrack would do as well or better. In the early fifties when construction was going at a tremendous pace the worker hotels were mercilessly but necessarily crowded. One person had an average of 3.6 square meters of habitable space in 1954. By 1958 it was up to 5.3 sm and now it is around 7 or almost exactly on par with the national norm. (In apartments, incidentally, that habitable space figure includes hallways and passages which cuts the real total down. The stated long term national goal is 16 square meters of space per person.) Life in the worker hotels is pretty rough and tumble. Alcholoism is a major and destructive problem to the men themselves and the buildings they live in. Polish vodka, delicately flavored with bison grass, is potent stuff even in small quantities, and when taken for the exclusive purpose of getting drunk - stand back and be ready to duck.

In the first year or two at Nowa Huta it probably won t occur to the average worker that, in addition to sending home part of his salary, he does not have to go back and help on the farm on his days off. So he works straight shifts and then goes home for two or three days of dawn to dusk in the fields. At heart he is still a peasant.

Then, one fine day he may decide not to go home but to go on one of the inexpensive bus excursions he's heard about. He becomes a tourist. A sociologist I talked to thinks the tourist expeditions mark a big break and transition to a new state of mind. The trip needn't be elaborate or go very far away, cetainly not to a concert or a museum in the city, but perhaps to the mountains to a resort like Zakopane which is only two and a half hours away. The Nowa Hutan is still going to miss the farm and dislike whatever he's seen of city life,

To a foreigner one of the most conspicuous and fascinating aspects of life in modern Poland is the robust existence of the Catholic Church in a Communist State. Some 95% of the population are reported to be practicing Catholics, practicing that particular rather primitive and mystic Catholicism which is less and less related to the liberalized faith found further west where the windows have been opened to rapid change. I made a point of going into every church I passed in Poland for two obvious reasons. One, so many of the churches are remarkably beautiful and two, to see who if anybody was there. I never saw an empty church. Furthermore the prayerful, at all hours, were neither old, nor exclusively women. They were of all ages and both sexes.

The existence of the Church in Poland has an umistakably political character, summed up best by a popular joke. They tell of a Jew who survived. By generous estimate there may be 30,000 Jews in Poland today. Anti-semitism has been a fact of life for centuries and the almost final solution of the second World War has not, unfortunately, eliminated it. It was suggested that Gomulka's anti-semitic speech last June following the war in the Middle East probably did reflect popular public sentiment and was more disturbing to the intellectuals and Jews in party circles (a disproportionate number) than to the population at large. Anyway, the apocryphal Jew who survived went to mass each Sunday. His regular presence antagonized another member of the congregation, and finally, after several years, the irritated fellow approached the Jew and demanded to know,"Why are you here? Why do you come to mass every Sunday when you are not only not a Catholic, but a Jew?"What do you think you are doing?" Without a moments hesitation the Jew replied "Why not? I'm entitled to protest against the government too!"

The Catholic University at Lublin did some research into the pattern of church attendance which, at first glance, seemed inexplicably contradictory. Their conclusions substantiate the joke. It seemed that every time the Government issued a denunciation of the Church or the Cardinal - attendance rose. Yet every time a parish priest gave a particularly nagging sermon on the laxity of faith,- attendance dropped the following Sunday.

As is to be expected the Church's greatest strength is in the countryside rather than the cities. One might expect the Church to play a significant role in a new town like Nowa Huta in helping the residents to adjust to the new, modern ways of life, in making friends and building ties within the new community. During the Stalinist period there was no mention of building churches anywhere near the Lenin Combinat. The three tiny churches in the three tiny villages within the boundaries of the Combinat site stayed open. But three tiny churches even running outdoor services from dawn to dusk on Sundays couldn't meet the ritual needs of the burgeoning Catholic population let alone provide extensive counseling. The official attitude was, "if they want to go to church, let them go into Cracow where there are plenty of old churches, too many in fact." And thousands continue to do just that.

In the first flush of liberality following 1956 the government agreed that a new church could be built in Nowa Huta and a site at the corner of Marx and Lenin streets was designated. And nothing happened for a while. Then the decision was reversed and a school was announced for the site. Trying to avoid a discussion of what happened next one official I talked to said as lightly as he could, "Well, the government realized they were going to build more than a church, they were going to build a social hall as well as an alter, and, well...that's all."

Hardly! Less than a month before Nowa Huta's tenth anniversary a cross, dedicated by the Archbishop of Cracow, was planted on a corner of the disputed site. Two days later the New York Times carried a Reuters dispatch on the front page outlining the subsequent demonstrations. It was early evening, just after the day shift at the Combinat ended. Plenty of people were out in the streets. The demonstration began quietly with the planting of the cross and women singing hymns. Then the violence got started and by the time it ended 15 policement and an undetermined number of civilians were injured, 50 arrested. The Town Hall was set afire and burnt out of control although the fire department building was right next door. The fire brigade did not turn out. Word of the demonstrations was suppressed and never appeared in the Polish press at all. The Reuters dispatch estimated the crowd at 2000 and said both tear gas and clubs were used. The next day there were reports of military police patrolling the streets "uneasy calm", and a wooden fence around the cross. There is still a wooden fence around the cross which is now in a school yard.

At the anniversary celebrations two weeks later, Reuters quoted Party secretary Gomulka saying "Hooligans incited by clericalism staged excesses here and the workers of Nowa Huta were right in condemming their activities." End of chapter? ... not quite.

On a Monday morning late in September I was taken from one of the newer sections of Nowa Huta off the paved road and into a glade off the main path of time as well as space, into one of the tiny villages surrounded by and in ear shot of the rest of Nowa Huta. A very small church was pointed out and we went to take a look. At the back of the church was a shed in which a priest was lecturing a captive audience of thirty or forty small children. Next to the shed was a terrace with an alter, and a miscellaneous collection of adults were piling and sorting lumber and bricks. The church is being torn down and a new, larger church is simultaneously being built on the same site.

My host, a planner, waited for me to look around. As I turned to leave I noticed our driver studying a bulletin board with a broad smile on his face. On the board were a number of magazine clippings about the Pope and church activities and also a photograph of the Pope, Cardinal Wyszynsky, and the local parish priest examining a model of the new church. The driver thought it was very funny.

He explained with great glee that the photo would be seen in other countries, especially the United States and Britain where there are large, prosperous Polish communities, and the congregation was hoping for generous donations from abroad to help cover the building costs. No doubt he was right. And no doubt either that the new church will have a social hall.

Meanwhile months, even years may have passed during which the average worker went to church faithfully, went on excursions occasionally and went home regularly. Finally he decides to get married. In all probability he marries a home town girl, and until they get an apartment, a wait which can be up to three or four years, she either roughs it or remains a home town girl.

For a brief period of time at the beginning the majority of Nowa Huta's population were unmarried workers. Then, for almost as brief a period young adults mostly newly married made up the largest group. Even now there are three times as many people between 25 and 34 in Nowa Huta as in the central district of Cracow, and only a third as many over 60. But 52% of the population of Nowa Huta is under the age of 15, an entirely predictable demographic characteristic of such new settlements however difficult it may be while they all seem to be growing up at once. Stanislaw and his wife have one, two or three children, probably not more, and a whole new set of problems they are not quite sure how to solve.

Although they are very expensive, the Nowa Huta family is likely to have one very useful luxury - a television set. The prices start at 8000 zwotlys and go up depending on the model, but they are very popular especially among the young worker families. In Katowice, which is an absolutely bleak industrial city where the wages are good and workers have the money to spend, the first thing that strikes the eye in the big shop windows are the displays of tv sets. There are fewersets in Cracow than in Nowa Huta, and the Cracowians seem to watch them less. Not surprisingly the television is a great tool for information, education and socialization in both senses of the word. The Nowa Huta family spends a lot of evening time glued to the tube. One proof of their attentiveness is the high scores Nowa Huta children have made in quizes about Cracow, particularly its history and museums which they have not visited but have learned about from tv. I was told, but cannot verify, that light science programs are also very popular.

There is no firm tradition of primogeniture in Poland and 85% of the land is still in private hands although the average farm is very small. If Stanislaw's father dies and his worker son inherits and wants to keep all or part of the farm, in order to satisfy the new laws which say he cannot be both a farmer and a worker but must choose, he may put the farm in his wife's name and send her back to it with the children. Though he will be under considerable pressure not to do so, he may decide to chuck Nowa Huta entirely and go back himself. If he allows the ties to

be broken and stays in Nowa Huta it is just a matter of time before he will begin to nurse industrial anxieties. The older workers in Nowa Huta, those who came at the beginning, are suffering this not too mysterious malaise. It comes from recognizing that after all, they are unskilled workers and their livelihood depends on pure physical strength which, however gradually, is ebbing. They are not dissatisfied with their lot, chaffing against the system, or even slacking off, just quietly worrying about their future, what it will be like to be old in a place like Nowa Huta.

In the early days there was full employment for everyone regardless of sex. Now women with young children often stay at home at least for a while although there are extensive child care facilities. As the pace of construction has slowed down and the population begins to balance out the problem of finding jobs for married women with older children and young women is becoming more serious. Training programs and jobs must be developed to tap the growing female labor force anxious to work. The need has been recognized, if not from the humanistic point of view, as a functional factor in maximizing resources. If the job is done well it doesn't matter why the new jobs are developed.

The third problem area and the most important one for the families involved as well as the planners and administrators concerns the children of Nowa Huta who have grown up in People's Poland since the war, not on the farm in the old days. There is a generation gap in every family in every situation in every country, but the conflict is particularly sharp in towns like Nowa Huta where the parents have every reason to feel inadequate to guide their children in situations they neither recognize nor understand. The kids may not be quite as wild, bored and generally rebellious as their parents think they are but neither are they quite the malleable, well behaved scout types they were idealistically expected to be. The juvenile delinquincy rates in Nowa Huta are higher on a percentage as well as an absolute statistical basis than in the rest of Cracow. The teen agers especially tend to run in packs.

One of the things which deeply worries the Nowa Huta parents about their children is their seeming lack of ambition and initiative. Parental aspirations are not overly exagerated but they don't want their children to settle into unskilled dead end jobs, they ought to be, well, not engineers or doctors, but technicians perhaps. The kids seem uninterested in world beating. They don't care much about school, don't express much interest in advanced technical training, and practically none at all in professions or university education. Professional families in Nowa Huta are especially anxious because their children seem to have caught the boredom of the group and don't want to do what daddy and mommey do if it is such hard work for nothing. The sociologist living in Nowa Huta who pointed this out to me also noted that none of his graduate assistants at the university come from worker families. He feels that the school system is inadequate to the task of educating and encouraging the native Nowa Hutans and probably he's right. The situation is all the more unfortunate because it cannot be changed or corrected quickly even if enough qualified and enthusiastic teachers could be found overnight.

For the while, parents and teachers fret because the kids won't listen, run wild and are rude. The kids counter with complaints of their own: everyone nags at them, their parents obviously don't know anything, anyway what's wrong with just a job, who wants to go to school for years and years just to get another job. Much of what they say translates cogently into the familiar phrase "ah, don't sweat it." The coda of the Nowa Huta teenagers lament is the universal whine "It's so dull here, there's nothing to DO."

In effect, although they may be living less than one hundred miles from their ancestral family homes and face no language barriers, two thirds of the adults in Nowa Huta are immigrants, and are treated that way by their children. The kids don't miss what they never knew, the tight family circle feels to them like a noose, they are embarassed by their parents and actively reinforce their parents frustrated feelings of inadequacy and confusion in industrial society.

Word associations are tricky. Say immigrant and many people automatically think ghetto. Quickly, quickly, Nowa Huta isn't one. It isn't an urban district restricted to members of a minority group. It isn't a self perpetuating state of mental despair and defeatist anguish. The bewildered groping of the adults and the confinement and isolation of life at the gates of the Combinat does, however, give life in Nowa Huta a curiously ghetto like quality, a combination of self consciousness and something akin to second classness. Curious, and a little sad: Cracow's pride is Cracow, Nowa Huta is still the place where the workers live.

When Nowa Huta was designed, in a great hurry and with much prodding from Moscow to get on with it, the primary assumptions were in direct conflict. Nowa Huta was supposed to be separate - a worker city. Hense facilities like the theatre which were supposed to emphasise its cultural independence and vitality. Nowa Huta was also supposed to transform the bourgeoise enclave called Cracow. The late 40's was not the time for pointing out inconsistencies in Eastern Europe.

In 1949 when the city limits were redrawn to present size - 230 square kilometers, the population was 340,000. It is now past 550,000, almost the entire growth being concentrated in Nowa Huta where 125,000 live today, and 250,000 will live in 1980. According to the carefully drawn plan, one third of the entire labor force of Cracow is classified as industrial workers, one third of the entire labor force lives in Nowa Huta, and almost a third of the workers work in the Combinat. The thirds are not necessarily overlapping or concentric , a number of commuters ride the connecting tram line either to work in Cracow while living in Nowa Huta or vice versa.

The heart of Cracow was generously planned centuries ago and managed to serve a population of 200,000 with ease. The strains began to show soon after the 250,000 mark was passed but until now nothing could be done about it.

Unlike human beings, cities don't need to have single throbbing heart to sustain themselves. The scattered location of their vital organs and functions is a large measure of the strength of some of the colossal cities like New York, London, and Tokyo. If a city has the equivalent of a heart, a concentration of functions and facilities at one place, and then, after centuries, the heart is asked to serve a large new agglomeration as well, the result can be called heart failure. The answer is not transplantation; pacemakers are a possible solution. But in the case of a city an entire new heart can be built and installed in a new area so the original can be preserved even after it ceases to perform its original functions.

In the next decade Cracow is going to get a large new commercial center. It will be able to pump the goods, services and communications needed by a city of 750,000 plus. Furthermore it will be located on neutral ground; it won't be an uncomfortable and unseemly appendage to the old, nor will it be a distorted aberration of the modern. It will be almost exactly between Old Cracow and Nowa Huta. Its construction, in addition to being necessary, sensible and functional, will mark a conscious effort towards the unification of all Cracow. Its presence will bridge the most obvious gap between Cracow and Nowa Huta.

The new city center will probably be well and simply designed; the competitions are already underway. Polish architects and planners are worldly, sophisticated and full of ideas they have not yet been able to practice. Still, I can't imagine the new Cracow will have the same, however anachronistic, charm as the enchanting area around the Rynek. For at least a generation I suspect and almost hope Cracowians will find some reason nearly every day to stop at the cafe in front of the Draper's Hall to sip bitter coffee, burn their fingers on glasses of tea, or just catch up on the latest gossip as they have always done. Gradually, of course, they will stop coming as a habit and the action will shift to new quarters. The fairy tale will be left to tourists, scholars and romantics, preferably those with hard currency to spend on dolls, lace and vodka.

If it isn't Cracow's pride, as a mighty industrial achievement Nowa Huta is certainly Poland's pride. Nowa Huta is there; it won't just fade away because some people still don't like it and many resent the particulars of its past. Poland has many smaller new settlements with urbanizing populations, but nothing on the scale of Nowa Huta, and nothing comperable is being planned. The fact that it is unique does not make questions about the quality and kind of life in Nowa Huta less important.

I have avoided direct discussion of government and party policy with regard to Nowa Huta because I couldn't get direct answers on the subject. The people I talked to were mostly professionals, but only a few were party members. I couldn't help but notice their unwillingness to discuss political issues even as they affected their work in other than general terms which necessarily included repeated references to the changes which have taken place since 1956.

A lot of interesting research is going on in Nowa Huta and other new Polish towns as well. Unfortunately very little of it gets translated. The most important impression I carried away was of active, free wheeling interest in the developing patterns in the urban staging grounds as well as the cities. I was impressed with the concern for whys as well as whats, the movement beyond social inventory and fixed assumptions in the work of the people who took time to talk to me. Their number and activity is, I suspect, a useful index of official interest. In 1963 a Chair in the Theory of Social Development and Political Sociology was established at the University of Cracow. That was only one year after the Group for Ethnography and Sociology of African Peoples set up shop.

Sincerely,

Eden Rose Kipson

P.S. A word about Polish. It is a Slavic language and sounds a good deal like Russian, to which it is obviously related. But, to the English speaker and reader it is as baffling to deal with on paper as a first encounter with the Wade-Giles system for transcribing Chinese. The most debilitating experience I had with Polish was learning to pronounce the name of the city the Germans called Bresslau. It is written Wrocław and pronounced Vrotswaff.

In an effort to be consistent with what is most familiar to English readers I have, in fact, been inconsistent. I've used the popular Western spelling Cracow, instead of the correct Krakow, which is pronounced, in either case, Crackooff. I've used the proper Nowa Huta, although it is often written as it is pronounced, Nova Huta.

The very great 16th century artist who carved life into wood was named Wit Stwosz. Several reference books I consulted avoided the tongue twisting issue and call him Veit Stoss.

Lenin's first name is still Władimir even if it is spelled with a W.

Finally, even if you never expect to tackle Polish pronounciation, I cannot resist concluding with the cheerful observation usually reliable sources staunchly credit to a former Institute Fellow, David Binder. "Polish is the Bugs Bunny language, as in:
'Wladyslaw, you wicked, wicked man, you've wuined my countwy.'"

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