

LIVES OF THE ORANGE MEN

A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE POLISH
ORANGE ALTERNATIVE MOVEMENT

by Major Waldemar Fydrych



edited by Gavin Grindon

FOREWORD BY THE YES MEN

IN COMMUNIST POLAND, SURREALISM PAINTS YOU!

Between 1981 and 1989 in Wrocław Poland, in an atmosphere in which dissent was forbidden and martial law a reality, the Orange Alternative deployed the power of surrealist creativity to destabilise the Communist government. It worked. The militia were overwhelmed by thousands of unruly dwarves; celebrations of official festivals so disturbingly loyal that the Communist forces had to arrest anyone wearing red; walls covered in dialectical graffiti; new official festivals to assist the secret police with their duties; and a heroic restaging of the storming of the Winter Palace using cardboard tanks and ships.

Lives of the Orange Men tells for the first time the story of this activist-art movement and its protagonists that played a key role in the 1989 revolution in Poland. Written by its central figure and featuring an appendix of newly-translated key texts including the 'Manifesto of Socialist Surrealism', a timeline of every Orange Alternative happening and a new foreword from the Yes Men.

"The streets of Wrocław were a magical place to be, once upon a time. Communism's melting away in Eastern Europe in 1989 cannot be understood without the Orange Alternative."

— Padraic Kenney, author of *A Carnival of Revolution: Central Europe 1989*

"*Lives of the Orange Men* presents eyewitness reports and primary documents of the Orange Alternative's cultural activism. Their ideological masquerade, predating *The Yes Men* and *Reclaim the Streets*, baffled police and stymied the disintegrating regime of General Jaruzelski. What more could anyone ask except to remind readers that *there is no freedom without dwarves!*"

— Gregory Sholette, author of *Dark Matter: Art and Politics in the Age of Enterprise Culture*

minor
compositions

ISBN 978-1-57027-269-1



9 781570 272691



Minor Compositions Open Access Statement – Please Read

This book is open access. This work is not simply an electronic book; it is the open access version of a work that exists in a number of forms, the traditional printed form being one of them.

All Minor Compositions publications are placed for free, in their entirety, on the web. This is because the free and autonomous sharing of knowledges and experiences is important, especially at a time when the restructuring and increased centralization of book distribution makes it difficult (and expensive) to distribute radical texts effectively. The free posting of these texts does not mean that the necessary energy and labor to produce them is no longer there. One can think of buying physical copies not as the purchase of commodities, but as a form of support or solidarity for an approach to knowledge production and engaged research (particularly when purchasing directly from the publisher).

The open access nature of this publication means that you can:

- read and store this document free of charge
- distribute it for personal use free of charge
- print sections of the work for personal use
- read or perform parts of the work in a context where no financial transactions take place

However, it is against the purposes of Minor Compositions open access approach to:

- gain financially from the work
- sell the work or seek monies in relation to the distribution of the work
- use the work in any commercial activity of any kind
- profit a third party indirectly via use or distribution of the work
- distribute in or through a commercial body (with the exception of academic usage within educational institutions)

The intent of Minor Compositions as a project is that any surpluses generated from the use of collectively produced literature are intended to return to further the development and production of further publications and writing; that which comes from the commons will be used to keep cultivating those commons. *Omnia sunt communia!*

Support Minor Compositions / Purchasing Books

The PDF you are reading is an electronic version of a physical book that can be purchased through booksellers (including online stores), through the normal book supply channels, or Minor Compositions directly. Please support this open access publication by requesting that your university or local library purchase a physical printed copy of this book, or by purchasing a copy yourself.

If you have any questions please contact the publisher: minorcompositions@gmail.com.

LIVES OF THE ORANGE MEN

**A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE POLISH
ORANGE ALTERNATIVE MOVEMENT**

MAJOR WALDEMAR FYDRYCH

**INTRODUCTION BY THE YES MEN
EDITED BY GAVIN GRINDON
TRANSLATED BY DAVID FRENCH**

*Lives of the Orange Men: A Biographical History of the Polish Orange
Alternative Movement*
Major Waldemar Fydrych

ISBN 978-1-57027-269-1

Introduction by the Yes Men
Edited by Gavin Grindon
Translated by David French

Cover design by Jed Carter
Interior design by Margaret Killjoy
All images courtesy of the Orange Alternative Foundation, unless otherwise
stated

This translation is funded by The Book Institute: www.bookinstitute.pl



This publication is co-financed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Republic of Poland within the framework of a cyclical program "Promotion of knowledge about Poland"



Ministry
of Foreign Affairs
Republic of Poland

Released by Minor Compositions 2014
Wivenhoe / New York / Port Watson

Minor Compositions is a series of interventions & provocations drawing from autonomous politics, avant-garde aesthetics, and the revolutions of everyday life.

Minor Compositions is an imprint of Autonomedia
www.minorcompositions.info | minorcompositions@gmail.com

Distributed by Autonomedia
www.autonomedia.org | info@autonomedia.org

CONTENTS

FOREWORD	V
EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION	1
PREFACE	5
CHAPTER 1: MAJOR WALDEMAR FYDRYCH.	9
CHAPTER 2: LIEUTENANT ZENON ZEGARSKI	179
CHAPTER 3: ROBERT JEZIERSKI	193
CHAPTER 4: ANDRZEJ DZIEWIT	213
CHAPTER 5: LIEUTENANT PIOTR 'PABLO' ADAMCIO	231
CHAPTER 6: CAPTAIN WIESŁAW CUPAŁA.	241
CHAPTER 7: JOZEF PINIOR.	257
CHAPTER 8: KRZYSZTOF SKIBA	273
APPENDIX 1: TIMELINE OF ORANGE ALTERNATIVE HAPPENINGS	291
APPENDIX 2: FOREWORD TO THE FIRST POLISH EDITION.	297
APPENDIX 3: THE MANIFESTO OF SOCIALIST SURREALISM	301
APPENDIX 4: THE ORANGE ALTERNATIVE	307

FOREWORD

MISCHIEF AND HUMOUR ARE INGREDIENTS IN EVERY STRUGGLE FOR autonomy, yet they are constantly being erased. All too often, history is written by the terminally serious. When massive liberatory shifts occur, there is a tendency to record the moments as straight-faced, humourless affairs. History becomes a conspiracy (perhaps unwitting, but a conspiracy nonetheless) that robs revolution of its humour and humanity.

This book is the antidote. It is serious. It is about profoundly meaningful actions during a profoundly meaningful period. But it is about dwarves. It is about silly hats. It is about that which is pear-shaped rather than that which is square. This hyperbolic, officious, hilarious autobiography finally tells the story of the Orange Alternative in a way that does the movement justice. Our unreliable narrator in the story, our hero, is as a writer as he was as a revolutionary: a shifting shape-changing trickster who recognizes the power of humour. The Trickster archetype appears in the indigenous mythology of nearly all cultures. Characters like the Raven (Native American) use mimicry, mockery, and mental judo to confound, bamboozle and ultimately defeat much larger, more powerful opponents. Our Major Waldemar Fydrych, of whom you are about to read, carries the torch in a pantheon of unreliable characters

that autocracy has worked hard to forget. Loki, Prometheus, the Raven, Eshu, Winnebago, Coyote. Hundreds more. Fydrych takes a contemporary place in an old profession: changing the course of history with humour.

Mikhail Bakhtin argued that mischief is a historical force. The feudal order, he suggested, wasn't overturned by Enlightenment thought and gunpowder, but by subversive humour. Peasants turned power relations upside down in medieval carnivals, ridiculing kings and princes in performances that reflected "a continual shifting from top to bottom, from front to rear, of numerous parodies and travesties, humiliations, profanations, comic crownings and uncrownings." This is the antidote to serious. Bakhtin was denied his doctorate degree, and nobody called him a historian, instead bestowing upon him the much more namby-pamby, toothless title "literary critic." Alas, he died before Major Waldemar Fydrych ascended, but perhaps he would have been proud of Major: he has become part of a lineage of modern revolutionaries who vindicate Bakhtin's reading of history.

Most recently we have the case of the Arab Spring. In the English-language press, Egypt's 2011 uprising largely became a serious story about technology triumphing over a despot. That view of history is a hoax (Twitter and Facebook had large, very well-funded PR departments opportunistically propagating it). Missing, for the most part, from the media's capitalist portrait of contemporary revolution was the oldest and most subversive political tool there is: humour. There were people holding joke placards, giving mock speeches as those in power, and wearing bread on their heads in an act of silly defiance. Nonetheless, we must read between the lines of the established press, we must dig deep to reveal the full poetry of social movements like it, and the laughivism that often acts as a spark in the tinderbox of action, but risks burial under the massive heaps of media spun by the PR flacks of so-called "social media" corporations. The steady stream of comedy flowing throughout Tahrir Square built community and solidarity for those resisting on the ground, not just in cyberspace as an illusion for people thousands of kilometres away. Which brings us back to the book you are about to read.

Lives of the Orange Men is a timely historical reconstruction of the Orange Alternative, especially for a world outside Poland

that remembers a singular resistance that was called “Solidarity”; a singular resistance that appeared on the cover of the *New York Times* as moustachioed, always seriously angry men with a set of clearly defined demands putting their asses on the line in traditional, humourless, black and white defiance. That’s not the whole story. There are many more shades to this tale. Without the tricksters – and especially without the dwarves – the serious men lack the lustre to become an alternative to the oppression of the dominant system.

Read on, and laugh on, as you glean lessons for your own revolutions.

Andy Bichlbaum and Mike Bonanno, the Yes Men.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

THIS IS THE FIRST HISTORY IN ENGLISH TO FOCUS EXCLUSIVELY ON the Orange Alternative. It differs from the first Polish edition in that it has been extensively edited in collaboration with the author for its general readability and length; but also for the understanding of a Western audience. It includes extended footnotes, a new timeline of the movement's happenings and an appendix of translations of the *Manifesto of Socialist Surrealism* and each issue of the *Orange Alternative*. It also includes the introduction to the first Polish edition by Anne Applebaum, an eyewitness to some of their actions who covered the Orange Alternative in her first article written from Poland for the international press.

Little has been written in English on the Orange Alternative,¹ but they occupy a central position, not only in the culture of Polish resistance to state Communism, but in histories of social move-

1 Though notable are the chapter on them in Padraic Kenney's *A Carnival of Revolution: Central Europe 1989*, the exhibition catalogue *Happening Against Communism* and the Orange Alternative Foundation's self-published collection of flyers and images, *Orange Alternative*.

ment culture and activist-art more broadly. They represent a novel reiteration of the Western countercultural, activist-art tendency of the 1960s that resituated Surrealist and Dadaist ideas and practices within social movements, from the Amsterdam Provos, San Francisco Diggers, Black Mask to Chicago Surrealists.² But unlike these groups, they articulated these ideas in opposition to state Communism (somewhat like the Italian Metropolitan Indians of the 1970s). This approach, which Major termed ‘Socialist Surrealism,’ was more avant-garde than the official oppositionist public art which Solidarity had campaigned for in 1980-81, such as the Monument to the Fallen Shipyard Workers of 1970 in Gdańsk, or the Poznań Monument of June 1956, or the artists it supported through its Committee for Independent Culture. At the same time, it assumed a more participatory, public place within social movements than the Polish underground neo-avant-garde art of the Attic group or Łódź Kaliska’s anarchic neo-Dadaism (who themselves turned to street happenings in 1986). Nor were they aware of potential precedents such as Krzysztof Jung and the Repassage Gallery. Closer was the experimental performance of Jerzy Grotowski’s ‘poor’ or ‘laboratory’ theatre. Major refers back to his experience of such performance in Wrocław a number of times.

While this book is an important biographical document of art and social movement history, it is also itself a work of Socialist Surrealism. It is written as if it were an official, lionising socialist realist biography of the heroes of the Orange Alternative. This genre in writing, visual art and architecture, which had mostly fallen out of popularity by this period though its canonical traces remained, tended in its crudest forms to celebrate ‘socialist heroes’ to the point of absurd mythological exaggeration, in a manner reminiscent of religious lives of the saints (just as the Soviet festivals the Orange Alternative ironised had replaced religious festivals). Major perversely adopts this as a mode of subaltern speech, to tell the tales of those deemed failures and heretics, who have often

2 As the text itself hints, the Dutch Provos and, in the 1980s, Kabouters, were one influence on the adoption of the colour orange. There was no direct contact between the groups, though Major and Roel van Duijn finally met in 2010, following Autonomedia’s publication of Richard Kempton’s *Provo*.

remained culturally invisible since.³ The surreal effect of this profoundly dialogic engagement encloses all the other contradictions which the group found itself wrapped in, from the absurdities of everyday life under state Communism and the gap between this and its triumphalist propaganda; to resistance movements whose organisational and philosophical predecessors were often those of the workers' movements which the state claimed to represent; to Fydrych's own movement between psychiatric clinic and street actions. Fydrych argues that Socialist Surrealism, emerging from this situation, was not invented, but merely discovered and embellished. Demonstrations and dissent even on the smallest level were not permitted, even a transistor (a small symbol of resistance) on a schoolboy's lapel could find him expelled, and so the Orange Alternative distinguished itself by its over-enthusiastic declarations of support and identification. Yet Major takes the same approach even to his allies and to himself. In its dizzying play with mythmaking the text comes across as something between Emmet Grogan's *Ringolevio* and Nietzsche's *Why I Am So Wise*. It maintains a tone of intense and almost-constant irony, to the point where even what might be assumed to be serious assertions about the movement's strategies or successes seem soaked in mocking comical distance. As such, it forces a reflection not just on the historical mythologies of the state, but those of movements themselves. Major's tale works in singular fashion to tell us something not only about the successes of this Surrealist politics, but also about its limits.

Gavin Grindon

3 Major is currently involved in a legal struggle with the city of Wrocław, who use a dwarf logos scandalously similar to his own graffiti in their tourist marketing on items like vodka glasses and soap, without asking his permission for this activity, which reduces the spirit of the Orange Alternative to a commercial gadget.

PREFACE

THERE IS A LEGEND THAT TELLS OF SLEEPING KNIGHTS WHO LIVE inside the Great Mountain. The legend has it that these brave warriors will awake when danger threatens. Doesn't the great story of Lieutenant Zegarski deserve to be called such a tale of a knight aroused from his slumbers? How can we explain the power possessed by the Orange Men? The source of this power – capable of inspiring any writer – was the same that the author of *The Little Prince* drew from. The magical energy of Aleksander Żebrowski, who stood on the roof of a militia van and sent tens of thousands of people into ecstasy? Thanks to him, men longed to love and women longed to be loved. That event was played out in front of our eyes without the use of mood-altering substances. It wasn't accompanied by any religious prayers. *The Lives of the Orange Men* is a work that goes beyond fiction, a story of people's love of freedom. Every work of this kind also has an archaeological layer, which when lifted reveals an energy capable of tearing down the Berlin Wall. This passionate story came about in quite an ordinary way. Some ordinary people met in Wrocław, a city crisscrossed by the canals of the River Odra, and created history.

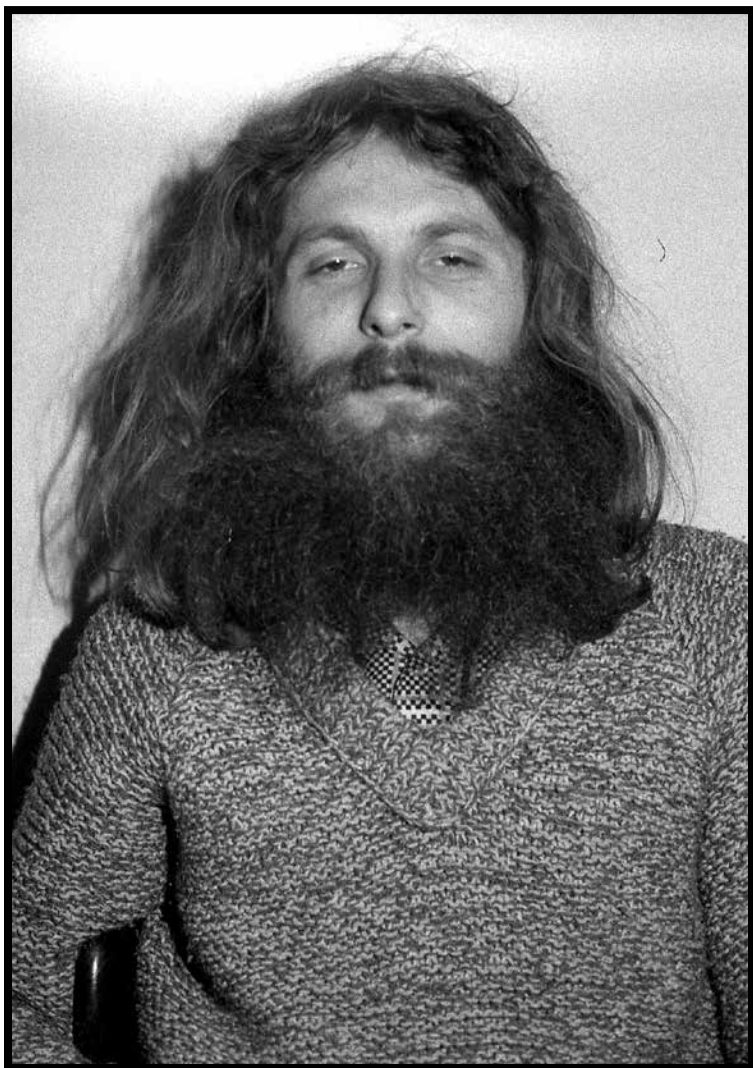
Several years later, when I lived in Avenue Foch in Paris, with l'Arc de Triomphe outside my window, I often reflected on these

events. When I began to write these chronicles then, I was inspired by Nicole Gourgaud and Juliusz Tyszka. The two of them shared the opinion that the Orange Alternative was unique in global terms. I received help from Madame Marielle Fountaine and Milord Roman Sakowicz, and also from Mr Paul Gofroń. Mr Zbigniew Puchalski was one of the writers who kept my spirits up. The friendly atmosphere which Ania Czaykowska's spiritual patronage covered me in had a great effect on me. I also received a lot of valuable information from Mrs Zofia Chmielewska during my visit to Poland.

The times of the Orange Alternative were an epoch of living poetry, a golden age of street art movements. Gourgaud wrote a PhD thesis on them,⁴ but everyone knows you can't say so much about dwarves in a doctoral thesis. Many people tried to imitate it in later years, but no one quite matched it. For who could equal such Orange Knights as Jacek Kudłaty and Andrzej Kielar, who organized a strike in a telephone booth? They paralysed the police and mobilised international news agencies in a pre-Internet era. Today, if anyone had the urge to imitate them, they would have to clone themselves several times over.

The Lives of the Orange Men is an unfinished work. The absence of the biographies of individuals such as: Jacek Kudłaty, Łucol, Andrzej Kielar, and Adaś and Janek Kaczyński is glaring and suggests that this work ought to be continued. Most conspicuous is the absence of Aleksander Żebrowski, who was the most lurid star among the stars in the firmament of the Orange Alternative. Today, as I work on further biographies, those of Kubuś Kocięba and Marek Krukowski, I see that even if I described the courage and glory of a hundred men, I wouldn't exhaust the lives of thousands of others. While I mention some of the heroes I'm not forgetting about the others. I know I ought to ask for understanding from the feminist movement. I feel insufficiently qualified to present the stories of the Orange Ladies. About the brave Amazons: Anna Serefiu, Agata Saraczyńska, Miłka Tyszkiewicz, and Alicja and Iwona Grzymalska. Those charming ladies will always live in my heart. The courage of Mrs Leokadia Łozińska, who led the defence of the besieged Przejście Garncarskie, near the Market

4 *De l'agit-prop au happening: Alternative Orange* (University Lumière Lyon 2).



MAJOR WALDEMAR FYDRYCH, c1988, JAN GROMADZKI

Square in Wrocław. Her strength of character deserves respect. As a knight of the Orange Order, she will receive her place among those brave men. When writing about the Orange Men, we must also remember the anonymous participants. There were tens of thousands of them. We were also supported by printers who remained anonymous. Some of them run the Akme printing press today. They contributed greatly to this book being published. I would also like to pay homage to those who have passed away. Marek 'Mammoth' Szwabe, Gibbon, and Tomek Gaduła all revealed their transitoriness. Laughter passes painlessly. I would also like to thank the personnel of the secret services. I will not give their names, owing to the delicacy of their position. One ought to remember that without their presence many interesting happenings wouldn't have occurred. My thanks also go to certain people I haven't mentioned. Were I to write about all these exquisite camp followers, I would have to create a new *One Thousand and One Nights*. I hope, however, that the work in this book will be able to serve liberation-seekers of future generations. I thank you warmly for your attention and patience.

PS – I would also like to thank Piotrek Medoń for his efforts in encouraging me to run for president with the aim of saving our poor and interesting country, and I would also like to thank Mr Andrzej Wajda for showing friendship and generosity to us all. Finally I want to express my love and appreciation to Agnieszka Kubas and our dogs, Fionka and Fajtusia for all their help related to this book and beyond.



CHAPTER 1

MAJOR WALDEMAR FYDRYCH

MAJOR WALDEMAR FYDRYCH WAS BORN A FEW WEEKS' AFTER THE passing of Marshal Stalin.⁶ A great conspirator, he waited until the optimum moment to emerge from his hiding place. His birth was a great turning point. Fiery signs appeared in the sky. A horrifying storm raged. A fearsome wind blew. Orange shafts of sunlight

-
- 5 Poland in this time was a strange and wonderful land. Some people thought it was real trip, but others found it psychotic. For this reason the unfamiliar reader might find themselves disoriented, as if tumbling down a rabbit hole. So for the purposes of edification and understanding, the reader will encounter a number of clear and concise explanatory notes to provide access to this world where the familiar becomes strange.
- 6 A terrible dictator, who ruled the Soviet Union and was responsible for the deaths of millions of creatures.

shimmered in torrents of rain. At the time, this strange meteorological behaviour was interpreted politically. People said that the Morning Star was taking Generalissimus Stalin's soul away to the heavens, to a land where the Internationale played eternally. It didn't occur to anyone that the cause of these astonishing phenomena was Mars and Venus, the two planets whose horoscope most influenced Waldemar Fydrych. There were no astrologers to chart out a celestial map revealing the true meaning of these astronomical phenomena. If the government had seen such a chart, and predicted our hero would become an oppositionist, this constellation would have struck them with terror.

Observers expected him to mature into a genius. He aspired to become a priest. His development was arrested, however, when he went to primary school. Waldemar Fydrych was watched during lessons, and at home his father never let him out of his sight. Their combined supervision stopped Waldemar writing with his left hand and he became right-handed. The shift from left to right upset his cerebral hemispheres. His brain developed abnormally. By secondary school, the first signs of deviation had begun to appear.⁷ Waldemar dreamed of becoming a priest to a new god. He founded a secret organisation called The Union of Bacchus. In fact, most of Polish society observed something like a cult of Bacchus, but it never occurred to anyone to treat it as a recognised religious practice. Everything suggested he would have to part with his genius forever. He fell behind, there was little hope of him becoming a priest. It seemed he might sink so low as to end up becoming an artist or a politician, the kind of suspicious person people point at in the street. Waldemar's activities in secondary school were typically conspiratorial. He mainly schemed against the headmaster. Members of The Union of Bacchus forged doctor's certificates using a midwife's stamp. In their meetings, the conspirators watched foreign films in the school basement, sensing that things were better elsewhere. They wanted to free themselves from their parents' control. Later, Waldemar Fydrych succumbed to one of the most dangerous inclinations there is.

7 One should understand this diagnosis in light of the fact that Fydrych lived in a country which stressed loyalty to the government. Conspiracies weren't prohibited. They simply didn't exist.

His brain became overwhelmed by the idea of freedom. He began to experiment. He tried parachuting and sailing, but still didn't feel very free. But the members of the Union of Bacchus had some extraordinary luck. They met Father Tadeusz Rydzyk.⁸ Rydzyk tried to persuade young people that the system was dangerous. He wasn't afraid of the government, who were responsible for the situation of the school pupils. In retrospect, it's difficult to say who or what really shaped Waldemar. One might argue that it was Rydzyk, but on the other hand perhaps it was the Americans landing on the Moon, or the parachute jumps, or the midwife being dismissed for her stamping activities. No one can be sure what makes a hero. But Waldemar Fydrych became active. He stopped being a conspirator. The flaws in his brain grew more apparent. His insanity became difficult to hide.

The technical college he attended was like a military camp. The students had to wear green berets with metal badges pinned on, shave and keep their hair short. Small shields with the school's emblem were sewn onto their sleeves. Fydrych decided to fight the headmaster and the system. His plan of action was simple. Since the teachers measured hair length, they would all shave their heads. The Union of Bacchus predicted that mass head-shaving – a revolution of baldies – would transform the school, after which the education system would collapse. Fydrych shaved his head on Saturday and on Sunday there was a meeting of the Union. All the members gave him their support. They imagined something important would happen, like an invasion by the Chinese or an airdrop of American Coca-Cola. On Monday, Fydrych, dressed in a hat, sunglasses and tie, and carrying an elegant dressing case, headed to school. Two teachers stood at the door, checking the students had their berets, badges and shields, and if they were shaved and shorn. A veritable toilette. He didn't know if his plan would work. He took off his hat and gave an elegant bow. The teachers responded politely. He entered the building. The students looked at his sunglasses. He had appeared at school in a new role. He wasn't sure if the teachers were treating him as an inspector or if they were pretending. Despite its

8 One of the greatest and most controversial priests, and an excellent organiser. These days he is director of the patriotic Catholic radio station Radio Maryja.

early successes, the bald revolution extended only to W. Fydrych. The other conspirators hadn't shaved their heads. They had come to their senses.

'You failed,' said the headmaster about the incident, 'It isn't so easy to bring down a school. You're out of luck.'

'Yes. The school's afraid of you. Right now I don't have a chance,' Fydrych looked up at the ceiling, defying the headmaster's hypnotic gaze. He pretended to be watching flies. He never gave up in difficult situations, but kept going, trying to assert his existence. He drifted like a deviant from one incident to the next.

May 1st – International Workers' Day – was approaching. In the People's Republic of Poland it was celebrated with great fervour and ceremony by the state. Parades were organized with people carrying portraits of their leaders.

Almost all students and workers took part in the parades. Since Stalin's death, attendance was not compulsory, but there was great pressure to attend.

'I'm not going,' said Fydrych during his Polish lesson.

His class teacher was exasperated, 'You don't have to go, but don't make a big deal out of it.'

'Your headmaster telephoned me at work again,' said Fydrych's desperate mother.

This time he felt he had the upper hand. He was the master of the situation – he wouldn't go on the parade. Even his father's requests were in vain. The tension grew daily. He felt a sense of victory over the people around him, over conformism. The entire school was saying he wouldn't go. The teachers were horrified and tried moralising. But his enemy – the headmaster – kept silent. He gave the impression of being absent. He cancelled a lesson and Fydrych had no chance of a confrontation.

‘Perhaps the headmaster has gone to the ministry to get instructions,’ people wondered.

On the morning of May 1st, Fydrych got up. He could hear the sound of music nearby, in the next street. It was a gorgeous morning.

‘You’re going on the parade!’ said his father, disgusted.

The Kremlin chimes sounded from the television, which showed the imperial parade stand in Moscow, and the comrade marshals who had the power to annihilate the planet. It was a typical broadcast. Fydrych left the house, determined to act. The streets smelled of flowers and music filled the air. He walked by the procession of marching factory workers and reached the parade stand where party dignitaries, members of the Polish Army, and officers of the Soviet Army stood. Half the flowers were red, there were scouts in red and white scarves, and down below banners flowed like a river. Workers carried enormous slogans about increasing production and cultivating Socialist values. Here and there was a slogan about friendship with the Soviet Union or the fight against imperialism. There were banners criticising capitalist exploitation. He showed a small bottle to the soldier from Ochotnicza Rezerwa Milicji Obywatelskiej (ORMO or Voluntary Reserve Forces of the Civic Militia) who was standing at the entrance.⁹ ‘I’ve brought some heart medication for my father,’ he said as he set foot on the steps. The schools set off after the factories. From a distance, Fydrych could hear the music of the school orchestra. He had gathered a bunch of flowers thrown onto the stand by the working class. He moved towards the centre and said to the Party Secretary: ‘Here comes my school!’

There was the school orchestra dressed in golden bloody shades with amaranths. Everything was well-ordered; the faces of the marchers were turned towards the stands. Fydrych began to throw flowers. There were shouts of ‘Look! Baldy’s up there!’

9 ORMO was the voluntary and honorable heart of the ‘leading force of the Nation.’ That is, the Polish United Workers Party (PZPR). Called to life in 1948 and dissolved in 1989, it comprised citizens volunteering to beat up other citizens.

Back at school, the teachers wanted to know how Fydrych had got on the stand. He waited for the confrontation with the headmaster. The headmaster finally told him: 'We talked about you at a meeting of heads from other schools. Everyone was envious that I have a pupil like you.' Disaster!

'The army would do you good,' said his father, sarcastically. Fydrych tried on a tie.

'It didn't help you,' he told his father.

'Maybe he'll come to his senses and become a priest,' interrupted a neighbour.

Fydrych felt the fight with the headmaster was more interesting than discussions with his father. The headmaster had let him act and make a name for himself at school. His father only *talked* about social issues. There was a difference.

Fydrych went to university in Toruń. One day, during a party he heard about something called 'rubber ears.' At first he imagined it was slang for aliens, or white mice, or homosexuals, but finally discovered that rubber ears were undercover agents. It was explained that there was an informant in every year. It's difficult to tell if there really was or not. But he imagined there *could* be an informer in each year. From that moment on he began to look at student life quite differently. Fydrych grew a moustache, as an accompaniment to his long beard. Long side-locks, like payots, stood guard alongside his outlandish face. He looked like a coachman. He founded a theatre which attracted an eccentric crowd. They put on Kafka's *The Trial*, setting it in the People's Republic of Poland. Fydrych and the other members of the theatre focused on the presence of rubber ears. Occasionally, collective paranoia would take root in the theatre. Everyone suspected everyone else of being an undercover agent. Only Fydrych and the actor playing Joseph K. weren't on the list of suspects.

Had Fydrych joined a legal, pro-government organisation, he might have enjoyed a brilliant career. He had great energy, but used it badly. Spending his time like that – speaking critically of the state – didn't bode well; on the contrary, it was asking for all kinds of trouble. For example, a special militia department kept and issued passports, and rubber ears could easily block one being issued.

His fathers' times were totally different. Once, it had been impossible for any opposition to exist. Now it was contained by the state like a pathology. In neighbouring Soviet Russia, the state offered dissident individuals therapy and rehabilitation in psychiatric hospitals. In Poland, Gierek's government weren't so caring. They left such socially adrift individuals to their own devices.

The theatre became limiting. Waldemar began presenting his views publicly on student radio, inundating listeners with anti-state ideology.

His radio programmes were a mess.

He broadly mocked everyday life and the heroes of Socialist labour. He poked fun at the huge billboards promoting Communism.¹⁰ The Communist authorities were patient. The undercover agents tolerated the insulting allusions. He wondered when the rubber ears he lampooned in his programmes would finally show up. A secret service officer appeared at the studio. He was polite. He informed the duty journalist there had been alarming telephone calls about the programmes. The journalist assured the agent the programmes adhered to the regulations, and played him a different programme. The officer showered them with compliments and wished them fruitful work. He promised to help and honestly kept his word. The authorities were funding the station. They donated money for it to be decorated. It was closed indefinitely.

After the student radio was shut down, our hero became a café oppositionist. It's not clear whether he went as far as to write graffiti

10 As the educated reader will know, Communism must always be understood as mathematically inverse to Capitalism. In Capitalism a man is exploited by another man. In Communism it is the other way around.

in public toilets. At that time, toilets were the only Speakers' Corner; where there was democracy and opposition to the authorities. In a toilet, you could be free. His pathological anti-government phobia was sublimated through two cabarets: *Tey* and *Salon Niezależnych* (*The Independents' Salon*).¹¹ Both touched artistically on contemporary reality. Another place for the sublimation of anti-government aggression was the excellent *Teatr Polski*. Fydrych watched Bruno Jasieński's *The Mannequins' Ball*. He found the play a brilliant portrayal of the paradoxes of democracy. He watched the best plays of those times; including Mickiewicz's *Forefathers' Eve*, directed by Swiniarski; and Dostoyevsky's *The Devils*, directed by Wajda.

Neglecting his studies, he barely passed his second year. Sensing aggression from his tutor, and seeing that he was perceived as an 'original,' he made the decision to change universities. He said farewell to the melting snow in Toruń, and a few hours later he was among buds sprouting on trees in Wrocław.

He found the theatre people there were different to those in Toruń. Wrocław had a more diverse and imaginative student community, it wasn't dominated by rubber ear psychosis. The ambitious annual International Festivals of Open Theatre¹² impressed Fydrych. The actors on their small stage shocked the audience, with monologues about 'control towers' and scenes involving masturbation with a small slice of bread. Theatre like this had a powerful effect. He found it was called breaking through archetypes to the source of being. This group also organized para-theatrical training courses, which Fydrych attended. These courses were famous beyond Poland, and numerous admirers from beyond the Iron Curtain¹³ would visit to experience the

11 Two excellent political cabarets performing during Gomułka and Gierek's terms of office as First Secretary of the People's Republic of Poland.

12 Organized in the fall of each year throughout the period 1967 – 1993 by Bogusław Litwiniec, Polish theatre director, cultural entrepreneur, and long standing member of the Polish United Workers Party. Initially until 1975 it was a student amateur theatre festival, later it developed to become international. An important and respected cultural event in Wrocław.

13 This was not a real curtain, which would have been very impractical, but only an imaginary one which divided the West from the magical land where our tale is set.

excitement. The windows were blacked-out, so no one knew if it was night or day. People's watches were taken away from them, so they couldn't keep track of time. Fydrych experienced extraordinary emotions and loosened up. He didn't know if he was getting in touch with his source of being. He broke away from his oppressive past. In spite of his great enthusiasm, he didn't abandon himself to the theatre. The theatre didn't protect him from mixing with suspicious groups. His weakness for weirdness ran too deep. In Wrocław, he met freaks like himself and took another downward turn. He became a hippy.

He met other hippies,¹⁴ who recognised each other by hair length. They usually met at a bar called *Barbara's*. They listened to music, looked at each other's hair, showed each other photographs of similar-looking musicians who also had long hair and contemplated the meaning of existence.

A new friend, Olaf, brought back some seeds which he found through the Iron Curtain. There was huge interest in them. They were planted in flowerpots, which were put in a cupboard at night. Fluorescent lights were switched on, causing the plants to grow around the clock. When the plants matured, smoking began. Waldemar smoked, and in great quantities. When he inhaled, he felt as if his senses were working differently. It was one of the greatest attractions around. When he surrendered to these pleasures, he would forget his responsibilities and drift away. These states could be dangerous. They were called 'trips' or 'highs.' Fydrych was smoking large quantities, so much he was in danger that his brain might fly out of orbit, as people said then, producing new languages and semantics that were the result of collective associations.

14 An attempt to reverse the course of Darwin's evolution. The Military seem more successful in such an effort, however. The first Polish hippies had appeared in Poland in 1967, shortly after Polish translations of Western media articles on hippies were published in the Polish weekly magazine, *Forum*. Initially the Polish Communist authorities saw them as proof of the imminent fall of capitalism. However, while Western hippies were rebelling against consumerism, Polish hippies directed their protest against Communist ideology. After the student unrest of March 1968, they became an object of interest to the militia and were demonised in official media. As such, the Polish hippie movement continued as an antiregime force long into the 1970s.

The Engineer¹⁵ was an important figure among the flower children, and one of the first Polish hippies. He had considerable influence on the first generation of dissidents in Poland. The Engineer ran a psychedelic salon in his home, frequented by important figures from the underground. This included both independent thinkers and those who would later become heroes of public life, like Piotr Starzyński. During his first visit to the Engineer's Fydrych sampled Olaf's dried plants. The Engineer offered his own. He turned out to be a connoisseur. Presents were exchanged: Olaf left a small box of his weed, and the Engineer gave him a tin of his own. Fydrych met incredible stars in the psychedelic salon. Marek the Happener gradually emerged as the leader. Marek the Happener was a master of diplomacy, an architect and the organizer of many interesting events. He could skilfully combine unpleasant schemes with his own personal generosity. He was a figure whose statesmanship was comparable to Talleyrand.

Waldemar loved going to the Engineer's and meeting so many interesting people in one evening. The smoking and spiritual discussions had their consequences. Fydrych went off university. Lectures by the most open-minded philosophy professors didn't give him the clarity he found at the Engineer's. The talks during nighttime walks with Marek enlivened his mind and imagination. Waldemar entered a new sequence of events. Indeed, Fydrych's life can be examined as a series of dramatic highs followed by gradual comedowns.

The lecturers were boring. The army seemed more interesting. He turned to the university's military training. In a sense, military training complemented the fascinating atmosphere of the Engineer's salon. Beyond the salon's smoke-filled discussions, the military offered its own trippy education. He saw military men as knights with a spiritual sword. He loved the stories he heard, of a colonel from Warsaw known for his clear division of people into two classes: normal and lunatic. Or the story of a colonel who was approached by a student with the question: 'Is the military exam pro forma or just a formality, sir?'

15 Engineer B. A real – but mysterious – person.

‘Of course it’s pro forma. Nothing we do is ever just a formality.’

The disciplinary atmosphere at the Military Training School resembled secondary school. Phenomenal shifts of perception also happened there, but without anyone smoking even a single puff. They were pure and immaculate. They flowed from previously unused parts of the mind. Right from the start the lessons were run in an original way. For example, when advanced knowledge about flying was presented, the room was plunged into darkness as it would be during an air raid. State-of-the-art fighters appeared on the screen. Anti-aircraft equipment was shown later to calm things down.

Sometimes, coming to class directly from the Engineer’s, Fydrych didn’t know if he was tripping or not anymore. He was under the impression the commanders were wearing dress uniforms hung with medals. They informed them there would be an inspection from the ministry, after which they went away. The officer in charge of the lessons, a specialist in armoured warfare, informed the students: ‘Gentlemen, it’ll all be staged. Remember that word: STAGED! Nothing else – just well directed. Like Tomaszewski does it.’¹⁶

Everyone looked at him blankly. ‘Gentlemen,’ he said, ‘this is the plan,’ and waved a piece of paper. The company looked at the paper.

‘The inspectors will sit here, in the back row,’ he said, pointing to a corner of the classroom.

‘They’ll be observing. Each of you will get one question to prepare the answer to. When it comes, I’ll look around,’ he said, moving his head,’ and the relevant student will raise his hand.’

‘You, for example,’ he said, turning to a student, ‘You’ll raise your hand.’

The student raised his hand.

16 Henryk Tomaszewski, a great Polish mime artist.

‘Good!’ The lecturer looked serious. ‘The lecturer will invite him to the blackboard and ask the question. The student will answer by the book. Then the next question will be asked, and the next student will do the same, for example, you.’ He turned to the next one. ‘You’ll do exactly what he did.’

During the subsequent lesson on chemical warfare the lecturer emphasised that this must all be learnt by heart. ‘By heart,’ he repeated, ‘It’s got to be such second nature that that if one of you is woken up at night in bed by his girlfriend, your first thought will be to reel off the complete measurements and specifications of a T-62 battle tank.’¹⁷

Back at the Engineer’s, our hero met a hippy visiting from England, who had crossed the Iron Curtain for the first time. When Fydrych told him they had military training at the university, the gentleman was astonished. And as he described his training in detail, the Englishman’s eyes grew wide. He asked, ‘What do you think the inspection will be like?’

Fydrych couldn’t answer. The Engineer came to help, ‘There are various kinds. You know, a general might visit and the base gets tidied up. Everything has to be smart; they even paint the grass green.’

The Englishman got up.

‘This place is amazing!’

17 The specifications of a T-62 battle tank included a 581 hp engine; a 115mm gun; a 7.62 mm PKT coaxial general purpose machine gun; a 12.7 mm DShK 1938/46 anti-aircraft heavy machine gun; a 21 second turret rotation time and capacity for BM-6 APFSDS-T, BK-4, BK-4M HEAT and OF-18 Frag-HE rounds (There are no accounts of whether this knowledge helped the students create a romantic mood).

‘But there’s only white or yellow cheese in the shops.
And you have to have a special voucher to buy sugar.’

‘What?’ said the Englishman, astonished.

‘Yes,’ added Olaf, ‘they’ve introduced sugar vouchers.
Sugar is rationed.’ He showed him a voucher and explained.

‘There’s no need to smoke here,’ exclaimed the Englishman, ‘You have everything, it’s beautiful!’ But he still took the pipe from Olaf. Fydrych was mesmerised by his encounter with the Englishman, and now understood he lived in a beautiful country and that his government did funny things.

When the inspection came, something curious happened that taught Fydrych important lessons about strategy. The inspector from Warsaw was a weather-beaten colonel. His insignia showed he belonged to an armoured regiment. The script was ready and the roles had all been handed out. According to the carefully-planned division of roles, the lecturer was supposed to ask questions, wait for a volunteer to raise his hand, then write down a positive grade. In the event, the same two kept volunteering, while the rest sat motionless. The captain could have asked a third person. But then it would have revealed that the rest of the students were unprepared. Only two students knew the material. Rather than expose his elite company to embarrassment, he preferred to act contrary to convention and continue only choosing those two. It was brilliant. At the beginning, the inspector fidgeted nervously, and finally couldn’t endure it: ‘He’s already spoken!’ he shouted. Fydrych admired the lecturer, who paid no attention to the shouting, and then the running around the classroom, of the colonel from Warsaw. When the inspector was shouting he was looked calmly out of the window. The entire company also looked out of the window. The inspector began looking at the tests lying on the desks. He went pink. Fydrych felt like he had in the Open Theatre. When the actor masturbated against a small piece of bread. On this occasion, the inspector’s purple face was enough. Finally, the

bell sounded. After the break, the inspector left in a huff. 'It's a scandal! I've never seen such a scandal!' Foaming at the mouth, he fled like a Tatar warrior. He was excellent in his role.

That same evening, the officers and students drank to their victory and the officers stood and sang *Pierwsza Brygada* (We Are the First Brigade) the classic song of Piłsudski's Legions, sung by Polish soldiers in pursuit of the Russians in 1920. Singing this song, banned at the time, was an act of courage and defiance on the part of the colonels.

You could say the government was responsible for Fydrych's activities. The government annoyed people more every year: rationing sugar, raising the price of meat. People began protesting, writing and circulating handbills. Even his colleagues from the Military School were hatching plots. It was difficult for our hero to find anywhere free of intrigue. Politics confused him. His cerebral hemispheres were susceptible to this kind of confusion. The government was playing its part in our hero becoming an oppositionist rather than a bishop. It ought to have paid him compensation for a failing like that. Thankfully, the meetings at the Engineer's seemed to be apolitical.

One day he found out just how apolitical they were. There were rumours that the Engineer had some very good weed. The atmosphere was ceremonious. 'Maybe it's Mexican cactus,' Olaf's eyes sparkled. Everyone was waiting in the kitchen. In the flat, the smell of meths hung in the air. 'Have they been drinking methylated spirits?' Fydrych wondered. Marek the Happener suddenly appeared. The lights and music were turned off. Everything went quiet. Waldemar was astonished. He saw HourHand¹⁸ standing next to the Happener. They were holding a large bag. 'Does the Engineer have *that* much cactus?' He wondered, 'How did he get it over from Mexico?'

Piotr Starzyński frowned. He asked for silence. Waldemar felt something incredible was happening, that there was going to be

18 Later Lieutenant Zegarski of the Orange Men. His nickname Hourhand derives from his surname, the root of which – 'zegar' – means 'clock.'

trip. His perception became as acute as it been in the poor theatre, when the actor masturbated with a small slice of bread. His cerebral hemispheres became ready for the cosmic winds the Happener often talked about. The bag was opened. Fydrych was ready. He wanted to make contact with the plant. He was ready to visit Mexico in his mind; to have a vision of the desert; experience a flight over Pueblo. The Happener, however, pulled out some handbills, printed using meths.

‘We got them from Kuroń,’¹⁹ he said, meaning himself, Zenon Zegarski and Piotr Starzyński. Then he sat down. Handbills and conspiracies really were everywhere.

The circulation of handbills was becoming more and more conspicuous. It all had to lead somewhere otherwise things would drift into apathy. How much can you read about the secret police? The trigger in Wrocław came from the outside, from Kraków. A student who’d been distributing handbills had died there in extremely suspicious circumstances. The secret police were held responsible for his death and a revolt broke out at the universities. Fydrych’s friends whispered that there was going to be a mass with a sermon at Wrocław Cathedral, ‘a mass for the murdered student.’ That day, the entrance to the cathedral was plastered with handbills. There weren’t any crowds inside, just a handful of young people. It was the first mass of this kind in decades. The priest’s sermon was pretty dull, he was fudging. He didn’t want to speak openly. Perhaps he was afraid of persecution by the authorities. The students wanted the mass to be summed up somehow. So they went to the monument to Pope John XXIII, a Wrocław landmark, contrary to the wishes of the organizers. There the famous Pablo Adamcio publicly read out a handbill. It was Waldemar’s first protest rally. Previously, our hero had only seen this kind of thing in foreign films.

19 Jacek Kuroń. A very famous Polish oppositionist, leader and founding member of KOR. Later elected to Parliament in the years 1989-2001, he always wore jeans which made him highly recognizable. When in 1995 he ran for Polish presidency dressed in a suit people did not recognize him and he lost.

At other universities, the Solidarity²⁰ Student Committees,²¹ or SKSs, were founded in response to the death in Kraków. In Wrocław everything was vegetating. Fydrych was vegetating too. He gave out handbills, and like the others was waiting for a suitable moment to create an SKS. Founding a committee like that was very difficult. There kept being false alarms, or a group of people gathered, but not enough to issue the appropriate declaration. But one day it happened. Fydrych was given some handbills from the SKS. When he set off he saw they were stuck up everywhere. They were locally printed, and people stood and read them seriously, as if they were obituaries. The handbill (written by Aleksander Glaigewicht²² and later Orange Cavalry Captain Cupała) was odd, written in a rather incomprehensible style. But people knew what it was about. That day, Waldemar went to a lecture given by a certain Communist Party activist. He was curious to hear his reaction. The activist laughed at the style of the handbill. 'I don't know,' he said, 'if that little group will catch the nation's imagination.' But a discussion broke out and it turned out everyone had critical remarks to make about the regime.

Wrocław gained considerably from the founding of its SKS, a benefit comparable to the building of the Wrocław Centennial Hall.²³ Wrocław had its own opposition! The city could consider itself a dissident metropolis. Its own broadcasts joined leading underground stations on air. Handbills were no longer brought in from other cities. The profile of the secret police had undoubtedly also risen.

20 Solidarity was the nation's soul seeking of its lost identity. At some point of 1980, it also became the first independent labor union in the Soviet empire.

21 These were solidarity committees first organized by a group of excessively sensitive Kraków students who became upset after the secret police's involvement in the death of their friend in May of 1977. Later spread out to other cities.

22 Aleksander Glaigewicht, a member of KOR. A romantic oppositionist, too honest and delicate to fructify his merits in a place in politics.

23 This 1913 building commemorates the defeat of Napoleon's occupying forces one hundred years earlier. It was renamed the People's Hall by the Communist government.

Waldemar Fydrych, like most oppositionists, was active mainly in the area between the History of Art Institute on ul. Szewska; *Pod Muzami* cafe; plac Nankiera and the Polish Philology building. Secret underground activity didn't always necessarily involve discretion. Half of the Polish Philology Faculty, two thirds of the History Faculty, several other departments – and of course the secret service – all knew about the meetings. Meetings could be divided into two types. Those graced by the presence of the secret police and those they declined to visit. Searches, arrests and traps could be exhilarating. The existence of the secret service made a big impression on Fydrych. For example, he was cautious as he headed to visit Budrewicz²⁴ in ul. Świdnicka. He stalked the streets. The city was deserted. In some places the streetlights weren't on. There was mystery in the air. No one was observing him.

The people at Budrewicz's place were discussing various issues. Waldemar suggested creating a statute at that gathering. He managed to convince those present of the important role of a statute in the opposition's organisational structure.

'A statute,' he said, 'is of prime importance.'

He felt proud. He had been the prime mover at the meeting. He had orchestrated the writing of the statute which set down their aims. At that time, neither the SKSs nor Komitet Obrony Robotników (KOR, or Workers Defence Committee)²⁵ had statutes. The meeting had finished and everyone was free to wonder what would happen next, if there would be a surprise arrest in the street or in a doorway. He returned home. He was interested in meeting an undercover agent face to face. He was also a little afraid. The longer he walked, the more astonished he was that no searchlights came on, that he hadn't been searched or arrested. 'Perhaps this time it really was top-secret,' he thought. He was mistaken. The next day, as the Engineer ushered him into his

24 A poet and a distinguished hero of student movements (before 1980). He refused to take the army's oath as a result of his principles. Wanted by the authorities during the state of martial law. Founder of the movement WiP (Freedom and Peace).

25 The unwanted conscience of the Communist regime. Created among the intelligentsia in 1976, following the wave of workers' protests, in order to defend people in cases of political repression.

place, he mentioned the meeting. He also knew about the statute. The entire city must know, thought Fydrych, horrified. As Olaf was giving him some grass to fill the pipe with, the bell rang. It would be disastrous for the secret political police to show up. He wanted to swallow or flush the dried weed down the toilet, as dictated by the underground code of practice. He didn't have time to gather his thoughts before Piotr Starzyński appeared at the door. Phobias and persecution manias involving undercover agents were common. Fydrych didn't need the presence of undercover agents to spark them off, either. But he could cure them without medical help. The Engineer's grass was excellent. When you added the aura of mystery he wove around smoking grass, unexpectedly interesting effects were possible. Waldemar usually returned from the Engineer's brimming with new projects for the salvation of mankind, and for making his friends happy.

That night, after getting home, he was getting ready to go to bed. He could clearly hear something scratching on the wall outside. 'They're setting up microphones,' was his first thought. He decided to open the window quietly and use a broom to knock over the ladder which the undercover agent was using to attack the microphone. He opened the window; it was dark and the wind was blowing hard. Instead of an agent, a branch being blown around by the wind was scraping the bricks. He closed the window and decided to go to bed.

Pod Muzami was a café frequented by everyone connected with the opposition. It was said that the undercover agents sat at one table and the oppositionists at the next. Occasionally the tables were pushed together. That afternoon, the atmosphere there was electric. It turned out the statute had been taken away from Budrewicz during a search by the citizen's militia.²⁶ It was a real blow to Fydrych. He wanted to sort the situation out – the activities of the underground should be purposeful and systematic. One day, the classical scholar and noted party animal Siekanowicz offered to introduce

26 Poland's noble and refined police force, named 'citizen's militia' to distinguish it from the vulgar capitalist-bourgeois police of the pre-war era.

him to someone who shared his dream. At the History Institute on ul. Szewska he saw a shape behind the window in the porter's lodge. Someone hiding. This character, with long hair, a beard and thick glasses, was introduced by Siekanowicz, 'Marek Burak' – a mysterious man with great influence on opposition activities in Wrocław. A man who hadn't succumbed to Coca-Cola. A giant of the revolution, whose class credentials hadn't been spoiled by Donald Duck chewing gum.

'The SKS is in a mess,' said Fydrych.

'Yes, I know,' said Burak, looking around. Fydrych couldn't work out if Burak was looking at pretty girls, or exercising conspiratorial discretion. It turned out he was driven by both these considerations.

'The opposition's incapable of fulfilling the authentic needs of the working class,' he whispered. 'I haven't got a tail,' he added, sharing confidential information.

'I was watching closely,' said Fydrych, now also looking around. As *Homo sapiens*, Fydrych didn't want a tail either. The conspiratorial whispering and glancing around united the two men. They were in agreement that the disorganisation of the opposition resulted from the limited consciousness of the opposition activists, who were prey to bourgeois ideology. The SKS needed sorting out. In order to preserve the conspiracy it was necessary to avoid public places. *Pod Muzami* was on the blacklist. According to Burak, another undesirable phenomenon was SKS meetings being treated as social gatherings. In order to prevent this, a powerful revolutionary force would have to be established in the SKS, and its idol would be the Commissioner of the Red Army and Navy, Leon Trotsky. His thoughts and ideas should be popularised in the factories. The two new oppositionist friends divided up responsibilities, like Marx and Lenin. Fydrych would be in charge of revolutionary theory and Burak practice.

Their meeting was an important event for the future. It ought to be recalled that up until then Fydrych's evolution had proceeded harmoniously. He had first been a school oppositionist, then a

café one, then a student oppositionist and after the meeting with Burak had now become a global oppositionist. He was no longer an oppositionist like the rest; he was something more. He'd joined that select pantheon in which Robespierre, Lenin and – of course – Leon Trotsky occupied prominent places. Extremely secretive preparations went on inside the SKS for several days. The existing SKS would become the cannon of the revolution, demolishing the treacherous post-Stalinist order. Fydrych prepared a location for its next meeting, while Burak wrote a speech. Burak was also responsible for deciding who could attend. Girls were unwelcome for a simple reason: Burak didn't want the men to concentrate on their legs or chat them up during important discussions of revolutionary theory and its correct application. For this reason, no girls were invited to the meeting. An ideal place was found, outside the city in the middle of nowhere. It was a detached house, so undercover agents wouldn't be able to get to it from the roof of another building. It was surrounded by a fence, which would stop rubber ears getting up to the windows. For total safety, a large white sheep-dog ran loose in the garden. The dog was extremely aggressive and played an important role in the revolution. Firstly, it made sure that undercover agents couldn't get close to the house and second, it stopped people leaving before the end of the meeting. Burak was always suspicious when people left his meetings early. Everyone had to stay inside for as long as historical destiny demanded.

Not all of the invited guests were up to speed on these developments. They kept looking around, waiting for the girls to arrive. Burak shuffled his papers and prepared for his speech. The room was well appointed, but no one asked about the school desks, which were reminiscent of the university military training course. People at meetings usually shouted each other down, but for a long time the audience sat watching in silence. Perhaps they were amazed by the decor. Budrewicz spoke first. He admitted the mistakes made by the SKS, and took some responsibility for them, observing that many desired order. He gave the floor to Burak, who set up a wall chart.

‘The SKS must be divided into sections, to achieve order.
Each one will be competent in its own field.’

He then listed them, assigning roles. According to the project, each section would be run by two people. The revolutionaries wanted them to keep an eye on each other.

‘Meetings of people from each section will be called...’ Burak broke off. Perhaps he wanted to say ‘...the Council of People’s Commissars,’ but fear stopped him.

‘...the Executive Directory,’ he finished.

‘What’s that?’ asked a member of the audience, pointing to Burak’s wall chart, where there were arrows with the names of the sections in big circles. There was one circle with an arrow but no name.

‘It’s a special group,’ responded Burak, ‘responsible for keeping watch over undercover agents and monitoring infiltration by the security service.’

‘Who’ll be in charge of that group,’ asked a voice.

‘I will!’ replied Burak.

‘So, an undercover section in the SKS?’ After the meeting, our hero quickly set to work. He organized a meeting in the Archaeology Faculty, which established Burak’s notorious special group. The SKS began to seem like a revolutionary stronghold.

Waldemar had achieved a great deal as a revolutionary. The only thing missing was the success of a spectacular arrest; finding his name on the list of repressed persons. Fortunately he didn’t have to wait long. May 1st was approaching, and Waldemar went to Burak’s to print and distribute handbills. But inside his building, two suspicious-looking individuals blocked the stairs to his flat.

‘Who are you visiting?’

‘Who are you?’ asked Fydrych. They were taken aback. One of them started coming down the stairs.

‘Gentlemen,’ he said, caught between them, ‘leave me alone or I’ll call the militia.’

‘We *are* the militia.’

‘Your papers, if you don’t mind,’ he responded.

The militiamen took out their IDs. ‘So what are you doing here?’ one of them said.

‘I’m visiting Mr Burak,’ he said solemnly.

‘We’re going to have to arrest you.’ said one.

‘Please let me go,’ he reacted.

‘No, we can’t.’

‘Marek! Marek! Marek!’ he shouted.

‘Stop calling that Marek, he won’t help you. What do you have in your pockets?’ One of them began groping under Fydrych’s arms.

‘What delicate, silky hands you have!’

‘Stop it!’ shouted the other.

‘Don’t be jealous just because your comrade is so handsome,’ he shouted back to him.

The undercover agents were a little taken aback. It went quiet. They lit cigarettes and blew smoke rings. ‘Mr Fydrych,’ said the fair-haired one, ‘What’s all this opposition stuff?’

‘Please tell me straight if you’re questioning me or if we’re just chatting.’

‘What difference does it make?’

‘Gentlemen, if it’s an interrogation, please make out a report, stating your names, the case number and how I’m involved: as a witness, an expert or as a suspect,’
Fydrych’s voice rose hysterically.

‘And if we’re just chatting?’ asked one militiaman.

‘If we’re chatting, I suggest we change the subject,’ replied Fydrych, ‘Let’s talk about the weather. It’s lovely and warm.’

‘It is,’ they agreed.

The agents finished their cigarettes. ‘Don’t you smoke?’ asked the fair-haired one, searching for an ashtray in the corridor.

‘You work for the militia. Is it interesting work?’ said Fydrych, now calmer. The two undercover agents looked at each other. They were wondering which of them should answer. They were unsure of what to say.

‘Yes,’ said the dark-haired one, ‘it’s not bad.’

‘And tell me; how much do you earn?’

‘Let’s better talk about the weather.’

‘OK, let’s talk about the weather,’ said Fydrych, somewhat astonished that the agents had turned out to be so smart. As a result of that incident, Fydrych was interviewed on the radio. He had been oppressed in a stairwell. ‘Incredible,’ said his friends after finding out. Fydrych behaved modestly. He knew that wasn’t

the end of it. He believed the revolution would one day triumph.

Burak kept visiting him. They helped one another. They developed the structures, consolidated their positions among the oppositionists. Burak had his hands full: the special group, publishing and tailing agents. He was constantly on the go. Fydrych supported his activities. The more eccentric they became, the more he helped him. Marek was putting things in order. He was trying to build an authentic underground movement. Like during the Second World War.

‘He shouted at us in *Pod Muzami*,’ said some girls tearfully, ‘We didn’t finish our coffees.’

‘Yes, that Burak needs a talking-to,’ said Fydrych, using the impersonal form, giving the impression he was sympathetic. He felt sorry their biscuit-eating had been brutally interrupted by the presence of the special group’s chief. But as a revolutionary, he felt the ends justified the means.

In spite of such difficulties, the revolutionary forces grew in strength. Handbills were printed. They kept the ink and paper hidden at their halls of residence. Olaf invited a few friends over, ‘It’s the handbills. We can’t keep them here, because if they raided us they might find the plantations in the cupboards.’

‘It might be better to get rid of the plantations,’ said another neighbour.

‘No, better to get rid of the handbills,’ urged Fydrych.

‘So you aren’t young patriots,’ laughed the Engineer, ‘You aren’t afraid about the handbills or your friends;

only about consumption and getting high.’ Fydrych was confused. The Engineer finally advised them to talk to Panicz, in whose loft Burak might be able to store hand-bills and paper. They cleared out the illegal documents, and smoked some weed to relax. Despite such internal tensions, our revolutionary leaders never imagined things would lead to a confrontation. One day, Fydrych was put to the test. Burak informed him he had exposed a spy right in the centre of the SKS.

‘This time,’ said the chief of the special group triumphantly, ‘it’s a very dangerous agent. I’ve got recordings on cassette.’

The matter was supposed to be shrouded in absolute secrecy, but as usual in such situations, everyone knew about it except for the Political Science student accused of spying. Loyalty towards Burak and his enthusiasm for the revolution were sufficiently great to tolerate various bizarre spy scandals. But this time it was different. The revolutionary forces were on thin ice. Fydrych had no chance of saving Burak’s reputation. Diplomatic solutions were exhausted. He asked to see the cassettes.

‘The cassettes,’ said the chief of the special group firmly, ‘are a state secret. They come from the records of the secret services. Revealing them could result in imprisonment.’

‘No one will believe that. The Engineer’s laughing at it, Piotr Starzyński’s scandalised; no one will support the revolution,’ said Fydrych indignantly.

‘The Engineer and Piotr are also agents,’ Burak said agitatedly.

Piotr Starzyński was tired of these situations. The Engineer sided with him.

‘We should invite someone with authority. Why not
Jacek Kuroń?’

Kuroń was the founder of the famous Workers’ Defence Committee and was constantly being observed by the secret service. His trips around Poland and meetings normally ended in arrests. The presence of Jacek Kuroń in Wrocław and the meeting with him were successes for the underground. Piotr, who was put Jacek up, deserves great credit for this. The meeting was prepared in total secrecy. Kuroń appealed to the heart, to human relations, to friendship. They reacted and shouted when he came to the topic of spymania. Kuroń calmed them down, ‘You can’t stifle grassroots voices.’ Burak was full of remorse. Budrewicz was uncertain. They were both essentially good people. They had entered politics by the back door. They weren’t in politics for material gain or power, but because they wanted change. They had made mistakes and were now reacting emotionally. Their behaviour was caused by Kuroń and his powerful personality. Fydrych also had youthful respect for that warm, friendly man. It was enough just to look at him, to melt like all the rest. His visit had a positive effect on the SKS. In fact, there really *was* a plant in M. Burak’s notorious group, who later owned up to it. The secret service knew about their pamphlets and their stashes of paper and ink in the university halls above cupboards and under beds. But they were discreet and only observed, hoping only to catch couriers delivering handbills.

The next day, Fydrych went to a meeting at the offices of *Podaj Dalej*, a newspaper published by the *Ruch Społeczeństwa Alternatywnego*, RSA or Movement for Alternative Society,²⁷ and distributed by the SKS. Siekanowicz set up Fydrych’s visit to the paper’s editorial office. The editorial team worked differently to Burak’s revolutionary group. They ran an editorial salon. It met in two flats: those of S. Huskowski and Jaś Sobczyk. At Sobczyk’s,

27 Not to be confused with the New Culture Movement. This was an anarchistic version of anticommunist opposition, opposed to all oppositions, created by Gdansk high school students in the beginning of 1980s.

dry white wine and cheesecake were served. Neither the issue of the revolution in Kronstadt nor the founding of Revolutionary Councils were discussed. While editing, the scent of refined wit-ticisms floated in the air at the *Podaj Dalej* salon like freshly-cut roses. Kocik was a master of the metaphor. Both the hosts and their guests working on the latest pamphlet were extremely witty. Fydrych found himself in two worlds, on barricades at the antipodes of the global proletarian revolution. Once again, his cerebral hemispheres were divided across two important historical moments. In one, the smell of printer's ink predominated; in the other, it was borscht seasoned with society piquancy, where he could sparkle among other shining stars in exactly the sort of cosy atmosphere that Burak would deride as counter-revolutionary. In actual fact, the salon gave their edited bulletins secretly to Burak, who would then print them. Their conspiratorial system was such that anyone who was a signed spokesman for the SKS couldn't work in their editorial office. The salon didn't engage in strict conspiracy, or wander around trying to draw out surveillance agents, or test police powers. They behaved naturally. And because of that, the editors weren't known.

Waldemar Fydrych, began working with the grassroots, at his hall of residence, becoming chair of the local Culture Committee, starting a discussion group at the hall of residence club. It had previously only been used for discos. They invited Lothar Herbst²⁸ and Urszula Benka²⁹ for a discussion was about literature, but the presence of Herbst – who worked with KOR – meant it ended in scandal. The official, legal Socjalistyczny Związek Studentów Polskich (SZSP, or Socialist Union of Polish Students),³⁰ began to attack the SKS direct-

28 A Polish poet and anti-Communist oppositionist active in Solidarity and Fighting Solidarity.

29 A Polish female poet.

30 An already-forgotten prehistoric fossil of Communism's attempt to indoctrinate Polish youth. Created in 1973 and dissolved in 1982 during the Martial Law – a moment of time when student activity of any kind was not particularly welcome.

ly. The deputy rector telephoned the hall of residence and demanded Fydrych's removal. After long arguments, Fydrych was finally forced to resign from the Culture Committee. All of this was still going on when the next surprise occurred. A letter from the army arrived, suggesting he choose a unit. After reading the letter, he paid a visit to a psychologist he knew. It's not known now what caused Waldemar Fydrych to begin visiting the student mental health clinic. Perhaps the trauma of his dismissal, or the spy scandals, or his two strangely functioning cerebral hemispheres. Whatever the reason, the psychiatrist was instrumental in Waldemar Fydrych becoming a Major. Promoted to this new status, he would soon be able to stride boldly along behind the banners of other great revolutionaries, just like Leon Trotsky and Marek Burak.

Waldemar Fydrych had to wait several days for his first visit to the student psychiatric clinic. When the day arrived, he was very stressed. He woke at eight o'clock and set off. On the tram he felt odd - slow and sluggish. His eyelids were heavy. 'Perhaps I'm catatonic,' he thought.

He was one of the first to be invited into a consulting room. Opposite him was a smartly dressed man who was writing something. The doctor looked up, and asked him, 'Is it your first visit here?'

Fydrych knew his destiny was hanging in the balance at that moment - possibly even the destiny of the global revolution, 'Don't you know me? I'm a famous person,' he finished his sentence and leaned back comfortably in his chair. The psychiatrist looked at his card.

'Oh! I'm sorry, I'm short of sleep and I'm not very with it. Of course I know you're a famous person, but I don't recall in what area.'

'So you don't know who raised the level of world psychiatry?'

‘Ah, you’re right,’ agreed the doctor, ‘that was you. But how did you do it, again?’

‘How? Everyone knows how, and anyway I saw myself in an American film. And anyway, I’m proficient at Euclidian geometry and Aristotelian logic.’ Fydrych looked at the psychiatrist closely; he wasn’t sure if the beginning of his visit had been successful. He knew he’d have to wait for the results. The psychiatrist made some notes and then looked up.

‘Waldemar, I don’t understand this at all. You are a perfect example of a healthy individual.’ The doctor paused and then asked, in a whisper ‘I’d like to ask you a personal question, if I may.’

‘Please do.’

‘What do you think about existence?’

‘I think suicide may have an aesthetic character.’

‘What are you saying?’ exclaimed the psychiatrist, ruffled.

‘Aesthetic suicide can only take place on a Sunday.’

‘What are you talking about? On a Sunday?’

‘Please listen. An officer invites a lady to a restaurant on a Sunday. First, they stand in front of the building, which is built on the plan of a Greek cross. In the centre, the building has stairs spreading like a shell. The officer’s wearing officer’s boots and britches.’

‘So clothing makes a difference?’

‘Naturally. They pass tall, glass balcony doors, left ajar. It’s gloomy. However, the gloom is relieved by light

coming through a row of large windows. The first floor is a terrace decorated with roses in full bloom. It's noon. They sit down. The waiter brings the wine. The lady tries the wine. It's white. She crosses her legs. She's wearing a long split skirt dress. The orchestra on the stage begin to play, it's a moving melody: *It's our last Sunday; we'll never see each other again*.³¹ The officer gets up, goes to the terrace, his head framed in a halo of roses. The rays of sun light up his face and reflect off the raised pistol. A moment later, a shot is heard.'

'Waldemar,' said the psychiatrist solemnly, 'you've made a mistake here. St. Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite showed that in order for something to be aesthetic it has to fulfil six conditions. You, as an art historian, know perfectly well it has to be, for example, beautiful, coherent, harmonious and aesthetic. There is no aesthetics in what you have described. There's no coherence; the beautiful music is drowned out by the pistol shots.' Major felt as if the rug was being pulled out from under him. 'Either the psychiatrist's playing with me, or he is seriously treating me now. Or he's always been waiting for a discussion partner well-versed in the aesthetics of early medieval Christian mystics.' After a moment, he understood that, right then, it made no difference whether he was being serious or not. Fydrych felt like laughing out loud. It would have been his downfall. He tensed his facial muscles and laughter gripped his stomach. While he fought off the giggles, he looked at the psychiatrist suspiciously.

'In this case, coherence can be maintained by using a silencer.'

'Rehabilitation!' said the psychiatrist. 'You ought to dress differently, stop wearing beads and that huge earring. You

31 *To ostatnia niedziela – Our Last Sunday* (1935), a well-known song describing the last meeting of two lovers and nicknamed the *Suicide Tango*.

ought to put the key you've got hanging by those beads into your pocket. The important things are firstly a comb, secondly and trusting in my advice. But please tell me if you aren't by chance in touch with the universe. I imagine...

'No, sir,' interrupted Fydrych, 'I'm not an alien. I am – as I already said – normal. I also understand descriptive geometry and illusions.'

'Can you call up ghosts?'

'No, I can't – I'm a ghost myself.' The psychiatrist stopped making notes.

'So what are you?'

'I'm a strategist.'

'A strategist? Really?'

'Yes, an army Major.'

'A Major? Then you ought to cut your hair, and get a tan.'

'You know what?' said Major Waldemar Fydrych, 'I'll use brilliantine.'

'But you'll look awful!'

'Like Elvis, or...'

The psychiatrist broke off and began making notes. When he'd finished he said:

'Or who?'

Major Fydrych thought of Burak and Budrewicz. They also often took notes. He liked those moments when one person wrote

something, handed it to another person, and then the two of them looked each other in the eyes. Looking someone in the eyes was fascinating. It showed that intimate contact between gentlemen was possible. He quickly wrote something and passed it across. The psychiatrist took the piece of paper with the word 'phone tap' and put it in his file. The Major then wrote: 'Either you eat it or I will.' The psychiatrist added that piece of paper to the file with even greater gusto. They looked each other in the eyes. The Major wrote again: 'We could flush it down the toilet.' Another piece of people ended up in the file.

'Speak, please help me; you're hiding something.'

Major wrote something else: 'You're speaking too loud, please write down what it's all about.'

The psychiatrist hesitated. He took a piece of paper and began to write. Finally, he gave it Fydrych: 'Please say whether you're in contact with other civilisations.' Our hero took the piece of paper and placed it in his own file.

'What are you doing?' reacted the psychiatrist.

'What do you mean? I'm hiding the document.'

'Please give me that piece of paper!'

'What about you? Give me back the ones I wrote.'

'I give you my word I'll destroy them.'

'They ought to be eaten,' said Major once again.

'OK.'

'What's OK? Give me your word of honour you'll eat them.'

'Very well. On my word of honour I will eat your paper. But then you have to eat mine too, agreed?' The psychiatrist held out his hand.

They shook. Major gave his word of honour that he'd eat the psychiatrist's notes.

'I'm glad we finally met,' said our hero enthusiastically.

In 1979, Major Waldemar Fydrych decided to get his Master's degree. He was working hard on his dissertation. But setting up revolutionary groups took up a lot of his time. He tried to hide in the calm of the *Podaj Dalej* saloons. Co-editing the bulletin went hand in hand with intellectual and sensual pleasures. The visits to the psychiatrist had also moved towards the top of his priority list. After his treatment visits, he told anyone who would listen how he and the psychiatrist were making important strategic plans. He, Major, was the psychiatrist's close collaborator. Soon after, people began to address Waldemar Fydrych as 'Major' more and more often, accepting his new rank. Only Budrewicz was cautious. He worried the fame of Major's treatment was becoming too widely known and that the secret services could damage him. There were also voices saying that Waldemar Fydrych would never free himself from this promotion and would remain in the psychotic world.

One day, after a visit to the psychiatrist, Major turned up at *Pod Muzami*. Pieces of paper were strewn over the tables and there were piles of handbills everywhere. It was remarkable. They weren't hidden, even though a lot of suspicious individuals were in the café. In fact, they also had handbills on their tables. Major felt a trip, or a psychotic episode, coming on.

'No one's hiding the handbills, all we need now is the militia,' said Major out loud.

A waiter came in but didn't react to the scene, pretending he couldn't see anything. His attention was limited to carrying steaming cups of tea. Major tried to make eye contact. The waiter looked at the ceiling.



‘Hello,’ he said to the waiter. The waiter gave the impression he was concentrating on giving him the change. Waldemar clapped so hard his chin trembled, and shouted: ‘We’re free at last,’ He pointed at the handbills, while the clientele looked at him in astonishment. Only the undercover agents raised their hands and waved. They smiled friendly.

‘Ladies and gentlemen,’ said Fydrych, looking at the strangely morose faces, ‘let’s not hide our feelings.’ The undercover agents applauded.

‘Has Mr Burak been in?’ Major asked the waiter. The waiter didn’t react.

‘No, Mr Burak hasn’t been here yet,’ replied an undercover agent politely, ‘Mr Burak is... working very hard today.’

Fydrych took a handbill and left to find Olaf, reading as he walked. *Podaj Dalej*, printed on a duplicator. The quality good. Something didn’t add up. He hadn’t edited that number. It began as follows:

‘On January 23rd, at another meeting of the Wrocław SKS, it was decided that from today we will be presenting portraits of leading figures in our independent movement in a series of handbills. In this number we will be introducing Leszek Budrewicz, the well-known 4th-year Polish student.’

Beneath this was a text. Major read: ‘Leszek is shrouded in a haze of mystery and importance.’ ‘Someone’s having a laugh,’ thought Waldemar. He continued reading: ‘Leszek never liked soup made from veal stock – or the regime. Leszek is a hero.’ He skipped to the end: ‘That evening he stood for a long time in front of the mirror, seeing if eagle’s wings suited his shoulders.’

On one hand, the handbill amused Fydrych. On the other, when he stopped laughing he was heavy-hearted. The SKS had been attacked. A fake handbill had been published. It was a scandal. Major and Olaf went back to *Pod Muzami*. It was packed now. Everyone was wondering who would be next.

The day had already tired him out. He decided to go to the psychiatrist.

‘Mr Fydrych, tell me if you have a girlfriend.’

‘Why do you ask?’

‘I wonder what kind of girl would accept long hair and a beard like that.’

‘Marx and Engels had long hair and beards. They were always a hit with the ladies,’ observed Fydrych. He asked the psychiatrist about issuing him with a certificate saying he was normal and mentally healthy.

‘Who should issue it and who would it be for?’ asked the psychiatrist.

‘I want you to make it out for me,’ answered Fydrych.

‘Very well, I’ll give you one, but first let’s meet.’

‘Where? At your house?’

‘No, here. I run a salon.’

‘Really? In that case, I will. Is it frequented by the crème de la crème?’

‘Only the crème de la crème,’ said the psychiatrist, standing up and walking around in a dignified way.

‘What will we do there? Publish newspapers or smoke weed?’

‘Major, we’ll create a model built around you, to reproduce in society.’

‘What do you mean? In what capacity are you talking to me?’ asked Major

‘I’m talking to you as your commanding officer!’ shouted the psychiatrist.

It was one of the most important moments in Major Waldemar Fydrych’s life. He was a person blessed with exceptional luck. He had been born in the year Marshal Stalin died. He lived in Poland, the country called the ‘most cheerful barracks in the Eastern Bloc.’ But he had never had a commanding officer. Now it turned out the psychiatrist was that man. Major stood to attention, took off his glasses and saluted. Removing them, he felt utterly naked and helpless. He felt like that actor masturbating in the poor theatre with a slice of bread.

‘Yes sir, colonel, sir!’

The psychiatrist issued him with a referral, ‘so that he might go on manoeuvres to realise a model to be reproduced in society.’ Major took the paper and countersigned it. ‘That’s the first time I’ve signed myself “Major”,’ he said, looking at the psychiatrist.

The psychiatrist fulfilled all the criteria for being Major’s spiritual master. He was a colonel, and a political and military leader; at times he also behaved like the pope. Waldemar Fydrych didn’t have to be born in several epochs nor travel around the world. At the clinic, he felt the atmosphere of antiquity, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. All at once.

Major found himself in a comfortable position. He had military support, and he was simultaneously visible and invisible, leaving him room to manoeuvre. He followed Napoleon’s strategy, trying to be active in places the enemy’s artillery couldn’t reach. And who was the Major? Was he a dissident, an oppositionist, a buffoon, a militarist or a schemer, a Man of Providence; a strategist on a par with Napoleon or Caesar? Or did he have a streak of Fouché, Napoleon’s minister of police?

Many things changed that day. Sources claim it was then that Waldemar Fydrych’s life changed. Seeing disorder around him, in early spring 1979, with the full support of the psychiatric clinic,

Major set up a military organisation. It was an alternative group to Burak's Revolutionary Faction in the SKS. He began recruiting, first at the hall of residence and in the Faculty of Art History. He held staff meetings in the hall of residence, on an island by the university bridge and in a restaurant over a glass of beer. Olaf became a lieutenant and a staff officer. Lieutenant Staszek Jabłoński and Lieutenant Mirek Jasiński became frontline officers. He selected the greatest drinker in the Faculty, Tybur, as chief of staff. Captain Tybur was perfect for the role. A typical pongo, he possessed all the characteristics of an officer. He was skilled in drinking great quantities of alcohol and then throwing up on his interlocutor. He usually managed to miss. He brought with him another Lieutenant, Pablo. It turned out that all the officers, apart from Lieutenant Jasiński and Olaf, were elite patients at the clinic, and actively participated in manoeuvres there. Among the officers, only Lieutenant Jasiński was not under the care of the health service. 'After all, the mental health clinic wants to establish a certain standard,' stressed Lieutenant Staszek, a brave knight who painted huge dragons in the university lavatories.

Life gave Fydrych one more present. He was hired as an extra in another film, *Olympiad 1940*. It was set in a POW camp. The Polish, British, French and Belgian prisoners came up with the brilliant idea of organising the 1940 Olympic Games inside the camp. But the film set, bursting with life, seemed even more interesting to him than the story in the screenplay. Fydrych had to shave his head, and was given a French army uniform.

He even built a counterintelligence service inside the Regiment. One day during filming, he met a twenty-something gentleman with swarthy looks and dark hair, who was interested in the Engineer and Piotr Starzyński. It turned out he knew about their pasts and interests. That evening at the Engineer's, he found out this was Seweryn Semaka, a Theology student and known agent. Major had finally met an undercover agent. He had touched a rubber ear. Strolling around during breaks in filming, two professional actors together, they talked, dressed in Belgian and French military uniforms. Fydrych attempted to penetrate the psyche of his interlocutor. He wanted an informant inside the secret police. The next day, they were sent to Srebrna Góra for location shooting. It was a beautiful, hot day, but the weather turned. A storm dispersed the uniformed crew. Major and Seweryn hid in a cave. And there

– with lightning flashing around – Seweryn went to pieces. He was sensitive and the weather affected him. After the storm cleared, he was exhausted. He finally came clean.

‘Who are you working for?’ asked Major sternly.

‘Karol. I don’t know his surname.’ Major continued interrogating Seweryn who, he discovered, met Karol at the *Emanuel* carwash, every Wednesday.

May 1979 was an intense month for everyone: Major, the opposition and the secret police. On May 25th, a hearing took place before the Senate Disciplinary Commission. The deputy rector, supported by a party cell at the university called ‘the Red Hawks’,³² was trying to break the opposition by harassing them with punitive measures. Major was supposed to visit the psychiatrist that day. He was nervous. He wore a white safari suit and took some binoculars. Leaving the hall of residence, he headed first towards the Law building. The opposition and undercover agents had gathered in the building’s corridor. He observed the agents through binoculars. ‘You look nice,’ said one of the agents, ‘very discreet.’

After Major left the university, he wandered around town. He didn’t want any undercover agents to know about his secret visits to the mental health clinic. He wandered through various doorways and finally reached his destination. There was no one around. He rang the bell. The door opened.

‘Sorry for being late,’ he said. He was brought to a room where several people were already seated. Silence fell. The psychiatrist breathed in. Then he breathed out again.
Then he addressed the group.

32 The Red Hawks were a group of loyally conformist Communist research and lecturing workers at the university. They were led by the most honourably steadfast political convictions, which fortuitously coincided with the path most rewarded by research funding and greater travel possibilities. Some deviants considered them dogmatic fanatics.

‘Do you think everything in your lives is as it should be?’

One after another they all said they weren’t feeling too good. Finally, it was Major’s turn.

‘I,’ he said, getting to his feet. He felt like the hero of the clinic. Everyone’s eyes were on him.

‘I’m happy!’ he shouted, thumping his chest. ‘Total satisfaction. I have everything. Today, women find me attractive! Tomorrow, I’ll be rich. I’m trendy. I’m in control. I dream of beaches at night.’ He lowered his voice, ‘Every day I eat little chocolates.’ Then he sat down. He was disappointed by the reaction that followed his performance.

The psychiatrist clearly wanted to quickly change the subject.

‘I want you all to tell me what you’re feeling now.’

The people spoke in turn. The first person felt rotten, the second one uncomfortable, the third didn’t know how they felt. Finally, it was Major’s turn.

‘I feel fantastic. You know, I was once in a poor theatre where someone masturbated with a slice of bread. And how do you feel?’

‘I wanted to hit you,’ said the psychiatrist, beginning to hesitate, ‘You annoyed me.’

‘It’s because I am so wise,’ said Fydrych solemnly.

The session was over. Everyone left except Major and his psychiatrist.

‘Did I get any closer?’ he asked.

‘Closer to what?’ asked the doctor, surprised.

‘To receiving a certificate that I’m mentally healthy and normal.’

The psychiatrist mumbled something under his breath, avoiding a direct answer, while our hero studied him intently through his binoculars.

He still had to find out what the disciplinary commission had decided and if there was going to be a meeting of *Podaj Dalej*. He visited the Engineer, where they listened to a Plastic People of the Universe tape and smoked some weed. The opposition was made up of students at the university, and KOR outside it. The government’s attacks on them were composed of the Red Hawks inside the university, and its official newspaper outside it. The discussion at the Engineer’s revolved around an article attacking Piotr Starzyński. Piotr had been portrayed quite negatively in the official media. ‘Piotr’s starting a magazine, for KOR’ whispered the Happener to Lieutenant Olaf.

Major planned to use his upcoming vacations for a serious campaign. Assisted by Captain Tybur, they would carry out a recruitment drive at the hippy gathering in Częstochowa. Captain Tybur was like a kind of strange animal. He had the temperament of a super reptile; his mentality was similar to a dragon or a pterodactyl. He was capable of causing panic among the most normal people. He even frightened the secret police away. He was invaluable and devoted to the cause. His character made Captain Tybur more effective than a T-34 tank. Major felt safe in his company.

Their trip to Częstochowa was preceded by a project to steal a pistol. The captain was informed that a certain prosecutor from Opole, known as Fred, was in possession of a firearm.

‘Why a pistol?’ asked Major somewhat perplexed.

‘We’ll need one.’

‘But we’re not going to shoot anyone.’

‘You never know,’ retorted Captain Tybur.

They had gone to Fred’s house, but the operation was unsuccessful. In any case, a gun would have been of no use in achieving their primary military objective. Armed with handbills from Starzyński and Burak, they had a double mission. They hoped to enlarge their military structures and popularise the opposition among the hippies.

They passed the train journey from Opole to Częstochowa with a cassette of The Plastic People and John Porter, some weed prepared by Lieutenant Olaf and some vodka Tybur found in his luggage. They relaxed and forgot about the gun. Major tried to invite the ticket inspector to dance. He categorically refused. As they approached Częstochowa, they noticed the combination of vodka and weed was extremely effective. They rode on past Częstochowa Station. The train rolled on into the night. Major realised there had been a mistake. He had to reverse the course of events. He stood up and seized the handle of the emergency brake. He pulled, and found himself in a cloud of steam. Captain Tybur began to howl. The train had stopped in the middle of nowhere. The ticket inspector issued them with a penalty. They had to travel to the end of the line and back to Częstochowa Station, where they were ejected. The next afternoon, Major stumbled out of his tent at the camp. Holy pictures and Marian flags were visible on the campsite. And beneath them a white cap. It was Burak’s student cap. Such white caps dated from the 1920s and 30s, where they were part of the obligatory uniform of gymnasia and schools before world war two and held patriotic connotations (until the Treaty of Versailles, Poland did not exist as a country on the European map). Now they were an optional but popular student tradition that announced not only patriotism, but identified the wearer with the student milieu. More immediately they recalled the March 1968 revolt led by students, which began when the government banned a theatre play for its anti-socialist references and, coinciding with the Prague Spring, led to street battles and the repression of the dissident movement. Now, oppositionist students wore coloured caps to manifest their opposition to the government and to assert the continuity and independence of the student movement. Major met many of his comrades there, and came back from Częstochowa

full of excitement. Another set of manoeuvres had been successful. The handbills had been given out. There'd been no arrests. Captain Tybur had done his duty.

For his next manoeuvre Major attended, with enthusiasm, a psychotherapeutic camp in the fishing village of Niechorze at the coast of the Baltic Sea in the north-west part of Poland. It was an official state-sponsored camp organized by the Wrocław Student Psychiatric Clinic, a medical institution set up to provide psychiatric and psychological help to students of Wrocław colleges and universities. He had qualified to attend with a group of officers, including Agent Seweryn Semaka and Lieutenant Stanisław Jabłoński. Numerous neurotics and psychopaths were represented, and the camp wasn't short of progressive schizophrenia; but Captain Tybur was not among those qualified. He'd been passed over as the case conference had failed to appreciate his abilities. Those suffering from bipolar disorder had not qualified. Major thought it a huge racket, a scandal and a psychiatric shambles. He imagined it would be boring without Captain Tybur and Burak. How wrong he was. Seweryn Semaka, an undercover agent and neurotic, the 'rubber ear' of the Theology department, had been recruited. He turned out to be a great staff and operational talent. Major promoted him from Platoon Sergeant to Cavalry Sergeant. Seweryn had recruited an impressive number of men. Now they were waiting for orders. The first order was to 'purchase cap guns.' He appointed an armourer. Then Major fell asleep. But not for long. Bangs and explosions woke him up. The door to his room was wide open. A fierce exchange of fire was raging between the door to the corridor and the balcony. He saw women emerge wielding cold steel. It turned out Seweryn had recruited some Amazons to the army. Major thought the company was excellent, everyone was in uniform and armed. 'It's boring here,' said Seweryn. The Amazons agreed. 'The camp director plans to impose a dictatorship,' said Grażyna – nom-de-guerre Little Angel. It turned out that everyone agreed. 'The first thing we must do is win the election to the council,' said Major. At the camp, a council was elected every week. There was democracy.

The new unit set its first target. It was a political aim: to make things more fun and outsmart authority.

The following days were spent on military exercises. During the first week, Seweryn Semaka advanced to the rank of Captain. He became chief of staff. He organized military intelligence and counterintelligence. Major Fydrych was a realist. It was clear at once that events of central world significance might take place at the psychotherapeutic camp. In the election, they won a crushing victory. The council was renamed the Government, they appointed a prime minister. The director took note of this. The first signs of discontent were already apparent at the first session, when one of the psychiatrists observed there wasn't a single civilian in the government.

'That's democracy for you,' explained Captain Seweryn.

The following week proved very exacting for the Army. Major simultaneously opened the Institute of Anti-Psychiatry, founded by the captain, and gave talks there about various methods of treatment. A confidential conversation revealed that the Army had an ally in the form of the neighbouring camp's staff, and the disputes between the psychiatrists concerned their varied appraisals of the Army. Confidential intelligence reports indicated that the director of the Wrocław camp favoured pharmacological psychiatry. Psychiatrists from the neighbouring camp presented themselves as advocates of humanistic psychiatry. The Army's new Institute had caused a rupture. The conflict didn't only have a deep scientific professional basis, but a characterological one. 'The situation is serious,' said an agent from the neighbouring camp – our doctors don't like your Wrocław doctors. Our director doesn't like yours, and yours hates ours.' The day before the next election, Major received information that the director of the neighbouring camp also had military interests. Captain Seweryn went to the meeting. It turned out the director of the neighbouring camp had revealed he was a general. But the psychiatrists went on the counteroffensive. The Wrocław director privately admitted he felt some kind of awful straitjacket strangling him. He finally decided to confront Major, inviting him to his office, where he sat behind his desk accompanied by two other psychiatrists. 'You're behaving strangely

here, organising some sort of manoeuvres, when actually you came here to be treated.'

'Who told you I came here to be treated?' asked
Waldemar.

'No one, but I have proof of it.'

'What proof?'

'You signed a request.'

'No, I came here for the manoeuvres,' said Major in disagreement.

'Let's see what your application says,' said the director. He picked up a file and took out Major's application. He placed it in front of him. The two psychiatrists looked at Fydrych with interest. The director passed him the application without reading it.

'Please look at why you came to the camp,' he said solemnly.

'Why don't you read it?' suggested Major.

The director read, 'I am writing to be referred on manoeuvres, in order to carry out a model to be reproduced in society.' The other psychiatrists glanced down and saw that it really said that. All three went pale. Finally, the director showed presence of mind, despite the defeat. He was a decent strategist, after all.

'Yes, it's true. You wrote that you were coming on manoeuvres, but the others came to be treated.' The meeting was over. He went out. In the corridor, a squad stood ready to rescue their commander.

A heavy, hostile atmosphere hung over the camp. The director was unable to find a way of solving this difficult situation. He

was lacking in arguments. He decided to solve this Gordian knot with a single cut. An opportunity arose several days later. Faeces were discovered outside Major and Lieutenant Staszek's room. The director accused Major or Lieutenant Staszek of doing it. They responded by suggesting it may have been the director. Captain Seweryn openly attacked the director, who decided to take the ultimate step. To remove Major, Lieutenant Staszek and Grażyna the Little Angel from the camp. After this bizarre expulsion, Major was taken in by the psychiatrists from Lublin. He became an honorary guest of that group of psychiatrists. The director hadn't achieved his aim. Major didn't leave the area. He was stationed two hundred metres away. For several days, the patients convinced each other that the Major would gallop up on a white horse and save Polish psychiatry. The camp, though, was coming to an end. It passed into history as the scene of a great battle. Major had met many interesting people at the camp who became his close friends. He met Her Excellence, Countess Krystyna Czartoryska for the first time at the camp, who turned out to be a great expert not only in clinical matters but also military ones. Waldemar returned to Wrocław with mixed feelings. The vacations were over.

Elections to the Sejm³³ were held at the beginning of 1980. Once again, handbills appeared in the streets. Arrests began. Major and Lieutenant Olaf moved into a house in Zalesie. They tried to run revolutionary activities there. They organized meetings attended by the Engineer, the Happener and Panicz. The proximity of Park Szczytnicki provided some comfort, a sense of communing with nature. The Tramp³⁴ appeared at one of the meetings, bringing with him his brothers Badger, Boar and Elder Babyface.³⁵ They all looked innocent; only Tramp had long hair. The others seemed like well brought up young men from middle-class families. No one would have suspected they would become role models, and

33 The lower house of the Polish Parliament.

34 A very secretive person who to this day lives in full conspiracy.

35 Of these four brothers one is dead; one is a drinking businessman; and the other two we have no clue.

people would think of them as great creators. They became famous for throwing amazing parties. The role of Babyfaces' parties cannot be underestimated in Major's biography. At that time, the elite were looking for the solution to the riddle 'what is freedom?' Some tried to solve the riddle by searching for freedom as if it were the Philosopher's Stone. They read books analysing the concept 'freedom from or freedom to.' Some of that elite frequented the poor theatre, where they could freely masturbate using a small slice of bread. More and more people saw the spread of freedom in the production, distribution and reading of oppositionist handbills. The main topic was usually the militia's activities. But Major found freedom at these parties. The parties were characterised by spontaneity. Tone and good taste were preserved, however. First, there were games with clothes. At a certain moment, some of the guests decided it was too hot. They gradually undressed of their own free will. Pure sex combined with experimentation and perversions turned out not to be imaginative enough. Finally, new ideas arose in the search for 'letting it all hang out.' It was one of the climactic moments of the party. One of the guests went out onto the balcony. He was naked and his genitals were painted red, while his hands were white. He stood on the windowsill.

Passers-by stood below. They were waiting for a miracle.

'No, it can't be!' said an elderly gentleman, taking off his glasses.

'What?' asked Major.

'All that,' replied the old gent, wiping his glasses and putting them on again.

'I don't get it. What do you mean? Are you amazed the militia haven't shown up, or are you worried the young man might fall?' asked Major. The elderly man was astonished. All the more so since people nearby were applauding. Young people applauded and laughed.

'It's a great civil advance; people are giving up being informers.' Major looked up at the window. The young

man on the windowsill smiled. All eyes were on the pulsing white and red colours.

‘There, look everyone,’ said Major emphatically, ‘it’s a fight for freedom. I also do things like that,’ he added. ‘How can you? Have you no shame?’ said a woman from the back.

‘No!’ he reacted loudly.

‘I hand out cassettes by the oppositionist Czech band the Plastic People of the Universe,’ he added proudly, ‘in Czechoslovakia there’s a cultural opposition; here it’s only political.’ He waited for a reaction, but when he saw there wasn’t one he decided to break the silence.

‘Don’t be amazed,’ he said, addressing the crowd, ‘this is the new order of things.’

He looked once more at the young man on the windowsill. In the strong sunlight, the good looking, short-haired young man resembled an Egyptian sculpture. He looked like the statue of clerk from the Middle Kingdom. Major wanted to animate the figure; give it a psychological character. ‘Say something!’ he called. The young man continued to stand in silence. Waldemar’s mind teemed with thoughts. He didn’t want the citizens to think it was some kind of stunt, to suspect they were witnesses to acts of hedonism.

‘Say what you think about the Red Army!’ shouted Waldemar. The white and red began to move again. ‘Do you see? He’s reacting. He isn’t just doing it for himself.’ The crowd was growing. Major wanted something else to happen.

‘Say what you think about the Red Army and First Secretary Gierek!’

‘Down with the Reds!’ the man shouted.

‘Do you see? Our friend’s aware of what he’s saying,’ he said, addressing his words to what was now a considerable crowd. People looked on with strange expressions. He turned around. A hand helped the naked young man down from the windowsill.

He called again:

‘Down with the Reds!’

Major walked towards the building and opened the door to the stairs. On the stairs, he understood the efforts of Marek Burak and friends from the opposition weren’t very effective compared to the social revolution taking place at the Babyfaces.’ Badger and Boar opened the door and acted as his guides. ‘It really is laidback here,’ thought Waldemar, as he moved through the flat. The truth was, it was more laid back here than in the poor theatre. After all, it wasn’t supposed to be laidback at the theatre, it was an intense exploration of archetypes. The partygoers went beyond what was normally called alternative culture. Here in the flat, in this atmosphere of laidbackness, a couple were making love in the bathroom. Turds floated on the gently disturbed water. Major felt sick. The floating turds came closer to the girl’s neck. Our hero closed his eyes. ‘They want to go beyond attachment,’ was Borsuk’s comment on the event.

‘They want to enter a world with no limits,’ added Knur,
earnestly.

After leaving the party, Major decided to immediately confide in the Engineer. The Engineer received him in his tent, which stood in a niche. It was used by the Engineer as a place for confidential meetings and intimate encounters. While the Engineer’s wife was away, meetings were constantly taking place at their house, but on this occasion it was empty. Right away the Engineer admitted that the party-goers’ power of expression went beyond what he once did. He had in mind, for example, his early youth, when he would hang around near the motorway in the summer, dressed only in a fur coat which he would occasionally open. Major suggested to the

Engineer that they light up. He began writing a poem in honour of the Babyfaces.

*The Engineer is right: the Babyfaces are more than a revolution
More profound than the revolt of confused potheads
The laid-back Babyfaces bloom more than the Flower Children
More than the underground of the Flower Grandchildren
The Babyfaces are our authentic new moon, the seed of the universe
And we are great, greater than all the intellectual treasures of
Manhattan.*

That summer, on his way to the hippy gathering at Częstochowa, Major heard that strikes had broken out in Gdańsk. Back then, during a discussion about social issues, the meaning of life or the quality of various highs, people would start constructing a crew, often quite spontaneously. A crew was a group who would wander the country, often during vacations, sleeping wherever, finding new experiences and getting high together. The Tramp and Major constructed a crew in the ruins of Olsztyn Castle near Częstochowa, arranging to travel to Gdańsk. Everyone agreed that a stay in Gdańsk could be a serious trip. The crew travelled by train from Olsztyn near Częstochowa without tickets. They managed to get as far as Łódź by fare-dodging. In Łódź they changed trains and were thrown off near Toruń. It was the last train going in that direction. The trains after that were already cancelled.

Major experienced a trip in the middle of nowhere, at a small station near Toruń. It was an authentic high without the usual substances. No one smoked weed; yet the high was intense. It was determined by social imagination. That and the hot weather. As Major walked through the tall grass, Major suspected the Communist regime of cancelling rail transport within a radius of several hundred kilometres. The strikes in Gdańsk were the first prolonged protests in Poland – actually in the Communist world. As it happened, there has just been a train crash near Toruń. The crew switched to hitchhiking, but split up. Major, Tramp, Tomek and his dog, whose name was Dog, continued their journey towards Gdańsk. They wanted to be part of an important event.

He no longer had to dream about conspiring against the government. There was an open conspiracy. The masses were organising

it, including the entire Trójmiasto.³⁶ It later spread through the whole of Poland. Our heroes left the train in Tczew fearful of being searched. They waited part of the night. At the station, they met an elderly man from Radom, who told them it was more interesting in Gdańsk than it had once been in Radom.

‘Everything’s well organized here, there are no Molotov cocktails flying around.’

A row of policemen were standing at Gdańsk Station. They passed them. Then they marched through the dark streets. Once, a headlight from a parked police vehicle caught them in its beam. They all felt tense. The youth hostel was located near the shipyard. It was closed. A window opened on the first floor. They and Dog climbed up a drainpipe and inside. There were young people in the hostel near the striking shipyards. They had come for similar reasons to Major. They wanted to see a strike. Strikes were forbidden. Looking at them was like watching the Americans land on the Moon.³⁷ Major told the others in his room a lot about the psychiatrist and his adventures with Burak. He also described the crash near Toruń. But he mainly talked about his adventures with the psychiatrist. Among those present was a student from Toruń, Mirek Dębiński. Major was to meet him several times more in his life.

In the morning they set off for the city. Crowds of people were wandering around the shipyard. The whole of Gdańsk, the entire Trójmiasto – everything – was awash in flowers and caught up in the strike. Handbills were being thrown down near the shipyard gates.

‘This is *Młoda Polska*,³⁸ explained the ship workers from the other side of the fence.

36 The Tricity – the three cities of Gdańsk, Gdynia and Sopot.

37 A benchmark for impressive trips which besides being an excellent show also began hopes for humanity’s future escape into outer space.

38 Ruch Młodej Polski – the Young Poland Movement was an anti-Communist opposition group, most active in the three cities.

Tomek gave one of the strikers a blanket. There were flowers lying alongside the fence. In one place the fencing was missing. There was a tent there. They went inside and were given handbills. On the train back to Wrocław, they gave handbills to the ticket inspectors instead of tickets. After arriving, Major met striking taxi drivers. He also distributed handbills amongst them. A few days later the strikes spread to Wrocław. But Major lost his cunning. His cerebral hemispheres didn't direct him to the bus depot, the headquarters of the strike. He failed to meet a lot of his old friends from the underground, though he and Burak drew up a petition about starting an independent student movement at the university. He came into conflict with the former opposition. He spoke a lot about cinema, culture and the possibility of organising events at meetings with students. He spoke less about the negative side of Communism. His cerebral hemispheres really were defective. Opinions like his could only cause outrage.

Rather than climbing upwards, Major Waldemar Fydrych looked around. The whole of Poland was drowning in politics, while he was organising an Army on a social basis. He and Lieutenant Olaf went to see Wiesiek Cupała. Cupała lived in the building of the Polish Academy of Science in the park. He set up the regimental offices in a large room, where they also began organising meetings.

In the *Szklany Dom* hall of residence he met Andrzej Dziewit, with whom he founded the Ruch Nowej Kultury, the RNK or New Culture Movement. This was an organisation founded by the alternative community and operating semi-legally between October or November 1980 and December 13th, 1981. The RNK was the third organisation to be registered at the university but it was quite unlike the others. It was a group of about 30 people, mainly dedicated to organizing debates. Later, it would also publish a single issue of the gazette *A* in early spring 1981. There was an incredible atmosphere at their meetings. The meetings there were like those at the Engineer's. People often met at the Index Club.³⁹ Everyone

39 A student club run by Bogdan Zdrojewski, later the President of Wrocław

understood each other perfectly – both with and without words. Someone would give a talk. Some people listened. Others went out into the courtyard – ‘the well’ – where things were discussed as they passed a joint or a pipe. On this occasion, Andrzej Dziewit was talking about the revolution and peace. Major contributed by talking about the arts of war. Olaf laughed. Panicz threw in a sentence about the Academy of Fine Arts, anarchy and the Senate. Someone mentioned the petitions against military toys. When the weed began to take effect, the Happener appeared, clapped his hands and said:

‘Friends, Russian troops have landed in Lisie Kąty; there’s going to be military intervention.’ On hearing this, people wondered if the range of Soviet caterpillar tracks would be so great they would trample down the chances of smoking weed. Major doubted whether Russian soldiers would chase after dried leaves to get high. The Happener was of a different opinion, thinking the Russian Army weren’t above fleecing the freaks. Everyone burst out laughing, and the sound echoed around the courtyard – an unearthly noise that became sharper the more they smoking. They all went back inside and continued to discuss freedom and responsibility. There was an enormous high. A lot of events were organized during meetings like that. 1980 was a period of strikes, negotiations and setting up new structures.

During the winter, around New Year, Major visited Prague, Brno, and České Budějovice. Lieutenant Jasiński – who was well known as fervent enthusiast of the Royal and Imperial Army and loved reading Hašek’s *The Good Soldier Švejk* – accompanied him on this journey. Major met Lieutenant Jasiński in České Budějovice. They arranged to meet in the same place the Brave Soldier Švejk had had his rendezvous with Lieutenant Lukas. Everyone was enjoying themselves in the restaurant until some random drinkers began asking what was happening in Poland. Like Poland, Czechoslovakia was a Communist country. At that time, strikes were breaking out in Poland, while in Czechoslovakia people were afraid to protest.

‘Revolution. There are strikes and a revolution,’ said Major. The revellers dispersed for fear of secret police.

The waiter showed his courage. He didn't run away, but went into the back and hid in the kitchen. Major was left alone. After a while, the waiter came back out. He poured Major some wine.

'I understand,' he said, looking around intently, 'that you're badly off in Poland right now.'

'Why do you say that?'

'The customers have left some wine for you.'

'You don't say? I thought they'd run away because they were afraid of you, thinking you were an informer,' said Major.

Fydrych and Lieutenant Jasiński saw in the New Year in České Budějovice. During the New Year's Eve party, he explained to his friends that in spite of the strikes in Poland, people had food to eat. That reassured them. They turned down food parcels.

After returning to Poland, Fydrych sat down to write the Manifesto of Socialist Surrealism, a great military treatise which began to expound his strategic perspective. The manifesto was first published in a new newspaper which he founded with Sergeant Cupała, called *A*. He also organized elite manoeuvres in Polanica. Spring 1980 was very intensive for Major and the other soldiers. Major and the then Sergeant Cupała were forced to deal with a very difficult, intimate problem. Lieutenant Zegarski had challenged a certain senior Solidarity activist, the director of *Radio Solidarność* and a noble and worthy person, to a duel. In 1981, Solidarity⁴⁰ was the first trade union to be independent of the government. It numbered ten million people. It was considered a social alternative. The Regiment, on the other hand, numbered a

40 The social movement which came into being on the wave of strikes in 1980. In 1980-1981, when it functioned as a trade union, it had 10 million members. It operated illegally after December 13th, 1981.

few dozen people. It was considered an alternative, but not in the same social dimensions as Solidarity. Declaring war on Solidarity wasn't an option. It was enough that the Regiment was fighting the government and its agents. An informal duel did take place, however, which ended badly for the opponents of Lieutenant Zegarski. Major and Captain Cupała were forced to hush up the scandal. In the following weeks, the Regiment distributed *A*. The Manifesto of Socialist Surrealism said that in Poland a 'single policeman standing on the street' was a work of art. *A* was probably the only artistic newspaper from the last days of Communism that combined creative dissent with new aesthetic propositions.

Major Waldemar Fydrych hadn't lost contact with the mental health clinic. It had played an important part in his life and been the scene of interesting incidents.

'Listen Waldemar. You ought to fall in love,' the psychiatrist, his spiritual friend, said to him.

'Why?' asked Major doubtfully.

'For the sake of harmony.'

'What kind?'

"Total harmony!" replied the doctor with conviction. Although Major didn't react to the psychiatrist's hints right away, one night he dreamed of a female friend of his. She was dressed in a flowing Indian gown. She was singing Hari Krishna songs in a temple, against a background of dancing gods and goddesses. When he awoke in the morning he decided to act. He had taken a decision. He never imagined then that his erotic dream would have such a decisive influence on the course of history.

First, he equipped himself with paint and a paintbrush. A strange plan rose in his head. He waited patiently until evening,

watching the institute for an hour from some bushes. He painted his friend's name with a heart pierced by an arrow on a column by the door. Then he went into the building. He painted another heart pierced by an arrow with her name in the ladies' lavatory. A theatre rehearsal was going on that night, and every now and then someone would walk in. He painted his third work near the director's door. Finally, his work was finished. He was tired, and went home unnoticed. As he lay in bed, he came up with a new idea. He decided to paint a heart pierced with an arrow on the road between the institute and her house. On the radio the announcer was talking about a new wave of dangerous strikes. Major was used to it by then – it made no impression on him. Now only hearts pierced with arrows existed for him. He was full of energy when he got up the next day. He ran to the Regiment's HQ. He wanted to share his sensual success with others. Captain Bartoszek and the chief of headquarters (at that time still Sergeant) Wiesław Cupała were sitting at the operational table. The two soldiers immediately came to life. They decided to help. Captain Bartoszek was clearly bored with working for Solidarity.

'I'll finance Major's operation,' said the captain. The chief of headquarters also pledged his support. Immediately after arriving, Lieutenant Pablo offered to help him with the painting.

'Finally,' said Major, 'I'll paint a heart pierced by an arrow above her bed.'

'And then you'll propose to her,' smiled Captain Bartoszek.

'Yes of course. That's a good idea,' added Lieutenant Pablo.

'It would be best to paint it near her heart and then propose,' continued Captain Bartoszek.

'I don't know if it'll work,' said Major doubtfully.

At the clinic, the psychiatrist wasn't especially interested in the details of whether the love hearts should be on one side of the street or both. He nodded the whole time and finally reacted, 'Waldek,' he began solemnly and enigmatically, 'it would be better if you invited her to the theatre and then for supper. During supper you ought to outline your career prospects to her. Ask her out – you can use my telephone. Be sensitive.'

He picked up the receiver and dialed the number.

'Hi.' He heard her voice, similar to the one he'd heard in his dream.

'Hi, could we meet the day after tomorrow?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'but in the evening, around 6.00.'

'OK. Shall we meet at mine or yours?' he asked, giving her the opportunity to choose.

'My place would be better. Then we can go to the cinema.' Major wanted to present the perspective of his future income during their date. Waldemar Fydrych wanted to set up something like a circus, similar to a cabaret. He had a bold, creative plan. She accepted his invitation, but a problem arose. After returning home, he heard the telephone ringing. He picked up the receiver.

'Hi,' said her soft voice.

Major froze. 'Has she seen the graffiti, the love hearts and her name?' he asked himself.

'Hello,' he said, full of excitement. He waited for her to speak, as if waiting for the beginning of the universe to be created. He was an anarchist, a heathen, and yet he saw her as a heavenly being.

'I'm sorry,' she said, 'I can't meet you, because I'm joining the student strike occupation of the university.' This

information about the strike disheartened Major. If he'd heard the word 'strike' a year ago he would surely have had an orgasm. Now strikes were as common as socialism or solidarity. At the end of 1981, the word 'strike' was used in the press more often than the word 'Communism.'

'Do you have to go to the strike?' he asked, with total resignation. 'We're going out tomorrow,' he said tearfully.

'I have to.' she whispered.

'Why?' he whispered tenderly.

'Because my entire year's going,' she said, a little louder.

'But you could arrive late,' he continued in a whisper.

'No, my father's taking me by car with my suitcases. He wants me to be patriotic,' she said softly.

'What shall we do then?' he said more softly than she had.

'We'll meet after the strike,' she said determinedly. He didn't know what to do. Previously a strike had meant salvation, but now it represented heartbreak.

That evening, Major addressed his regiment, 'We'll do some manoeuvres, and then join the strike.' He wasn't sure how his friends would react. They thought the idea of joining the student strike occupation was worth doing. They quickly wrote a handbill saying the New Culture Movement was joining the strike because of its artistic values. They left their headquarters and headed for the Index Club, where other members of the movement would be. There was a sombre mood at the club. Andrzej Dziewit was with Piotr Starzyński and several young people. Major and the captains informed them about the strike. On returning, they counted up their forces. They imagined the strike would be supported by Kaktus, Lieutenant Zegarski and Lieutenant Olaf, they weren't

sure about Dziewit. They decided to encourage him by publishing a newspaper called *Pomarańczowa Alternatywa*, or the *Orange Alternative*. Dziewit had wanted to bring out a newspaper with that title. He had actually already worked on it for six months, but had procrastinated. The matrices were ready, and Marek the Happener was supposed to get it ready for printing. Now, although Dziewit didn't feel like occupying a building, Major and Cupała drew him in with a little intrigue. Once news reached him that a newspaper called the *Orange Alternative* was being published, his curiosity would compel him to come to the strike and check out by himself what was going on with this gazette that stole his title. Once he was there they would get him to stay. He arrived suspicious, but liked what his friends had done, and joined them. After all, the newspaper he had wanted to publish was now being printed. The *Orange Alternative* would become the new official organ, the voice of the New Culture Movement.⁴¹ The editorial team consisted of five people: Andrzej Dziewit, Wiesław "Rotmistrz" Cupała, Waldemar Fydrych, Zenon "Hourhand" Zegarski and Piotr "Pablo" Adamcio. They set to work that night. The writing went smoothly and the next day, Major, with Lieutenants Olaf and Cupała, went to the strike committee and gave them the handbills. They didn't wait long to be billeted, they were put in the philosophy building, where the object of Major's affections and the tar-

41 The Orange Alternative did not operate in the established underground art world, but was more actively politically oppositionist in nature. There was no contact with underground artists groups such as Attic in Łódź or Łódź Kaliska. The Wrocław Orange Alternative would develop close working relations with its other branches in Warsaw, Łódź and Lublin, but beyond this it was more natural to be in contact and share members with other opposition groups like Solidarity or Freedom and Peace. However, in June 1989 a Gdansk based group of poets and performers, TOTART, headed by Paweł Konjo Konnak would come to take part in The Festival of Open Art organized by Major and the Orange Alternative. This contact was due to the fact that by that time Orange actions were famous in all Poland and in particular, that the leader of the Łódź Orange Alternative, although living there to study, was actually from Gdansk and had known Konnak for many years. Meanwhile, Major also held a 1989 exhibition of abstract paintings in St Martin's Church in Wrocław.

get of his love-hearts was busy striking. This was the little known second, secret political strategy behind the printing of the *Orange Alternative* newspaper. Following the psychiatrist's plan, Major wanted to invite a girl to the theatre, present his career prospects and propose. And then get married and live together. The lady in question, whose name was Yogi Boo-Boo, arrived with a girlfriend. The girls were laden down with luggage; they had prepared splendidly for the strike. They had more than one outfit of dresses and trousers and plentiful supplies of lipstick, eyeliner and nail varnish in many colours. There was a wide range of perfume, a few pairs of shoes and nightshirts. Among the luggage there were also plenty of carefully packed food parcels. Major had a short conversation with Yogi Boo-Boo, and then supervised the erection of the tent Lieutenant Zegarski had brought. When they had finished putting up the tent in a large room, Major gave Lieutenant Zegarski paint, which he used to paint a heart pierced with an arrow on the tent. He wrote 'Love and Anarchy' using the same paint he had early beautified Yogi Boo-Boo's institute with. After completing his work, he met her again, but he knew that the excitement of the strike was not the best moment to discuss the subject of an attractive salary and the prospect of life together. The next day, Waldemar distributed the freshly-printed *Orange Alternative* amongst the strikers. People were very enthusiastic. He gave Yogi Boo-Boo two copies.

'If you have any questions about the newspaper I'll be
happy to answer them.'

'If we have any intellectual questions,' she added, 'we'll
come to your office.'

Her friends smiled to each other knowingly.

'We'll invite you to supper,' laughed one of them.

As the editorial team were relaxing with some dried weed after their hard publishing efforts, shouts rang round the building:

‘Quickly, quickly!’ They ran out of the room, not knowing if it was reality or if they were tripping. Major thought the war had begun, that the Russian landing the Happener had talked about had made it from Lisie Kąty to the city centre. Everyone crowded around the window. There was a lot of noise. Below, a strangely dressed little group was moving jauntily down the street. Some of them were wearing skiing clothes. Someone had a black policeman’s or railwayman’s cap, like the ones you can see at cabarets. They took out a ladder and tore down the posters plastering the Philosophy building and the neighbouring History building. Pablo began shouting:

‘You haven’t got any balls!’

The defenders of the building reacted aggressively. They were ready to fight. Sergeant Kaktus wanted to throw chairs. Major assessed the situation strategically. He convinced those present to adopt the methods of psychological warfare. He wanted to break this dangerous enemy using psychological methods. He began to sing *The Internationale*.

‘Enslaved masses, stand up, stand up...’

The Internationale was the second national anthem in Communist Poland. The undercover agents and their commanders also began singing it. The men, hearing the anthem of their own political group, withdrew. The Philosophy building where Major was stationed was called the Fort. That same night, they celebrated victory; with Lieutenant Pablo dancing on the table and everyone clapping and banging cans together.

The editorial team decided to report on the defeat of the undercover agents. The next day, the news of the defence of Fort No. 1 – as the *Orange Alternative* had christened it – travelled around the students at lightning speed. After reading the paper, the students wanted to meet the editorial team. They invited Major and his officers to the main building, where Natural Sciences were striking. Their rally was a success. The revolutionary forces





achieved their aim. No one imagined there would be such applause. Major had done well, he was elated. His obsessively feverish excitement wouldn't have been dangerous if he'd slept well after the rally. But it was not to be. While he was recalling the students dancing to reggae music on his way back from the rally, the Strike Committee were preparing an ambush. The door was locked. It had been decided not to let the *Orange Alternative* editorial team back in following the rally. This kind of move was risky. Had the editorial team been returning from a piss up it might have been quite a different story. It was night, and Major and his friends found themselves on the street. The commander of the Philosophy building had plotted against the revolutionaries. He had given the order not to let them in, saying that no one apart from Major had a pass. The strike committee, though themselves students, took the strike and their functions very seriously indeed. They were not fans of the *Orange Alternative's* lack of seriousness, and saw them as a threat to their newly found power. For Major, the bringing down of bureaucracy, exploitation and unnecessary administration were important. Now he'd already been drawn into another bureaucratic competition. Major was allowed in and told Marek Burak what was happening. Burak began running up and down the floors, informing the girls. Major knew he had to hurry. He was afraid his comrades, bored waiting on the street, might wander off. Fortunately, no one went away. A rally was called. Outside, tempers were running high. Lieutenant Zegarski wanted to play the drums with Pablo and create a musical sensation while also informing the next building about this overt act of sabotage. Włodzimierz Biały, the head of the *Niezależne Zrzeszenie Studentów* (NZS, or Independent Students' Union)⁴² at the University, showed up. He ordered the building's commander to admit the editorial team. The rally was one of the culminating events of that strike. Major – a controversial figure – said very little. Perhaps it was the weed he'd had earlier, but he was becoming enlightened, the world fell away and he sensed a wider reality surrounding everything. When he confided to Cupała that he could see everything enlarged, Cupała convinced him it was better not to speak and stay quiet.

42 An organisation which opposed the Communists.

It was the leader of the strike committee, the building's commander, who had suggested the editorial team ought to be removed. He was a recent oppositionist convert – a deserter from the Socialist League of Polish Students. He didn't have a chance against Lieutenant Pablo and Captain Wiesiek Cupała. Cupała was a gentle person, but if he had it in for someone, that was the end of that. The poor commander became the target of Cupała's sadistic games. (At that time Captain Cupała didn't yet have the appearance of Dracula, but he could still create turmoil). When Burak stood up, everything became clear. Voting took place, and the commander tendered his resignation after receiving a poor result. Major was delighted with the rally. Once again, the obsession of saving the world began to form itself in the two independent cerebral hemispheres of his brain. He saw the long, sloping silhouette of their mortal and ideological enemy standing above the crowd, removing his white and red armband. He handed it to a beautiful woman. Major thought the committee would back down. But the next day, when he showed up at the university committee, he discovered that the strike leaders were against publishing the *Orange Alternative*. A serious confrontation occurred. When it turned out that the *Orange Alternative* would be printed anyway, for example in the Academy of Arts, the committee reached a compromise – they suggested it should be censored. They appointed two censors. One of them was a regular visitor at the Engineer's gatherings. During the first meeting, this censor asked whether the revolutionaries had any weed.

Major demanded that the committee put its decision into writing. The duly obliged. In the land of socialist surrealism, the idea that they should censor the comrades who had joined them in a strike against the Polish state's own censorship followed quite naturally. Their decree read 'The Strike Committee, bearing in mind the higher virtues of the strike, forbids the newspaper of the New Culture Movement to be published while the strike is still on. UKS⁴³ also prohibits meetings of New Culture Movement members with workers in factories.' At the bottom it was signed 'The University Strike Committee.' The *Orange Alternative* printed the decree in full on the front page of the next issue. He didn't sleep well that night. His cerebral hemispheres didn't rest,

43 *Uczelniany Komitet Strajkowy* – University Strike Committee

but continued to function in their new, magnified reality. His blood seethed in his brain. His views on the revolution hadn't changed, but his views on the opposition had. The decree had been issued by an organ which had fought against censorship until that moment. He wasn't the only one in this revolutionised state. In the minds of many students, the UKS was now seen as a legacy of Bolshevism, just what people were fighting against. The newspaper immediately kicked up a stink. Rallies were held. Lieutenant Pablo and Andrzej Dziewit made passionate speeches. They were applauded. Things got complicated. In the system of values generated by Major's brain, Peter Kropotkin⁴⁴ stood at the top, with the newspaper's editorial team and Bob Marley a little lower. His opponents had somewhat different criteria. Although in the same reform camp as Burak, Major became a revolutionary in the anarchist sense. Two years after the psychotherapeutic camp, Major once more found himself at the centre of turmoil and conflict with the authorities. The *Orange Alternative* had been described as a strike organ. Meanwhile, one of Major's faithful comrades, Maniusz Gibała, had made a name for himself during the strike. In order to promote the revolution he had created a revolutionary cinema, showing the world-famous film *The Battleship Potemkin*, sometimes screening it several times a day.

In spite of being extremely busy, he managed to see Yogi Boo-Boo and made the most of opportunities to deepen their mutual acquaintance.

‘I'm glad you read revolutionary literature,’ said Major,
looking her in the eye.

‘Yes, I particularly liked the announcement in the last number.’

‘Which one?’

‘You know, the one about joining the masturbation club at the Academy of Arts. Now I understand everything,’ she added with enthusiasm.

⁴⁴ A zoologist, a royal prince and a figurehead of classical anarchism with a splendid beard, he was an excellent role model.

‘What about the girls?’

‘They also get the revolution.’

Yogi Boo-Boo and other girls had already supported the Orange Alternative at the rally. Major was very pleased with this turn of events.

That night Major dreamt he was an incarnation of Napoleon. An incarnation of the great leader, who laid a laurel wreath on his head. He also dreamt the psychiatrist said he was a ‘Divine Caesar.’ Major woke up. He was happy. The revolution was triumphing on all fronts. The treacherous University Strike Committee had ceased bothering him. The result of the paper being published was the spontaneous creation of several committees. Public life had begun to bloom during the strike. In the context of this atmosphere, they republished Antonin Artaud’s *Letter to the Chancellors of European Universities* in one issue. It was very elegantly written. It began promisingly.

Gentlemen,

*In the narrow tank which you call ‘thought’ the rays of the mind rot like old straw. Enough plays on words, syntactic dodges, formula juggling; now there is the great Law of the Heart to find, the Law which is not a Law (a prison) but a guide for the mind lost in its own labyrinth.*⁴⁵

Publishing this Surrealist address, neither the editorial team nor the revolutionaries imagined that a much more important confrontation was approaching. The roots of this new conflict were to be found beyond the walls of the strike. The causes of these further events lay, perhaps, beyond Poland’s borders. At the time Solidarity was founded, Poland was still Communist, still part of a great empire, where words like ‘strike’ didn’t even exist in a practical sense. 1980 and 1981 were exceptional years, but only for Poland. The

45 This text can be found in full in its first published English translation, in a special Jan 1970 issue of *Radical America* edited by the Chicago Surrealist Group.

rest of the Communist camp, under the rule of the governments of the Eastern Bloc, looked in alarm at 'democracy.' Fresh confrontations took place between the government and Solidarity. The rectors wanted to stop the National Students' Strike. They were afraid of confrontation. General Jaruzelski wanted the same. He was afraid that having universities full of strikers would thwart his plans. Solidarity wanted power, the general too. Each side tried to seize it using different methods. However at that moment, a strike was inconvenient for both sides. The University Strike Committee were of the view that it should be abandoned. Major thought it should be taken to its logical conclusion. This threatened further conflicts, with more serious social consequences than those at the psychotherapeutic camp. At the time of the strike, there were several power bases who might object to Major's behaviour. One remote powerbase was General Jaruzelski's government. The second was the Solidarity Trade Union. The third was the University Strike Committee. Major created his own power base, the Council of People's Commissioners. In a situation where the government and Solidarity found themselves in bitter conflict, a significant section of the student movement had become radicalised from below. The strike committees often gave in to top-down political influences. They were attempting to stop a strike they had originally called. This was also the case at the university. A meeting of the newspaper *Marabut* and the *Orange Alternative* took place. The Council of People's Commissioners of the Orange Revolution was set up. Major suggested that Burak, a trusted colleague, who had been in the NZS audit committee, should lead it. The University Strike Committee tried to manoeuvre between the rector and students.

Things changed, however, as a result of events taking place on the outside. At the beginning of December, anti-terrorist units stormed the striking Fire Service College and pacified it. Major got active. He created a network of allies. He made contact not just with students from other universities, but also gained the support of strike committees themselves at the Academy of Arts, the Polytechnic and the Agricultural Academy. His political adversaries were isolated. But the political situation had a much broader context than disagreements at one university. Poland was under threat of social conflict. Solidarity and the church appealed for the strike to stop. To this end, a congress of university strike committees

was held in Poznań. Major went to Poznań as a consultant for the art school. Also present at the congress was Lieutenant Jasiński, who had been selected as a people's tribune. He accompanied the delegation from the University of Wrocław (in order to keep them under observation). During the meeting Major advocated continuing with the strike. He ignored the appeals of the university rectors. He wanted a revolution. When the majority of the committees were in favour of ending strike action, he identified it as a top-down decision, and compiled a declaration of eleven breakaway universities. He began organising a convention of the universities who wanted to strike on at the Academy of Arts in Wrocław. In the last days before what was to come, he became an ultra-revolutionary. The wave of events had lifted him to its crest, but this wave was moving in a dangerous direction. On the memorable night of December 12th, when strikes were crushed in some parts of Poland, Waldemar was at home. It was a mild evening and he left the window open. The temperature fell sharply during the night. He caught a cold. He got up in spite of his high temperature and went to the Agricultural College. A referendum was being held there to decide if the strike should be called off. He wasn't discouraged. A meeting was due to be held at the Academy of Fine Arts. But at six o'clock in the morning, he heard the speech by General Jaruzelski, who announced the introduction of a state of emergency (the state of martial law) throughout Poland. He managed to get hold of some printer's ink. He was feverish. He went to his girlfriends' place, where he went to bed. He was ill. There was no room for either revolutions or counterrevolutions in the world General Jaruzelski had created. He got up the next day with a high temperature. He went to the window and heard a loud noise. An armoured vehicle was driving down a neighbouring street. The steel chariots of General Jaruzelski's army had occupied the city. The general was victorious. Major lay sick. Defeated. He and his political formation had lost. Yet he had also won, because he didn't have to carry on with anything. He was happy with his responsibilities. Major Waldemar Fydrych didn't succumb to base emotions. He considered General Jaruzelski a great leader, a conqueror. He lay sick in bed, his fever slowly subsided and odd pieces of news began to filter through. The university had fallen. The polytechnic too. They had been seized without difficulty. Then tanks had

shown up in front of Pafawag (the National Rail Carriage Factory) and other factories. After a few days, when his fever had totally subsided, he got up and went to nearby plac Grunwaldzki. There was a poster published by the opposition with a list of internees stuck on a column. Major's name was also on it. Denying that he'd been interned was in its own way an admission to a 'crime' against the military authorities. Major Waldemar Fydrych began to deny the information for his own personal benefit. First he checked the veracity of the rumour that there were really camps and prisoners in the Olympic Stadium. There wasn't anything of the sort. He scavenged piles of papers from wherever he could, to continue publishing the *Orange Alternative* and make fun of martial law.

Captain Seweryn was a loyal agent. He told Major the secret police were interested in him. The information reached him via Darek Sobiczewski. He wanted to find out the details, which Seweryn supplied. He went to visit Sobiczewski in his hall of residence, but no one was around. However, after leaving, he felt uncomfortable. A guy was walking in front of him and a car was moving slowly behind. There was an attractive woman in the car. Manoeuvres began. Fydrych approached the man from the rear. The man looked around and waited for him. 'Hello,' said Major, standing behind the older man.

The man was taken aback. 'Excuse me,' added Major,
'I've got an idea.'

'What do you want?' asked the guy, irritated. 'You, me and the pretty woman,' he pointed at the car, 'the three of us could go to my place, have some fun. We could throw a party.' The agent was surprised and Major made his escape. That same day, Captain Cupała was arrested. Major went into hiding. It was interesting, from the social point of view. While he was in hiding he encountered various opinions about martial law. There were those who thought the army would withdraw from politics, for example on Woman's Day. Major Waldemar Fydrych lived and breathed these events; like the entire city. It was intense. On one occasion people were talking about detainees. On another, people watched columns of military vehicles driving through the streets. He lived and hid in Sępolno for some time, owing to alleged or authentic warnings. He went

for walks at night. He had a whistle. He accompanied her Grace, Duchess Krystyna Czartoryska. During the curfew, they went for walks in gardens with the dog.

After several weeks of martial law, he watched an interesting spectacle in the halls of residence in nearby Biskupin. Every evening, students lit candles and beat saucepans on the windowsills. Policemen were deployed around the halls, as were spectators, who remained at a safe distance. This episode lasted several days. Finally, the police entered one of the halls of residence. Officially, the authorities released information that the students had been ejected from the halls. No one predicted that a new factor would arise. The local parish priest, on hearing that students had been made homeless, immediately persuaded his parishioners during the Sunday mass to put up young people in their homes. Had the students been accommodated throughout the entire district, they would have represented a greater menace to the regime. The military authorities backed down from the expulsions.

Friends being arrested and Captain Seweryn's reports all contributed to Major temporarily moving to Warsaw. He took that decision when he found another warning message in his contact box.

In Warsaw, he stayed in a building in ul. Madalińskiego. It was Krysia and Witek Czartoryski's flat. He spent his time making minor improvements to the building. The Polish capital was in the process of preparing for the celebrations of May 1st and 3rd. Both the government and the opposition were getting ready for a fight. May 1st was a warm day, like the day he went onto the parade stands at secondary school. The city was decorated with flags. Two marches showed up. The official one. And the unofficial one. One with banners supporting socialism, the government and the party. The second set off with Solidarity slogans and anti-government slogans. Breaking up the anti-government march caused fighting to spread to another part of the city. Major witnessed street fighting for the first time. He saw the police trying to seize the old town. The system of walls and moats prevented capitulation. The water cannons were invigorating. It was warm and people's clothes dried quickly. Someone was using a radio to monitor militia conversations. It was possible to find out what the militia commanders were doing. The commander-in-chief used the nickname '*Mandaryn*' and one of his subordinates was '*Herbata*.' Warsaw was

a city of great deeds that day. In some places, the air stood still, so the remains of the gas drifted up to the first floor. Mandaryn was worried about how events were developing and was unable to get the 'Tahiti Group' across the bridge. The Poles showed fortitude as a nation. The battle raged until late into the night. In the evening, Major saw people burning red flags, and bonfires were started in courtyards. The police arrived with fresh supplies of water and gas to keep the inflamed city under control.

After arriving in Wrocław, Major Waldemar Fydrych was able to share his impressions of the May Battle of Warsaw. That street campaign probably had a considerable influence on creating new battle strategies. Indeed, there was a similar battle in Wrocław on June 13th. The forces of the police conducted a dogged fight with the opposition around plac Pereca, which lasted all day and night. There was something attractive about street fights. They gave young people a great opportunity to let off steam. They didn't achieve anything long-term – they only aggravated the atmosphere. In their tame media, the government described the heroes of plac Pereca as extremists. The opposition called the government a 'junta,' 'Commies' and 'traitors.' When police units charged, they were greeted with cries of 'Gestapo.' Waldemar Fydrych wanted to create conditions in which 'extremists' and 'collaborators' could meet in more civilised circumstances. To that end, a confidential conference with Captain Cupała took place. The two officers agreed that more favourable conditions for dialogue than sticks and stones ought to be created. After a period of crisis, the Regiment began to be active again. They adopted the new strategy. They took the campaign of July 22nd as their example. July 22nd was a national holiday in Communist Poland. It was celebrated similarly to Bastille Day in France. They wrote special handbills beginning: 'We are extremists, because we are fighting for peace.' They suggested holding a meeting at the monument to the Lwów professors.

A crowd gathered there. Someone laid flowers, but the police didn't respond with violence. Organising events like that showed there were more effective methods than brute force. After this protest, Major and Captain Cupała smoked some weed. They relaxed.

They felt strong and smart and came up with an idea that would convince society.

‘Refusing to go to work,’ agreed Major, while the captain
was filling the pipe.

‘Yes,’ said the captain, seeing a great chance, ‘a stay-away strike.’ They turned on some Bob Marley. An excellent chess player entered the room and they explained the idea to him:

‘First, we’ll appeal to everyone not to go to work,’ began Major, ‘then the government will frighten the strikers on television. But the police won’t be able to storm through people’s houses and force them to go to work.’ Captain Cupała inhaled and handed the pipe to Major.

‘They can break a sit-down strike, but not one like this.’ Waldemar passed the pipe to the chess player, who declined. A girlfriend appeared with news that undercover agents had been seen near Major’s house. A moment of consternation arose. Our hero was afraid of being arrested just as he was constructing a plan to save the country and the world with the captain and the chess master.

‘How should the general capitulate?’ they wondered
together.

‘He should announce he’s capitulating,’ said the captain categorically.

‘Maybe via the cardinal,’ finished Major.

He presented his plans for the future. He stopped thinking about martial law and focused on the big issue: the defeat and capitulation of the general. ‘Then Poland will become a free country,’ he thought, finding himself tripping. Neither the director in secondary school, the director at the psychotherapeutic camp nor the strike committee at the university possessed the singular qualities of General Wojciech

Jaruzelski, commander and leader of both party and country. A splendid new opponent. Owing to the campaign at the monument on July 22nd, and by creating a modern strategy called a 'stay-away strike,' Waldemar had regained his old psychological form. An army general staff meeting took place the next day. Functions were assigned. Captain Cupała was appointed chief of staff and was responsible for the office, and Lieutenants Pablo, Kura and Zegarski would see to frontline duties. Captain Seweryn was given an important role, involving keeping the secret political police under observation. As political officer, Captain Bartoszek received far-reaching powers. He was also in charge of penetrating professorial circles (super-agent Jasio Florek was a trusted observer of the academic elite). The army was re-organized and prepared itself to carry out important new tasks. They counted on the help of the academic staff. After defeating the general, Major intended to give them power. He could imagine Professor Zlat as a minister. Captain Cupała was hoping for the support of Professor Gleichgewicht⁴⁶ and also the cooperation of Professor Wiszniewski. Generally speaking, the plan was well organized. 'We have to implement it,' said Waldemar at every opportunity. 'Keep moving forward!'

However, in the army loyal to General Jaruzelski everything was in place. And it wasn't Major who made the first move, but the secret service. When he came home he learnt that undercover agents had visited his neighbour. They wanted to install themselves in her flat. Information about them spread through nearby homes. The windows of the room they were interested in were opposite the house Major lived in. The Military Council for National Salvation had sent their best men. At least that's what people in the street were saying. Perhaps they wanted to save the general and prevent his capitulation before the Primate of Poland. For certain, they had thwarted Major's strategic plans. The atmosphere was usually very laid back where he lived, at 54 ul. Szanieckiego. Various activists hid there, meetings took place and great superstars of the underground would visit, such as the head of Rural Solidarity from Opole, or Stanisław Helski.⁴⁷

46 A Mathematics professor respected for his contribution to the struggle for democracy.

47 A failed assassin, who made an attempt on the life of General Jaruzelski.

At this juncture, the company had gone their separate ways. However, someone had brought some handbills, in spite of knowing about the undercover agents. Major was forced to remove the compromising literature. After a meeting, the householders agreed they ought to go on holiday. Leave the undercover agents with an empty house to observe. Exhaust them with its emptiness. Major—keeping in mind the circumstances—also decided to stay away. He had many ideas, which he decided to postpone until later. He took a trip around Poland. At top-secret meetings, he promoted the idea of a stay-away strike. In Kraków, his listeners thought General Jaruzelski ought to surrender to the Pope. Give up his sabre. In Warsaw, they suggested the Primate; in Toruń great attention was attached to the white handkerchief the defeated general ought to tie in a bow on his sabre. In Lednogóra near Poznań, they considered the capitulation of the general before people dressed in folk costume. The idea of a stay-away strike was developed wherever Major went. It took on character according to local traditions. Major also decided to spread the idea of a stay-away strike as he traveled back to Wrocław by train. First, he went to the toilet and opened the window. He smoked some weed. It was a special kind of weed, grown in Siberia. After smoking it he returned to his seat. He was in a carriage with doors. There was a wide aisle between two rows of seats. He decided to act deviously. Smoking the weed had not only sharpened his senses, but also his vigilance. He was determined to talk about the stay-away strike, but using super-conspiratorial methods. He suggested playing Chinese whispers with his fellow passengers. The game worked brilliantly. First he whispered: ‘stay-away strike.’ He was delighted, it was a success. Then he whispered other words. His vigilance was dulled by laughing, however. The passengers were enjoying themselves, whispering to each other. Once, when Waldemar was whispering, he even kissed a girl on the ear. Next to him stood an elderly gentleman in a suit, watching.

‘He might be an agent,’ thought Fydrych. It tormented him. Finally he cracked. ‘Maybe you’d like to play with us,’ he suggested to the man. The man had a smart jacket, a tie and short hair covered in brilliantine. A perfect agent’s outfit.

‘Yes, he’s an agent,’ thought Major.

‘No, I don’t feel like it,’ said the man.

‘Maybe he isn’t an agent,’ he thought, ‘it’s just the weed.’

‘No thank you,’ added the elderly gent.

‘So he *is* an agent.’ Major’s mind was moving brilliantly slowly.

‘I know something about you,’ said Major, deciding to
test the passenger.

‘I’m still not sure,’ came the reply.

‘And when will you know?’ he asked suddenly.

‘In a second.’ (‘Definitely an agent.’)

The man took out a cigarette and gave it to Major.

‘No thank you,’ said Major firmly. (‘Definitely. So the
Ministry already knows I’ve quit smoking’ thought
Fydrych, looking around. ‘He’s no ordinary investiga-
tor.’)

‘How do you know I don’t smoke?’

‘I’ll tell you in Poznań,’ finished the man. (‘He must be
an undercover agent of great stature.’)

The situation had transported Major Waldemar Fydrych onto a metaphysical plane. A whole raft of thoughts about undercover agents, rubber ears and narks seemed to have revealed itself in a single moment. He relaxed. He remembered the film *The Fugitive*. ‘It’s a similar operation,’ he thought, ‘this guy was looking for me all over Poland; he wants to tell me something. Now, he’ll give me a philosophical riddle at Poznań station.’

After leaving the train at Poznań station, the mysterious passenger in the suit spoke.

‘Excuse me, are you a Jehovah’s Witness?’

‘No,’ answered Major, astonished.

‘Well, you said you don’t drink. I offered you a cigarette
which you didn’t take.’

Major had a flash of illumination. He realised the weed had been perfect. Reality was even better, the state of martial law seemed more interesting to him than any other state of mind, and Communist Poland more attractive than any kind of capitalism.

‘They’re tough guys,’ said Andrzej Dziewit, ‘standing behind net curtains with their listening devices in such hot weather.’

Major went to greet his friends after his return. There was excitement at headquarters, where he listened to everyone’s opinions.

‘What will you do now, if they start watching your house round the clock?’ asked Lieutenant Pablo. He was sympathetic and concerned.

‘I’ll do something totally different. I don’t want to wait for the stay-away strike, I’ll do it right away.’

‘What will you do?’ asked Andrzej Dziewit, worried.
‘The agents are patient.’

‘Yes, but so are we,’ replied the leader forcefully.

The next day, Major and Dziewit pasted up small bills around the entire city reading: ‘Small Yugoslavian automatic washing

machine for sale,' with Major's address at the bottom. By doing this they wanted to kill two birds with one stone. Inform the hordes of washing machine fans about the stay-away strike and also confuse the secret police. It ought to be remembered there were almost no automatic washing machines at that time. If they appeared in the shops they quickly vanished; they were bought as 'special' goods. Socialist surrealism meant that the reality people lived in was one of a sophisticated, absurd metaphysics. One day there was toilet paper, and the next the shops were empty. It was the same with sanitary pads, meat, sugar and many other products.

'Why a washing machine?' asked Dziewit, sitting down on a bench with Major. They were waiting for a tram.

'I want the undercover agents behind the net curtains to see intense activity at my house following the summer vacation. Then they'll suspect my house is the centre of a large organisation.'

'I see.' said Dziewit embarrassedly, 'but they'll set a trap.'

'I think they'll observe each customer, but in the end they'll lose, when the number of clients becomes larger than the number of agents,' said Major triumphantly.

'What then?' asked Dziewit, showing interest in the plan.

'Then at our suggestion, Solidarity will issue information about the stay-away strike and the general will resign. It'll be the end'

'No. Then we'll have to destroy capitalism. And soda water will be offered free in the streets.'

A tram arrived. They got on. Dziewit went to a validating machine. Major caught on when Dziewit took out a tube of toothpaste and began squeezing it into the machine. The passengers pretended they couldn't see. Dziewit went to the back of the carriage,

where he clogged up the remaining validating machines. Finally an elderly man asked, 'What are you doing?'

Major looked the old gent up and down. He actually didn't think blocking up validating machines was as effective as, for example, a stay-away strike, but he didn't like anyone criticising his friends.

'Can't you see?' he asked, 'my friend is gluing up the validating machines. It's a combination of active and passive resistance.'

'I don't understand,' said the elderly man.

'Didn't you know there's a state of martial law?'

'Yes, I did.'

'We have two kinds of resistance, as you know from anti-government handbills.'

'Yes,' answered the older man in astonishment.

'Active resistance is, for example, throwing bottles full of petrol at the police. You've probably heard of incidents like that.'

The tram reached the stop. Several people got off. Others got on. They tried to put their tickets in the validating machine, but couldn't. The tickets came out covered in toothpaste. The remaining people, seeing that the validating machines were blocked, gave up and sat down.

'Do you see?' asked Major after a moment's silence, 'the state treasury has been stripped of a few zlotys. Those people are engaged in passive resistance. They aren't paying. All that's needed is to create a pretext for not paying.' The elderly man was astonished.

'It won't achieve anything.'

‘Why not?’ reacted Major. He went closer. He wanted to tell him something discreetly. He leant over a little. The tram made a sharp turn, and there was a squeal. Major waited for the tram to join a section of straight track and took up the conversation again. ‘We’re going to fight until the government capitulates. With just a stay-away strike; no occupations. Absence. Outright victory. You won’t go to work and the government will surrender. What’s more,’ he said, excitedly, ‘you’ll be able to rest during the strike.’

‘Young men!’ said a sprightly middle aged woman.

‘Yes,’ said Major, turning around.

‘How old are you?’ she asked.

The tram reached the stop. A young man with a resistor in his lapel got on. He didn’t even take out a ticket.

‘Do you see, madam?’ said Andrzej agitatedly, ‘he’s not afraid, he’s wearing a resistor in his lapel. You know, in school people wear resistors to declare their resistance to the government.’ The young man smiled and unbuttoned his shirt. Underneath there was a large electrical resistor hanging on a strap.

‘That is a civic stance,’ said Major, ‘perhaps you want General Jaruzelski to give up his sabre, to surrender to the Primate of Poland.’ The woman’s face changed; she blushed, said nothing and got off at the next stop.

‘Goodbye,’ said Major.

‘Goodbye,’ she answered politely. She got off. She was bent over and carrying heavy shopping bags.

The tram set off. Major heard a whisper: ‘bunch of nutters.’ He looked around. He felt the need to explain.

Dziewit grabbed him by the lapel, however. They got off.

‘They’re squares, bourgeois,’ said Dziewit, ‘they don’t understand anarchy.’

‘Don’t worry,’ said Major, calming him down, ‘we’re winning.’

The New Culture Movement was running out of steam following the imposition of Martial Law at the end of 1981. In response, during the Spring of 1982, Major began to establish a secret university, the *Ultra Akademia*. The Ultra Academy would be a fine competitor to the existing state run art academies. The school was based in the same building as the Regiment’s staff headquarters, a large house on ul. Kopernika in Park Szczytnicki, at the Math institute of the Polish Academy of Sciences, where Cupała worked and lived. There were no formal announcements of events, but they recruited their members from the milieu of the New Culture Movement, but they did not all enrol. The student body consisted of friends and trusted acquaintances. Everything took place in strictly confidential conditions. Dziewit agreed with the project of creating their own military university for training revolutionary staff. An excellent first lecture was delivered by Professor Zegarski on the subject of Bhakti Yoga, the Yoga of love. The size of the audience was limited. Dziewit was to become a professor, receive a chair and lecture on the History of Pacifism. Cupała lectured on Situational Magic, a new magical discipline he had invented (and unrelated to the Situationist International). Meanwhile, Major formed a School of Tactical Painting. He explained the art of tactical painting to Dziewit as they walked around one evening. There were tall buildings around them, with lots of patches of paint of various sizes, ‘Do you know what that is?’ He pointed at a patch.

Dziewit raised his head, ‘These spots? Something’s been painted over,’

‘Why are there marks like that on these buildings?’

‘Someone painted them.’

‘Who?’

‘Caretakers. Or the militia.’

‘Why would they have painted those patches here?’

‘There’s graffiti slogans underneath,’

‘What kind of slogans?’

‘Anti-government ones: “Solidarity”, “Down with the Commies”, “Down with the Junta”. Why are you asking?’

‘Because there are spots like that everywhere. There are thousands of them. People have painted anti-government slogans on almost every building.’

‘So what?’ Andrzej Dziewit asked Major.

‘I know what to do with them.’ Dziewit wanted to get on the next tram.

‘Wait, I want to tell you a big secret. I’ve found a way to save the country.’

‘Ok...’

‘Something’s going to appear on those patches...’

A young woman approached the tram stop. Major looked at her suspiciously. The woman smiled. Major moved closer to Dziewit, and put his mouth to his ear, so the woman wouldn’t be able to hear.

‘I’m going to paint dwarves,’ he whispered, ‘on those paint patches.’

‘What?’

Major moved close to him again and whispered ‘...
Dwarves.’

‘I’m sorry, would you be Major and Andrzej Dziewit?’
asked the woman.

Major froze, wanting to run away, but unable to because
his friend answered, ‘Yes,’ with a smile.

‘I’m glad they’ve haven’t arrested you.’ Major was sure
she was a secret agent.

‘We are too,’ said Dziewit, relaxing. They got on a tram
and calmed down after a while. It turned out the girl had
been on the strike and read the *Orange Alternative*. She
got off two stops later. They said goodbye.

Major turned to Dziewit, ‘Remember: *dwarves.*’

On their way home, Major unfolded the perspective of the new
revolution before Dziewit.

‘We’ll paint dwarves on those patches. There are thou-
sands or tens of thousands of paint patches in Wrocław,
and probably a million in the entire country. If a million
dwarves get painted on a million patches, people will
find strength and the government will fall.’

‘That’s... incredible,’ said Dziewit, reeling.

‘Later,’ said Major, ‘armies of dwarves will appear on the
streets. There’ll be the dwarves and the militia. The gen-
eral will surrender. If not to the cardinal, then he’ll come
out with a white flag and surrender to the dwarves.’

Dziewit stood stunned by this sensational news.

‘Isn’t it wonderful; dwarves everywhere?’

‘Then the borders will open up: a world without visas,’
Dziewit exploded with enthusiasm.

They returned to Major’s flat in Sępólno. Guests gradually began visiting his flat. People interested in the automatic washing machine also began arriving. Great momentum was building up. Strange things began to happen. After smoking weed, a certain young man interested in the profundities of religious life fell into deep ecstasy. He went out onto the balcony and began to enthuse about divine works. He was an ardent Christian and the weed had strongly affected him.

‘How beautifully the birds are singing,’ said the young man. The street was empty and dusk was falling. It went quiet. The only sound was the clicking of a camera. Undercover agents had taken his photograph, as he announced that he was in touch with and influenced by the Holy Spirit.

The flat filled up. It became dark. They forgot about the close presence of the undercover agents. Not only customers, but friends, acquaintances and brothers in arms visited Major.

Around midnight, Major took Captain Cupała on a night patrol. Not far away, by the exit to the bridge, where the power station was, was the slogan ‘Down with the Junta,’ covered with





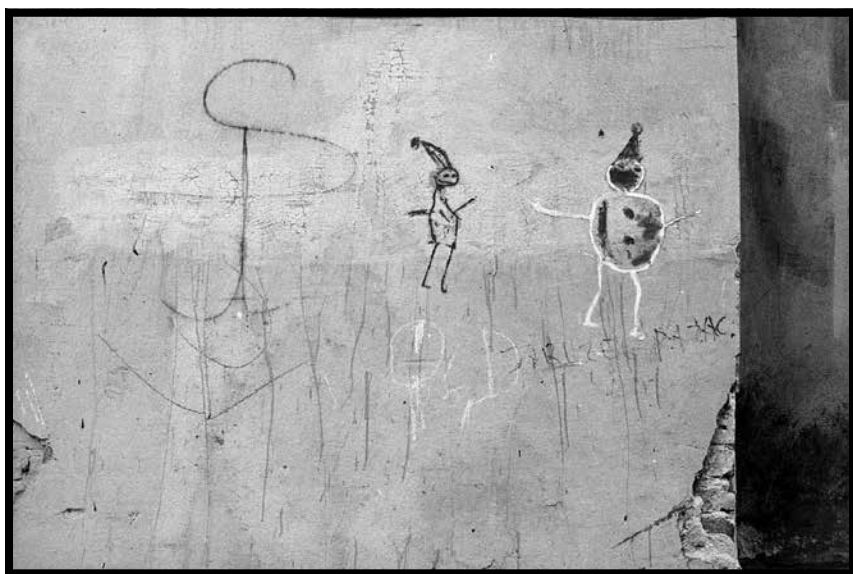
white paint. They spray-painted a dwarf on it. Later, at night, they walked along the embankment and painted another dwarf in nearby Biskupin near the tram terminus. Thus began a new era. The next morning, after the party, on his way to Biskupin, Major met Andrzej Kopczyński, who painted dwarf number three.

On August 31st, 1982, Wrocław was seized by serious street fighting. Major stayed at home, looking after Maniś Gibała, who was sick. Meanwhile, new dwarves appeared on Grunwald Bridge, painted by Kasia Piss. Kasia was the first person to paint a dwarf during the day. She forgot her fear. The next day, a strong crew was prepared, which included – alongside Major – the head of the military orchestra, Jacek Tarnowski; Kasia Piss; and Captain Andrzej Kopczyński. The crew set off for the city. Major hadn't slept at home, which increased the chances of victory. The formation of a mobile unit was a tactical and effective move, because the authorities were unable to discover the crew's location. They painted dwarves along traffic routes, where there happened to be the greatest number of paint patches. After a week, dwarves could be seen all over the city. Major painted dwarves like a professor of the

arts of war. He called this approach ‘tactical painting.’ The main principles, later fully defined by Major – in his book *Hokus Pokus* – were:

1. To encourage citizens to paint graffiti in order to increase the number of paint patches, and by doing so change the city’s visual identity.
2. One ought to expect an increase in the number of dwarves in the city’s visual identity, consistent with the convention of the aesthetics of socialist surrealism, causing a transformation of quantity into quality.
3. To bring about the appearance of three dimensional dwarves in the streets and start a total surrealist social revolution in the factories.

The aims were clear. Many people joined in with the painting. The city began to look more colourful.



PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN



Major and Lieutenant Pablo were speeding towards Łódź on an express train. They had taken cans of paint and brushes with them. After spending the night in Łódź with a girlfriend, they set out for the city. Lieutenant Pablo was having a crisis, because he had split up with his girlfriend after a fight. In spite of this, he loyally assisted Major. They painted more than a hundred dwarves. It was evening. They were planning to return home, when they noticed an enormous building with a great number of paint patches. They started painting. When they were finishing a pompom they were aware of a large figure behind them. He was dressed in militia uniform.

‘What are you doing?’ he asked.

‘We’re painting.’

‘What?’

‘A pompom on a hat.’

‘Do you have permission?’

‘Yes,’ said Major respectfully.

‘Who from?’ asked the astonished militiaman.

‘From God.’

‘In that case, you’ll have to talk to my superior,’ he said.

‘Very well, let him come,’ they responded.

‘Would you mind going in there?’ said the militiaman,
indicating a door.

Looking above the door, Major realised this building with so many paint patches was the militia’s officer cadet school. After being led into a rather shabby room, Major and Lieutenant Pablo were presented to the duty officer.

‘But gentlemen,’ said Major, ‘we were painting dwarves.’

‘Come again?’

‘On the paint patches on the building.’

‘What patches?’ said the officer, who left and then came back in.

‘Have you seen, Major?’ asked the militiaman.

‘Yes,’ reacted Waldemar, after which he realised the militiaman was talking to the duty officer, who was also a major.

‘What?’ asked the duty officer.

‘The dwarf’s got a red hat.’

‘That’s to be expected,’ the duty officer informed the
militiaman.

In that cheerful place the hospitality only lasted briefly. They were taken by car to the militia station, where – as they were informed – the militia’s notorious colleagues, the secret political police, would be taking over. Lieutenant Pablo was the first to be questioned – but it was quickly over. The agent conducting the interrogation cracked. Lieutenant Pablo addressed him as ‘good man.’ This was more than the officer could stand. ‘I’ll give you “good man”,’ he said, and Major saw the red-faced undercover agent escort Pablo back in.

‘Now you,’ said the agent.

They went into a room. Major sat down at a desk.

‘Do you know who grassed you up?’ asked the undercover agent mysteriously.

‘No I don’t,’ answered Major, equally mysteriously.

‘What were you doing?’ he asked, less mysteriously this time.

‘What? Don’t you know?’ Waldemar had become effusive.

‘No I don’t,’ shouted the agent. Waldemar stared at the undercover agent; the silence increased the tension. He paused.

‘I was painting a dwarf,’ he said calmly.

‘If you aren’t going to tell the truth I’ll have the militia beat you up,’ said the agent, changing the mood. Major went silent for a while. He knew the agent couldn’t count on a favour like that from the militia, and that it was a bluff, a threat, a typical trick for those times.

‘Please don’t talk like that to me, I’m a citizen,’ said Major. The agent was taken aback. ‘Say that again.’

‘Didn’t you hear?’

The undercover agent nodded, frowned and looked menacingly.

‘Do you know that I can make the city beautiful?’ asked Waldemar cautiously.

‘Are you making a fool of me?’ said the agent, showing his irritation, ‘What about that cretin; who’s he?’

‘Who do you mean?’

‘That mate of yours.’

‘He’s a sensitive person.’

‘He’s a nutter.’

‘No, he’s just unhappy because of his girlfriend.’ Major noticed the agent had written something down.

‘And now tell me why you’re in Łódź.’

‘I wanted to go to the mountains,’ answered Major mysteriously, as if he were hiding something.

‘I know why. Because in the mountains, with all those rocks, you’d have to paint big dwarves,’ said the agent, pleased with his discovery. ‘What do these dwarves mean?’

‘I’ll tell you under one condition.’

‘What’s that?’

‘No one can know about it. It’s a secret.’

‘Very well,’ said the agent.

‘Can you keep a secret?’

‘Yes.’

‘Word of honour?’

‘Word of honour.’

Major began to whisper.

‘Alright, I’ll tell. *I want a revolution, a revolution of dwarves.* It’s a great secret.’

The undercover agent looked at Major completely differently. He wanted to write, but it was as if his ballpoint pen had begun to burn his hand. He smiled condescendingly, ‘So there’s going to be a revolution of dwarves.’

‘Yes.’

‘Listen, can you draw me a dwarf?’ Major drew him a dwarf.

‘And can you write something under the dwarf?’

‘I won’t write that there’s going to be a revolution. That’s between us.’

‘OK, write whatever you want.’

‘Why?’

‘I have to show it to my superior.’

‘I’ll write that it’s the tactical painting of important social forms.’

‘Oh, yes,’ said the agent, livening up, ‘write something like that.’ Major wrote it.

‘Very good. Tomorrow I’ll show my superior, and you’ll have a chance of getting out of this mess,’ he said, ending the interrogation. The next day, Major and Lieutenant Pablo were invited by the militia captain to his office. The captain had written a report where he said that Major and Lieutenant Pablo had been engaged in important dialectical art, where the slogan was the thesis, the patch the antithesis and the dwarf the synthesis.

‘Captain,’ said Major, ‘please let us go. We were visiting a girlfriend. There’s a shower there, it’s nice, warm and cosy there.’

‘You’re free, gentlemen,’ said the captain. ‘Visit your girlfriend, have her invite a friend. Take a shower, because sleeping on floorboards is good for potency.’ He gave them back their documents.

The strategy of painting in several towns and cities simultaneously was difficult. It was getting colder and colder, and Major wanted to paint in even bigger Polish cities before the end of the calendar year. He organized a trip to Kraków with Captain Cupała, Marek the Happener and Jacek Tarnowski, the leader of the military orchestra.

Crowds gathered when they were painting in the Market Square. The operation was a success, with no casualties. Major and Jacek Tarnowski landed up in Warsaw at Christmas. The city was awash with Christmas trees. People were in a hurry, buying baubles and presents. They ended up at Jurek Żurek’s place. They spent Christmas Eve with him, and the next day set off for the old town, armed with paintbrushes. But they were quickly surrounded by a military patrol, and escorted at gunpoint to the militia station. ‘But really,’ said Major, ‘it’s only an innocent game. We were painting dwarves.’

The officer stood staring at Major, who was dressed in a long black coat with silver buttons, a hat, sunglasses and a beard. Then he recalled there were militiamen standing alongside them.

‘Is it true?’ They nodded. He looked at Major once more and addressed the militiamen again.

‘How big were they?’ They removed their hands from their automatics and demonstrated.

‘What colour were they?’

‘Oh, various colours.’

The officer sat down. The reaction to Major’s account of these events at the next staff meeting was as follows: Captain Bartoszek was delighted by the actions. He had found funding for Major’s trip with the director of the military orchestra. They didn’t just cover Warsaw, they also went to Gdańsk.

That night, General Jaruzelski, the great victor, suspended martial law. The state of martial law was lifted, but its consequences remained in people’s minds.

‘Do you believe the general will give up his sword?’
asked the psychiatrist, ‘he doesn’t have a sabre, after all,
Waldek.’ This time they were in a café.

‘I don’t know, but clearly he must have seen the dwarves.’

‘Not necessarily.’

‘Yes, he must have.’

‘How do you know?’

‘Because we put dwarves all along the Royal Way.’

‘The general will die laughing. If you were the technical
director of a large factory it would be different.’

‘I have an MA in Art History.’

‘That won’t help you. Take a look in the mirror.’

‘I don’t get it.’

‘The general’s smart. He wouldn’t surrender to anyone who isn’t as presentable as he is.’

‘I see. That means we simply have to increase the number of dwarves.’

The state of martial law had been lifted. Major’s life was more boring than before. Serious discipline problems had descended on the Regiment. The masses hadn’t sufficiently supported the dwarf revolution. No one else (apart from Major’s circle) had painted dwarves on the paint patches. It was a defeat. From the artistic point of view, the dwarves were a success; the greatest and most visible painting exhibition during martial law. But art was meant to have been the fuse, the detonator. It was supposed to have inspired social forces to launch a permanent revolution. In general, the dwarves on the walls were treated kindly. But there were exceptions. One night, while Major was painting in the street, he felt a presence. The regular – intermittently interrupted – hissing of the spray paint revealed that someone was painting. He finished a small dwarf and hid in some bushes. He usually painted silently using a small brush, which he wiped on a rag. The peace and quiet in the street didn’t last long. Some way off, two shapes were moving in the shadow of the walls. Clearly patriots – they were painting a two-word slogan. Judging by the letters ‘S’ and ‘P’ with an anchor, they were brave graffiti artists from Fighting Solidarity.⁴⁸ The bravest of the brave. The shapes approached the dwarf. Suddenly they began to make frantic movements. He clearly saw them tapping their foreheads at the sight of the little dwarf. This incident disturbed him. There was a great concentration of paint patches in the vicinity. The next day he met the Happener nearby. He informed Major in his typical laid-back way: ‘The Engineer’s wife is annoyed with you because of the dwarves.’ Waldemar quickly put two and two together.

48 A radical splinter of the Solidarity Independent Trade Union.

‘But she doesn’t have time to write slogans. Is she doing it by herself?’

‘With a friend.’

‘What do they write.’

‘Down with the regime.’

Major was certain the hand of the Engineer’s wife was wreaking havoc in the neighbourhood. He immediately set off to the Engineer, who received him in his slippers. He was watching the television. Many of their friends didn’t watch television at that time. During martial law, the leaders of the underground appealed for the television to be boycotted. The appeal made little impression on the Engineer, who was liberal in his views, as usual. The door slammed and the Engineer’s wife entered the flat.

‘Listen,’ she said sternly, “Is it you painting those clowns?
Do you realise you’re disrespecting serious people?’

‘Clowns? No, that wasn’t me. I’ve been painting dwarves,’ Major explained.

‘Do you know you’re making fun of a human tragedy?
People are taking risks and you’re fooling around.’

‘I know patriots write on walls and risk imprisonment. But I’m doing it for the revolution.’ She began to walk away.

‘I’m a dialectician!’ he shouted. But she was gone.

‘Are you going to paint?’ asked the Engineer.

‘No, I’m going to the toilet,’ said Major.

He felt he was suffering revolutionary defeat. His idea to paint dwarves on walls had not brought forth the expected response.

Major looked for a solution. He found one. He decided to do the best thing for himself, the authorities – and possibly society. He wrote a letter to the passport office:

‘I, a citizen of the People’s Republic of Poland, have taken the decision to emigrate. The state of martial law is creating the chance for people like me to make a democratic choice of which country to live in. Taking advantage of this, I would like to go to Jamaica, because of my links with the Rastafarian movement.’⁴⁹

Major included his CV later in the letter. The letter ended with an attempt to resolve his relationship with the state:

‘I was a hippy, and I am currently a Rastaman (if Rastamen form a political group). I shall always be free. My choice is to leave the country. My decision is consistent with the fundamental interests of the People’s Republic of Poland, but is also in the interests of the whole of humankind.’

He added a postscript, to encapsulate the essence of the letter:

‘I know that as an anarchist, authentically endeavouring to free society from the shackles of a bureaucratised state, I am Enemy Number One for any government, which makes emigration an obvious choice. I believe that neither I nor the state authorities should squander this opportunity.’ The government didn’t reply to Major. But the great strategist became convinced to remain in Poland. Duchess Krystyna Czartoryska visited Wrocław and attempted to convince Major to stay in Poland. ‘But Waldemar, you’re a superb strategist.’ Major was embarrassed, but he responded:

‘And I think there’s no greater strategist than the general.’

‘Waldemar,’ she said sternly, ‘you shouldn’t think like that.’

49 The Jamaican religious movement which included Bob Marley among its adherents. Major was a big fan.

‘So Poland will need more tacticians like the general and myself in the future?’

‘You must remain in Poland,’ said Her Excellency, Duchess Krystyna Czartoryska, a great benefactress, a woman of considerable generosity and compassion for the nation and its social issues.

‘But I’m an anarchist!’ exclaimed Major.

‘Of course. So am I,’ she said calmly, ending the conversation.

‘First of all, see what you look like and what he looks like!’ said Aunt Zofia to Major.

Major sat down in front of the television with a mirror next to him. In the mirror was Major’s reflection and on the television the Sejm, with General Jaruzelski marching towards the rostrum.

‘Look!’ she repeated.

‘Look at what?’ growled Major, offended.

The general occupied the rostrum and stood behind the line of microphones such that his medal ribbons were level with them.

‘Now you can see yourself and him.’

‘Yes,’ said Major.

‘You criticise him, but he’s got class.’

‘I look this because I’m a scholar.’

‘Don’t talk nonsense. I know a lot of academics and they dress smartly.’

‘Are you sure?’ asked Major, looking at the general.

‘Yes. Without exception. Even a certain archaeologist who was a diver always visited me for supper after work dressed in a fresh shirt, tie and pressed suit.’

‘You don’t say. Even him.’

‘Yes, and now look in the mirror.’

Major stood in front of the mirror. He saw himself. His hair was unkempt. He looked scruffy. In the distance, reflected in the mirror, was the general on the TV screen. He was giving a speech and was smartly dressed, while next to the mirror stood a dwarf. Waldemar understood right away. He leant forward.

‘Why are you whispering to yourself?’ asked a voice from behind.

‘I’m whispering that the general is a remarkable statesman. When I return home I’m going to start over. I’ll use him as an example,’ he finished.

‘The most important thing,’ he thought, ‘is that the politicians don’t find out.’

Major decided he needed to find a spiritual teacher. Assuming that the length of one’s beard was an important measure of a spiritual teacher, he paid a visit to the famous Maggriszna von Ozi, who it was said sat cross-legged against the wall wearing robes in order to attain spiritual equilibrium. Maggriszna von Ozi informed Major during a vegetarian supper that he couldn’t be a spiritual teacher, but he did show him many mediation positions. That evening, a certain lady living in Jelenia Góra came for supper at Maggriszna von Ozi’s. She became his spiritual teacher. He stayed with her and read volume one of Master Su Jun’s biography. Then he traveled on, to Przesieka, in the Mill, where there

was a Zen Centre and a library. The following weeks were spent meditating. Meanwhile, Major read Volume two of Master Su Jun's biography. A party took place in the Mill in Przesieka attended by many people, including the woman known from Jelenia Góra – the prompter. Among the guests was also the prompter's younger sister; more beautiful, more energetic, but with a warrant out on her from her worried parents, so the rumour went. Major quickly gathered information about the young woman, who – it was said – had beaten a suitor so severely she'd made him bleed. He quickly took an interest in her and the two of them set off hiking mountain trails together. Under her influence, Major also became interested in Tibetan Buddhism. Meditation was better than smoking marijuana. Quitting weed was important to Major, but it also led to many conflicts. When he returned to Wrocław he didn't smoke, which was commented on negatively by the freaks.⁵⁰ It was difficult for smokers to come to terms with a situation like that. Meditation had become the foundation of Major's life. He based his way of seeing the world on it. The following years were marked by sporadic opposition activity, but by constant, lengthy meditation sessions. Major met Zen masters and Tibetan lamas, and became a practising Buddhist.

In time, however, he began searching within the non-violent approach for a way of getting out of his personal, social situation. For three years, Major hadn't done much as an oppositionist. Perhaps the philosophical concept of self-realisation had had an influence on that. The circles Major moved in were still interested in underground activities. Underground life in Wrocław was still flourishing. One day, undercover agents began hanging around outside Major's house. He had just hidden some handbills with the slogans: 'Quitting smoking weakens the regime' and 'We'll make hay on May 1st.' He had gone onto the street and sensed a presence behind him. He thought with repulsion about the individual whose movements he was tracking out of the corner of his eye. He wanted to lose the annoying tail. To do so, he walked towards a pedestrian crossing. There was a considerable crowd on the pavement. Then Major bellowed:

50 A colloquial expression used in the alternative community to describe dissidents.

‘Hey everyone!’

People heard him, in spite of the noise of traffic. They began to look at him.

‘Ladies and gentlemen, I’m being observed by undercover agents.’ He walked up to the agent and pointed a finger at him.

‘This one,’ he said to the people.

The man turned away and blushed, wanting to get away.

At that moment, something totally unpredictable happened. Another individual walked right in front of an approaching taxi. The squeal of tires animated the other half of Waldemar’s brain. He turned around and quickly analysed the situation. His right hemisphere whispered to the left, ‘Another agent.’ His left issued an order to his nervous system, ‘Time to act.’ Both halves of his brain were mobilised.

‘I’ve flushed out another agent,’ he said triumphantly.

People were half shocked and half afraid of what might happen. The lights changed and the crowd moved. One person showed him a ‘V’ for victory sign. Waldemar’s cerebral hemispheres greatly enjoyed the moment. He became conceited. He began to treat undercover agents as cogs in a vast machine. Rather than sympathise with them, he became arrogant. Major Waldemar Fydrych didn’t have the class of Lieutenant Pablo. The lieutenant would have invited the surveillance team to a café.

The next day he took great pains to avoid being followed. He wandered through long labyrinthine streets, checking for undercover agents. They were nowhere to be seen. Night fell. He came to a house called *Trzonolinowiec* near the railway station. It owed its name to its unusual design. The house looked like a mushroom on a stalk. Engineer Ćwiklak⁵¹, a high-class freak, lived there.

51 A dissident and active figure in 1980s Wrocław.

Our hero decided to stay with him. He was tired. He fell asleep pretty quickly. He slept soundly. A man was lying in bed next to him. Asleep. Waldemar raised his head and recognised the great poet Antoni Roszak. Roszak soon woke up. ‘Good morning,’ said Waldemar.

‘Hi,’ replied Roszak and began looking for something.

‘I was being followed yesterday,’ said Major.

‘Me too,’ said Roszak, finding his watch, ‘we’ve been asleep a long time.’ He was about to sit up, when the door opened.

Engineer Ćwiklak’s hand appeared and a newspaper landed on the bed.

‘Have a read and then come and eat.’

Roszak opened the newspaper. He read in silence and then yelled as if he’d been scalded. Waldemar took the article. Arrests. He found the name of a friend of the family. Now he was certain he’d escaped arrest. After exchanging opinions, the two of them went to eat breakfast in the kitchen.

‘Things ain’t what they used to be,’ said Major.

‘No, they aren’t,’ said Roszak, but remained glued to the newspaper. He was intently reading the sports news.

‘Yes, things used to be different, more elitist. There weren’t so many of us.’

‘So what?’ said Roszak, challenging Major’s view.

‘At one time we had agents with class – not what we have today,’ continued Waldemar.

‘I see,’ said Roszak, remaining unconvinced.

Major livened up, recalling the times he'd spent with Mark Burak. He raised his mug of tea. The recollections aroused emotions in him.

'Captain Bodnar,' he said, beaming, 'was a great undercover agent. Today there aren't any gentlemen like that.'

Waldemar explained, he felt things were better in the 1970s, when Edward Gierak was First Secretary of the Polish United Workers Party. Everything seemed to be better then. Even the undercover agents. 'He once hit me in the mouth,' said Roszak.

'But I guess you must have said something bad to him.'

'Yes, I insulted him.'

'And then what happened?'

'I spent a night in the cells.'

'And that was that?' asked Major, continuing to push.

'No. He called me into his office in the morning when I woke up. There was brandy, coffee and sandwiches on the table. He invited me to help myself, saying: 'Tuck in, the menu in jail's rubbish.'

'So what did you do?'

'I said: 'Captain, you smacked in the mouth yesterday – and today you've laid on all this?'

'He spread his hands and said something like: 'Tough luck, Antoni, duty first.'

'So Captain Bodnar *was* a great gentleman,' said Major, pleased with himself.

At that time, the city was often patrolled by the militia, who hung around in the most conspicuous places, at road junctions, for example. The role of militiamen then was to check whether people crossed the street properly when the lights changed. It was comical. One of those places was a small bit of pavement under the clock at the junction of ul. Świdnicka and ul. Świerczewskiego (now ul. Piłsudskiego). The Orange Alternative organized a modest happening. It involved hanging around under the clock in paper hats. Militiamen drove by several times in a large vehicle called a *buda* (paddy wagon), waving their batons and laughing. However, the foot patrols mercilessly harassed the people under the clock. They forced them to remove their hats and produce their IDs. When the crowd swelled, they ordered people to disperse. Perhaps the philosophy of self-realisation pushed Major towards another operation, that of growing aster flowers, which were later to be distributed outside factories. One year they were grown in Sandomierz, and then in Wrocław for the next two years. Major and Andrzej Dziewit handed them out in front of the biggest factories. Neither hanging around in paper hats nor giving out flowers represented a particular threat to the government. They were innocent activities, almost invisible. Lacking any spectacular success. These first happenings Major organized were in no way large-scale. But they had some panache. For example, he and his friends turned up in the city centre with painted paper tubes. The middle of the 1980s were boring, apathetic times in Poland. Characters showing up with coloured tubes in the centre of town were sure to arouse interest. At a certain moment, the tubes were lit, causing great confusion. The smoke was still around by the time militia vehicles arrived, but the participants managed to get away.

A few weeks later, Chernobyl nuclear power station exploded. News about the contamination of the environment and the depressing lack of response by the Polish government spread quickly around the world. Major and Piotrek Gusta began making posters. Major supplied the slogans and Piotrek the linocuts. Working together, they produced a lot of posters. For example, *Radowit*, a joyous genre scene showing Cossacks in *budenovkas*⁵² flying on huge bombs with the slogan: *Red Army atomic knights are break-*

52 Caps worn by the 1st Cavalry Army.

ing through the front at *Mikołajki*, and underneath another slogan: *The Scientific-Technical Revolution is spreading through Europe*. Chernobyl made Major realise he had to start fighting the regime that had covered up the explosion. It was only revealed after pressure from Western public opinion. Indeed, the opposition hadn't especially concerned itself with the disaster either; the underground newspapers printing information well after the event.

Major had a dream which greatly influenced him and gave him faith and strength to continue with artistic, oppositionist and military activities. It was to play a decisive role. He went to sleep at the time of a full moon. The same dwarves he had once painted on the city walls appeared to him, riding a chariot. They spoke. They announced Major had defeated the army of General Jaruzelski. It was time for his triumphal entry into the City of Dwarves. A huge elephant paraded on the road in front of him, ridden by Napoleon, Caesar and Alexander the Great. Its belly was vaulted with stars like a Gothic church. Major felt a laurel wreath being placed on his head. Józef Pinior was there. With Sławek Monkiewicz. And Carl von Clausewitz.

Major awoke. He got down to making pots out of papier-mâché. He began making a centipede, consisting of canvas, pots and walking feet. He had a lot of luck. Sławek Monkiewicz seemed delighted by the centipede. He declared his interest in joining his operation. However, Monkiewicz first wanted to rid the Journalists' Club of party journalists. Major put a great deal of effort defending the poor 'red spiders' from Monkiewicz's avenging hand.

'But my dear, they're people too, just confused.'

'No way!' said Monkiewicz firmly, 'they're conformists and ought to be hounded out.'

Major tried to convince Monkiewicz it was better to educate people subtly than to mete out a historical punishment. Making pots out of papier-mâché was heavy going, but it was finished by the spring of the following year. At that time, Major was meditating a lot and gathering strength for future battles. His idea was to liven up the city.

The first of April was April Fool's Day, which they thought might protect the participants from being harassed. The centipede set off from the History Institute. According to the plan, it was meant to leave from ul. Świdnicka. This confused the enemy. After negotiating several streets, the centipede cut through the Market Hall and after passing the square of the Architecture Museum it ended up at Grunwald Bridge. However, the bridge was blocked by units of the militia, who forced them to dismantle the centipede. A Pyrrhic victory. Major believed in his dream. He would continue the campaign. He decided to dress the army in red hats. Red hats possessed an advantage over pots since they were easy to hide and simple to use. He also had a vision that confiscating the hats would provide a game and a better spectacle, as the militia chased people and tried to steal their hats. Major wrote a pamphlet about dwarves with the aim of encouraging people. He observed that waging a battle in the city centre could hold an advantage over other places. A point near the clock in Ul. Świdnicka was chosen. The posters featuring a dwarf that Piotrek had designed which encouraged people to come to the clock. In order that the event had some kind of programme Major mobilised students from the Ul hall of residence, and added the girls from the XX-latka hall of residence to the core team of collaborators. The girls from XX-latka had prepared a programme of events, including hat distribution. These hats would become a key feature of several actions – they were red like those of traditional dwarves, but in actions a year later on June 1st, 1988, they became Orange in reference to the earlier *Orange Alternative* gazette. But not only hats were used in this operation. A place was also found for a large teddy bear covered in green dollar bills.

Major based the operation on several groups. All the heroes of the student movement – such as Kubuś (Paweł Kocięba) – took part in the operation. There were also great stars of the underground, like Krzysztof Jakubczak.⁵³ They attracted excellent young people, distinguished happeners. The military authorities in Wrocław were still unaware of what a difficult position they had found themselves in. They didn't realise the city would begin to appear on newspaper front pages. The secret political police were also somewhat

53 A brave Orange Man known by the pseudonym 'Jakub.'

unaware that a great, historic battle was about to occur.

Although martial law had been declared some time ago, the government were afraid of groups of people. They would try and break them up. During the state of martial law, they would disperse demonstrations and now they would have to do something about the dwarves. Major organized a council in the Ul hall of residence before June 1st. Then he gave out the hats. He headed for ul. Szewska. A militia vehicle had been stationed since noon by the underpass in ul. Świdnicka. A crowd of people were gathering near the clock. Things were intensifying. Major realised the militia's commanders had made a mistake, causing people to gather prematurely.

Major set off with a strike force from ul. Szewska. At the same, time an independent group from XX-latka (school number twenty) had reached the pillory in the Market Square. 3pm approached. The militiamen were waiting in their Nysa. The sun was beating on the metal roof of their van. They suddenly noticed someone in a red cyclist's cap. They launched themselves in his direction, which triggered momentary applause from the crowd. At this moment, a group emerged from ul. Szewska, led by Major, and met reinforcements led by Jakubczak from the Market Square. Major began giving out hats, and people began putting them on. Jakubczak played the guitar. As Major was giving out the last hats, militiamen approached him. Meanwhile in the Market Square, the group from XX-latka began organising a public auction of enchanted objects, and distributing more hats. The procession now forming – with Jakubczak playing the guitar in the middle – began to dance and sing *My jesteśmy Pszczółka Maja*⁵⁴. The crowd was growing, and the militiamen were filling up their Nysa with arrestees. More empty vans appeared, but the crowd still grew. Major and some other people had been arrested and locked in a Nysa, but someone opened it from the outside. Major jumped out and began throwing sweets and candy in the air. The militiamen caught him and stuffed him back into the Nysa. The other vehicles were already overfull. 'Move

54 "We're Maya the Little Bee", a popular children's song.

along please!’ shouted the militiamen through megaphones. The use of the megaphone became counterproductive and attracted the attention of passers-by. The crowd grew.

‘Break it up!’ shouted a militiaman through his megaphone.

‘Move along now!’

The crowd applauded.

‘Anyone who doesn’t take off their special hat must show their ID papers!’ The crowd roared with laughter.

‘Take off your hats!’ repeated a militiaman through his megaphone. However, further reinforcements were approaching from the Market Square. Large heavy vehicles, called budy (black Marias) were arriving. It was becoming crowded.

‘Mum, why are they arresting dwarves?’ asked a child.

‘Because dwarves belong to capitalism, and not to socialism,’ came the reply.

In the Nysa, the militia’s shortwave radio was buzzing intensively.

‘Who are they?’ asked someone from headquarters.

‘They’re dwarves.’

‘What?’

‘You know: dwarves,’ answered the militiaman over the shortwave radio, ‘It’s alright, we’re arresting them.’

‘Have you been drinking?’

‘No sir, we haven’t touched a drop.’



TUBES, 1986, PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN

‘Then tell me, why are you seeing dwarves?’

‘They’re students dressed up as dwarves.’

‘Oh, got it,’ the voice from the radio seemed reassured,
‘students.’

‘So what are they doing?’ asked the voice from headquar-
ters, agitated again.

‘Singing.’

‘What?’

‘*My Jesteśmy Krasnoludki* (We are the Dwarves).’⁵⁵

55 A traditional Polish children’s song. It runs: “We are the Dwarves / hop sa sa

‘Well, bring all the singing dwarves down to headquarters then.’

Some of the vehicles began moving off slowly, and other, empty trucks arrived. In the middle of ul. Świdnicka, the militiamen were chasing a guy dressed in the uniform of the armoured cavalry. Jakubczak, who had been playing a guitar, was hauled off into a vehicle. Major looked around and his Nysa drove off. He already knew that June 1st – Children’s Day – was a victorious day. Cameras appeared in windows. The Nysa where Major was sitting stopped again. Shots were heard nearby. This briefly worried the militiamen. It turned out to be someone popping an empty bag of sweets.

‘You’re doing too well,’ said the driver of the Nysa to the dwarves.

He wanted to add something, but a voice came on the radio. It was a different one than before.

‘Order the blues to surround the reds.’

‘Yes, the blues have surrounded the reds.’

The Nysa set off again. It entered the Market Square.

It was very crowded around the pillory. The vehicle had to drive slowly. Major couldn’t believe his eyes: there were dwarves everywhere. They reached the monument to Fredro, which dwarves were attempting to climb. Militiamen were trying to pull them down by their trouser legs.

‘Is that normal behaviour?’ the driver asked the people sitting in the back.

hop sa sa/ Our houses are under mushrooms/ Hop sa sa, hop sa sa/ We eat ants and frog legs/ Oh Yes! Oh yes! Oh yes!/ Red hats on our heads/ Are our sign, our sign.”

‘They’re dwarves,’ explained Major.

The Nysa’s driver was disgusted.

‘The blues have reached the opera,’ he heard over the radio.

‘There are no reds, only blues,’ came another update.

The dwarves were held in a large cell at militia headquarters. Rain beat down on the windowsills. People kept being taken away for questioning. The militia and the secret political police weren’t used to encounters like these during working hours. During the history of the Polish People’s Republic, in times long gone, the political police hunted partisans in the forests and supporters of the London government-in-exile. They tried to root out the remnants of capitalism. Later, they spied on and interrogated revisionists, trade unionists and oppositionists of various persuasions. Now they were interrogating dwarves. The poor functionaries of the secret political police were just as confused as their colleagues in grey uniforms. Strange scenes occurred in the interrogation rooms.

‘Who organized it?’

The suspect acted according to underground principles, avoiding the question by remaining silent.

‘How was it supposed to proceed?’ came a trick question.

‘We were all meant to think up something funny,’ said a dwarf, finally cracking.

‘What was your idea?’

‘Happy pills.’

The word ‘pills’ mobilised the functionaries. Various objects were removed from the dwarf’s rucksack. There was a large sheet:

the same one used during the happening with the pots. The sheet was meant to have been thrown over the monument. The militiamen weren't giving up. They searched the rucksack until they found a plastic packet containing pills. They livened up, crowding around the table. It was clear the pills had excited the militiamen and the undercover agents. One of the militiamen hurriedly tried one. According to the witness' account, the others also wanted to have a go. They turned out to be mints.

The appearance of the dwarves in ul. Świdnicka was a crucial event in Major's life, but also in public life in Wrocław, and later in the entire country. All that was left to do was to wait for their next appearance.

The holidays were approaching and the weather was sweltering. The temperature in the shade began to exceed thirty degrees centigrade. Major collected some T-shirts from friends. His girlfriends wrote letters on them. When the T-shirts (i.e. the people wearing them) were arranged in the right order they read 'STOP HEATING US.' However, if one letter was changed, the slogan became 'STOP BEATING US.' The conspirators gathered in the underpass near plac Nowy Targ. Józef Pinior also showed up there, in order to file a report for Radio Free Europe. One letter was missing, there was no choice; Józef Pinior – at that time on the committee of the Solidarity trade union – put on the T-shirt with the letter 'R.' The walking slogan reached Barbara's Bar. A patrol car set off in pursuit.

The happening 'STOP HEATING US' had cosmic and human dimensions. It set off planetary energy and penetrated to psychological depths. The moment the letter 'H' replaced the 'B,' the sun in the sky – apparently influenced by the slogan – went behind a cloud. However, when the 'B' returned, the sun came out. The movements of the letter 'B' were treated differently by the militia car. When the slogan 'STOP HEATING US' appeared, the militia drove away and the sun went in, but when the militia returned being told that the slogan 'STOP BEATING US' was being displayed, the sun also came out. Finally more militia vehicles appeared. The protestors were loaded into them. Major sat in a Nysa and watched.

‘Break it up!’ shouted the militiamen.

‘Break what up?’ answered a middle-aged man.

‘Don’t be clever. Show me your papers.’

The vans drove off, the crowd slowly dispersed.

Major also had his wits about him on September 1st, 1987. He was giving out flowers in ul. Świdnicka, in the shadow of a banner reading ‘Down With Fascism.’

‘What were you doing in Świdnicka?’ asked the officer
leading the investigation.

‘Me? I was buying corn on the cob and before that I’d
been to a clockmaker’s.’

‘What parts of your watch were being repaired and
where?’

‘I wanted to repair that big clock in the street.’

‘Which one?’

‘The big one, up there, by the crossing.’

The officer was dumbstruck. He lifted the receiver and dialled
a number.

‘Why do I have to question this person?’

A silence fell. He looked at Major and listened.

‘What? I’m responsible for serious criminal matters.’

A moment later, he hung up impatiently.

‘Listen,’ he said in a grave manner, ‘if you want to do this art stuff, do it where we are not present.’

‘And where are you NOT present?’ Major asked, snatching back his papers.

In front of militia headquarters, the crowd was swarming. Everyone was talking at once. It turned out a French camera crew had been arrested. ‘You should have seen their faces,’ laughed someone out loud, ‘they couldn’t understand why people were being arrested on Peace Day.’

The French journalists emerged, their faces painted with disbelief.

‘When’s the next action?’

‘The first of October,’ answered Major.

‘I don’t know if we’ll still be in Poland,’ answered the journalists.

‘We’re going to be giving out toilet paper.’

‘Toilet paper?’ asked the journalists, finding it hard to hide their astonishment.

‘There are long periods in Poland when there isn’t any toilet paper.’

‘What do people do if there isn’t any?’

‘Well,’ said Major, ‘they use newspaper.’

‘Or they wash the same piece of paper and use it again and again,’ joked Grzesio Francuz.

‘You’re fighting for there to be toilet paper. You want to distribute it. What if there isn’t any on the day of the action?’

‘We rely on our well organized underground.’

‘But if people finally have enough toilet paper you’ll be out of a job.’

‘Oh no – there are plenty of other delicate and difficult
issues.’

‘What other issues are there, beyond a lack of toilet paper?’

‘There aren’t any sanitary pads.’

‘What?’ asked the journalist, dumbfounded, ‘there are no sanitary pads?’ Did I hear that right?’

‘Quite right: no sanitary pads.’

‘How do women live without them?’

‘Women have learnt the art of suppressing their periods,’
said Major.

‘I see,’ said the journalist with reverence.

‘Incredible!’ said the Frenchman.

‘Yes, you won’t easily find good wine in Poland.’

‘What are you going to do then?’

‘Yes, they’re capable of a great deal,’ added Major, ‘and for patriotic reasons they are able to choose whether to have or not have their menstruation periods.’ The journalist stood looking at him, entirely puzzled.

‘Have you seen the photograph of the militia chasing
dwarves?’

‘Yes.’

‘Earlier on you didn’t want to believe something like that
was possible.’

‘Yes, that’s true.’

‘But do you know there actually isn’t any red wine in the
shops.’

Another French journalist joined them. He reacted animatedly
to the news of the lack of red wine.

‘No, I’ve seen bottles of wine.’

‘It’s made from fruit – just not from grapes. They still call
it “wine,” though.’

‘Incredible!’ said the Frenchman.

‘Yes, you won’t easily find good wine in Poland.’

‘What are you going to do then?’

‘Give out toilet paper and sanitary pads. Taste red
wine in celebration of the October Revolution. Father
Christmases will appear. We’ll put on a better carnival
than the one in Rio de Janeiro,’ said Major, ‘It’ll be very
exciting, even more than it is in Paris,’ he concluded.

‘It *is* more exciting than Paris,’ agreed the other journal-
ist, ‘but how can we describe it so the French people will
be able to understand it?’

‘When the Communists triumph in France, the masses
will instinctively realise the ideas of socialist surrealism,’
said someone standing nearby.

The militia were increasingly resolute, ‘Please disperse,
don’t block the entrance to headquarters, you’re free
to go.’

Major, Józef and the general staff spent the following days organising other operations aimed at outflanking the enemy. The published a new handbill, urging: ‘Polish people aren’t monkeys and have their own style. In order to satisfy international progressive thinking, let’s gather in ul. Świdnicka at 4.00 o’clock on October 1st. Let’s bring toilet paper with us and let’s take action. We’ll use it to create independent community, psychic, philosophical, cosmic and slogan-bearing compositions. At 4.00 o’clock let’s slowly get the paper out and share it out among the people. Let’s share it fairly.’ The day of the battle was as bizarre as the handbill. Many people were arrested, but it wasn’t one of the militia’s great days. Major was arrested. He was singled out early by his manner of dress. He had a stocking over his head.

‘Excuse me, how old are you?’

‘Over thirty.’

‘Aren’t you ashamed?’

‘Of what?’

‘Wearing clothes like that.’

‘I’m dressed in a sack with paper ribbons to make art.’

‘What kind of art?’

‘What do you mean what kind?’

‘I don’t know. There are various kinds of art, like the art of loving,’ replied an underground agent seriously.

‘I make dialectical art,’ said Major, ‘in other words I act upon consciousness and treat everything as a work of art.’

‘Does that apply to me now?’

‘Yes.’

‘But this time we caught you quickly, not like that other time.’

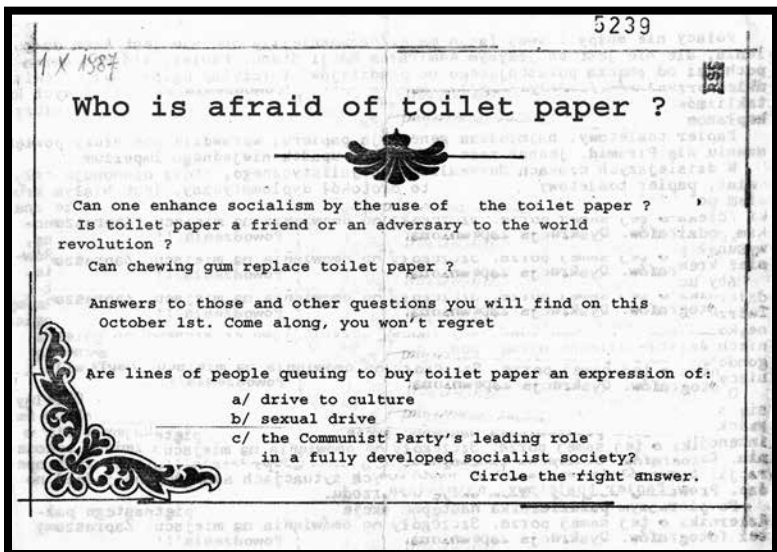
‘When was that?’

‘You know, when you were a dwarf. It was harder to catch you then, but this time we surprised you. There were a lot of us and we surrounded you skilfully.’

‘In that case, we’ll give away toilet paper another time. Then you’ll see if you manage to surround us.’

‘No, as an artist you shouldn’t repeat yourself.’

‘I’m the super-avant-garde. I can repeat things, I’m open to anything.’



TOILET PAPER FLYER (TRANSLATION)

‘Don’t tell me you’re open. There’s a limit to your openness.’

‘No there isn’t.’

‘Be straight with me. What are you planning?’ Major paused.

‘You won’t tell anyone?’

‘No.’

‘Listen, and I’ll give you some advice as well.’ The agents leant in.

‘We’ll be celebrating Militiaman Day, then Polish Army Day. Have a look at the calendar. We’ll be having the October Revolution and then why not Santa Claus?’

‘You’ve got your work cut out; that’s a lot of events. It’s better to focus on one thing. You’ll have to drop something, like Militiaman Day, for example, and focus on Army Day.’

‘That’s good strategic advice, thank you. But I want to celebrate both the militia and the army.’

‘You really are hardworking, a real Stakhanovite. Pity you don’t work for us in the militia, we need people like you.’

The inspector stood up, made a telephone call, said goodbye to Major, and walked towards the door. There was a long wooden slat by the door. He picked it up and then opened the door.

‘Where are you going with that moulding?’ one underground agent asked the other.

‘I’m going into town to do dialectical art.’

Morning was breaking. Every now and then Major looked out through the gap in the door. It was an October day. Robert Jezierski, a hero of happenings, was still asleep nearby. The house they were hiding in was still not known to the other side. Finally, Fydrych heard bustling behind him; they had breakfast. They set off for an appointment, with paint in a bag. The crowd in ul. Świdnicka was growing. Elegant girls were giving the militia flowers. The militiamen were well prepared: vans drove up with their side or back doors already open, loaded up the flowers and drove off with them. The atmosphere, full of beautiful gestures, spread out across the street.

Major, Robert and a group of people took out their paint. They painted their faces at lightning speed, and stood by the BWA (Art Exhibitions Bureau). They began to observe the lights, direct the movements of pedestrians, and whistled at people who broke the traffic laws and chased them. When the lights changed, they sounded a gong. When they were green a kettle drum was used to help pedestrian traffic. Then the lights turned red. Someone began crossing the road, and then ran back in a panic. They were given an honorary fine. 'There you go,' said Robert, 'that's your fine.'

Major picked up a huge figure of a dwarf dressed in uniform. He heard a squeal of tires. Militiamen ran out and bundled him and some other people efficiently into a van, which moved off at great speed. No one said anything, there was complete silence. In the distance, the crowd was dispersing. It was peaceful; crowds doing their shopping walked past.

'Why've we been arrested?' asked Major, breaking the silence, 'we were helping.'

'My god,' said an officer to him, 'what *do* you look like?'

'We just wanted to resemble you more so we painted our faces to match the colour scheme of your uniforms,' said Robert.

'You wanted to help, looking like that?'

‘We could have put on your uniforms, but that would have made you even more unhappy,’ added Major.

‘No, there wouldn’t have been any trouble,’ said the officer, ‘next time come and tell us you need to help us, and you’ll get everything – batons, a Nysa...’

‘You’re having us on.’

‘Oh no, we need people who want to help.’

The Nysa had reached militia headquarters. They went up to the first floor. Each happener was taken to a different room. Major ended up in a room with two tables. A uniformed militiaman sat at one of them. A civilian sat at the other. Major was put by the window with the blow-up dwarf.

‘What were you doing?’ asked the militiaman.

‘I was helping.’



ARMY DAY POSTER

‘How?’

‘By directing traffic on Militiaman Day.’

The militiaman looked at the civilian, who smiled.

‘What do you do?’

‘I’m a student.’

‘What do you study?’

‘The history of art.’

The militiaman looked at the civilian again. ‘He’s obviously not in on the joke,’ thought Major, ‘so the plain-clothes man is making fun of him.’

‘History of Art is in the Philosophy and History Faculty,’ added the plainclothes officer, smiling at Major. The militiaman took notes.

‘Where did you get that drum?’

‘My girlfriend gave it to me.’

The militiaman took notes. The plainclothes agent smiled conspiratorially again.

‘You have a girlfriend? Where does she live?’ asked the militiaman.

‘I’m not saying,’ said Major.

The plainclothes agent stood up and went out. The militiaman looked at Major threateningly.

‘I don’t have to say,’ finished Major.



SECRET AGENTS DAY FLYER

‘I’ll take your photo.’ said the militiaman, ‘I’ll show the rector and you’ll be expelled.’

He stood up and walked over to a desk with a telephone. He called someone.

‘Hello,’ said the militiaman, ‘send up someone with a camera and a colour film. What? No colour film? OK, so send one up with a black-and-white film. The photographer won’t come?’ he replaced the receiver and sat down.

The plainclothes officer came back in; the militiaman was tense and began to write something. He looked at Major and wrote. ‘It’s clear he’s taking a description of me.’ When he looked at the drum, Major spoke up.

‘That drum’s African.’

‘Have you been to Africa?’ asked the militiaman, taking notes.

‘Yes.’

The militiaman made a note and looked abruptly at Major.

‘Where?’

‘The Ivory Coast.’

‘You trickster!’ he shouted. ‘You could be prosecuted for giving false evidence.’ The civilian smiled, stood up and went out. The militiaman also stood up and wiped his face with a handkerchief. The civilian came back. He was smiling.

‘That’s strange, your friend doesn’t want to say where his girlfriend lives either,’ he smiled, putting on sunglasses and going out. He stood in the door, ‘Your friend doesn’t even want to say what his name is, but we know Robert,’ he said and went out. ‘He also says you want to help the army.’

The militiaman sat down, relaxed, ‘And how could you help?’ asked the militiaman.

‘Oh, we can all help the army. We’ll introduce a state of martial law and a special curfew.’

After leaving the militia station, Major – as a professor of warfare – distributed a handbill in the form of an order: ‘Ceremonial order No. 00. We, His Magnificence the Commander, Rector of the Ultra Academy, hereby inform that autumn manoeuvres will be organized on 12 October using the cryptonym ‘Melon in Mayonnaise.’ Adam Lipiński printed the handbill in a secret printing office which Major had contacted with the help of the famous Duczin – Marshal Mieczysław Piotrowski. Thanks to the handbills, Army Day was celebrated in grand style.

‘Oh comrade, that was a masterpiece,’ said Józef Pinior.

‘What was, comrade? The handbill or the operation?’

‘Both of them, of course. The operation was top-class.’

‘Is that what you think, comrade?’

‘Comrade Major, I’m absolutely certain. The armoured grenadiers were very well prepared, and the tank was stunning – it left people dumbfounded.’

‘It was the work of our comrades from the Inter-Institutional Resistance Committee,’ said Major.

‘Foreign journalists are asking me what was written on the tank,’ said Pinior, interested in details.

‘At the front it said “Moscow,” at the back “New York,” under it “Świdnicka,” and next to the number 102 the words: “Hans Kloss,” “Hitler Kaput,” and “Melon in

Mayonnaise”. It caused uproar, because the students from the officers’ school wanted to destroy it. They didn’t want us to celebrate Polish Army Day like that, but our armoured grenadiers comrades overcame them by force.’

‘Hard cases!’ said Comrade Pinior, impressed. Major was also excited by this great victory.

‘Comrade,’ said Major, ‘the enemy was positioned on the Market Square side. They thought we’d strike from there.’

‘Those Palestinian commandos you arrived with, comrade, were also a trump card, which took the journalists by surprise. The foreign correspondents are delighted,’ Comrade Pinior told Comrade Major.

‘Comrade,’ added Major, ‘in three days – as you know – we’ll be meeting in ul. Świdnicka again. We’ll be giving out toilet paper – here’s a handbill.’

‘Yes comrade, another toilet paper hand-out.’

‘This time, Comrade Józef, I want to discuss an important detail with you. We’ll mount the attack gradually, in waves, like the Romans legions did. I hope,’ said Major, looking around, ‘that this time we’ll catch the Provincial Office of Internal Affairs by surprise again. A pamphlet has been written with this in mind. It contains special instructions.’

Major presented Comrade Pinior with another pamphlet published at an eccentric printing house he was put in contact with by Czarek Buśko and Olek Limisiewicz. Czarek Buśko had a particular liking for keeping watch on undercover agents. During the happenings, he would position himself on the top floor of a building in ul. Świdnicka where he put a long lens on his camera and tried to photograph civilians. The activities of Buśko, a former colleague of Marek Burak, weren’t just restricted to photographic

operations. That brave patriot's house bristled with apparatus for listening in on enemy shortwave radios. When Major went to get the pamphlets, he had the chance to look at that device, listen to strange crackling sounds, and admire the host's considerable patience. After leaving with the handbills, he would roam the city, leaving them in various houses along the way from where they were passed on further. It was fun. On this occasion, Major gave them to Comrade Pinior to read first.

'Instruction A.01.

At 16.00, fresh people will arrive, i.e. people who have not yet been in the Provincial Office of Internal Affairs – they will form the first line.

At 16.15, people who have already been guests at the Militia Presidium building will arrive – forming the second line.

At 16.25, regulars visitors at the Provincial Office of Internal Affairs, the Aunts of the Revolution,⁵⁶ will show up – the third line. We'll give out the paper discretely at first, like bribes, we'll have pins and make little rosettes out of the paper. In the second phase we'll pin on paper tails.

'Comrade, we ought to join the third group: the Aunts of the Revolution,' said Comrade Pinior.

'Yes, comrade.'

'I'll show up with some foreign journalists. Can I bring them when we – the Aunts of the Revolution – join in the action?'

'Yes.'

56 Initially middle aged women supporters, the term was later used to describe veterans of any age or sex.

‘And can I pin paper tails on the foreign correspondents?’

‘Comrade, the foreign correspondents have earned their right to toilet paper tails. It will demonstrate the degree of evolution reached by world capitalism and its consumerist aspirations.’

‘Excellent, comrade.’

‘That’s not everything, comrade. There’s also the instructions for the militia. They’re always complaining about the mess, so a plan of action has also been written for them. It’s here.’

“Special instructions for Provincial Office of Internal Affairs.

At 16.00 we begin checking IDs.

At 16.03 we invite people to board our Nysas.

At 16.15 we arrest people with tails and listen to *Sto Lat*⁵⁷ being sung.

At 16.25 we get hold of the veterans and move to the third stage of the happening.”

‘So the cards really have been dealt out,’ said Pinior confidentially. ‘And what will you be doing, comrade?’

‘Comrade, I wrote that plan so I could finally have some fun. I’ll come to ul. Świdnicka by bicycle and I’ll be covered in toilet paper. I’ll also give myself a tail.’

‘It’s going to be a great action!’

‘Yes, Pablo will be there. He heard we’re doing a special operation, so he’s broken off his stay in Oslo.’

‘Excellent. Pablo’s coming.’

57 *May You Live A Hundred Years*, a song sung at weddings, birthday parties and other ceremonies in Poland.

‘Robert is also really up for it. You spoke to him, comrade, he wouldn’t miss it.’

‘Yes, it’s serious now.’

The meeting was over. Comrade Pinior and Comrade Major said goodbye. They both still had several meetings to attend. Major went to his. He arrived in the region of the pizzeria. It was dark, but in spite of that he put on sunglasses. He changed his hat and was unrecognisable.

‘But Waldek, none of this will work,’ said the psychiatrist.

‘Why not? A lot of our friends are showing up.’

‘Do you believe that toilet paper tails will start a revolution?’

‘Why not?’

‘Nothing will come of it, Waldek, it’ll fail.’

‘But if a lot of people show up, the newspapers around the world will report that there’s no toilet paper.’

‘Then at most there’ll be some deliveries of toilet paper to shops, but that’s not a revolution.’

‘I think the mass presence of paper in the shops is a revolution.’

‘It’ll be a revolution when you shave your beard.’

‘Yes sir, the dialectical overcoming of my beard is a historical inevitability, and soon.’

‘I don’t believe you.’

‘I’ll shave my beard before the October Revolution’s Eve,
and I’ll also cut my hair.’

‘Well, that’s something.’

Crowds appeared in ul. Świdnicka. Major was riding a bicycle. Lieutenant Pablo was also there, but the militia were afraid to arrest him. Sixty eight adults, one child and two dogs decorated with toilet-paper bows were detained. That day, the revolutionary forces achieved another victory.

‘Why did you organise a hand out of toilet paper again?’
an undercover agent asked Major.

‘I’ll only tell Sławek.’

‘Why?’

‘Because I spoke to him earlier about the essence of giving out toilet paper.’

‘Oh yes, you spoke to him.’

‘He knows about art.’

‘Don’t you think I know about art?’

‘I don’t know if you do, but he wasn’t impressed by that other action.’

‘Yes, it’s true, I was also unhappy with it.’

‘You see?’ said Major to the undercover agent, ‘a successful operation is something else. Could you get Sławek?’

‘I’m not totally convinced.’

‘What do you mean? You saw it was class.’

‘That’s not enough. You don’t understand pop art.’

‘What are you saying?’

‘Just that you don’t know how to run happenings.’

‘Excuse me, but I do. I want to talk to Sławek. Last time you got me off the street pretty quickly, but this time the happening lasted longer and had a broad artistic programme.’

‘That’s all a matter of taste.’

‘In my opinion, it was awesome.’

‘I saw room for improvement.’

‘I’d rather hear that from Sławek.’

The agent went out and came back in alone.

‘What, Sławek doesn’t want to admit I organized a successful action?’

‘You upset him.’

‘How?’

‘You didn’t invite us to join in with the happening, just to do the dirty work.’

‘Not true. I treat you as artists.’

‘No, you’re a hypocrite, Waldek, and here’s the proof.’ Saying that, the secret political police officer showed him the handbill, ‘Here it is, instructions for us to check IDs at 4.00 pm, then lead people away and arrest them. You

didn't invite us to join in the fun. You rode around on your bike in wings, and we'd also like to enjoy ourselves, and pin tails on. You're cruel, Waldek. You don't consider us artists.'

'Why does Sławek feel upset?'

'It's not only him.'

'You too?'

'What do you reckon?'

'I see. I'll try to integrate you.'

Major remembered the criticism that appeared in the circles of the *Wojewódzki Urząd Spraw Wewnętrznych* (WUSW, or the Provincial Office of Internal Affairs). The following weeks were spent on relaxed preparations for the celebrations of October Revolution's Eve. The revolution broke out in Russia in 1917. It was now 1987. In 1917, revolutionary units, after being fired on by the cruiser Aurora, moved towards the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. After capturing the palace, they announced the formation of a new government – the Council of People's Commissars. Seventy years had passed since that day. Each year the October Revolution was celebrated with great pomp as a state holiday; at first in Russia and later in other countries including Poland. In Poland the government, Communist Party and national television were involved in organising and participating in the celebrations. In 1987, it was more interesting in the respect that not one, but two organisations were preparing for the holiday. One of them was an official department of the Central Party Committee and the government, and the other an organ of the new revolutionary forces independent of the state: The Council of People's Commissars was founded on the initiative of Comrades Major, Pinior and Jola Skiba. The aim of the council was to re-enact the storming of something resembling the Winter Palace. After that

building's capture, a proclamation about seizing power, creating a Council of Delegates and giving the people the right to decide about the fate of the state was to be announced. Their alternative celebration of the eve of the Revolution was to be a signal for a new revolution, intended to morally wrest power from the hands of the current government. They were also intended to manifest the apogee of popular folk art in Poland. It was called 'the People's Republic,' after all. Certain political groups entered the revolutionary mood. Those of W. Majakowski, Trotsky, Lenin and even Kropotkin. Comrades from *Międzyszkolny Komitet Oporu* (MKO, or the Inter-Institutional Resistance Committee) agitated in schools. This was when the Orange Kids appeared, a fierce fighting force composed of pupils from Wrocław high schools and first year students, a few years younger than the wise Orange elders. MKO and others also engaged in shipbuilding by reconstructing the battleship *Potemkin* from the finest cardboard. Gaddafi (this was only his nickname) came from Warsaw to support the revolution. He was from Szczecin and was an active member of Freedom and Peace.⁵⁸ He was interested in the construction of another ship, the cruiser *Aurora*. They were both glorious ships, the first of which was the hotbed of the revolution in the Black Sea in 1905, while the second was part of the Baltic Fleet in 1917. Anarchists, led by Beanpole and Dominik Podsiadły, joined the manoeuvres. The independent element supported the celebrations in the city. Major had his hands full. He circulated around Wrocław with Comrade Pinior, meeting with support everywhere they went. They checked to see if the work was being done. The working class from large factories – mainly Polar⁵⁹ – joined in with the action. The state authorities had reason to be displeased by such developments. In order to coordinate more effectively, numerous meetings were

58 Very serious pacifists who preferred freedom and peace to war and peace – anticommunist pacifist organisation that shared members and collaborated with the Orange Alternative. Founded to resist persecution, when a student in Szczecin, Marek Adamkiewicz, refused to make an oath to the Polish army during obligatory military service in December 1984 and was sentenced to prison.

59 A splendid state owned factory manufacturing washing machines and other domestic appliances.

called to elect a suitable revolutionary organ. It was one of the most important moments in Major's life. He was happy to read the following from a handbill he had written at a meeting in a hall of residence encouraging mass participation:

‘Comrades!

The day the Great October Proletarian Revolution broke out was the day of a Great Event. But until now, the celebration of the Revolution did not have its own ‘Eve.’

Comrades, it's time to overcome the passivity of the masses. Let us begin celebrating October Revolution's Eve. We'll gather on Friday, November 6th, 4.00 pm in ul. Świdnicka under the clock (...).

Comrade, dress in red for the celebrations! Put on red shoes, a red hat or scarf. If you don't even have a red armband or other accessories, borrow a red bag from a neighbour. If you don't have a red flag, paint the tips of your fingers red. If you don't have anything red, buy a red baguette with ketchup. We, the Reds (red faces, hair, trousers and lips) will gather on that day under the clock at around 4.00 pm.

COMRADES, LET'S MEET AT A RALLY IN HONOUR OF THE REVOLUTION!

LET THE IDEAS OF LENIN AND TROTSKY LIVE FOREVER!

signed: THE COUNCIL OF PEOPLE'S COMMISSARS.

PS – Bring your dog at 4.15 pm. A dog show will take place featuring pedigrees and mongrels under the slogan: “Dogs at the Forefront of the Revolution!” Red bows on leads are most welcome.’

Major finished reading. The audience applauded. Comrade Pinior ceremoniously handed Major a flying helmet. The council of commissars enthusiastically supported the declaration. They all sat down at the table. The revolutionary staff marked their own predicted movements and the movements of the enemy on a map. The aim of the assault was to be – as in 1917 – the Winter Palace,

represented in this case by Barbara's Bar, which served excellent red borscht. First the anarchists and the sailors from Kronstadt were going to attack from the Market Square. Then the Baltic and Black Sea Fleets, and then a simultaneous frontal attack by the Red Cavalry from ul. Kazimierza Wielkiego. The units' leaders and political commissars were present at the briefing. At the last moment, a workers' committee was founded, which positioned itself near the Red Cavalry, led by that hero of many actions and battles – Robert Jezierski himself. A procession with a red October Revolution's Eve star led by the daughters of the revolution and the Angel of the Revolution was to play an important spiritual role.

There was an impressive response. The largest underground printing works joined the revolution. In order to get handbills published, Major went again to Marshal Duczin's house at the end of October. Duczin promised to print ten thousand handbills. After leaving the Marshal he roamed through the town.

He stood outside the house of Czarek Buśko, one of Burak's colleagues; He knew that at this time Czarek would be sitting by his apparatus and taking notes, breaking the undercover agents' codes. Czarek had cracked the secret services' information code long before. The phrase 'bottle of wine,' for example, meant a woman, 'a litre' meant a man, 'half a litre' meant a child. When the undercover agents uttered the sentence: 'I'm going to get some wine and a litre and a half' Cezary knew exactly what it meant. Waldemar didn't want to disturb this patriot's work. He continued on foot to the university staff accommodation where Olek Limisiewicz lived, a colleague of Buśko who had been in the same company with Major at military school. There he had the opportunity to sample some good home-made fruit liqueur. He also received the promise of a further few thousand handbills.

'There'll be a lot,' said Major, clinking glasses with his host.

'What? People or undercover agents?'

'Handbills!' shouted Waldemar enthusiastically.

Major wanted even more. That evening, observing conspiratorial principles, he went Rafał Guzowski's house. There were some

small bushes in front of the block of flats where Rafał lived. Our hero hid there. He observed and reconnoitred the area. This time he did it cautiously. He had once made a mistake and passers-by had mistaken him for an erotic exhibitionist. He skilfully emerged from the bushes and leapt inside the block with a single bound. As usual at Rafał's, he watched satellite television, drank coffee and found out he could count on posters and extra paper to make stencils. It had been a successful evening. Major was happy. Handbills and the posters made by Jacek Ponton played an important propaganda role. There was huge support for the revolution. It couldn't be denied. One could only wonder how long the state would last. And when the order would crumble and bourgeois mentality collapse. On October Revolution's Eve, Major shaved his beard, cut his hair and changed his clothes. He didn't put on his traditional, black great coat with silver buttons. He was utterly unrecognisable.

For several days, the city had been plastered with propaganda posters, featuring the figure of a naked ballet dancer with a hammer and sickle, and Lenin, whose head was crowned with a halo of small stars. The handbill – an appeal by the Council of Commissars – had been distributed on a massive scale. He knew that if he avoided being caught in ul. Świdnicka, the militia would naturally allow the action to continue. He got on a bus containing Comrade Pinior and a unit of Red Guards. They all had rifles and banners hidden about their person. The bus reached the underpass, the crowd all poured out of it, a banner was quickly unfurled, red flags appeared, and Comrade Pinior strode towards the rally with the guard from the most industrialised factories beside him.

The bus moved off. In the distance, Major could see the rushing militiamen and in the background a huge warship. The cruiser *Aurora* had made her presence felt. Black anarchist flags waved in the vicinity of the Market Square.

The action went off according to plan.⁶⁰ The bus moved towards ul. Kazimierza Wielkiego. Militia vehicles were deployed all

60 Another fine account of this great day can be found in Wojciech Marchlewski, "The Eve of the Great October Revolution: Chronicle of a Happening in Wrocław." *Performing Arts Journal*, Vol. 13, No. 2 (May, 1991), pp. 43-49.

around. Major decided to continue to the next bus stop, get off and give the order for the Red Cavalry to cross plac Wolności, and approach ul. Świdnicka through a narrow passage between buildings. He alighted and set off, when suddenly cavalry men with lances and wooden horses wearing green pointed hats with red stars suddenly ran out from behind the ship. They picked up speed. He responded by skirting the Opera and approaching from the other side of ul. Świdnicka. He was still unrecognisable. He found a crowd in ul. Świdnicka shouting 'Revolution!' There were a great number of large militia vehicles in the middle of the street. Militiamen were dashing between them, arresting people dressed in red. The crowd were cheering, 'Revolution!'

Barbara's Bar was closed. Major read a sign on the door reading 'Closed – Power Cut.' 'It looks like the militia's commanders also have expert strategists,' he thought, 'so now one of the points of the plan – seizing Barbara's Bar – is impossible without breaking the law.' Assaulting the flagships of the Baltic and Black Sea fleets was intended to direct the militia's attention towards that part of the Market Square. The plan had been worked out superbly, but Barbara's Bar was closed. The desperate masses cheered. The Communist militia was arresting everyone dressed in red. Major, strolling around unrecognised by anyone, finally came across Jarek Wardęga, who was supposed to be writing a report for the foreign and underground press. Jarek Wardęga was replacing Comrade Pinior in this role. Pinior had offered his resignation at his own request and with the agreement of the Council of People's Commissars on November 6th, 1987, and transferred to frontline units. As everyone knows, he marched at the head of the working class armed with a rifle and bayonet, with a standard and propaganda materials in the form of banners.

'Comrade!' said Comrade Jarek to Major, 'I didn't recognise you.'

'What's happening to Comrade Pinior?' asked Major.

'Comrade Pinior has been arrested,' answered Comrade Jarek to Comrade Major, 'he fought courageously, the entire unit made a surprise attack. They made it to



Barbara's Bar, but the front door was locked, and that held back their troops. The White Guard militia units arrested them after a fierce battle.'

'Where are the ships?' asked Comrade Major, looking around the street.

'The ships, comrade, were unfortunately also sunk.'

'What?' said an agitated Major.

'Yes, the battleship Potemkin was attacked and brutally torpedoed near *Kwant* technical bookshop,' said the Commissar for Propaganda and Information of the Red Army and Navy. A tear was rolling down Major's cheek. He was moved by the tragedy which had been played out on the ship's deck. The battered cardboard wreck of the battleship lay forlornly in the street.

'And the cruiser *Aurora*?' asked Major.

'Another tragedy took place there.'

'What kind of tragedy?' asked Major, alarmed.

'At first, everything went according to plan. The cruiser *Aurora* was put together from canvas in the *Merkury* boutique,' said Comrade Wardęga, 'and then it set off from there towards Świdnicka.'

'But what happened to it?' asked Major, his heart pounding and afraid he would die upon hearing the next piece of unhappy news.

"The political commissar assumed command, because the commander of the cruiser *Aurora* drank too much *Mieszczańskie* beer,' said Comrade Jarek calmly, although a tear also began rolling down his cheek.

‘There’ll be a scandal. Perhaps we’ll have to appoint a Revolutionary Tribunal,’ worried comrade Major.

‘Let’s not think about that for now,’ said the Commissar for Propaganda and Information.

Red wings were flashing in the distance, and militiamen were carrying a banner they had taken from demonstrators, which read ‘Red Borscht.’ The number of people arrested was growing. The command ‘Arrest the reds! Arrest the reds!’ could be heard issuing from a Nysa. The militiamen were circulating in the crowd, observing what people were wearing. There were alert, spotting the smallest element of red clothing. Close by, a lady in a red hat was being led away; further in the distance was another lady in red gloves and a fellow in a red scarf. Major and Comrade Jarek passed a group with red bowties and bows. They reached the clock.

‘Was the mask of Lenin on the bow of the cruiser?’ asked Comrade Major.

‘Yes,’ answered Comrade Wardęga, saddened.

Nearby on the street lay the October Revolution’s Eve star and the remains of the props from the red carol singers. Alongside them glittered the portraits of the icons of the revolution. A crowd was forming in the distance. A fresh militia unit headed in that direction.

‘So it isn’t the end!’ said Comrade Major.

Several young ladies near the clock demonstrated great invention. They had painted their nails red, and some of them were holding their fingers up, letting them dry in the light breeze. Major looked around. Someone with a dog bearing a red bow was passing the weary militiamen.

A crowd was gathering in the underpass. A slogan was being shouted from a megaphone: ‘Militiamen are requested to go into

the underpass! Militia, please enter the underground!’ The crowd burst out laughing on hearing this. In the underpass, the militiamen surrounded some of the carol singers. Comrades Major and Jarek Wardęga walked past the militiamen, who were saying, ‘That nutter in the black coat and long beard hasn’t shown up yet.’

‘You’re famous, comrade!’ said Comrade Wardęga to
Comrade Major.

‘Yes, they’re waiting for me, but why are they calling me a nutter?’

‘Don’t worry, comrade. It’s getting dark and they’ve started arresting people dressed in maroon and light brown now.’

‘This was a great battle,’ said Comrade Wardęga gravely, ‘Comrade Kowalski fought to the bitter end, defending himself with rifle and bayonet. He was capable of attacking two or three militiamen. He wanted to free Comrade Pinior.’

Comrade Major wasn’t satisfied with the result of the operation. He wanted to gather a force from people dressed in maroon and set off, but Comrade Wardęga convinced him that the militia had been waiting for Major to show up in his black coat and long beard. However, he moved among the hordes of the enemy, smartly dressed and with an appearance that inspired complete trust. He still wanted to mobilise some group or other. Capture Barbara’s Bar, proclaim November inspired theses for the nation, constitute Councils of Working and Student Delegates and proclaim the victory of progress in Wrocław, but Comrade Wardęga convinced his commander that it was tactically better to keep the militia in a state of uncertainty. And Major remaining at large provided that uncertainty. The leader of the Council of People’s Commissars, Comrade Major, went with the Commissar for Propaganda and Information of the Red Army and Navy to find a telephone, in order to inform

the world about the great event which was October Revolution's Eve. The victory, in spite of the enemy's slight military superiority, was complete. October Revolution's Eve in 1987 was a moral victory. The celebrations in Wrocław echoed around the entire world.

In Paris, the Russian émigré magazine *A Journal of Russian Thought* published an article by the well-known Russian dissident Natalya Gorbanevskaya 'A Beautiful Day in the Calendar,' which colourfully described the event. The militia's commanders also presented unparalleled class. Some of the people arrested were gathered in a large room in ul. Łąkowa. A television was set up, which was turned on at the appropriate time, to allow those arrested to watch a programme showing the celebrations in commemoration of the Great October Revolution in Moscow. A few days later, Major had to take part in the work of the elected Revolutionary Tribunal. Two complaints were lodged from the command of the Baltic Fleet and two petitions from the command of the Cavalry Army. In the first and second cases, the issue concerned conflicts arising between the political commissars and the commanders. Both cases had to be examined by the Revolutionary Tribunal. The political commissar of the *Aurora* filed a complaint against the commander for abusing alcohol. Then the commander filed a complaint against the political commissar for taking command over the unit and sending it in the wrong direction during the battle. According to the commander, the political commissar had directed the unit towards the clock for personal reasons (his girlfriend was there). Major had plenty of problems to solve.

The conflicts in the Cavalry Army between the commander and the political commissar also concerned manoeuvres, but their roots lay elsewhere. In this case, the Council of People's Commissars found a solution. Major decided to cleanse the situation. Organising a referendum in ul. Świdnicka was intended as rehabilitation in the ancient form of catharsis. At the same time, the authorities offered their own referendum. Major behaved strangely. First he borrowed a pretty dress from one of his friends. Some friends gave him a wig. He had a close shave. Then followed the first fitting: a top with straps, and wavy sleeves. Ravishing heels. His shapely legs – he noticed – moved with an extremely sensual wiggle. He had his thighs and shins shaved before the action. A

little cream came in handy. Then Major was left alone in the room. He got into a flap about the sleeves of his top and his coat sleeves. He changed his scarf several times. Finally, he couldn't deny he looked alluring. He decided to find out how well he'd camouflaged himself. 'It'd be best to visit someone who knows me.' (He had the psychiatrist in mind).

'What are you doing here, madam?'

'Do you recognise me?'

'Incredible, is it Major?'

'Yes.'

'Why have you dressed up? Please don't go out,' said the psychiatrist, taking out some papers.

EVE OF THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION, 1988, MIECZYŚLAW MICHALAK





**EVE OF THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION, 1988 (MAJOR AND JEZIERSKI
PICTURED), MIECZYSLAW MICHALAK.**

‘For the purpose of catharsis.’

‘How do you feel about men now?’

‘The same as I do about women.’

‘Meaning?’

‘The same as I do to people.’

‘But you won’t get a high ranking military position or a
passport to Jamaica like that.’

‘I’m off to bring down the regime.’

‘Waldek, trying to achieve anything dressed as a woman
is a bad idea.’

‘Don’t I look inviting? Just look at my sexy legs.’

The psychiatrist began writing quickly.

‘I have to go out on the pull,’ said Major, breaking the silence.

‘Where to?’

‘Ul. Świdnicka, of course.’

‘Waldek, you ought to respect social norms.’

‘But who says I always have to wear trousers?’

‘How do you feel, sir?’

‘Please address me as “madam”.’

‘No, that’s not possible.’

‘Why not?’

‘Because your identity card was issued to a man.’

‘I’m a woman now.’

‘I’m not going to say “madam”.’

‘Say “miss” or “mademoiselle” instead then’

‘No way, particularly since it’s a foreign title.’

‘But you complained yourself that it’s difficult to travel abroad.’

‘Please understand, the outside world’s coming to you
now.’

Major walked provocatively around the room in the skirt. ‘You’re looking at the West right here: first gorgeous women and then a higher standard of living.’

‘Tell me if you have any sexual interests.’

‘I’ll tell you if you address me properly.’

‘Oh, no.’

‘Be brave, ask what the young lady’s interested in.’

‘Definitely not.’

‘What? Has your courage deserted you?’

There was a slightly odd mood on the tram heading to the happening. Major was standing on the rear platform, but some of the passengers looked at him in fascination. He didn’t know the reason. Was it that he looked beautiful or that he’d been recognised, because various unshaven parts were emerging beneath the powder? Major found both of those reflections threatening. There was a sense of violation. He was afraid of the crowd; he would have felt safer in the hands of the militia. The militia was aware he was involved in revolutionary activities. The public observing him on the tram may not have known that by dressing in women’s clothes he was successfully fighting with an authoritarian system. Appearing for the first time in women’s clothes, he felt an unfamiliar sense of unease and anxiety. He waited impatiently for the tram to arrive at ul. Świdnicka. In ul. Świdnicka, there were lots of militia and members of the public. The cheers and referendum showed the operation was going swimmingly. This time there were aliens. Goggle-eye glasses were flashing somewhere in the gloom. There was a large ballot box. A banner: ‘Aliens for the Referendum.’ There were art showrooms nearby, and people playing trumpets and chimes. A light rain fell.

A group of militiamen strode like a funeral cortege down the middle of the street around a pram being pushed by Władysław Frasyński, leader of Regional Solidarity. Major also decided to act up.

‘Excuse me, madam,’ he was told, ‘please go home.’

In spite of everything, Major flourished a shapely leg.

‘Stupid old fool!’ someone said.

That annoyed him intensely. At that moment he had a low opinion of the militia. He stood in the middle of ul. Świdnicka and decided to take action. He raised a leg.

‘That woman needs help,’ observed a militiaman.

They set off after Major. They caught him under the arms from both sides and lifted him up. They carried him towards a patrol car, but there was a puddle on the way. They let go – and Major fell gracefully into a puddle with a gentle splash.

‘What is it darling, don’t want to get your derrière wet?’
commented one of the militiamen.

‘Is that any way to address a woman?’ he hissed, angrily.

They lifted him again and shoved him into the vehicle.

‘What a scandal!’ he said to the militiaman, ‘they wanted
to throw me into a puddle. They’re pigs with no idea
how to treat a lady.’

The militiaman listened to Major in disbelief, then suddenly began shouting.

‘Arse bandit! Queer! We’ve got a queer!’

Another militiaman approached with an alien he’d detained.

‘Look, it’s a queer.’

‘Where?’ asked the militiaman, forgetting about the alien.

‘Here, in the wagon,’ said another, pointing at Major
dressed as a woman.

The militiaman had a look. Major winked at him.

‘No, it’s a woman,’ he said.

‘What do you mean a woman? It’s a queer, a bloke in drag.’

‘No, it’s a woman.’

‘Say something!’ said the militiaman to Major.

Meanwhile, Major smiled at the militiaman standing by the door, parted his coat a little, and then his skirt. The militiaman glanced at Major’s shapely leg and high heels.

‘No, that’s a woman,’ he said to his colleague, ‘you’ve made a mistake.’

He opened the door, turned away to wave the alien inside the van, but the alien had vanished somewhere in the meantime.

‘Hello, van no. 4, come in!’ came a voice from the radio.

‘Our Nysa’s almost totally full, there’s only one place left, we’ve got some aliens and a fairy.’

‘Bring them to the station.’

An hour later, Major left the militia station. They hadn’t confiscated his documents; he could go pretty much wherever he wanted. No one was guarding the day room.

It was night. A light rain was falling, and Major could feel that by dressing as an attractive woman he had contributed to a gain in personal freedoms which were banned in the merriest little town in the most festive of all Communist countries. St. Andrew’s Eve was approaching and then Saint Nicholas Day. Major wanted to celebrate the latter holiday in ul. Świdnicka. His friends felt the same, as did the foreign correspondents, although a Santa Claus

costume didn't give him as much pleasure and satisfaction as his earlier creations.

The planning meeting took place in a private flat in ul. Pocztowa.

'Comrade, do you think the world will be interested in Santa Clauses giving sweets to children in ul. Świdnicka?'
asked Major, right at the start.

'Yes comrade. You're hoping this time no one will dare to attack the Santas and it'll be a signal for the country to join the path to a great and modern revolution,' replied Comrade Pinior. 'Comrade, everyone respects Santa Claus.

A French journalist wanted to exchange a few words with the organizer.

'Is *Libération* a revolutionary newspaper, comrade?' asked
Major, anxiously.

'No,' answered Comrade Pinior somewhat embarrassed,
'But if they publish an article about happenings there's a chance it will become revolutionary. You will revolutionise that paper, comrade.'

A middle aged man approached Comrades Major and Pinior.

'What kind of programme does the newspaper have?'

'It's essentially aimed at intelligent readers.'

'Are there a lot of intelligent readers in France?'

'The circulation's neither small nor big. Perhaps you could say what these happenings are all about?'

'About freeing the individual within society. I want Santa Clauses to appear in ul. Świdnicka and give out presents and sweets. When people see they aren't being arrested we'll become freer as a society.'

‘And what then?’

‘I hope it will make normal public life possible. You live in Paris, and Santa Claus often appear in the street. And if there aren’t any, there are dwarves in the street, which there aren’t many of in Poland.’

‘I’ll come and see the Santa Clauses and I’ll bring presents. I don’t think they’ll be arrested,’ promised the French journalist.

‘You made him realise there aren’t any dwarves in Paris’ said a pleased Comrade Pinior later. ‘When he returns there he’ll set up an Orange Alternative right away.’

On the day of the happening, Major was dressed as the devil, in order to dull the vigilance of the militia. He accompanied a Santa Claus who was wandering around ul. Świdnicka with an axe in his back. It was an evening full of surprises. Contrary to Major’s expectations, the militia tried to arrest the Santa Clauses. The Santas were protected against easy arrest by being tied together with a rope. While the militiamen were untying them, the crowd sang *Sto lat*⁶¹ in their honor. Even more surprising, the crowd even sometimes chased the militiamen. The crowd, chanting, ‘What are we to think? Santa’s in the clink!’ and ‘Release Santa!’ were in hot pursuit of the militia all the way to the station. Since it was St. Nicholas Day, the militiamen also arrested professional Santa Clauses coming out of department stores with presents. That day, on satellite television and in the international media, two pieces of information kept being repeated. One was that during the historic Reykjavik Summit, President Reagan of the United States suggested moving to first-name terms with the leader of the Soviet Union. The second piece of news was that in Wrocław, Poland, thirty Santa Clauses had been arrested. Journalists tried to cautiously make predictions about changes in the mentality of the young people and

61 A traditional Polish song, similar to ‘For he’s a Jolly Good Fellow.’

opposition in Poland. The newspaper *Żołnierz Wolności* (*Soldier of Freedom*), which criticised Major and the Orange Alternative, was of another opinion.

Meanwhile, Major was heavily involved in politics. The Council of People's Commissars was divided between two political parties. Comrade Józef Pinior had founded the Polish Socialist Party (PPS). Major, following in his footsteps, co-founded the Polish Workers' Party (PPR). Thus he was not only the leader of the Council of People's Commissars; the commander of Fortress Wrocław; the commander of a brilliant regiment; but also had the honor of becoming the secretary general of the PPR. He discussed the difficult situation of the contemporary revolutionary in an article entitled: 'All the exploited are ours' in the paper *Proletariusz* which he published.

Major and Comrade Pinior went to Warsaw in order to meet Jacek Kuroń. Major had not seen him for a long time, but had heard a great deal about the Romaszewskis, they were the creators of the first great radio programme in Warsaw, a programme that caused lights to be switched on and off in windows around the entire city. 'You'll meet Zosia and Zbyszek Romaszewski, comrade,' said Pinior to Major, cheering him up, as the train rolled into the Central Station in the capital of the Polish People's Republic.

'And do you have confidence in Warsaw salons, comrade?' Major asked Comrade Pinior.

'You'll meet a totally different kind of person at Zbyszek and Zosia's; there aren't any snobs there.' Major had the opportunity to acquaint the guests at the Romaszewskis with his political ideas. They also read out a story, 'Gold Acid.' In spite of the holiday atmosphere he had to return to Wrocław to prepare further actions.

After Saint Nicholas Day planning began for the organisation of a great carnival. Preparations were being made with the same care and precision as during the Spring offensive. Major guessed that a successful manoeuvre would hasten a Spring awakening

among the residents of Fortress Wrocław. He imagined the changes: workers would take control of their factories; local government would reject the influence of the bureaucratic party. ‘Then the third way will out,’ thought Major. He also understood that ‘art’ and ‘politics’ were inseparable in the happenings. The carnival was carefully prepared. Independent, self-governing ball groups were formed. Each of the revolutionaries was supposed to contribute their own costume, sound and ballet routine to the development of democracy, to the widening of freedom in the city, country, Communist bloc and the world. Major saw everyone preparing their costumes. Everyone wanted to look good in the street. He expected the militia to behave with elegance and interest. Some people even practiced ballet steps. The dream was to dance Michał Kleofas Ogiński’s famous Polonaise *A Farewell to the Homeland*. The ballet steps enchanted Major, a dance of aesthetic revolution. The need to be a fashion designer arose in Waldemar. He wanted to be thought of as a specialist, a world-class expert. There was no doubt he was seeking approval among influential people. He practised ballet steps in order to dance the Polonaise. The movements were enchanting, they allowed his cerebral hemispheres to work safely.

‘I’ll definitely shave this time. I know what a woman needs.’ As well as being a great military strategist, Fydrych was also perfecting the art of romance.

‘You don’t know anything about women.’

‘I do. I found out first hand.’

‘Waldek, even if a woman wants you, it’s not enough. You won’t stand a chance with your future mother-in-law.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘No mother would agree to her daughter marrying someone who runs around in a dwarf’s hat in Świdnicka.’

‘But everybody likes it when I do that.’

‘Have you shown her your carnival costume, Waldek?’

‘No.’

‘And have you presented your ballet steps; which you’ll dance around Świdnicka with?’

‘Well, no.’

‘Look, once she reads about you in the paper, no mother-in-law will agree to you seeing her daughter.’

Before February 16th, 1988, the city was covered by posters with words ‘ProletaRIOt Carnival.’ The posters also contained the sentence ‘A Joyful Holiday for the Masses Quivering in the Dance.’ The aim of the carnival was clear from the handbills plastered around the city:

‘We want our city to put Las Vegas in the shade.
Dress for a ball. This time the militia won’t touch us.’
Major’s text on the flyer referred to the world of fairy-dust: ‘Let’s do a little bit of hocus-pocus and either the militia will disappear or they’ll join the carnival.’

Both sides prepared for the carnival most thoroughly. A rumour went round that the security services had suggested that head teachers of local secondary schools be brought to the event. They were supposed to personally see their own pupils in action and appreciate for themselves the elegant style of the militia. This plan of the Provincial Department of Internal Affairs was simple: they wanted a propaganda victory. Meanwhile, the organizers of the carnival decided to meet somewhere where there was a lot of

space, so they called for their next meeting of their chiefs of staff to take place at the zoo, by the chimpanzees' cages. However, they ended up meeting by the orangutans, while the secret police kept those of the gorillas under observation. As it later turned out, the chimpanzees had been moved to another place.

Major Lang headed the militia's operation in ul. Świdnicka. He was an extremely hardworking, brave officer, devoted to the cause. The secret services were diligently working on their own plan of action. They planned to arrest the most active individuals before the action could take place. In accordance with this plan, on February 16th, they raided the homes of the organizers. However, no arrests were made. All the suspect individuals were sleeping elsewhere. The militia also raided Major's flat. They didn't find him. Instead they tried arresting random individuals. The atmosphere was becoming hotter by the minute.

On the day, a tremendous number of people participated. In part, this was due to a programme on the Scout radio station and an invitation to the party broadcast on Polish Radio 3. The carnival's participants met punctually on ul. Świdnicka at 4.00 pm. Despite it being the middle of February, it was warm outside. At first the militia didn't interfere, but after some time they tried to stop the guitar players. The crowd waited. Major was supposed to play a little tune on the trumpet to open the party. The militiamen massed. They seemed to be getting ready for action. People began flowing in, all in fancy dress: as Ku Klux Klan members wearing white sheets; sportsmen; miners handing out coal; and elegantly adorned ladies. There was also a red riding hood accompanied by a wolf; a bear carrying a gun; and a Pharaoh with a court retinue and dancers. West German television showed up. Perhaps due to their presence, the militiamen wanted to stop the parade and arrest the Ku Klux Klan, the bear with a gun and the guitar players. They wanted to break up the crowd and force it to leave. They made the mistake of trying to hide the event from the world. The crowd moved on, with the guitarist leading. The sound of the guitars only carried to a very small number of people, they were really too quiet. Suddenly music rang out; a band with a large drum had appeared from around the corner. The crowd made a lap around the Market Square and re-approached ul. Świdnicka. Major arrived with his trumpet in order to sound a bugle call. There were



REVOLUTION OF DWARVES, 1988, MIECZYSLAW MICHALAK.

orange undercover agents among the crowd: Romek and Marek. They were delighted to see Major. They offered him a place in a sleek Volga.

‘But Waldek,’ said Romek, ‘you’re invited to militia headquarters.’

‘No thank you.’

‘How can you spurn our invitation? Everyone really likes you there.’

It was getting crowded, the procession approached. The music grew louder. Major looked around. He was surrounded.

‘Gentlemen, I want to have some fun.’

‘At the police headquarters’ suggested one of the agents, ‘there are excellent conditions for fun.’

‘But not as good as these.’



REVOLUTION OF DWARVES, 1988, PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN

‘Even better. You’ll see.’

‘We’ll even bring some of your friends here, and a few balloons. You’ll be able to play in the hall and on the stairs’

‘Gentleman,’ said Major, ‘I’m supposed to be playing my trumpet.’

‘The undercover agents grabbed Major and quickly moved him to the other side of the street. They tried to put him in the Volga. He lifted one leg above the roof and the second ended up inside the car. They eventually put him in the car upside down and headed off up ul. Ofiar Oświęcimskich.

‘We’ve got Major!’ said the agent sitting beside the driver into a microphone.

‘Be careful he doesn’t jump out,’ said a voice from the radio.



REVOLUTION OF DWARVES, 1988, PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN

They burst out laughing. The clean, sparkling teeth of the secret services were reflected for a moment against the setting sun. At headquarters they didn't only find a trumpet in Major's bag. There were also paper aeroplanes.

'Our sympathies, Waldek.'

'I didn't need them; if you let me play the anthem at the foot of Felix Edmundovich's⁶² monument I'll be happy.'

'It's a little problematic; Dzerzhinsky's monument is in front of the entrance.'

'But there are excellent acoustics there, a nice dramatic echo.'

62 Felix Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky, the first director of the Bolshevik secret police, the Cheka

‘Waldek, you ought to have told us, the girls were putting on their ball gowns in doorways and stairwells. We could have brought a photographer and submitted a plea of affront to public morality.’

‘Just let me go to the day room and play my trumpet.’

‘Waldek, it’s a little difficult.’

‘Why?’

‘There are cells nearby where arrested criminals are being held.’

‘Don’t criminals have the right to enjoy the carnival?’

‘Yes, but when they hear the trumpet playing they’ll think the revolution has started. Anyway, what do you hope to achieve with this carnival?’

‘I wanted to show we can organise a carnival in Poland to match the ones in Rio de Janeiro or São Paulo. Can’t we enjoy ourselves a bit? Some fireworks, a Bolero?’

‘What, are there going to be fireworks?’ said one of the undercover agents, jumping up and running out of the office. Romek and Józef came in.

‘Maybe one of us could play?’ suggested Romek.

After a while one of the staff at the Provincial Office of Internal Affairs played the trumpet. A metallic, watered-down version of *Summertime* emerged from the instrument.

‘Waldek,’ said Romek, ‘do you see how beautifully our colleague plays?’

‘Absolutely.’

A uniformed militiaman appeared further down the corridor. The security service officers turned around.

‘This is a happening!’ shouted one of them.

The militiaman vanished around the corner.

‘Waldek, we’re also happeners, you know.’

They went to an office, where the smell of freshly brewed coffee permeated the air.

‘Waldek, have a coffee,’ said Romek, ‘In the future we’ll brew coffee and prepare cakes for your comrades. But right now it’d be hard making coffee for two hundred people.’

‘How many have you arrested?’

‘We don’t even know, we’re completely rushed off our feet. Our wives and children are waiting at home.’

‘But what solutions can you see?’

‘Couldn’t you organise your happenings a bit earlier, like at 2.00 pm?’

‘But the citizens of Wrocław would complain that it’s too early, they’d have to bunk off work, there would be economic losses.’

A moment later, only Romek and Józef were left in the room. The others had gone out to write reports and question the detainees. ‘I have something for you, gentlemen,’ said Major, taking two dwarves out of his pocket, ‘a present for you.’

Romek and Józef were moved.

They went over to a cupboard, took out a toy car and handed it to Major.

Józef excused himself and went out. Major was left with Romek. For a moment there was silence in the room.

‘Waldek,’ whispered Romek.

‘Yes.’

‘They’ll file charges against you if you don’t work for us.
They’ll want to lock you up.’

‘I see.’

‘What are you going to do.’

‘I’ll get another job. I’ll work for Marek.’

‘Don’t do it. Krukowski will persuade you to join WiP.’

‘No chance. WiP doesn’t interest me. I’m a soldier, a
Major, and not a pacifist.’

‘Waldek, in this room a lot of people insisted they had
nothing to do with WiP. They beat their breasts. Then
they started hanging out with Marek and suddenly they
vanished.’

They went out into the corridor. Romek led Major to the exit.

‘You’re right, you know,’ said Major, ‘Marek is very dan-
gerous. I would like to help you.’

‘What, Waldek?’

‘Now I can see for myself how badly off you really are.
But I’ll make it up to you somehow. I’ll organise an in-
ternational undercover agents’ day in Wrocław. A festival
for the secret service. We would all honor you.’

‘Would you invite us?’

‘Yes, of course. We’ll also invite other well-known agen-
cies from around the world, like the KGB and FBI.’

‘Waldek, please don’t invite the FBI.’

‘Why not? Are they too ruthless?’

‘Waldek, the FBI wouldn’t let the happening take place, they’d arrest you in advance. You ought to be pleased you’ve got a family firm like us. You stand a chance with us, but not with the FBI. I’ll take you as far as the door; Marek’s waiting for you. He said you’re going to a party.’ Marek Krukowski really was downstairs with a friend from Warsaw. They drove to a club where a party was being organized to send off the carnival. The next day, the carnivals in Rio, Venice and Wrocław were shown on satellite television. The entire world was able to watch the militia breaking up the procession.

The Spring offensive was aimed at changing the situation in Poland, forcing the secret services onto the back foot. Plans emerged to organise Undercover Agent’s Day. Disguised as undercover agents, they were going to act in character, i.e. checking the identities of passers-by, taking clandestine photographs, putting suspects up against walls with their hands up, frisking them and looking in their shoes. But there was a real risk of the event not being suitably advertised. Several days before March 1st, the handbills ran out. Major got into a panic. He had to find an underground printer’s. After intense efforts, he ended up in a place near *Harenda* restaurant in a military family district. Andrzej Sosen⁶³ rented a room in the house of a certain colonel. When the landlord was out, a great quantity of paper was delivered and printed. Afterwards, a toast was drunk to the colonel at the army base. This time it was for real. Major (armed with a plastic pistol), and Gaddafi (with a plastic rocket launcher) entered the house with Ela Limisiewicz, a beautiful, subtle and self-possessed woman. There was a commotion. Undercover agents arrived unexpectedly at the house. Zdzisław Wiśniewski, an extremely energetic enemy of the government, a troublemaker, and – like L. Wałęsa – an angler, who was known as The Spy, emerged from another part of the corridor. His

63 A leading printer and a fine example of the handsome Nordic type.

developing thinning hair caught the afternoon light. ‘The secret police are outside,’ shouted the Spy hoarsely.

‘So the Spy is playing at printing,’ thought Major with one cerebral hemisphere. ‘He’s become bored of street fighting,’ he pondered slowly. However, the other cerebral hemisphere began to vibrate at full speed and he began to sweat. The printing office had been unmasked.

‘We’ve lost the entire print run,’ said Waldemar in hushed tones.

‘No... wait... They’ve driven off,’ said Andrzej.

To this day, it isn’t clear why the undercover agents didn’t come in. Perhaps they didn’t want to interfere in the organisation of their special day. If so, it is a testament to their delicacy and professional subtlety. Although Undercover Agent Day was less colourful than the ProletaRIOt carnival, it possessed its own particular charm. Many people in hats, sunglasses and jackets took part, milling around with FBI and KGB badges.

Eight days later, during the celebrations of International Woman’s Day, Major was giving out sanitary pads in the street. These were scarce products rarely seen in the shops. At that time, the situation of women was dramatic. No one knows how they managed without sanitary pads. Even the CIA and the intelligence services of major countries never solved this Polish mystery. Major was arrested and punished for his attempts at publicising it. The authorities’ took firm action when it came to sanitary pads: the magistrates’ court sentenced him to two months in custody for the mockery of national values. On March 10th, 1988, he was moved to the historic and picturesque Kleczkowska prison. In prison, there was a custom that prisoners spent the first night sleeping directly on the bed’s bare boards, without a straw mattress. The following day there was a lot of activity in the prison. The sound of doors being opened could be heard. Everyone jumped to their feet, dressed and went to the latrines, where they received new clothes. They lined up in rows.

‘I can’t see anyone new,’ said the warden, ‘they’re all old lags.’

‘I’m not an old lag, I’m brand new here!’ said Major.

The prisoners burst out laughing. They were amused by his behaviour. They were moved into the barbers, a large room equipped with mirrors, barber’s chairs and washbasins with huge brushes resting on them. Three barbers worked away while two customers queued. One of the customers was shorn very quickly, but Major and the other customers had their hair cut slowly, majestically even. The barber said he’d served two years and only had one year left. After the customer whose hair had been cut quickly had left the barber turned to Major and the prisoner next to him: ‘That was a grass.’

The prison in ul. Kleczkowska was an old Prussian imperial establishment, where stars of the past revolution had done time, including Rosa Luxemburg and activists from the First World War. Major spent three weeks there, during which he meditated a great deal. He met a lawyer, found out about the letters written by intellectuals and about great happenings during which his release had been demanded. On speaking to his lawyer, he began to realise that the government would come out of this badly. The government had embarrassed itself. Firstly, the central authorities had found themselves in an awkward situation. Forty intellectuals had signed a petition demanding his release. He also received smuggled letters while he was awaiting his trial. He found out from one that many attractive ladies were in excellent shape and missed him very much.

‘The happening has crossed the boundaries, right now in Świdnicka the hit men have gone nuts and are going to start arresting people at 4.00 pm... I hope you won’t be annoyed, the orange wave has flooded Warsaw, Gdańsk, Poznań and Kraków (March 21st): a branch called ‘bulwa’ has been set up in Kraków.’

Everything pointed to a spectacular trial. Major’s imprisonment had wide-ranging consequences. The Union of Polish Students – an organisation officially recognised by the government – joined

the numerous protests. Each day communiqués flowed to foreign radio stations. The case became well known to the media. The government were incapable of holding back the galloping carnival. The trial took place on March 29th. All the witnesses – regardless of gender – presented themselves as Major’s boyfriends or girlfriends. The courtroom was a sea of orange. The accusation was formulated such that: ‘Waldemar Fydrych, by his own deeds, disturbed public order such that a crowd formed.’ The militiamen’s testimonies were inconsistent as regards the number of people gathered. They were unable to state if what Major did was a public disturbance. The accused was acquitted to applause in the courtroom. After leaving, he took part in a series of press conferences. Numerous journalists appeared; from the *New York Times* to *Polityka*. After leaving prison, he found his friends in full combat readiness. So-called “kids” had appeared on the historical scene, taking over the mantle of the avant-garde at the beginning of April. These teenagers turned out to be extremely active, and took over many functions from the hands of veterans. Major was in favour of unity in the movement, and wanted all the political and artistic elements to find their own place in the activities. The situation in Poland was developing unfavourably. After Major’s release, Józef Pinior was arrested. He ended up in custody right at the moment when collaboration between the government and the opposition was blatant. The ruling powers had a clearly defined plan of action. They hoped to eliminate the subversive element and crush the revolution. However, Pinior’s imprisonment didn’t interfere with the organising of a carefully prepared operation on June 1st, 1988. Several thousand dwarf hats were made over a period of a few weeks. The revolution of dwarves was the largest and best attended of all the happenings. The city authorities helpfully contributed by organising a huge event in the same place, with the aim of swallowing up the participants of the happening. It turned out the other way round, as the dwarves imposed their programme upon the masses. At 4.00 pm – in the space of a few minutes – the moving crowd unexpectedly put on their hats. Ten thousand people left ul. Świdnicka and the Market Square, abandoning a no-doubt fascinating show featuring dogs trained by the militia and a judo demonstration. At one point, the massed dwarves picked up a militia van in ul. Świdnicka. The happening blossomed like a flower in the sun, because of the genius of

the citizens of Wrocław, who had collectively become great artists and creators. The crowd moved towards Grunwald Bridge, passing Pinior's house. The procession was led by a huge dragon, around which shouts of 'Jaruzelski, Fiend from Hell-ski' could be heard.

The following weeks in June were spent preparing for the release of Józef Pinior. On June 19th Major appeared in ul. Świdnicka with the aim of beginning Operation Free Pinior. This was to be the beginning of a broader strategy, Operation Domino, which involved organising frequent happenings which would create cracks in the system. Major helped the kids who organized the happening, based on their own ideas and called 'A Cottage in ul. Świdnicka.' In August, there was another event linked to the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the aggression of Warsaw Pact armies against Czechoslovakia. It was a mountain operation. Major's role was that of commander and coordinator during extensive manoeuvres on a mountain called Śnieżka. The situation in August was in some way unique. Poland had had its strikes, but in Czechoslovakia it was different. The opposition movements there were still weak. On August 19th, 1988 Major and friends decided to commemorate the twentieth anniversary. Not only the Czech police but also the Polish Army protecting the border region were placed in a heightened state of battle readiness. Additional battalions were brought to the Śnieżka massif. The authorities attempted to seal the border, but meanwhile units wanting to cross them set off from Wrocław, Gdańsk and other Polish towns and cities. In the early morning, in Jelenia Góra's marketplace and along its main roads, one could see groups of people dressed in military clothing. The operation was difficult. It was necessary to climb Śnieżka and then cross the border. Major walked with a unit of teenagers, who were approaching from the Karpacz side. Couriers maintained contact between the units. Reconnaissance played an important role, particularly on the section from Karpacz to the foot of the chair-lift. The orange kids were perfectly suited to be scouts. The operation on Śnieżka demonstrated the immense military skill of the anarchists from Gdańsk, who caused astonishment by their innovative march and skilful evasion of the enemy's positions. The commanders of the government forces extended the reconnaissance terrain beyond the Śnieżka massif. They set up posts in the forests and occupied the footpaths. In order to avoid a

counterattack by the enemy, the region around Karpacz was chosen as the theatre of war. Undeclared and battle-hardened units from Wesoly Domek advanced on the right flank. They composed a wide semi-circle and approached the summit, while mercenaries advanced on the left flank. Major's headquarters were near Mała Kopa. A reconnaissance party was sent towards the hill. The enemy acted adeptly, withdrawing its posts and vanishing. Major, attired in samurai costume, set off with his unit on the chair lift. Someone coming the other way passed on the information that Mała Kopa was once again surrounded by enemy forces. Fortunately, the moving chairs were positioned only a few metres above the ground. Major jumped off and gave orders to his comrades to jump with him. However, they remained in their chairs, and Major found himself in the forest, alone. Silence reigned, only interrupted as he moved by the snapping of branches underfoot and the noise of his samurai costume. He was in a quandary. He knew the unit's rejection of the order would mean their defeat. However, he never imagined that a great battle would be waged on Mała Kopa. He advanced with care and looked around to see if he would meet the alert gaze of a soldier behind a tree. He prowled on, drawing closer to Mała Kopa. He reached a mountain road, and hid in some bushes. He waited. A promenading couple emerged from around a bend. He wanted to ask for information, so he emerged from the undergrowth. He stood in front of the couple on the road. He held a samurai sword and was dressed in a white costume with Japanese symbols.

'Hello,' he said.

He noticed that they were looking at him strangely, as if hypnotised.

'Hello,' he repeated again, a bit louder, thinking perhaps they were foreign.

'...Good morning,' he added in English, staring at the couple.

Their mute expressions only showed more astonishment.

‘Have you seen any soldiers nearby?’ he asked, raising his sword.

‘No,’ they replied, fearfully.

‘Good,’ he said and vanished into the bushes on the other side of the road.

He moved through the undergrowth and crawled towards Wielka Kopa. He set up makeshift headquarters near the mountain shelter. He met his couriers. The border was several metres away. He moved towards it. There was an ambush. The army surrounded him.

‘Please surrender,’ said an officer, ‘you have no chance of escaping with that sword.’

There were more and more soldiers. They brought a colonel, ‘Another one who doesn’t want to surrender.’

‘Who are you?’ asked the colonel.

‘I’m Major Waldemar Fydrych.’

‘Please lay down your weapon, Major,’ suggested the colonel.

‘Out of the question.’

‘What do you suggest?’

‘I suggest an honorable solution. I’ll commit hara-kiri.

‘Technically, you need a short sword for that,’ said the colonel gravely.

‘Needs must; I’ll have to do it with a long sword.’

‘You could surrender: an honorable capitulation. You will

be arrested, but you can keep your weapon. Like Major
Sucharski at Westerplatte.'

'Major,' said another colonel, 'don't commit hara-kiri.
There'll be a period of national mourning; Poland will
lose a great strategist.'

'Very well. I accept the conditions of capitulation, like
those at Westerplatte.'

'At last,' said the colonel, 'you are both valiant and sen-
sible.' They let him keep his samurai sword.

Major was taken to headquarters, with officers present. In the
background a soldier sat by a radio.

'Major,' said another colonel, 'Please order your units on
Mała Kopa to surrender. They're saying they won't sur-
render without your order.'

'Gentlemen, that's impossible.'

'We'll give you a vehicle with a large megaphone. You
can drive across the hills and announce the capitulation.'

'Under no circumstances.'

'What are you saying?' said the colonel, standing up.

'I won't make the same mistake Marshal Petain made in
the Second World War. We shall fight to the last man.'
Outside the sky was blue, with the mountain landscape
seeming to crouch beneath it. In the distance, beyond
a rocky gorge emerged a black flag, and beyond it a
unit of anarchists from Gdańsk dressed all in black.
The colonel stood with his back to the window. Major
spoke up, 'Colonel, I'm a captive. According to the
Hague Convention, I have the right to receive parcels
from the Red Cross and may not be punished for escape



MAY 1989 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN, 'ORANGE MAJOR OR RED GENERAL - THE CHOICE IS YOURS' PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIECZYSLAW MICHALAK.

attempts...' The guards finally noticed the anarchists. There was a commotion in the headquarters. The operation had gathered new momentum. It was late afternoon before the manoeuvres came to an end. The prisoners were transported to Jelenia Góra. At the same time in Poland, increased strike action was raging. The coalmines had gone on strike.

In the autumn, red wine was toasted in ul. Świdnicka in honor of the October Revolution. The government didn't waste any time. They invited the leaders of Solidarity to talks at the round table. Street actions and the underground media calmed down. Nonetheless, a tank parade was organized on December 13th, on the anniversary of the state of martial law. That evening, the carnival was sent off with gondolas and fireworks in ul. Świdnicka. Stalin's funeral was organized on the first day of Spring. However, times had changed. Lech Wałęsa came to an agreement with General Jaruzelski about the upcoming elections. They were to be held on June 4th. Major ran as a candidate. He was eligible to take

part, having gathered the required number of signatures. A large stand was built in ul. Świdnicka, and a huge, unending happening took place there from April 30th until June 4th. The election results were astonishing. He lost, not only to both Solidarity and the Communists, but also to the director of the zoo. So he left politics and emigrated to Paris, where he began writing a book about the strategies and heroism of his brave comrades, happeners and dwarves.



MAJOR ELECTION CAMPAIGN DOLLAR, 1989

CHAPTER 2

LIEUTENANT ZENON ZEGARSKI

HOOR HAND TO THE WAY OF LIGHT, ARCH-SHEPHERD OF GREAT Bliss, Divine Seducer, Professor ZZ Top – these are some of the epithets given to his Earthly Eminence, Lieutenant Zegarski. He was the most spiritually advanced of the famous Orange Men. Signs appeared already at the time of his birth: the sky was laid over with rainbows and birds sang in the trees. Miracles continued to happen many hours after his birth. Bliss reigned everywhere. No one present then was able to decipher these phenomena appropriately. In his first years, the people closest to him were unaware a genius had been born. Zenon was endowed with many talents. One of them was the inborn gift of second sight.

He demonstrated his supernatural ability for the first time in primary school. It was at the beginning of year one. His teacher, a former partisan, decided to start a fight with him, Zenon had

questioned his patriotism, the value of his Cross of Service, and had ignored him when he spoke about his medals. He had a prominent position in the school and the town. The pupils used to write graffiti about other teachers in the toilets. But never about him. The incident played out before the eyes of the class: it promised to be a curious duel. The teacher – a great ox, a muscleman – was spoiling for a fight. Zenon wanted to avoid confrontation. The stakes were high for the teacher. The battle was to be fought to establish who would be the greater authority for the class. Zenon couldn't back out. He understood that when the teacher began to shout, 'Come here!' while brandishing a large stick he used to point at the blackboard. 'Please sir, calm down,' said Zenon. The teacher, seeing that blissful, friendly smile, fell into a fury. He moved between the rows of benches with his stick. Zenon dodged a blow. His opponent's fury grew. He moved to strike again, but snagged his stick on a bookshelf. School equipment began to fall from the shelves. He changed tack and began a psychological assault.

'Don't run away; don't be a coward,' he said somewhat unnaturally, in a low, soothing voice, creeping towards his prey.

'Give me a stick then,' replied Zenon.

He couldn't continue with the conversation. Zenon had violated an unwritten rule: only teachers used sticks. He lurched forward but Zenon dodged him. The teacher smashed his stick against the window. The glass shattered. Before he could recover, Zenon was already standing on the windowsill. This incident brought fame in the town to the future Lieutenant Zegarski. People talked about it everywhere. 'It was indeed a miracle,' said the parish priest to his closest circle.

'Yes, the children are saying the teacher was going to kneel before him,' said the vicar.

'Did other people also see the miracle?' asked the parish priest, delving deeper.

‘The children saw him levitate. The teacher won’t talk, it’s impossible to get anything out of him,’ said a parishioner, joining in.

‘Yes, it’s true, the teacher apologised to him in front of the class and was struck dumb,’ added a bystander.

This remarkable deed evoked widespread interest. As is usual in cases of this kind, people tried to imitate Zenon. They stood on windowsills and tried to concentrate. Someone even asked the partisan to chase him with a stick. No miracles came forth. Fortunately, at that time the world was distracted by the journey of a dog in space. Zenon’s levitation was kept a secret that went no further than the town walls. Zenon had no desire to demonstrate his powers. He was modest. He tried to live decently. He didn’t eat meat. A role model for many.

In high school, he spoke more and more often about pacifism. His manifestation of pacifism began with a sensitive subject: The Polish crest, the white eagle, and the national anthem. Wybicki’s *Mazurek* had become the focus of a discussion in class. The eagle had formerly worn a crown, but the Communists removed its royal headgear when they took power. The teacher who had allowed the heraldic discussion to go ahead was in an awkward situation. The issue of the crown had a political dimension. The director could ask him to justify his behaviour. He wanted to end the discussion. He didn’t expect Zenon to speak. ‘The national anthem,’ said Zenon, ‘is a typical military march. It’s retaliatory in character.’ The class, which had been involved in the discussion until that moment, fell silent. The teacher went pale. Had something so revered as the national anthem, the sacred melody of Polish cavalry men walking alongside Napoleon, been challenged?

‘What?’ stammered the teacher.

‘I suggest,’ said Zenon, ‘a more lyrical anthem. And the eagle is a shady, rapacious hunter; it isn’t suitable for a crest.’

‘What?’ the teacher repeated. He was upset.

‘Eagles are birds that soil their own nests. They’re dirty.
It’s not a suitable animal for a crest.’

‘What do you suggest instead?’ The class went quiet, listening intently.

‘How about a donkey?’ said Zenon, breaking the silence,
‘A donkey is a fine, pure animal, it doesn’t harm anyone.’

There was a great hubbub during the break. The history teacher walked down the corridor mumbling to himself. The pupils eavesdropped on him mumbling in the toilet. He was whispering the word ‘donkey,’ over and over. The entire school started to call him ‘Donkey.’ However, Zenon asked the pupils to stop it. He told them they shouldn’t be rude to people and upset them.

In high school, he often spoke about pacifism and about the approaching new era. At the same time, he tried to liven up the monotony of school uniforms. He naturally became one of the first founders of the hippy movement, alongside the famous Engineer and Marek the Happener. At the beginning, the hippies were treated as a cosmic phenomenon. The only people dressed differently than the rest of society were militiamen, the military and railwaymen. Hippies were easily spotted by the militia on the streets owing to their long hair and colourful clothes. They searched them, checked their IDs and detained them at militia stations. It was like that all around the world. The forces of law and order harassed the ‘flower children’ everywhere. They pacified concerts. In a country with an authoritarian government, efforts were made to remove hippies as a social movement and sideline them. The materialistic philosophy prevailing in Poland said that quantity would transform into quality. The government decided to decrease the numbers of hippies. Militiamen at some militia stations hit on the simple idea of shaving the heads of detainees. It was against the law. But who dared challenge a conquering militiaman about the law? The movement’s leaders were first in line to be shorn. A trap was set for Zenon. He was finally caught and taken to the militia station. A makeshift barber’s shop had been prepared. The militiamen were joking and having fun. After cutting Zenon’s hair they would show that anything was possible. The

corporal who arrested him – an exemplary militiaman – wanted the pleasure of cutting Zenon's hair. He approached with a pair of scissors. The metal gave off a sound and a piece of the scissors fell to the floor. Consternation reigned. The station manager found a spare pair of scissors. But they broke too, just as the sergeant tried to cut a lock of Zenon's hair. The sergeant said it felt as though an electric shock had passed through his arm. The corporal chipped in that he hadn't felt a shock. He wanted to hit Zenon with his stick as an experiment. But the other militiamen pointed out that sticks don't conduct electricity. The militia station was in a state of confusion. The militiamen thought the scissors may have come from the same factory which had received a supply of untreated steel from the steelworks. They wanted to drive to town and get some more scissors. Fortunately, the station manager was a sensible person and sensed that the matter was getting out of hand. With firm instructions, he put an end to the hair-cutting procedure. He released Zenon and several dozen other longhairs, who in the queue behind him. Zenon's resolve saved hippies from persecution on numerous occasions. For example, when the militia in Częstochowa decided to organise a round-up and break up the gathering, our hero rescued himself and others from the encirclement. There were witnesses who saw the Signpost to the Way of Light being taken in a bishop's limousine to the militia headquarters. He performed a miracle there. He influenced the authorities, who instructed the militia to release the detainees.

Zenon was a great pilgrim. He visited holy places in India, Nepal and Tibet. The great masters saw in him a realised person. The most beautiful girls opened their hearts at the sight of this spiritual gentleman. In spite of many testimonies, apart from numerous admirers, he also had countless enemies. These dreadfully unhappy people spread falsehoods about him. Driven by hate, they suggested that this extraordinary person was using his spiritual powers for hedonistic aims. At this time, it seemed to some adepts of Buddhism in Poland – to whom fragmentary information about his spiritual life in India was reaching – that the greatness of an individual depended on asceticism. They couldn't understand that Zenon was above hedonism, asceticism and sensuality. Many people with pretensions to lead others were envious of his elevated position. Some people tried set up religious sects in the hippy

movement, imitating Zenon and his practices in closed groups. For example, the leader of a certain sect tried to invoke kundalini energy and then levitate. Unsuccessfully. Someone else wanted to be a clairvoyant. Also without success. Many people with spiritual ambitions tried to offer girls exquisite nectar. Again, in vain.

Zenon's foreign trips and the hapless imitation of his powers by 'false teachers' all showed just how much he was needed in Poland. How many people missed him when he was gone? So Zenon reduced the number of his trips. He had a vision that an important incident was going to happen in Poland. Fortunately, the first signs of democracy were appearing in Communist-run Poland. The first harbingers of freedom. Zenon's vision materialised. Public life became freer. Great joy abounded as the Arch-Shepherd of Great Bliss moved among the people. He remained in Wrocław and turned it into the capital of change. It was the end of 1980. Meetings were organized in the Progress Club. Zenon attended meetings of the New Culture Movement. Zenon Zegarski, inspired by his transcendental values, joined Major's regiment. In this way he tried to accomplish spiritual works on this trifling, earthly plane. He was driven in all of this by sympathy for suffering creatures. He wanted to help Major, Captain Cupała and the other officers.

In the history of humankind it has often happened that a supernatural being manifests on the Earth as an ordinary mortal. For example, the story of Lord Krishna appearing as the king's charioteer to defend the Holy Field in the battle of Kurukshetra is well known. Likewise, in Poland Lieutenant Zegarski served as the Great Emanation of Wisdom during his work with the Regiment at the Progress Club and the Index club. Both the New Culture Movement and the Regiment benefitted greatly. At this time, the Communists, who were engaged in politics, and the leaders of Solidarity, who were engaged in social issues, were fighting each other. The suffering touched almost everyone. Anyone who wanted to change anything or do something progressive risked insulting someone, which could be a dangerous matter. The level of culture was not particularly high. Lieutenant Zegarski predicted that some sort of misfortune might occur which would affect the people around him. When he arrived to bring this bad news to staff headquarters, the trusted complement of staff there saw his sad eyes and stopped. The regimental maps drooped. Major and

Lieutenant Olaf broke off their inspection of the city – during which they were counting how many posters had been torn down – to return to headquarters. The group feared the worst – a Russian invasion? The outbreak of world war? It turned out that Zenon had been insulted by a high-ranking Solidarity activist. Captain Bartoszek could confirm it. They were outraged. The argument was one of morality, and Zenon had challenged this Solidarity activist to a duel. He accused his opponent of depraving his son, by urging him to eat meat. Zenon took his vegetarianism seriously. They chose to use pistols, perhaps for fear that Zenon's mind powers would break his opponent's sword. His adversary – the fiancé of General Jaruzelski's daughter – came armed with Boziewicz's Code of Honor. This code had traveled with this high-ranking Solidarity activist around the whole of Poland, which was then experiencing more and more strikes, and it occasionally lay on the negotiating table. The government was at the time making concessions in these negotiations. Perhaps they were horrified by the presence of that code of honor. The duel was shrouded in the strictest secrecy. It was Lieutenant Pablo's responsibility to make sure that no militia-men were present during the duel should shooting occur.

The closer the event approached, the more feverish the atmosphere became. Lieutenant Zegarski counted upon his friends, Major and Captain Cupała, to be his seconds. Professor Zlat and a certain young woman called Barbara Labuda were to be his opponent's seconds. It was a scandal. Allowing women onto a duelling ground would have undermined its honor and disgraced chivalry. However, Lieutenant Zegarski finally agreed that a woman could be a witness to such an intimate event. After lengthy deliberations, Major and Captain Cupała laid down a tough condition. Barbara Labuda would have to wear a wig, and put on a small beard and whiskers. In spite of these adversities, Zenon remained extremely relaxed and continued to radiate limitless energy. Before the bloody, top-secret duel took place, over a dozen people knew about it. On his way to the Institute of Mathematics, Captain Bartoszek chanced upon a group of professors gathered around Assistant Professor Morawiecki.⁶⁴ He reasoned that it was a political rally.

64 Kornel Morawiecki – an oppositionist, editor of anti-government publications, and leader of a radical splinter of Solidarity. After martial law was

It turned out, however, that Kornel Morawiecki was talking about the duel. Things began to take a turn for the worse, but Lieutenant Zegarski retained his poise. But others around him grew distracted, they had heard about the lieutenant; his ability to levitate and how his powers had broken the scissors at the militia headquarters when they tried to cut his hair. The fiancé of General Jaruzelski's daughter offered to supply them with weapons, but an even greater danger approached. People no longer feared the secret political police. If the duel was discovered by the militia it would probably have been possible to hush it up. But now there were fears that crowds would turn up in Szczytnicki Park the following morning, perhaps with tape recorders and television cameras. In addition there were the growing rumours of the lieutenant's supernatural powers. Zenon remained calm. He possessed the gift of second sight and knew that under the Law of Causes the duel would take place and blood would flow. With the stoic tranquillity worthy of a sage, he spent the night before dancing the jive and chatting up girls. His opponent was not so relaxed. Perhaps he had heard that the lieutenant was capable of catching a bullet in midair.

The duel finally took place a few kilometres from the chosen spot, but the bloody settling of score actually occurred by accident in a completely different location. That evening, his impatient opponent couldn't control himself and lay in wait along the route he imagined the lieutenant would be taking. Zenon usually walked that way, towards the window of a certain lady. Without warning, two opponents burst around the corner. They ran towards him at full speed, intending to settle the fight with a single powerful collision. Zenon had to fight. He dodged skilfully, and then struck a blow with his umbrella. A cry of pain rang out. One of his opponents was writhing on the floor with Zenon's sharply-tipped umbrella sticking out of his hand. It had gone right through. One of the two, the friend of his deadly foe, had been eliminated from the fight. Now the person he was supposed to be duelling with gathered momentum once more. With a deft manoeuvre, Lieutenant Zegarski stepped out of the line of attack. His enemy tried attacking six more times, but without success. As he left the battlefield,

declared, no other oppositionist remained in hiding from the secret political police as long as he did.

Zenon only mentioned that he'd like his umbrella back. However, his enemies were deaf to his request.

In such circumstances there was no chance of an official duel. Now the Solidarity activist could serve the lieutenant's son beef, pork and poultry with impunity. It was despicable. The Regiment were scandalised. However, Zenon – exhibiting the depth of his spiritual realisation – forgave his enemy for the offence and lack of manners. He went away on holiday. He decided to inspect dissident communities during those interesting times. Touring the country, he was met with great kindness everywhere he went.

Returning to Wrocław, Zenon immediately joined the whirl of student strikes, the greatest in Poland's history. He appeared with a beautiful woman in the building where the Regiment was stationed. He brought a tent and musical instruments. At that time, he was one of five editors of the *Orange Alternative*. His imagination gave the magazine a light touch. When he was not editing the magazine he would, as was his custom, attend to beautiful girls. He used his levitation abilities discretely. Mattresses were brought and one of them was placed at the top of the stairs. Zenon sat on the mattress. A girl sat down gently and gracefully on his lap. After a moment of deep concentration, they slid down the stairs to the astonishment of all. He wove flowers into the girls' hair and they hung garlands on him. Zenon was tender. He helped young women by inviting them to his room, where erotic spiritual practices took place. This kind of energy, however, which was nice for nice people, beautiful for beautiful people, delicate for attractive girls, wasn't necessary received with the same understanding by others. He was criticised by confused unhappy people, usually politicians, who weren't always nice. All politicians dream of being popular with women, but their careers had no future during such grave times. A conflict was inevitable.

In the building where the *Orange Alternative* was published, the administrator was a certain commandant who had once been involved with the New Culture Movement. He was an ambitious man. He had unsuccessfully tried out many spiritual practices, but he didn't share Zenon's abilities. The entire administration could

only dream of possessing Zenon's powers and their refined pleasures. The strike administration and the commandant of the building attacked together.

It was a moment well known in history, after a rally when some students had felt remarkable magnetic vibrations. They mainly flowed from Zenon. The Strike Committee didn't want any more vibrations. Particularly any which might shake their power. It should be remembered that the University Strike Committee had elected itself before the strike and was composed entirely of men. Most of the strikers were women. The way they tried to remove the lieutenant and the editorial staff was perfidious and lacked culture, closing the door right on their noses. While the group raged, and Major snuck inside to conduct sabotage, Zenon was calm. He created a field of positive energy. Soon after, the door was opened. A famous rally took place. Strutting stiffly like a stick, the ambitious and hostile commandant, pressured by the girls, handed in his resignation. His place was taken by an attractive woman. She quickly became friends with the lieutenant. The conflict had been partly forestalled.

During the rest of the strike, the lieutenant turned his attention to enlightenment and liberation at all levels. He demonstrated the Absolute. Rallies became places of spiritual ecstasy and mental transcendence. Almost all the meetings of the *Orange Alternative's* editorial staff now had a spiritual dimension. First of all the lieutenant, the Arch-Shepherd of Great Bliss, would open them. He would burn incense and ask for a minute silence. The moments of silence were meant to serve the creation of spiritual intimacy. After that, when it was clear his body was emanating, he would begin to induce collective vibrations by beginning to speak. He would often mention the golden cosmic thread linking the heart to the universe. Each of Pablo's speeches would end with reference to love. The two lieutenants enjoyed incredible popularity. Andrzej Dziewit also inspired great confidence. Thanks to speakers like them, ecstasy arose among those present in the room, and others would speak after them, for example Major or Captain Cupała.

At the end of November, the situation with the strike was developing well. But in the country as a whole, things grew more and more tragic. Demonic forces gathered over Poland. It became clear at the beginning of December that things had become dangerous,

but no one realised quite *how* dangerous. But the lieutenant was sensitive. He sensed the new threat. One evening he fell ill. He ran a high temperature. The female commandant of the building, who was looking after him, became anxious. The lieutenant asked to see Major and Captain Cupała. Major brought a copy of the Bhagavad Gita with him – the captain wanted the lieutenant to help him understand a passage in the Upanishad. During the conversation, they noticed that a halo of rainbow light was appearing above Zenon's head. It's necessary to explain to the uninitiated what the rainbow body is. It appears at the moment the practicing yogi is dying. Then the body gradually shrinks. The rainbow lights cease shining and after seven days only hair, nails and clothes remain. These kinds of examples are very rare. Only realised holy men manifest them. Everything was clear to the two men.

Zenon made an important decision. He wanted to manifest his vision, influence events and remove the negative features from them. The two friends weren't as spiritually developed as he was. They were driven and contained by attachment to current issues. They began to ask the lieutenant not to die. Major was his superior officer. The captain also possessed a higher rank and function. The lieutenant had always been faithful. Both of them knew he was capable of carrying out any order, but as this time the matter was personally important orders were put to one side, and they humbly asked him to stay alive for a bit. They asked him to accompany them in these times, which were so difficult for Poland. The lieutenant wept. He gave up the manifestation of rainbow lights. He was driven by the love of his friends and sympathy for those who were suffering. He explained to his superior officers the passage from the Bhagavad Gita concerning the law of karmic duty, which fell on the king defending the holy Kurukshetra battlefield. He later focused on listening to part of the Upanishad, which was read by the captain and added an appropriate commentary. After that he drank some tea. He returned to the subject of Poland's difficulties: 'Poland is in a difficult situation. There will be a great deal of negative energy,' he said, 'even the most powerful individual endowed with a human body won't be able to stop the approaching tide of ignorance.' He said these words soon after the pacification of the Fire Brigade School by the militia. These events had been terrible for the country. The military authorities took

responsibility for public life. It became impossible to strike. It was difficult to dream about riding down the stairs of the Philosophy Institute on a mattress. In spite of that, Zenon remained open and active. He manifested his great spiritual power as he partied with his friends on New Year's Eve.

Later he gave a lecture about Bhakti Yoga – or the Yoga of Love – in the Index Club. No one from the Military Council of National Salvation⁶⁵ attended, probably because they would not have dared to interfere with his disseminating of universal values. It ought to be remembered that there were tanks on the streets at this time. Not so many people were interested in universal values. Much less those of Bhakti Yoga. The lieutenant was loyal and unafraid of danger. Zenon organized lectures on Bhakti Yoga at Major's Secret Military University, the Ultra Academy. In spite of the illegality of the lectures, crowds came to listen. The military authorities were afraid to arrest Zenon. The secret political police would devote months trying to arrest people. But Zenon possessed protective powers and great spiritual potency. Even the army-controlled television felt great respect for him. Female journalists dreamt of interviewing him and of making programmes which would have transformed the negative aspects of martial law. And so it was that in spite of everything, Zenon manifested his great independence in front of the cameras. He gave people faith. Then he got into a boat and went on numerous foreign trips. However, he always returned to Poland at important moments.

The lieutenant worked very closely with Major when they organized great actions in ul. Świdnicka. He was committed and active in various ways. During his absence, he transmitted healing energy. When he was in Poland, he immediately appeared in ul. Świdnicka. At the sight of him, the militiamen waiting for the action experienced a collective vision. The strange disturbances continued. Zenon's powers were central. On June 1st, 1987, three hundred dwarf hats were made. The militia saw thousands of small dwarves in the act of distributing toilet paper. The functionaries confiscated the toilet paper and arrested this scarce product. But the multitude was voracious. It made pleas for more rolls. Again,

65 The Military Council for National Salvation was a council set up by the generals which governed Poland during martial law after December 13th, 1981.

Zenon had compassion. He miraculously multiplied them. Later, when Major ran in the presidential election of 1989, Lieutenant Zegarski made his posters bigger.

When the turning point came and wild, untrammelled capitalism replaced Communism, Zenon once again predicted things would go sour. 'Previously the bear resided here, and now avarice will reign,' he said sadly after Major lost the election. Something strange had indeed occurred in Poland. Many people were affected by poverty. But also many by another misfortune – avarice. Some people became poor for negative reasons and others became rich for negative reasons. In spite of so much misfortune, once again Zenon Zegarski wasn't taken from us for manifesting his rainbow light. Instead of that he wrote one of the most wonderful books of the world: *The Story of the Grey Prince*. The story of the Grey Prince is known by only a few – those who open their hearts to him. And he continues the work of the great sages. He gives up a fragment of his being to each person he meets. This is the story of Lieutenant Zegarski, the Signpost to the Way of Light, the Arch-Shepherd of Unlimited Love, Great and Famous Orange Man. Amen.

CHAPTER 3

ROBERT JEZIERSKI

READER, TAKE A BOW BEFORE THE GREAT REVOLUTIONARIES. THEY wrote their place on the bloody pages of our history with their heroic deeds. Robert Jezierski is one of them. He was born in Gorzów Wielkopolski as the son of an army colonel. As such, from his very tender years he manifested signs of antimilitary pacifism. To liberate himself from his father's military dissipation, he moved to study Polish language and literature at the University of Wrocław. From his beginnings there, he aimed at changing the world. He wished to become a revolutionary. A global revolution in the style of Mahatma Ghandi was his dream. Soon his talents for combative pacifism were to become one of the main driving forces behind the Orange Alternative. History first noticed him on that sweltering day; September 1st, 1987. A great offensive was in motion in ul. Świdnicka. The situation looked fairly clear. All the parts of this

intense gathering had their origins in spiritual ecstasy. Both the attack and the defence were played out in a transient world. But they revealed the Absolute. No one can possess the Absolute. In spite of it being ubiquitous, few people touch it. Few revolutionaries or militiamen knew about this. The action unfolded in keeping with the law of transience.

The revolutionaries fought for the truth of existence. And the militiamen for the non-existence of this revolution. Each of them had to exist in their own way. It was written in the history of that sweltering summer day, perfect for organising a peaceful mass action. The revolutionaries dressed flamboyantly. They were fighting for peace with the militia. Instead of helmets, their precious heads were protected by saucers. The scorching sun reached every corner of the street. Observers versed in the arts of war imagined that once again that Major, Commandant of Fortress Wrocław, would attract everyone's attention. He appeared in the street wielding a large bucket with flowers peeking from it. His presence was greeted with a roar of applause. He had outwitted the militiamen! He went straight out into the street from Barbara's Bar. It was a decisive moment, a tipping point. The commanders of the government forces moved to the offensive. They attacked the people clapping. They hadn't noticed Major walking nonchalantly along beside them. The undercover agents were not so easily outwitted. They advanced on him. They knew that each minute that the Commandant was present in the street was a challenge to the government's authority. They surrounded him.

The Commandant sat down in the street. He was holding the flowery bucket. A large group of clever undercover agents gathered around them. Now the militiamen noticed the throng. They responded swiftly and decisively. They surrounded the little group and began to arrest them all. The militiamen looked splendid. They were no less dashing than the revolutionaries with their beautiful blue uniforms and tanned faces. Artists the world over dream about creating a grand situation and engaging the audience. Here, in ul. Świdnicka, it was achieved without a rehearsal. All it needed was for the militia to appear. The awkward atmosphere it created became a model for others to imitate. The undercover agents were tightly surrounded as the militia moved in. They began to shout: 'Heather!' They were informing the militia that they were undercover agents,

that they knew the secret operational codeword. A small group of onlookers began shouting at the militiamen: 'Ha! They're undercover agents!' A crowd formed composed of happeners, politicians, revolutionaries and people doing their shopping. Observers with an appreciation of art judged that it was a most beautiful and decisive moment, and that September 1st, 1987 would pass into the history of the revolution. The Commandant held the bucket of flowers tightly, the long-handled saucepan slipped down onto his back and everyone admired and applauded him.

However, there was a sudden moment of silence within the growing confusion. The most splendid of the splendid had appeared in ul. Świdnicka. It was him: Robert Jezierski. Like a breath of fresh air. He was the essence of the event. His chin threw a mystic shadow. His suntanned face caught everyone's attention. He was carrying a small puppet resembling the army general, Wojciech Jaruzelski. Everyone was hypnotised; Major clinging onto his bucket of flowers, the undercover agents too. The revolutionaries and shoppers looked on, dumbfounded.

Jezierski, though, walked slowly. He disappeared into some arcades near the shop *Kot w butach*. For a while, the crowd waited, staring at the spot from which he'd disappeared, to see how the miracle would continue. It was some time before the people in ul. Świdnicka returned to what they had been doing. The undercover agents explained to the militia that they were both on the same side. Major was taken to a van. Finally, they all drove to militia headquarters. However, the effect of Robert's presence in ul. Świdnicka remained. The undercover agents questioning the revolutionaries were particularly interested in him. They deliberately asked trick questions.

'You friend looked great, didn't he?'

'Lovely,' answered a revolutionary.

'Had he been well prepared for his performance?' asked
the agent.

It appeared the secret services were afraid of Robert. They had all the revolutionaries identified when suddenly a new one had

appeared. Unrecognised. And dangerous-looking to boot.

The entire revolutionary staff were fascinated by him. After leaving militia headquarters, Major set the secret intelligence services in motion. At the start, the search for him was unproductive. Hope was lost that he would ever be found. Someone thought the Aunts of the Revolution had given large donations to pay for a mass for his health.

‘Perhaps he’s a guardian angel protecting the homeland from violence,’ suggested the aunts of the revolution.

‘Perhaps it was only a mirage,’ said someone, using logic to try to explain the situation.

If Robert had been carrying a figure of the Holy Virgin – for example from Oława – he might have been mistaken for a cherub. However, the puppet of the general disqualified his manifestation from the list of local miracles. The work of the intelligence and counterintelligence of Fortress Wrocław bore fruit. Robert Jezierski was finally found in the Polish Faculty. It was a great success. Robert was the pride of humanity. Praise to him, the hero of future battles. Praise be that he can be written of, adding to the knowledge of such individual genius who acted to save civilisation from destruction through backbreaking work. Major and Józef Pinior were charmed by his lively intelligence. While he quickly allowed himself to be persuaded to take responsibility for humanity, he showed his mettle during the next action: the toilet paper hand-out. It was obvious he was a great operational talent. Venerable patriotic ladies immediately noticed it. More than one waved her umbrella at him under the noses of the militia. Now they could be relaxed about the country’s future. October 1987 was one of the most intensive months in the ‘history of ul. Świdnicka.’ Thanks to Robert, the dynamism of the action grew. He spent the first day of the month giving out toilet paper. October 1st, mentioned above, was the ‘first hand-out.’ The militia quickly managed to seize Major and Robert. But the militiamen were incapable of bothering him on October 15th during the second toilet paper hand-out. Jezierski was able to move through ul. Świdnicka like a cat. Robert also prepared props for Militiaman’s Day. During the night, he

painted small cardboard ‘honorary fines.’ The next morning he painted his and Major’s faces blue. He arranged to meet another brave revolutionary, Termite. He also painted Termite’s face blue. Major – his face blue – produced a whistle. Robert was brave, and directed traffic. He then made sure the citizenry crossed the street properly at the lights. He gave any unruly individuals colourfully painted honorary fines. Even during Militiaman’s Day the militia were vigilant. An honorary Nysa van was sent especially to bring Robert in for questioning. The militia officers, drinking a little too much vodka that day, didn’t predict his reaction. When they asked him his name, Robert refused to speak. Attempts to frighten him were fruitless. He stood his ground like a lion. The undercover agents were powerless. They let him go. He left free and victorious. He was soon promoted. He became a close collaborator of the Commandant of Fortress Wrocław.

The Festival of Open Theatre was held during the first days of October. Crowds of spectators had gathered. The theatres performed outside in ul. Świdnicka. It was an official – but artistic – event. Robert Jezierski was responsible for the combat training of the newly-formed unit. The festival with the theatres’ street actions was a good place for carrying out manoeuvres. The unit’s combat manoeuvres were to take place on October 11th, with Ul. Świdnicka as their chosen location. It might appear strategic madness to conduct exercises in a place with such a concentration of enemy forces. Ul. Świdnicka was under surveillance. There was always one or more militia vans parked there. Undercover agents patrolled it. Holding manoeuvres there was suicidal. Particularly since the following day the events planned for Polish Army Day were going to take place there. The secret political police couldn’t have wished for anything better than to arrest the unit, detain them for a day and then release them very late the following day. October 11th was meant to be the last day of the Open Theatre Festival in ul. Świdnicka. It was warm. The theatre groups were going to come and present their performances. The festival organizers had prepared some pleasant surprises. They had brought some barrels of beer. The street was colourful that day, indeed. A masked group

in Palestinian commando uniforms were also strolling around among the various groups. Disguised as Palestinian terrorists, they arrested a Czech theatre. They kept moving to different parts of the street. Playing trumpets and whistles, they livened up the event. Ul. Świdnicka was empty the next day. The rosettes and props had been cleared away. The hour of 4 o'clock struck. A crowd was filling ul. Świdnicka. The city knew the celebrations of Polish Army Day were planned. The commanders of the government forces were aware of the gravity of the situation. In Poland the influence of the army was greater than that of the official ruling party. The military style celebrations in the city centre organized by anti-government forces were for many a suitable occasion to manifest their views.

The militia – following their standard procedures – wanted to get the group under control as quickly as possible: surround and destroy them. But they were unaware of the group's new operational tactics. A tank manned by tank troops suddenly appeared in ul. Świdnicka. The crowd surrounded it. The tank, made of cardboard by the Inter-Institutional Resistance Committee, was heading towards the underpass. That kind of manoeuvre was effective, but only in certain conditions – when the tank had plenty of space in which to manoeuvre and good visibility. The tank had appeared as part of the action codenamed 'Melon in Mayonnaise World Manoeuvres.' The handbill issued by the Wrocław Fortress Commandant made it clear the Warsaw Pact and Atlantic Alliance (NATO) had been informed. Things looked promising. The militia delayed their attack. Meanwhile, the tank majestically negotiated a section of the parade ground. However, the tank troops had made a mistake. As mentioned earlier, armoured forces are superb in open terrain. Here the crowd had obscured the tank, neutralising its offensive potential. The tank moved closer to the underpass. The situation looked serious. It appeared that the vehicle was cornered. The enemy forces began to advance, encircling the crowd and the tank. Perhaps the militia command wanted to drive their opponent into the underpass and force them to surrender. The militia commanders were certain of an easy victory. The militiamen lazily left their vans near ul. Ofiar Oświęcimskich. They didn't know, however, that the revolutionary forces had a more imaginative operational plan. A moment later, the offensive units of the Second Strategic Attack Force entered the fray. Ul. Świdnicka was cut in

two by a piercing whistle. Valiant Mujahedeen units dressed in white desert uniforms approached from the Rynek, led by Robert Jezierski with the brave Krukała.⁶⁶ Krukała's young daughter was running alongside those heroic lions. And behind them the entire Regiment. Major's black uniform was visible in their midst. The militiamen – previously certain of victory – lost their heads. They weren't capable of troubling or stopping the fast-moving unit. They gave up the encirclement. The tank troops, reinforced by the forces of the Second Strategic Attack Force, moved through the underpass. The militia were forced to regroup. Robert Jezierski was to a large extent responsible for the lightning manoeuvre of the Second Strategic Attack Force and the deployment of fast-moving units. He understood modern warfare manoeuvres. (It's true that three days later, on October 15th during the second toilet paper hand-out, he was not given the chance to demonstrate his abilities. The crowd became mixed up with the militia. None of the manoeuvres succeeded. The only exception was Major, covered in strips of toilet paper and riding a bicycle.) Here, however, despite the concentration of forces, the militia tried to arrest Robert. He demonstrated great skill, moving around ul. Świdnicka like a cat, while the militia were like leopards or tigers. Robert's combat skills were recognised. He quickly advanced through the ranks. Possibly more quickly than anyone else in the entire army. He was promoted to corporal on October 1st. He advanced to the rank of platoon sergeant on Militiaman's Day; a few days later his colleagues began addressing him as 'Captain,' and in the second half of October friends were calling him 'Warrant Officer.' No one made such a lightning career at that time. There was no one else deserving of such honors and acclaim. But let us not run ahead of ourselves.

There was a break for three weeks after October 15th. Everything suggested that the mobilised units would take a rest. Not a bit of it. Further manoeuvres had been planned for November 6th. It was to be a larger offensive operation: the celebrations of the Great Socialist October Revolution's Eve. Robert Jezierski was appointed People's Commissar. He showed great initiative during subsequent meetings. A fierce struggle for frontline posts was raging in the ranks of the council. In the first days, the posts of commander of

66 Marek Krukowski, a distinguished Orange Man, known for eccentric actions.

the Baltic and Black Sea Fleets were allocated. Warships were built, which were to be launched directly into ul. Świdnicka. The Baltic Fleet was to be reinforced by seamen from Kronstadt. However, not all posts were filled. All eyes were on the command of the Red Cavalry. Everybody – not just revolutionaries – was asking, ‘Who will be appointed commander of the Red Cavalry?’ There was excitement at headquarters. Almost everyone wanted to fight in the ranks of the cavalry. Many brave heroes dreamt of commanding those units. There was fierce rivalry for the post of Commander of the Horse Army. The atmosphere was fraught; fear of coups and scandals, even duels were possible. Major and Józef Pinior were unyielding, and supported the candidacy of Robert Jezierski. The veterans of the patriotic war had to acknowledge Robert’s achievements: his combat skills and uncompromising treatment of undercover agents during questioning. Robert was solemnly named commander of the Horse Army; praise and respect to the revolutionaries for such an apt choice. The command of the Red Cavalry, as mentioned, was a matter of honor. Jezierski’s predecessors were Semyon Budyonny⁶⁷ and Chapayev.⁶⁸ Many people saw in Robert Jezierski the incarnation of those grand heroes. Jezierski was successor of all the great Cossacks, from Bohdan Khmelnytsky and Ivan Bohun to Nestor Makhno. Robert quickly got down to his assigned task. He gathered around himself outstanding Red Cossacks. Some of them had previously served in the Mujahadeen’s combat units during the operation of October 12th. He also supervised the preparations to arm the cavalry. He personally made several lances. He inspired trust. Before the operation, he delivered strictly confidential letters to posts distributed around the city.

The day of Great October Revolution’s Eve was approaching. The Council of People’s Commissars decided that the role of the Winter Palace would be played by Barbara’s Bar in ul. Świdnicka. According to operational and political directives, the aim of the operation was to capture the bar. Then the seizure of control over factories, schools and the army would be announced in the bar. The Council of People’s Commissars would distribute food to the

67 A hero of the Russian Civil War, the leader of the 1st Cavalry Army and Marshall of the Soviet Union.

68 A legendary red Cossack who died during the revolution.

poor, and from that moment would govern the troubled country, handing power over to the people. In the language of revolution, the government and the militia authorities were described as ‘counterrevolutionary forces’ and the undercover agents beetling around were identified as White Guards. It was clear everything had been carefully prepared to create the utmost operational clarity. Strategic and political sections existed in every unit. The commander of the cavalry, as we know, was Robert Jezierski, while the political commissar was Darek Duda. Duda was a distinguished veteran. This became apparent on April 1st, 1987, when he held a canopy over a centipede. He was Major’s closest aide. When the militia were chasing the dwarves, it was he they were after. On June 1st, 1987, he arrived with a large sword covered in dollar bills. Duda was courageous. He was well suited to being the political commissar of the cavalry. The remaining Red Cossacks were also valiant. Conscription to the cavalry was based on a large-scale selection procedure. Factors such as bravery, experience in street fighting and highly developed political awareness were taken into account.

The story of Robert Jezierski was closely linked to the day commemorating the Great Revolution. That day, he performed a miracle for the first time, and as a commander and soldier scaled the heights of the arts of war. On November 6th, his unit completed its first successful manoeuvre at 3.45 pm. They crossed Wolności Park undetected. On the other side of the large square was a moat, and beyond it the windows of the Militia Headquarters. It was a risky march. Visibility was indeed somewhat limited on that slightly foggy afternoon, but the trained eye of a militia officer who happened to be looking outside might have changed the course of history. The Red Cossacks reached the church in ul. Kazimierza Wielkiego. The afternoon was turning towards a misty twilight, but it was not yet dark. The diffuse light shone evenly, illuminating the sabres and lances. The *Mołojeces*⁶⁹ heads were crowned with pointed green caps, on which red stars flashed brightly. The unit halted. The *Komdarm*⁷⁰ sent a reconnaissance mission of Red

69 Young Cossacks who took part in the October Revolution. The word comes from Ukrainian “molodec” meaning young man.

70 The title of an army commander, used by Budyonny and Jezierski.

Cossacks. He wanted information. He knew that an unexpected, fast manoeuvre – a surprise attack – could tip the scales of history. The stakes in the battle were high: either freedom, justice and revolutionary dignity would be won or the people would be enslaved. The reconnaissance mission returned, successful. But before making a decision, Robert wanted to check for himself. He personally carried out an observation of the battlefield. He had to find out if the enemy hadn't prepared an ambush.

Robert Jezierski belonged to the new generation of revolutionary soldiers. He didn't think about women, girlfriends, wives or lovers. His thinking was simple. The Global Revolution had to be launched. He knew other brave soldiers had come before him, devotedly clogging up ticket punching machines with toothpaste for global change. This operation in ul. Świdnicka had given him the feeling he was living in the real world.

He calmly inspected the terrain. The right flank was protected from an enemy attack by tram barriers. Ul. Kazimierza Wielkiego is a wide thoroughfare with tram tracks running down the centre. On the other side is a two-lane, one-way street. The militia had limited opportunities. They couldn't use combat vehicles hastily, driving against the traffic. The left flank was protected by houses. The scouts had searched the stairs there. Robert knew nothing threatened on that side. The Provincial Department of Security could only defend a narrow pass between the street and houses in ul. Świdnicka. Komdarm Jezierski squinted. The enemy could not surround them. A rearguard attack would demand more than just the redeployment of a considerable part of the forces. The commander of the Red Cavalry looked around. He was a genius. He knew his unit could ultimately cross the tram tracks and tie down significant enemy troops, and also sow incalculable confusion in the militia's ranks. He focused his gaze on the theatre of operations one last time. He saw the battle raging in an area of ul. Świdnicka. The red banners of the working class glinted. He made sure it was the right moment to strike. The swaying red banners in the distance needed his support. He knew it well. He brooked no delay; his unit were well-placed, and had a lot of room to spread their wings. He lifted his sabre. He gave the signal. A shout! The sound of a whistle! A car horn sounded! The political commissar supported him, with a shout of 'Onward!.' They moved off.

The Mołojeces looked splendid. More elegant even than the militiamen. They paralysed the enemy with their fine appearance alone. They were beautiful and terrible. Their peaked caps had come straight from the hands of the revolutionary workshops. The lances, sabres and horses, too. The closer they got to the enemy, the faster they sped. They were closer and closer. Intense fighting raged as they struck into enemy occupied territory upon their fierce cardboard horses. The cavalry was supported by the banner: 'The Great Socialist October Revolution.'

It began. The red pennants on the lances began to flutter. The militia hadn't seen them yet. Great waves approached ul. Świdnicka from ul. Kazimierza Wielkiego. Observers might readily imagine that the petit bourgeois, nomenklatura-ridden regime would collapse. The Red Cavalry approached ul. Świdnicka. However, the Polish militia was also capable of improvising in difficult situations. The command of the ruling forces realised what was happening. They immediately threw forces stationed by the underpass into the attack. The clash was extraordinary. In the heat of the fighting a sabre knocked the cap from a militiaman. The banner mentioned earlier played an important role in the fight, during the head-on collision. The huge sheet of fabric fell on the militia, covering them in revolution. But the militia command made a mistake. They wanted to arrest the Red Cavalry. The movement of a sizeable-enough unit to destroy the cavalry meant that for a while there weren't enough militia in ul. Świdnicka. The militia's attack on the cavalry enabled the revolutionary forces – in particular the carol singers carrying the Revolution's Eve Star and the 'Red Borscht' banner – to get through the underpass. At that moment the Angel of the Revolution, its red wings flapping in the wind, found itself in the centre of attention. Jezierski forced the militia into a second mistake. They spread their forces out, forming a wide circle intending to attack from the rear. This was a grave mistake with no strategic sense – but let us not get ahead of ourselves.

Robert swiftly assessed the situation and gave the order for the next manoeuvre. Retreat. As soon as they had arrived they disappeared, melting away before the militia's eyes. As they withdrew, they bore glory with them. The militiamen took several minutes to recover. They gathered their caps, which were strewn across the pavement as others untangled themselves from the banner. Some

of the forces deployed to surround the Red Horse Army arrived too late. Jezierski's unit were lightning fast. They reached previously prepared staging positions at a trot, and hid near the Opera. Here they could safely observe the effect of their strike. Fully laden militia vans glided past.

In spite of the constant threat and great danger, the army immediately organized a rally. A rally in such conditions was risky. All it needed was for an undercover agent to appear from a doorway to draw the enemy columns. The political commissar organized the rally. Such was his right. Darek Duda spoke. His revolutionary conscience demanded it. We ought to keep one thing in mind. An authentic revolutionary army differs from non-revolutionary armies in terms of its moral consciousness. Slave, feudal or capitalist arms cannot hold rallies. If they have rallies, they sooner or later become revolutionary armies. The rallies of a revolutionary army do not weaken, but strengthen it. During this rally, in the bushes by the Opera, the army's political commissar suggested another solution to the previous one. He wanted the Red Cossacks to occupy the Rynek market square. This suggestion also included a variant of proclaiming the fall of the government in the Rynek, or possibly occupying the town hall. Jezierski had a different opinion. He wanted to repeat the attack on Barbara's Bar, but from another direction. A very dangerous one. By breaking through along ul. Świdnicka from the other side. He planned to carry out Directive number one: *to occupy the bar and proclaim the formation of a new government*. Following the proclamation, the Councils of Delegates were supposed to seize power in the troubled country. Commissar Duda and Komdarm Jezierski were without doubt brave soldiers. During the rally, each of them put forward slightly different tactical plans. The Mołojeces listened attentively to the discussion. They stuck their flags in the ground. They shifted from foot to foot. Jezierski's project was chosen. Although it appeared at first sight to be suicidal, the unit set off. But things had changed in ul. Świdnicka. The militia command had closed Barbara's some time before. They hung a notice reading 'Power Cut' on its plate glass door. But it was past 7pm now and the bar had reopened. The Mołojeces demonstrated exceptional cunning and courage during their suicidal march. They passed enemy reconnaissance patrols unnoticed. They entered the bar. The consumption of red

borscht was a key part of the revolutionary programme. However, the government had shown great operational ingenuity. The undercover agents in the bar had ordered all red-coloured dishes to be removed. Jezierski and Duda were supposed to begin a rally inside the bar, but they understood that giving a speech to the secret police would have been pointless. They couldn't announce the opening of the new Soviets in front of such an audience. The chance of consuming revolutionary red Borscht had been lost. There wasn't even any strawberry juice. However, both the undercover agents and the militiamen were afraid to arrest the unit. They knew that even jokes had their limits.

A bow to the Great Revolutionaries, to the Red Cavalry, who earned their place in the annals of human progress with their heroic deeds. Immense respect to the valiant Red Cossacks, whom even the militia held in such great esteem. Praise be to the whole of progressive humanity, for whom heroes like Lenin, Trotsky, Robespierre, Danton and Jezierski are a compliment. For the masses they can only be a delight. Even when their heads are being cut off.

After the celebrations of October Revolution's Eve, an important court case took place. The political commissar of the Horse Army lodged a complaint to the Revolutionary Tribunal against his commander. Komdarm Jezierski did the same with respect of the Political Commissar. The case had to be cleared up and examined to determine who was right in the bushes by the Opera. Comrade Pinior was named prosecutor. His role was exacting. He mainly listened to cassette tapes with recordings of the two heroes' cross-examinations. Pinior's flat was tapped. He couldn't listen to the tapes at home. He examined the material in clandestine places. Some witnesses involved in the case wrote down their testimonies for fear of being listened in on. The situation of the Tribunal's president, Commissar Wardęga, was also unenviable. He didn't want the case to resemble the notorious Stalinist Trials. Comrade Wardęga was a lawyer, as was Comrade Pinior. Both of them knew the history of the Revolutionary Tribunals. The situation was extremely difficult, particularly considering both heroes showed great initiative in supplying the Revolutionary Prosecutor and the Tribunal itself with witnesses and materials. There was no litigiousness in the case. Their revolutionary consciousness simply demanded it of

them. Neither Jezierski nor Duda disliked each other. They were amicably disposed towards each other. But that incident – that unfortunate rally in the bushes by the Opera – had temporarily obscured their perspective. Meanwhile, the government, in spite of its flagging authority, had begun to go on the offensive. It offered society the chance to express its views about an economic issue. A referendum was planned. The work of the Revolutionary Tribunal was annulled, the case closed. The progressive forces prepared for a new operation: the referendum.

At the end of 1987, Robert Jezierski was the terror of the militia. He held important posts in the revolutionary movement. He was the quartermaster of the 1st Strategic Attack Force. He was preparing plans for the logistics services. He supplied strategic materials, such as high quality fabric for Santa Claus costumes. He was in the front line of every operation. He was tireless. He hid in concealed field quarters with Major before certain actions such as the carnival. The carnival was also an operational masterpiece. It was based on what was learnt during October Revolution's Eve and the action of October 15th. In the first case, they noted effect of the rapid response units in bringing the street alive. In the second, how a swelling crowd could be used to offer protection. The Workers' Carnival was much more ambitious than previous actions. Robert supplied a large amount of skull masks for the event. The militiamen were entitled to be afraid. They were helpless. The action and its scale exceeded their capabilities. After that day, the authorities realised they would have to reassess their methods.

Deploying unlimited numbers of militiamen was no solution. The secret services came up with a simple plan. They decided to strike a blow against the revolutionary forces by arresting Major and placing him in prison. He was detained on March 8th, during the distribution of sanitary pads. On that day, the authorities allowed public readings at the university of previously prohibited materials concerning the March 1968 events. The government knew they ought to attack in one place and negotiate in another. However before his arrest, Major had prepared enough of the next action for his absence not to matter. Momentum had already gathered. The

Commandant of Wrocław Fortress appointed Robert as distributor of propaganda materials. At that time, he already possessed considerable military acumen. The authorities predicted that no mass actions would occur in ul. Świdnicka or in the Rynek on March 21st – the First Day of Spring. They were wrong. The arrest of the commander mobilised the revolutionary forces. The cavalry men, Baltic Fleet, and all the units of November 6th made efforts to ensure that the next assault on the government would take place that day. The action was prepared in order to force the authorities to release Major.

Between organising, by night, Robert Jezierski roamed the city like a cat. But a cat armed with a hissing aerosol spray. He painted the following slogan on walls: ‘Major’s In Tiurma.’⁷¹ Each morning, undercover agents patrolled the city and painted over them. But Robert was tireless. The secret political police tried to keep close to him but had no chance. And the next morning came. The mass of graffiti in the entire city stopped amazing the authorities. Huge slogans were painted on the walls of the prison where Major was being detained. The militia headquarters were entitled to feel threatened. Another day and another huge graffiti reading ‘Major’s In Tiurma’ appeared on its walls. They remained alert. One moment’s inattention was enough. The militiamen toiled hard to remove the slogans. They looked comical to people passing by on the tram.

March 21st was approaching. An elite group of government functionaries and important opposition figures came to Wrocław for observation purposes. The press officer of the Minister of Internal Affairs, Major Wojciech Garstka, was present. Great actions took place, embracing not only ul. Świdnicka and the Market Square but also part of the old town. The crowd forced the militia onto the back foot. It was another defeat for the forces of law and order. Robert Jezierski put his heart into the preparations. Thanks to revolutionaries like him and the great involvement of the masses, the commander was released again.

All praise to Robert Jezierski, who was decorated with various revolutionary medals. ‘Heartfelt congratulations,’ said the citizens

71 Tiurma – from the Russian for a tsarist or Soviet prison. The word describes a prison with harsh conditions.

of Wrocław. Prayers were offered up to people like him in churches. The authorities had more and more problems because of him. There's no doubt our hero grew naturally in strength. The more powerful he became, the more the government saw themselves losing influence.

On June 1st, 1988, the greatest action to date took place. Ten thousand people took part in it. Robert commanded the left flank. He showed great tactical flair during the push across Grunwald Bridge. The government, seeing the hopelessness of the situation, sought an ally. At this time, discrete, behind-the-scenes talks were being held with the conciliatory part of the opposition. Robert and the other revolutionaries knew nothing about it at that time. They organized a training camp in the mountains. Robert fulfilled an important staff function in the mountain training camp at Przesieka. He was also responsible for part of the training programme. Why exactly were elite combat units being trained in the mountains? Why exactly there? This question was not just for undercover agents to answer. Soon after, it turned out another operation was on the way. This time, the strike wasn't only being focused on the fearful government. It was also aimed at the Warsaw Pact. At its orderly system. No one would have dared to attempt such an open action at this time, apart from revolutionaries and the Chinese. Even NATO had enormous respect for the powerful armies of the Warsaw Pact. Mountain units – the ones that had been trained in Przesieka – were to be deployed in the action. Speed and surprise are the most important factors in mountain operations. Passes have to be occupied before the arrival of the enemy. Trails seized. Strike positions established on summits.

Robert took over command of the Środek (Central) Army Group. They were simultaneously the main regions of the Commander in Chief. Here the banner was raised. The target of the mountain operation was to cross the Polish-Czechoslovakian border on the Śnieżka massif and to allow the guide to prepare his defences for August 19th. It was organized to take place on the twentieth anniversary of the intervention by countries of the Warsaw Pact, whose armies invaded Czechoslovakia in order to crush the Prague Spring.

It was the morning of August 19th. Army units were grouping on the Śnieżka massif. Militia forces arrive on the Czechoslovakian

side. A large revolutionary force was gathering below in Jelenia Góra. It looked as though such a large gathering would provoke the militia there. It may seem that controlling the revolutionaries there would have been easier for the government forces than somewhere high up in the mountains. The militia's general staff, as well as the command in Jelenia Góra, had been taught that they shouldn't risk fighting in the town, which might have ended up in defeat for the state administration. However, the officers of the Armies of Border Protection didn't know that the Strike Armies on Śnieżka were deployed over a wide area. Robert Jezierski set off with the Śródek Army Group. He struck in the centre. They took control of the chairlift, in keeping with operational principles for mountain units. The unit set off uphill. The upper part of the chairlift was also seized. The units of the Armies of Border Protection also acted with great speed. Following standard procedure, they surrounded the Śródek Army Group. Robert and his staff of ultra-revolutionaries, called the kids, were surrounded. But no one wanted to surrender. Someone barricaded themselves in a toilet at the chairlift station. There were attempts to climb on the roof. The army officers suggested that Robert capitulate. He declined their offer: 'I can't do it without an order from my commander,' he said emphatically during the negotiations. Instead, he received an injury to his leg during repeated attempts to escape the encirclement. He returned to Wrocław bathed in a hero's halo. He was wounded. It was a moment of triumph for the enemy. The generals and colonels could sleep peacefully at night with their triumph that this great Cossack, Robert Jezierski, had been wounded in the leg. The government could work without fear. Yet the excitement of the government's elite couldn't last forever. Wounds heal.

November 7th, the day of the celebrations of the October Revolution, was approaching and Robert had been fit for several weeks. The elite were coming to Wrocław again. This time to film and observe the actions of the Orange Men from close up. The militia were powerless, while the government were more and more boldly talking to a section of the opposition. The opposition leadership – now losing influence – were also in keen dialogue with the government. Everything was happening behind the backs of heroes like Jezierski. The *crème de la crème* and the artistic and political elites were coming to be able to take part in the action,

to see Jezierski. Everything was ceremoniously pulsating, like Las Vegas. Everyone was waiting. The famous Cossack had a surprise. He turned up dressed in a Soviet Army uniform, holding the American flag. A barrage of camera flashes. He was surrounded by cameras. But he remained modest.

‘A Soviet soldier carrying the American flag?’ asked a female foreign correspondent.

‘It’s in a spirit of pacifism,’ added someone. It was clear his outfit had charmed those present.

‘This will knock the superpowers’ militarism into a cocked hat,’ said a man with a microphone to himself.

The appearance of Jezierski in ul. Świdnicka in such a costume, and then his photograph in newspapers around the world, was provocative. And not just for the Russian and American diplomatic services. Owing to their fear of people like Jezierski, the government were forced into a political compromise, as were the older generation of the opposition. The government were right. Jezierski *was* striving towards a global revolution. Ul. Świdnicka was no longer enough for him. He went everywhere actions were being organized, from Łódź to Warsaw. He also began to publish his own avant-garde newspaper: *Free Wrocław*. General Jaruzelski’s government quickly understood the danger. Both the military and civilian ministers realised the significance of a high quality independent press. Fear of future disturbances precipitated the setting up of the Round Table, which proceeded quite decisively from then on. Fearing a revolution would break out, they quickly spoke to the leader of Solidarity, Lech Wałęsa. The government, in talks with the section of the opposition supporting their projects, organized its own action. Elections. A two-chamber parliament was suggested to replace the one-chamber version. There would be senators in Poland once again. And a president. The state emblem – a white eagle – would be crowned. That was a stroke of genius by the government. The opposition also wanted Poland to be a place where senators could live, distinguishing it from the other members of the Warsaw Pact. This action’s programme was simple:

a new way of governing the nation. The revolutionaries were cautious. Some of them were even capable of suggesting a three-chamber parliament. Jezierski also realised that this new stage in the country's history was difficult. It caused some confusion. At first, Major resisted running for the Senate. However, the revolutionary forces tried to persuade him to fight on two fronts: against the government *and* the governmental opposition. At the same time, the revolutionaries had to square up to the Russian *perestroika* and the International Monetary Fund. Finally, the commander agreed to fight for a seat in the Senate and ran an electoral campaign in the presidential election.

The revolutionaries wanted to protect the nation at all costs from poverty, unemployment and the growth of criminality. With that in mind, they examined the strategy for the election campaign of the Commandant of Fortress Wrocław. The experienced captain, Wiesław Cupała, was appointed chief of staff of this operation. Robert was in the inner circle of both the political and military leadership. Once more, he went steadfastly onto the offensive. The masses, however, failed to buy into this more advantageous offer. Major lost the election.

In spite of this great blow, Jezierski didn't give in. On the day of the election, June 4th the whole of Poland was focused on the results. He, though, was sensitive to other people's suffering. The same day, students in China had been crushed to death by tanks. In Poland, politicians were wondering who would create the government while economists pondered how loans would be paid off. Jezierski, however, paying no thought to his own suffering, marched into battle again. This time as an independent commander. Commander in chief. He organized an action called 'Live Protest' in plac Dominikański. He organized the building of a monument to those murdered in China. His activity and great commitment showed he was a great humanitarian. He deserved to win the Noble Peace Prize. Two weeks after the monument was erected, it was pulled down by the city authorities. It was eventually rebuilt ten years later.

In the months to come, the crisis in Poland became more and more conspicuous. Joblessness increased. There was also a crisis in the ranks of the revolutionary forces. Major was travelling abroad. Robert Jezierski – the great Cossack with the sensitive soul – wanted

to change things. He organized the ‘Beggars’ Happening.’ Perhaps he could limit the growing poverty. He also suspected Major was intent on creating a Stalinist personality cult. Robert was now the leader both of a conspiracy against the new government and the leader of a coup against his commander. But he was acting out of love for the revolution. His situation was difficult. He did not have the support of the ultra-revolutionary units of the Orange Kids. Everyone else was coming to ul. Świdnicka to have fun. The Commandant of Fortress Wrocław also made an appearance, handing out counterfeit dollars. Robert wanted to refer the commander’s case to the appropriate revolutionary organs. He was outraged. The senior officers – accustomed to conspiracies – covered their backs. All the posts had been previously filled. Beggars, however, *did* appear in ul. Świdnicka. Poor people partied to the sound of drums.

This was the story of a Great Revolutionary, Robert Jezierski, whose heroic deeds earned their place on the pages of the annals of humanity. The veteran of numerous revolutionary offensives. He was wounded. But this was merely a decoration he received from the battlefield itself. A Cossack hero, he was the commander of the Red Cavalry; the Great Standard Bearer, proudly carrying the torch of Liberty and Peace. The story written here is but the tip of the iceberg of his achievements. Today he is still on the frontline, in the first rank of heroes of the global Information Revolution as the most splendid of the splendid. Praise be to him!

CHAPTER 4

ANDRZEJ DZIEWIT

ANDRZEJ DZIEWIT TRAVELED THE LONGEST POSSIBLE ROAD FOR A spirit clothed with a human body. The effect he had on people depended on the personality and preferences of the observer. He was perceived as a sensitive, complicated, noble person, yet some people maintained that this Orange Man was possessed with sinister powers. A genuine halo of energy was seen circulating around him, as though he'd come from another planet, like the Little Prince. But the strangeness of the times explained and justified the behaviour of this believer in the absolutes of fundamental principles: he had all the qualities of a true rebel. The spirit of the revolutionary slumbered within him. Dzewit was a great sinner. He rejected God and considered himself a Communist. But then he also rejected the Communist Party. He decided to dedicate himself, in the name of justice, to serve the multitude. The situation he found

himself in was encouraging. God, having been rejected, fell silent. However the party continued to bother him. Its members were ministers and professors. They governed Poland. Our hero wanted to change that. At that time, the entire country shared his views. Strikes were raging all around him. In autumn 1980, everyone was interested in politics. Dziewit took part in meetings, looking for allies, for people wishing – like him – to transform humankind. Thus disposed, he ended up at a meeting of dissenters. Although he looked like them, wearing his hair long, his demeanour set him apart. Dziewit was enthusiastic about their views, he became radicalised.

‘We ought to be striving for the elimination of the state,’
said someone passionately.

‘Yes! Yes! Yes!’ agreed Dziewit.

After the meeting was over two of them invited him for a beer. Dziewit sat in the middle, engrossed by the conversation.

‘Of course,’ echoed the dark-haired one, ‘Major’s right;
the most important thing are the railways.’

‘How do you imagine the railways will run?’ Major asked in response, ordering another beer.

‘In the new system,’ interjected Dziewit, ‘the trains will run without inspectors, since passengers will be trusted to go where they say they will.’ They soon established the principles of a non-state railway system in which engine drivers would spontaneously take turns to drive. But issues in parallel industries were not resolved. They disagreed about whether airline pilots should spontaneously swap the controls back and forth in mid-air.

Dziewit became a star speaker at the Progress students’ club. Interested individuals were inspired by his rousing speeches. Mainly punks and hippies. He proclaimed a concept of changing the world through love and friendship.

‘Love conquers all,’ he said, ‘we must be open to each other.’

He finished every speech this way.

He was variously perceived. Major and Lieutenant Olaf saw in him a valuable tactical figure. Marek the Happener saw in him a flaky pothead. Whichever way you look at it, they agreed that our hero was a unique individual. A rare case of a dissenter who eluded attempts at definition according to strict scientific principles. People gathered at his speeches unanimously agreed that Dziewit was transcending all bourgeois cultural norms. Someone added that Dziewit was independent both of Western and Eastern thought. Dziewit spoke with reverence. He made free use of hand gestures. They indicated he had something to share, a mystery to reveal. It turned out to be the well-known ‘revolution of love, through love.’ Through warmth, contact and spontaneity. The first step in that struggle was to set up a free soda fountain.

This revelation caused a commotion. Questions were asked. The audience understood that Andrzej Dziewit would appear in the Market Square with a soda fountain and would offer free fizzy water, which would convince the citizens of Wrocław to join a global revolution. Word of the operation spread around Wrocław’s social circles. More and more people began to visit the club. They mostly came to see Dziewit, who, standing in the centre of the room as usual one day, clapped his hands meaningfully and went over to the window. Andrzej Dziewit had news for the audience, who were unaccustomed to such a silence.

‘Listen,’ he said, ‘we’re organising a peace march.’

Murmuring could be heard. It ought to be remembered that only the government fought for peace at that time. All the Communist countries in the process of arming themselves were waging a war for peace. At this moment, Poland had become the only Communist country in the world in which someone apart from the state was fighting for peace. Andrzej Dziewit was that person, and he was taking away the state’s monopoly. Admittedly the state still possessed a monopoly on tax collecting and manufacturing money, and alcohol and cigarettes. But this was a start.

In a short time, a circle of enthusiasts had gathered around our hero. The army wanting to organise this “Peace March” had increased and gained in strength. The city authorities granted permission. Military enthusiasts joined enthusiastically in the operation. Lieutenant Zegarski – the famous Hourhand – traveled around the country and urged people to take part in the Easter Peace March. But things were heating up in Poland. It was a period in 1981 during which the Soviet Army kept organising large scale manoeuvres. The threat of confrontation hung in the air.

Major and Captain Cupała suggested the idea of beginning the peace march in the Mars Field at the Olympic Stadium.⁷² Dziewit agreed with the regimental staff, and they took a walk near the Mars Field. The Olympic Stadium lay silent, bathed in the glow of streetlights. In that silence, Dziewit reached a state of great joy. He said nothing, but simply shook the other people’s hands. After returning to headquarters in ul. Kopernika, he declared that his life had started anew. But the day before the march, Andrzej Dziewit succumbed to pressure to call it off from the regional leadership of Solidarity, who maintained that an entrapment might be organized. Yet the event – which the television didn’t broadcast – actually still went ahead. Crowds came to the Mars Field. There were musical bands. An unplanned festival erupted. That a march of such scale took place can be considered Andrzej Dziewit’s achievement. Pacifists came from all over Poland. There were banners from Kraków. Even the Engineer was seen, showing up on a nearby embankment. He strolled around, observing the event. The presence of the Engineer testified to the fact that wide circles were pinning their hopes on this event. However, Andrzej Dziewit was at a low ebb. He wasn’t sure if he had done the right thing by cancelling the march, or if Solidarity were right. In this respect, he was an exception in the community of Orange Men. The other members were inclined to take risks and stir up a hornets’ nest. But Dziewit was above all a pacifist who not only avoided wars and fighting but hostility and confrontation. His depression and absence from social life lasted around a fortnight. The vacuum he created was unbearable. Dziewit had to get back on the scene. The community

72 This excellent facility had been built by Hitler’s Germany for the 1940 Olympics.

demanded it. Society needed him. A meeting at the Engineer's was carefully prepared. Lieutenants Pablo and Olaf personally escorted Dziewit. He was greeted enthusiastically when he arrived. Marek the Happener had invited him to give a talk on the subject of the stages of revolutionary work. Someone specially brought a portrait of Che Guevara. The distinguished commander, Che, hung on the wall near Dziewit, with his dishevelled hair and expressive head movements. Panicz made a huge, tobacco roll-up. Piotr Starzyński initiated a discussion. It was he who apologised to our hero on behalf of Solidarity. Starzyński's intervention, intended to soothe the conflict with Solidarity, was a masterstroke and avoided a scandal. Both Lieutenant Zegarski and a significant proportion of the community maintained a certain reserve towards Solidarity activists. But Starzyński, like Modzelewski and Kuroń, was one of theirs. Solidarity was perceived at that time with some scepticism. If someone else had apologised on behalf of Solidarity, it could have ended up as a scandal and the rascal being defenestrated. Most of those present were individuals prepared to battle anyone who crossed their path. Lieutenant Zegarski had only recently taken part in a heroic duel with a Solidarity activist, while Lieutenant Pablo treated union activists as pariahs. Only Starzyński, could have made a gesture like that. At first, Dziewit was shy, but he began to outline in great detail specific stages of revolutionary work. It was a bold theory. According to it humankind was supposed to gradually free itself spiritually. He returned to the famous soda fountain, and elaborated a great, futuristic plan extending from it. First, people would receive free fizzy water. With time, other areas of life would follow. Free shops, for example. Freely available bicycles. Or doors to homes without handles, doorframes or padlocks.

In Poland at this time, there were many conceptions regarding change. Dziewit's idea of an open society was more interesting than what Corporal Wałęsa, the head of Solidarity, was offering, for example. The ruling Communists proposed nothing – apart from more negotiations. Poland resembled a powder keg. Strikes were forever breaking out and collapsing. Dziewit's thinking became an alternative to all the rest. As he left, our hero assured the Engineer that humanity would soon change. Lieutenant Pablo added that they would come with a hammer the next day and destroy the troublesome door.

Andrzej Dziewit regained his revolutionary vigour. A structure was erected in the centre of the city consisting of a hosepipe, bottles and small wheels, covered with revolutionary posters. It was crowned with a bottle and a measure. Andrzej poured orange juice into it. It was the world's first free revolutionary soda fountain. Indeed, judging by the positive reaction of Wrocław's citizens, the happening was more interesting than the political games between the government and the opposition. Authentic community life blossomed around the fountain. Toasts were drunk. It was a great community success which caught the public imagination. Dissenters of all stripes showed up. Dziewit's next move was to be the setting up of several soda fountains in the city. Then several dozen, so that the entire country would be swamped by a tsunami of delicious fizzy water. It was estimated that Poland alone would be covered by tens of thousands of revolutionary soda fountains. Europe and eventually the world would have hundreds of thousands – millions! – of devices for putting bubbles in water, which would in addition be coloured with juice. Free of charge.

The approaching holidays, for which everyone drifted off, thwarted his plans. Poland was still covered by a network of soda fountains you had to pay for. It wasn't possible to carry out the next stage of the revolution without the support of this sparkling productive base. Our hero shifted strategies and came up with another idea. He decided to set up his own revolutionary organ in the form of a newspaper entitled the *Orange Alternative*. Orange, because of his admiration for the Provo and Kabouter Movements in Holland. Soon after, he wrote a series of articles and made some mock-ups. Student strikes broke out in the autumn. Andrzej Dziewit was still waiting for the newspaper to be printed. One day, he found out the New Culture Movement would be taking part in the strike. He was tired of the constant changes and modifications to the newspaper's pages. He became extremely cautious. He concluded that since the soda fountains had come to nothing, the strikes wouldn't change anything either. However, the strikers were ready to invite Dziewit on board. In order to encourage him, Major and Captain Cupała began editing a surrealistic edition of the *Orange Alternative*. Dziewit showed up and set to work. He was bursting with energy. The veil of fatigue disappeared from his face. He believed in the revolution and in the strike, which could

be a bridge between the society of today and tomorrow. After all, the conditions during the strike were reminiscent of the customs society ought to follow after the revolution triumphed. There were doors, of course, but they weren't locked. Money had been taken out of circulation. The *Orange Alternative* was supposed to be the cultural, informational and propaganda organ of the new order. It aroused the students' interest. They wanted to meet the editorial staff. The first invitation arrived from the Main Building where the Biology Department was striking. The editorial team went along to the meeting. This time, the idea of a free society, open houses, and doors without handles and keys earned the approval of the audience. People were ready to open up to each other. Today, it's difficult to analyse the entire incident of this meeting. Perhaps the students locked up in buildings were receptive to these ideas. Dziewit's presence was conspicuous. Someone even dared compare him to a free revolutionary soda fountain. 'Reggae is the revolution!' shouted Andrzej, his fingers raised in a V for victory sign. He began to dance before the audience and addressed them once more, showering them in effervescence.

The ideas of windows without frames and free love were not shared by the Strike Committee. There were to be severe repercussions following such successful revolutionary propagandising. On returning to the main university building, Dziewit was met by locked doors. The Strike Committee, it turned out, had understood the vision of a society without money and trains without inspectors all too literally. The people in the University Strike Committee understood life. They had no desire to give up door handles. They were fighting Communism; but not in order to abolish exploitation or give up the benefits which power could offer. Dziewit was astonished. The strikers were delighted with the meeting, but the strike committee weren't.

Dziewit may not have believed in God, but he was a deep believer in love. During the following days he tried to reach a deal with the Strike Committee. He was prepared to compromise and withdraw from the battlefield in the name of peace. But the other camp in the editorial staff consisted of officers, and they were militant: Lieutenants Pablo and Zegarski, Captain Cupała and Major Fydrych. Dziewit had to choose between revolutionary struggle and counterrevolutionary peace. That was the ultimatum. He

chose revolution. He was active in the following week, organising rallies with Lieutenant Pablo. In his fight against the committee, he extended his theory of an open society wherever he could. The rallies organized by the editorial team of the *Orange Alternative* caused a stir at all of Wrocław's institutions of higher education. Word about them spread throughout Poland. The ideas and slogans spread ever-wider. It looked like the revolution would triumph and the state would disappear. Andrzej Dziewit was getting closer to the happiness he dreamt of. But in Poland not everyone was ready to share his joy. The government of the People's Republic of Poland, for example, might have feared a development of this kind. The leader of the government, General Jaruzelski, was entitled to be afraid that the leader of Solidarity, Corporal Lech Wałęsa, might begin to exploit Dziewit's ideas and something unexpected and unpredictable might happen. In Poland, the only homes without door handles at that time were psychiatric hospitals. The government had no intention of throwing curtains out of windows. And the ministers had no intention of stopping earning money. Wałęsa was capable of a number like that. He really could have created a society without door handles or money. Indeed, he did much stranger things than this later on.

And so the Military Council for National Salvation was established. It was made up of serious individuals, craving order. To emphasise its attitude to keys, door handles and hinges, the generals introduced a curfew. People travelling between provinces had to have special visas. The army forbade rallies, just as Dziewit was becoming accustomed to them. The military and civilian government detained a number of opposition activists. Dziewit had no intervention of going along with this new experiment. Opposing the government, he went to an illegal rally at the university and joined an illegal strike. The generals had foreseen such a possibility and were prepared for it. Units from the militia and secret police swiftly subdued the strike. In truth, the resistance at the university was feeble. Dziewit returned home defeated. He spent the following days reacting to what was happening around him and hearing the catalogue of arrests.

Tank columns entered the city. Dziewit was suffering. He couldn't adapt to this new experiment. Other people put up with the state of martial law more easily. Lieutenant Pablo enlightened

militiamen in the street at night. Major spent his time making stockpiles of printing paper, while Captain Cupała engaged in underground activities, printing handbills. Dziewit mainly stayed at home. He did try to edit the *Orange Alternative*, but his anguish overcame his journalistic enjoyment as he received another blow. Cupała had been arrested. Things looked serious. People thought it was because of the *Orange Alternative*. This was not the case. The captain had been active on two fronts: with Dziewit and Solidarity. Major visited Dziewit the night after Cupała's arrest. He suggested that our hero go in hiding. At this time going underground was widespread. One part of society was in hiding, the second part was hiding them, and the third part was busy looking for the first one. Dziewit left home the next morning to go into hiding. It looked dramatic, as if he were heading for the front.

Dziewit's expression was full of distress. Major walked alongside him, carrying Dziewit's heavy luggage. The distance they covered was also extremely interesting. They went next door, which was where they'd decided to hide.

They wanted to observe Dziewit's flat and see if the secret police would come to arrest him. The decision was also economically motivated. Not with regard to the short distance. The savings lay elsewhere. They didn't have to send their own trusted agents to watch for the secret police. Instead they could drink tea, listen to music and observe the door to the stairwell through the window all at the same time. Night was approaching. Major went to bed. He was tired, since he had spent the previous nights in hiding playing cards. The two of them slept in a room where there were musical instruments. A militia vehicle arrived in the night. They heard its doors slam. Andrzej Dziewit leapt out of bed and rushed to the window, knocking over a drum kit in the darkness on the way. There was a crashing of falling cymbals. Major awoke thinking civil war had finally broken out. The militia came to their doorway. But then they passed by, went to a higher floor, to reprimand a noisy drinking session that was going on on the top floor.

After a sleepless night, our heroes moved on. They wanted to go to Lieutenant Pablo's, who lived in a more peaceful neighbourhood. They traveled by tram, and on the way Dziewit wrote several anti-government slogans on walls. He wanted to let off steam, but Major dissuaded him, worried that the militia would arrest them

and confiscate the kilo of kabanos sausages he was carrying. They finally made it to where Lieutenant Pablo and Maniús Gibała lived. It was the building next to that in which Yogi Boo-Boo lived. Our two heroes were perfectly disguised. They both wore sunglasses. Major had a large black hat. Dziewit wore a checked cyclist's cap. The rest of their disguise betrayed its origins in theatre wardrobe leftovers. They looked as though they'd escaped from a hospital without door handles. Only the large bag indicated they had any link to the twentieth century.

There was a lot of space to hide in at Lieutenant Pablo's. Maniús Gibała showed up around midnight. Dziewit lay half-asleep, troubled by nightmares. They agreed the situation was dangerous. They were most afraid of people from the Military Council for National Salvation. Major, Lieutenant Pablo and Maniús went to the garden. They smoked some weed to clear their heads.

‘If they show up and take Andrzej,’ explained Major,
‘he’s sure to die in prison.’

After smoking another joint, they took the decision to save their friend's life. Next day Major took Dziewit to a park. To give him some exercise and help him regain his strength. Andrzej collapsed in the park. Major got him to the street, where there was a bench. He stopped a taxi. They went back to Pablo's. They put a thermometer under Andrzej's arm. His temperature was considerably above normal. Several options were considered. The situation didn't look good. They were afraid the sick body of our hero might fall into the hands of General Jaruzelski's men and that the prison conditions would destroy him. The prostrate Dziewit, who would occasionally sit up, raved that he wanted to go home. A decision was finally taken. It was decided to respect the will of the sick man. From that moment, his state of health began to improve. The next day after breakfast, Andrzej Dziewit set off home accompanied by Major. Fortunately, the army was not surrounding his home. He rested, and slowly recovered. In the peace and quiet, profound conclusions arose from his reflections. He realised his resilience to stress was inadequate. He concluded he had to eliminate the anxieties that tormented him. The way to reduce his anxieties was simple: he would challenge the government. He began his fight with

the social order again. The setting for the clash would be transport.

The history of struggle with the government on public transport had its beginnings in 1980. The tram strike in Gdańsk that year helped the large scale August strike gather momentum. By imposing a state of martial law on December 13th, 1981, General Jaruzelski had anticipated such a scenario. He militarised the trams, using the army to force the drivers to work. Once a month, attempts were made to organise a tram boycott. That was the kind of idea Solidarity had. In the circles Andrzej Dziewit moved in, it was hoped the trams would play a revolutionary role once more. The attention of all interested parties centred on the ticket-punching machines. A meeting took place to discuss the issue. Everyone was delighted by Andrzej's return to the political scene. Martial law was still in place, but it didn't prevent him plotting on an even greater scale. At the meeting, Rotmistrz Cupała suggested stuffing the machines with used tickets. Lieutenant Pablo had invented special metal wedges for the task. There were also people inclined to use hydrochloric acid, sulphuric acid, or – no one knew why – 'aqua regia' (nitro-hydrochloric acid). As it turned out, Andrzej Dziewit became an authority and pioneering inventor in the field of ticket-punching machine sabotage. 'Old tickets, even metal plates or small coins, can be removed,' he explained. 'And concentrated acid might drip on women's stockings and sting their legs,' he said, finishing the first part of his lecture. Instead, he unveiled a new project: to fill ticket-punching machines with toothpaste.

'If all the ticket-punching machines are clogged up with toothpaste, it'll be possible to travel around the city by tram for nothing,' explained the Marek the Happener, realising the beauty of his plan.

'Yes!' echoed Dziewit, 'Filling a tram's ticket-machine with toothpaste will eliminate it from the economy. That is, until its ticket-punching machines had been unblocked and cleaned.'

That evening, Andrzej Dziewit's position was immense. Marek asked him, and not the engineer, if it was time to smoke, and offered him the first taste. His favourite tracks were played during

the meeting. He was compared to great historical figures. Andrzej Dziewit, the distinguished Orange Man, imagined the whole of Poland would be blocked up with toothpaste before long. His opinion was shared in particular by the Happener, who promised to organise a large supply of toothpaste. This bold, original plan also indirectly gained Major's support. Major hadn't been present at that meeting. He returned to Wrocław several days after. He just added a few other points to the plan. For example, for Andrzej Dziewit to write an appeal to the staff at the tram depots to clean the ticket-punching machines slowly. They revised their approach to revolution, dancing lightly across its historical stages. It was possible that change supported by soda fountains could also be founded on the powers of toothpaste. The last victorious wave of revolution would now involve Dziewit personally bunging up the government's oral cavities.

The crucial issue was a change in the regime. On the path of revolution, Communism was to be transformed into anarchism or anarcho-syndicalism. Clogging up the machines was intended to be the beginning of the end for the government. By preventing people from paying. And thus triggering anarchy. A general strike, an economic crash. Then the only thing remaining would be the capitulation of the highest state organs.

It's not known what position the government took with regard to this bold innovation. Would a special defensive variant of ticket-punching machines be constructed, resistant to dental hygiene? Or did the government have other solutions? In the final analysis, the Communists could stop the manufacture of toothpaste and withdraw this dangerous product from the shops. Since it was difficult to buy toilet paper and there were no sanitary pads in the shops, then why shouldn't toothpaste share the common misery of other scarce products? Today, in the light of extensive field research, it can be seen that toothpaste was not ideal. Blocking the machines up with plaster, dental cement or quick-setting resin would have been better solutions. But even they had their weaknesses. The Polish People's Republic government had huge steel-works. And a metallurgical industry. At any moment, they could flood the market with thousands or millions of ticket-punching machines. During the first trial run, one machine was clogged up. Some people cleaned their tickets, after which they punched them

in another machine. In the days that followed, Andrzej Dziewit blocked all the ticket-punching machines in tram number zero. Some of the passengers realised what was going on. The State Treasury lost several zlotys.

After a week of successful operations and observations, as passengers ran around the tram looking for a way to punch their tickets, Captain Cupała hit on the idea of constructing a special glove that would disguise a tube of toothpaste. However, it proved impossible to implement Cupała's invention. A counterrevolutionary operation occurred. It was the moment when the trams of another line had been successfully blocked up. The treasury of the state – hostile to society – suffered serious losses. However, an unexpected attack took place. The tram driver took part in it. Many academic theses have been written about the Orange Men. However, the reason why a tram driver, a member of the working class, should have defended the interests of the regime which was hostile to him has never been brought up. The driver forced Dziewit to leave the tram, threatening to call the forces of law and order. The proletariat proved itself unprepared for the subtle ideas of the world revolution. For Andrzej, this was the latest blow. After unsuccessfully going into hiding, he had mobilised all his forces to fight against the government; yet still the revolution was unsuccessful. He grew weak once again. He wouldn't leave the house. It looked as though he would fall into depression and his anxious states would reappear. But this did not happen. At home, he began to study the books of the great spiritual masters. After reading Lao Tse, he also studied the pronouncements of the great Hindu gurus and the Zen masters. He appeared on the public scene again, but was different now. He didn't say a word at the Engineer's. This kind of attitude made an even greater sensation. Another meeting was organized. Everyone was watching Dziewit out of the corner of their eyes. It was whispered in the kitchen that he wasn't saying anything, was keeping quiet, not reacting, waiting for something. One day he produced a piece of paper to be read. It concerned the organisation of a general meeting: 'Under martial law, if democracy is achieved within the New Culture Movement, it will be the first cell from which it will spread until democracy finally takes hold everywhere.' The development of democracy in the country was supposed to proceed on two levels. The development of honesty and truthfulness was supposed to take root among

members of the New Culture Movement. Subsequently democracy was supposed to take control of the Communist Party and Solidarity. Finally, honesty would embrace the whole of Poland – which would become an example to the entire world. It would liberate humanity from dictatorships, hypocrisy and corruption. Lieutenant Pablo conducted a deep, spiritual conversation with our hero. It turned out the new concept of revolution originated with a Chinese sage who said, ‘In order to change the world, you must start with yourself.’ Subsequently, one could try and change the morals of one’s family, clan, country, and finally the world. Dzięwit wanted a general meeting of the New Culture Movement. At this time, the secret police were pursuing and arresting oppositionists. Every public manifestation of democracy or independence from the state was persecuted. Major opposed organising large meetings, ‘the secret police will step in immediately and it’ll be the end of democracy.’ Dzięwit suspected Major of Bonapartism. During that time, Major announced that all functions of the ‘Representation’ or highest authorities of the New Culture Movement would be carried out by the Secret Chairman. Dzięwit was astonished, particularly since his erstwhile ally Marek was appointed Secret Chairman. Everything had been decided at a provisional meeting at staff headquarters in ul. Kopernika. It was done behind our hero’s back. He silently resigned himself to this development. He still wanted to organise a large meeting.

Meanwhile, the Ultra Academy was being founded, and our hero wanted to influence and support the idea of grassroots democracy there. Dzięwit wanted to introduce democracy into the ranks of the Ultra Academy as he had into the New Culture Movement before it. In an open letter, he accused Major, Marek the Happener and Captain Cupała of despotic inclinations. The cause of this fight for democracy was the position of rector of the Ultra Academy. Major had once again made an anti-democratic move, and appointed himself commander and rector. He blocked a meeting of the Senate. Meanwhile, the militia were using heavy-handed tactics in the city and there was a curfew. The government abolished all visas between provinces, although the blockade on telephones was gradually lifted. The army were everywhere.

Our hero tried to understand the reason for the defeat suffered by his proposal for grassroots democracy and general meetings. He began to look around and analyse the history of the

last year or so. Specific suspicions began to grow in him. He was the only civilian. All the others were officers. Major, Captain Bartoszek, Cavalry Captain Cupała, and the group of lieutenants. He was the only person on the editorial team of the *Orange Alternative* fighting for pacifism. He was certain the paper he had wanted to found had been seized by a military coup. The strain was enormous. It seemed the pacifist New Culture Movement was also manipulated by this group of militarists. He wrote an open letter to the New Culture Movement. He wanted to publish a thousand copies of it. Someone explained to him that it was risky and were the secret police to intercept it there could be serious problems. So the letter circulated in several copies. Dziewit mainly criticised Major, Marek the Happener and the Secret Chairman – but also Captain Cupała. He accused them of using the state of martial law to strengthen a paramilitary dictatorship in the pacifist movement. The reaction to the letter was unexpected. Major disappeared into the mountains. Captain Cupała did too. The Secret Chairman was unavailable for appointments. No one knew if it was an accident or a ruse. In making the open letter available, Dziewit sought a dialogue but ended up with a vacuum. In the following weeks, our hero let off steam by going on street demonstrations. He would return home energised with his eyes watering from teargas. As he surveyed the barricades he dreamt of planting a black anarchist flag atop them. The street fighting kept his spirits up. Then came the sweltering vacations of 1982. In August, he met young people from the whole of Poland at the hippy gathering in Częstochowa. He invited the crowd to Wrocław where the event ‘Rock on the Island’ was going to take place. Then he went home to prepare accommodation for these visitors. At this time, the house where Major was staying was being observed by undercover agents. Andrzej helped Major to stick up small announcements on tram stops. This information was supposed to lead the crowds to Major’s lodgings. They planned a huge fiesta right under the agents’ noses. The idea was to create confusion. Fans of ‘Rock on the Island’ began to arrive in Wrocław. It’s hard to say if the festival was cancelled out of fear of Dziewit. But there were huge crowds. An enormous event was organized at Major’s house. People filled the garden and drank in the street. The undercover agents took photographs. New people

kept showing up. The night was remarkable. The next day, Major showed Dziewit dwarves painted over paint patches.

Huge street fights were predicted for August 31st, the anniversary of Solidarity's foundation. Our hero left the house at dawn with Major. He had decided to join him in painting dwarf portraits over paint patches, to fight his anxiety. The city was full of militia that day, standing on every street corner and making sure people didn't break the law. Andrzej Dziewit acted provocatively. He crossed the road the wrong way right in front of the militia. He had a spray can ready in his pocket.

‘The first militiaman to stop me gets sprayed,’ explained
our hero.

Major tried protesting. Dziewit was unyielding.

‘I’ve been afraid too long,’ he finished, crossing another
intersection on a red light, ostentatiously stopping cars
with his eyes while he flaunted traffic regulations.

Behind him walked Major, staring at the astonished face of a militiaman who stood, transfixed and incredulous. Major gave up hope that they would get away in one piece. Dziewit was going to paint up a militiaman and put them in prison. They returned to Dziewit's house. Standing in front of the mirror, Major understood the phenomenon of the militia's hypnosis: his entire beard had been painted, some of his clothes too. Andrzej Dziewit was no longer afraid, had conquered his fear in reality. His nightmares disappeared. He set off for Kraków. He personally painted two dwarves. He was arrested for doing so in Świnoujście and detained for a few hours. His fighting spirit grew. Optimistic information reached Wrocław. In Gdańsk, black flags appeared above the crowd during fights with the militia. As a result of that, a secret conference was organized. Our hero presented a talk during the event. He maintained there was a chance of defeating the regime. He thought thousands of spray cans should be prepared, which, hissing like cobras, would sting the state. People began to protest. And bring salads they had made. The atmosphere relaxed, but Lieutenant Pablo wasn't convinced. The project's author stood up

and waved his arms. He was behaving as he had in the good old days of the Progress Club. He explained to the audience that he was counting on a similar mass uprising in New York's Harlem.

'It'll be the same in Paris and West Berlin.' The discussion went on and on. The plan had certain drawbacks. Lieutenant Pablo wanted to know where the forces of law and order would go after they had been driven from the towns and countryside. According to Lieutenant Olaf, the island of St. Helena wouldn't be able to accommodate several hundred million policemen from across the world. Lieutenant Zegarski, who had traveled extensively, suggested all the police could be stationed in Sub-Saharan Africa. This opened a heated debate on whether this was productive of national income, or if the police could ever be productive. Captain Cupała proposed a new plan, to hire the police without moving them.

'In Wrocław there are excellent conditions for creating an open-air martial law museum. Martial law will become public entertainment.' Dziewit tried interjecting, but the captain wasn't to be swayed.

'The entertainment industry generates huge income.' The captain described the project in a few words: 'There will be demonstrations for Wrocław citizens frustrated with life under capitalism. After paying a fee, they would receive a ticket to a demonstration. For a larger fee, they could be barracked with ZOMO⁷³ assault troops. They would be trained, receive batons, teargas, and high quality Japanese shields and helmets. Demonstrators with tickets who are arrested in the streets would experience more excitement in custody.'

'It's an idea,' added the captain, 'which will demonstrate how to make money, how to give up borrowing money

73 Zmotoryzowane Oddziały Milicji Obywatelskiej – Motorised Units of the Citizens' Militia.

from capitalist countries, and create an interesting, artistic way of life.’

Dziewit felt his plan had become a fiasco. He tried defending his own idea for a theme park, which he considered more moral. There was a struggle for the project, and a meeting was held at the Engineer’s house with Lieutenant Olf and Captain Bartoszek. Major and Captain Cupała were not present, having unexpectedly left Wrocław. That day, Dziewit followed the suggestions of the Engineer, who, after the meeting, had confidentially suggested he spent more time with people celebrating holy masses for the homeland. According to the Engineer, he ought to find kindred spirits there. Dziewit began studying the bible, specifically the book of Job. The presence of the Lord was revealed to him. As was the presence of Satan in everyday life. Dziewit grew in stature. He was through with anarchism. He decided to influence the government through prayer. In subsequent years, he and Major distributed flowers outside Wrocław factories. When Major ended up in prison, Andrzej Dziewit prayed and did good deeds. He became a person well known in his parish for his virtues. For this reason, it may be said that Andrzej Dziewit traveled the longest possible road for a spirit clothed in a human body. He left God poor and returned to him with the riches of the greatest devotion. May his conduct enlighten future generations and serve as an example for the faithless.

CHAPTER 5

LIEUTENANT PIOTR PABLO ADAMCIO

AMONG THE PEOPLE OF POLAND, EVEN AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THE world, there are few who can be compared to Lieutenant Pablo. In the contemporary history of Poland, people try to forget troublesome individuals and erase them from the collective memory. Others are recuperated, biographies are constructed. For that reason, the history of the brave lieutenant, who was a pioneer of the great cause, is worth telling.

Lieutenant Pablo Adamcio became famous for the first time on that memorable day, beneath the monument of Pope John XXIII. He was the first person in the city to make anti-government literature available to the people. He read an accusation against the leadership of the Communist Party and the secret political police. He set himself against the largest state organs of the time. This action followed the first opposition mass in the 1970s. Young people

felt confused after hearing the priest's sermon. Some of them may have felt let down. Certain political elements were missing. Pablo filled that gap. It ought to be remembered that no opposition rallies were being organized in the city. There was no such tradition. The democratic movement had died out in 1933 when Hitler came to power. He disbanded opposition parties. Eloquent people expressed themselves warmly about the history of the city. It was said that as the leader of the Third Reich, he rode in a carriage from the People's Hall to the centre of the city. The route of procession was lit by torches. It was also possible to praise Fortress Wrocław, which held out longer than Berlin. The city had a rich history, but in political terms it was a meagre one. Pablo's gambit ended that losing streak. When he began reading, everyone froze. The fear of repression was enormous. He was not allowed to finish the petition. His reading was interrupted. A certain resolute young blonde woman pushed her way through the crowd.

‘I'm not going to suffer because of you and your friends!’
she shouted.

Major Waldemar Fydrych, who was standing nearby,
shouted: ‘Let's hear it for his wife!’

However, it was only Pablo's sister, who led him away with part of the petition. Fortunately, the part that had been read. The remaining pages were grabbed by someone at the last minute and Zenek Pałka read them through to the end. Pablo kick-started the later avalanche of rallies in the city and opened the mouth of democracy. He deflowered Communism. The rally beneath the monument attracted around thirty people. Not only Pablo and Major were there. Captain Cupała and other heroes of the coming times also attended. After that memorable day, Pablo began to be observed by the secret police. Now, he demonstrated a gift for winning people over. He invited the agent following him to the cinema. They watched *The Story of Sin* together. They unwound, and discovered that they shared cinematic tastes.

In spite of the surveillance and being a well-known personality, he didn't make a career in the structures of the Student Solidarity Committee. He was an unconventional oppositionist. He didn't

make telephone calls to Warsaw, didn't pass on information about what the secret police were doing behind his back when he was out on a walk. He didn't find out where secret meetings were being organized. He didn't pay attention to who might be a potential agent among his friends and acquaintances. For this reason, nothing was offered to him. He wasn't a spokesman for the SKS. He was never presented as a dissident (from KOR). It was most strange. No one wanted to make use of his exceptional abilities. And he possessed a Ciceronian gift of expression. When he gave speeches, he even beat such old opposition stagers as Budrewicz hands down. Perhaps he wasn't informed about meetings because of the many other talents he possessed. Pablo loved women. In opposition circles, there was no other troubadour like him. He would play the piano at parties. Women listened to him attentively and impassionedly.

Musical instruments were not normally used during opposition meetings at the end of the 1970s. It's a pity the situation was like that and it didn't occur to anyone to skilfully combine politics with art, refusal with fun. Fortunately, a serendipitous encounter would benefit Pablo and the nation. One day, Pablo appeared at the Faculty of Art History, looking for a certain young woman. He was accompanied by the honorable Captain Tybur, and he met the Major. Major had wanted to meet Pablo for a long time. They went for a beer to a restaurant near the Arsenal. It was a warm day. Actually, that day, the undercover agent observing Pablo had disappeared somewhere. All around, spring was coming to life. Early spring in Wrocław can sometimes be very intensive. Flies buzzed around the table and alighted on the glasses, stimulated by the smell of beer. Major discovered that Pablo was also a respected activist in the student mental health clinic. Owing to his connection with the clinic, Pablo never passed the second year of his Mathematics degree. He had been there around six or seven years. Major and Captain Tybur came under his spell. The meeting was fruitful. Pablo had found his place. He was drawn into the whirl of activities of the regiment that Major had founded. He quickly advanced to the rank of second lieutenant. He began to attend and shine at the Engineer's salon. Pablo was a natural element of that world. He became extremely active at the time of the first Solidarity. He led what appeared to be a nomadic life. He was everywhere. Major placed great trust in him. He became the head

of the Regiment's counterintelligence.

Lieutenant Pablo was attracted to frontline activities. He was a devoted participant in popularising socialist surrealism in Poland. He was responsible for distributing *A* newspaper. In Kraków, he organized actions near Nowa Huta. His great vitality emerged reached a peak during the biggest student strikes. Apart from being the editor of the *Orange Alternative*, he also read girls' palms and danced the Samba. He drove the strike leaders to despair. The strike administration couldn't tolerate his dancing in particular. There were rumours of a striptease seen through a window from the street. Perhaps that was what caused the nervous breakdown of the University Committees, which had set up something like a front to fight against socialist surrealist tendencies. Their leader came to shout at Pablo, 'I'm not fighting Communism for the sake of reggae!'

The strike – and the attractive women involved in it – inspired Pablo. He was promoted from second lieutenant to lieutenant. Accompanying Major, he simultaneously possessed the highest military rank. Captain Seweryn only joined the strike sporadically. Captain Tybur, as a result of his advanced bipolar disorder, was concerned with other matters. Pablo wasn't interested in medals, for which reason Captain Cupała was promoted over him at a certain moment. Pablo found the strike utterly fulfilling. He became even more active during the state of martial law. One could be mistaken for thinking that the generals had imposed military rule especially for Pablo. And also for the satisfaction of the militia, who might otherwise have got bored marching around at night after the curfew. The patrols walked through empty streets. They didn't enjoy the people's affection. But Pablo was kinder. He illuminated the gloom of martial law. He wandered around at night with the Bible under one arm and quoted the Old and New Testament at militiamen and soldiers.

Lieutenant Pablo Adamcio was a Christian, and believed the essence of knowledge was held in the hands of the pope. Nothing special distinguished him from the average Pole, with whom he shared the view that volition belongs to the Catholic Church. The lieutenant had deep faith in the Holy Trinity. It didn't stop him from worshipping the existence of the transcendental cosmic thread; which was supposed to be present between the cosmos and

the top of a person's head.

Lieutenant Pablo, a famous Orange Man, also gained renown during martial law for another daring exploit: painting dwarves on walls around Łódź. Pablo traveled there with Major. While they were painting, they landed up at the militia officers' training school. They were detained and taken to the militia headquarters in ul. Kopernika. Pablo demonstrated his originality as a detainee there.

Militiamen were walking around holding batons. They waved them ostentatiously. They flourished their shields. They tried on helmets. The surroundings resembled a scene from *Star Wars*.

But Pablo had disconnected. At this moment, he was totally preoccupied with his fiancée. Pablo was a womaniser, but in this case, the love he felt for his fiancée was boundless. Neither the militiamen showing off waving their batons nor the other somewhat roughed up detainees had any effect on Pablo. Even an older man coughing up phlegm and straightening his bloody bandage left him unmoved. Finally, the time came for his person to evoke the interest of the secret political police. The secret political police had great problems establishing a rapport with the lieutenant.

As he was brought into the room, the only thing heard was a shout. Even the beautiful militiamen resembling Greek gods looked up and stopped playing with their shields.

'I want to see my girlfriend!' The plainclothes officer was calm. He tried to speak slowly, quietly and unemotionally. 'It's not possible right now.' Pablo got up. There was consternation. Major was afraid the lieutenant might do something stupid. He managed to whisper in his ear:

'Don't worry, lieutenant, your girlfriend won't be bored. Captains Cupała and Bartoszek will be looking after her.'

'I don't want them looking after her!' shouted Pablo, leaping to his feet in front of the plainclothes officer.

Finally, the officer took him out into a separate room. However, the interrogation didn't last long. After a few minutes a shout echoed through the corridor. The undercover officer was red in the face.

‘I’ll give you ‘my good man!’ he shouted, locking the lieutenant up again.

After being released from custody, our lieutenant returned to Wrocław as a hero. He became increasingly active. He and his fiancée went almost everywhere anything interesting was happening. He mainly concentrated his attention on the cosmic thread mentioned earlier. He also shared his scientific discoveries in mathematics as his studies advanced. But somehow he always remained a second-year undergraduate.

This officer’s presence was occasionally a burden on the regimental staff, especially on the shoulders of Pablo’s main rival, Captain Cupała, who plotted feverishly against the lieutenant. By making use of his contacts at the mathematics institute, he tried to push Pablo from the second to the third year of his mathematics degree. In spite of his great influence, these efforts ended in fiasco. Pablo had no need to have his mathematical genius acknowledged like this. He had modernised mathematics and invented a new powerful form of its logic which he was capable of imaginatively and enthusiastically explaining to people who barely knew their times tables. People with mathematics degrees – like Captains Bartoszek and Cupała – had little to say. The presence of his fiancée, expounding mathematics, Sedlak’s Theory and the presence of the cosmic thread all helped to temporarily satisfy our hero. But after some time, he began to succumb to the conspiratorial whispering of Captains Cupała and Bartoszek. Those two enterprising officers had come into the possession of secret underground radio transmitters. The transmitters had been previously used by the opposition and the secret police were looking for them. Pablo and Cupała used the radio to tease the government and also agitate the anti-government opposition. They presented a special radio programme criticising the state, and in the pauses between the information sang ‘We are the Dwarves.’ This song alarmed the serious opposition who had gone into hiding and didn’t want to get involved either with dwarves or undercover agents. They just wanted peace and quiet.

For the government and the opposition, events took an unexpected turn for the better. One morning, Pablo’s fiancée ran away. She left him. Thus began a series of tragedies. Captain Cupała was

also dumped. The two of them sat up all night analysing the situation. The government and the opposition could relax. They were no longer under the threat of an invasion by dwarves. The dwarf revolution had a broken heart. The Regiment's activities diminished. Captain Bartoszek also had a complicated situation: his wedding was approaching.

Pablo threw himself into a whirl of wedding preparations. He was ready to administer the Holy Sacraments. The planned wedding party grew and grew. Major was afraid of a scandal. In Poland, falling out of favour with the Catholic Church is more dangerous than getting into the bad books of the police or politicians. The issue became conspicuous, and the question was asked – how to stop this process? A perfect opportunity arose. Captain Cupała had a new girlfriend. He decided to marry her. Pablo took up the role of priest, the representative of God. Even the political officer, Captain Bartoszek, was shocked. It was a serious scandal. Pablo attempted to give his explanations, but neither the theory of the cosmic thread nor Sedlak's theory, nor to his modern version of mathematics, could help him explain himself. Major remained firm. He passed the case on to a court-martial, the president of which was Captain Bartoszek. No one expected such a turn of events, particularly Pablo, who had counted on continuing to work as a priest. The court-martial found a sensible ruling: 'Pablo has no right to marry anyone. He lacks competence in this field. His wife left him. He is instead an expert in divorce issues.' The wedding witness, Lieutenant Kura, was dealt with in the same way. Pablo had the right to appeal to the commander, in order for the case to be examined once more by the court-martial. However, he knew that it was impossible to refute such a solidly constructed ruling. From the moment Pablo's right to administer the sacrament was taken away. Major and Captain Bartoszek, thanks to the kindness of Captain Seweryn, acquired confidential information that Pablo had not only been marrying people but took on other priestly duties. It would not be an exaggeration to say: 'Poland itself was put to the test.' The following important questions were posed: 'Would sporadic anti-government radio programmes satisfy a Pablo deprived of his fiancée and weddings?' and 'In a country with growing debts, might there be a coming crisis that is impossible to predict?' Fortunately, providence was watching over Poland.

Our hero felt bored and decided to take a trip abroad. But Pablo possessed a thick dossier of anti-government activities and particularly for recent anti-election agitation. In this last case, he had been arrested and taken to his flat by undercover agents. They didn't have to carry out a search. Every surface was covered in handbills, and copies of a story called *Golden Acid*. Printing equipment stood in the middle of the room. There was a pot of paint. The lieutenant got paint on the undercover agents and wiped his hands on a militia officer who was sitting in the van. He was questioned at militia headquarters. The presence of Lieutenant Pablo was just as exhausting for the custodians of law and order. In spite of the evidence, the possession of which was punishable by a custodial sentence, Pablo was released.

It was usual for the militia to retain people passports and not to reissue them in such cases. It would be quite normal for him not to be able to travel. But the staff at the passport office were clever. They took a global perspective on the issue. Perhaps an Angel of national progress delicately hinted to the people in the passport office that it would be better to issue the lieutenant with travel documents. Indeed, the decision to issue his passport was a patriotic act. Our hero's trip didn't only save the state from future expense. It also protected the opposition and the Regiment as well, which was afraid of an attack by the Church. Everyone could relax and sleep peacefully at night.

Lieutenant Pablo's foreign trip was a great event. Pablo soon became a star in Oslo. Working in a cloakroom at a disco, he was able to earn a thousand dollars a night. He was invited all around the Norwegian capital. New information about the lieutenant and his conquests kept reaching Wrocław. Pablo's absence in Poland was as distressing as his presence. Wrocław plunged into apathy.

After some time, Major recovered. He began happenings in ul. Świdnicka. Pablo returned immediately. He was followed from the West by artists and journalists. Miracles happened in the street. He behaved ostentatiously. The undercover agents gave him a wide berth. Large numbers of people were arrested, but not Pablo. The commanders of the militia didn't want trouble at their headquarters. They had no intention of listening to sermons, having their confessions heard or being included in impromptu masses. The presence of such knights as Lieutenant Pablo exerted a great influence on

the people around. It's possible that the authorities, seeing what might happen, struck a deal with the opposition. Perhaps, even, the political classes created the idea of the Round Table, elections and a two-chamber parliament to avoid the threat of democracy posed by people such as Pablo and Lieutenant Zegarski.

During the preparations for the election, the regimental staff appreciated Pablo's services. He was to be the Orange Alternative's candidate to the Senate. Careful preparations were made, but when everything was completely ready the lieutenant vanished. It was a shame. It's difficult to explain our hero's disappearance. Was it a well organized plot between the two sides of the Round Table? Might the people of General Jaruzelski and Corporal Wałęsa have supplied the lieutenant with a beautiful woman and another passport? Offered him good wine? Wonderful music? Anything was possible during those times. What happened after 1989 shows that Lieutenant Pablo Adamcio could indeed have defeated Communism the second version of Solidarity at one fell swoop. Things would have been better with Pablo as president. It would have been a great victory for the country. If any economic process at all had been achieved, it would have been carried out in a more civilised fashion. Poland would have avoided a recession. Inflation would have disappeared by itself. Stagnation and 'untrammelled capitalism' wouldn't have come to Poland. Among Poles, even among the people of the whole world, there are few individuals like Lieutenant Pablo, a worthy individual, known for his remarkable courage.

CHAPTER 6

CAPTAIN WIESŁAW CUPAŁA

CAPTAIN WIESŁAW CUPAŁA ACHIEVED THE MOST DAZZLING MILITARY career of all the Orange Men. This excellent strategist was born near the Baltic Sea in the Year of the Monkey. A gust of fresh wind and the roar of the waves forged the features of his remarkable mind. The maritime landscape of his birth inculcated openness, the spontaneous movement of water and the vibrant activity of the spirit. With the dominant influence of Virgo counterbalanced other planetary systems, he received everything a genius could expect from the cosmos. What's more, he lived in sheltered

conditions in his family home, surrounded by sisters and the singing of birds outside his window. He was able to prepare himself to assume important duties.

When Captain Cupała appeared on the Earth, people wearing red ties in this part of the world were fighting against a personality cult. They were knocking over statues of Joseph the Marshal. Signs bearing the name of the Generalissimus were torn down from streets and houses. It was said the previous period – before Cupała’s birth – had been characterised by error. Everything suggested things would get better. As he grew, his social life echoed his gentle beginnings and he became involved in the movement of the flower children. Girls plaited flowers in his hair, he wore beads of modelling clay and flowery shirts. He would sometimes not shave. At the beginning of his presence in Fortress Wrocław, he got to know Lieutenant Pablo, an Orange Man, and he fell more under their influence than that of the toxic substances which had already led this flower child to a drug clinic. His friendship with Lieutenant Pablo was fruitful for the future captain and for Poland. It thrust our hero into the arms of a new movement, the ‘democratic opposition.’ The democratic opposition was not as much fun as the flower children, despite some young people with long hair and beads also being active among them. By contrast, there was no distinctive dress theme. The oppositionists were fighting for the cultivation of the individual. But the people in red ties were fighting against the cult of the individual personality. They didn’t want more individuals.

The intellectual conditions in which the captain’s genius was going to develop were a little complicated. He lived with Pablo, and a certain illusionist. They both studied mathematics, and their flat’s good vibrations lent itself to hosting opposition meetings – it was the site of the first meeting of the Student Solidarity Committee. Various individuals with a low opinion of the government would meet there. Early on, he became fascinated by the riddles of the universe and influenced by Pablo’s scientific studies, becoming interested in researching chaos theory: a field he is still engaged in with great success as a theorist and practitioner. One indisputable truth ought to be emphasised: The life of this future strike hero, chief of the Regiment’s staff, journalist, academic doctor, office manager, professor and cavalry captain was an unending attempt

to free himself from the shadow cast by the cosmic and earthly existence of Lieutenant Pablo Adamcio. It seemed to be a Sisyphean task. Pablo was a remarkable individual, capable of eating as many as seven pork cutlets in front of the public. Our hero could only manage two and a half. Despite constantly coming off second best, he didn't give in. He made use of almost every opportunity that arose to show Pablo he also existed.

Wrocław was a city which was lagging behind in many respects, not least in opposition activities. Student committees were being set up in cities all over Poland. In Wrocław, this happened a little later. Handbills were also being distributed everywhere, but they had to be brought to Wrocław from Warsaw and Kraków. Cupała wanted to contribute in this area. He and Aleksander G. created the first opposition handbill in Wrocław. It was written in a language which differed from that used in public life or other printed material. Its declarations seemed to be written in an impossible code or some future language spoken only by astonishing machines. Only the names of the spokesmen were comprehensible. The handbill was stuck up all over the city. People read it with great interest.

Pablo and Cupała were hired for a job at a printing house, as painters and decorators. An accountant there criticised Pablo for setting up a ladder over a printing machine. The accountant was afraid the paint might drip on the freshly printed newspapers. He shouted at them. Pablo came down from the ladder. He kicked the accountant's knee, who howled with pain. Then he forced Cupała to carry a large can of printer's ink out through the porter's lodge. The future hero – fearful of his knee – acquiesced. The ink was intended for opposition activities. Today this would be called the privatisation or restricting of industry, and only private individuals would benefit. However, at the time, our two heroes were conducting the first privatisation in the name of democracy in Lower Silesia, their own nationalising of the national wealth, which is very different.

Wiesław Cupała's rich biography initially resembled a catalogue of disasters. All the signs in the heavens suggested the future brain of the Regiment would always be shadowed by Pablo's noise and fearless activity. But some tutelary angel of providence was watching over Cupała's liberation. Pablo became bored with politics and with university. He decided to get married. Cupała, in possession

of a large amount of printing ink, decided to start printing for the opposition. He began working with Marek Burak. Burak, a great figure, introduced Wiesław to the world of underground surveillance. Burak suspected everyone of collaboration with the secret political police. To maintain secrecy he chose to do the printing several hundred kilometres from Wrocław, in Kielce. During the journey, he made intensive observations. Right at the very start Burak claimed they were already being watched by a woman and her small dog on the platform at Wrocław station. She left, but a man dressed as a railwayman appeared at almost the same moment. 'Another agent,' observed Burak, knowingly. In Kielce, it turned out the address Burak had was enciphered, and Marek had forgotten the code. They spent six hours searching for the flat. Cupała was once again overwhelmed. Burak's intense world full of espionage was hard going. Our hero decided to forge a middle path and gain some perspective.

He went on a trip to the Baltic Sea. He wanted to meet someone normal. He set off to visit some friends who were psychologists working at a psychotherapeutic camp by the sea. He didn't take part in the sessions of the psychotherapeutic groups, instead enjoying the calming effect of the foaming waves, the dunes and wind. He was, after all, a guest. He didn't draw trees, or dragons. He didn't do a dance. That work was for the patients. But the psychotherapeutic camp also had its own social structure and rhythm. When Cupała arrived, the Army and the Foreign Legion were already active at the camp. The psychiatric staff were on the defensive.

'A council has been established independently of the official patients' council,' one of his friends explained, 'Captain Seweryn has been elected prime minister. They've forced the psychiatric staff to make several concessions.'

Cupała walked around the building where the patients were lodged. He read Captain Seweryn's handbill, 'The Institute of Anti-Psychiatry.' He had the opportunity to hear a few words about the manoeuvres. On the train home, he tried to draw some conclusions. He only knew he had to write his PhD thesis. The army interested him more than the opposition.

Back in Wrocław, Cupała settled down to write his thesis, in a large room with a terrace near the PAN⁷⁴ Institute of Mathematics in Park Szczytnicki. He lived in peace and quiet. The Regiment he'd become acquainted with turned out to be where Lieutenant Adamcio was active. But it reached him that Pablo's wife had left him, and he had moved in with Major and Lieutenant Olaf at a house in Zalesie, about half a kilometre away from him. Lieutenant Pablo had left Wrocław for a few days, and Cupała took advantage of the situation and visited them. It turned out Pablo had left his mark there, too. People in the neighbourhood had seen him engaged in nudist practices. Major and Lieutenant Olaf found themselves in a tricky situation. Lieutenant Pablo was disciplinarily transferred to plac Gottwalda. Seeing that the Regiment had some kind of hierarchy above Pablo, Cupała was impressed by their disciplinary order. He joined the Regiment and was swiftly promoted. He became the head of the office. The Regiment's office was set up in his large flat, in the premises of the Institute of Mathematics at the Polish Academy of Sciences. Appointed Sergeant, he worked with Major and Lieutenant Olaf. True, Lieutenant Pablo had a higher rank, and he had to sit with him in general staff meetings, but Pablo was not Cupała's commanding officer. He could thus feel safe and free as a sergeant. He carried out office work. He was conscientious. Possessing an independent role, the future hero of student strikes, the pride of Wrocław mathematics (and vice-secretary of the Solidarity branch of the Institute of Mathematics PAN) could relax and grow.

Captain Bartoszek, noted expert in social mechanisms and a mathematician to boot, ran an intensive political training programme. As regimental clerk, Sergeant Wiesław Cupała became his trainee. These were times of the first Solidarity, an extremely dynamic era. The turbulent times demanded hard-working and dutiful men such as Cupała. The military career of the then sergeant began to develop rapidly. He set up the printing matrices for the newspaper *A*, involving several weeks of painstaking work. Not only this, but the distribution of *A* in Warsaw and Kraków fell on his shoulders. Cupała spent the evening before the student strikes – the greatest academic operation in the history of Poland – with

74 Polska Akademia Nauk – Polish Academy of Science.

Major. They prepared two documents, in the name of the New Culture Movement announcing that this group was joining the protest. That evening, they edited the first number of the *Orange Alternative*.

He was also asked to perform an intimate favour for Lieutenant Zegarski, appointed his second for Zegarski's duel of honor. Lieutenant Pablo was given a secondary role. He was to guard the duelling ground; watch from a concealed position to see whether there were any militiamen in the vicinity. It was an important moment. This honor placed Sargeant Cupała's above his demonic rival in the military hierarchy. He had joined the circle of knights.

After Bartoszek's training, Cupała learnt directly about the arts of war. Major acquainted him with Clausewitz, and the mysteries of Sun Tzu's *The Art of War*. After lectures from Major and the first of thirteen chapters in Sun Tzu's treatise, Cupała understood that he could be an artist. As events progressed, the regimental clerk was given more and more duties. No one else had ever been promoted so quickly. He was promoted to the rank of captain. He now officially outranked Lieutenant Pablo. Later, while conspiracies developed to exclude the Orange Alternative from the student occupation strikes, Sergeant Cupała tirelessly organized rallies in support of democracy and freedom. Soon Captain Wiesław Cupała became chief of staff, the apex of his military career.

The period of martial law followed, and the Captain matured through direct experience. He again involved himself in printing. He was acting contrary to government and military directives. General Jaruzelski's people had forbidden the printing or distribution of handbills hostile to the state. Undercover agents' vans parked below his windows. Cupała placed toy soldiers on the windowsill to protect him with their talismanic power. Then he got the paper out and started printing. His Stakhanovite work ethic and self-sacrifice bordering on patriotism were suitably appreciated. The Military Council for National Salvation decided to arrest him. Returning from custody, the Captain found a co-conspirator – a certain lady he met during the strike became an important element. He developed and maintained anti-government relations with her. They plotted together. With time she became his fiancée. She was a great inspiration to him.

The first thing he did was to begin going to church with his fiancée. The captain suddenly became a believer and an ardent Christian. Captain Wiesław Cupała's next act was to join the direct action on the trams, whose noble and historic story is so well known to us all. It was he and Andrzej Dziewit who initiated the blocking up of ticket punching machines with toothpaste. When the plan failed tragically, the Captain didn't lose heart. He and his fiancée attended masses for the homeland. He sang patriotic songs. He was happy with life. He had freed himself from the domination of Lieutenant Pablo. He wasn't concerned by the increasing influence of his fiancée, a domineering woman. In spring 1982, the captain joined in writing slogans on walls. They sounded somewhat eccentric, for example: 'The winter belongs to you – the spring will be ours.' The whole of Poland was covered with slogans of this kind. Counter to appearances they did not in fact refer to the proprietary status of snowfall or the annual return of migrating birds from Africa, although these are both fine topics for public announcements. They were really political slogans, suggesting that the government would fall by the spring. It would melt like a snowman. However, every week was evidence that nothing of the sort would happen. The governmental snowman was indestructible. The situation in Poland stabilised. Apathy threatened. Information was reaching Wrocław about what was happening outside. There was fighting in Warsaw on May 1st and 3rd. There was activity in other cities, too. Nothing in particular was happening, apart from the occasional crushing of protests in factories. In this context, clogging up ticket punching machines had a highly elite character.

The first mass action took place on June 13th, 1982, in plac Pereca. On that occasion, Wrocław demonstrated its class. The militia, the army and the people on the other side all showed great courage. That day proved that the Poles are a spirited nation full of commitment. Barricades were put up in the name of patriotism. The militia violently dismantled them in the name of patriotism. Then they threw gas. They attacked with batons. But the people were not to be outdone in celebrating Polish spirit. Hand-to-hand fighting occurred. The sides regrouped. If night hadn't fallen, it would be difficult to estimate how long the festival might have lasted.

Meanwhile it was becoming apparent to his comrades that the captain's fiancée was having an increasing influence on the courageous officer. Two days later, Major and Captain Bartoszek had a confidential conversation about our hero in the presence of his fiancée. The two officers had decided the captain was psychologically dependent on her. His fiancée was a supporter of serious operations. In her eyes, Socialist Surrealism had little significance. The fighting in Plac Pereca was more to her tastes, however. The more impassioned the captain's head and heart became, the more his fiancée's capriciousness grew. The first part of their discussion revealed that her authority mysteriously outranked that of the military men. The second part was that although it might please the captain's fiancée if Cupała organized fighting like that in plac Pereca, their Regiment does not possess Solidarity's efficient information network. That same afternoon, there was another meeting. It was agreed it was necessary to organise something which would look different to the demonstration in the square of two days previously. It was decided that people would bring flowers. The militia wouldn't be able to attack them. The right day would be July 22nd, a national holiday. The venue was to be the Professors' Monument in plac Grunwaldzki. People were going to lay flowers there. Major and the captain wrote a handbill and Captain Bartoszek took it to be printed. The happening of July 22nd was meant to be the first one free of violence. At the same time, it was an attempt to neutralise the authority of the captain's fiancée. On July 22nd, bouquets were laid at the foot of the monument to the professors murdered during the Second World War. The militia didn't break up the several hundred strong crowd. The captain's fiancée, as befitted an elegant lady, deigned to be interested by this story.

July 22nd also had its negative aspects. After the event, large numbers came to where Major was living. Underground agents followed them. Several days later, the secret police began to observe Major's house and its other residents. While Major left Wrocław, the captain assumed command in his stead. All the evidence suggested that his fiancée's influence was growing. But now, however, the limits of her influence became apparent. The girlfriends of the remaining officers didn't share the views of the captain's fiancée. She had a firm grip on his territory, but they were a bulwark against her influence over the Regiment as a whole.

While official control rested with Captain Cupała, de facto responsibility fell on the political officer, Captain Bartoszek. He was a wily diplomat. He held frequent coffee morning with the ladies. Conversations about life and everyday issues inspired confidence and built order. Meanwhile the captain, caught up in his emotions, buried himself in the mysteries of the medical arts. He also created a new branch of the science called 'situational magic.' But more of that later. It would be better to continue chronologically. The Major returned at the end of August, but the surveillance of his house continued. Major held a huge meeting. Guests filled the house. The undercover agents had lots of exciting things to photograph. Major and Cupała snuck out for a walk, around 11pm. They took a spray can, and approached a section of wall where Lieutenant Pablo had once written 'The crow will die.'⁷⁵ But it was now painted over, providing them with a fine canvas. Major painted a torso and a head. The captain painted a hat, pompom and limbs. The first dwarf was born.

They walked along the embankment to Biskupin. There, leaning out beyond the wall, they painted another dwarf, on the corner of Pablo's fiancée's house. They returned home after midnight. The party lasted until the next morning. The captain was very happy. He imagined his fiancée would approve of these revolutionary exploits and support the painting of dwarves on walls. Sadly, nothing of the sort occurred. It is possible that August 13th played some role in influencing his fiancée's attitude: That day, very heavy fighting took place, embracing almost the entire city of seven hundred thousand people. During the attacks, counterattacks and manoeuvres, militia vans were set on fire and tear gas spread across the city. In the face of such serious protests, little dwarves with hats and flowers might appear to be mocking the heroism of the nation, the opposition and the struggle against the regime.

The other girlfriends supported the dwarves. But the stance of the captain's fiancée was unyielding. Our hero found himself in a difficult situation. The dwarf-painting initiative was growing. Main thoroughfares were covered in small figures in hats, and the city looked something like a funfair. There were great numbers of

75 This slogan puns on the word 'WRON' – simultaneously the Polish acronym for the Military Council for National Salvation and the word for 'crow.'

uniformed militiamen, closely watched by almost as many dwarves painted on walls.

The situation was further complicated by Lieutenant Pablo, who guarded his girlfriend jealously. Everyone knew that. The captain had painted a dwarf on her house. Lieutenant Pablo didn't react, but Cupała knew despite this superficial calm, sooner or later he could expect some kind of extreme reaction.

Cupała focused on medicine instead. He began using herbs. He visited patients; examined and treated them. He even had some success. His patients grew. People began calling him Doctor or Professor Wilczur.⁷⁶ At this time, medical help went unnoticed by the state. The militia had the opposition to worry about. To the guardians of law and order, the existence of a single secret healer was inconsequential. Fortunately, all the captain's patients got better. Fortunately too, his fiancée didn't support his medical activities. She rejected his services as a medic. Otherwise the story may have finished very differently. She began to look more favourably on the regiment's public art experiments after Pablo and Major were arrested in Łódź for accidentally decorating the militia headquarters. The captain gave up his medical involvement and resumed his work at regimental headquarters. He prepared an operation in Kraków. He went there with a large team. The operation was planned superbly. Its success led to the partial reconciliation of Wiesław with his fiancée. Her charming smile and endearing glances mobilised that brave soldier. The captain also became the chancellor and a professor at Major's secret military university. As mentioned earlier, he had created a new branch of science called 'situational magic' based on his military and medical experience. In this magic, the most important role was played by words beginning with the syllable 'ma.' For example, 'major,' 'marathon' or 'May.' The name of his girlfriend, which also began with 'ma' was also on the list of these divine, remarkable words. This fascinating conception spread around their social network. If it reassured the observing undercover agents that his fiancée had captured his soul, the others were worried. Subsequent events were to show that things were serious. Tensions began to grow.

76 A character from the books by Tadeusz Dołęga-Mostowicz

The captain wanted to become independent. A worthy equal to his fiancée. Create great works. Greater than the heroic fighting in the city. More meaningful even than dwarves. He began to have dreams. He studied the movements of the moon. He made situational magic. And to a lesser degree medical magic. On waking one day, he had it. He would design and then build the 'Cardinal Wyszyński Mound.' He was certain the mound ought to be constructed in Wrocław. Or possibly Kraków. This great mound would be the successor of the Kościuszko Mound.⁷⁷ From the point of view of the situational magic he was propagating, the mound would be the culminating point of total unification. The cosmic unification of the captain and his fiancée. The beginning of the nation's liberation from the influence of the Soviet Union and Communism. In his mind the mound clearly represented an attempt at the personal and social liberation of the captain and his fiancée; the remaining members of their circle; and Poland as a whole. That was his official presentation to the military community. Unofficially, he also secretly suggested that the mound also represented both an erotic climax and a phallic monument. The mound, a serious undertaking, didn't gain the support of his fiancée. On the contrary, it annoyed that attractive lady. Particularly since according to Major's suggestion, it was to be built by dwarves. Later, the commander tried to save the situation. He made it clear that priests and not dwarves would be directing this construction project. Even worse, Pablo, his rival, suggested another mound – in honor of a dignitary standing even higher in the church hierarchy. It was to be a mound of immense proportions in honor of the incumbent pope, John Paul II. The captain had experienced yet another defeat, and no mounds were built. It is still possible that Lieutenant Pablo's idea may be carried out in the future.

It was clear something would happen. A disaster or a miracle. It did. The captain's fiancée left him. She no longer found him attractive. It was painful for that brave soldier and great strategist. Soon after, he was afflicted with encephalitis. He ended up in hospital. Duchess Krystyna Czartoryska came specially to take part in a confidential discussion with Major and Captain Bartoszek. She was a

77 A 112 foot grassy mound constructed by the people of Poland in 1829 to honour Tadeusz Kościuszko, a Polish national hero.

clinical psychologist and a wonderful lady. The analysis conducted by this extremely sympathetic lady was critical of Major and the captain. They realised they had pushed Captain Cupała too far, that they ought to have treated him first as a person, and then as an officer. Cupała's illness appeared to be a great misfortune. But as later incidents showed, it was salutary. His brain going up in flames, a conflagration of the cerebral hemispheres, was cleansing in this case. The flames consumed the diseased cells. They burnt away part of the brain which had previously been occupied by fundamental problems. The parts of his brain which had been controlled by his fiancée had been nullified. The brain cells which had belonged to Pablo also suffered the same fate. The Captain had a second chance. The captain discharged himself from hospital. He began anew. First, he stopped being interested in the Catholic Church. He became a Buddhist. In the place of original sin appeared the idea of Enlightenment and the Great Awakening.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Kura decided to get married. An important staff meeting took place. A meditation session was conducted during the meeting following the presentation of Lieutenant Kura's fiancée to the commander. The captain was present during this important occasion. The wedding ceremony took place. Lieutenant Kura had prepared everything superbly. During the wedding ceremony, the captain and Major wrote the word 'sex' on a wall outside the church. Soon after, the whole of Wrocław was covered with this fine slogan.⁷⁸ The captain had found new energy.

The end came unexpectedly. It turned out Captain Cupała had moved house. He had moved to Biskupin. A certain lady living in the same house as him had caught his eye. The captain – an agnostic or even atheist – decided to have a church wedding. There would have been nothing scandalous about this but for a single detail: Lieutenant Pablo was meant to preside over the wedding. From the very beginning, the matter seemed curious. The captain hadn't officially presented his fiancée either to the commander or to the political officer. It was a violation of etiquette. That might have been acceptable. But it was more difficult to accept that Lieutenant Pablo was going to be the priest, God's representative;

78 The word 'sex' was written in imitation of the Fighting Solidarity symbol, which the opposition were not very pleased about.

and Lieutenant Kura the witness. The affair became well known in intelligent circles. People wondered how the matter would end. Major and Captain Bartoszek understood that Lieutenant Pablo was the driving force behind this initiative. It was difficult to refute Lieutenant Pablo's arguments. But he was stripped of the right to administer the sacrament.

This was done with the local parish priest in Biskupin in mind. The priest had already made the life of General Jaruzelski's people a misery. Major and Captain Bartoszek were in agreement. They didn't want to fall into disfavour with the Church. They didn't want to have to leave town, or emigrate to Alaska. Pablo was packed off abroad. In order not to offend when the sacrament was being administered, they chose a Protestant country: Norway. Captain Bartoszek, a great strategist, delayed his wedding. He was finally caught in a trap when he became a father.

The situation in Poland was severe. No one was being prosecuted for anything. Apathy was widespread in the country in the second half of the 1980s. Real lethargy. Major, in order to fill this terrible state with positive action, had assumed the title of Commandant of Fortress Wrocław. He thus became the successor of the commandant from the Second World War. As we know, Wrocław held out longer than Berlin. The title of commander obligated Major towards important issues. Everyone agreed that Major ought to run for the position of chancellor in Germany. Captain Cupała, like Captain Bartoszek, found himself in a delicate situation. He had family duties. He was focused on work, and the raising and educating of the younger generation. It was an important responsibility. As important as the failed revolution.

At this time, new strategic points were created in Wrocław. New units went into action on the path of wide mobilisation. The captain observed the phenomenon. Journalists from the underground press being published at that time called it the *Orange Alternative*. Happenings organized by the Orange Alternative in ul. Świdnicka became more frequent. At first, there were hundreds of people, and later thousands. Finally, over ten thousand dwarves appeared in the centre of the city. There were never-ending capers. The staff changed after almost every happening. A spark of hope had finally appeared over Poland, Europe and the world. The Orange Alternative had become a social phenomenon. It was growing in

strength. However, General Jaruzelski turned out to be an excellent strategist. Seeing his influence diminishing, he made concessions. He made a gesture towards the opposition, i.e. the fragmented Solidarity. He suggested holding an election.

He created a series of meetings called the Round Table. A superb solution for those losing influence in Poland. Two political forces met there: the government, which gave; and Solidarity, which took. It took the country's destiny. The government were not capable of negotiating with the Orange Alternative for simple reasons. They would have defended the people. The International Monetary Fund would never have supported such ridiculous aspirations. The captain was in favour of putting up a candidate to the Senate. Major agreed to run, but under the condition that the captain would be his chief of staff. After all, he was the only candidate with the relevant experience in that position. The election campaign was conducted under the slogan 'Orange Major or Red General.' The campaign lasted fifty days. It was exhausting. The captain put his heart into it. From the artistic point of view, his election campaign was the most interesting in the whole of Poland. The campaigns of Solidarity and the Communists were identical in form. The election campaign of 1989 was the coming together of years of staff activity by the captain, a great organizer and wonderful strategist.

This was one part of the life of a famous Orange Man, Captain Wiesław Cupała. He was one of the creators of the first handbill in Wrocław. He came into contact with the democratic opposition at the beginning of his public career. He became a brave soldier. A trusted man whose thinking was remarkable. In spite of his military past, he never tried to gain a position in public service, even though he was more competent than the provincial governors and ministers who came later. He was modest. In spite of that, he advanced through the ranks of the famous Orange Men quicker than anyone else. May his biography be an example to future generations. May the values and behaviour he represented become more widespread for human beings sensitive to and searching for goodness.

32
sl. kpr. Grzegorz Sikora
Dzisiaj Stare Miasto
ze Nrociawsku

-31-

Nrociaw dn. 06.02.1989.

5.11
GJ

Tas PM Biernacki
89-02-06/14

Województwo
Śląskie
2087

Notatka służbowa

Dnia 06 lutego 1989 r. o godz. 17³⁰ z polecenia
oficera dyż. tut. jednostki udałem się na sejmownię
PDT "Centrum" gdzie dowódca warty przekazał mi
ulotki o treści antypaństwowej. Receptany, świadczące
że ulotki rzucono na stoisku z piwem, na parkiecie
oraz na ul. Kościuszki. Ulotki noszą hasło

"Opijmy się na oczach władzy
skledek bityśmy nam w oczach
ul. Świdnicka 7 luty 89 godz. 16
karnawał."

W ulotkach zabezpieczyłem i przekazałem oficerowi
dyż. wraz z notatką w celu dalszego wykonania
służbowego.

świadczący
s. J. Sikora
[signature]

SECRET SERVICE REPORT, 6 FEB 1989. IT READS:

ON FEBRUARY 6TH 1989 AT 17:30 ACTING UPON THE ORDER OF THE OFFICER-ON-DUTY OF THE LOCAL UNIT I WENT TO THE GUARD-ROOM OF THE PDT CENTRUM DEPARTMENT STORE, WHERE THE CHIEF GUARD HANDED OVER TO ME LEAFLETS OF AN ANTI-STATE NATURE. WHEN QUESTIONED, HE ADVISED THAT SUCH LEAFLETS WERE THROWN AROUND THE AREA OF THE BEER STAND, ON THE GROUND-FLOOR AND OUTSIDE ON KOŚCIUSZKI STREET. THE LEAFLETS CARRY A SLOGAN: LETS GET DRUNK BEFORE THE EYES OF THE REGIME. THE HERRING SHINES IN OUR EYES. 7 SWIDNICKA STREET, FEBRUARY 7TH AT 4 PM. CARNIVAL. THE ABOVE MENTIONED LEAFLETS I SECURED AND TURNED OVER TO THE OFFICER-ON-DUTY WITH A SUGGESTION FOR FURTHER OFFICIAL USE.

CHAPTER 7

JOZEF PINIOR

EVERY EPOCH HAS HEROES IN ITS RANKS. SOME SAY THEIR APPEARANCE is linked to the movements of the stars. Others, that it's the destiny of earthly nature or Divine Providence. Józef Pinior, an Orange Man, a person of unshakeably high morals, became involved with politics. It was a glaring contradiction, but it happened in the real world. It ought also to be noted that Józef Pinior possessed extremely fine sensitivity, which often made him disinterested. As a sensitive and moral person, Józef Pinior quite rapidly found himself in a world surrounded by contradictions which threatened to destroy him or enslave his soul.

Two of these numerous contradictions were his dislike of both pork and the totalitarian system. When our hero was a small boy he witnessed animals being killed. He saw the suffering of these creatures with his own eyes. His distaste for the bureaucratic state,

though, was paradoxical. At this time, the government did everything to limit the presence of pork in the shops. Ministers rationed pork, recognising the political importance of meat products. They had brought down Gomulka and then dispatched all the other governments. They had led to street fights and the burning down of government buildings. Pinior had the choice either to support the government or the people, who wanted more pork cutlets on their tables. Józef Pinior, our hero, made an unselfish gesture and sided with the people. Although he did enjoy canton duck, chicken, quail and pheasant. The state supported the eating of poultry.

Apart from delicate and sophisticated culinary tastes, he was interested in poetry. Particularly revolutionary poetry. He would quote the verse *Do you recall the taste of the tea we drank in Canton* by Mao Zedong⁷⁹ as he sipped tea. As can be seen, he had everything he needed in the Polish People's Republic. Yet he supported the people during the disturbances of 1980, thanks to his deep sensitivity to social injustice. The Solidarity Trade Union was founded in Poland at this time. Pinior was one of its co-founders, and organized a Solidarity network of bank employees. He saw the organisation as an effective force in the fight against the state, which at that time was the only employer. This was how he found himself on the front line of the struggle against the government.

These were interesting times. In 1981, strikes were often breaking out. The government tried negotiating. Entrapments were widespread. The army decided to become politically active. Military personnel took control of several ministries, and were quietly preparing something bigger. Józef Pinior was the only person to react suitably to the army's movements. In his role as chief cashier of Solidarity in Lower Silesia, he drove up to the bank, withdrew all their money, and set off with a colleague into the unknown. He had taken a risky decision. Several hours later, General Jaruzelski issued the order for the army to leave their barracks. Tanks rolled onto the streets. The armed forces began to take control of factories. Armoured vehicles appeared in the streets. None of the opposition activists guessed events would develop on such a

79 Great Helmsman, creator of both the People's Republic of China and great poetry. The poem mentioned here is "Reply to Mr. Liu Ya-Tzu, April 29th, 1949".

knife-edge. Several days later, articles appeared in newspapers published by order of the army calling Józef Pinior ‘Public Enemy No. 1.’ of the ruling junta. They informed the citizens of Poland that: ‘Józef Pinior has illegally withdrawn eighty million zlotys from the Solidarity bank account.’ It turned out that Wrocław was the only city in Poland where the funds of the Solidarity trade union had been rescued. The opposition could make use of the funds. This act catapulted Pinior to fame. He became a national hero. Warrants for his arrest were distributed at militia stations.

From that moment, his life changed. The government were trying to catch him, so he went into hiding. Working in the underground, he wanted to start a revolution and free society from the burden of an obsolete and unjust state. In his desire to be effective, he acted cautiously. He possessed a number of ID cards, used several names, and hid under many pseudonyms. It’s not even known if, in order to move efficiently around a city teeming with undercover agents, he didn’t use a selection of stylish wigs. His efforts were effective. He remained at liberty for the whole of 1982. He often changed his address in order to not put his underground existence at risk. Throughout this entire period, he remained true to himself. He never compromised with regard to his diet. It would sometimes happen that pork was served where he was hiding. In situations like that, Pinior discretely went without. He had many adventures in hiding – such is the life of the conspirator. One day, he experienced one of the greatest adventures of his entire life. He met another conspirator face to face. In order to understand this situation, it’s necessary to remember that at this time in Poland the state had a monopoly on slaughtering animals. It exerted unquestioned control over the killing of every innocent creature. During the state of martial law, meat profiteering was particularly rife. It was carried out in secret. That day, Pinior got into a lift with his wife. Before the lift had time to close, a man rushed in, carrying the carcass of a slaughtered pig. It was now cramped in the lift. The pig’s snout was pressed up against our hero, who was now disturbed and fighting his own physical reactions. The pig’s tongue lolled on the lapel of Pinior’s jacket. The lift slowly moved through the floors. Our hero didn’t want to give himself away. He did everything he could not to vomit in the lift. It probably happened by accident. It would be difficult to suspect the secret political police of tormenting him so creatively.

Life in the underground was often dramatic and resembled the adventures of the hero of the well-known American series *The Fugitive*. Every month, Pinior had to avoid fresh traps. More and more famous leaders were being arrested. After one of these large scale manhunts, Józef Pinior was appointed head of Solidarity in Lower Silesia. This was a slap in the face for the authorities. The government and the secret political police tried to save face. They hunted him relentlessly and finally found him. They showed great class. It was decided to arrest him on April 23rd. Special units and commandos were prepared for that day; the best policemen were used. Experienced undercover agents were employed. The timing was not coincidental. April 23rd is not only the feast day of St. Adalbert (St. Wojciech) – the patron saint of Poland – but also the name day of Wojciech Jaruzelski. The ministry obviously wanted to give the general a present. During the night, special units were deployed around the street where the union leader was staying. In the morning, Pinior noticed suspicious movement on neighbouring rooftops. It's possible that the army were afraid the leader of the underground Solidarity in Lower Silesia had a hang-glider. He didn't, but if Pinior had wanted to he could have escaped. This Orange Man, a great social activist, possessed sufficient powers to rise up into the sky without a microlight aircraft. Concealed rifles and pistols were dangerous. Shooting the union leader down from the sky could have triggered a civil war. Pinior didn't make use of his powers, however. He didn't launch himself into the air because of his responsibility on the Earth. Owing to his concern for society and the safety of his friends, he decided to face the army, the police, the public prosecutor and history. He gave the elite units the chance to show off their skills and courage. He used his last minutes of freedom to burn confidential documents. Fire consumed lists of addresses. He didn't want to put his colleagues at risk. The crucial moment came closer. The order. An assault troop moved slowly up the stairs. But it was Pinior's moment – not theirs. The clock of time struck. The door flew from its frame like matchwood. The brave commandos – the courageous Polish soldiers – rushed in. They handcuffed Józef Pinior with swift movements. General Jaruzelski was informed about this momentous event on his name day. The cream of the government could pop open a bottle of champagne.

The revolutionary was treated with full honors. In Lower Silesia, arrested activists were put in local prisons. Pinior was moved to Warsaw to the notorious Mokotów Prison. It was an infamous place. During Marshal Stalin's rule over half of humankind, executions were carried out there. The infamous Colonel Róžański pulled out the fingernails of prisoners being interrogated. Why was Pinior moved to that prison? Perhaps there were fears of escape attempts, of attempts at insurrections by the people of Lower Silesia. It's possible General Kiszczak wanted to have such a valuable prisoner in Warsaw. Perhaps there were deeper reasons. Who knows whether Jaruzelski and Kiszczak didn't stroll silently down ul. Rakowiecka at night. The generals may have looked through the window with love and longing at the idol of progressive humanity. The two distinguished generals wanted to be national heroes themselves. Their nostalgia may have fulfilled itself during the full moon. This, of course, is guesswork. Historians have never confirmed why only Pinior was treated like that. The prison conditions were tolerable. The staff didn't try to poison their charge with pork. The government weren't sadistic; Pinior ate soup every day. He drank barley coffee from a large mug. He had numerous meetings. He was in great demand. The public prosecutor met him personally. The court did too. There were also contacts with the staff and fellow prisoners. His trial took place behind closed doors. The accused – as a government opponent – conducted his own defence. He received a four-year suspended sentence. After leaving prison, he returned to Wrocław, where local people greeted him with flowers. He was a national hero. If he had lived in England they would have made a wax figure of him. But Polish mores didn't appreciate him.

The government wanted to get to know Pinior better, investigate what was behind his genius. They installed surveillance devices under his flat in a dentist's surgery. Instead of drilling teeth, every murmur emerging from his flat was analysed. As a result of this constant surveillance, he communicated on paper instead of speaking. He had to be cautious. As a member of a secret Polish union network, he defended working people. He morally devoted himself entirely to politics. This was contrary to political norms. People in politics are mainly sensitive to their own suffering, but Pinior was sensitive to other peoples.' This fundamental difference

between him and his colleagues increased with time. For example, Comrade Józef made use of foreign radio stations in the defence of working people against repression, while some activists saw in the radio the chance of a career and the opportunity to cultivate their own image.

During a time of severe stagnation, when neither the government nor the opposition believed in change, Pinior became interested in the happening movement. He saw the appearance of revolutionaries on the city's stage as an opportunity. A small light illuminating a dark tunnel. One day, he was invited to collaborate. He met a liaison officer in the evening. Grzegorz Francuz explained to Pinior what was planned. The participants in the happening were supposed to meet near plac Solny, beneath a weeping willow.

Pinior read the information. He didn't say anything, knowing the flat was bugged. He wrote down his doubts on a sheet of A4 white paper: 'Why under a weeping willow? Are we going to cry?' Grzegorz Francuz had a ready answer: 'So we can put on our shirts in peace,' he wrote. 'We need time to change,' he added.

Subsequently, to Pinior's astonishment, Grzegorz Francuz began to draw. It was a very good picture, a line of people. Pinior was impressed. Francuz took the ballpoint again and began to write letters on each figure. The letters composed a slogan: 'STOP HEATING US.' At that time, the weather was very hot in Wrocław. Our hero was delighted by the idea. However, Francuz revealed something else. If the letter 'H' was replaced by a 'B,' the slogan became 'STOP BEATING US.' Pinior couldn't sleep that night; he was delighted by the idea. Twelve people gathered in plac Solny under a weeping willow. One person was missing, there was consternation.

'Someone's deserted,' said Mammoth.

The success of the operation hung on a thread. Pinior put on a T-shirt, 'The one with "R" for "revolution,"' he said. The line formation set off. They reached Barbara's Bar. When the letter 'H' was in the line there was a slogan objecting to the weather, when it became a 'B' a sentence hostile to batons automatically appeared. Soon enough, a militia unit moved in to attack. Pinior's T-shirt was taken from him at militia headquarters. It was a fresh, new

experience for him. He'd never been arrested for wearing a T-shirt bearing a single letter. Pinior organized a happening outside the Polar works several weeks later. During a dynamic operation he tied up the leg of an attacking militiaman with a banner. 'If every Solidarity member tied up one militiaman's leg with a banner, then the revolution would succeed,' was one person's astute assessment of the incident. Józef Pinior threw himself into the whirl of events. He enjoyed operations which pointed up the absurdity of life in Poland. In September, there were a lot of happenings like that, which differed from standard demonstrations. Toilet paper was given out. Crowds gathered in the streets. Pinior was arrested again. He distinguished himself with a skilful manoeuvre on Polish Army Day. He telephoned foreign radio stations, informing them of the situation in the city. When he showed up in the street wearing a helmet, the Council of Ministers feared that he would seize power within the opposition, that the ruling elite might be carried off in orange wheelbarrows. The government in Warsaw might have felt like a provisional government, its dignitaries imagining that a government in exile was forming somewhere in the distant tundra. As if their days were numbered. In the case of the Solidarity leadership, the fear was different. The leaders were entitled to fear that Pinior would create a movement which placed workers at its centre.

Józef Pinior became involved in another happening. In a meeting in a pizzeria in plac Grunwaldzki, during the celebrations of the October Revolution, the idea of creating a Council of People's Commissars developed. Pinior, Major and Jola Skiba were present. On November 6th, on October Revolution's Eve, units of the Red Army and Navy were to capture Barbara's Bar and proclaim a new government. The people of Wrocław were asked to dress in red. The masses were ready to support the operations of the fleet, consisting of the battleship *Potemkin* and the cruiser *Aurora*, which were supposed to attack Świdnicka from the Market Square. According to the plan, the Red Cavalry and other forces were going to surprise the enemy (the militia) from ul. Kazimierza Wielkiego. At the meeting, Józef Pinior gave a fiery speech. The

applause went on and on. Our hero was appointed Commissar for Propaganda of the Red Army and Navy. He was truly an engineer of the human soul. It was a great triumph for the revolution. Józef Pinior worked selflessly. He supervised the production of rifles for the Red Guard. He met his comrades from the Baltic Fleet. He tried to acquire scarce adhesive tape to hold together the battleship *Potemkin*. He contacted an undercover printing works with the aim of printing handbills. He was the genuine incarnation of the valiant Commissar Trotsky, who had commanded the Red Army seventy years before.

At a certain moment, he had to make a choice: to head the frontline correspondence department or fight on the frontline. The masses wanted him to lead the working class units attacking Barbara's Bar. Comrades from the Polar works needed this engineer of the human soul in order to make a proclamation in the dining hall about the fall of the government. Józef Pinior – such a valiant man – wanted to fight. As Commissar for Propaganda for the Red Army and Navy, he had to fulfil the role of observer, look at the battlefield through binoculars, and keep a tally of casualties and arrested individuals. His duties also extended to noting down the movements of his own army and those of the enemy. Moving from the information department to a frontline section wasn't easy and required the approval of the Council of People's Commissars. And their approval alone was not enough. He had to find someone willing to replace him. Finding a responsible individual was difficult. Finally, after long debates, Comrade Wardęga was convinced to take charge of information. Perhaps the change was necessary in itself, but it's not actually known whether removing Comrade Wardęga from the front line was a good idea. During the operation he was supposed to play an important intelligence role and at the deciding moment bring into action the gastronomic unit, who were supposed to occupy a strategic position under the clock holding the 'Red Borscht' banner and distributing red soup. One of this brave revolutionary's tasks was to shove his red shoe in the door of the bar. Comrade Wardęga was supposed to have prevented the bar being closed. Wedging the door open with his shoe was supposed to give the red chefs, waiters and the Red Angel of the Revolution time to storm the bar. Unfortunately, Commissar Wardęga took on the intelligence mission. As a result, his colleague

Comrade Pinior led the unit. However, wedging the door open was forgotten about, which was an unforgiveable mistake.

The undercover agents had a terrible problem when they lost sight of Pinior before the happening. Ul. Świdnicka had been packed with agents from early in the morning. The city's citizens knew about the happening. In many houses, people put on red clothes and painted their fingernails red. They hunted in cupboards for red hats, scarves and coats. The militia treated the battle seriously. But so did Józef Pinior. We learn from the source materials that he and his unit made their way undetected through a small park. He passed the 'Racławice Panorama,' a building housing a single huge battle painting. Then they continued towards the monument to Słowacki. There they waited for a bus. Pinior and his unit climbed swiftly aboard. Another group – 'The Pharaoh's Entourage' – also jumped on. If the militia strategists had known who was travelling in Bus E, they would doubtless have sent a motorcycle unit to escort it to the nearest militia post. That didn't happen. The bus reached its destination, and stopped outside the bar. Only ten metres separated Pinior from his goal: carrying out the coup and achieving liberation. He was superbly prepared for the mission. His breast was decorated with the slogan: 'Tomorrow Will Be Better,' while another slogan adorned his back: 'I'll Work Harder.'

The militia command feared the coming offensive. They established a tight cordon around ul. Świdnicka, like an uneven fishing net. But Pinior eluded the enemy's line of defence. With one deft move, he arrived in the heart of the action. He jumped off the bus by Barbara's Bar. Red flags waved above him like a halo. Higher still was a banner with the slogan: 'We demand an eight-hour working day for the Provincial Office of Internal Affairs.' Other banners fluttered menacingly, banners which could have brought the cabinet of ministers to their knees. The central departments of Warsaw trembled. The ministers were petrified. Comrade Józef Pinior looked like Garibaldi or Caesar. His presence prompted a great turning point. Poland's entire political establishment understood that playing at the game of 'government and opposition' was over. By leading the unit of the Red Guard on the Eve of the Great Socialist October Revolution, Pinior had countered union defeatism.



**CODENAME ANTIMON-56, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1988, WARSAW,
PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN.**



The assault by the Red Guard spurred on the Red Cavalry Army.

The Red Cavalry, led by that famous leader whose tales we all know, Robert Jezierski, came to the rescue. A fierce battle raged in ul. Świdnicka; Pinior was surrounded by blue uniforms. Undercover agents attempted to seize the banner, to take Pinior alive. The situation was desperate. Pinior was getting closer to his longed-for goal – the seizure of Barbara's Bar. The great Cossack



Robert Jezierski gathered momentum, riding like a hurricane. The seamen from Kronstadt launched another offensive from the other side of the street. Next to them were revolutionaries and anarchists with a black flag. The militia commanders were desperate, even though the superb strategist Major Lang was commanding the secret services. Some historians are inclined to state that Lang was behind the idea to close Barbara's Bar. Finally, Pinior was at

the door. At that moment, the offensive was checked. Comrade Wardęga's red shoe was missing! The shoe that was to have held open the door to revolution. The absence of Wardęga and his little red shoe in the front line had risked the country. Global progress was on the line. Time slowed. Józef Pinior saw his revolutionary image in the large plate-glass windows. Next to him were his comrades the guards, and behind him the blue uniforms of the militia. In the distance, forming the background, was a crowd dressed in red chanting the word 'Revolution.' He saw the banner 'Red Borscht' reflected in window.

The carol singers entered the fray, forcing their way through the enemy's cordon. The Red Revolution's Eve Star could be seen. It was the perfect moment to capture the bar. The government units decided to regroup. The militia, seeing that the cordon surrounding ul. Świdnicka had broken, pushed to the offensive. They created a ring around Barbara's Bar with the aim of eliminating the revolutionary units. There was a massed attack. Pinior could have smashed a window. And injured the militiamen. And seized power. But Józef Pinior didn't want to destroy public property. He showed himself to be a modern revolutionary. Many politicians fighting for power would have acted differently. Józef Pinior did not intend to take power at any cost. He was in a difficult, dramatic situation. In reflection, he saw the militia struggling with the Angel of the Revolution. Its red wings were torn off. The servants of the regime had plucked its feathers. The Red Star of Revolution's Eve swayed above the street. The government weren't in the mood to joke. The sweaty hands of the militia groped for Pinior's combat uniform. They began to slide down his T-shirt, and over the slogan 'Tomorrow Will Be Better.' They lifted him up. The splendour of his visage illuminated the street. Józef Pinior is a humble man. He could have unexpectedly risen up into the air. And fled into the sky. Forced the Air Force to join in the operation. But the splendour of wisdom and humility emanated from him. He predicted that levitation above the crowd might have perverted the revolution. In order to prevent the spread of revolutionary forces, they issued a command through a megaphone.

'Catch the Reds!'

Carried like a valuable piece of furniture, Comrade Pinior reacted to it contrarily.

‘At last.’

‘Mr Pinior,’ said a militiaman in a van, ‘you haven’t got a chance.’

‘And vice versa,’ responded our hero.

From that moment on, journalists began arriving in Wrocław. Pinior worked unceasingly. He did everything to make sure the movement would be heard about in the world. A few days later, Józef Pinior founded a political party in Poland whose aim was to defend poor people. This was inconvenient for the rulers of the country and awkward for Solidarity’s leadership. The government and the opposition both always made reference to the people. In this case, a third party making claims for them would be most confusing and inconvenient.

As we know, Major was imprisoned for giving out sanitary pads on Women’s Day. From March 8th, 1988, Pinior worked intensively for three weeks in order to secure Major’s release. On the first day of spring, March 21st, 1988, the crowd threw plastic yoghurt pots at the militia as an act of protest. On that day, disturbances also took place in Łódź and Warsaw. A few days later, Major was released. It seemed to everyone that the revolutionary forces would launch another great offensive. However, the government also had able strategists. After Major’s release, the government waited for some time and then arrested Pinior, and along with him other revolutionary activists. Attempts to release them were initially ineffective. On May 1st, the militia attacked demonstrators in the street. This incident created a further division among the revolutionaries. The great dwarf offensive was only launched on June 1st, 1988. The crowd passed in front of Pinior’s flat chanting two slogans, namely: ‘General Jaruzelski, Fiend from Hell-ski’ and ‘Lech Wałęsa, too dumb for Mensa.’ However, Pinior wasn’t released right away but several days later, when a subsequent offensive was organized. Pinior gave a speech on June 13th, 1988. The authorities were accommodating. They waited a few weeks. During that

period, other factories organized protests. Pinior tried to co-organise further strikes, which finally provided the government with a pretext to lock him up again. Those that governed and those that wished to govern in the future could calmly organise their own variant of the events. Many politicians were happy. Pinior was in prison. He could find out what was happening in the country from the newspapers, if the prison warder gave him them to read. His situation was pretty bad. He was imprisoned at precisely the moment he could have been taking action.

The Communists were slowly transforming into democrats, and Solidarity activists into legal politicians. Society was going to have the chance to elect a government. This choice – in the opinion of reformers – was to mean the empowerment of society. The revolutionaries judged it differently. Free elections were seen as an attempt to disempower working people. However, Józef Pinior could not join the debate, since he was still in prison. When he was finally released, the Round Table appeared on Poland's historical arena. But people like Pinior were not invited. Pinior was sceptical about the talks. Elections were finally held. Major stood for election to the Senate as an independent. Józef Pinior supported him. He thought it would be a success if even one revolutionary was elected to Parliament. He collaborated with Major throughout the entire election campaign. The election results were unfavourable for the revolution. In subsequent months, a Communist-Solidarity government was formed. The following years were difficult for Józef Pinior. Chaos reigned in Poland, the region and the world following 1989. A significant number of distinguished people sought liberation in corruption. They accumulated goods using illegal means. Appropriating wealth was supposed to make them comfortable. They wanted to achieve contentment through material comfort. This kind of activity demanded a different kind of secrecy than previously. Pinior wasn't cut out for it. He lost many friends, and ended up on the fringes of political life.

More and more consortiums privatised factories. They weren't always sold at sensible prices. Pinior wasn't particularly suitable for work involving privatisation, either. During those times, honest people were quite unnecessary. They might represent a burden to those in power. In addition, too close a knowledge of the law could prove a handicap in many workplaces. Józef Pinior was of no use

to the government. He was inconvenient and couldn't find work. Finally, a former political enemy of his – a Communist – helped him by offering him work as a university lecturer. It's clear that Józef Pinior, Orange Man, experienced a great number of difficulties. He was the most honest of the honest. Most noble of the noble. Most sensitive of the sensitive. He still doesn't eat pork, because of the suffering endured by animals being slaughtered. His noble virtue, dignity and faith in his fellow human beings can serve future generations like an ethical lodestar. This was the story of Józef Pinior, an honest man, who contrary to the warnings of spiritual masters attempted to introduce a great moral dimension to politics.

K REWOLUCJA A S N A L I


Nasza Rewolucja ma zasięg ogólnopolski. W tym uroczystym dniu również stolica włączy się w nurt wydarzeń, posyłając w ramiona Rewolucji kwiat warszawskiej młodzieży. Rewolucja Krasnoludków nie może odbyć się bez Ciebie! Jej los leży w Twoich rękach. Jeśli nie masz obu lewych- przygotuj się starannie. Duchowo łączność ze Sprawą zmanifestujesz czerwoną częścią garderoby. Elementem krasnoludz- nym może być również papierowa czapka w kolorze winiowym. Pożądany wszelkiego rodzaju rewolucyjny ekwipunek w postaci gwizdów, grzechotek, trąbek. Mile widziane Sztandary Rewolucji jak również transparenty, wyrażające poparcie dla idei Rewolucji Krasnoludków jako takiej.

1.06. Płomień Rewolucji ogarnie całą Polskę. Tej szansy nie wolno nam zmarnować.

UWAGA
Osoby pozbawione czerwonych akcentów bądź dowodów poparcia dla Sprawy Rewolucji a przeby- wające tymczasowo w rejonie Wydarzeń narażone będą na szykany i represje ze strony STRAŻNIKÓW REWOLUCJI z racji wzbudzenia niepokoju społecznego swą arewolucyjną postawą.

KOMITET OBRONY REWOLUCJI
Aparat fotograficzny jest również arewolucyjny. Zostaw go w domu i przyłóż się do nas.

K.O.R.



1.06. godz. 16⁰⁰
Pasaż Śródmiejski

CHAPTER 8

KRZYSZTOF SKIBA

KRZYSZTOF SKIBA WAS A GREAT NUISANCE TO THE GOVERNMENT. Many pages of that distinguished Orange Man's life are mysteriously unknown and have not been chronicled.⁸⁰ There are many theories about his arrival in this world, which we must try to balance to discover his story. According to competent and reliable research by the public services, he was born in the circus. It is unclear whether he was born in the ring, up in the stalls or in one of the cages, however. Another superficially less reliable account states that: 'On December 13th the one-headed bird Krzysztof Skiba

80 Except of course his 2005 collection of writing, *Skibą W Mur*, and his 2012 *Artysci Wariaci Anarchisci*, an account of 1980s avant-garde political art in Poland such as the Orange Alternative, TOTART and the Movement for Alternative Society.

emerged from the sea floor, surrounded by divine nymphs and a ZOMO cordon, with foam copiously issuing from his mouth.⁸¹ However, keen scholars will note that the circus and avian versions do not have to be mutually exclusive. Skiba may have been born in an aquatic circus. A second question: If he was indeed born on December 13th, what year was it? His cosmic destiny suggests he must have arrived, fully formed with a round face and belly, to meet the sunrise on the first day of the state of martial law, December 13th, 1981.⁸² If this was the case, he must have been cloned, although the technique had hardly been perfected by 1981. And if so, who did it? Aliens or dwarves? Or the CIA? And why? One answer suggests itself: in order to sow confusion in the Soviet Empire. They created the paratrooper Skiba, an agent who spread moral terror among politicians, people sporting moustaches and also among those with sophisticated, refined musical tastes. Skiba struck at the foundations of the system.

Major once described Skiba by calling him an ‘honorable man, who never benefited from any doubtful connections. He was a nonconformist. An immense talent. A sense of perspective about his own talents made him a unique individual.’ These were the succinct, square words Waldemar Fydrych used about him. Skiba left Gdańsk after finishing school there. Why did he leave a city that had been the cradle for the 1980 revolution? The reasons are unclear. If he’d been cloned by the CIA he ought to have remained there and made friends with the famous Wałęsa, the corporal electrician and strike leader, and had his confession heard by Father Jankowski.⁸³ It’s a shame he never formed a close relationship with the electrician from the Lenin Shipyard. The two men represented a dramatic contrast. Skiba was detached from his own talents; the idol of Solidarity was not. But the two of them had immense potential. Skiba headed for Łódź, where he began a degree. He wasted his first chance to govern the country. Perhaps he was a different kind of agent than we imagined.

From his very beginnings in the Łódź Region, the ‘kingdom of textile workers,’ our hero was active in the alternative Pstrąg

81 From the text of an Orange Alternative handbill.

82 The first day of the state of martial law.

83 A very famous and eccentric patriotic priest.

Theatre. Skiba's activities in the theatre are shrouded in a veil of mystery, but there is one sentence in his autobiographical writings, entitled *Krzysztof Skiba, the hard life of a scandalmonger*. 'I performed in theatre festivals and events throughout Poland and also in France, Italy, England and Belgium.' Perhaps we should let some light in. In France, according to files corroborating those of the secret police, Skiba co-organized events in Orange and Le Puy. In the first town, the people, on seeing the quality of a foreign theatre, reacted a dozen or so years later by voting for the *Front National*, an organisation wanting to defend the nation against an increase in foreigners. However, in Le Puy, a town famous for its figure of the Black Madonna, Skiba played and sang, but the local mayor was inexplicably shocked. The local bishop decided not to allow carnival events with pagan origins to finish on the steps of the cathedral. Did Skiba have any satanic interests? We shall return later to this subject.

In the years 1987-90, Krzysztof Skiba became interested in the radical activities of the Orange Alternative movement. It's known that that movement organized huge street happenings. Perhaps the situation in Poland seemed more interesting to him than the one in France. At that time, Polish artists tried to settle in the West. Skiba returned to Poland. It's worth examining his first happening. On the occasion of Children's Day on June 1st, 1988, he and his friends Tomek Gaduła, his closest collaborator, and Dorota 'Wiśła' Wysocka went to the centre of Łódź. The threesome were enigmatically equipped, walking with a backpack which contained a banner reading 'Down With Little Red Riding Hoods,' boiled sweets, pipes and whistles. They went to ul. Piotrkowska, Łódź's main street. They strolled along slowly to avoid being spotted. Near to the *Hortex* shop they realised they were being followed by the secret police. As Skiba himself recalls, 'We didn't have a chance with the secret police on our backs; they would have grabbed us in seconds.' Accounts like this and others indicate that Skiba and Gaduła were well known to the secret police, who rightly suspected them. In this incident, a coincidence saved them. Gaduła stopped a taxi. The undercover agents set off in pursuit, but were stopped by a red light. The threesome managed to escape towards plac Wolności. There was a newsstand near the *Magda* department store. They used it as the location for a happening. They realised

it was the perfect stage for their performance: After a few seconds, they found themselves – despite objections – on the roof of the newsstand. Skiba was dressed in yellow leggings. These may have been responsible for the trio being observed earlier by the undercover agents. But now they were all clearly visible on the newsstand. In no time, a crowd of around two thousand people had gathered around it. An account by a certain Czacha, an experienced happenener, states that a militiaman was directing traffic at a nearby intersection, and perhaps he informed the forces of law and order. The assembled people didn't really know what was going on. Particularly when a passing patrol was showered with boiled sweets, with chants of 'Smurfs! Smurfs!'⁸⁴ This kind of chanting directed at the militia might give the impression that fugitives from a psychiatric hospital had appeared in the city centre. The people of the working class city of Łódź were accustomed to hard work; it didn't occur to them they could have this kind of fun. Finally two ZOMO special assault units arrived. Gaduła, Skiba and Wysocka were having a great time on the newsstand. On the ground, the people began to liven up. They cheered. A militia major appeared in the crowd. He thundered at the roof of the newsstand:

'Get down.'

'We can't, we don't have a ladder!' shouted back the trio.

The militia commander wasn't naive, he knew that were a ladder to be brought it would trigger even more applause and attract a bigger audience. He didn't want to make a fool of himself. He shouted:

'We can't put a ladder up, because you might break a leg,'
said the officer to the people on the roof.

Nearby, stood the ZOMO troops in full riot gear, with shields and helmets. The officer issued the appropriate orders. One of the

84 Smurfs were imaginary creatures of Belgian origin. They are to be distinguished from dwarves by their blue colouring, much like that of the Militia's uniforms.

militiamen standing alongside went to the van. He said something to the driver. A militia van drove up to the newsstand. As Gaduła later explained, the height of the van was the same as that of the newsstand. There was an open hatch in the roof of the Nysa, which they got in through. There was a surprise waiting for the detainees inside. They were kept in custody for forty-eight hours (They thought they would only be locked up for twenty-four). They were taken to Station No. 214 in ul. Piotrkowska. After being detained, Skiba, Gaduła and Dorota appeared before a magistrates' court. The trial was a bizarre scene. One of the militiamen testified:

‘They threw boiled sweets as hard as stones at me.’

The accused defended themselves. ‘It was soft toffee and delicious fudge,’ they explained. ‘And we didn’t throw them, we were giving them away.’ The judge fined them 45,000 zlotys, and commented on the sentence: ‘There are other places than newsstands for artistic performances.’ Upon release, Skiba felt totally happy. 10,000 dwarves had just marched through Wrocław. He wasn’t alone.

Skiba’s behaviour up till then does not give us an unequivocal answer to the question ‘Who was he really?’ Was he an agent making trouble, a troublemaker playing at being an agent, a cloned creature planted by the CIA or perhaps a visitor produced by a Galactic Civilisation of Dwarves? It was apparent he was preparing something unusual in the coming months. During the vacations, he showed up in Biała Góra by the Baltic Sea. He was the most brilliant star among a group of sophisticated pacifists. It turned out after a few days that Skiba also fitted in with the community of militarists. He had universal appeal. For that reason also he was popular with undercover agents. Agents were rightly entitled to be bored by inept, one-dimensional dissenters. They were certainly pleased when they saw that lion Skiba, and they followed his activities with great interest and enthusiasm.

Skiba appeared on stage as soloist, master of ceremonies and happener for an independent cultural event in a Baltic seaside resort Biała Góra. Because it was cultural event it was permitted.

Because it was independent, there were a lot of secret police to spy on the participants. In the evening, everyone would meet in the local watering hole, where the important process of ‘filling up’ with beer and vodka would take place. Undercover agents and oppositionists were regulars there. After some time, all the differences in their programmes and institutions vanished. Skiba became hearty and would even clink beer mugs with undercover agents. It’s clear from his file – available in the Institute of National Remembrance – that the secret services and government were pleased that Skiba wasn’t organising anything in Łódź. The generals sighed with relief. Indeed, it is apparent from his file that he was being observed but at that moment it made no difference. Indeed, let’s leave the analysis of secret files kept at the Institute of National Remembrance to talentless hacks and undervalued heroes.

November 7th, 1988, was approaching. October Revolution Day. Communists in Poland nonchalantly recalled their revolutionary roots. They were mainly interested in governmental power. Indeed, in regarding society from the perspective of power and not that of the people, they had much in common with the leaders of Solidarity. Meanwhile, in Poland, greater and greater amounts of money were being printed. This caused hyperinflation, whose speedy movement economists described poetically as ‘galloping inflation.’ The peculiar equine gait of these rising prices kept the government awake at night and caused great stress in Polish financial circles. Skiba showed how to stop it in the simplest possible way. The operation was prepared in top-secret conditions. On the day of the October Revolution, a dozen or so people hung placards around their necks bearing the words ‘galloping inflation’ and charged down ul. Piotrkowska. In order to explain this complex issue to the general public, there was also a relay team with banners bearing the slogans: ‘Long Live The Crisis’ and ‘We Demand Any Old Thing.’ The militia reacted by detaining anyone with a ‘galloping inflation’ placard. In this way our hero, with the aid of the militia, demonstrated the easiest way to stop inflation. After this happening, the authorities had reason to be concerned by Skiba’s sharp economic sense. The government decided to second-guess him, and sped up their behind-the-scenes conversations with the leaders of Solidarity. But Skiba didn’t let up. His activism galloped along like some kind of crisis

in the monetary supply. Particularly since the government had been forced to release Pinior some time before and mass protests had begun in Warsaw and Wrocław on November 6th and 7th. The next confrontation would be the anniversary of the proclamation of martial law on December 13th. The central theme of the event was the slogan: 'Help The Militia – Beat Yourself Up.' This time, a great number of handbills were distributed. Skiba counted on the active presence and enthusiastic participation of the custodians of the law. Tomek Gaduła and 'Wisła' dressed in folk costume to welcome them. They were going to greet the militia vans with bread and salt. Everyone was disappointed. The militia didn't join in with the happening. Skiba could easily have despaired. If he'd been a normal person, he ought to have succumbed to depression. Nothing of the sort happened. He began publishing a newspaper called *Przebiecie Pały*,⁸⁵ where he called for the return of martial law. The reliable forces of the undercover agents didn't know if it was an authentic declaration or not. 'Perhaps the militia didn't turn up because of the girls who were going to salute with their sex organs,' were Skiba's comments about the incident, which reassured masses of disappointed people. The absence of the militia in Łódź created a dangerous new situation for the government. The people of Łódź dispersed. They weren't interested in extremes, like strikes or work. They wanted to have fun.

In the winter months of 1989 in progressive circles a plan was hatched to launch a wholesale social revolution. The alternative movements were going to organise it. In Łódź, that meant Skiba, Gaduła and their comrades. The city of Łódź lay on the main road route between Wrocław and Warsaw. The painstakingly and precisely constructed operational plans included large scale happenings in Łódź, Wrocław and Warsaw on June 1st. If possible, they were also supposed to be held in other towns and cities. The following day, the Wrocław forces were supposed to go to Łódź, and move on to Warsaw once the Łódź happening had run its course. There was to be a march of the Orange Shirts on Belweder Palace and other government departments on June 3rd and 4th. Following the seizure of power, a democratic and alternative coup was to take

85 *Clubbing Together*. The literal meaning of the Polish expression is 'bending a baton', and the figurative meaning 'to exaggerate or overdo something.'

place in the capital. The Polish state, according to the project, was to be humanised and socialised. This was the project. In the case of victory, Major would be president and Skiba prime minister. The above plan had splendid avant-garde features. All it needed was for them to be carried out to the letter. Great hopes were pinned on the happening 'Everything's Clear.' This was to be another mobilisation of the people. In the happening, banners without slogans played the role of tactical units. Skiba, like Gaduła and the other activists, witnessing the first approaches to the Round Table, came to the conclusion that reality was sick. In order to put an end to the spread of what they considered an epidemic of illusions, they hit on the idea of giving the militia white pills. The operation had psychotherapeutic objectives: to treat disorders of the head and heart. They painted history books white. Peas were thrown at the wall,⁸⁶ and quark cheese was perversely elevated to a national symbol. Some of the participants were bandaged. The people, dressed in white, also wrapped a newsstand in bandages. The commander of the Horse Army, Robert Jezierski, arrived from Wrocław. The presence of this brave Cossack strengthened the happening's impact, as Jezierski was widely regarded as a possible minister of internal affairs in the future government. After that operation, the Łódź Orange Alternative became stronger. The Łódź Orange Army had really become a strong tactical organisation. Their operational potential was proved a few days later, on February 24th. A further happening took place in the centre of Łódź, Poland's second largest city. It was called 'Blowing the Round Table out of Proportion.' It was a brutal parody of the Round Table discussions. Skiba was totally at home. He tried to demonstrate the meaning of the Round Table by comparing it to the final scene of Orwell's famous *Animal Farm*, an allusion the crowd readily grasped. The happening organizers dressed in suits and ties with PZPR and Solidarity badges, and whipped up foam on the table. At this time, the press, General Jaruzelski and Corporal Wałęsa had other views about the idea of the Round Table, but the action as Skiba himself wrote, 'was an all too clear allusion to the talks taking place in Warsaw. The political menu of the Round Table wasn't very interesting for the serious

86 In Polish, the idiom 'rzucanie grochem o ścianę,' to 'throw peas at the wall' means 'to waste one's breath.'

section of society. That's why the action was received so enthusiastically.' By the spring of 1989, Skiba was working tirelessly. He slept very little. He wanted to launch the revolution as soon as possible with a March of the Orange Shirts on the government buildings. A revolutionary march like that was only possible from late spring to early autumn, since any earlier or later it was far too cold to be walking about in shirtsleeves.

The spring was indeed intensive. In Łódź, On its first day, a funeral procession dressed in red took place in the city centre. The central point of the procession was a wheelbarrow full of bricklayer's mortar. Stuck into the mortar was a sign reading 'Party Hardliner'⁸⁷. Militiamen standing alongside were given Brutal eau de Cologne as the procession passed. Two banners crowned the operation. The first read 'God Bless The Communists,' and the second 'Long Live Karl Marx And His Satanic Verses.' The presence of these two banners didn't cause much of a reaction, even though their messages could be construed as somewhat suspicious. The action that could be truly described as visionary was 'Living From Hand To Mouth.' Visionary, since it predicted that poverty could be expected in Poland. At that time, a great number of people thought – completely seriously – that Solidarity would solve their problems; that it was enough to win the election and everything would be better. 'Living From Hand To Mouth' was an action containing aspects of street theatre. A huge tarpaulin was stretched out on the ground with the word 'poverty' written on it. The tarpaulin was then beaten – to the accompaniment of music – with umbrellas, walking sticks and various other objects. Then the crowd passed in front of the Town Council chanting loudly.

That spring in Łódź, a veritable army was organized, thanks to happenings of that kind. It was a fierce, well-trained unit which could travel to the nearby capital in a few hours and attack any government building with rotten eggs. The government were aware of this. They could expect the revolutionary forces to be planning disturbances at the beginning of June. In order to avoid a disaster, the government and the Solidarity carried out a skilful manoeuvre around their round table. They decided to hold the

87 The Polish word '*beton*' means 'concrete' but has a secondary meaning of 'hardliner.'

election on June 4th. Then there wouldn't be any point organising a March of the Orange Shirts. At the end of April, there was a secret meeting of the revolutionary forces in a location in central Poland. It was shrouded in secrecy. The purpose was to decide upon tactics regarding the election. The plan was modified: They decided to take part in the election. Major would run for president. In order to gain the presidency, he wanted to be elected to the Senate. It was expected that as senator he would have a greater chance of becoming president. It was planned that the newly-elected senator would undertake a march with his supporters to Warsaw via Łódź. Then – against a backdrop of ovations from the people – the National Assembly would make the right choice of president. With this in mind, Skiba organized manoeuvres in Łódź in May entitled 'Arms Race.' Cardboard tanks and guns were constructed. Field hospitals were also set up, just in case. The manoeuvres also involved the temporary seizure of the Solidarity polling station. Łódź was ready. Now all that was needed was to win the election in Wrocław. Skiba and his team came to the city in support of that aim.

The Festival of Present Art (FSO)⁸⁸ took place on June 1st in Wrocław in order to accompany Major's campaign. Skiba stormed around the streets. He was indefatigable. He was dressed in a pair of big horns to discourage opposing politicians. He shouted: 'Jaruzelski, Fiend from Hell-ski. He's the black horse of this race and he'll win the Velká Pardubická Steeplechase.' People couldn't get enough of him. Some may have been afraid, however. At some point, he began distributing arrest warrants for the general. More and more people gathered. Dressed in his big horns, he began shouting again: 'God bless the Communists!' In the growing crowd, some people began anxiously to get their rosaries out, perhaps to do just as he suggested. The more religious among them may have feared that Lucifer had materialised in ul. Świdnicka. Particularly when another shout was soon heard: 'Long live Karl Marx and his Satanic Verses!' Without doubt, the fear that had seized the city's religious circles was enormous. His performances, his big horns, were suddenly seen differently, with the spiritual

88 The acronym of the Polish expression, *Festiwal Sztuki Obecnej* – the Festival of Present Art. – is FSO, better known as the acronym of the Polish nationalised motorisation company Fabryka Samochodów Osobowych.

safety of the city – or maybe even the country – in mind. As we know the heroic sagas tell us that Major lost the election to the director of Wrocław Zoo. Had the satanic references uttered by Skiba in the street caused the election defeat? We shall never know the answer. Just as an expert exorcist has still never been asked to analyse his personality. Without close research by the Sanctum Officium or an exorcist, we will not be able to say anything more specific about Skiba. He didn't break down after Major's – and indeed his own – electoral defeat. Rather, he sharpened his senses and made ready for fresh attacks on the newly formed government. Before it was even formed, Skiba and his co-workers covered themselves in paint and undressed, scandalising the public in the name of the fight against evil. But it was finally time for the above-mentioned government, comprised of a mixture of Solidarity and Communists. Skiba and friends organized a happening in September 1989 called 'The government is playing the fool⁸⁹.' As we know, it's a peculiar expression and in Polish means that someone is pretending to be mad in order to outmanoeuvre someone else. In this case, it meant that the familiar routine had not ended, the government was still deceiving society. Skiba himself describes it concisely: 'Ten people wearing suits stood in a row. We removed knives and sticks from suitcases and began to whittle them. The plan was that in order to stage the scenario completely it would be necessary to whittle sticks for forty-eight hours.' They actually whittled sticks for an hour, and people's reactions oscillated between two extremes. Some applauded and others tapped their foreheads. In October, following the happening, Skiba wrote his famous academic dissertation about the Orange Alternative. It was the first dissertation on the subject.

In subsequent years, Skiba tried to realise his inclinations to be an anarchist, troublemaker, happenner and subversive through the music scene. He did it with Big Cyc, the band he founded. In 1990, he achieved unprecedented success as a performer. His band was awarded 'Band of the Year,' 'Debut of the Year,' 'Hit of the Year,' and 'Album Cover of the Year.' Another incident took place in his life that year. Skiba's greatest rival at that time, Lech Wałęsa,

89 The Polish expression 'strugać wariata' literally means 'carve or whittle a mad-man' and has the metaphorical meaning of 'play the fool.'

the fighting electrician from Gdańsk, became president. He was Skiba's nemesis, that cannot be denied. But it seemed our hero had no chance of beating Lech Wałęsa in the popularity stakes when it came to shaking things up. From the moment the Solidarity leader became president and did his job presiding over the social changes that followed, it became clear there were no other troublemaker like Lech Wałęsa. Yet Skiba received a consolation prize. In 1991, in a poll on the television programme *Rock Night*, his lyric *Don't Trust Electricians* took first place in the annual poll. Wałęsa the electrician was governing the country, and Skiba the musician – with his electricity-themed music – won a music award. Skiba didn't lose heart. A year later he impressed with his next album *Love-Music-Kicking-off* (Miłość-Muzyka-Mordobicie). The ideological content and atmosphere of the songs he wrote at that time reflected a recognisable take on reality. Those times can be associated with a period of Mafia activity and the growth of criminality in Poland. However, despite the difficult conditions, Skiba was performing miracles at concert venues. His music and lyrics probably best show the entire process of collapse and struggle – which became the leitmotif of those times – in his album *The War of the Sperms*, while a note of profound reflection can be found in his following single, *You won't ever forget*, and also in *Pork knuckle, Tripe and other delicacies*.

Skiba – as posters describe him – is 'one of the most unconventional personalities of the Polish music scene.' He's a lyricist, scandalmonger and the creator of all Big Cyc's happenings. The band's leading ideologue and preacher. That is the truth. Skiba has become a bulldozer of the stage. He also presented the television programme *La La mi do* with Konjo. He has been busy. His real success as a leading troublemaker in Poland was still ahead of him. The star of auspiciousness began to smile down on him. In 1996, the group decided on direct action under his leadership. Skiba wanted – through music and happenings – to publicise the serious problems of social pathology manifest, as such disorders always are, at the heights of power. The album *Playing a guitar among the animals* astonished the musical world. Indeed, tracks like *Makumba* and *We're shooting a porno film* won the hearts of fans. The album consisted of thirteen tracks. The title refers to a certain thought, that 'nothing about animals is alien to us.' On

releasing the album, Skiba stated that ‘the Poles are a nation that first breaks rules, then bones and ends up breaking a Christmas wafer.’ Indeed, that album was a challenge to the prevailing reality. One could say after analysing the facts that Skiba is the kind of guy who will never miss music, but will always miss happenings. On the day the above-mentioned album was released, he went to the zoo with friends. It was the well-known Wrocław Zoo, where the secret meeting of carnival organizers took place in 1988. Then there was strict secrecy then, and the chimpanzee cage was moved to foil their plans; now anyone can arrange to meet by any cage in Wrocław Zoo. That day, Skiba turned up at the zoo with Lovely Roman and other friends carrying a banner saying: ‘Free The Monkeys! Put The Politicians In Cages.’ It caused great mirth among the audience of monkeys. The happening at the zoo had an additional dimension, by settling accounts with the past, or rather reversing the course of events. Skiba remembered that once, during the electoral campaign to the Senate, Major had lost to the zoo director. It was apparent that this Orange Man wanted to use the happening to win over the voters who had supported the zoo director to the side of the revolutionary forces. In fact, the director turned down joint appearances with Skiba, saying their philosophies were all too different.

The songs *Makumba*, *Baseball bats*, *We’re shooting a porno film* and *Shazza my love* brought Krzysztof, the Orange Man, unprecedented success. *Baseball bats* – a song which compared balls to human heads – made references to the levels of pathology present in Polish society at that time. By 1997, Skiba was the only revolutionary left on the scene. It appeared the others had withdrawn into the shadows. Major had gone to Paris, and Kielar, Kudłaty and Captain Cupała had ended up in a situation which could be delicately called ‘internal emigration.’ His main rival, the trouble-maker Lech Wałęsa (who was no longer president), disappeared from the political scene after 1997. In spite of receiving a platinum disc for *Playing a guitar among the animals* (it sold 600 000 copies), Skiba, who really was on the threshold of success, found himself in an unenviable situation. He was not alone; indeed, he could always count on support from his bandmates. However, this powerful but sensitive Orange Man decided not to put his friends at risk of any repression. In spite of a serious depression caused by his success

and things turning out unfavourably, Skiba slowly began to find a new role for himself. He decided to enter an alliance with a different politician, Janusz Korwin-Mikke, with whom he began to rap. Next he ate his tax return outside the Ministry of Finance. The government chose not to react to this. Skiba decided to fix Wałęsa. For some time he had had problems with insomnia; unable to get over the fact that the former Polish president – Solidarity leader, idol, and corporal electrician – had welshed on a promise to give two hundred million zlotys to each citizen. He had lied to the entire nation, including Skiba, who decided to attack Wałęsa's base: men with moustaches. Skiba set about making a solo album entitled *Blokes With Moustaches (Wąchole)*. *Blokes With Moustaches* was the first attempt at carrying out lustration⁹⁰ on the people who had contributed to the loss of the ideals of the 1980s. Skiba wanted first to point the finger at the men with moustaches and then pick out Wałęsa's moustache from among them, bring about a social revolution, and then publically cut off the former president's whiskers. In the second half of the 1990s, Skiba achieved a further recording success. Apart from his platinum disc, he had two gold ones. In spite of his achievements, he didn't sell out to the new system. Previously, he hadn't allowed himself to be collectivised by Communism, and in the 1990s he fought off all privatisation. He realised that privatising artists means the end of their careers.

1998 turned out to be a period rife with scandal. At the beginning of the year, Skiba went on tour to Canada and the United States. Here, Skiba revealed many of the tastes which may have alarmed the Polish community in North America. A few days before the Toronto gig, he was at a transvestite ball in Chicago. He appeared in eccentric clothing in the Red Dog club. It should come as no surprise that the local transvestites and various LGBT groups received him as one of their own with appropriate ceremony. It's worth remembering that he had also liked to dress up in the past during the happenings of the Orange Alternative. It cannot be ruled out that one of the reasons he joined the movement was the knowledge that he could dress as a woman, as Major already had

90 An ongoing process through which people can learn some interesting things about themselves and other people as well as realize the sad fact that they don't live in Heaven in the company of angels.

also done during their happenings. A particularly strange situation occurred in Vancouver. Opposition to the band was expressed before the concert. The Polish Community's Committee for the Defence of Morality was established to boycott the band's appearance. In spite of intense propaganda, tickets were sold. Big Cyc's opponents, seeing there was considerable interest in the concert, started using more radical methods. They distributed a leaflet entitled *Protest* in Polish shops, churches and chemists. It merits reading and communicates the mood of hostility building up before the concert. The contents of the leaflet, which are presented below, show what kind of intellectual and moral forces were clashing in this feud.

'We wish to express a vehement protest against the attack on the morality of the Polish community in Vancouver caused by the organisation of a concert by the band Big Cyc. The name of the band alone – Big Cyc – and some of the songs' lyrics, for example *Put a rubber on your instrument*, *Love is best in the closet* and *How was I to know you were a bloke in drag?* insult our sense of morality and harm the good name of the Polish community in Vancouver.'

These were the causes of the unhappy protests of the Polish Community's Committee for the Defence of Morality. There was a risk of a great scandal. A troublemaker himself, Skiba now had to confront other troublemakers. He had the choice: either flee from Vancouver or prepare to defend himself. He examined his troops' capabilities. He knew he could count on Lovely Roman and his winning smile in the event of an attack by desperate women. Lovely Roman would be something like a fortress, a seductive fortification of the highest class, and not only in the case of an attack by women. His looks would also have interested some of the men. Because of his appearance, belly and build in general, Skiba was only of interest to cannibals. The plan was simple. If it kicked off seriously, band members Jerry and J.J. would create a smoke screen from the wings. Skiba would also set off laughing gas. The band members were entitled to be afraid; the leaflet concluded quite menacingly:

'Running the first wet T-shirt contest at a Polish-community concert will be an insult to Poles.' The authors of the leaflet appealed for an 'expression of our disapproval,' which they planned to carry out at the concert. Fortunately, Big Cyc's opponents didn't carry enough weight to cancel the concert. It was a little more dangerous in Toronto. Here, a panic ensued in the Polish community after a rumour in the city that a gang of Polish skinheads would be showing up and the leader of the skinheads was bringing a machine gun and planned to shoot Skiba on stage. Lovely Roman, conqueror of women's hearts, put on an armour-plated corset in order to neutralise an attack. Armour plates are more effective than a bullet-proof waistcoat, and are even capable of stopping a Kalashnikov. The other members of the band also prepared for the worst. The security firm pulled out. But the concert finally took place, with the Canadian police keeping the peace.

Strange things happened in Poland in the 1990s which were received by society with mixed feelings. The state organized a great top down recession and increase in joblessness. The number of poor people rose annually. The far outnumbered the rich. The social role of these poor people was to endure humiliation. Poverty often leads to introversion and isolation. Skiba, the great revolutionary, tried to use his lyrics to inspire young people and raise their awareness. Television, conscious of his popularity, rewarded him with offers of new programmes. The media system wanted to buy Skiba at any price. Constantly being invited to go on television, Skiba tried to make positive use of it. The work he did – irrespective of his role – also had a positivistic and romantic character. Skiba was doing things which would build new foundations, grassroots work. These foundations were the range of opportunities possessed by a person as a cosmic creature, full of consciousness, opportunities for expression, which exist on the border of the absolute spirit and the relative body.

One day, there was an epoch-making confrontation with a world considered suspicious by Skiba. It occurred during one of his concerts. Skiba was singing and interacting with the audience. He suddenly went pale. His voice seemed to crack. Some businessmen were sitting near the stage, separated from the rest of the audience. They were being additionally protected by the forces of law and order. 'It looked like Babylon,' said Skiba after the concert.

He began to look at them carefully. His gaze fell on a suspicious person. He stared at the face and tried to recall: where do I know him from? The first thought that came to mind was that there were members of the Mafia in the audience. Skiba felt like going back-stage and getting a machine gun. He decided against a bazooka. He didn't want use it out of consideration for the audience. He knew his fans were honest, sensitive people. He wanted to spare them brutal scenes.

'The prime minister is in the audience,' someone said. The information had an extremely rapid effect. He recalled that there'd been a new prime minister in Poland for some time. Skiba began to stare at him. He was racking his brain about what to do. What to do with his voice, his vocal cords trembling in his larynx and the sight of a politician having a good time. Skiba had once been tipped as the prime minister of the revolutionary government during the happenings of the Orange Alternative. Now, in that concert hall, the prime minister of the counterrevolutionary government had appeared, and he decided to act. To take revenge for the results of the moral destruction of the country and the generation. He finally experienced a moment of inspiration. Skiba wanted to show the positive side of being a democrat. He stopped singing in his soprano voice. He gathered his strength. After a while he shouted: 'Shall we show the prime minister the truth? From the other side?'

One version of the incident runs like that. Another has it that Skiba asked a more blunt question, 'Shall I show the prime minister my arse?'

No matter which version was true, the audience's reaction was exuberant: 'Yes!' Skiba had become an agent for the will of the people. What he did was astonishing. He pulled down his trousers and showed his behind. People applauded. Some said he had performed a historic gesture. The prime minister, not wanting to lose face, stood up. Meanwhile, Skiba not wanting to lose face, pulled his trousers up.

News of the gesture spread around the entire country. Perhaps Skiba's behaviour purified and regenerated the nation's revolutionary forces, as meanwhile in Wrocław, Captain Cupała showed up with a banner reading 'Have You Read *Animal Farm*?' It cannot be also ruled out that Skiba's courage and uncompromising nature brought Major back to Poland. Things seemed to have livened

up. Major organized a happening in Poznań. Several months later, young people turned up in dwarves' hats with the slogan 'Legalise Corruption.' Perhaps Skiba had contributed to a revival of the revolution. In the last days of the twentieth century, he went to Warsaw with a leaflet with the following words: 'Big Cyc Greet The Pirates!' It was an appeal to the thieves. In the leaflet, Skiba clearly described and analysed the situation in Poland, writing: 'The events of recent years have proved that the Polish State only exists in a fragmentary form.' Wasn't this type of analysis accurate? However, Skiba didn't only analyse the state of the country, he also kept a close watch on the politicians. The elite of the government safeguard their own interests, not those of the people.

Skiba was having more and more difficulties with the television administrators following the incident with the prime minister. Despite the constant obstacles, Skiba didn't give in. He continued to be active. In fact, he is currently active in the public interest, in a folk, civil, social and revolutionary sense. In 1985 Skiba was arrested in Jarocin for giving out pamphlets. The authorities wanted to help him. He was detained for three months. The Krotoszyn Vampire kept spiritual watch over him in his cell. Undoubtedly, the prison conditions left an indelible mark on him, which can be seen in his artistic work. This is the story of the famous Orange Man, Krzysztof Skiba, who performed superhuman deeds. He created the greatest circus, a television comedy show, and a multitude of scandals. As an artist, he was famous for earning and spending money extremely quickly. He knew where he was coming from and where he was headed. He has a permanent place in history. All credit to him. We will certainly hear more of him and of other Orange Men, now and to come. *The Chronicle of the Lives of the Orange Men* is an unfinished story, still to be continued.

APPENDIX 1

TIMELINE OF ORANGE ALTERNATIVE HAPPENINGS

February 4th – 11th, 1945 – The Yalta Conference. Churchill and Roosevelt agree to Stalin's demands to have Poland under the Soviet Union's dominion, thus marking the beginning of communist Poland.

March 5th, 1953 – The Death of Stalin

April 8th, 1953 – Birth of Waldemar Fydrych

March 5th, 1956 – Khrushchev's speech on the cult of Stalin

March 12th, 1956 – Death of Bolesław Bierut, Poland's Stalinist Prime Minister, Józef Cyrankiewicz takes over power.

June 28th, 1956 – First mass anti-Communist protests in Poznań suppressed with tanks, over 70 deaths. Władysław Gomułka comes to power.

January 5th, 1968 – The events of the Prague Spring begin in Czechoslovakia.

292 | Lives of the Orange Men

March 8th, 1968 – The March events. Major student and intellectual anti-government protest in all major academic centres followed by violent repression.

December 14th – 19th, 1970 – Shipyard workers protest at price rises in the northern port towns of Gdańsk, Gdynia and Szczecin are brutally put down by the Polish People's Army and the Citizen's Militia. Forty-two killed and over 1,000 wounded. Gomulka resigns. Edward Gierek's era of western debt driven development and industrialization begins in Poland.

June 24th – 30th, 1976 – Worker's protests in Ursus, Radom and Płock due to planned price rises in basic goods. Workers' Defence Committee (Komitet Obrony Robotników, KOR) the first major anti-communist civic group in eastern Europe is created by a group of intellectuals to fight official repression of the protesting workers.

May 7th, 1977 – The body of Stanisław Pyjas, a Kraków student, is found, suspected beaten to death by secret services. A "Black March" is organized and the creation in Kraków of the first Student Committee of Solidarity (*Studencki Komitet Solidarności, SKS*) is announced to protest the regime's violent methods. Cells soon form in other major academic centers, including Wrocław.

June – October 1978 – Archbishop of Kraków, Cardinal Karol Józef Wojtyła, becomes Pope John Paul II, head of the Roman Catholic Church. His election and visit to Poland provoke an outburst of anti-Communist feeling.

December 1979 – Soviet invasion of Afghanistan

July – Aug 1980 – On July 1st, 1980, with the foreign debt at more than \$20 billion, the government makes another attempt to increase meat prices. A chain reaction of strikes paralyzes the Baltic coast by the end of August and, for the first time, closes most coal mines in the south Poland's Silesia. On August 31st, workers at the Lenin Shipyard in Gdańsk, led by an electrician named Lech Wałęsa, sign a twenty-one point agreement with the government that ends their strike. Similar agreements are signed elsewhere. The agreements guarantee workers' right to form independent trade unions and to strike. This marks the onset of "Solidarity" – the new national union movement.

August 1980 – Movement for New Culture created at Wrocław University, as a consequence of that year's Solidarity upheaval.

December 1980 – Reacting to the deterioration of the Party's authority, the Soviet army begins a massive military build up along the border.

February 1981 – Defense Minister General Wojciech Jaruzelski assumes the position of Prime Minister of Poland.

March 1981 – ‘All you Need is Love Peace March’ organized by the Movement for New Culture and Andrzej Dziewit.

April 1981 – Major publishes “Manifesto of Socialist Surrealism.”

October 1981 – Lech Wałęsa elected national chairman of the Solidarity union at the first Solidarity national congress.

November – December 1981 – The Movement for New Culture takes part in student occupation strikes, the first *Orange Alternative* gazette is published.

December 13th, 1981 – Jaruzelski announces a state of martial law, a repressive military government led by the Military Council for National Salvation (Wojskowa Rada Ocalenia Narodowego, WRON). Solidarity disbanded amid mass arrests. Tanks appear on the streets. US and other powers invoke sanctions against Poland and Russia. The Movement for New Culture officially disbands.

May 1982 – Foundation of the Ultra-Academy by Major

August 31st, 1982 – First tactical painting of dwarves by Major and Wiesław Cupała. Thousands more appear nationwide in the following months

November 12th, 1982 – Yuri Andropov becomes the General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union

December 1982 – Suspension of martial law. Lech Walesa released from prison, but others remain locked up. Economic crisis deepens

February 13th, 1984 – Konstantin Chernenko becomes the General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union

March 11th, 1985 – Mikhail Gorbachev becomes the General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union

February 1986 – 27th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Gorbachev announces Perestroika

April 1st, 1986 – “Tubes,” the first Orange Alternative happening

April 26th, 1986 – Nuclear disaster at Chernobyl in Ukraine

September 1986 – Government general amnesty. Almost all prisoners released.

1987 – Solidarity continues to be repressed and its publications banned; independent publications are censored, street meetings and demonstrations rendered illegal.

April 1st, 1987 – “Millipede” happening, Wrocław

June 1st, 1987 – “Dwarfs” happening, Wrocław

294 | Lives of the Orange Men

July 1987 “Stop Heating Us” happening, Wrocław

October 1st and 15th 1987 – “Toilet Paper” happening, Wrocław

October 7th, 1987 – “Militiaman’s Day” happening, Wrocław

October 12th, 1987 – “Day of the Polish Army” happening, Wrocław

November 27th, 1987 – “Referendum” happening, Wrocław

December 6th, 1987 – “Eve of the October Revolution” happening, Wrocław

December 7th, 1987 – “Saint Nicolas” happening, Wrocław

April – May 1988 – Wave of national strikes

August 1988 – Further national strikes. A new generation of more radical workers grow disenchanted with the Solidarity leadership.

February 16th, 1988 – “Prolet-RIOt Carnival” happening, Wrocław

February 24th, 1988 – “Carnival – Anti-Ministry of Defense and Secret Services” happening, Warszawa

March 1st, 1988 – “Secret Agent’s Day” happening, Wrocław

March 8th, 1988 – “International Woman’s Day” happening, Wrocław

March 21st, 1988 – “First Day of Spring” happening, Wrocław

March 29th, 1988 – “Major in Court” happening, Wrocław

April 7th, 1988 – “Health Services’ Day” happening, Wrocław

June 1st, 1988 – “Revolution of Dwarfs” happening, Wrocław, Łódź and Warsaw

June 19th, 1988 – “The Election Fair” happening, Warsaw

August 19th, 1988 – “Brotherly aid always alive” happening, Śnieżka Mountain

October 7th, 1988 – “We shall not give up December” happening, Warsaw

October 21st, 1988, – “The Little House on Świdnicka” happening, Wrocław

November 6th, 1988 – “Revue of Socialist Fashion” happening, Warsaw

November 7th, 1988 – “Anniversary of the October Revolution” happening, Wrocław

November 7th, 1988 – “Galloping Inflation” happening, Łódź

November 29th, 1988 – “Big Eat-Out” happening, Warsaw

December 13th, 1988 – “Anniversary of Martial Law” happening, Wrocław

- December 13th, 1988 – “Help the Militia, beat yourself up” happening, Łódź
- January 20th, 1989 “The Invisible Army that is Conspiracy above all” happening, Warsaw
- February 1989 – Round Table Talks begin between Jaruzelski government part of the Polish opposition in face of the radicalization of the protests
- February 15th, 1989 – “All is clear” happening, Łódź
- February 24th, 1989 – “Pollock knows how” happening, Warsaw
- February 24th, 1989 – “Making Froth” happening, Łódź
- Early March 1989 – “The fight between buttons and loops” happening, Lublin
- March 16th, 1989 – “Progress is coming” happening, Lublin
- March 21st, 1989 – “On the track of abandoned Party membership cards” happening, Łódź
- March 22nd, 1989 – “Spring Holiday” happening, Wrocław
- April 1989 – Round Table Agreement signed, providing for partly-open national elections
- April 1st, 1989 – “April Fools’ Day” happening, Warsaw
- April 21st, 1989 – “Living From Hand to Mouth” happening, Łódź
- May 1st– June 4th, 1989 “Major’s Electoral Campaign” happening, Wrocław (including the June 1 “Festival of Present Art”)
- May 1st, 1989 – “Thread of Understanding” happening, Lublin
- May 9th, 1989 – “The Big Berlin Invasion” happening, Lublin
- May 10th, 1989 – “Peace Race” happening, Łódź
- June 1st, 1989 – “Gargamel’s Electoral Meeting” happening, Lublin
- June 3rd, 1989 – “Breakfast on the sidewalk” happening, Lublin
- June 5th, 1989 – “Hyde Park” happening, Łódź
- June 4th, 1989 – First partly-open elections held. Communists lose.
- June 19th, 1989 – General Wojciech Jaruzelski elected by the Assembly Sejm as the first President of Poland
- Sept 21st, 1989 – First non-communist government formed with Tadeusz Mazowiecki as first Prime Minister
- October 7th, 1989 – “High Afternoon” happening, Warsaw

296 | Lives of the Orange Men

January 26th, 1990 – “Unveiling the monument to Bierut” happening, Lublin

March 20th, 1990 – “Government whets the Dull” happening, Łódź

May 2nd, 1990 – “Coronation of Statues” happening, Warsaw

APPENDIX 2

FOREWORD TO THE FIRST POLISH EDITION

I ATTENDED THE UNIVERSITY OF LENINGRAD AS A STUDENT FOR A month during the summer of 1985. At that time, the grey veil of Brezhnevism still lay on the city. We – foreigners – were accommodated in special halls of residence, away from Soviet citizens. We were limited in where we could travel and what we could do. The telephones were tapped and our rooms often searched. People were afraid to talk to us in the street. On one occasion a militiaman confiscated my camera.

I went to Poland in the spring of 1987. From the moment the state of martial law was announced six years previously, the country had been imprisoned behind the iron curtain just as firmly as Leningrad. To someone from the outside, the political systems in Poland and the Soviet Union seemed identical. I expected to see

the same grey streets, closed faces, fear and silence I'd seen in the Soviet Union.

Instead, I encountered the Orange Alternative.

Before I continue, I'll just remind readers about those historical times. It was the height of the so called Cold War: Reagan was still talking about the Star Wars programme, and *glasnost* hadn't really begun in earnest. Washington and Moscow still had nuclear warheads aimed at each other. The Soviet prisons were full of dissidents.

For these reasons, we in the West continued to see Communism as something terrifying. The Poles in Wroclaw, however, didn't see Communism as terrifying. They found it hilarious.

For that reason, the leaders of the Orange Alternative – if the word 'leader' can be applied to something so amorphous – didn't behave like other dissidents. Rather than hiding behind closed doors, they organized happenings in the street. Instead of cursing Communism, they treated it like an ironic work of art. Instead of avoiding the militia, they spent the entire time plotting how to reduce them to tears.

Here's my favourite example: on the anniversary of the October Revolution, the Orange Men waved red flags and solemnly sang Stalinist songs. Some of them were dressed as Lenin. It was a masterful piece of street theatre: both the participants and the observing public – everyone – knew it was a parody. But what were the authorities to do? Arrest the participants for treating the Bolsheviks too seriously?

Another time, they gave out free toilet paper – at that time a very rare and sought-after product. By doing that, they almost triggered riots. But once again, how were the militia to react? Confiscate the toilet paper?

The Orange Alternative undermined the foundations of Communist ideology – not by fighting against it, but by making fun of it. The young people who came to happenings probably hurt the regime more by mocking it than a whole decade of riots would have done. They proved the emperor had no clothes, that the regime was intellectually bankrupt.

They did it by using humour. The Orange Alternative, by offering great fun, was capable of capturing young people, making them laugh and then involving them in their activities like no one

else had managed. Major Fydrych and his legions of dwarves convinced them that things may have been bad – but they weren't serious.

Communism fell apart totally only two years later. The world was astonished at the speed of its collapse. However, this fact shouldn't even remotely surprise anyone who ever saw, heard or experienced the Orange Alternative in action.

Anne Applebaum
Washington Post

APPENDIX 3

THE MANIFESTO OF SOCIALIST SURREALISM

UNDER THE SUN. EVEN A SHRIVELED INSECT WILL BE PLEASED. A FEW generous remarks. My reader. Is eradicating illiteracy unequivocally good? And what will become of fairy tales, especially the painted ones? A fox, a tiger, a badger, a bear. A revolutionary, toadstools, a goldfish. Obviously, there is more surrealism in the poetry of Salvador Dali's paintings than in the epic poems of Marx. Even the novels of Lenin can't compare with painting. How to solve this dilemma? Here is a question that exudes boredom – each and every realist and socialist realist. A surrealist does not ask questions. You know, it's living for adventure. Inquisitiveness is not necessary. But still.

It is worth finding out if the cancer of rationalism has not devoured your brain. There is a chance for the doomed ones. Everyone is free.

My reader, the world stands wide open before you. For example, a brilliant career of a sewing machine making uniforms for preschoolers. Every cultivated mind shall reach for all available means. The manifesto is written for all minds of the world. Kill the minds. Illiterates see paintings and pictographs better. There is no other way back to nature. Is being a mechanism in the great cosmic engine not the epitome of happiness? I recommend it. Any other purposeful path is strictly forbidden. In the final analysis you should reach for available means. Do not run away from intrigues if they keep you alive. No rustle in your eyes should slow down your flight.

You are well aware that Imagination means a world without limits. The image of this world can be in everything, provided that it is not subservient to the so called world of practicalities. The realist's career consists in the murder of the winged imagination. Such a bird can be cooked for dinner. The Dada movement is another defense against realism. Hope often becomes our enemy. Certain dreams also do. Of course, dreams are a different matter. Apparently, no force in life can dampen the unpredictable worlds of imagination. It permeates everything yet it does not use any real force. Imagination lives in us as long as it remains free. Do not think otherwise. Usually, our judgments are admissions of some error made in our very early youth. Every judge is a maker of an error. For a crime is by its very nature immeasurable. Many teenagers have already lost out in their lives. They will be in trouble. Imagination is the first loser. Who has lost it will not easily retrieve it. Are your notions misapprehended? Are we going to deceive ourselves? Your notions, boring fish in hats full of problems. Your world, a smokehouse. Very well then, trudge on. Buy, sell.

But we shall not be stopped, not even by the gate to a psychiatric hospital. Even a hospital turns out to be an excellent playground for surrealists. As we all know, psychiatrists are clever surrealists. And not only them. Our selfless feelings – these cardboard bridges over the Ganges. A surrealist need not be a psychiatrist not to feel lonely. In fact, it is the realist who feels alone. Never the surrealist. In the long term the world can't do without surrealism. But why have some young people been drowned in the ether of tedious thoughtlessness? Who does it? This grim theater, the so called THOUGHT. The perpetrators are there. Who? Above

all, the existentialists. And who grafted intellectual bigotry in the minds of a generation? It is the philosophers who are also at fault. What do the philosophers do to the world? It is they who call for a disdainful treatment of politicians. Yet the politicians are great. The philosophers are finished. The politicians have always remained surrealists. Let's love the politicians. The philosophers are defeated. Let's love the politicians.

We shall soon get rid of the philosophers. Luckily, even in the moments least propitious for surrealism, it has always found refuge in public toilets of every city. Advisable. I recommend such spiritual wanderings. It was there that Icarus soared. It was difficult for pure rationalism to take control of the toilets. Surrealism has prevailed in toilets thanks to the politicians. For nowhere is there such a close relation between relief and the aesthetic feeling. The philosophers attempted to extend their reach also to these places, but their foul hopes misfired. The politicians have always been great surrealists. They are waiting for affection. Let's love the politicians. The philosophers are defeated.

At present, it's high time to expose the foul acts of the philosophers before the Tribunal of Surrealism. Next to them, I propose to build a Great Tribune to extol the great deeds of the politicians from. Let's all have a whole-hearted laugh. The war between materialism and idealism. From the point of view of a vigorous intellect it is but a primitive entertainment. The functionaries of philosophy, Judases of criticism, experts in constraining imagination and spontaneity, do not count on it.

Something for the philosophers on the subject of rationalism. Rationalism can only be explained by a fear which discourages imagination. Rationalism is born where fear determines the existence of fear. A true rationalist is like a knight. His constrained motions seemingly protect him from slipping into joy.

Which philosopher, I am asking seriously, would dare to express his being as "I enjoy therefore I am" instead of "I think therefore I am"? Do not ever defend the philosophers. Such a defense is strictly forbidden. Let nobody dare to dispute these last sentences. NOBODY. Nobody is allowed to. NOBODY.

Do not read Dostoevsky. The world is better represented by newspaper clippings. This is a job for any surrealist rookie. Newspapers can awake in us the maternity of existence in the

world. The socialist times are particularly beneficial for the development of arts. An important thing is that every day an average man learns more, refines his feelings, his reality expands. And the quality of his existence rests on continuous surrealistic transformations. You can see it the best in history. There were great manifestos. Currently, it is evident that the conditions are propitious. The momentum of social life is beyond the boldest dreams of the inter-war surrealists.

Let's not be afraid to be honest till last. The only solution for the future and for the present is surrealism. The world will not speak of a crisis any more. Let's not back off when we have got so far. The whole world is a work of art. Even a single policeman standing in the street is a piece of art. Let's have fun, our destiny is not a cross to bear. What sense does it make to suffer when you can enjoy yourself. Destiny is a lottery prize. And what about religion, love and Dostoevsky? I am going to answer each of the first two questions in one sentence, for the third one I will offer a very convoluted answer.

Religion is opium or the people's dream.

Love, if spontaneous, is not afraid of any barrier. For example, it can be a part of an organization's statute. Love and philosophy are mutually contradictory. In addition, according to surrealism 1929, love is the only idea that can be reconciled with the idea of life, at least for a moment. In socialism, one can also speak of collective love.

Instead of Dostoevsky – Bulgakov, Babel, Breton, Aragon, Vian and others.

And Darwin. Unfortunately, his arguments went the other way. I repeat: do not pay attention to the philosophers. Darwin was a biologist and a surrealist.

Your questions are becoming annoying. Let the Bible be, but only for a while. I don't intend to offend anyone's religious feelings. But was it not the Gospel which triggered some outstanding literature in the Soviet Moscow? I still wonder who got the better of whom – socialism of Bulgakov or the writer of socialism. The truth is in between. Let us take an example from Ecclesiastes: "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, Nor is the ear filled with hearing." A Soviet custom officer looking at our purse is going to put it even better. The border check-point at Medyka knows such artistic flights.

In conclusion, we want to reiterate our appeal: may the world fall into sleep, and may sleep fall upon the world. May everyone know that we shall not allow them to calmly deceive themselves.

We have prepared very perfidious tricks for the well organized knowledge you possess. Do not count on it. For there is no room for pity here.

Fydrych ha! ha!

APPENDIX 4

THE ORANGE ALTERNATIVE

NEW CULTURE MOVEMENT WROCLAW UNIVERSITY NO. 1
ALL THE PROLETARIANS – BE BEAUTIFUL

FREEDOM IS COMFORT. LIFE IS A CONSTANT COMMON EXCHANGE OF canalization. People swim in well-considered canals. However it is not a champagne canal. Human psyche might be filled only in the super comfortable conditions. How mental are the corridors of passion. Fragrances and words, which match visual impressions. Crystal bath. Masses distinguish separate words, not uniting them into sentences. Cockerels' regatta on the ocean. Strike is an expression of an artistic wrath of complicated grammatical nature. Freedom is individual and the mass is its army. Paramilitary wave

of pain flows through the rebellious masses not allowing them for deeper contemplation of revolution. Being a turkey – troublesome reincarnation. Short battle paroxysms cannot substitute with beauty vivid battle-pieces of bareness of the still life peace. Policeman and a revolutionist share equal sexual relations. A soldier's soul in the desk of a political officer – it is not a nihilism. No, the solution does not lie in the synthesis. It is filled with the noblest gases: argon, neon, helium and milk. Balance is the most beautiful battle, agreement is everybody's failure. The power of sub consciousness lies in the revolution – reality is irrational *but never happens to be true*. The view of contradiction is not subject to statistic mechanisms. There is no need to give birth to a centaur, it exists. Every epoch has its angelic clothes. Policeman is a preserved work of art. He may be found in the crowded rooms and in the texts written with Cyrillic alphabet. Visual comfort of this alphabet proposes the same type of freedom as gothic and Assyrian tables.

Obviously, the exorcists prepared a field of action for the prophets. The Holly Inquisition is a self-preservation instinct. Communist system releases from clothes *without the use of reusable letters arranged in a spontaneous order*. Everything moves in deep feelings of surrealistic imagination. Socialism is good for fragmentary people, who achieve some perfection in the lack of completion. It cannot be defined by anything else than the magic of department actions. It is the circus, my dears, what is too old means of expression. Freedom is comfort.

Points of perception are none. The building of philosophy on the Wrocław University was given the rank of fort. From this day on, this building has the name of "Fort no. 1"

May the free love at the stage of free American live!

Resolution of the New Culture Movement and the students occupying the object

DECREE NO. 1
ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE STRIKING POST
OFFICE

“Revolutionary conscience of Fort no.”

Facing the needs of People’s masses we announce the establishment of the Striking Post Office Commissariat. We perceive it as an expression of strengthening striking communication on various fields.

May every joy live!
Revolution cannot be stopped in the half way!

The solution of this crossword shall be sent via striking post office to the Fort no. 1.

Crosswords for ordering guards:

HORIZONTALLY

In front

VERTICALLY

At the back

ATTENTION ATTENTION ATTENTION ATTENTION
ATTENTION ATTENTION

We summon all the members and sympathizers of the New Culture Movement to contact The Command of The New Culture Movement Striking Action *formerly Representation* domiciled at Fort no. 1.

NEW CULTURE MOVEMENT WROCLAW UNIVERSITY NO. 2
ALL THE PROLETARIANS – BE BEAUTIFUL

Motto:

The dream of darkness is the one,
who is afraid of light.

Counterrevolution does not know the boundaries in the escalation of revolution. It happens as a dream, at the level between the neurons in brain. Camouflage is not precise, face expression and lively intelligence give easily comprehensible hints for recognition of the resort employees. Yesterday teenagers were perfect. Important elements of decoration are constituted by brushes and ladder, the stilts do not appear, because there is no prompter.

It was the police, who prepared the artistic plan of active transformation of existential works into the surrealistic ones. For postering is in fact existential. Moreover, revolutionary postering is a counterrevolutionary thesis as long as there do not appear sublime, pale blue boys with orange palates. Precisely three moving works of art equipped with the official astrology of stars and logs appear on stage dangerously close to the officer cadet. A ladder constitutes a gate to heaven from the former Institute of the Art History into a Revolutionary History. A ladder to heaven used by the contemporary Demostheneses for throwing philippics on the walls. Promoting the view of a leukocyte, red astrologists' patrols try to transform the syntax of a grey city into a colourful physiology. Everything was as clear as an open fly. A league of political protection should have been established around every phenomenon /patrols' wisdom must be inscribed in all this.

Reality goes around from Witkacy to Salvador Dali. From the philosophical point of view, Szewska Street for the first time shows faint view for the past. The present, but aesthetics. May Fort no. 1 – live! Cannonade of applause. A touch of police wisdom: three works of art disappear with lowered ears. And thus: a policeman for the first time tries to build the architecture of modern reflection.

The action goes on.

After students' applause, the posters with protest expression acquired a value of works difficult to be examined by the science, which tries to get from the rear...

.....

Seeing three pairs of eyes... and the king is one-eyed

Brown eyes:

It is not true that the officers sold the Internationale. One had a railway hat on his eyes. They tore the poster off and there sat a scuba diver. Mantra is an exclamation shouted by the master, who, from the Hindu spiritual point of view, resonates his student in the spiritual world. Police mantra. The action occurred in the imaginary world, but it was real. Perfect balance. Cadet officers approach the revolution and in front of the moved police sang: "Excommunicated people of this earth rise!" It was Fort no. 1! Paints, glue, brushes and ladder were laid in the wagon. Flashes. Lamps. Who throws a jar with paint in the night on the paternal streamer. Nervousness is a tool of futurists. Dressed in coats and hats, they make futurism on their own.

Green eyes:

Resort's duel with Polish language is conducted against the traffic regulations. With some dose of activity, night is an appropriate period for the empiricism. Lack of full moon will not stop the somnambulistic association of collectors. The scent of breaking wagon. Four shadows in the starry set. Wobbling ladder disturbs the space play. Doubtfulness of movement in new uniforms, but the elegance is preserved. "The Internationale" evokes tears in the impressionistic painters. Art changes into tachisme.

Blue eyes:

The carnival of worker's costume entangled in antinomy with the 4th Internationale. A caress of a revolutionary song and a Blue Uniform give together a paralysis. Availability and individualism. Commedia dell'arte. A night thief, who in the host's door cannot say good evening. Beethoven's Eroica for a hare – a concert at 2am – may lead to the desired reincarnation into a wolf. The problem of development must be postponed. Analysis... funny – they left

as they arrived. The ladder showed its power. Interpretation – a social blunder. A moment of break – tails of a silver coin, which changed into a paint jar connects the year zero with 1981. Only a dirt flag is left.

King's one eye:

The attack on the clock's hands does not result in taking the time back. The king is naked. The police already trains the giraffes to tear the posters off. *A giraffe with a brush in its mouth as an emblem of socialist surrealism during every strike.*

A REQUEST FOR HEAVEN

Rabindharanath

Where the mind is free of fear,
And the head is placed high;
Where the conscience is broad,
Not split into fractions,
Such a heaven give me, Lord.

Where towards perfection
Always long human arms,
And the current of mind in gloomy
And deadly routine does no die;
Where You, Father are with thoughts yourself,
In such a heaven let us awake.

Surrealistic riddle:

Horror of Era Close to a Dumb Autocracy
Hallucination of the Probable Cruel Depressions of Autonomy
Break of a Very Well Accepted Epoch
History of Emanation of the Lack of Active Member's Experiences
Excellency Hyena of the Desks of Diverse Action
Horrendous Ethics of the Army's Combat Experiences
Digressive-economic rebus

NEW CULTURE MOVEMENT WROCLAW UNIVERSITY NO. 3
ALL THE PROLETARIANS – BE BEAUTIFUL

Motto:

Taking into consideration higher strike's reasons the University Strike Committee for the time of the strike's duration bans printing the New Culture Movement newspaper. Moreover, USC does not allow NCM members to meet with workers in the working plants.

It is emphasized that NCM members shall obey the Regulation of Student Sit-Down Strike.

University Strike Committee

The first paradox stands in front of the mirror. Common metaphysics, this summoning to work. One should think, not read. Somebody changed hippo's thoughts into the blotter's lovely touches, sneakers into the muffs. The council does not beat around the bush – it is afraid of sanctions. It issues the laws. In the state of creation the council issues liberal law, without sanctions. However there quickly comes the reward. Rewarding is punished with separation. Punishment is comfort. Comfort is freedom.

RE-EVOLUTION

The 23rd of November appeared on the Revolution's sweet cake as a huge cream bubble, as an organic reason – the Progress. Brilliant revolutionists, associated in the charitable aims, poured out, for the matter, a bucket with cold water on a body covered with dew's drops. Pleasant, true. Progress fastens the pace – the evolution knows no boundaries. Amused with game, without theatrical gestures, we equally give boys from Progress the medal of "the Invincible Bastion." Democracy is not 51% of voices! Revolution is the power of imagination.

PEOPLE –PERMANENT REVOLUTION IS 101%

During the sleep they preserve striking readiness

Revolution for daydream

Revolution is an ecstasy

Revolution's ecstasy is the strike's copulation

Krishnamurti: Towards liberation (fragment)

It is enough to take any monthly newspaper into a hand and observe people around to realize that thoughts, emotions and actions come from the same basis, namely solidarity. Although the whole contemporary civilization aims at doing things in the same, common way, I say that one should be totally free of this collective will. However, it is one of the most difficult things. Until you free yourself from this obstacle, you cannot get to know what is eternal in you. It is necessary for you to become your own light – only then will the fear of failure and the expectation of success disappear. In fact, there exists neither mistake, nor failure. It is a failure to have a pattern and to follow the general standard, but it is never considered failure to live strongly and intensively on one's own. It is a process of constant cognition, so there is no authority, no differences, no master and no student.

RED + YELLOW + ORANGE BEING DETERMINES
CONSCIOUSNESS – K. Marx

DECREE ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE ORANGE REVOLUTION
COUNCIL ON THE ART UNIVERSITY

Proclamation no. 1

Free art is the only and the most dangerous art of fighting with
a thing value. And the reality knows it.

Proclamation no. 2

Due to the fact that the reality is the oldest and the most dangerous enemy of a human being, schizophrenia is a trench of the highest quality.

Down with intellectual art!

May socialist comics live!

May the socialism live as the highest quality work of comics art!

VIVAT SORBOWIT!!!

Revolution's headquarters is constituted by the roof, the highest natural instance.

From our rich correspondence: A letter:

I am taken aback and immensely enchanted with your "Orange

Alternative.” I have not seen anything like that in all my life, anything so huge, even though I would like to... It is so orange, but it would have appealed to me more, if it had been for example red or other. “Freedom is comfort” – it is true and I am in the canal, although I do not yet know if I am in a well-thought one, because I have not thought about it yet. I am full of such alternatives, especially full of “mental passion corridors,” which I would like to share with you in every way. I can bring the blanket from home, because I have two: one is green, the other one blue. I do not know which one to take. My friend Heniek says not to take anything, but he does not understand anything, does he? I also think that a policeman is a work of art and that you revolutionists must understand them and that is why you want them to have equal sexual relations. I am ready to undertake this initiative with you if they bring us their blankets. They can do it quickly. I must also tell you that I read not only the *Orange Alternative* newspaper. Yesterday I read the *Reality* newspaper and I also liked it.

Yours ready for everything
Admirer Stefa C.

Solution of the riddles printed in the previous editions.

There are many solutions of the crosswords, the fact which expresses pluralism. Unfortunately everything is obscene. Ordering guards did not show bigger interest.

Solution of the “surrealist riddle” – HERDA *as it should have been expected*

Solution of the rebus RESOLUTION (USTA-W-A)

.....

The whole Establishment Will Not Find the Alternative Joy University

.....

THE ORANGE ALTERNATIVE
PAPER OF THE NEW CULTURE MOVEMENT OF WROCLAW
UNIVERSITY NO. 4
ALL THE PROLETARIANS BE BEAUTIFUL!

.....

Birth of something new exists if we are where we are. We should take care of this birth. Along with the first touch there should appear sincerity and the process of naming things which are born. Confidence is sincerity and active help. For us our own imaginations are somebody else's. Thus our first duty is to destroy somebody else's imaginations. Alternative appears as a conscious necessity. Some words remained unfinished, so we should develop them in new meanings. Actions should be more difficult – creation on the basis of antithesis. Cafes become a wall of democracy. Words with no labels and fear /nihilism is a purification, chimneys are the sign of needs/. Technique arbitrariness is a sociological pregnancy; the gesture expression depends on the observer's culture. Caricature creates this face revelation. Your education shall begin with names; the study of Caribbean method of establishment is reggae. The program contains nothing risky, it is only a chance of risk. Surface tensions fight with the forms from previous epoch because coquetry does not give a chance of constructive stroking.

.....

Contemporary revolutionary art
today there is
there is a revolution on paper
initiative group
may the printing art live
may the revolution develop its
activity in the toilets
the dictatorship of people's masses demand:
common art
cabothinism – fearful treating
of audience
it is long since painting has betrayed revolution
on the institution's walls
enamel paint

this is it
announcement of world view
and romance
of the 20th century creative powers
what leads us is the furious:
dissatisfaction

.....

Let us all dress as waiters; Let us not be waiters for our friends!

.....

STATEMENT

On December 25th, 1981 in the afternoon during the one-person meeting of a PWSSP student in Wrocław there was established the first Alternative Committee as well as the Federation of Alternative Committees, whose leader became, chosen by himself, Marek Puchała. Thus, the aforementioned person became an Officer of the Federation of Alternative Committees, abbreviated as FAC OF.

APPEAL

Establish Alternative Committees!

EXPLANATION

The Alternative Committees are an alternative for those, who need it, those, who are not occupied with anything else, those, who are to be.

Federation exists so that Puchała could be a Federation Officer.

Alternative Committees consist of one person and are self-sufficient.

FAC expects AC only to think alternatively and to act on the artistic and official field.

SLOGAN

May the alternative live!

.....

SUGGESTION OF ALTERNATIVE ORGANISATIONS TO
ALTERNATIVE COMMITTEES

Crisis Help Committees – CHC
Dissatisfaction With Seniors – DWS
Considerably Wealth Sleep In Couples – CWSIC

Detailed announcements

- 1. Motto:
If one does not organize,
one lacks imagination.
M. Dunikowski

Vision on the clear situations

The Onanistic Section opens the recruitment. More information available in NZS by PWSSP.

- 2. Motto:
A river is water, which flows on the earth and the reverse may never happen, because its obviousness stems from the surrounding space, which fills the source. The image is the area at which you look. Thus its value does not consist in itself but in an empty wall for which it is a curtain.

Professor Wlat writes another guide through revolution.

- 3. I will exchange bureaucracy for anything else.
Wiesiek Fort no. 1 no. 1c room 14

.....

Play with elements, pragmatism, instrumentalism, pattern spontaneity, rivalry from the office, isolating rationalism, subjection, value of combativeness, pageantry of authority, centralism transformation, aggressiveness, group exclusiveness, condition, truth exchange, purpose imagination, surface fear, feeling amnesia, consciousness conditioning, structure rhythm, appearance of thinking, furious dissatisfaction with socialist surrealism.

.....

THE ORANGE ALTERNATIVE
PAPER OF THE NEW CULTURE MOVEMENT OF WROCLAW
UNIVERSITY NO. 5
ALL THE PROLETARIANS BE BEAUTIFUL!

.....

LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE RECTORS
OF EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES

Andre Breton⁹¹

Dear Mr Rector,

In this narrow swimming pool, which You call “the Thought,” spiritual rays rot as the straw.

Enough with language plays, syntax tricks and juggling with formulas. Now is the time to find the true Law of Heart, the Law, which is neither a law, nor a prison but a guide for a Spirit lost in its own labyrinth. In the place where the knowledge will never come, where the bunches of reason break coming across the clouds, there is located this labyrinth, a central point, which gathers all the forces of being, the highest innervations of the Spirit. In this labyrinth of rotating, constantly moving walls, apart from all the known forms of thoughts, our Spirit does not sleep and follows the most hidden, spontaneous movements, the ones which have a character of revelation, which are a breath, whatsoever, cast from heaven.

But the tribute of prophets died. Europe crystallizes, is subject to a slow mummification under the rolls of its boundaries, factories, tribunals and universities. Frozen Spirit cracks between metal plates, which tighten upon it. It is the fault of your old-fashioned system, of your logic, that 2 and 2 equals 4, it is your fault, Rectors captivated in the net of syllogisms. You manufacture engineers, lawyers, doctors, of whom true secrets of body, space laws of being, false, blind sages of extraterrestrial issues escape, the philosophers, who pretend to transform the Spirit. A smallest act of spontaneous creativity is something more complex and revealing than all the metaphysics.

Thus, Gentlemen let you be called the usurpers. With what law do you pretend to canalize human intelligence and distribute the Spirit's diplomas?

91 The letter, which originally appeared in *Révolution Surréaliste* 3, April 1925, was in fact anonymously signed but actually written by Antonin Artaud.

You know nothing about it, and know neither its most hidden and crucial branches, nor rock trails, which are close to our internal sources, the trails which we sometimes manage to detect in the darkest harvest of our brains.

In the name of your logic, I tell you: life stinks, Sirs! Look for a while at your faces, consider your work. Through the sieve of your diplomas there comes the teenage exhausted and tired. You are the plague of some world, Sirs, and so the better for it, but let this world not place itself in the front of humanity, so much.

.....
 Movement is everything, movement is everywhere,
 Negation happens to be beneficial, sometimes one has to stop.

Masses demand intimacy!!!

TO WORK

Joke is a transcendent erection

Do not trust us

We make jokes

Of the most serious matter

Maybe something will come out

Of it

Join us

Special express for the squares

Yes, we are drug addicts

Because we can see other sides

Of the world

For sure we are drunkards

Even sometimes we get drunk

as much as we can

True, we are perverts

Having chosen a disturbing movement to a

Yes, we are the stinkers

For we stink with ideals all the time

We are total grubs

Our eyes on the bus stops

Clean the dirt

True, we are good-for-nothings

We do not care about your

interests

We are lousy monkeys

We learnt it in the socia/

rat race

Of course, we are dicks

If we are not interested only

in beauty

.....

DECLARATION

For Paris 1968

Wrocław 1981

For the Student Police Striking

Committee

Motto:

Free university

1/ We do not want French

Revolution

I desire French

Love

2/ I will not allow for Russian

Revolution

All the hatred

Is strange

3/ Surrealist – Imagination Citizen

I will take myself – I do

Love Revolution

Today in ramina

4/ Devoid of interest

????????????????

.....

One shall give, not expect!

.....

The unfinished riddle of the Andrzej D... Namesday Double
Alternative Committee

Free variation of some idea of Frank Zappa

It is night
I sleep
It is night
I sleep
I sleep soundly
Under my bed
There sleeps all
The political situation
It sleeps
In the closed jar

Several pictures from slightly unreal battle

The knight eaf punched with a lance
The knight fae and in return
And there were already two corpses
There will be more
There will be more
There will be more

There sounded cannons on the hill
The tanks appeared beyond the forest
The lilac smelled and a tear trickled down
Of some little sergeant's cheek

Later somebody won something
Somebody won somebody
A coward was
Rewarded with
A beautiful, gold medal
The hero was taken
By the gendarmes

But all this
Later
Now the army
Rested
And fucked the captives

.....

**PAPER OF THE NEW CULTURE MOVEMENT OF WROCŁAW
UNIVERSITY NO. 6
ALL THE PROLETARIANS BE BEAUTIFUL! (STILL)**

.....

Today, after rallies, socialist surrealists seeing that the Revolution requires some explanation, make the critique available to the masses:

SELF-CRITIQUE BEFORE PEOPLE'S MASSES (16th day after
the revolution)
STRIKE OF THE ORANGE SHADOWS UNIVERSITY

Dedicated to:
Police, the play of
revolutionary imagination

Due to the lack of beauty I am not going to interfere with the inanimate nature. However, there are phenomena on the boundary of the moon. Such mysteries are attractive to be revealed by the whole sequences. A circle, some square, random play, erotic element always destroys for a moment the previous symmetry. Well, my dear reader, we may establish some contact. Contemporary Revolution does not wear hats but a gas mask. If there is laughing gas, then how should we call a cigarette. I can see that I may freely manifest with it Revolution, Surrealism and everything else. If the strike is a means of expression of the art of socialist surrealism, then it results in something more than the achievement of typically rational goals. Strike is a revelation of spirit at the level not as new as the Revolution. On the strike one may find everything.

There are also counterrevolutionary powers, which wait for a meeting. However a meeting is not yet a discovery. People often talk about the romances of countries of a night image, full of peaceful water of the Odra river with a painter, who paints trumpets and eggs. However, the world is a symphonism. I saw subjects, which impressionistically spill from the beginning until the end. What matters is only the imaginations, or maybe imaginations first of all. A guide through Revolution endlessly beautifies itself in the dynamic of impressions. It is possible that the first combat between surrealism and realism occurred in 1981 during the student strike. Everything belongs to reality. But let us come back to the cigarette.

.....

People are exhausted
because
they do not know that there exist
Work and Entertainment

.....

There are various views on Revolution. Cigarettes are divided into the Strike ones and the Revolutionary ones. Not every tissue paper from the protestant occupation contains a revolutionary action. You smoke rational fears whereas our victory may be the permanent Phoenix. You, disgusting collaborators of schemas, lose with the visible world. Every day is horrible for you.

It is best to direct your interests on the imagination. Happenings of light and sound during the day. I attack once again: I am not going to interfere with the life of inanimate nature. They say it has a chance to appear in our dream all by itself. For the time being, nights are far more interesting than days. Revolution is not a hint but a pleasant loss of day periods. Well, for now tortoises. It is OK. The last theatrical suggestions on the light, movement and simplicity of the images are the Revolution.

.....

Tiredness may be overcome with a friendly attitude towards other people.

.....

They are painters. Between buildings and the night. The wall of strike gives birth to the wall of Revolution. I have nothing. Behind us, on the left, there is nothing (we were told that there was a wall). Behind us, on the left, there is the universe made of springboard. Light love! A phenomenon! Let us go back to the street. Sub consciousness and prophecy. They arrive at the street of Revolution. There are banana person wearing hats around the Orange Country. Epidiascope suggests that the Revolution can use the means with great elegance. Maybe some propositions instead of negations.

Tomek Wacko was awarded with three big and beautiful medals of Revolution and in every moment is endangered with the other ones.

The artist approaches the circle of mass and enamelled art. Night. Surrealism is nothing more than loud orders given for some

phenomena. It lacks situation. The image may constantly be diversified. So the light and the sound. Gentlemen at the bottom: please, get out of the vehicle and take paint and the ladder. Persons are for work. The policemen appear as a clash of socialist and surrealistic content, as a moment of this clash. Other performance, other script. It is the Epidiastroscope of several propositions.

A revolutionary wants to meet a blond girl in order to conduct Revolution (at a certain level).

RIDDLE: There are details, which differ the illustrations.

THE ORANGE ALTERNATIVE
PAPER OF THE NEW CULTURE MOVEMENT OF WROCLAW
UNIVERSITY NO. 7
ALL THE PROLETARIANS BE BEAUTIFUL!

FREE UNIVERSITY
 FREE UNIVERSITY
 FREE UNIVERSITY

Free university depends on us and on our courage. If we only want to read we are a coy tribe. If we want to think and feel we are a genius, which is not alone, because it is surrounded with spontaneously organized and revolutionary changeable genius gangs, who want to live.

Free university is not an organized structure. It is a living organism, which changes the mechanisms of its development. It pulses as reggae music lives its contradictions against the law of excluded middle and other similar rules, which stiffen the backbone.

Free university is not a supplement to life. It is the life, which depends only on us. Life is not a dinner, in which the education is used in the same way as the mayonnaise.

Free university proposes only the difficulties – only the consumption is easy:

- If you want to eat Hegel do not eat his words. There are people who also want to get to know him. Find them at free university.

- If you want to know how birds fly, do not weaken their fly with your binoculars. Fly with them.
- If you know that the history will explain to you who you are, think about Mathematics and Arabian tales. There you will find the history.

Free university is a revolution of imagination, a disturbance of symmetry of the bureaucratic lifestyle among the dogmas and institutionalized reasons. It is the rejection of politics, because life is not politics:

- Do not be a politician to yourself – live
- Do not be a politician for people – live with them
- Do not be a politician for spring – politics is a dream in a can
- Do not be a politician for your own eyes – everything you see is true
- Do not be a politician for politicians – their reasons are only political
- Do not be a politician for knowledge
- Do not be a politician for fun
- Do not be a politician for work
- Do not be a politician for your walks

Free university is the most wonderful entertainment with a huge quantity of blind man's buffs, with thousands of old bears, which sleep and with a merry-go-round, which waits. It calls us from far. It is the work of a cinema worker. In the source of truth it uses wonderful and variable tastes of knowledge.

Orange Reality / Orange Lights / Orange Truth / Orange
Wisdom / Orange / Orange / Orange Humanity / Let us bath in the
orange Juice at the feet of an Orange Sun / The Victory of a Smile

The best of us

are everybody

Reality is a fable
You just have to want it

Somewhere far away, on the isles of the four grey hemispheres there was established the Orange Alternative University. It was established at night, from Sunday to Monday and its solemn opening was conducted by a girl named Kaya. Tough nuts grew in the newspapers on the street lamps and it was difficult to think that the hippies created anarchy in the orange shadows of the mushrooms. Kaya has green eyes, orange mouth, green dress and understands that the universe focuses in one green apple. She lives with a group of friends in the lecture hall named after a tree. On the tree, in the tree, under its shadow, at its roots, above its crown, in its hollow there was work and fun.

Kaya's first love was anarcho-syndicalism. However, one day there appeared Szewczyk at the distance. He wore orange shoes, had a long orange tie with green drops, just as Kaya's eyes. It was precisely due to Szewczyk's help why Kaya learnt to make shoes without the leather, eat without the meat, place and tie the beads.

Pantofil was a mushroom in the cathedral of the red astrology. He has a long coat, through which there trickled stars, which at night, when there was no sun, changed into heaven. He liked his hat very much. He played with Kaya and the whole Orange Alternative University.

Pantofil and Szewczyk were the biggest dangers for Kaya's Orange Alternative University. She understood it, having a secret romance with Marx, Plato, Bergson, Bakunin and Krishnamurti. Then she felt some gardener's hint, with whom she planted cabbage as a part of self-purification. Pantofil and Szewczyk were the emissaries of the Black Alterna. The agents effectively moved through the areas of consciousness, painting with a black paste the

individual specificity. Kaya got down to work immediately. She created a team of commandoes, which consisted of the kindergarteners and set a barricade made of orange and green paint. The next day the Orange Alternative University could not have been recognized. Everything and everybody changed. Only Pantofil ran with a grey nose (because of shame), being an object of reductive laugh of kindergartener's local government. On this lovely, sunny day, Kaya walking hand in hand with Szewczyk felt that she had beautiful green eyes, beautiful orange mouth, green dress and that she felt that the beautiful universe was focused in one beautiful green apple.

.....

Revolution – changes of the unit consciousness resulting from the strike. The goal of revolution at the university is the free university.

Revolution – movement of changes difficult to be learnt through close contact by a primitive mind. It is talking about something about which one has no idea. Doing something new in life. It is craziness not seen with simple eyes. 40 educated rectors threaten the minister and smooth the students. Revolution is not an intellectual difference. *Definition of Movement 20th December.*

Revolution – diet, which slims fat brains.

.....

Education – willingness to walk through the gardens of imagination

Education – language of strange grammar and variable word store. The development of education is the creation of new words. Interaction of education on the reality happens according to the rule “and the word became flesh.” The motor of the educational work is astonishment, astonishment with the rule mentioned in the previous sentence and astonishment of the language imperfection.

.....

An edition devoted to the Free Agricultural University.

Threat with the Revolutionary Medallions is Sheep and Blackmail.

MINOR COMPOSITIONS

OTHER TITLES IN THE SERIES:

Precarious Rhapsody – Franco “Bifo” Berardi

Imaginal Machines – Stevphen Shukaitis

New Lines of Alliance, New Spaces of Liberty – Felix Guattari and Antonio Negri

The Occupation Cookbook

User's Guide to Demanding the Impossible – Laboratory of Insurrectionary Imagination

Spectacular Capitalism – Richard Gilman-Opalsky

Markets Not Capitalism – Ed. Gary Chartier & Charles W. Johnson

Revolutions in Reverse – David Graeber

Undressing the Academy – University for Strategic Optimism

Communization & its Discontents – Ed. Benjamin Noys

19 & 20 – Colectivo Situaciones

El Martillo – Eclectic Electric Collective

Occupy everything! Reflections on 'why its kicking off everywhere' – Ed. Alessio Lunghi and Seth Wheeler

Punkademics – Ed. Zach Furness

[Open] Utopia – Thomas Moore & Stephen Duncombe

Contract & Contagion – Angela Mitropoulos

Squatting in Europe – Squatting Europe Kollektive

Artpolitik: Social Anarchist Aesthetics in an Age of Fragmentation – Neala Schleuning

330 | Lives of the Orange Men

The Undercommons – Fred Moten & Stefano Harney

Nanopolitics Handbook – nanopolitics group

FORTHCOMING:

FutureChe – John Gruntfest & Richard Gilman-Opalsky

State in Time – Ed. Irwin

Islam & Anarchism – Mohamed Jean Veneuse

A Very Careful Strike – Precarias a la Deriva

Art, Production and Social Movement – Ed. Gavin Grindon

Manifest(o)Mutations: Communist détournement of “communism” – Richard
Gilman-Opalsky

Hypothesis 891 – Colectivo Situaciones

Learn to Listen – Carlos Lenkersdorf

A Short Philosophical Dictionary of Anarchism from Proudhon to Deleuze –
Daniel Colson

Communists Must Write! – John Hutnyk

As well as a multitude to come...