Andrzej Heidrich



NBP

Narodowy Bank Polski

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NBP
Narodowy Bank Polski

NBP

Narodowy Bank Polski

Album zosta wydany z okazji 50-lecia
wspó pracy pana Andrzeja Heidricha
z Narodowym Bankiem Polskim.

This album has been released to mark the 50 years
of Mr Andrzej Heidrich's collaboration with
the National Bank of Poland.

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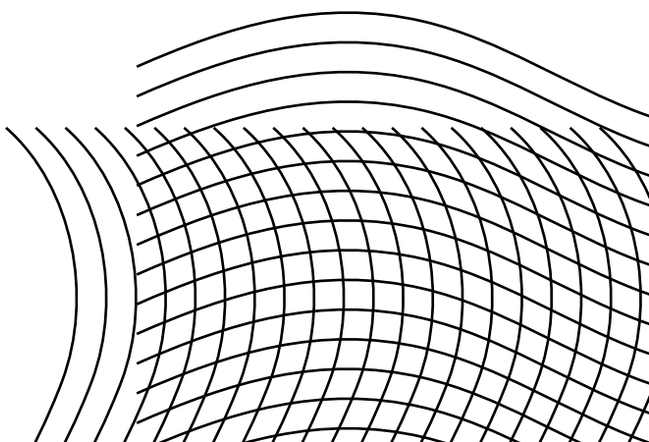
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wst p

prof. Marek Belka
Prezes Narodowego Banku Polskiego

Szanowni Pa stwo,

Prace Andrzeja Heidricha znaj bez ma a wszyscy Polacy. Od 40 lat ka dy z nas codziennie spotyka si z jego wybitnymi gra kami. Wi kszo ci te spotkania daj satysfakcj , a ma e dzie a sztuki niezmiennie dobrze si kojarz . Dla niektórych zbieranie prac pana Andrzeja sta o si wr cz sensem ycia, chocia ka da z tych doskona ych gra k jest powielana w setkach milionów identycznych egzemplarzy.

A mimo to Andrzej Heidrich pozostaje osob nieznan . Mo na zaryzykowa stwierdzenie, e jest artyst ca kowicie ukrytym za sukcesem swoich prac. S one tak powszechne, e nie przychodzi nam do g owy, e kto je wymy li , zaprojektowa i narysowa . Ci, którzy lepiej znaj pana Andrzeja, nie dziwi si i mówi : Niezwykle skromny i pracowity, cz owiek starej daty z nienagannym przedwojennym wychowaniem. Nie pretenduje, aby by gwiazd . Ale jest. Jest wybitnym artyst , mistrzem ma ych form gra cznych, „królem polskich banknotów".

Ten album to ho d, który Narodowy Bank Polski sk ada swojemu wieloletniemu wspó pracownikowi. To podzi kowanie za ci k prac przy projektowaniu polskich banknotów – tych emitowanych w czasach PRL, pami tanych przez starsze pokolenie, z serii „Wielcy Polacy" i tych wspó czesnych, z serii „W adcy Polscy", które s ju z nami 16 lat. Dzi kujemy za pi kny banknot z Józefem Pi sudskim, który nie musia wej do obiegu, a tak e za pierwszy banknot kolekcjonerski z wizerunkiem Papie a Polaka i za wszystkie inne dokumenty zaprojektowane przez Pana. To kawa polskiej historii.

G boko wierz , e ten album przybli y wszystkim nie tylko twórczo Andrzeja Heidricha, lecz tak e jego osob .

Panie Andrzeju, bardzo dzi kuj w imieniu Narodowego Banku Polskiego.



introduction

Professor Marek Belka
President of the National Bank of Poland

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen,

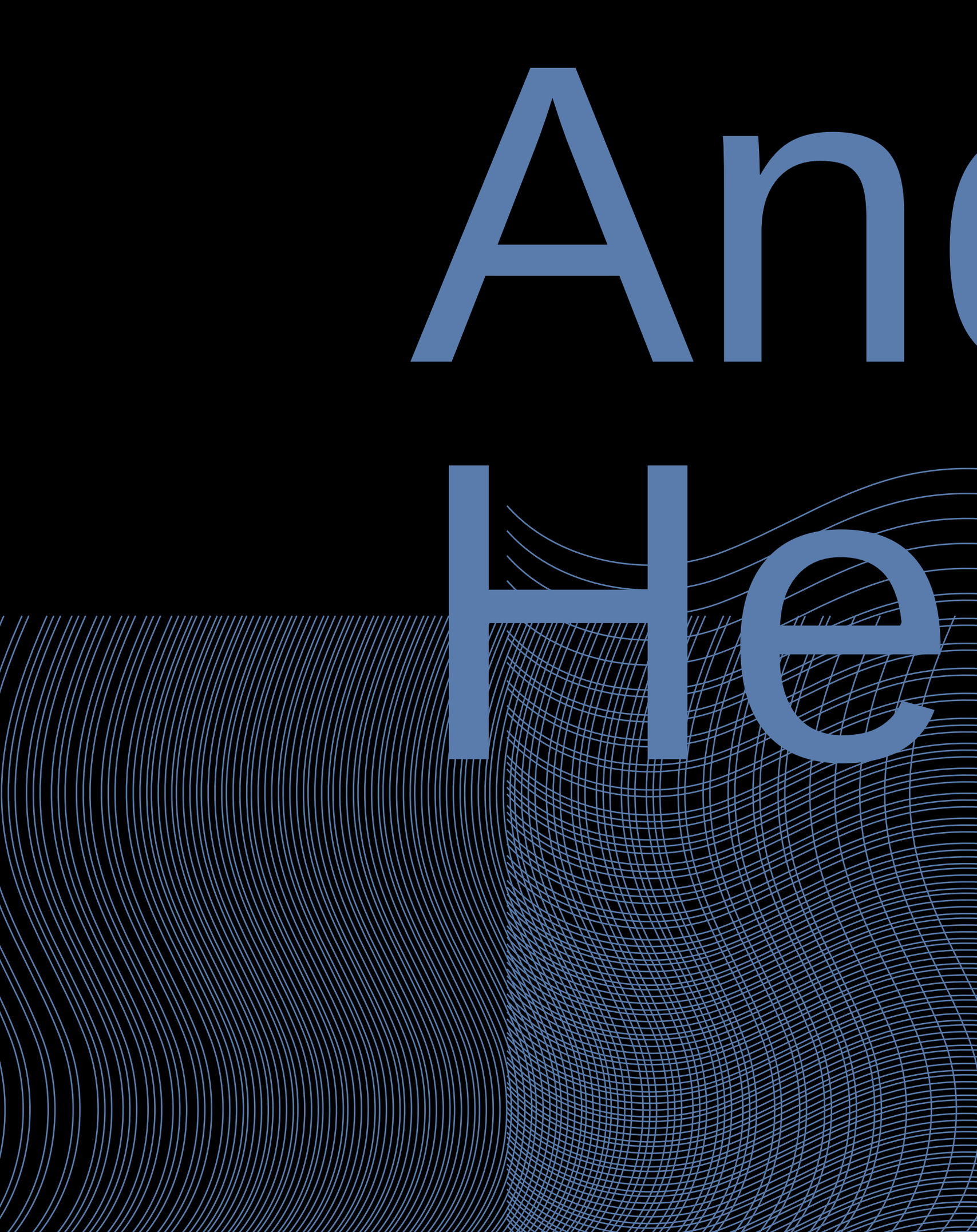
Almost every Pole is acquainted with the work of Andrzej Heidrich. For almost 40 years, each of us has encountered his outstanding graphic art every day. Most of us derive satisfaction from these encounters, and the small pieces of art invariably bring positive associations. Some people even nd meaning in their lives by collecting the works of Mr Heidrich, despite the fact that each of these excellent designs has been duplicated into hundreds of millions of identical copies.

Nonetheless, Andrzej Heidrich, the man, is an unknown person. We may risk the statement that he is an artist fully concealed behind the success of his work. His works are, indeed, so widespread that we hardly realise that someone has meticulously devised, designed and drawn them. Those who know Mr Heidrich better are not surprised and call him – A most unassuming and hard-working man, a man of the old school, with immaculate pre-war upbringing. He does not aspire to be a “star”. He is one, though. He is an outstanding artist, a master of small graphic forms, the “king of Polish banknotes”.

This album is a tribute by the National Bank of Poland to its collaborator of many years. This is our acknowledgment of the hard work dedicated to designing Polish banknotes – those issued in the times of the Polish People’s Republic, well remembered by the older generation, banknotes from the “Great Poles” series, as well as banknotes from the contemporary, “Polish Rulers” series, which have now been with us for 16 years. We are grateful for the beautiful banknote depicting Józef Pi sudski, which unfortunately for the admirers of your art, but fortunately for the value of the z oty, never had to be put into circulation, for the rst collector banknote with the image of the Polish Pope, and for all the other documents designed by Andrzej Heidrich. They present a signi cant part of the history of Poland. I truly believe that the album will bring everyone closer not only to the artistic work of Andrzej Heidrich, but to the person himself.

Mr Heidrich, Andrzej, I thank you on behalf of the National Bank of Poland.




Ano
he

drzej

idrich





Autoportret Andrzeja Heidricha

Self-portrait by Andrzej Heidrich



HEIDRICH 2000

biogram

Andrzej Heidrich jest jednym z najwybitniejszych polskich gra ków, którego sztuka dos ownie „tra a pod strzechy". Zaprojektowa wszystkie banknoty, które od po owy lat 70. by y w Polsce w obiegu.

Urodzi si w 1928 roku w Warszawie. Uko czy powszechn Szko Rodziny Wojskowej na oliborzu o cerskim, Gimnazjum Gra czne przy ulicy Konwiktorskiej i znane Liceum Sztuk Plastycznych przy ulicy Górno l skiej. Studiowa na Wydziale Gra ki Akademii Sztuk Pi knych. Uko czy j z wyró nieniem w 1954 roku. Dyplom zrobi u prof. Jana Marcina Szancera – ucznia Józefa Mehoffera, który by z kolei uczniem Jana Matejki. Tematem jego dyplomu by y ilustracje do sztuki Moliera „ wi toszek".

W 1949 roku zwi za si ze Spó dzielni Wydawnicz „Czytelnik". Przepracowa w niej ponad 40 lat. Ilustrowa ksi ki, projektowa ok adki, opracowywa gra cznie albumy i serie wydawnicze, mi dzy innymi ksi ki Ryszarda Kapu ci skiego, Jaros awa Iwaszkiewicza i Leszka Ko akowskiego. Od 1974 roku by naczelnym gra kiem „Czytelnika". Za ilustracje ksi kowe i opracowania gra czne zebra kilkadziesi t nagród, mi dzy innymi za ilustracje do „Austerii" Juliana Stryjkowskiego, opracowanie gra czne „Ogrodów" i „M odo ci Pana Twardowskiego" Jaros awa Iwaszkiewicza. Pod koniec lat 50. zacz projektowa znaczki pocztowe, które równie by y nagradzane w konkursach.

Jego przygoda z Narodowym Bankiem Polskim rozpocz a si w 1960 roku, kiedy bank zaprosi go do zamkni tego konkursu na nowy banknot o nominale 1000 z otych. Wyró niono w nim trzy projekty, w tym Heidricha. Przez kolejne lata na zlecenie NBP wykonywa dziesi tki szkiców i projektów banknotów. Jednak dopiero w 1975 roku, czyli po 15 latach pracy, wprowadzono do obiegu jego pierwszy banknot: 500 z otych z Tadeuszem Ko ciuszk . By em solidnie wzruszony – mówi. – Chwyta em si na tym, e p ac c nim czy obserwuj c innych ludzi, my la em: to moje dzie o.

Zaprojektowa seri banknotów „Wielcy Polacy" (funkcjonuj c do 1996 roku) i pi nowych banknotów z w adcami Polski, które zosta y wprowadzone w 1995 roku wraz z denominacj z otego i s w obiegu do dzisiaj. W 2005 roku zaprojektowa pierwszy w Polsce banknot kolekcjonerski upami tniaj cy Papie a Polaka.

Jest te autorem projektów paszportów, orze ków na czapkach wojskowych, odznak policyjnych, odznacze dla polskich o nierzy walcz cych w Iraku i w Afganistanie, herbów ziemskich i grodzkich.

Teraz pracuj dla siebie – mówi. Dla siebie wi c zrobi „Poczet w adców polskich" – 44 miniaturki malowane akwarel z wizerunkami królów i ksi t polskich. Poczet zaczyna si od Mieszka I i Dobrawy, a ko czy na „niekoronowanym w adcy", Marsza ku Józe e Pi sudskim. Dla siebie te namalowa „Zmys y", „Mity, legendy i symbole" oraz seri przepi knych miniaturek z Miko ajem Rejem, Janem Kochanowskim, Adamem Mickiewiczem i Stanis awem Wyspia skim. Jest prawdopodobnie jednym z ostatnich polskich artystów, dla którego „ma e jest pi kne" i z którego sztuk obcujemy codziennie.

Zosta odznaczony Orderem Odrodzenia Polski Polonia Restituta (1977), medalem Zas u ony dla bankowo ci (1989), Krzy em O cerskim Orderu Odrodzenia Polski (1999) oraz Z otym Medalem Zas u ony Kulturze – Gloria Artis (2006).

biography

Andrzej Heidrich is one of the most outstanding Polish graphic artists whose art in the most literal sense very much suits our wallets. He has designed all banknotes that have been in circulation in Poland since the 1970s.

Andrzej Heidrich was born in Warsaw in 1928. He completed the Szko a Rodziny Wojskowej [Military Family School] primary school in the Of cers' oliborz district of Warsaw, the middle school of printmaking in Konwiktorska Street and the famous Fine Arts High School in Górno l ska Street. He studied at the Faculty of Graphic Arts of the Academy of Fine Arts, graduating with honours in 1954. He prepared his graduation work under Professor Jan Marcin Szancer, a student of Józef Mehoffer who was in turn a student of Jan Matejko. As part of his graduation work he made illustrations to Molière's work "Tartuffe or the Hypocrite".

In 1949, Heidrich started to cooperate with the "Czytelnik" publishing house where he worked for over 40 years. He illustrated books, designed covers, prepared graphic designs for albums and publishing series, for the books authored, among others, by Ryszard Kapu ci ski, Jaros aw Iwaszkiewicz and Leszek Ko akowski. In 1974, he became the chief graphic designer of "Czytelnik". Book illustrations and graphic designs yielded him several dozen prizes, among others, for the illustrations to "Austeria" by Julian Stryjkowski, and "Ogrody" (Gardens) as well as "M odo Pana Twardowskiego" (The youth of Mr Twardowski) by Jaros aw Iwaszkiewicz. Since the late 1950s, he also designed post stamps, many of which have been awarded in several competitions.

His cooperation with the National Bank of Poland started in 1960 when the Bank invited him to a closed competition to design the new 1000 z oty banknote. Three designs were awarded in the competition, among them the one by Heidrich. In subsequent years he was commissioned by the NBP to make dozens of banknote drawings and designs. However, only in 1975, i.e. 15 years after starting cooperation with the NBP, was the rst banknote by Heidrich put into circulation – the 500 z oty banknote depicting Tadeusz Ko ciuszko. I was really moved – he says. When I paid with the banknote or saw other people paying I often caught myself thinking: it's my work.

Andrzej Heidrich designed the banknote series called "The Great Poles" (in circulation since 1996) and ve new banknotes with Poland's monarchs that were introduced in 1995, the year of the redenomination of the z oty, and have been in circulation since then. In 2005, he designed the rst Polish collector banknote commemorating the Polish Pope.

He is also the author of the designs of passports, the emblems of eagle on military caps, police badges, distinctions for Polish soldiers who fought in Iraq and Afghanistan, coat of arms of Poland's regions and cities.

Now I work for myself – he says. So, he designed for himself the "Gallery of Portraits of Polish Rulers" – 44 watercolour miniatures depicting images of Polish kings and dukes. The gallery starts with Mieszko I and Dobrawa and ends with the "uncrowned ruler" Marshal Józef Pi sudski. He also painted for himself "Zmys y" (Senses), "Mity, legendy i symbole" (Myths, legends and symbols) and a series of beautiful miniatures with images of Miko aj Rej, Jan Kochanowski, Adam Mickiewicz and Stanis aw Wyspia ski. He may be one of the last Polish artists for whom "small is beautiful" and whose art we encounter every day.

Andrzej Heidrich was awarded the Order of Polonia Restituta (1977), the Medal for Merit to Banking (1989), Of cer's Cross of the Order of Polonia Restituta (1999) and the Gold Medal for Merit to Culture – Gloria Artis (2006).



nulla dies sine linea
not a day without a line

z Andrzejem Heidrichem rozmawia Teresa Tora ska

Andrzej Heidrich – interviewed by Teresa Tora ska

Teresa Tora ska – laureatka wielu nagród dziennikarskich w Polsce, autorka ksi ek, programów telewizyjnych i lmów dokumentalnych. Jest nie tylko mistrzyni wywiadu, lecz przede wszystkim – mistrzyni rozmowy, w której twarz w twarz stoj nie dziennikarka i jej rozmówca, ale cz owiek i jego los. Tora ska pomaga si spotka – pogodzi , wzajemnie uleczy albo rozej na zawsze. Czasami cz owieka od jego losu dzieli zaledwie minuta. Tak jest w ksi ce „ mier spó nia si o minut ” (2010), której bohaterami s ocaleni z Zag ady. Ale ocalenie to dopiero pocz tek. Bo nie wystarczy prze y . Trzeba jeszcze y . A to bywa najtrudniejsze.

W poprzednich ksi kach:
„Oni” (1985) mówi jej to, do czego nie s sk onni przyzna si nawet przed sob .
„My” (1994) opowiadamy jej o tym, czego boimy si najbardziej i o czym woleliby my nie pami ta .
„Byli” (2006) w rozmowach z ni staj si tymi, którzy ci gle „S ” (2007).
Dzi ki niej „Jeste my” (2008) bardziej wiadomi tego, sk d przychodzimy i gdzie zb dzili my.

W ostatnio przeprowadzonym wywiadzie Andrzej Heidrich mówi jej: Nulla dies sine linea. Ani dnia bez kreski. Bo dzie bez pracy jest dniem straconym.

Teresa Tora ska, an award-winning writer and creator of television programs and documentaries. She is not just a master of interview, fundamentally, Tora ska is a master of conversation, where we witness a human being converse with his or her fate rather than a journalist talk to the interviewee. Tora ska helps the individual to reconcile with fate, heal the trauma and part with it for ever. At times, it only takes a lucky single minute that lets Man cheat Fate, as in the telling title of her late book “Death is late by one minute” (2010) where the protagonists are saved from the Holocaust. But survival is just the beginning and it is not enough. One needs to live afterwards. Often it is living on that makes the most dif cult part.

In her earlier books:
“Them” (1985) – they tell her what they are not ready to admit deep at heart.
“We” (1994) – we tell her about what we fear most and what we would rather not remember.
“Bygones” (2006) – in her interviews “They Are” (2007).
Thanks to her “We are” (2008) more conscious of where we come from and where we erred.

In her recent interview Andrzej Heidrich says to her: Nulla dies sine linea. Not a day without a line.
A day without work is a day lost.

po polsku in Polish

in English p. 40

20

al panu Pi sudskiego?

Mia by najdro szy.

I zmarnowa si .

Pani Gronkiewicz-Waltz poprosi a mnie na rozmow . Na pocz tku lat 90. by a prezesem Narodowego Banku Polskiego. Powiedzia a – w absolutnej, oczywi cie, dyskrecji – e bank nie zdecydowa jeszcze, kiedy nast pi denominacja z otówki i dlatego prosi mnie o zaprojektowanie banknotu 5-milionowego. Na wszelki wypadek – rzek a – mo e si przyda .

By y ju 2 mln, 1 mln, 500 tysi cy, 200 tysi cy, 100 tysi cy...

W obiegu znajdowa o si – policzy em niedawno – siedemna cie papierowych nomina ów. Brakowa o mi ju kolorów. Ludziom myli y si zera. Tysi c z otych z Kopernikiem by o podobne do 100 tysi cy z Moniuszk , pi setka z Ko ciuszk do 20 tysi cy ze Sk odowsk -Curie. Chcia bym zrobi Pi sudskiego – zaproponowa em. Uwa a em, e b dzie dobrym zamkni ciem serii „Wielkich Polaków".

Inflacja wolno, ale spada a, mia em wi c – chyba po raz pierwszy – wystarczaj co du o czasu, by nad nim popracowa . Zaprojektowanie tak wysokiego nomina u traktowa em jak wyzwanie. Oprócz portretu Marsza ka i wszystkich sta ych elementów, które trzeba umie ci na banknocie, musia em jeszcze na niewielkim kawa ku papieru wkomponowa dwana cie zer – po sze w dwóch miejscach.

Lubi pan pieni dze?

Dla mnie nie s tylko pieni dzmi.

Daj szcz cie?

Z Pi sudskiego by em bardzo zadowolony. Jest – wed ug mnie – naj adniejszym moim banknotem.

1 stycznia 1995 roku NBP przeprowadzi gigantyczn operacj denominacji z otówki. Do obiegu wprowadzono moj seri „W adcy Polscy" i Pi sudski – to paradoks – z powodu dobrej sytuacji nansowej, bo in acja spad a, tra do archiwum.

Niepodobny by chyba do tego, który wisi nad pana biurkiem.

Nie. Ten jest Zdzis awa Czerma skiego. Z jego kolekcji karykatur. Pi sudski wyskakuje tu z ram obrazu, bo nie mie ci si w rygorach konstytucji. Kupi em t karykatur kilka lat temu w antykwariacie. Taka sama wisia a w naszym domu przed wojn .

Bardzo one Pi sudskiego pono bawi y. Kaza je odbi w kilkuset egzemplarzach i porozwiesza w Belwederze.

Mia poczucie humoru. Cz sto si u nas mówi o o Marsza ku.

A pan go widzia ?

Kilka razy na trybunie. Sta em tam z dziadkiem. Dziadek zabiera mnie na parady wojskowe z okazji wi t pa stwowych. A raz (u miech) zdarzy o si , e Marsza ek pog aska mnie po g owie. Szed em z mam do azienek. Mia em mo e pi lat. I nagle na Agrykoli – widz – idzie. Zatrzyma em si , zdj em czapk . Podszed .

Wiedzia , e jest pan wnukiem gen. Osi skiego?

Na pewno nie. Dziadek by w dobrych – ale nie w bliskich – stosunkach z Pi sudskim. Mieli ró ne yciorysy. Dziadek nie by w Legionach, ale w armii carskiej. Jako rosyjski o cer walczy w Chinach, potem na froncie mand urskim przeciwko Japonii oraz w I wojnie wiatowej na froncie austriackim. I dopiero po wybuchu rewolucji pa dziernikowej zaanga owa si w sprawy polskie, organizuj c w Moskwie wojsko polskie razem z gen. Dowborem-Mu nickim, a pó niej walcz c z bolszewikami w 1920 roku.

Aleksander Osi ski guruje w polskich encyklopediach.

By a te taka rodzinna opowie , e dziadek podczas zamachu majowego porozumia si z Pi sudskim i o wiadczy mu, e wobec kon iktu chce pozosta neutralny oraz sam siebie zamyka w areszcie domowym.

A potem z mam jeste my w G ownie na spacerze. Mój ojciec by ekonomist , dyrektorem Walcowni Metali Kolorowych, lii warszawskiej fabryki Norblina, tej od platerów. Zawy y syreny fabryczne, mama mówi: Co z ego si sta o, mo e po ar w fabryce? Szybko wracamy i kto nam mówi: Marsza ek Pi sudski nie yje.

1935 rok.

Mieszkali my z mam troch u ojca w G ownie, troch u dziadków. Dziadek mia na oliborzu, przy ulicy mia ej, jednopi trowy dom z du ym ogrodem. To by o osiedle oficerskie pobudowane na dzia kach przydzielonych wy szym o cerom. Na ulicy Czarnieckiego mieli my szko . Nazywa a si – troch dziwnie – Szko a Rodziny Wojskowej. Jej znakiem by a metalowa tarcza amazonki, a w niej trzy litery SRW, któr nosili my na beretach.

Dziadkowie mieszkali na dole, my z mam na górze. Mama bardzo dobrze gra a na fortepianie, troch piewa a. Nie lubi em jej pie ni, denerwowa y mnie. By y zbyt romantyczne. Schumanna, Schuberta, Chopina. A ja wola em skoczne. Fokstroty. Albo tanga. O! „Ramona" wydawa a mi si pi kna. Tata doje d a do nas z G owna i planowa . On lubi mie wszystko u o one. Ty – mówi do mnie, ogl daj c moje obrazki, które by y raczej komiksami z akcj rysowanymi po przeczytaniu jakiej ksi ki, a nie ilustracjami – b dziesz architektem. A ty – do mego m odszego brata Jurka – zostaniesz konstruktorem statków. Mój brat pasjonowa si ich modelowaniem. Wycina , klei , rozstawia na stole.

Pyta a pani, czy pieni dze daj szcz cie. Nie chroni przed nieszcz ciem.

Spad o?

Nagle. Zawsze spada nagle.

Ojciec przyjecha po nas do Warszawy. Samochodem. Mia nowy samochód, opla. Kupi go kilka miesi cy wcze niej. Mieli my z nim jecha do G owna. To nie by o daleko – sto kilometrów od Warszawy. W Skierniewicach, w po owie drogi, mama powiedzia a, e le si czuje. Od dawna miewa a okropne bóle g owy. Zatrzymali my si . Rodzice poszli do apteki, czekali my na nich w samochodzie. Przyszli i ojciec zdecydowa : Wracamy do Warszawy. Wrócili my. Mama by a ju nieprzytomna.

To by a sobota, 24 czerwca 1939 roku. Mia em 11 lat, brat 9. Dziadek zwo a zaprzyja nionych lekarzy wojskowych. Zjechali najwybitniejsi, próbowali mam ratowa . Odes ano nas z bratem do naszego pokoju. Babcia przysz a rano i powiedzia a, e mama nie yje. Mia a 34 lata. Wylew krwi do mózgu. Wszystko si zawali o.

Potem by a msza w ko ciele w. Boromeusza na cywilnych Pow zkach. Jest bardzo du o ludzi i ja id w kondukcie. Bardzo d ugo id . Mama zosta a pochowana na Pow zkach

Wojskowych. Obok swojej starszej siostry. Dziadkowie Osi scy mieli dwie córki i obie m odo zmar y. Ciocia Anna Bohdanowska na gru lic . Mia a 28 lat. Troch rysowa a. Dostali my od niej z bratem kilka ilustracji do naszych bajek. Bardzo amatorskich, jak dzisiaj mi si wydaje. Wisia y w naszym pokoju.

Byli my w zapa ci. Ojciec chcia nas oderwa od mierci mamy, zabra do Krakowa. Pojechali my we trójk . Pierwszy raz by em w Krakowie. Zwiedzili my Wawel, kopalni soli w Wieliczce, Pieskow Ska w Ojcowie.

Mówi o si ju o wojnie. Nie pojechali my na wakacje do Juraty. Zawsze dwa letnie miesi ce sp dzali my z mam w naszej willi w Juracie.

Nic ju nie by o takie, jak poprzednio.

W sierpniu dziadek pop yn „Batorym" do USA za atwia zaopatrzenie dla armii. By prezesem Polskiego Czerwonego Krzy a. Wojna wybuch a, kiedy statek znajdowa si na Atlantyku. Zosta na czas wojny w Londynie.

Ojciec wyjecha na wschód, podporz dkowuj c si wezwaniu p k. Umiastowskiego, eby wszyscy m czy ni zdolni do s u by wojskowej opuszczali Warszaw . Zostali my z babci Osi sk . By a chora, mia a ci k astm . Ba a si , e Niemcy zaatakuj od strony oliborza. Zadzwoni a do siostry Antoniny Tetmajerowej, e si do niej przeniesiemy. Ciotka Tuta mieszka a w ródmie ciu na ulicy Chopina.

Do nas na mia przyjecha a wojskowa sanitarka. o nierze zabrali stosy bielizny po cielowej. Babcia kaza a j przekaza do szpitali, e przyda si rannym, nie chcia a niczego zostawia Niemcom. Nas z baga ami odstawiono na Chopina.

Warszawa szykowa a si do obrony. W Dolinie Szwajcarskiej stacjonowa oddzia artylerii przeciwlotniczej. Podgl da em ich z balkonu. Strzelali do nadlatuj cych samolotów. By o strasznie. Którego dnia rozpalili ognisko, znosili dokumenty, palili. 28 wrze nia nast pi a kapitulacja Warszawy. o nierze rozbijali kolbami przyrz dy celownicze w dzia kach przeciwlotniczych. Zarz dzono zbiórk , o nierze ustawili si w czwórki i wymaszerowali.

W dwa dni pó niej us yszeli my, najpierw daleki, a potem coraz bli szy miarowy stukot. Wchodzili Niemcy, wal c buciorami w bruk.

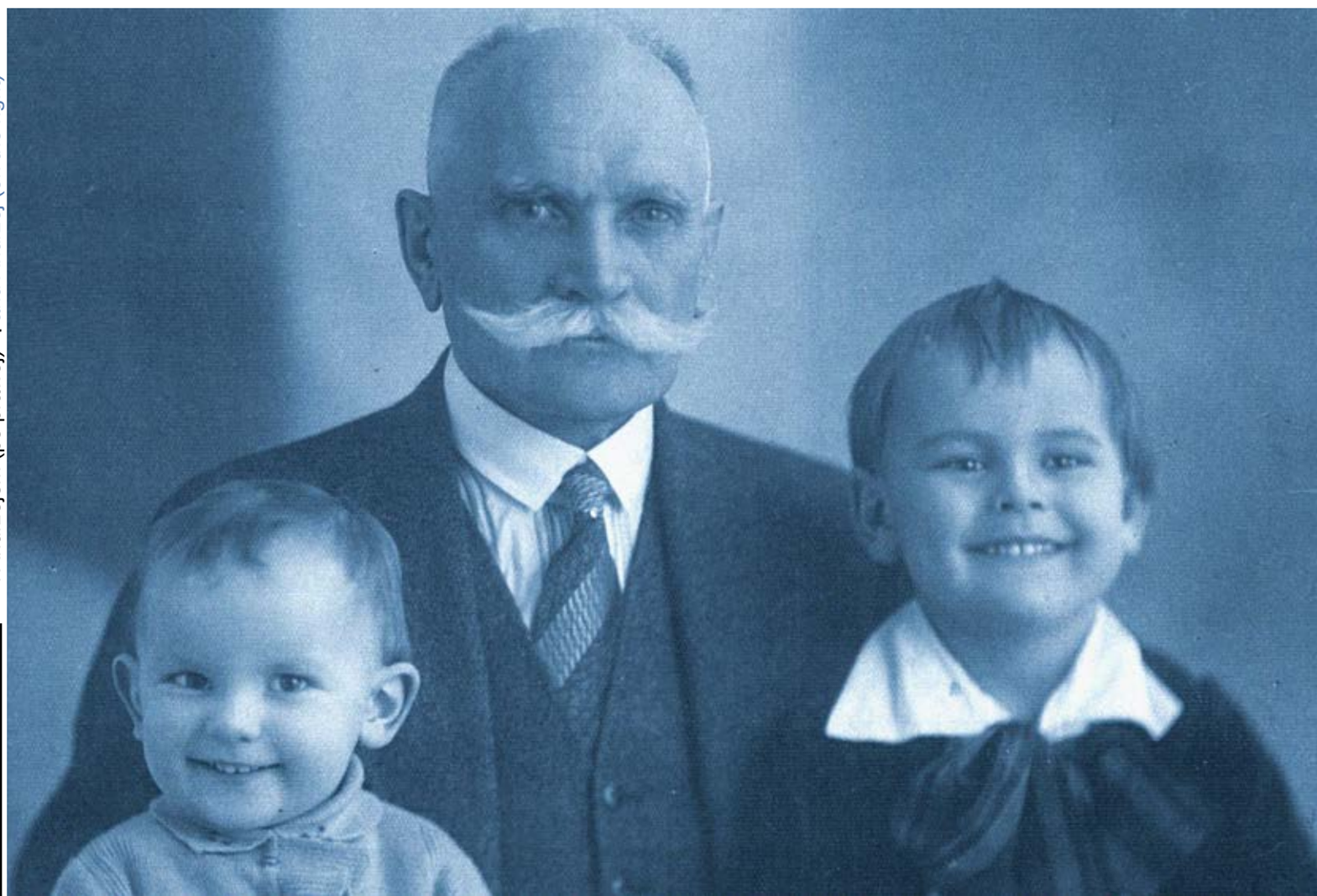
Kazano pozamyka bramy. Nie wolno by o wygl da . Ale ja musia em ich zobaczy . Przytuli em si do bramy. By a a urowa z szybkami. Niemcy – widzia em przez szybk – ze straszliwym rykiem motorów jechali wolno na motocyklach nasz ulic . Wygl dali jak kruki. Mieli czarne peleryny i czarne he my. Z ulicy Chopina zakr cali w Aleje Ujazdowskie. Za motocyklami sz o wojsko w ciemnooliwkowych mundurach i wysokich butach podbitych gwo dziami. Po raz pierwszy zobaczy em Niemców.

Przecie pana drugi dziadek, Heidrich, by Niemcem.

Ju nie y i w domu nigdy si nie mówi o, e mamy jakie powi zania z Niemcami. Nigdy!

Spad pierwszy nieg. To ju by pa dziernik. Nagle dzwonek do drzwi. Ojciec wróci . Bez samochodu. Dojecha nim do Lublina. Nigdzie nie móg kupi benzyny, to zostawi go na ulicy. Walcowni w G ownie przej li Niemcy. Ani jedna bomba na ni nie spad a. Spada y na dworzec kolejowy, okoliczne pola, a fabryk omija y. Ojciec z drugim jeszcze dyrektorem uczestniczy w przekazywaniu jej niemieckiej dyrekcji. Mówi nam potem, e Niemcy prawdopodobnie mieli jej plany, bo wszystko o niej wiedzieli. W Walcowni produkowano, oprócz wyrobów z miedzi i mosi dzu, tak e uski do amunicji.

Jeden z Niemców przyniós dwa francuskie koniaki, postawi na stole, zaprosi do wypicia. Polacy ich nie ruszyli. Podpisali dokumenty przekazania Walcowni, Niemcy wyszli i ojciec powiedzia do kolegi: Koniaki zabieramy i wypijemy,



Dziadek Osi ski z Jurkiem i Andrzejem (po prawej) | Grandfather Osi ski with Jurek and Andrzej (on the right)

jak sko czy si wojna.

Moj szko Niemcy zlikwidowali i budynek zabrali dla siebie na szpital. A nasz dom na mia ej sta . Jedna bomba wybuch a w ogródku, przez co wszystkie dachówki pospada y z dachu. A druga waln a w dom, przesz a przez stropy, wybijaj c dziur i utkn a gdzie w piwnicy. Ojciec zdecydowa , e bomb trzeba odnale i dom odbudowa . Robotnicy szukaj c jej, wykopali w piwnicy dó na dwa metry i jej nie znale li. Trudno by o kopa g biej. Dó wi c zasypali i tak zosta o. Butelk francuskiego koniaku ojciec postawi w swoim gabinecie.

Mieszkali cie na niewypale?

Prosz pani, cz owiek w ogóle yje przez przypadek. Ró nica jest tylko w tym, e w czasach wojny przypadkowych sytuacji zdarza si wi cej. Teraz my mieszkali my na parterze, najpierw z babci Osi sk , a kiedy ta zmar a – z babci Heidrichow , któr ojciec na pocz tku wojny sprowadzi z yrardowa oraz z pani Halin , która zajmowa a si gospodarstwem. A na gór sprowadzili si dwaj bracia ojca z rodzinami.

Pyta a pani o dziadka Heidricha. Jego rodzice byli Niemcami z Moraw. Mój pradziadek by fachowcem w bran y farbiarsko-w ókienniczej. W po owie XIX wieku osiedli si w odzi, tam urodzi si dziadek August. Jeden z braci ojca, stryj Edmund, napisa nasz sag rodzinn . Policzy wszystkie dzieci dziadka Augusta. Z jego pierwszego ma e stwa by o czterech synów. Wszyscy mieli niemieckie imiona: Otton, August, Artur i Brunon. Dziadek owdowia i przeprowadzi si do yrardowa. Pracowa w zak adach lniarskich jako kierownik wzorcowni plastycznej. Mój ojciec podawa w dokumentach, e by rysownikiem.

Dziadek o eni si po raz drugi z Agnieszk Tiesler i w ci gu zaledwie dziesi ciu lat urodzi o si im o mioro dzieci. Dostawa y ju ró ne imiona. By Oskar i Adolf, ale tak e Olga i El bieta. Dzieci szybko umiera y, jak to w tamtych czasach. Doros o ci do y o tylko dwóch synów dziadka z pierwszego ma e stwa: August i Artur oraz trzech z drugiego: mój ojciec Adolf Zbigniew, Edmund i najm odszy Piotr. Stryjowie Edmund i Piotr pomieszkiwali u nas na mia ej w czasie okupacji.

Ojciec by w Armii Krajowej?

Nie. Pracowa – o czym wtedy nie wiedzia em – dla delegatury rz du londy skiego. W AK by mój stryj Piotr i wuj Bohdanowski.

Ten po cioci Ani?

Ten. Wuj Zygmunt by przedwojennym o cerem i oczywi cie s u y w Armii Krajowej. Cz sto do nas wpada . By wysoki, chodzi w wielkim ko uchu i babcia go strofowa a: Rzucasz si w oczy, jeste w konspiracji, trzeba si chowa . Przed nikim nie b d si chowa ! – odpowiada . On w ogóle nikogo si nie ba . Niemcy z apali go na ulicy, wywie li do Auschwitz i rozstrzelali.

A co z Augustem, Arturem?

August chorowa i umar w czasie wojny. A Artur by in yniere m, pracowa w fabryce Philipsa. O eni si z Niemk i czu si Niemcem. I kiedy przychodzi na oliborz odwiedzi nasz babci , a swoj macoch , bracia wychodzili z domu. Nie chcieli si z nim spotyka . On podpisa volkslist , a mo e nawet i reichslist .

A potem?

Zaraz po wojnie wyjecha do Niemiec.

Opowiem pani takie zdarzenie. Raz zatrzyma si pod naszym domem samochód. To by o po godzinie 20., czyli po godzinie policyjnej. Wysiada niemiecki o cer, przy furtce sprawdza nazwisko, dzwoni, ojciec otwiera. O cer jest bardzo elegancki, wita ojca szarmancko – z szastaniem butów, salutowaniem. Interesuje nas – mówi – major Witszens. To by nasz s siad. Co pan o nim wie? – pyta ojca. Ojciec odpowiada, e niewiele. e tylko tyle, i w 1939 roku poszed na wojn i nie wróci . Rozmawiaj z sob , oczywi cie, po niemiecku. Ojciec zna dobrze niemiecki. Niemiec wyci ga swoj wizytówk . Bardzo prosimy – mówi – eby pan, jako Niemiec, je li czego si o nim dowie, powiadomi nas. I wr cza ojcu wizytówk .

Sta em obok.

S dz – powiedzia ojciec – e niczego si nie dowiem. A poza tym chcia em panu wyja ni , e nie jestem Niemcem. Patrzy em na oficera. W jednym momencie twarz mu st a a, zacz wrzeszcze , trzasn drzwiami i poszed . Przestraszyli my si , e wróci z gestapo i zrobi nam rewizj . Chwa a Bogu, do nas nie przyszli. A za delegatur ojciec poszed siedzie , ale dopiero pi lat po wojnie.

A pan gdzie konspirowa ?

Ma o. Sko czy em szko powszechn , ucz c si w wynajmowanych prywatnych mieszkaniach i musia em zdecydowa , co dalej. Dla Polaków by y tylko szko y zawodowe. Rzemie lnicze i handlowe.

Ojciec znalaz szko gra czn na Konwiktorskiej, gdzie uczono drukarstwa i gra ki. By a ograniczona ilo miejsc, musia em zdawa egzamin wst pny. Poszed em, zda em. W normalnych przedwojennych warunkach dosta bym si na pewno do liceum ogólnokszta c cego i nie wiem, co by oby dalej. By mo e jednak architektura. Wojna przes dzi a, e nie prze ywa em pó niej adnych dylematów. Od razu wiedzia em, e zostan gra kiem.

Pyta a pani o konspiracj . Musz si do czego przyzna . Zawsze by em taki... troch do wszystkiego z dystansem. Zaczepi mnie dawny kolega, jeszcze ze szko y powszechnej, czy nie chc zapisa si do harcerstwa. Jakiego? – pytam. Szare Szeregi. A gdzie s ? Nie musisz wiedzie . To by a dru yna imienia Arciszewskiego, dzia a a na Bielanach. Poszed em na zbiórk . Kazali mi wymy le pseudonim. Jaki najlepiej? – pytam. Mo e zwierz ? Mówi : Ry . Zgoda. Zosta em „Rysiem”. Zbiórki odbywa y si przewa nie na tzw. Sumatrze. To by a acha na Wi le, na któr dosta si mo na by o, brn c przez rzek , co by o niebezpieczne, bo nurt rzeki si zmienia . Rozpalali my ognisko i dostawali my zadania. Durne, jak dzisiaj na to patrz . Organizacja na przyk ad potrzebowa a opat i kilofów. By y sta ym elementem wyposa enia niemieckich ci arówek. Do jednego boku ci arówki przymocowany by kilof, do drugiego opata. Dostali my zadanie, e nale y je zdoby . Ale jak?! Poinstruowano. Je dzicie na rowerze? – zapytano. Je dzimy. No, to jedziecie na rowerze we dwóch za niemieck ci arówk , jeden niech odwróci uwag kierowcy, a drugi w tym czasie niech zdejmuje. Spróbowa em z koleg . Pojechali my na Wybrze e Ko ciuszkowskie. Kolega mia zagada do Niemca, ja – odczepi . Niemiec wychyli si do kolegi, chcia go przegoni , a ja jeden zatrzask otworzy em,


prosz
pani,
cz owiek
w ogóle
yje
przez
przypadek

z drugim zaczynam si szarpa , opata opada i brz k, brz k obija si o bok ci arówki. Niemiec si zatrzyma , my chodu, ile si w peda ach. Strzeli do nas dwa razy, nie tra . Uciekli my.

Mógtra .

Oczywi cie. Idiotyczne to by o.

2 lub 3 lipca 1944 kolega zawiadomi , e og oszono alert. Stawili my si o wyznaczonej godzinie, gdzie w ródmie ciu, chyba na Wilczej. Po godzinie, mo e dwóch, kto przyszed , powiedzia , eby my wracali do domu. Nie wiedzieli my, o co chodzi. I na tym sko czy a si moja konspiracja. Wybuch o powstanie i wi kszo scen wyrzuci em z g owy. Nie chc o nich pami ta .

Udaje si ?

Wracaj . Kiedy co przeczytam, albo obejrz . Ale nie pomagam, eby wraca y.

Z l ku?

Zbyt poruszaj wyobra ni .

W 1956 roku poszed em na „Kana ” Wajdy. O powstaniu warszawskim. D ugo nie mog em si od niego uwolni . Dlatego powiedzia em sobie: Nigdy wi cej. I nie chodz na lmy wojenne. Nawet „Katynia” nie ogl da em.

Wnuk nie pyta?

Pyta. Córka te pyta a.

Opowiadam im kilka anegdot. Troch zabawnych i zawsze z happy endem.

Na przyk ad, e zacz a si strzelanina na Placu Inwalidów i do nas na mia wpadli Niemcy. Postawili karabin maszynowy i strzelali w kierunku placu. Potem si zwin li i mieszka cy ulicy postanowili zbudowa barykad .

I jak to u nas, zacz a si dyskusja, w którym miejscu. W tym czy w tamtym. Trwa a ca y dzie . Na o cerskim osiedlu ka dy zna si na taktyce wojennej i wiedzia lepiej. Nast pnego dnia przyszed oddzia AK i zdecydowa , e barykada stanie na wysoko ci domu numer 11. My mieszkali my pod trzynastk . Nosi em p yty chodnikowe. Bardzo chcia em i do dowództwa, powiedzie im, e by em w harcerstwie, ale ojciec prosi : Sied na barykadzie, jak chcesz, ale nigdzie nie chod . Babcia jest chora i je li b dziemy musieli j wynosi , sam nie poradz . Babcia Heidrichowa mia a sparali owane nogi. Zosta em. By em od kopania rowów i budowania barykad.

Karabin panu dali?

Nie. Byli starsi, którym si bardziej nale a . Karabinów przecie brakowa o. Ka dy, ech!, nawet posiadanie jednego granatu traktowa jak wyró nienie. Broni wi c nie mia em i bez przerwy kopa em rowy i gasi em po ary. A Niemcy ca e dnie strzelali. Mieli naboje z pociskiem o cienkiej blaszce. Przy uderzeniu blaszka si rozrywa a, p yn zapalny rozlewa i po chwili wybucha p omieniem. Zapali si dom pod jedenastk . Nie by o adnych hydrantów, wod nosi o si kub ami. Biegn po schodach, obok mnie rozerwa si pocisk, krwi si zala em, wszyscy si przerazili, e ze mn koniec, a to tylko uska przeci a mi twarz jak no ykiem. By g ód. Jest gorszy od strachu. Chyba za du o o tym mówi . Powstanie dzisiaj uwa a si za nasze zwyci stwo i wi tuje rado nie, jak wygran bitw .

A by o kl sk ?

Tragedi . Tak straszn , prosz pani, e jest ona nie do opowiedzenia. Zostaj historyjki o cudownym ocaleniu, o zaskakuj cych zbiegach okoliczno ci. Przy domu na przyk ad mieli my ogródek. Ros y w nim adne drzewka owocowe. I nie mo na by o do nich podej . Niemcy zajmowali wszystkie wysokie gmachy przy ulicy Gen. Zaj czka i na ka dy ruch w krzakach reagowali salw . Postanowi em spróbowa . Koszyk przywi za em do paska i przez zielska podczo ga em si pod gruszk . Wspania e klapsy, du o ich pospada o. Wk adam do kosza i widz , e kolejne jeszcze wisz na drzewie. Szkoda zostawi . Podskoczy em, potrz sn em, upad em. I trzask, seria posz a po ogródku, przesz a nade mn . Chcia em si wycofa , poruszy em i on drugi raz strzeli . Le a em z pó godziny bez ruchu.

Druga historia. Przy wyj ciu do ogródka mieli my werand zaro ni t winem. Niemcy bombardowali Stare Miasto. Nadlatywa y sztukasy trójkami, robi y trzy ogromne ko a, podczas ka dego okr enia zrzuca y po bombie i odlatywa y. Sta em na werandzie. Widz : jeden trzy bomby zrzuci i odlecia , potem drugi, trzeci. I widz , e ten trzeci wraca, robi jeszcze jedno kó ko i y- y- y strzela z karabinu maszynowego do mnie. Widocznie mnie zauwa y . Seria przesz a nad moj g ow , jedna z kul uderzy a w werand . Wyd uba em j sobie na pami tk , ale gdzie mi si potem zapodzia a.

I wie pani, do dzisiaj nie mog tego Niemca zrozumie . e te chcia o mu si pofatygowa , by zabi jedn osob ?

Mo e liczy na wi cej.

Nie, nie. Rozmawia em potem z o nierzami, powiedzieli, e w s o cu twarz wieci jasno w g stej trawie i li ciach. Przez to jest bardzo widoczna.

Ostatnich kilkana cie dni powstania siedzieli my wszyscy w piwnicy. W nocy 25 wrze nia, dwa dni przed kapitulacj oliborza, ojciec mnie budzi, jest straszna strzelanina. Mówi: Chyba Ruscy atakuj . Na oliborzu wyczekiwali my radzieckiej pomocy.

Wal w nasz dom, sypie si tynk, s yszymy wrzaski. Nie Ruskich, ale Szwabów. Granat wybucha w jednej piwnicy, potem w nast pnej i nast pnej. Niemiec chodzi wokó domu i w okienka piwnic wrzuca granaty. Drzwi od schodów do piwnic wylatuj , tuman py u, nic nie wida . Sta em blisko schodów. U góry pojawi si Niemiec. Wrzeszczy: Raus, wychodzi . Ruszam do schodów, on wyci ga zza cholewy granat i rzuca w piwnic . Granat odbija si o framug drzwi, pada mu pod nogi. On si cofn , ja skoczy em do ty u za framug , a granat potoczy si lekko po schodach i wybuch . Nikt nie zosta nawet dra ni ty. Kolejny przypadek.

Znowu wrzeszczy: Raus. Pani Halina wychodzi pierwsza. My z ojcem i bratem za ni . Babcia z opiekunk zosta y w piwnicy. Wychodzimy na podwórko. Nasz dom jest ca y postrzelany. Niemcy zajechali czo gami od strony Cytadeli. Po drodze rozwalili barykad , zabij c wszystkich, którzy jej bronili. Stoimy pod cian z r kami do góry i czekamy. Ta scena jest dla mnie jak zatrzymany lmowy kadr. Wokó trwa strzelanina. Na Placu Inwalidów wybuchaj pociski. To od nas niedaleko. By em pewny, e z nami koniec.

Co si czuje?

Nic. To najdziwniejsze. Ot, stoj pod w asnym domem, wokó którego znam ka de drzewo, kamyk, krzaczek i patrz c w jego mur, my l , e wszystko si ko czy.

al?

Nie wiem.

Nasz koniec wydawa mi si w tamtych warunkach logiczny. Bo co mo na zrobi z czterema osobami, kiedy walka jeszcze nie zako czona? Najlepiej zabi i b dzie spokój. Niemcy co szwargocz mi dzy sob : Schissen, schissen. Nie rozumiem.

Naradzali si , co z nami zrobi – ojciec mi pó niej powiedzia . O cer, który nimi dowodzi , na prawym ramieniu mia – zauwa y em – opask z napisem Hermann Göring. Byli wi c ze spadochronowo-pancernej dywizji Hermanna Göringa, któr ci gni to z W och na front wschodni i zatrzymano w Warszawie, by pomog a zdusi powstanie. Jeden z o nierzy zaproponowa dowódcy, e odstawi nas do Cytadeli. W Cytadeli mie ci y si koszary niemieckie. Ojca zabrali do domu, a na nas dowódca machn r k i temu o nierzowi pozwoli zaprowadzi do Cytadeli. To by l zak, mówi aman polszczyzn .

Tra li my na l zaka, któremu chcia o si wzi nas sobie na g ow . I na dodatek do tego swego planu, potra przekona dowódc . W Cytadeli – powiedzia nam – zbieraj cywilów. Wyszli my, jak stali my. W piwnicy zosta a babcia z opiekunk , a w korytarzyku piwnicznym przygotowane przez ojca plecaki. Ze zmian bielizny, lekarstwami. eby w razie czego tylko chwyci . Ojciec by w m odo ci harcerzem, nawet naczelnikiem Zwi zku Harcerstwa Polskiego i stara si przewidywa ró ne sytuacje.

I zak dop dzi nas do p otu. P ot by wysoki, nie do przeskoczenia, musimy przej pod nim wykopanym rowem. Za p otem sta Niemiec z pistoletem w r ku. Jak b d si przeciska – pomy la em – strzeli mi w ty g owy. Nie strzeli . Przeszed em. Brat przeszed i pani Halina. Doszli my do karto iska, tu przy Dworcu Gda skim. Wokó by o pe no Niemców. Na ziemi – krzykn nasz l zak. Padli my. Us ysza em furkot i nad g owami przelecia y pociski. Chyba nasze. Na Placu Inwalidów walczyli jeszcze powsta cy. Doszli my do Cytadeli. Brama otwarta. Stan li my pod bram . A w rodku t um ludzi. Ranni le na ziemi. Dochodz nast pni. Czekamy.

Nagle – to by o niesamowite – widz ojca, znalaz si na placu w kolejnej grupie sp dzonych. Babcia z opiekunk zosta y w piwnicy – powiedzia .

Stoimy, ju razem, w du ej grupie, ze stuosobowej. Ko o nas kr c si w asowcy. Szwargocz mi dzy sob po rosyjsku. Ojciec zna tak e rosyjski. W czasie I wojny wiatowej, kiedy fabryk yrardowsk razem z rodzinami pracowników Rosjanie ewakuowali na wschód, mieszka w Moskwie i Kijowie.

Oni chc – t umaczy – odprowadzi nas na Dworzec Zachodni. Musimy co zrobi , eby nie oni, ale Niemcy z Wehrmachtu.

Lepsi?

O, tak.

Bo jacy s w asowcy, wiedzieli cie?

Ja nie, ale starsi chyba tak.

Zbierzmy kosztowno ci – ojciec zaproponowa . Kto zdj a cuszek, inny da pier cionek, obr czk . Zawi zali w chusteczk i ojciec z jeszcze jednym panem podeszli do niemieckiego o cera. Wyt umaczyli, o co im chodzi i dyskretnie wsun li mu chusteczk do r ki. On zerkn , co w niej jest, schowa do kieszeni, powiedzia „gut”. Zawo a sier anta i trzech o nierzy. Kazali nam sformowa si w kolumn . Ustawiamy si i widzimy z daleka, e do o cera Wehrmachtu, z którym ojciec rozmawia , podchodzi w asowiec w randze podo cera, mówi mu co , wida , e ma do niego pretensje, a Niemiec patrzy na niego i pach, pach go po mordzie.

Wyprowadzili nas z Cytadeli, idziemy. Na jezdni – widz – le y zrzut radziecki. Na oliborzu, kiedy powstanie ju dogorywa o, Rosjanie zacz li zrzuca powsta com amunicj i ywno . Niestety, bez spadochronów, wi c jak skrzynka r bn a w ziemi , po owa amunicji by a uszkodzona i trzeba j by o segregowa , a pojemniki z ywno ci si rozpada y. By y w nich zaszyte w p ótno pakunki z kasz i z mi sem. Widz , le y pojemnik troch ju rozdeptany przez przechodz cych ludzi. Musz go wzi i boj si . Niemcy wrzeszcz , pop dzaj , bij kolbami. Powoli, bardzo powoli chwyci em dwa woreczki, schowa em do kieszeni.

Kasza by a przegotowana?

Tak, tak, gotowa do jedzenia, tylko wrz tkiem zala .

Doprowadzili nas do ko cio a na Woli.

Pe no ludzi, strasznie. Pojawi si chyba lekarz, bo w dziwnym mundurze, z trzema o nierzami. I lag : Ten, ten – wskazywa m odych, na oko zdrowych ludzi. A o nierze sp dzali ich na bok. Wskaza i mnie. Kiedy zacz to ustawia nas w grupy, zrobi si ba agan, wkr ci em si szybko w t um i uciek em do swoich.

Prowadz nas na Dworzec Zachodni. Du o jest chorych. Ledwo id . Przede mn wlecze si staruszka z walizk . Z naprzeciwka nadje d a ci arówka niemiecka z kamer zamontowan na szoferce. o nierz, który szed obok mnie, te zauwa y kamer , pomacha do operatora i u miechni ty podszed do babci, wzi jej walizk i niesie. Tamten go s lmowa . A gdy tylko kamera odjecha a, o nierz rzuci walizk na ziemi , kopn babci i poszed .

Na Dworcu Zachodnim wpakowano nas do wagonów towarowych, po siedemdziesi t osób na wagon. Dowie li do Pruszkowa i wysadzili. Na stacji jacy ludzie przetaczali wagony. Pchali je r kami, a obok szed Niemiec z batem i ich pop dza . To byli ydzi.

Wprowadzili nas do hali z torami. Zorientowa em si , e to parowozownia. Na betonie siedzia zbity t um.

Przyjecha y kuchnie polowe. Niemcy wydaj zup . Nie mamy w co wzi . Co robi ? Znalaz em klosz od lampy z dziur w rodku. Czym j zatka ? Jest jaki ko ek, widocznie od smaru, bo z jednej strony u winiony mazi , a z drugiej tylko brudny. Wytar em z kurzu, wbi em w lamp , staj w ogonku. A zupa – widz – paruje. Jak j utrzymam? Podchodz . Niemiec patrzy na mnie, leje zup i mieje si . Dla niego to by o zabawne.

Zupa jest gor ca jak cholera, pomagam sobie ko kiem. Utrzyma em, postawi em na ziemi, uda o si , zjedli my. Ojciec spotka znajom sanitariuszk . Zaprowadz was – mówi – do baraku chorych. Lekarzami byli je cy rosyjscy. Ojcu zawi zali banda , e niby ranny, a nam wpisali gru lic . Lekarz uprzedzi : Niemcy mog to sprawdzi .

Na drugi, trzeci dzie alarm. Jest pi ta rano, wszyscy chorzy maj ustawi si w szeregu, b dzie przegl d. Stoimy ze dwie, trzy godziny, kontroli nie ma. Podje d a poci g, wrzaski: Wsiada ! Na peronie s siostry zakonne, chyba

z Czerwonego Krzy a, mia y w puszkach skondensowane mleko dla dzieci. Da y bratu, który by ma y – nie wiekiem, ale wzrostem.

Niemcy aduj nas do wagonów. Znowu po siedemdziesi t sztuk do ka dego. Jak leci. Widocznie tak mieli administracyjn norm .

Dla Polaków, uprzywilejowan .

Rozdzielaj matki z dzie mi, p acz, szarpanina. Uda o si nam nie rozdzieli . Wdrapali my si do wagonów. To by y otwarte wagony po w glu. Stoimy, si pi deszcz, zrobi a si czarna ma . Ca y dzie czekamy na odjazd, a deszcz pada. Ludzie zaczynaj si organizowa .

Przekona em si , e w ka dej sytuacji znajdzie si kto , kto powie: Prosz pa stwa, musimy si zorganizowa . Do niego do czy kilku nast pnych i spo eczno zaczyna dzia a .

W jednym rogu wagonu wyrwali dwie deski, zas onili. To b dzie ubikacja – poinformowali. I dzieci zgromadzili do rodka, eby nie zmarz y.

W nocy ruszamy. Ojciec obliczy , e w poci gu jest oko o trzech tysi cy ludzi. Dok d nas wioz , nie wiadomo. Kto znaj cy teren mówi, e do Spa y, inny, e prawdopodobnie do Kielc. Nagle poci g si zatrzymuje, przed nami bombardowanie. Wybuchy, czerwono, na horyzoncie co si pali. Jedzie drezyna z kolejarzami, zbli aj si do naszej lokomotywy, rozmawiaj z maszynist . I rozkaz: Wysiada ! Znowu wrzask, p acz. A poci g gwizdn i pojecha z powrotem. Trzy tysi ce ludzi zosta o w lesie, gdzie ko o Spa y. Jest noc. Ojciec mówi: Trzeba jak najdalej oderwa si od t umu, jeste my, chwa a Bogu, zdrowi. Biegniemy. Jakie wiate ko, jaka chata, ch op nam otwiera.

Nie ba si ?

Ach! Z Warszawy – rzek . Wiedzia o kl sce powstania. Da nam wrz tek, zjedli my rusk kasz z mi sem. Idziecie spa na siano, tylko nie pali – przestrzega.

Byli my u niego pierwsi, potem przyszli inni.

Rano pytamy ch opa, gdzie jest stacja kolejowa. Mówi: Dwie cie, trzysta metrów od miejsca, gdzie wysiedli cie, jest posterunek kolejowy, tam si dowiecie. Na posterunku siedzi kolejarz. Pytamy o poci gi, czy si tu zatrzymuj . No sk d, ale poczekajcie, mo e si uda. Pyta: S yszycie stukot? Jedzie poci g. Dok d? Prawdopodobnie do Cz stochowy, g owy nie da. Pomacham – powiedzia – to mo e zwolni, a jak zwolni – wskoczycie. Gwizdn dwa razy, pomacha i faktycznie. Maszynista powolutku zacz podje d a . To by poci g towarowy, pusty. Wskakujcie! Pani Halina mia a ze czterdzie ci lat, ojciec te dobrze po czterdziestce. A wagon wysoki, w biegu. Uda o si . W sytuacjach ekstremalnych cz owieka sta na wi cej, ni mo e. Wdrapali my si wszyscy do wagonu, kolejarz nam pomacha . Potem poci g jeszcze raz zwolni i do wagonów wskoczyli ludzie z karabinami, przele li do naszego. A wy sk d? – pytaj . Zaczynamy t umaczy . A oni si nam przygl daj .

Szukali ydów?

Nie wiem. To byli chyba partyzanci. Raczej nie mieli zamiaru nas zabi . Byli tylko zadziwieni, sk d si tu wzi li my.

Dojechali my do Cz stochowy. Ojciec sobie przypomnia , e mieszka tu rodzina jego przyjaciela, Steinborna. Przyj li nas, mieszkali my u nich prawie cztery miesi ce, do wyzwolenia.

Ojciec znalaz prac w fabryce kuchni polowych. Opowiada , e ani jedna kuchnia przez ten czas nie wyjecha a, sta y rz dami na podwórzu i w ka dej brakowa o jakiej cz ci.

Sabota ?

I ba agan. U Niemców zaczyna si ba agan.

Bardzo si z tego cieszyli my.

Odnalaz a si babcia Heidrichowa. Niemcy pozwolili siostrom z Czerwonego Krzy a obej teren, poszuka rannych. Kto przyszed do naszego domu na mia ej i znalaz w piwnicy dwie staruszki. Zabra i transportem chorych odwióz do sióstr zakonnych do Krakowa. Ojciec wyczyta w gazecie – codziennie przegl da wszystkie og oszenia – e Agnieszka Heidrich poszukuje synów. Natychmiast pojecha . Z ogromnym trudem dotar do Krakowa. I spó ni si . Babcia zmar a poprzedniego dnia. Nie doczeka a go.

Niedawno byli my z on na jej grobie, jest pochowana na Cmentarzu Rakowickim. Jednego dnia ojcu zabrak o! Biega em po ulicach Cz stochowy ogl da wycofuj cych si Niemców. Bardzo lubi em patrze , jak uciekaj . Jechali Alej Naj wi tszej Marii Panny. Na furmankach za adowanych walizami, skradzione krowy ci gn c na postronkach. Na ci arówkach wypakowanych po brzegi zrabowanymi meblami i skrzyniami. Na motocyk ach, na rowerach.

Raz widz : jedzie du y samochód, na stosie pak siedzi so dat niemiecki. Raptem si zrywa, krzyczy co do kierowcy, kierowca dodaje gazu i pada seria strza ów. Wskoczy em do sklepu. Strzelali Rosjanie. Niemiecki front ju si za amywa i jeden, dwa czo gi rosyjskie wyrywa y si do przodu, puszcza y seri z karabinów maszynowych, eby troch Niemców postraszy i wycofywa y si .

Ale widzia em te inn scen . O cer niemiecki z dwoma andarmami zatrzymywa na ulicy o nierzy niemieckich i ich legitymowa . Szukali widocznie dezerterów. Byli wi c i tacy, którzy nawet w totalnym ba aganie i panice starali si wype nia swoje obowi zki.

16 stycznia widz z okna: z jednej strony id czo gi rosyjskie, z drugiej niemieckie. Mieszkali my na obrze ach Cz stochowy, za nami by y pola. Zaczynaj strzela . Postrzelali troch i si wycofali. A w nocy z 16 na 17 stycznia zacz a si bitwa. Trwa a do rana. Potem cisza. Kompletna. Nie wiemy, co si dzieje. Tata – mówi – id popatrze . Nigdzie nie pójdziesz! Pójd .

Urwa em si . Ulica jest pusta, prószy nie ek. Na niegu nie ma adnych ladów. W rodku ulicy stoi zapora przeciwczo gowa. Niemcy szykowali si do walki o miasto i w poprzek ulic pobudowali du o barykad. Obok barykady stoj trzy porzucone przez nich pancerfausty. To by a bro przeciwpancerna do jednego strza u.

Dochodz do skrzy owania, gdzie znajdowa si budynek Hitlerjugend. I widz dwóch o nierzy. Z daleka nie mog rozpozna mundurów. Chyba Ruscy – my l . Co krzycz do siebie i bum, bum, bum, strzelaj z pepeszy do nazistowskiej gapy na cianie budynku, s pijani w driebiezgi. No, to Rosjanie. Przeczeka em, by sobie poszli. Obok, na s siedniej ulicy znajdowa y si koszary niemieckie. Trzeba sprawdzi – my l – co si tam dzieje.

Brama rozwalona, wchodz na podwórze. A na podwórzu – karabiny ustawione w koz y, obok pouk adane plecaki. I jest rado , e Niemców ju nie ma. I powszechny miech, e uciekali w pop ochu, gubi c portki.

Ludzie rozbijaj drzwi do piwnicy. Nareszcie b dzie mo na dorwa si do tego, co mieli Niemcy, a czego my nie mieli my przez pi lat.

Jaki ch opak, ale starszy du o ode mnie, mówi: Mo e razem pójdziemy, we dwóch ra niej, b dziemy sobie pomaga . Dobrze. Wpychamy si . Bucha zapach wódki. I s ycha brzd k rozbijanych butelek. Jest zupe nie ciemno, nic nie wida . Ch opak mówi: S uchaj, wszyscy pchaj si w lewo, to my skr my w prawo. Trzymaj c si za plecy drugiego, idziemy, otwieramy jakie drzwi, s skrzynki. wietnie. ci gaj – mówi i podnosi mnie do góry. Bior jedn , ci ka jak jasna cholera, spada na ziemi . To by y granaty. Na szcz cie, bez zapalników. Mam do .

Porzuci em kompana i poszed em na pi tro. Wchodz do wielkiego pokoju, po rodku stoi bardzo du y stó nakryty zielonym suknem, wokó jest pe no niedopa ków papierosów, poprzewracanych kieliszków. A na stole le y mapa.

Wie pani, do dzisiaj nie mog sobie darowa , e jej nie zabra em.To by a mapa sztabowa. A na niej zakre lone pozycje stacjonowania wojsk, punkty obrony i zaznaczone czerwonymi strza kami drogi ucieczki z Cz stochowy. Nawet ten czerwony o ówek le a . Popatrzy em na ni przez chwil i nie wzi em. G upi by em po prostu.

Ale co by pan z ni zrobi ?

Do muzeum móg bym odda . To by przecie historyczny dokument. A ja, prosz pani, zamiast dok adniej mu si przyjrze , zacz em szuka jedzenia. Cz owiek, który prze y g ód, my li o jedzeniu. Po pi ciu latach okupacji my wszyscy mieli my zakodowane w g owie, e najwa niejsze jest jedzenie. I cenne s tylko upy, które mo na wymieni na jedzenie.

Znalaz pan?

Kasz (miech). I jakie duperele – talerze, y ki.

To by o 17 stycznia. Cz stochowa zosta a wyzwolona w tym samym dniu co Warszawa.

Ojciec dosta prac w Zak adach Cegielskiego. Pojechali my do Poznania. Brat zacz chodzi do gimnazjum, pani Halina odnalaz a m a, który wróci z o agu i wyjecha a do niego. A ty – zarz dzi ojciec – pojedziesz do Warszawy. Wyczyta w gazecie, e otwiera si szko a gra czna na Konwiktorskiej, do której chodzi em w czasie okupacji i e dawni uczniowie mog j uko czy .

To by marzec. Dojecha em do Szcz liwic, z dziesi kilometrów przed Warszaw . Poci g dalej nie szed , tory by y zrujnowane. Kto furk podrzuci mnie do Dworca Zachodniego. S , prosz pani, obrazy, których nie da si opisa . Bo zdj cia czy filmy s tylko fragmentem rzeczywisto ci. Nie oddaj atmosfery, pozbawione s perspektywy. Nie czuje si w nich zapachu spalenizny i ciszy przerywanej hukiem spadaj cych cegie czy miarowym uderzaniem naderwanych drzwi lub okien.

Kiedy wyprowadzali nas z Warszawy, miasto by o zbombardowane, pali o si , z wielu piwnic bucha ogie jak z pieców hutniczych, ale jednak sta o. By y domy, by y ulice. Po pó roku zobaczy em kikuty kamienic i gruzy.

Musz dosta si na oliborz, zobaczy nasz dom. Dowlo- k em si przez Wol do Starego Miasta. Id wi toja sk , katedra zburzona, wychodz na Rynek Starego Miasta, a tam gruzy na wysoko drugiego pi tra i na nich wydeptana cie ka. Trzeba wej na gór , eby zej na drug stron . Dochodz do ulicy Gen. Zaj czka. Kamienice, z których Niemcy do nas strzelali, s uszkodzone, ale stoj . Od Zaj czka odchodzi ulica mia a. Pierwszy dom wysadzony w powietrze, drugi, trzeci, czwarty... Niemcy szli od ulicy Gen. Zaj czka i burzyli po kolei, jeden po drugim. Sko czyli na naszym. Adres mia a 13 przesta istnie .

Przepad francuski koniak.

Z naszego domu zosta a kupka gruzu. Nast pny – pod numerem 15 – stoi do dzisiaj. W miejscu zburzonych postawiono dwa bloki. Z gruzów wygrzeba em dwie zniszczone fotogra e i popielniczk . Zaraz j pani poka . Mosi na, sta a na biurku ojca.

Ojciec zdaje si , du o pali ?

Bardzo du o. Jest na niej napis: Walcownie Miedzi i Mosi - dzu, 125 lat i rok 1809. Czyli popielniczka pochodzi z 1934 roku. Nie jest zbyt adna, ale to jedyna rzecz, która zosta a z naszego domu.

Zatrzyma em si u stryja Mundka w Józefowie pod Warszaw . Mia szcz cie. Kilka dni przed wybuchem powstania wyjecha na wakacje z on oraz dzie mi i zosta .

Sko czy em szko na Konwiktorskiej i dosta em si do Liceum Sztuk Plastycznych na ulicy Górno l skiej. Dyrektorem by prof. M czak.

Siedzimy w klasie, nie znamy si jeszcze wszyscy i raptem otwieraj si drzwi i wchodzi dwóch. Jeden jest mniejszy, drugi wi kszy. Zwróci em uwag na wi kszego. By w d ugim ruskim szynelu z poodpruwanymi naszywkami i charakterystycznym postrz pionym do em, bo szyneli Rosjanie nie obr biali. To by Marek Oberländer.

A drugi?

Bohdan Czeszko. W liceum by a niesamowita zbieranina zupe nie wyj tkowej m odzie y. Jasio Lebenstein, Krysia Zachwatowicz, Jacek Sienicki, Leon Urba ski, Marysia Wieczorkówna, Krysia Lesmanówna – córka Jana Brzechwy. Ka dy mia swoje wojenne przej cia.

Czeszko walczy w AL-owskich „Czwartakach”.

Marek przyjecha ze Zwi zku Radzieckiego, wcielono go do ruskiej armii. Nie by o le – opowiada . W kompanii uda o mu si zosta fryzjerem. By z nas wszystkich najstarszy, o 5–6 lat, du o. Cz sto do niego chodzili my. Mieszka na Okólniku w s u bówce pani Ró yczki, doktor okulistki. Siedzieli my na ó ku, najcz ciej z Jankiem Lebensteinem i pili my wódk . Ale umiarkowanie. Janek du o wtedy jeszcze nie pi . Zaczyna o by normalnie. Ojciec po roku pracy w Zak adach Cegielskiego, gdzie by dyrektorem administracyjnym, zosta ci gni ty do Warszawy, do centralnych instytucji. Potrzebowano fachowców od zarz dania. Przydzielono mu trzypokojowe mieszkanie na Asfaltowej, o eni si .

Zapisa do partii?

Bro Bo e.

Moja nowa mama by a wdow po przedwojennym o cerze. Mia a córk , niewiele ode mnie m odsz . Alina zosta a nasz siostr . Znowu by a rodzina. Spe ni o si marzenie mojego brata. Dosta si do bardzo znanej jeszcze przed wojn szko y morskiej – Conradinum w Gda sku. I wróci dziadek Osi ski z Londynu. Witali my go w Gdyni. Przyp yn „Batorym”. Mia 77 lat, przyznano mu generalsk emerytur . Zamieszka z nami. I znowu zacz namawia ojca, eby my zmienili nazwisko. Na Osi skiego – proponowa .

To by pseudonim pana ojca w czasie okupacji.

Wiem. Ojciec mówi mu: Gdybym teraz zmieni nazwisko, to ludzie by powiedzieli – dziwne, w czasie okupacji by Heidrich i to mu nie przeszkadza o, a teraz przeszkadza. Na to dziadek: To zróbcie sobie podwójne Heidrich-Osi ski. Ojciec kategorycznie odmówi : Dzi kuj ci bardzo, ale nie.

S usznie?

Uwa am, e tak.

Zda em matur . O wiadczy em ojcu, e id na Akademi Sztuk Pi knych. A ojciec (miech): No, trudno, ale pami taj, e utrzymywa ci nie b d – powiedzia .

Na serio?

Nie. To z jego strony by o takie gadanie.

Mia pan 20 lat.

On wci chcia , bym zosta architektem.

Przyjaciele z mojej paczki: Janek Lebenstein, Marek Oberländer, Jacek Sienicki i Krysia Lesmanówna poszli na malarstwo, a ja z Marysi Wieczorków i Leonem Urba skim na gra k . Poczuli my si artystami. A prawdziwi arty ci dok d jad na wakacje, to pani chyba wie?

Do Kazimierza?

Oczywi cie. Jak przed wojn . No, to zabieramy sztalugi, p dzle i jedziemy. W siódemk : Joanna Krauze, Wanda Kasi ska, Marysia Wieczorkówna, Leon Urba ski, Marek Oberländer, Jacek Sienicki i ja.

Brat Jacka Sienickiego by studentem architektury, wydzia architektury przeprowadza w Kazimierzu pomiary ko cio a. Stefan znalaz nam mieszkanie w starym domku na Czerniawach. Powsta problem, jak tam dojecha . Autobusów nie by o, na taksówk nie mieli my pieni dzy. Przyjecha akurat do Warszawy pu kownik ameryka ski, polonus, przywióz co dla dziadka. Pojecha em do niego do hotelu Polonia. Od razu zacz : Czego potrzebujesz? Obdarowa mnie ciuchami, da kurtk , wspania , któr nosi em z dziesi lat i na koniec zapyta : Co mog jeszcze dla ciebie zrobi ? Rzuci em: Mamy k opot z dojechaniem do Kazimierza. A co to za k opot? – zdziwi si – Dam wam sanitark z kierowc . Kierowca by Amerykaninem. Posadzili my przy nim Joann Krauze. By a mi , pi kn dziewczyn , kierowca by zachwycony. A sami za adowali my si z gratami do pud a sanitarki. Ciemnego bez okien. Po trzech, czterech godzinach, bo Joanna, która mia a pilotowa , te nie zna a drogi, wysiedli my na rynku. I ol nienie. Cudowny pejza . I niewiele poza tym. Nie by o ydów. W rynku sta a apteka, kilka starych kamienic, klasztor i fara.

Sto owali my si u jakiej babci, w dzie malowali my i chodzili my na pla . Wis a by a naprawd adna, mia a przepi kne piaszczyste achy. A wieczory sp dzali my w knajpce za poczt , w ród drzew. Idziemy – artowali my – do prof. Kukawskiego na skrzypki. Pili my wódk , a przygrywa nam jeden b bnista i jeden skrzypek, bardzo podobny do naszego profesora Kukawskiego od matematyki w liceum.

A co z Marysi ? Ju si pan w niej zakocha ?

Jeszcze nie.

Dziewcz ta zajmowa y jeden pokój na pi terku, ch opcy obok drugi. Domek by stary, drewniany. Którego dnia wrócili my z pla y i nagle krzyk Jacka: Andrzej, Marysia spad a z balkonu! Zbiegam na dó , Marysia le y na klepisku i krew leci jej z k cika ust. Opar a si o drewnian barierk



Andrzej Heidrich, 1948 r. | Andrzej Heidrich, 1948

i razem z ni polecia a. Nie ma adnej przychodni, adnego lekarza, co robi ?

Nasza gospodyni mówi, e jest tu lekarka, która przyjecha a z Warszawy. Niesiemy do niej Marysi . Powiedzia a: Nic nie jest z amane, ale co w rodku, nie wiadomo.

Siedzia em przy Marysi dwa tygodnie. Gospodyni robi a jej ok ady z zió , a ja z ka dym dniem coraz bardziej przekonywa em si , e powinni my by razem. I jeste my.

63 lata.

Po trzech miesi cach najpi kniejszych wakacji w yciu, wrócili my do Warszawy. Postanowi em co dorobi : Aaa, pójd do „Czytelnika", mo e mi dadz jak robot . „Czytelnik" to by o najpowa niejsze wtedy wydawnictwo.

„Ksi ka i Wiedza" drugie.

Ale partyjne. Mnie to nie odpowiada o.

Nie chcia pan i do partyjnego?

Nie chcia em. Wzi em swoje prace i poszed em do Olgi Siemaszkowej. W „Czytelniku" odpowiada a za sprawy gra czne. Ilustrowa a ksi ki dla dzieci. By a kim . Da a mi do zrobienia ok adk do ksi ki – zrobi em. Potem co jeszcze. Znowu przychodz , to by a ju ko cówka 1949 roku. Siemaszkowa mówi: Przyjecha pan Miklaszewski z Zakopanego, b dzie teraz kierowa pracowni . Mam si zg osi do niego.

Jan Samuel Miklaszewski w Zakopanem uczy rysunku w szkole rze by Kenara. Poszed em. Przystojny pan, góralski troch , starszy ode mnie o co najmniej dwadzie cia lat, bardzo sympatyczny. Jest strasznie du o roboty – powiedzia – We dwóch nie dajemy rady, b d organizowa pracowni gra czn . Tym drugim by Marek Rudnicki.

Pó niej z „Le Monde"?

Ten sam. Dobrze rysowa , robi karykatury, drukowane cz sto w czytelnikowskim tygodniku „Odrodzenie". Na pocz - tku lat 50. przeszed do PIW-u, a chyba po dziesi ciu latach wyjecha do Francji.

„Czytelnik" by wtedy medialnym koncernem, wydawa nie tylko ksi ki, ale tak e pocztówki, nuty, s owniki, dziennik „ ycie Warszawy", tygodnik „Odrodzenie", mia w asn drukarni Dom S owa Polskiego. I mia , co w tamtych strasznych czasach by o bardzo wa ne, apolityczny fundament. Nie wiem, czyja to zas uga.

Chyba Borejszy.

Na pewno. Cho ju go nie by o.

Wspominano?

Nie.

A mówiono, za co zosta usuni ty?

Nie, prosz pani, nic nie mówiono. To by y czasy, w których nic si nie mówi o. I o nic nie pyta o.

Pan nie pyta ?

Nie.

A mówi ?

Te nie.

Aresztowano mojego ojca. 3 marca 1950 roku ojciec wyszed rano do pracy i znikn . W Towarzystwie Naukowym Organizacji i Kierownictwa, gdzie by dyrektorem, powiedziano, e nie dotar , czyli sta o si co na trasie dom-praca. Mo e wypadek? Irena, ona ojca, dzwoni a na pogotowie ratunkowe, szuka- li my go po szpitalach. Przepad . Nie wiedzieli my, co si sta o. Po miesi cu, mo e dwóch, trzech tygodniach walenie do drzwi. Urz d Bezpiecze stwa, rewizja.



Przyjazd do Kazimierza Dolnego, 1948 r. | Arrival in Kazimierz Dolny, 1948.

Ojca aresztowano pod naszym domem na Asfaltowej, czekali na niego, wsadzili w samochód i zawie li na Koszykow . Na Koszykowej mie ci o si Ministerstwo Bezpieczestwa Publicznego, a w piwnicach areszt.

Za co?

Nie wiedzieli my.

Czego szukali?

Nie wiem. Przegl dali ka dy papierek.

Zabrali m.in. „Terminarzyk kalendarzowy" z 1945 roku. By y w nim pozaznaczane daty imienin i urodzin pana i brata, rocznica mierci babci Heidrichowej.

W biurku ojca znale li do du sum pieni dzy. To by y pieni dze za legalnie sprzedan kilka miesi cy wczeniej will w Juracie. Biurko zapieczętowali, a pieni dze w nim, chwa a Bogu, zostawili. Dlatego mo na by o je potem odzyska .

Wychodz c, jeden z nich popatrzy na mnie, wyci gn szu adk z szafki w przedpokoju i zapyta : Co to jest? Pokaza mi nabój od rewolweru. Nie wiem – odpowiedzia em. U nas w domu nie by o adnej amunicji. Nie wiesz? – zawin w papierek i kaza mi napisa , e nie wiem, sk d si ten nabój wzi .

Sk d?

Podrzuci . To by y ich metody. Sprowokowa , uwik a , oszustwem i podst pem zdoby dowody przestpstwa, jakie wczeniej wymy lili. Znowu wszystko si zawali o.

Dziadek Osi ski nic nie mógł zrobi ?

Dziadka w ogóle nie nale a o rusza . Nic by to ojcu nie pomog o, a jemu mog o zaszkodzi . On przecie walczył w 1920 roku z bolszewikami, by sanacyjnym – jak si wtedy mówi o – genera em i sam by zagro ony. Lepiej by o cicho siedzie i milcze .

Ale Marysi pan chyba powiedzia .

Oczywi cie. Jej ojczym te by w konspiracji i siedzia . Rodzinne to by o. (miech)

W „Czytelniku" po roku współpracy zaproponowano mi etat. Mo e chcesz – zapyta mnie Samuel – pracowa tutaj na sta e?

Bardzo chcia em. To by o wymarzone dla mnie miejsce. Z „Czytelnikiem" współpracowali najwybitniejsi gra cy, wiele si od nich mog em nauczy , swoj wiedz nam m odymał z ochot przekazywali. Poszed em do dziekana, by em jeszcze studentem, prof. Szancer da zgod . W kwietniu 1951 roku zacz em pracowa w „Czytelniku" na etacie.

Dok adnie 20 kwietnia.

Tego ju nie pami tam. Z kwietnia zapami ta em tylko dzie dwudziestego szóstego. Jest jedn z kilku dat, które zapadaj na ca e ycie. Dostali my zawiadomienie, e jest rozprawa ojca. Odbywa a si w s dzie wojskowym na rogu Koszykowej i Cha ubi skiego.

W gmachu Informacji Wojskowej.

To by o 26 kwietnia 1951 roku. Pozwolili nam by na procesie. Wtedy si dowiedzieli my, e ojciec „usi owa przemoc zmieni ludowo-demokratyczny ustrój Pa stwa Polskiego, uczestnicz c w dzia aniach przestpczego zwi zku „Delegatury".

Ojciec w czasie okupacji zajmowa si finansami, by zast pc szefa podziemnej Najwy szej Izby Kontroli, podporz dkowanej Delegaturze Rz du. A po wojnie spotka gdzie na ulicy swego znajomego Januszewskiego. Ten mu powiedzia , e przy rozbiórce jakiego domu znaleziono skrytk Delegatury Rz du Londy skiego, s tam dolary i e trzeba zrobi protokó , za atwi spraw . Spotkali si w jednym z mieszka na ulicy Mokotowskiej i kto doniós do UB, e dalej konspiruj .

Ojca wypytywano w ledztwie o Mieczys awa Lesza, wtedy generalnego dyrektora Centralnego Zarz du Przemys u Metalowego, pó niej ministra.

ci gn ojca z Poznania. Nawet mieszkali my u niego kilka miesi cy, czekaj c na mieszkanie na Asfaltowej. Nic wi cej o nim nie wiem.

Prokurator Henryk Ligi za, w randze podpu kownika, za da kary mierci. S dowi przewodniczy mjr Mieczys aw Widaj, awnikami byli dwaj o nierze. Wchodzili wiadkowie, doprowadzano ich z wi zienia mokotowskiego. Wida by o, e s rozpracowani. Ka dy mówi : Tak, tak.

Ojca broni a pani mecenas Halina Wi ckowska. Mówi a, e ojciec po wojnie od razu w czy si w tzw. odbudow kraju. Jako dyrektor administracyjny organizowa rozruch Zak adów Cegielskiego w Poznaniu, od 1946 roku pracowa w centralnych urz dach w Warszawie. By specjalist od zarz dzania. I w przewidzianym prawem terminie ujawni si , sk adaj c wyja nienia, czym zajmowa si w czasie okupacji. To wszystko – orzek s d – by o kamu a em, powojenne zaanga owanie ojca mia o przykry jego niecne zamiary, eby dzia a przeciw ustrojowi.

Dosta siedem lat. I przepadek mienia. Wychodzimy, Irena p acze. Pani mecenas jest zaskoczona. Prosz pani – mówi – to przecie jest bardzo dobry wyrok, prokurator chcia kary mierci.

Musz i do „Czytelnika" i ich o tym zawiadomi .

Nie wiedzieli?

Nie. Bo co im mia em mówi ?

Id do Samuela. e mój ojciec zosta skazany. I nie chcia bym, aby mia pan przykro ci z mego powodu. Powiedzia em tylko Samuelowi, nikomu wi cej.

No, to – Samuel achn si troch , bo któ lubi takie komplikacje. – Musz porozmawia z prezesem – powiedzia .

Prezesem by Jerzy Pa ski, znany przedwojenny komunista, dobrze osadzony w KC.

Mo e. Nie pyta em Samuela, z kim chce rozmawia . Dla mnie to by o bez znaczenia. I tak adnego prezesa nie zna em.

Nie zna pan Zo i Dembi skiej, W adys awa Kopali skiego?

Nie. O Dembi skiej wiedzia em, e jest szar eminencj „Czytelnika", e zak ada a wydawnictwo razem z Borejsz , ale chyba nigdy jej nawet nie widzia em. Pa skiego te nie. A kolejnego prezesa, Jana Stefczyka, pozna em dopiero, kiedy zosta felietonist „ ycia Warszawy" i przybra pseudonim W adys aw Kopali ski.

Prosz si nie dziwi . Dla mnie oni wszyscy to by a „góra", za wysokie progi. I kto na tej „górze", o czym decydowa , nie interesowa o mnie.

Nast pnego dnia przychodz do pracy ze strachem, e zaraz mnie wywal , a Samuel mówi: Prezes powiedzia , e dopóki nie przyjd , niech siedzi. No, to siedzia em 40 lat. (miech)

A ojciec?

Chwa a Bogu, tylko cztery lata.

Od lewej: kierowca, Joanna Krauze, Wanda Kasi ska-Sienicka, Maria Wieczorek-Heidrich, Marek Oberländer

From left to right: driver, Joanna Krauze, Wanda Kasi ska-Sienicka, Maria Wieczorek-Heidrich, Marek Oberländer



Ojciec Adolf Zbigniew Heidrich, 1937 r. | Father Adolf Zbigniew Heidrich, 1937

Pytam, bo 16 kwietnia, czyli dziesi dni przed procesem ojca, a w rok po aresztowaniu, wype ni pan w „Czytelniku" ankiet personaln .

Mo liwe. Nie pami tam.

Raz pisa pan, e imi ojca jest Zbigniew, w innym miejscu, e Adolf.

To proste. Mia dwa – Adolf Zbigniew. I przed wojn , eni c si z moj mam , zmieni na drugie. Ale nie s downie. Dlatego wsz dzie w papierach musz pisa Andrzej syn Adolfa.

W ankiecie by o 36 pyta . Pierwsze dotyczy y przedwojnia, czy nale a pan do KPP, KZMP itp.

Nie, nie, by em za m ody.

Potem: Czy jest obywatel cz onkiem lub kandydatem PZPR?

Nigdy! Do ZMP te nie nale a em. aden z moich bliskich kolegów nie nale a .

Nie by o przymusu?

Szko y artystyczne do agodnie traktowano. Nawet nie wiem, czy w Akademii by a organizacja partyjna. aden z profesorów, je li nale a , przed nami si tym nie a szowa . Nie mieli my te studium wojskowego. Zmuszani byli my tylko do pochodów 1-majowych. Zbierano nas w pracowni i podpisywali my list obecno ci. Po 1951 roku, kiedy wszystkie wydzia y Akademii przeniesiono do odbudowanych budynków na Krakowskim Przedmie ciu, stali my w oknie i wypatrywali my, czy uniwersytet ju wychodzi. Szli my za nimi do mostu Poniatowskiego, a za mostem pochód si rozwi zywa , schodzi o si w dó i do em wracali my do Akademii podpisa si na li cie po raz drugi. To by o sprawdzanie, czy aden student nie zwia po drodze.

Nie zwiewa ?

Nie. adnych urywa nie pami tam. Wszyscy jednak bardzo bronili si przed noszeniem kijów.

Szturmówek z has ami: Lenin, Stalin, Bierut?

Nie, u nas takich nie by o. W Akademii dawano Pokój, Wolno – ogólne.

I Tity na a cuchu imperialistów nie kazano wam malowa ?

adnych obrazków nie nosili my.

Dalej w ankiecie s pytania o rodzin . Napisa pan, e nie posiada rodziny za granic .

Bliskiej nie posiada em, a ze stryjem Arturem, który mieszka w RFN, nie mia em adnych kontaktów.

O dziadku generale te pan nie wspomnia .

Mo liwe. Nie by o si czym chwali . Dla w adzy ludowej to by wróg. Ale prosz czyta dalej. Co jest dalej?

O ojcu. Napisa pan, e do adnej organizacji nigdy nie nale a , w adn dzia alno nie by w czasie okupacji zaanga owany. A do tego, e siedzi w wi zieniu, te si pan nie przyzna .

Nie ba si pan k ama ?

Prawdopodobnie wi kszy strach mia em napisa prawd . Bo widzi pani, jak si stworzy atmosfer powszechnej nieufno ci, podejrze , szukania haków, to strach napisa cokolwiek, bo nigdy nie wiadomo, co komu z czym si skojarzy i jakie z tego mog wynikn k opoty. Najlepiej wi c pisa : Nie wiem, nie dotyczy lub z góry wszystkiemu zaprzecza . I czeka , co z tego wyniknie.

Co wynik o?

Wtedy nic szczególnego. Raz tylko przydarzy a mi si dziwna historia. W szatni na ASP zostawi em swoj teczk . Zgin a

i szatniarka nie wiedzia a, co si z ni sta o. A nast pnego dnia odznalaz a si . By y w niej moje rysunki, kto je – zauwa y em – przegl da .

Moja siostra i brat mieli gorzej. Alina by a wtedy uczennic liceum przy Ministerstwie Handlu Zagranicznego. Za dwa miesi ce mia a zdawa matur . Dyrektorka wezwa a j z matk i o wiadczy a, e nie zda matury, wi c niech jak najszybciej przeniesie si do innej szko y. Logicznie to nawet uzasadni a. Ojczym siedzi, ojciec by przedwojennym o cerem, wi c Alina i tak nie b dzie mog a dosta pracy w handlu zagranicznym. Alina zda a matur w liceum budowlanym.

Bardzo niedobrze wygl da a te sytuacja Jurka. Sko czy akurat „Conradinum" w Gda sku, dosta przydzia do pracy w stoczni i powierzono mu nadzór nad budow holownika. Ledwo po szkole, niewiele jeszcze umia i dosta zadanie przekraczaj ce jego umiej tno ci. Ba si , e jak si z niego nie wywi e, pos dz go o sabota i posadz . Uratowa go stary majster, który znaj c sytuacj , pomóg mu zbudowa ten holownik oraz lekarz ze stoczni, który wypisa mu za wiadczenie lekarskie, e jest zagro ony gru lic i nie mo e mieszka na wybrze u. Pomog o. Jurek na kilka lat przeniós si na l sk do fabryki maszyn rolniczych.

Nagle, chyba po roku, kazano nam opu ci mieszkanie, zabrano meble. Do naszego mieszkania na Asfaltowej przyszed pan Zaj c z Urz du Bezpiecze stwa.

Edward?

M ody cz owiek. Kilka lat starszy ode mnie. By ze dwa, trzy razy obejrze przydzielone mu nasze mieszkanie. A potem si wprowadzi .

Dziadka – cho mia ju ponad 80 lat – wyrzuci , Iren z Alin wyrzuci , a nam z on – w a nie si o eni em – pozwoli zosta do ko ca wakacji. Widocznie mia taki gest. Zajmowali my jeden pokój. We wrze niu – powiedzia – prosz si wynosi .

Dok d?

Zaproponowali nam izb w budzie na Jelonkach bez wody i kanalizacji ze studni na podwórku. By a tylko elektryczno .

To ja dzi kuj . Przytulili my si do dalekiej rodziny.

A na studiach w ASP uczy si pan, czym jest demokracja ludowa.

By marksizm-leninizm.

Z krótkiej historii WKP(b)?

Gdzie j mam. Czarna ksi eczka ze z otymi literami. Po zdaniu egzaminu w 1952 roku mia em zamiar wyrzuci , ale pomy la em: A niech le y i wepchn em na pó k . Nic z niej nie pami tam.

Niemo liwe. Nie wie pan, co to dyktatura proletariatu?

Oooo! Za trudne. Ku o si to na egzamin i szybko stara o zapomnie .

Socjalizm?

To wiem. Dobro cz owieka.

A komunizm?

Wy szy stopie socjalizmu (miech), czyli jeszcze wi ksze dobro cz owieka.

Co pan dosta ?

Zaraz sprawdz , mam indeks. (sprawdza)

Marksizmu-leninizmu mieli my cztery semestry, na dwóch pierwszych latach. Nie ma si czym chwali , jest tylko „dobrze", zdawa em go – widz podpis – u Hajnosza. Nawet go nie pami tam.

Bo reszta pi tki?

Prawie. Dyplom dosta em z wyró nieniem.

Nacht-Samborski wyk ada malarstwo. Ogl da moje prace i pyta : Pan na pewno zostanie przy gra ce? Tak – mówi em. To w porz dku, bo malarza z pana nie b dzie. I stawia mi najpierw „dobrze", a pó niej (miech) widocznie za to, e nie chc by malarzem – „bardzo dobrze".

Szancer pojawi si na III roku. Wyk ada gra k ksi ki. Bardzo my go lubili. U niego robi em dyplom.

Pi tk – widz – mia em z „Perspektywy". Dla prof. Szparkowskiego z Politechniki to by a ocena najwy sza. Mówi , e studenci Akademii na wi cej ni „trójka" nie zas uguj .

Na egzaminie da mi arkusz papieru i powiedzia : Stoi pan w Rzymie pod ukiem Tryumfalnym w tym miejscu – zaznaczy – i prosz narysowa , co widzi pan na górze. Za pó godziny przyszed , popatrzy , co narysowa em, powiedzia : Dobrze. I da kolejne zadanie. A jakby pan stan tutaj – pokaza inne miejsce – to jak b dzie? Narysowa em. No, dobrze – powiedzia . I postawi „bardzo dobrze".

Anatomia (przegl da indeks), mieli my jeszcze anatomi . Ale tylko szkielet i zewn trzne mi nie. Egzamin zdawali my u prof. Manteuffla w Akademii Medycznej. Wszystkie wi zania trzeba by o zna . Jest „dobrze".

O! Tutaj jest straszny dziadunio! Prof. Lenart. Okropnie nas m czy z „technologii materia ów gra cznych i introligatorstwa". Dostawa a pani arkusz bibu ki, trzeba j by o bez adnej linijki poci na pó centymetrowe paseczki. Potem paseczki posmarowa klejem i ponakleja na arkusz papieru w odst pie dwóch milimetrów mi dzy jednym paskiem a drugim.

Na oko?

Oczywi cie. Niczego nie wolno by o mierzy . I nie daj Bóg, by przy którym paseczku klej si na boki rozmaza . A profesor podchodzi i mówi : O, tu! Widzi pan, tu pan o pó milimetra si pomyli . A kiedy kto zaczyna dyskutowa , miareczk przyk ada i zawsze okazywa o si , e ma racj .

Po pierwszym semestrze postawi mi „dobrze", po nast pnym „bardzo dobrze".

Przyda o si ?

Szalenie. Te widz pó milimetra.

A pan ju wtedy odkry , e ma e jest pi kne?

Chyba jeszcze nie.

Je dzi em do Wronek. Ojca z wi zienia na Rakowieckiej przewie li do wi zienia do Wronek. Najpierw jecha o si do Poznania, ju nie pami tam, ale chyba z siedem godzin. W Poznaniu przesiada o si do lokalnego poci gu, poci g by wype niony po brzegi. Doje d a do Wronek i ze trzydzie ci, czterdzie ci osób wyskakiwa o i biegiem do wi zienia. Przed bram ustawia a si d uga kolejka. Podchodzi em do okienka, okienko si otwiera o, mówi em nazwisko wi nia, pada o cz sto: Widzenia nie ma i ciach! Okienko z hukiem si zamyka o i znowu kilkana cie godzin trzeba by o wraca do Warszawy.

A je li na widzenie pozwolono, to wchodzi o si do dziwnego pomieszczenia pod schodami i czeka o. Nads uchuj c, kiedy na schodach zacznie si stuk, stuk, omot drewnianych chodaków wi niów.

Wtedy wprowadzano nas do niewielkiej sali, mo e 30-metrowej. Salk przecina korytarz ogrodzony z dwóch stron siatk , po którym przechadza si stra nik. Stawali my po jednej stronie siatki, wi niów wp dzali na drug stron . I zaczyna si straszny wrzask, bo wszyscy naraz chcieli co sobie powiedzie .

Widzenia trwa y albo dziesi , albo pi tna cie minut.

Bardzo krótko. Wi c mo na by o tylko sprawdzi , czy jeszcze egzystuje i po wygl dzie spróbowa si domy le , jak.

Pan y w dwóch wiatach.

To prawda. Pami tam, m odzie chodzi ze sztandarami, na jakie zebrania, jest euforia, a dla mnie to obce, nie potra si w tym odnale , stoj z boku. A jednocze nie – musz si przyzna – chcia bym w tym uczestniczy , do czego nale e . Bo dlaczego – my l – zawsze mam by zepchni ty na bok.

Wie pani, dlaczego tak dobrze czu em si w „Czytelniku”? I uzna em, e to jest moje miejsce? Bo tra em na pracowni , która w tamtych strasznych czasach dla nas wszystkich by a azylem. Nie mówili my za du o, niewiele o sobie wiedzieli my, a mieli my do siebie zaufanie.

Samuel zapyta mnie: A nie masz jakich kolegów? Mam. Jasia M odo e ca i Jurka Jaworowskiego, z pracowni Henryka Tomaszewskiego. To ju by o za prezesa Stefczyka.

Oko o 1953–1954 roku.

Jurek przyjecha z agru, mia strasznie powybijane palce, grube kciuki. Potem opowiedzia , ale te bardzo niech tnie, e r ba lasy.

Jasio i Jurek uwielbiali arty.

Przychodz do pracowni. Samuel jest strasznie zdenerwowany. Mówi wzburzony: Co za g upie dowcipy, idioci. Sprz taczka z samego rana przysz a posprz ta pracowni , zobaczy a, e portret Stalina stoj cego w d ugich butach, du y – metr na 70 cm, który dot d pa ta si gdzie w k cie, w ród starych dekoracji pierwszomajowych, wisi na cianie przypi ty do deski, a pod nim kto napisa : Sto kilo podnosi jak piórko. Polecia a do prezesa Stefczyka z donosem, e towarzysz Stalin zosta zniewa ony. Prezes wezwa Miklaszewskiego i zrobi a si afera, kto to zrobi .

Takie mieli cie u wiadomione sprz taczki?

Nawet o tym nie wiedzia em.

Chcecie – mówi do nas bardzo zdenerwowany Miklaszewski – nieszcz cie na wszystkich ci gn ?!

Miklaszewski by w partii?

Nie.

Rudnicki, M odo eniec, Jaworowski?

Nie, nie. Zaczyna a si odwil . Dla mnie zacz a si pod koniec 1954 roku, kiedy ojca przewie li na „G siówk ” do Warszawy. I dostali my pierwsze widzenie „bez siatki”. A potem nasz Kasi pozwolono nam z on przynie , eby j ojcu pokaza . Mia a kilka miesi cy. A jeszcze potem wszystko naraz si skumulowa o. Wypuszczono ojca. I szybko potem umar dziadek, w lutym 1956, mia 86 lat. Dosta em telefon od gen. Rómmla. Czy ma pan mundur dziadka? – zapyta . Oczywi cie – mówi – dziadka ubierzemy w mundur i czapk po o ymy na wieku trumny. Trzeba – powiedzia – za atwi kompani honorow . No, nie wiem – mówi – czy si uda. Ja to za atwi – zapewni – na pewno za atwi . Prosz bardzo.

W dzie pogrzebu dzwoni. Niestety – mówi – nie zgodzili si .

Kto?

Rokossowski. I odby si normalny pogrzeb. Dziadka pochowali my obok córek i ony na Wojskowych Pow zkach. W tym samym mniej wi cej czasie dosta em z „Czytelnika” mieszkanie. Pi dziesi t dziewi metrów plus jeden. Dwie po czone kawalerki. In ynier, który nadzorowa ich czenie, powiedzia : No, to mo e ur niemy jeszcze metr z s siedniej kawalerki. I ur n . Przesun ciank dzia ow .

Có to by a za rado ! Pierwsze parapetówki.

Mieszka pan w nim do dzisiaj, nie za ma e?

Ale nam wtedy wydawa o si , e jest ogromne. To by y trzy pokoje. Wreszcie mia em swoje miejsce do pracy.

W rok pó niej kolejna rado . Ojciec zosta zrehabilitowany. Otrzyma prac dyrektora w Polskim Towarzystwie Ekonomicznym. Dosta odszkodowanie. I nawet mieszkanie na Marsza kowskiej. Nasz wnuk teraz w nim mieszka.

Co robi?

Studiowa socjologi na Uniwersytecie Warszawskim i zosta konduktorem.

Jakim konduktorem?

Kolejowym, w PKP. Lubi to.

A pan?

Nulla dies sine linea. Ani jeden dzie bez kreski. Stara em si , by by y co najmniej dwie.

Pan Jan Mucharski do mnie si zg osi . Starszy pan, wybitny artysta. To by 1960 rok. Poinformowa , e Narodowy Bank Polski organizuje zamkni ty konkurs na projekt nowych banknotów i zaprasza dziesi ciu najwybitniejszych gra ków. Zapyta , czy wzi bym w nim udzia , on jest komisarzem konkursu. Pan Mucharski by legend gra ki reklamowej, twórc pierwszych neonów w Warszawie.

„Siatkarki” mi dzy innymi na Domu Sportu przy Placu Konstytucji.

Powiedzia em, e oczywi cie. A pomy la em: Dlaczego ja? Zupe nie tego nie rozumia em. Mia em 32 lata. Niewielkie do wiadczenie zawodowe. Nie by em cz onkiem partii i na dodatek mia em z e sanacyjne pochodzenie.

To dlaczego?

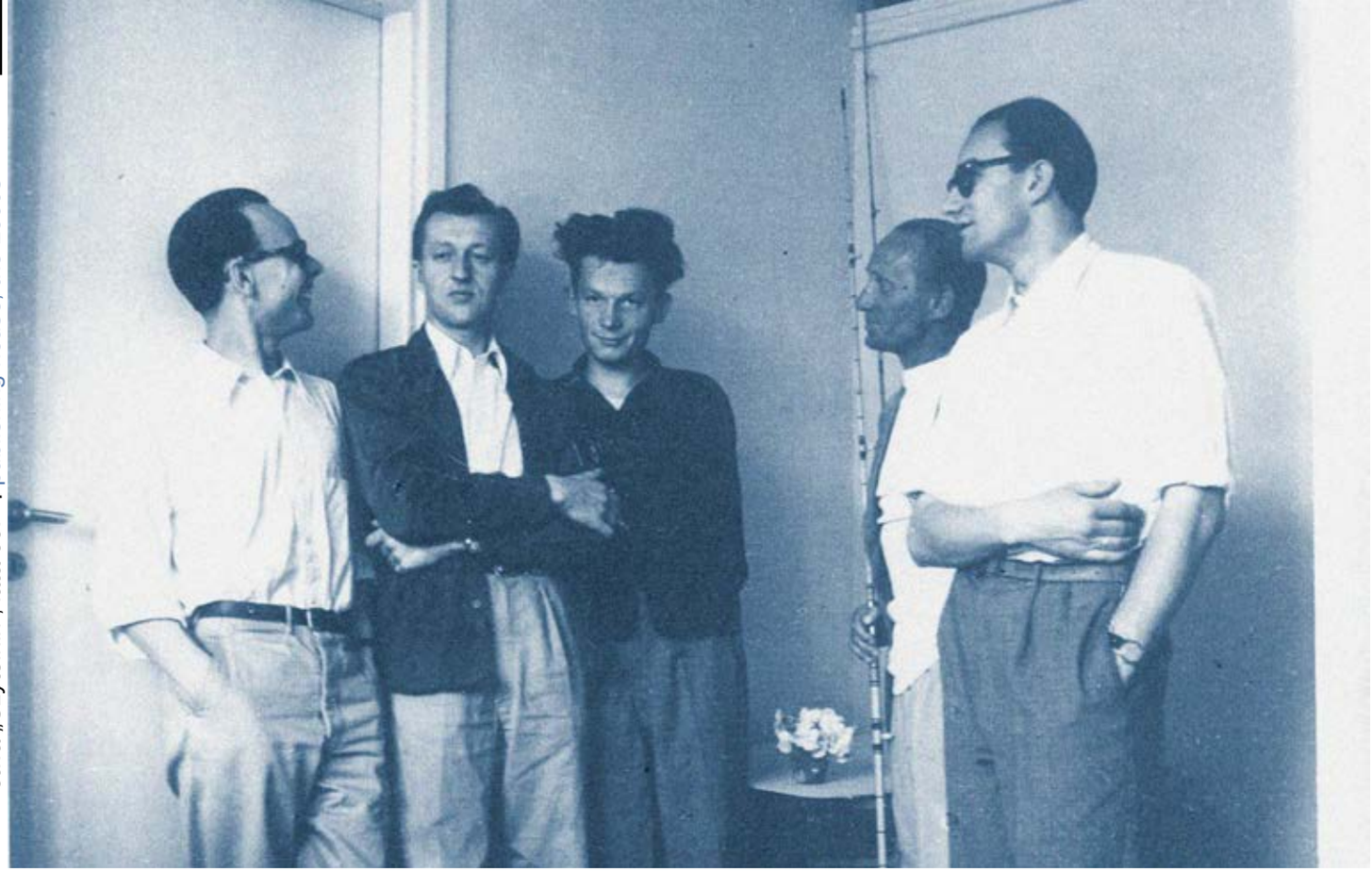
Widocznie pan Mucharski zwróci si o rad do Samuela Miklaszewskiego. A Samuel zna projekty moich znaczków pocztowych i mnie Mucharskiemu poleci . Projektowanie znaczków wymaga podobnej do projektowania banknotów dyscypliny warsztatowej. Pan Mucharski prosi mnie, oczywi cie, o dyskrecj .

A pan natychmiast powiedzia w domu Marysi. (miech).

Odby o si pierwsze zebranie. Starzy graficy, bardzo znani: Konstanty Sopo ko, Edmund John – ten od plafonu w Teatrze Wielkim, Stefan Bernaci ski z „Ksi ki i Wiedzy”, Jerzy Miller z Wytwórni Papierów Warto ciowych, a z m odych Czes aw Bieniek i ja – najm odszy. Pan Jan Bartosik, dyrektor Skarbca Emisyjnego, poda nam nomina nowego banknotu – tysi c z otych. Najwy szym w obiegu by a wtedy pi setka.

Czyli „górnik”. A dalej w nachalnym socrealizmie byli: hutnik na setce, rybak na pi dziesi tce i robotnica na dwudziestce.

Projektowa je Wac aw Borowski. Te banknoty by y w obiegu od 1950 roku i rzeczywi cie ludziom kojarzy y si ze stalinizmem. Powiedziano nam, e banknot, który wygra konkurs, b dzie pocz tkiem nowej serii.



Pracownia gra czna wydawnictwa „Czytelnik”, lata 60. | The graphic team of the “Czytelnik” publishing house, the 1960s

Od lewej: Andrzej Heidrich, Jerzy Jaworowski, Jan M odo eniec, Jan Samuel Miklaszewski, Marian Stachurski | From left to right: Andrzej Heidrich, Jerzy Jaworowski, Jan M odo eniec, Jan Samuel Miklaszewski, Marian Stachurski

Jej temat?

Dowolny.

Dyrektor Bartosik z banku da nam do podpisania warunki konkursu. Ka da strona by a podstemplowana piecz ci : poufne, poufne. Musieli my te podpisa osobne zobowi zanie do zachowania tajemnicy pa stwowej. Jasne, e o wszystkim powiedzia em Marysi. Nawet nie mia em zamiaru czegokolwiek przed ni ukrywa . Pracowa em w domu i nie si d przecie nagle gdzie w k cie i b d si przed ni zas ania . Zawsze ze sob du o rozmawiali my. Moja ona te jest gra kiem. To szalenie pomaga, je li ma si obok siebie kogo bliskiego, kto uczciwie i bardzo nawet ostro ci skrytykuje.

Krytykowa a?

O tak. ona fotografowa a, projektowa a znaczki, robi a ilustracje do ksi ek. Ale zupe nie inaczej ni ja.

Nie by o rywalizacji?

Ani przez moment. By a rado , jak Marysi czy mnie, uda o si zrobi co dobrego. Pracowa a dla Wydawnictwa Pozna skiego, dla „Ruchu”. Znakomicie zilustrowa a ksi ki Brandstaettera i jego wybór wierszy.

Kasia te wiedzia a?

Wiedzia a.

Zagl da a przez rami ?

Lubi a popatrze , co robi . A ja jej opowiada em. Wiadomo jednak by o, e o czym mówi si w domu, nie wynosi na zewn trz. Dyskrecji Marysi by em pewny na wi cej ni sto procent, a Kasi, która mia a 6-7 lat, na sto procent.

Na zaprojektowanym banknocie musia em wstawi numer z literami serii. Wstawi em KH – jej inicja z dat urodzenia. I tak zosta o. Na ka dym moim projekcie jest KH i jej data urodzenia w ró nych kon guracjach. Na pocz tku nikt nie zwróci na to uwagi. Dopiero potem. A dlaczego KH? – zainteresowano si . Powiedzia em krótko: To s inicja y córki. I koniec, wi cej pyta nie by o.

Niedawno w banku szuka em starych szkiców na wystaw . Tyle ich zrobi em, e wszystkich ju nie pami tam. Zacz li mi pokazywa . Przegl dam i zastanawiam si : Kto to robi ? Mo e Waldemar Andrzejewski? Te projektowa banknoty, zrobi seri z polskimi miastami, która nie wesz a do obiegu. Ale nie. Jest KH, wi c musz by moje.

Siedzia em ca ymi nocami. Zaprojektowa em banknot z Warszaw na rewersie i kobiet z Mazowsza na awersie. Musia em si du o nauczy .

Co by o najtrudniejsze?

Wszystko. (u miech)

Powinien by portret?

Uwa am, e na banknocie najlepszy jest portret. Portret jest najtrudniejszy do podrobienia. Twarz zawiera tajemnic . Kilka kresek nieprecyzyjnie po o onych mo e zmieni jej wyraz. Zaniedba em troch prac w „Czytelniku”. Mieli do mnie pretensje. Porozumia em si z bankiem, czy o tym, co robi , mog powiedzie prezesowi. Wtedy prezesem by ju Ludwik Kasi ski. Czy Kasi ski jest partyjny? – zapytali. Partyjny. To w porz dku – us ysza em – prosz powiedzie .

mieszne. Bo gdyby nie by – to co?

To by by nie swój, czyli obcy. I nale a oby z nim uwa a .

Na pana uwa ano?

Na pewno. Tylko wie pani, mnie to w ogóle nie interesowa o.

A do partii nie namawiano?

Raz zacz to, w „Czytelniku". Powiedzia em kategorycznie, e nie. To oni: Nie, to nie. I dali mi spokój.

Ale przed Towarzystwem Przyja ni Polsko-Radzieckiej pan si nie wybroni .

No, do TPPR-u to ka dy nale a . Kto mnie kiedy zaczepi : Nie zap aci e sk adek. Ja? Za co? – zdziwi em si . Za towarzystwo przyja ni. Jakiej przyja ni? Wtedy si dowiedzia em. Wszystkich pracowników „Czytelnika" zapisali do Przyja ni hurtem i ju .

Konkursu na banknot pan nie wygra ?

Nie, nawet tego nie oczekiwa em, by em przecie debiutantem. Dano trzy wyró nienia, a pierwszej nagrody nie przyznano. Do produkcji za poszed projekt profesorów Henryka Tomaszewskiego i Juliana Pa ki, których w czono do konkursu w drugim etapie. Oni zrobili Kopernika na awersie i Uk ad S oneczny na rewersie. Kopernik mia by pocz tkiem nowej serii, ale nie by . Okaza si – przez zbyt bogat kolorystyk – za drogi w produkcji.

Podchwycono mój pomys , eby zrobi banknoty z miastami. Bank zaproponowa mi, bym zaprojektowa pe n seri – 5 banknotów. Na awersie mia by cz owiek pracy, a na rewersie pi polskich miast. Lublin, Gda sk, Kraków, Wroc aw i Warszawa na najwy szym nominale. Rozpocz y si nieko cz ce si dyskusje. Mi dzy innymi, czyj da g ow . Robi em dziesi tki szkiców.

I stan o na Wary skim i wierczewskim?

Zaraz, zaraz, nie od razu. Nagle zrezygnowano z miast i postawiono na wielkich Polaków. Na pocz tek mia by 100-z otowy Chopin i 500-z otowa Maria Sk odowska-Curie. Po raz pierwszy wyjecha em za granic . Wytwórnia Papierów Warto ciowych zakupi a od W ochów nowe maszyny do produkcji banknotów. Wys ano wi c mnie i Stanis awa Toepfera – drugiego projektanta – oraz drukarzy do o rodka szkoleniowego w Mediolanie. W osi mieli nam pokaza , jak powinny by przygotowane nasze projekty, eby nadawa y si do produkcji w ich technologii.

Borowski, który banknoty projektowa ju przed wojn , rysowa je o ówkiem w wi kszym rozmiarze i dopiero po zrobieniu form drukarskich oraz próbnych odbitek wybierano kolory. My malowali my akwarel w skali jeden do jednego i od razu na kolorowo.

W osi powiedzieli nam, e gilosze – te wszystkie esy- oresy na banknocie – trzeba rysowa r cznie. I pokazali nam papier, na jakim je projektowali. Có to by za bristol! Niech pani popatrzy. (pokazuje)

Bardzo gruby.

Niech pani dotknie. G adki, jak z ko ci s oniowej. Mo na na nim yletk zetrze rysunek i dalej jest taki sam. Nic nie straci na jako ci. W osi pokazali nam te p dzelki do malowania. Ja pojecha em ze swoimi. Co to, chi skie? – W osi pytali zadziwieni. Nie, to nasze. Kupowa o si je od pana Nowakowskiego, który y z p dzli do golenia i makija u, a ma e p dzelki robi dla nas z sympatii. I za troch reklamy, któr mu robili my. Przychodzi co jaki czas do „Czytelnika" i przynosi p czek. By y oprawione w trzcinki i r cznie sk adane, wi c jeden by gorszy, drugi lepszy, jeden cie szy, drugi grubszy. Jeden nadawa si do tego, drugi do tamtego. Mo na by o wybiera . W osi u ywali angielskich, malusie kich, drobniutkich. Kupi em dwana cie sztuk.

Lepsze?

Wszystkie by y fabryczne. Jeden w jeden.

Bristol te pan kupi ?

Tak, za diety, które otrzyma em. Ale trzeba te W ochom odda , e bardzo du o nam go podarowali. Dopiero niedawno mi si sko czy .

Tyle pan nawióz ?

Oszcz dza em. Szkice robi o si na naszym. A ostateczny projekt na w oskim.

Po trzech miesi cach znowu pojechali my do Mediolanu, zawie li my W ochom projekty 100-z otowego Chopina i 500-z otowej Marii Sk odowskiej-Curie, oni je zaakceptowali. I wreszcie po pi ciu latach pracy posz y do produkcji. Czyli najpierw do rytownika. Rytownicy to te s arty ci. Przed wojn , kiedy na banknotach umieszcza o si nazwisko projektanta, podawa o si równie nazwisko rytownika, z oznaczeniem „sc". Teraz banknotów si nie podpisuje. Rytownik przenosi mój rysunek na odhartowan p ytk stalow . Wycinaj c ka d kresk , by w ma ym formacie nie znikn y adne subtelno ci rysunku. Benedykty ska praca, w której liczy y si tylko oko, lupa i pewna r ka. Nad jednym banknotem pracowa pó roku.

Dok adnie 800 godzin pracy – wed ug NBP.

Nagle dyrektor Bartosik mówi do mnie: Ale nie pokazali my ich premierowi Jaroszewiczowi, on jest numizmatykiem, kolekcjonerem, b dzie awantura, je li mu nie poka emy. Jutro – mówi – id do premiera. Nast pnego dnia dostaj telefon: Mam si stawi w banku. S ysz : Niestety, zaczynamy od pocz tku, pan premier odrzuci wszystkie projekty i nast pne musz robi inne osoby. Czyli nie ja.

4500 godzin – bo tyle, wylicza bank, trwa praca nad jednym banknotem – zosta o przekre lonych.

Pan Bartosik – niedawno si dowiedzia em – sporz dzi notatk z tego spotkania.

Trzy strony, dla prezesa NBP Leonarda Siemi tkowskiego.

Nic mi o niej wcze niej nie powiedzia .

Rozmowa z premierem odby a si – widz – w kwietniu 1972 roku i trwa a pó torej godziny. Zacytujmy fragmenty.

„Banknoty (...) – mówi premier Jaroszewicz – powinny by tak zaprojektowane, aby by y jasne i zrozumia e dla ka dego bez wzgl du na jego wykszta cenie i pozycj spo eczn . Musz one ponadto posiada wyra ny charakter narodowy".

Zgadzam si z tym. Pieni dz powinien by reklam pa stwa. Potem jest zdanie, e „Koncepcja zaprojektowanej serii, zdaniem tow. Premiera..., nie mówi nic o naszej wspó czesno ci, a forma gra czna jest „frywolna" i nie odpowiada powszechnym odczuciom estetycznym spo ecze stwa".

I s konkrety. „Wybór postaci wielkich Polaków, a przede wszystkim M. Sk odowskiej-Curie i Fr. Chopina jest nietrafny i niemo liwy do przyj cia ze wzgl du na to, e postacie te nie s a tak znane szerokim masom spo ecze stwa, aby uzasadnia o to ich wybór jako temat banknotów".

Wed ug premiera „Zamieszczenie na odwrotnej stronie

banknotu 500 z reaktora atomowego jest nie do przyj cia... (bo) mimo podpisu „Reaktor atomowy Ewa” – niezrozumia e dla wi kszo ci spo ecze stwa...” Podobnie jak nuty na banknocie z Chopinem.

Na drugiej stronie jest o mnie. „Zdaniem tow. Premiera autor projektów A. Heidrich nie nadaje si do projektowania banknotów, poniewa nie wyczuwa on charakteru polskiego”. Tego mi, oczywi cie, dyrektor Bartosik nie powtórzy . Przekaza w bardziej ogl dnej formie. Panie Andrzeju – powiedzia – Pan, niestety, podpisa swój projekt w asnym nazwiskiem, premier je zauwa y i stwierdzi , e wywo a komentarze, i to Niemcy projektuj nam pieni dze.

Zabola o?

Nie. Wielu moich kolegów, o czym prawdopodobnie nie wiedzia , mia o takie le dla niego brzmi ce, nazwiska. Kiedy – b dzie anegdota – odby o si spotkanie gra ków z demoludów. Przyjechali koledzy ze Zwi zku Radzieckiego, z Czechos owacji, W gier. Pytaj nas: Czy Hilscher, Toepfer, Heidrich, Desselberger, Miller, to wszystko s polscy gra cy? Tak – odpowiadamy – polscy. I by miech.

W pi mie pana Bartosika dobre jest te , bo zawieraj ce subtelnaluzj , ostatnie zdanie„Przy okazji tow. Premier podzi kowa za pomoc jak uzyska od N.B.P. przy kompletowaniu swoich zbiorów banknotów”.

Pan Bartosik to by bardzo kulturalny pan. Nigdy z nim na tematy polityczne nie rozmawia em, ale jestem przekonany, e by wiadomy ogranicze ustroju, w jakim przysz o nam y . Dobrze mi si z nim wspó pracowa o. My la em, e na tym po dwunastu latach moja wspó praca z bankiem si sko czy a. I w sytuacji, kiedy ja si do tego nie nadaj , znajd innego projektanta. Okaza o si to widocznie nie atwe. Toepfer zrezygnowa po powrocie z Mediolanu. Wiesz – powiedzia mi – to nie dla mnie. Nie mam cierpliwo ci. Projektowanie banknotów jest naprawd bardzo skomplikowan sztuk . I nagle dzwoni do mnie, mo e po roku, dyrektor Bartosik, e wracaj do koncepcji Wielkich Polaków i prosz mnie, abym w ci gu dwóch miesi cy zrobi Wary skiego. Odmówi em. W tak krótkim czasie – odpowiedzia em – nie jestem w stanie. Nalega . Zaproponowa em wi c, e zrobi go walorowo, a dopiero pó niej giloszem porozbija si to na drobne kreski.

A nie powinien si pan na nich obrazi ?

Na kogo?! Na dyrektora Bartosika? Przecie on by w gorszej ni ja sytuacji. Ja ca y czas mia em mnóstwo pracy, w „Czytelniku” by em ju naczelnym gra kiem. Projektowa em serie ksi ek, ilustrowa em je, robi em ok adki, znaczki dla Poczty Polskiej. Dla mnie projektowanie banknotów by o tylko cz ci moich zaj .

Pan Bartosik si zgodzi , e zrobimy tego Wary skiego walorowo. Powiedzia : Musimy jecha do W och i zapyta , czy w ten sposób mo e to by przygotowane.

W osi na to popatrzyli i pan Mazino, ich szef artystyczny i techniczny powiedzia : To jest ciekawe, bo po co d uba , kiedy na maszynach giloszowych mo na to zrobi lepiej. Wtedy by y jeszcze mechaniczne. I kiedy po raz drugi do nich pojechali my, zauwa y em, e oni mój projekt powi kszyli i powiesili na cianie jako wzór, e w ten sposób te mo na projektowa .

Pana pi setka z Ko ciuszk wesz a do obiegu w 1975 roku.

A po nim bardzo szybko pi dziesi tka ze wierczewskim

Mediolan 1968 r. Od lewej: Andrzej Heidrich, Jan Bartosik, Barbara Kowalska – rytownik, pracownicy rmy De La Rue Giori

Milan, 1968. From left to right: Andrzej Heidrich, Jan Bartosik, Barbara Kowalska (engraver), employees of De La Rue Giori



i setka z Wary skim. Ruszy a in acja i rynek potrzebowa coraz wy szych i wy szych nomina ów. Najwi cej pracy mia em w latach 80.

Dobrze?

I le. Bo pieni dze traci y na warto ci.

A teraz po denominacji jest pi . Prosili ju pana w banku o pi setk ?

Nie, nie. Nie ma in acji i nawet dwusetka nie jest w obiegu wystarczaj co wykorzystywana.

To co pan teraz robi?

Wreszcie dla siebie. Poka pani moje „Zmys y". (pokazuje) A to jest Poczet w adców polskich.

Konkurencja dla Pocztu Królów Jana Matejki?

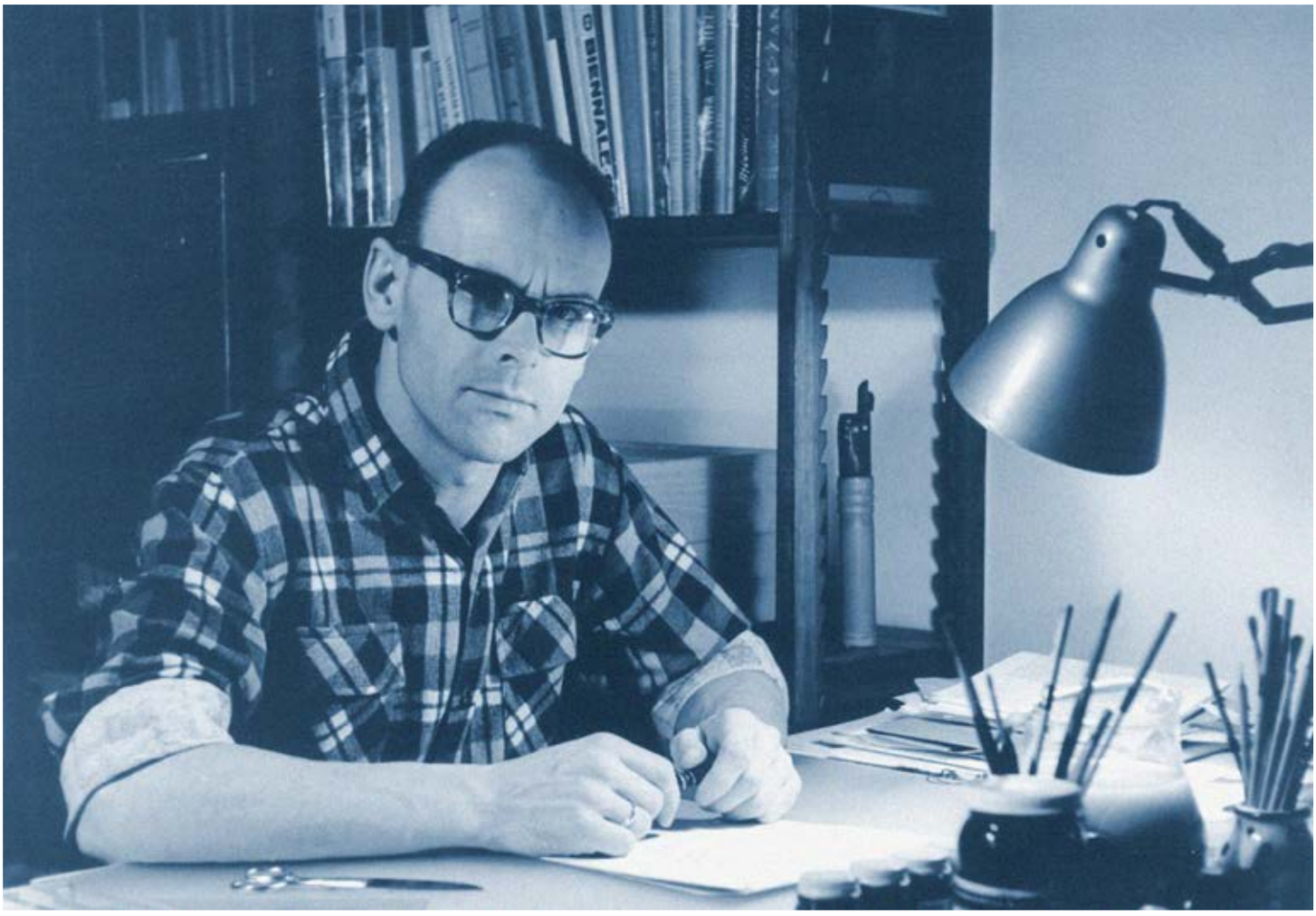
Zrobi em wi cej. Czterdzie ci i cztery. Z Pi sudskim, oczywi- cie, na ko cu. Pyta a pani, czym jest szcz cie. Robi , co si lubi. Jak najd u ej. Zawsze si ba em, e co z ego mo e si sta z oczami, niezb dnymi przy tej robocie. Ale chwa a Bogu, mam dobre. Tylko lup musz sobie pomaga . Szcz ciem jest te , e nie mamy z Marysi k opotów nansowych i nie martwimy si , e zabraknie nam sto z otych do ko ca miesi ca. e jeste my razem, bez napi . e mamy udan córk , wnuka, który dzwoni i pyta, czy nie przynie obiadu. Ale wie pani, szcz ciu trzeba pomóc.

Jak?

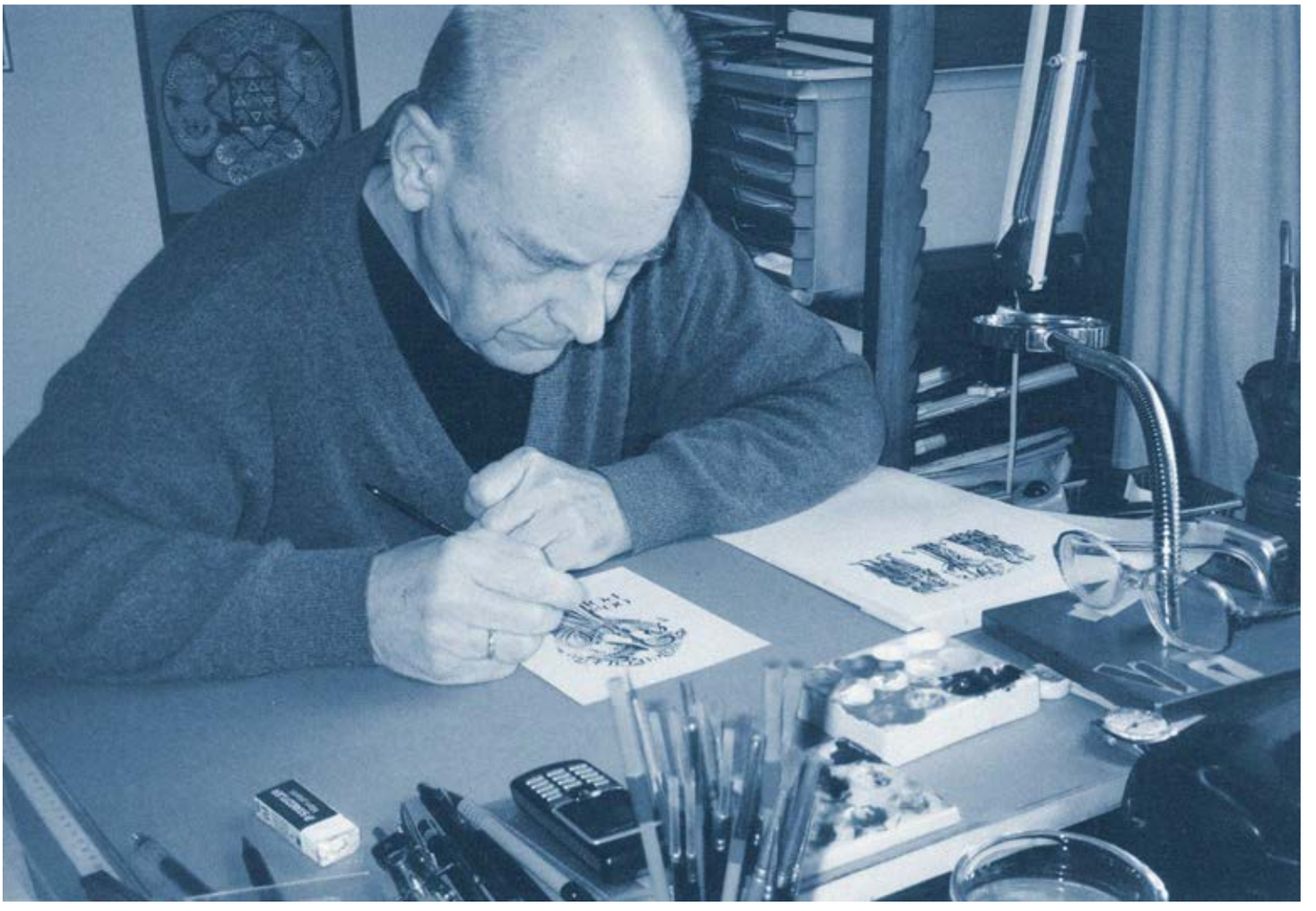
Nie burz c tego, co si ma. Ceni , co si ma i widzie dobre strony tego, co si ma. I nie wymy la niczego, co przez moment wydaje si czym wspania ym, ale po zastanowieniu wida , e pozbawione jest sensu.

To na koniec wyliczmy pana dorobek. Oko o stu pi dziesi ciu znaczków pocztowych. Z pó tora tysi ca ok adek do ksi ek, kilkaset ilustracji, or y i odznaczenia wojskowe, g od o Sejmu, piecz cie dla Kancelarii Prezydenta, herby gmin i miast... Wszystko?

Nie, nie, wszystkiego nie wyliczymy. Ale prosz napisa : Oraz dwa olejne obrazy dla pu kownika z WKR-u. Wzi li mnie do wojska. Przyszed em do WKR, by a na Szwedzkiej, pan pu kownik zapyta : A wy co, z Akademii? Z Akademii. Co malujecie? Maluj . Potra cie forsowanie Odry? Czemu nie, tylko musz mie materia y. Da mi pocztówki i dech . Inni chodzili na tzw. paluch, ganiali ich na wiczenia. A ja siedzia em i malowa em. Za namalowanie „Forsowania Odry" dosta em starszego strzelca. On mówi: Mo e by cie mi namalowali obrazek do domu, jakie morze, albo statek. Oczywi cie, namaluj . I awansowa em na kaprala.



Andrzej Heidrich, 1968 r. | Andrzej Heidrich, 1968



Andrzej Heidrich, 2004 r. | Andrzej Heidrich, 2004

English in English po angiel-sku

po polsku s. 20

40

[1] Do you regret Pi sudski?

It was to be the most expensive.

And it has gone to waste.

Mrs Gronkiewicz-Waltz invited me to a talk, as at the beginning of the 1990s she was the President of the National Bank of Poland. She said – in absolute discretion, of course – that the Bank had not decided yet when the Polish z oty would be redenominated, therefore she asked me to design a 5 million z oty banknote. Just in case – she said – it might be useful.

There had already been banknotes with 2 million, 1 million, 500 thousand, 200 thousand, 100 thousand z oty denominations...

As I have calculated recently, there were seventeen bank-note denominations in circulation. I had almost run out of colours to use. People had dif culties with counting zeros. The one thousand z oty banknote with Copernicus was similar to the 100 thousand z oty banknote with Moniuszko; [2] the ve hundred z oty banknote with Ko ciuszko resembled [3] the 20 thousand z otys with Maria Sk odowska-Curie.

I would like to design Pi sudski – I proposed. I thought that he would be the perfect closure of the Great Poles series. In ation dropped slowly, so I had – for the rst time in my life – enough time to work on the design. The designing of such a high denomination was a challenge for me. Except for the portrait of Marshal Pi sudski and all the typical elements for a banknote, I had to incorporate into a small piece of paper twelve zeros in two six-digit groups.

Do you like money?

For me it is not just money.

Does money bring happiness?

I was satis ed with Pi sudski. In my opinion, it is the most beautiful banknote I have ever designed.

On 1 January 1995, the NBP ran a grand-scale operation of the redenomination of the Polish currency. My Polish Rulers series was put into circulation and Pi sudski – quite paradoxically – as a result of the good nancial condition of Poland – went to the archives.

I guess it didn't resemble that picture of Pi sudski hanging over your desk.

No. This is a caricature by Zdzis aw Czerma ski. From his collection of caricatures. I bought it in an antique shop a few years ago. Pi sudski is jumping out of the picture frame because he cannot t into the framework of the Polish constitution. A similar caricature used to hang in my house before World War II.

People say that Pi sudski was quite amused by these caricatures and he had them copied by the hundreds and hung on the walls in Belvedere.

He had a sense of humour. We quite often talked of Marshal Pi sudski at home.

And did you see him in person?

A few times, on the tribune. I was there with my grandpa. My grandpa used to take me to military parades held to celebrate state holidays. And once (he smiles) Marshal Pi sudski even stroked my head. I was heading with my mum to azienki Park. I was not much more than 5 years old. Suddenly I saw him approaching in Agrykola Street. I stopped and took off my cap. He came up to us.

Did he know that you were the grandson of General Osi ski?

Certainly not. My grandpa was on good terms with Pi sudski, but not very close. Their experiences differed. My grandpa served in the tsar's army, not in Pi sudski's legions. As a Russian of cer he fought in China, on the Manchurian front, against Japan, and during World War I in Austria. Only after the outbreak of the October Revolution did he support the Polish cause and organised Polish army in Moscow together with general Dowbor-Mu nicki, and then fought against the Bolsheviks in 1920.

The Aleksander Osi ski biographical entry can be found in Polish encyclopaedias.

The family story says that during the May coup d'état [12-15 May 1926], grandpa communicated with Pi sudski and stated that he would like to remain neutral in the face of con ict, therefore he placed himself under house arrest. And then while in G owno, I went for a walk with my mum. My father was an economist, the Head of the Non-Ferrous Rolling Mill Works, a branch of the famous Warsaw Norblin Factory which produced silver-plated cutlery.

We heard the factory sirens and my mum said that something wrong must have happened, maybe a re in the Works? We came back as quickly as possible, and somebody told us that Marshal Pi sudski had died.

Year 1935.

We lived with my mum at my father's place in G owno and sometimes moved to my grandparents'. Grandpa had a one-storey house with a big garden in Warsaw's district of oliborz, in mia a Street. It was a housing estate for of cers, developed on the plots for those with higher ranks. In Czarniecki Street there was my school, called – a bit strangely – Szko a Rodziny Wojskowej. Its emblem was the metal shield of an Amazon warrior with three initial letters of the school name incorporated – we used to wear this badge on our berets. My grandparents lived downstairs, and I with my mum – upstairs. My mum was a good pianist, she also sang sometimes, but I did not like her songs, they irritated me.

Because they were patriotic?

No, because they were too romantic. Schumann, Schubert, Chopin. And I preferred something vigorous. I liked foxtrots. Or tangos. For example I thought "Ramona" beautiful. My dad visited us there, arriving from G owno, and planned. For him, everything had to be planned in advance. While looking at my pictures, which were rather cartoons with a plot, drawn after I had read a book, and not illustrations, he used to tell me: You will become an architect. And you – he used to tell Jurek, my younger brother – you will construct ships. My brother was fascinated by ship models. He cut elements, glued them and scattered his works all over the table. You asked whether money brings happiness. It does not protect you from blows of fate.

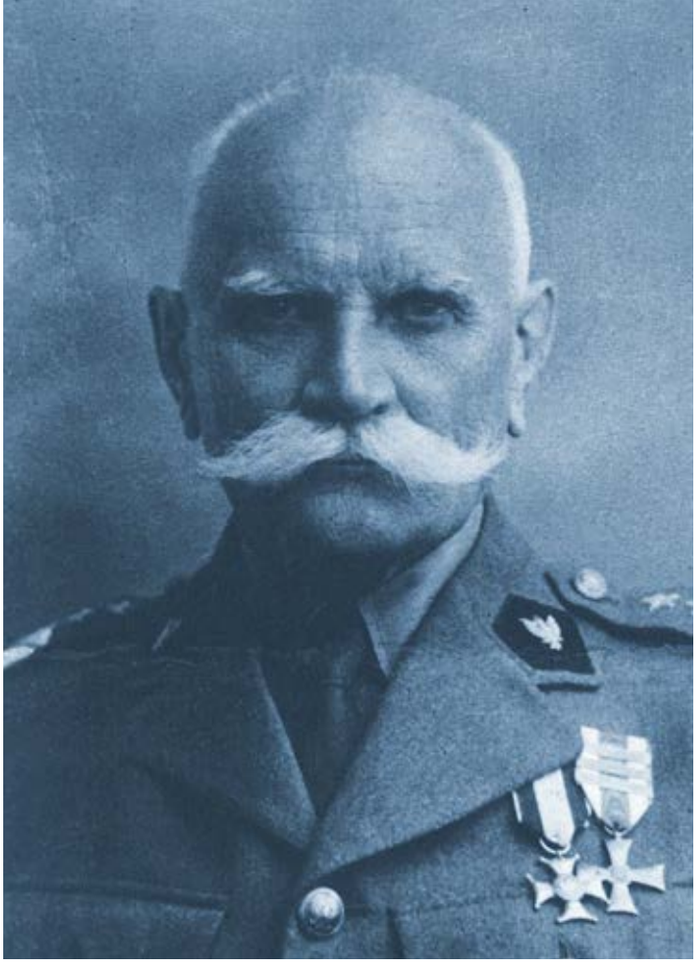
What happened?

Tragedy always strikes all of a sudden. My father came to Warsaw by car to pick us up to G owno. It was a new car, Opel, bought a few months before. G owno is not far away from Warsaw, some 100 kilometres. In Skierniewice, half the way to G owno, my mum said she felt sick. She often suffered from hard migraines. We stopped. My parents went to the pharmacy, we waited for them in the car. When they came back, my father decided to return to Warsaw. So we did. Mum was already unconscious.

[1] Józef Pi sudski (1867–1935) – Polish military commander and independence activist. Instrumental in restoring Poland's independence; Chief of State (1918–1922). Later, the authoritarian leader of the Second Polish Republic (1926–1935).

[2] Stanis aw Moniuszko (1819–1872) – composer, conductor and teacher; creator of the best Polish operas and author of popular songs.

[3] Tadeusz Ko ciuszko (1746–1817) – general, leader of the 1794 uprising later named in his honour. National hero of Poland and the USA.



gen. Aleksander Osi ski, dziadek , 1943 r. | General Aleksander Osi ski, grandfather, 1943.



Matka Zo a Heidrich, 1937 r. | Mother Zo a Heidrich, 1937

It was Saturday, 24 June 1939. I was 11, my brother was 9. Grandpa knew doctors working for the army, so he called them in. The most eminent physicians arrived and tried to save my mother's life. I was sent with my brother to our room. My grandma came in the morning and told us that mum had died. She was 34. It was a cerebral haemorrhage.

My world collapsed.

Then there was a mass in the St. Boro-meus church in the Pow zki civil cemetery in Warsaw. There were crowds of people and I remember walking long in the funeral cortege. My mum was buried in the Pow zki military cemetery beside her elder sister. My grandparents had two daughters and both died young. Auntie Ania Bohdanowska died of tuberculosis. She was 28. She could draw a bit. She gave me and my brother a couple of pictures, illustrations to our children's stories, an amateur work, as I can judge today. They used to hang in our room.

We were devastated. My father hoped to relive our pain caused by Mum's death and took us to Kraków. The three of us went there. It was the rst time I had been to Kraków.

4 We visited Wawel, the salt mine in Wieliczka and Pieskowa
5 Ska a in Ojców. Rumours had it that war was coming close. We gave up our usual holidays in Jurata on the Baltic coast. We used to spend two summer months with mum in our villa in Jurata.

Everything had changed. In August, Grandpa embarked on M/S "Batory" and went to the USA to organize supplies for the army. He was the President of the Polish Red Cross. The war broke out, when the ship was on the Atlantic, so Grandpa stayed in London throughout the war. My father moved east, following the appeal of Colonel Umiastowski calling all men t to carry arms leave Warsaw. We were left with Grandma Osi ska. She was sick, she suffered from severe asthma. She was afraid that Germans would attack Warsaw from the oliborz district side in the north of the city. She called her sister, Antonina Tetmajerowa, and told her that we were to move to her place. Auntie Tuta, as we called her, lived in the central ródmie cie district, in Chopin Street. A military ambulance came to pick us up in mia a Street. The soldiers took piles of bed sheets. Grandma told them to take the sheets to the hospitals, for the injured. She did not want to leave anything to the Germans. We were transported with our luggage to Chopin Street.

Warsaw was preparing for the siege. An anti-aircraft artillery unit stationed in the Dolina Szwajcarska park. I peeked at the soldiers from the balcony. They shot at the approaching enemy planes. It was horrible. One day they set a bon re, brought documents and burned them. On 28 September Warsaw capitulated. The soldiers smashed sights of the anti-aircraft guns with their ri es' butts. Then they fell in and marched off in fours. Two days later we could hear rhythmical clacking, at rst distant, then closer and closer. The Germans approached, pounding cobblestones with their heavy boots. People were told to close the gates. Watching

4 Wawel – architectural complex comprising a royal castle, an armoury and a cathedral erected over centuries on a limestone hill on the left bank of the Vistula river in Kraków. The seat of Polish Kings until 1596 and a place of great signi cance to the Polish people. Many distinguished Poles, alongside royalty, are interred at the Wawel Cathedral.

5 Pieskowa Ska a (Pieskowa Rock) – limestone cliff in the valley of river Pr dnik, best known for its Renaissance castle.

German soldiers was prohibited. But I had to see them. I attened myself against the gate. It was openwork, with tiny glasses. I saw through the glass how Germans rode slowly along our street on their motorcycles, their motors roaring horribly. They looked like ravens. They had black capes and black helmets. They turned from Chopin Street into Aleje Ujazdowskie thoroughfare. The motorcycles were followed by soldiers in dark olive uniforms and high hobnailed boots. I saw Germans for the rst time then.

But your second grandfather – Heidrich – was German.

He was long dead and we never talked at home about any relations with Germans. Never!

The ground was covered by the rst snow. It was in October. Suddenly, we heard the doorbell ringing. My father came back. Without his car. He drove to Lublin and could not buy any fuel there, so he left the car in the street.

The Rolling Mill Works in G owno was taken over by the Germans. Not even a single bomb hit it. The bombs spread over the railway station and the nearby elds, and the Works remained untouched. My father with another director participated in the handover of the Works to the German management. He told us later that the Germans must have had plans of the factory, because they knew everything about it. The Works manufactured not only copper and brass articles, but also cartridge cases.

One of the Germans brought two French cognacs, put them on the table and invited those present to help themselves. The Poles, because my father was with his colleague, did not touch the alcohol. They signed the takeover documents, and when the Germans left, my father said to his companion: Let's take the cognacs and drink them when the war is over.

The Germans shut my school and turned the building into a hospital. Luckily our house in mia a Street was not severely bombed. One bomb blew up in the garden making all the tiles fall off the roof, and another hit the house, went through the ceilings making a hole, and was stuck somewhere in the cellar. My father decided that we needed to nd the bomb and rebuild the house. While looking for the bomb the workers dug a two-metre deep hole in the cellar, but found nothing. They could not dig deeper, so they just lled in the hole. The bottle of French cognac was placed in my father's cabinet.

You lived on an unexploded bomb?

Generally, everybody lives by chance, you know. The only difference is that during a war there are more accidental events. Now we lived downstairs, at rst with Grandma Osi ska, and when she died – with Grandma Heidrich, who came at the beginning of the war from yrardów, and with Mrs Halina, who took care of the household. And upstairs there lived two brothers of my father with their families.

You asked about my grandfather Heidrich. His parents were Moravian Germans. My great-grandfather was a specialist in the dyeing and textile industry. In the middle of the 19th century he settled in ód , there my Grandfather August was born. One of my father's brothers, Uncle Edmund, wrote down our family saga. He counted all Grandfather August's children. From the rst marriage he had four sons. All of them bore German names: Otton, August, Artur and Brunon. When the grandfather widowed, he moved to yrardów. He worked in the linen factory as the head of the design workshop. In of cial papers my father wrote that he was a graphic artist. The grandfather married again, to Agnieszka Tiesler, and within ten years he begot eight children. They were given other names. For example Oskar and Adolf, but also Olga and El bieta. Most of them died early in life, as it was common in those times. Only two sons from my grandfather's rst marriage lived up to their adult age: August and Artur, and three from the second marriage: my father Adolf Zbigniew, Edmund and Piotr, the youngest. Uncle Edmund and uncle Piotr stayed with us in mia a Street during the Nazi occupation of Poland.

Your father was in the Home Army? [Polish resistance organization]

No, he worked – which I did not know at the time – for the Government Delegation for Poland [the highest non-military authority of the Polish Underground State in occupied Poland]. My uncle Piotr and uncle Bohdanowski were in the Home Army.

Uncle Bohdanowski – the widower of Auntie Ania?

The very one. He was a pre-war of cer and of course he was in the Home Army. He visited us often. He was tall, wore a large sheepskin coat and Grandmother used to tell him off: You are so blatant, you are a conspirator, you have to hide. He replied: I am not going to hide from anybody! The Germans caught him in the street and killed him in Auschwitz.

And what about Artur or August?

August got ill and died during the war. And Artur was an engineer, he worked in the Philips factory. He married a German woman and he felt German. When he came to visit our grandmother, or his step-mother, his brothers used to leave the house. They did not want to meet him. He signed the Volkslist and maybe even the Reichslist.

And then?

Soon after the war he left for Germany.

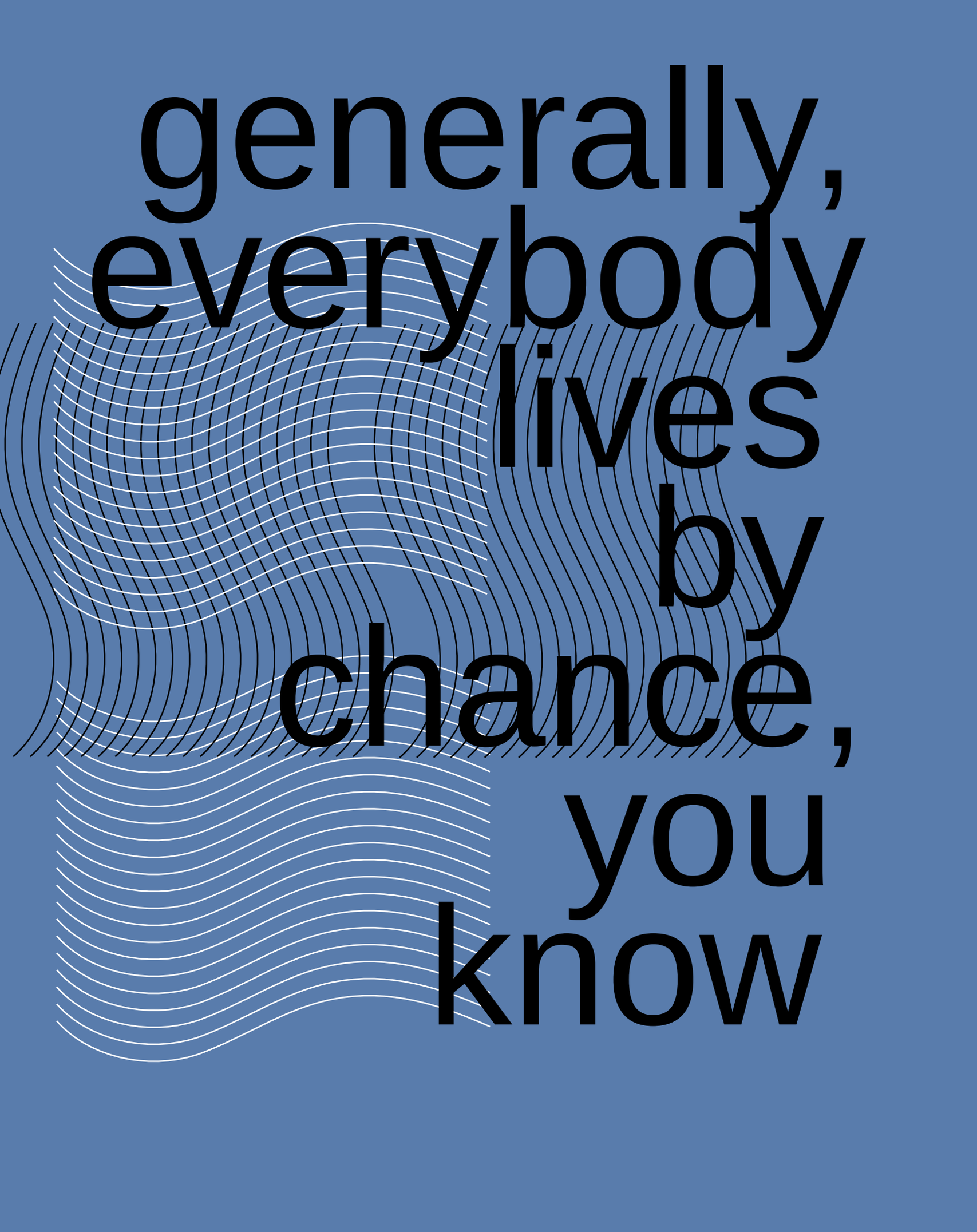
I will tell you a story. Once a car stopped by our house. It was after the curfew, i.e. after 8.00 p.m. A German of cer got out, checked the name at the gate, rang the bell, and my father opened the door. The of cer was very elegant and greeted my father clicking the heels and saluting. He said that they were interested in our neighbour, major Witszens, and asked my father what he knew about him. My father replied: Not much. Only that in 1939 he went ghting and never came back. They held the conversation in German, of course. My farther spoke German uently. The German took out his name card. Please – he said –as a German, let us know, when you get to know anything about him. And he handed his name card to my father.

I stood beside. I guess – my father said – that I will not nd out anything. By the way, I would like to explain to you that I am not German. I was looking at the of cer. In an instance his face hardened, he started to shout, slammed the door and left. We were afraid that he would come back with the Gestapo [German Nazi state police] to carry out a house search. The Germans, thank God, did not come back. And while my father did go to prison for the co operation with the Polish Government-in-Exile, it was only ve years after the war ended.

And you, were you a conspirator?

Not really.

I graduated from primary school, having classes in private,


generally,
everybody
lives
by
chance,
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know

rented ats, and I had to choose what next. For Poles only vocational education was available then: crafts or trade. My father found a school of graphic arts in Konwiktorska Street, where printing and graphic arts were taught. The number of places was limited, and I had to take entrance exams. So I went, and passed.

If it had been before the war, I would surely have gone to the secondary school of general education and I do not know what I would have studied next. Maybe architecture. But due to the war I did not have any dilemmas later on. I just knew that I would be a graphic designer.

You have asked about conspiracy. I must confess something – I had always been sort of… keeping my distance.

Once an old friend of mine, from primary school, approached me and asked whether I wanted to join the scouts. What scouts? – I asked. Szare Szeregi [Grey Ranks – the Polish underground scouts' organisation during Nazi occupation] Where are they? You don't need to know – he answered. It was a pack named after Arciszewski, it operated in the Bielany district. I went for the meeting. I had to think of a pseudonym. Which is the best? – I asked. Maybe an animal? Lynx – I said. OK. So I became "Lynx". The meetings were usually held in the so-called Sumatra. It was a sandbar on the Vistula river that could be accessed only by crossing the river, which was dangerous because the river often changed its current. We used to set a bon re and we were assigned tasks. Stupid, as I see it today. For example, the organisation needed shovels and pickaxes. The tools were on the inventory of German trucks. To one side of the truck a pickaxe was xed and a shovel to the other. The task was to get them. But how to do this?! We were instructed. Can you ride a bike? – they asked. We could. So follow a German truck on the bike in pairs, one of you has to draw the driver's attention to something else, and the other one has to pick up the tools. I tried to do this with a friend. We went to Wybrze e Ko ciuszkowskie Street. His task was to talk to the German driver, and mine – to take the tools. The driver leaned towards my friend and wanted to chase him away, while I had opened one mounting, and was trying to open the other. Suddenly the shovel fell down and hit the truck side with a noise. The German stopped, and we rode away at full speed. He shot twice towards us, but he missed. We ran away.

He could have shot you.

Of course he could have. It was plain stupid.

On 2 or 3 July 1944 I was informed that an alert was called. We gathered on the appointed date somewhere in the ródmie cie district, in Wilcza Street, as far as I remember. After an hour or so somebody came and told us to go home, we did not know what was going on. And this was the end of my clandestine activity. The Warsaw Uprising broke out, and I threw the majority of scenes out of my head. I don't want to remember.

Did it work?

The scenes come back. When I read something, or watch. But I do not help them come back.

Are you afraid?

It stirs your imagination too much.

6 In 1956 I went to see the "Kanal" by Wajda. About the Warsaw Uprising. It stayed in my mind for a long time. And I said: never more. Therefore I do not watch war lms. I have not even seen "Katyn".

Your grandson does not ask you?

Yes, he does. So did my daughter.

I tell them a couple of funny anecdotes, always with a happy ending. For example, they started to shoot at Invalids' Square and the Germans turned up in our street, mia a. They positioned a machine gun and went on shooting towards Invalids' Square. Then they took off and the inhabitants decided to construct a barricade.

But Poles being Poles, they could not decide where to build it. Maybe here? Maybe there? The discussion lasted all day long. Everybody in the of cers' housing estate was good at military tactics and knew better.

The next day the Home Army squad came and decided that the barricade should be erected next to house number 11. Our house was number 13. I carried out pavement slabs. I was eager to go to the command and tell them that I joined the scouts, but my father asked me: Sit on the barricade, if you like, but do not go anywhere. Grandma is ill and should we have to carry her, I cannot manage myself.

Grandma Heidrich's legs were paralysed. I stayed. I helped with digging ditches and erecting barricades. They were to protect us from tanks.

Were you not given any gun?

No. There were people older than myself, more eligible, and we were short of guns. If you had a single grenade, it was a distinction! I was not armed and all the time I dug ditches and extinguished res. And the Germans red all days long. They used bullets with thin cartridge cases – when hit, the case was torn out and an explosive liquid spilled over, and burst into ames in a moment.

House number 11 caught re. There were no hydrants, we carried out water in buckets. I ran down the stairs, and a missile exploded nearby, I was streaming with blood, everybody thought I was done in, but the cartridge only cut my face like a lancet.

We were hungry. Hunger is worse than fear.

But I talk too much about it. Today, the Warsaw Uprising is considered a victory and celebrated with joy, like it was a great battle won.

And was it a defeat?

It was a disaster. And it is beyond description how horrible it was. What remains are stories about miraculous survival, about surprising coincidences.

For example we had a garden with quite nice fruit trees and we could not pick up the fruit. The Germans took over all high buildings in Genera a Zaj czka Street, and on any movement in the bush they reacted with a salvo. I decided to try. I attached a basket to my belt and crawled towards a pear tree through the weeds. Delicious, juicy pears, lots of them under the tree. I put them into the basket and spotted some on the tree. I could not leave them. I jumped, shook the tree, fell down. And at once a burst was red over the garden and above me. I wanted to slip away, I moved and they red again. I lay frozen on the ground for half an hour.

Another story. We had a porch overgrown with vines at the exit from the garden. The Germans were bombing the Old Town.

6 Andrzej Wajda (born 1926) – Polish lm director, winner of an honorary Oscar, prominent representative of the Polish Film School movement.

Stukas approached in groups of three, they made three large circles and in each round they dropped one bomb each. And ew away.

I was standing in the porch. I saw that one dropped three bombs and ew away, then the second, and the third. And I saw that the third one came back, made another circle and red from the machine gun at me. He must have spotted me. The burst went over my head, one bullet hit the porch. I dug it out as a memento, but I lost it somewhere.

And you know, until today I cannot understand that German pilot. He bothered to come back and kill only one person?

Maybe he thought there were more people.

No, no. Later on I spoke to soldiers and they told me that a face shines bright in sunlight among thick grass and leaves. It is highly visible.

We spent the last couple of days of the Uprising in the cellar. At night, on 25 September, two days before the capitulation of the oliborz district, my father woke me up, sounds of gun re could be heard. He said: I guess the Russians are attacking. There in oliborz we were waiting for the Russian aid. Missiles hit our house, the plaster was coming off, and we heard uproar. It was not Russians, but the Germans. A grenade exploded in one cellar, then in the next one, and in the next one. A German walked around the house and threw grenades in the cellar windows. The cellar doors were blown away, a cloud of dust, you could see nothing. I was standing close to the door. A German appeared upstairs. He shouted: Raus, get out. I moved to the stairs, and he took a grenade out of his high boot and tossed it into the cellar. The grenade bounced off the door frame and fell down under his feet. He moved back and I jumped back behind the door frame, and the grenade rolled down the stairs and exploded. Nobody was even grazed. Another coincidence.

The German shouted again: Raus! Mrs Halina got out rst. I with my father and my brother just after her. Grandma with her nurse stayed in the cellar.

We got out to the yard. Our house was destroyed by bullets, all the windows were smashed. The Germans arrived on tanks from the direction of the Citadel. On the way they crashed the barricade and killed everybody who defended it. We stood at the wall with our hands up and waited. This scene is like a frozen lm frame to me. There was shooting around. At Invalid's Square grenades exploded. It was close. I was sure that soon we would be dead.

What do you feel in such a situation?

Nothing. This is the most amazing thing. Well, I am standing in front of my own house, I know all the trees, stones, bushes around and looking at the wall I think that it's over.

Do you feel sorry?

I don't know.

Our death seemed logical to me in these circumstances. Because what could you do with four people, when the ght was not over yet? The best way was to kill to solve the problem. The Germans were jabbering: Schissen, schissen. I did not understand.

They conferred about what to do with us – my father told me later. The commanding of cer, as I noted, had a band with "Hermann Göring" sign on his right shoulder. So they were from parachute-tank division of Hermann Göring, brought from Italy to the eastern front and held in Warsaw to help put down the Uprising.

One of the soldiers proposed to the commander to escort us to the Citadel, where German barracks were situated. They took my father back to the house, and the commander let the soldier escort us to the Citadel. He was Silesian, he spoke broken Polish. We came across a Silesian who wanted to take charge of us. What is more, he managed to persuade the commander to his plan. He told us that they gather civilians in the Citadel.

We rushed without stopping to think. We left grandmother with her nurse in the cellar, and rucksacks packed by my father in the cellar corridor. With a change of underwear, with medicines. To grab them quickly when needed. My father was a scout when he was young even the Head of the Polish Scouts Association, and he tried to be prepared for various situations.

The Silesian drove us to the fence. It was a high fence impossible to jump over – we had to go underneath by a dug up trench. There was a German standing behind the fence, with his gun in hand. I thought that when I was passing through, he would shoot me in the back of my head. But he didn't. I passed through. My brother passed through, and Mrs Halina. We reached a potato eld just near the Gda ski Railway Station. There were a lot of Germans all around. Down! – our Silesian shouted. We fell down. I heard whirring and grenades ew over our heads. Probably ours. Insurgents were still ghting in Invalids' Square. We reached the Citadel. The gate was open. We stopped. There were crowds of people inside. The injured were lying on the ground. More people were coming. We were waiting.

Suddenly – it was uncanny – I saw my father, stood in the yard with the next group of people driven to the Citadel. He said that my grandmother with her nurse stayed in the cellar. We were standing, together, in a large, 100-strong group. Russian-speaking troops were hanging around. They jabbered in Russian. My father spoke Russian as well. During World War I, when the yrardów factory was evacuated with the workers' families by the Russians to the east he lived in Moscow and Kiev.

They want to – he translated – escort us to Zachodni Railway Station. We have to do something so it is not them to escort us, only the Germans from Wehrmacht.

Were they better?

Oh, yes, they were.

Because you had already known what the Russian-speaking troops were like?

I did not know, but the elders probably did.

Let's collect valuables – my father proposed. Somebody took off a chain, another gave a ring, a wedding ring. The jewellery was put on the handkerchief and tied, and my father with another man went to a German of cer. They explained what they meant and discreetly slipped the handkerchief to his hand. He looked inside, hid it in his pocket and said: Gut. He called a sergeant and three soldiers. They told us to form a column. So we did. We saw from far away that a Russian-speaking soldier with the rank of non-commissioned of cer came to the Wehrmacht of cer with whom my father talked before and told him something reproachfully. The German looked at him and slapped him in the face.

They took us from the Citadel, we walked and I saw a Soviet airdrop on the road. In the oliborz district, when the Uprising was already dying down, the Soviets started dropping ammunition and food for the insurgents. Unfortunately, without parachutes, so when the box hit the ground, half of the ammunition was damaged and required segregation, and the containers with food were usually crushed. They contained packets with groats and meat sewn in cloth. I noticed a container, a bit crushed by people treading on it. I had to take it, but I was afraid. The Germans yelled, pushed us and hit us with the butts of their guns. Slowly, very slowly I grabbed two bags and put them into my pocket.

Were the groats boiled?

Yes, yes, they were ready to eat, only hot water was needed. They escorted us to a church in the Wola district. There were crowds of people. A doctor wearing a strange uniform also appeared with three soldiers. And he pointed out with a stick to young people, healthy at rst sight. And the soldiers drove them to one side. He also pointed at me. When they began to form us into groups, there was a mess, so I quickly vanished in the crowd and ran away to my family.

They escorted us to the Zachodni Railway Station. Many people were ill. They lagged behind. An old woman with a suitcase was trudging before me. From the opposite direction a German truck came with a lm camera mounted on the cab. The soldier who walked beside me also spotted the camera, he waved to the cameraman and, smiling, walked to the old lady, took her suitcase and carried it. As soon as he was lmed, he threw the suitcase on the ground, kicked the old woman and walked away.

At the Zachodni Railway Station we were packed into a freight train, 70 people per carriage, and moved to Pruszków, where we got off. On the platform, some people were shunting carriages. They pushed them with bare hands, and a German with a whip walked along and rushed them. These were Jews. We came to a hall with tracks inside. I realized that it was a locomotive shed. A dense crowd was sitting on the concrete. Then eld kitchens arrived. Germans were serving soup. We had nothing to pour it into. What should we do? I found a lampshade with a hole inside. How to plug it? I found a peg, probably from a lubricant, because it was greased on one end, and only dirty on the other. I wiped it from the dust, pushed it into the lampshade and stood in the queue. And I saw that the soup was steaming. How to keep it? I moved forward. The German looked at me, poured the soup and laughed. For him it was funny. The soup was extremely hot, I used the peg. I managed to keep it in my hands, put down on the ground, I made it, we ate the meal. My father met a friend nurse. She said: I will escort you to the block of the ill. The surgeons were Russian prisoners of war. They bandaged my father as an injured and recorded tuberculosis in our papers. The doctor warned us that the Germans may check that.

On the second or third day there was an alarm. It was ve o'clock in the morning, all ill people were told to stand in a row for an inspection. We waited for two or three hours, nothing happened. A train arrived and the Germans shouted: Get in! There were nuns on the platform, from the Red Cross, I guess, they had tins with condensed milk for children. They gave one to my brother who was small, by height, not by age.

The Germans loaded us into carriage, again 70 people per each carriage, as fast as they came. It must have been some administrative norm.

For Poles, privileged.

They separated mothers from children, there was crying and screaming. We managed to stay together. We climbed to the carriages. These were open carriages formerly loaded with coal. We stood, rain fell, black mud formed. We waited all day for the departure, and it kept raining. People started organising themselves.

I found that no matter what situation, somebody will say: Ladies and gentlemen, we have to organise ourselves. A few people will join and soon the community starts working. They tore off two boards in one corner of the carriage, they covered the space. That will be a toilet – we were informed. And children were gathered in the middle so that they did not get cold.

We took off at night. My father calculated that about three thousand people were on the train. We did not know where we were going. Somebody who knew the area said that to Spa a, another person said that most probably to Kielce. Suddenly the train stopped, there was bombing in front of us. Explosions, everything in red, something was burning on the horizon. A trolley with railway workers approached our locomotive, they talked to the driver. And the order: Get off! Again, screaming, crying. And the train wheezed and went back.

Three thousand people were left in the forest, somewhere near Spa a. It was at night. My father said: We have to separate from the crowd as far as possible. Thank God we are in good health. We ran. We saw a light, a hut, a peasant opened the door.

Wasn't he afraid?

Oh! You are from Warsaw – he said. He knew about the defeat of the Uprising. He gave us hot water, we ate Russian groats with meat. Go to the barn and sleep, but don't smoke – he warned us. We were the rst at his place, others came afterwards. In the morning we asked the peasant where the railway station was. He said: Some two-three hundred metres from the place where you got off there is a railway post, ask there. A railwayman was sitting at the post. We asked him whether the trains stopped there. No, they did not. But he told us to wait, as he found a solution. He asked: Can you hear the rattle? A train is coming. Where's it going? Probably to Cz stochowa, but I'm not sure. I will wave – he said – maybe it will slow down, and when it does – you will jump in. He whistled twice, waved and indeed: the driver began to move slowly towards us. It was an empty freight train. Jump! Mrs Halina was about 40, my father was even older. And the carriage was high, and moving. But we did it. In extreme situations you can do more than in normal circumstances. All of us climbed into the carriage, the railwayman waved to us. Then the train slowed down again, and people with guns jumped in, they came to our carriage. Where are you from? – they asked. We explained, and they started looking at us closely.

Were they looking for Jews?

I don't know. They were partisans, I guess. They rather did not want to kill us. They were surprised by our presence.

We arrived in Cz stochowa. My father realized that the family of his friend, Steinborn, lived there. They took us in and we stayed there for almost four months, until the liberation. My father found a job in the eld kitchen factory. He said that not even one kitchen left the factory at that time, they stood in rows in the yard, each lacking a part.

Sabotage?

And total mess. The Germans were in a mess at last. We were very glad hearing that. And we found Grandmother Heidrich. The Germans let the Red Cross nuns check the area for the injured. Somebody came to our house in mia a Street and found two old women. They were taken from there and, together with the ill, transported to the nuns in Kraków. Every day my father read a newspaper and all the advertisements, and one day he read that Agnieszka Heidrich was looking for her sons. He went at once. He reached Kraków after many problems. And he was too late. Grandma died on the previous day. Before he arrived. Recently I visited her grave with my wife, she is buried in Rakowicki cemetery. My father had been short one day!

I used to go running in the streets of Cz stochowa to see the Germans withdrawing. I liked watching them escape. They would go through Naj wi tszej Marii Panny [Blessed Virgin Mary] alley. On carts loaded with luggage, with stolen cows attached on the strings. On trucks full of robbed furniture and trunks. On motorcycles, on bikes.

Once I saw a big car going, with a German soldier sitting on a pile of packages. Suddenly he stood up, shouted something to the driver, the driver sped up, and a burst of bullets could be heard. I jumped to the nearest store. The Russians were shooting. The German front broke from time to time and one or two Russian tanks moved forward, red to scare the Germans a bit, and withdrew.

But I also saw another scene. A German officer with two military policemen stopping German soldiers in the street and checking their papers. They must have looked for deserters. So there were also Germans who, even in the face of total chaos and panic, tried to perform their duties.

On 16 January I looked through the window and saw Russian tanks coming from one side and German tanks from the other. We lived on the outskirts of Cz stochowa, close to the farm elds. They started to re. They red a bit and withdrew. And at night from 16 to 17 January the battle began. It lasted until morning. Then silence. Absolute. We did not know what was going on. Dad – I said – I am going to get out and see. You won't! I will.

So I did. The street was empty, the snow was falling. There were no traces on the snow. An anti-tank barrier was standing in the middle of the street. While the Germans prepared for the defence, they built a lot of barricades across the streets. Next to the barrier there stood three bazookas abandoned by the Germans. It was an anti-tank weapon for one shot only.

I reached the crossroads where a Hitlerjugend building was situated. And I saw two soldiers. I could not recognize uniforms from the distance. Russians – I thought. They shouted to each other and bang, bang, bang, they shot from their automatic pistols at the Nazi emblem on the wall. They were dead drunk. They must have been Russians. I waited for them to go away. Nearby, in the neighbouring street, German barracks were located. I thought I had to check what was going on there. The gate was destroyed, I entered the yard. There were guns on the racks, and rucksacks put in piles. And joy that the Germans had gone. And people laughed that the Germans escaped so fast that they left their pants.

People smashed the door to the cellar. At last we could get to what the Germans had, and we had not had for ve years. A boy, much older than me said: Maybe we will go together, it will be safer, we will help each other. OK. We got in. We smelt spirit. And heard the sound of crushed bottles. It was completely dark, you could see nothing. The boy said: Listen, everybody's gone left, so let's go right. We went, one after the other, we opened a door, there were boxes, great. Take one out – he said and took me up. I took one box, extremely heavy, it fell down. These were grenades. Luckily without fuses. I had enough.

I left my companion and went upstairs. I entered a spacious room, there was a large table in the centre, covered with green cloth. There were lots of cigarette butts around, and many glasses knocked over. And on the table there was a map. And I did not take it, you know. Even today I could kick myself for missing such an opportunity.

It was a staff map. With military troops locations marked, defence points, exit ways from Cz stochowa, denoted by red arrows. Even the red pencil was lying there. I had a look at the map and left it. I was plain stupid.

And what would you do with that map?

I could give it to a museum. It was a historic document. And instead of having a closer look at it, I began searching for food. If you have experienced hunger, you think about food. After ve years of Nazi occupation all of us had coded in our heads that food is vital. And that valuable loot is something you can swap for food.

Did you nd food?

Groats (he is laughing). And some tri es – plates, spoons. It was on 17 January. Cz stochowa was liberated on the same day as Warsaw.

My father got a job at the Hipolit Cegielski Works. We moved to Pozna . My brother went to high school, Mrs Halina found her husband who came back from o ag [German prisoner-of-war camp for enemy of cers only] and she joined him, and my father ordered me to come back to Warsaw. He read in a newspaper that the midle school of printmaking in Konwiktorska Street I attended during the occupation opened again and its former students could graduate.

It was in March. I reached Szcz liwice, some ten kilometres outside Warsaw. The train stopped there because the track was destroyed. I took a lift by cart to the Zachodni Railway Station. There are, you know, pictures one cannot describe. Because photos or lms are only a fragment of reality. They do not re ect climate, they do not have perspective. You can't smell burning, you can't hear silence broken by thuds of bricks falling, or regular clatter of damaged doors or windows.

When we were driven out of Warsaw, the city was bombed, on re, ames burst out of many cellars like from furnaces, but it lived. There were houses and streets. Half a year later I saw house stumps and debris. I had to get to oliborz to see our house. I trudged through the Wola district to the Old Town. I walked along wi toja ska Street, I saw

the Cathedral destroyed, I entered the Old Town Square, and I saw debris up to the level of the second oor, with a well-trodden path among the rubble. You had to go up to get through to the other side. I reached Genera a Zaj czka Street. The houses from which the Germans had been shooting at us were damaged, but they stood there. You turn from Genera a Zaj czka Street to mia a Street. The rst house was blown up, the second, the third, the fourth... The Germans had come from the direction of Genera a Zaj czka Street and demolished houses one after another. Our house was the last. The address: mia a 13 ceased to exist.

The French cognac perished.

Our house was turned into a heap of rubble. The neighbouring house in mia a 15 stands until today.

Two blocks of ats were erected in the place of the demolished houses.

I dug out from debris two damaged photographs and an ashtray. I will show it to you in a moment. Made of brass, it stood on my father's desk.

Your father smoked a lot, didn't he?

Yes, an awful lot. There is an inscription on the ashtray: Copper and Brass Rolling Mill Works, 125 years, and the year 1809. Which means that it comes from 1934. It is not pretty, but it is the only thing left from our house.

I stayed at uncle Edmund's place in Józefów near Warsaw. He was lucky. A few days before the outbreak of the Uprising he went on holidays with his wife and children, and stayed there. I graduated from the school in Konwiktorska Street and passed the exams to the Fine Arts High School in Górno l ska Street. The school headmaster was professor M czak. We were sitting in the class, we did not know one another yet, and then the door opened and two people came in. One tall, one short. I paid attention to the tall one. He was wearing a Russian greatcoat, with badges removed and characteristic frayed bottom, because Russians never hemmed greatcoats. It was Marek Oberländer.

And the other one?

Bohdan Czeszko. The school gathered quite a collection of extraordinary young people. Jasio Lebenstein, Krysia Zachwatowicz, Jacek Sienicki, Leon Urba ski, Marysia Wieczorkówna, Krysia Lesmanówna – the daughter of Jan Brzechwa. Everybody had his or her trying war experience. [7]

Czeszko fought in the "Czwartaki" squad of the People's Army.

Marek came back from the Soviet Union, he was conscripted to the Russian Army. It was not bad – he told us. He managed to become a barber in his company. He was the oldest among us, by 5-6 years, quite a lot. We visited him all the time. He lived in Okólnik Street, in the tied at of Mrs Ró yczka, an ophthalmologist. We sat on the bed, usually with Janek Lebenstein, and we drank vodka. But moderately. Janek did not drink much then yet.

It was getting back to normal. After one year at Cegielski Works, where he was an administrative director, my father was moved to Warsaw, to central institutions. They needed specialists in management. He was assigned a three-room at in Asfaltowa Street and he remarried.

Did he join the Party? [The Polish United Workers' Party, the ruling communist party from 1945 to 1989]

God forbid!

My new mum was a pre-war of cer's widow. She had a daughter, a bit younger than myself. Alina became our sister. There was a family again. My brother's dream came true. He was admitted to a renowned maritime school – Conradinum in Gda sk. And Grandpa Osi ski came back from London. We greeted him in Gdynia. He arrived by the "Batory" ship. He was 77, and he had a general's pension. He lived with us. And again he started to persuade my father to change our name. Into Osi ski – he proposed.

It was your father's pseudonym during the occupation.

I know. My father used to tell him: If I changed name now, people would say – it's strange, during the occupation he was Heidrich and it did not bother him, and now it does. And Grandpa replied: So double it to Heidrich-Osi ski. My father was uncompromising: Thank you very much, but no.

Was he right?

Yes, I think he was.

I passed my high school nal exams. And I informed my father that I was going to enter the Academy of Fine Arts. My father said (laughter): Well, it's a pity, but remember that I am not going to nancially support you.

Was he serious?

It was just parents' talk.

You were 20.

He still saw me as an architect.

Friends from my group: Janek Lebenstein, Marek Oberländer, Jacek Sienicki and Krysia Lesmanówna, chose painting. Together with Marysia Wieczorkówna and Leon Urba ski I chose graphic arts. We felt like artists. And you know where real artists go for holidays, don't you?

To Kazimierz [8]

Exactly. Like before the war. So we took our easels, brushes and off we went. There were seven of us: Joanna Krauze, Wanda Kasi ska, Marysia Wieczorkówna, Leon Urba ski, Marek Oberländer, Jacek Sienicki and me.

Jacek Sienicki's brother studied architecture, and the faculty of architecture performed measurements of the church in Kazimierz. Stefan found a place for us in an old house in Czerniawa Street. However, we had a problem with transport. There were no buses, we had no money for the taxi.

An American colonel had just arrived in Warsaw, a Pole by birth. He brought something for my grandpa, so I went to see him in the Polonia hotel. He started with the question: What do you need? He gave me clothes, a very nice jacket I wore for another 10 years, and asked: What else can I do for you? I replied: We have a problem with getting to Kazimierz. It's not a problem – he said – I will offer you an ambulance with the driver.

The driver was an American. Joanna Krauze, who spoke a little English and was a nice and beautiful girl, sat next to him – he was delighted. And we took our belongings and got inside, at the back. It was dark, as there were no windows. After 3-4 hours, as Joanna, who was to be the driver's pilot, also did not know the way, we got off in the market square in Kazimierz. And we were struck by a magni cent view. And little else. No Jews. In the marketplace there was a pharmacy, some old houses, a convent and a parish church. We had meals at some old woman's place, during the day we painted and we went to the beach, the Vistula was really picturesque, it had beautiful sandbars. And we

[7] Jan Brzechwa (1898–1966), born Jan Wiktor Lesman – poet and author. Most beloved for his children's poems.

[8] Kazimierz Dolny – picturesque historical town in Central Poland, beautifully situated on the Vistula river. Popular tourist destination and artists' retreat; venue of numerous cultural events.



ona Maria Heidrich | Wife Maria Heidrich

used to spend evenings in a pub behind the post of ce, among trees. We were going to hear professor Kukawski playing violin – we joked. We drank vodka, while a band composed of one drummer and one violinist who resembled our high school maths professor, Mr Kukawski, performed.

And what about Marysia? Had you fallen in love with her yet?

No, not yet.

The girls were accommodated in one room on the second oor, and the boys in the second room, next door. The house was old, wooden. One day we came back from the beach and suddenly Jacek screamed: Andrzej, Marysia fell off the balcony. I rushed downstairs, Marysia was lying on the ground and bleeding from the corner of the mouth. She had leaned against the wooden rail and fell down with it. There was no outpatient clinic, no doctor, what to do?

Our host said that there lived a doctor there who came from Warsaw. We carried Marysia to her place. She said that nothing was broken, but could not tell how things were inside. I attended Marysia for two weeks. Our host made her herb cataplasms, and I was more and more sure that we should be together. And we are.

For 63 years.

After three months of the greatest holidays in our lives we came back to Warsaw.

I decided to make some money. Well, I will go to “Czytelnik” – I thought – maybe they will give me a job. “Czytelnik” was the most eminent publishing house then.

The other was “Ksi ka i Wiedza”.

But it was linked to the Party. I did not like that.

Didn’t you want to go to the Party-driven one?

No, I didn’t.

I took my works and went to Olga Siemaszkowa. She was responsible for the graphic arts in “Czytelnik”. She illustrated children’s stories. She was somebody. She told me to make a book cover, so I did. Then she gave me another task. I came again at the end of 1949. Siemaszkowa said Mr Mik aszewski arrived from Zakopane, he will be the head of our studio now. I was supposed to go and meet him.

Jan Samuel Mik aszewski had taught drawing in the sculpture [9] school of Antoni Kenar in Zakopane. I went. A handsome man, kind of a highlander, older than me by at least twenty years, very nice. There is plenty of work – he said – two of us is not enough, I will organise a graphic studio. The other one was Marek Rudnicki.

Who worked for “Le Monde” later on?

Him as well. He was gifted, he drew caricatures, often printed in the “Odrodzenie” magazine published by “Czytelnik”. At the beginning of 1950 he moved to “PIW” publishing house, and after ten years or so he emigrated to France.

“Czytelnik” was then a media concern, they published not only books, but also postcards, notes, dictionaries, “ ycie Warszawy” daily, “Odrodzenie” weekly, they had their own

[9] Antoni Kenar (1906–1959) – sculptor, eminent teacher, Head of the Secondary School of Visual Techniques in Zakopane.

printing house, Dom S owa Polskiego. And, what was really important at those times, it had an apolitical foundation. I don't know who deserves credit for this.

Borejsza, I guess.

Certainly. But he was long gone then.

Did people talk about him?

No.

Did they say why he was red?

No, they didn't. In those times you said nothing and you asked no questions.

Didn't you ask?

No, I didn't.

Did you say anything?

No, either.

My father was arrested. On 3 March 1950 my father went to work in the morning and disappeared. In the Scienti c Association of Organisation and Management, where he was a director, they told us that he never appeared there, so something must have happened on the way from home to work. Maybe an accident? My father's wife, Irena, called the emergency medical service, we looked for him in hospitals. He disappeared. We didn't know what happened. A month passed, maybe two or three weeks, and somebody hammered at the door. The secret police, a house search. My father had been arrested in front of our home in Asfaltowa Street, they were waiting for him, took into the car and drove to Koszykowa Street. In Koszykowa Street there was the Ministry of Public Security, and in the cellars there was a jail.

For what?

We didn't know

What did they look for?

I don't know. They looked through every piece of paper.

They took among others a calendar from 1945. There were dates of your and your brother's name day and birthday marked, as well as the anniversary of death of Grandmother Heidrich.

They found a large sum of money in my father's desk. This was the money for our villa in Jurata, legally sold a few months before. They sealed the desk and, thank God, they left the money inside. This is why we could recover it later on. When they were going out, one of them looked at me, took out a drawer from the cabinet in the corridor and asked: What is this? He showed me a revolver gun bullet. I don't know – I answered. We had no ammunition at home.

– You don't know? He wrapped it in a paper and told me to write down that I did not know where the bullet came from.

Where did it come from?

He planted it. These were their methods. Provoke, involve by deception, and achieve the fabricated crime evidence by deceit. The world collapsed again.

Grandpa Osi ski couldn't do something?

Grandpa would be better left alone. It wouldn't help my father, and it might harm the grandpa. He had fought against the Bolsheviks in 1920, he was a general related to Pi sudski and he himself was in danger. It was better to be quiet.

But you told Marysia, didn't you?

Of course I did. Her stepfather was also involved in conspiracy during occupation and was imprisoned. It was typical of our family (laughter). After a year of my work for "Czytelnik" I was offered a full-time job. Samuel asked me: Maybe you would like to work here full-time? Of course I wanted. It was a perfect place for me. The most eminent graphic artists collaborated with "Czytelnik", I could learn much from them, they were eager to share their knowledge with the young. I went to the dean, as I was still a student, professor Szancer gave his approval. In April 1951 I began my full-time job in "Czytelnik".

It was exactly on 20 April.

I do not remember. But I remember April 26. It is one of the few dates you can never forget. We were noti ed of my father's trial. It was held in the military court at the corner of Koszykowa Street and Cha ubi skiego Street.

In the Military Intelligence Service building.

It was on 26 April 1951. We were allowed to be at the trial. We found out then that my father "attempted to change the people's and democratic system of the Polish State by force, participating in the operations of the Delegation criminal association."

During the Nazi occupation my father managed nance, he was the deputy head of the underground Supreme Chamber of Control, reporting to the Government Delegation for Poland. And after the war he popped in a street into his acquaintance called Januszewski. He told my father that a safe box of the Government Delegation for Poland was found during demolition of a house, that there were dollars and a protocol should be drawn up to solve the issue. They met in a at in Mokotowska Street and somebody denounced them to the secret police that they were still plotting in conspiracy.

Your father was questioned during the investigation about Mieczys aw Lesz, the then director general of the Central Administration of the Metal Industry, the latter minister.

He drafted my father in from Pozna . We even stayed at his place for a couple of months, waiting for the at in Asfaltowa Street. I knew nothing more about him.

The prosecutor Henryk Ligi za, with lieutenant-colonel rank, demanded capital punishment. The court was presided by Major Mieczys aw Widaj, the jurors were two soldiers. Witnesses came, escorted from the Mokotów prison. It was obvious that they had been softened up. Everybody nodded: Yes-yes.

My father's defence counsel was attorney Halina Wi ckowska. She said that straight after the war my father engaged in the so-called rebuilding of the country. As an administrative director he organised the start-up of the Cegielski Works in Pozna , since 1946 he worked in central institutions in Warsaw. He was a specialist in management. And he disclosed his activities within a prescribed period, explaining what his duties during the Nazi occupation were. All that was a camou age – the court decided. The post-war activity of my father was to cover his dishonourable intent to act against the system.

He was sentenced to seven years in prison and his property con scated. We went out, Irena was crying. The attorney was astonished. Dear lady – she said – this is a very good sentence, the prosecutor demanded death penalty. I thought I had to go to "Czytelnik" to let them know.

10 Jerzy Borejsza (1905–1952), born Beniamin Goldberg – in uential political and cultural activist, publicist and editor.

11 Jan Marcin Szancer (1902–1973) – graphic artist, illustrator of children's literature, created illustrations for over 200 books.

Didn't they know?

They didn't. What should have I said?

I went to Samuel and told him that my father had been sentenced, and I did not want him to have problems because of that. I informed only Samuel, nobody else. Well – Samuel bridled a bit, as nobody likes such complications – I have to talk to the president – he said.

The president was Jerzy Pa ski, a famous pre-war communist, well connected with the Central Committee [top management within the Party].

Maybe. I did not ask Samuel whom he wanted to talk to. It was of no importance to me, I did not know any president myself.

[12] Didn't you know Zo a Dembi ska, W adys aw Kopali ski?

No, I didn't. I knew that Dembi ska was éminence grise in "Czytelnik", that she had established the publishing house together with Borejsza, but I had never seen her or Pa ski. And I met the following president, Jan Stefczyk, only when he became a columnist for " ycie Warszawy" daily and assumed the pseudonym of W adys aw Kopali ski.

Do not be surprised. For me all of them were the "top", they were out of my league. And I wasn't interested who decided what at the top. The next day I came to work with fear that I would soon be red, and then Samuel told me that the president had said: Until they come in person, let him stay. So I did. For 40 years. (laughter)

And your father?

Thank God, he stayed in prison only for four years.

I am asking because on 16 April, i.e. ten days before your father's trial, and one year after his arrest you lled in a personal questionnaire in "Czytelnik".

Maybe. I don't remember.

In one place you wrote your father's name was Zbigniew, in the other – Adolf.

It is simple. He had two – Adolf-Zbigniew. And before the war, when he married my mum, he changed it to the second one. But not of cially in court. This is why in all documents I have to write Andrzej son of Adolf.

There were 36 questions in the questionnaire. The rst related to the pre-war period, whether you were the member of the Communist Party of Poland, the Communist Association of the Polish Youth, etc.

No, no, I was too young.

The next: were you a member of or a candidate to join the Polish United Workers' Party?

Never! I did not join the Polish Youth Association either. None of my close friends did.

It was not compulsory?

Schools of arts were treated quite leniently. I do not even know whether there was a party structure in the Academy. Even if any professor was a member, they did not show off. There was no military training either. We were only forced to participate in May Day marches. We were gathered in a studio to sign an attendance list. After 1951, when all the Academy faculties were moved to the rebuilt facilities in Krakowskie Przedmie cie Street, we would stand by the window and watch whether the Warsaw University goes by. We followed them to Poniatowski Bridge, and behind the bridge the march ended, we went downstairs and came back to the Academy to sign the attendance list again. They controlled if nobody ran away on the way.

And didn't you run away?

No. I don't remember anybody escaping. But everybody was opposed to holding sticks.

Flags with slogans: Lenin, Stalin, Bie [13]?

No, we had different slogans. In the Academy these were: Peace, Freedom – general notions.

And you were not told to paint Tito on the imperialist chain?

No, we did not carry any pictures.

Further in the questionnaire there are questions related to family. You wrote that you had no family abroad.

No close family, and I did not get in touch with Uncle Artur who lived in the Federal Republic of Germany.

You did not mention your grandfather, the General either.

It's possible. It was nothing to boast of. For the new authorities he was an enemy. But please, read more. What is next?

About your father. You wrote that he had not been a member of any organisation, not engaged in any activity during occupation. You also did not confess that he was in prison. Weren't you afraid to lie?

Probably I was more afraid to write the truth.

Because you know, once you create the atmosphere of general mistrust, suspicions, digging up the dirt on people, you are afraid to write anything, as you never know who can associate it and with what, and what problems can emerge. So it's better to write: I don't know, does not apply, or deny everything in advance. And wait for the consequences.

And what were the consequences?

Nothing special at the time. Only once something strange happened. I left my portfolio in the cloakroom at the school. It vanished and the cloakroom attendant did not know what happened to it. And the next day it was found. It contained my works and I noticed that somebody must have looked through them.

My sister and my brother suffered more. Alina was then a student of a secondary school at the Ministry of Foreign Trade. In two months she was to sit her high school nals. The headmistress called Alina and her mother and declared that she would not pass, so she had better move to another school as quickly as possible. She even explained it logically: Your stepfather is in prison, your father was a pre-war of cer, so you will never get a job in foreign trade. Alina passed her high school nals in the secondary school for builders.

Jurek was also in trouble. He had just graduated from "Conradinum" in Gda sk, he was assigned to work in the shipyard and was entrusted with supervision over the construction of a tugboat. He was fresh, he did not have experience and got a task exceeding his capabilities. He was afraid that should he fail, he would be accused of a sabotage and imprisoned. Two people saved him: and old shipmaster, who, knowing the situation, helped him construct that tugboat, and the shipyard physician, who gave him a medical certi cate that he was threatened with TB and could not live at the seaside. It helped. Jurek moved to Silesia for a couple of years and worked in an agriculture machines factory.

Suddenly, after a year or so, we were told to leave the at, the furniture was taken. Mr Zaj c from the secret police took over our at at 11/7 Asfaltowa Street.

[12] W adys aw Kopali ski or W adys aw Jan Stefczyk (1907–2007), born Jan Sterling – lexicographer, translator, editor.

[13] Boles aw Bierut (1892–1956) – Communist leader, President of Poland after the Soviet takeover of the country in the aftermath of World War II.

Edward Zaj c?

A young man. A few years older than myself. He came twice or thrice to see our at, which he was assigned to. And then he moved in. He threw out my grandfather, although he was over 80, he threw out Irene as well as Alina and, as I had just married, he let me and my wife stay until the end of holidays. So open-handed he was. We lived in one room. He said: Get out in September.

Where?

We were offered a room in a shack in the Jelonki district, without water and sewage system, with a well in the yard. Only electric power was connected. We refused. And we found shelter with our distant family.

And you were taught at the Academy what the people's democracy is.

They taught us the doctrine of Marx and Lenin.

From the book entitled "A Brief History of the All-Union Communist Party"?

I have it somewhere. A black book with golden letters. I wanted to throw it out as soon as I passed my exam in 1952, but I thought: Oh, let it be, and put it on a shelf. I remember nothing from this book.

It's impossible. Don't you know what a dictatorship of the proletariat is?

Ooooh! Too dif cult. We swotted for exam and tried to forget at once afterwards.

Socialism?

I know it. "The good of mankind".

And communism?

"The higher level of socialism" (laughter), which means even more good of mankind.

What grade did you receive?

Let me see, I have got my student's book.

(He checks)

We had the doctrine of Marx and Lenin for 4 semesters, in the rst two grades. Nothing to boast of, the grade was only "good", I was tested – I see the signature – by Hajnosz. I do not even remember him.

Other grades are "very good"?

Almost. I passed the diploma examination with distinction. Nacht-Samborski taught painting. He looked at my works and asked: Are you sure you want to stick to graphic art? Yes, I am – I said. OK, because you will not make a good painter. And he gave me "good" at rst, but then (laughter)– probably for my not wanting to be a painter – "very good".

Szancer, I met him in my third grade. He taught graphic art in books. We were very fond of him. He was my diploma supervisor.

"Very good"?

Yes, "very good".

I see that I received a "very good" in the subject of "Perspective". For Professor Szparkowski from the Technical University it was the highest grade. He used to say that Academy students did not deserve more than "suf cient". During the exam he gave me a sheet of paper and said: You are in Rome under the Triumphal Arch, in this place – he marked – and please draw what you can see above. Half an hour later he came back, looked at my drawing, said: Good. And gave me another task. And if you stood there – he showed me another place – what would it look like? I drew. Well, good – he said. And he assessed me as "very good". Anatomy (Hiedrich is looking through the student's book), we had anatomy. But only skeleton and external muscles. We passed the exam with Professor Manteuffel in the Medical Academy. You had to know all ligaments. I received a "good". Oh! There he is. A real old timer! Professor Lenart. He tortured us in "technology of graphic materials and bookbinding". He gave you a sheet of tracing paper and you had to cut it into half-centimetre strips without any ruler. Then you had to glue the strips to a sheet of paper with a two-millimetre space between two strips.

Without any tools?

Of course. You were not allowed to measure anything. And you had to be careful not to smudge the glue.

And the professor came to you and said: Well, here! You see, here you were wrong by half a millimetre. And when you started arguing, he put a measure and he was always right. At the end of the rst semester he gave me "good", at the end of the second semester – "very good".

Was it useful?

Tremendously. I can also see half a millimetre.

And you, had you discovered then that small is beautiful?

No, not yet, I guess.

I used to travel to Wronki. My father was moved from the prison in Rakowiecka Street to Wronki prison.

First, you had to go to Pozna , some 7 hours, as far as I can remember. In Pozna you took a local train, always full of passengers. The train arrived at Wronki and thirty or forty people jumped off the train and hurried to the prison. There was a long queue before the gate. I came to the window, the window opened, I said the prisoner's name, and often heard: No visit. And snap! The window closed with a thud, and I had to go back to Warsaw again for a dozen of hours. And if the visit was allowed, you entered a strange room under the stairs and waited. Listening, when wooden shoes of prisoners would start to clap on the stairs.

Then we were escorted to a small room, of the area of some 30 metres. The room was crossed by a corridor fenced with a net on both sides, and a guard was walking inside. We stood at one side of the net, and the prisoners on the other. And a terrible din began, because everybody wanted to communicate.

The visits lasted ten or fteen minutes.

They were very short. So you could only check whether the prisoner still lived and try to judge by appearance how he felt.

You lived in two worlds.

It's true.

I remember young people walking with ags, going to meetings, there was euphoria, and for me it was strange, I could not nd my place there, I stood by. And simultaneously – I have to admit – I wanted to participate, to belong somewhere. Because why – I thought – do I always have to stay in the background?

Do you know why I felt so well at "Czytelnik"? And believed it was a place for me? Because I found a studio which was an asylum for all of us in those horrible times. We did not talk too much, we knew little about each other, but we trusted each other.

Samuel asked me: Haven't you got any friends? Yes, I have.

Ja M odo eniec and Jurek Jaworowski – both Henryk Tomaszewski's students.

It was already under president Stefczyk's tenure.

About 1953-54.

Jurek came from the gulag, he had devastated ngers, thick thumbnails. Later he said, reluctantly, that he had had to chop down trees. Ja and Jurek loved playing tricks. One day I came to the studio. Samuel was very upset. He said indignantly: What stupid jokes they make, idiots. The cleaning lady came early in the morning to clean the studio and she saw that a large portrait – 1 metre high and 70 centimetres wide – of Stalin standing in high boots, which until then had been stuck somewhere in the corner among old May Day decorations, was hanging on the wall pinned up to a board, and there was a sign below, reading: "He lifts a hundred kilos like a feather". She rushed to president Stefczyk to inform him that comrade Stalin had been insulted. The President called Mik aszewski and a scandal was ready: Who did it?

Your cleaning ladies were politically aware?

I did not even know about it. Upset Mik aszewski told us: Do you want to bring problems to all of us?!

Miklaszewski was a member of the Party?

No.

Rudnicki, M odo eniec, Jaworowski?

No, no. The thaw began. For me it began at the end of 1954, when my father was transported to the "G siówka" prison to Warsaw. And we were allowed to visit him "without the net" for the rst time. And then we could bring our little daughter Kasia with us to show her to my father. She was a few months old. And then events piled on one another. My father was released. And soon after that my grandfather died, in February 1956, he was 86. General Rómmel called me. Have you got your grandfather's uniform? – he asked. Of course I have – I said. So we will dress him in the uniform and put his cap on the lid of the cof n. We have to arrange for a guard of honour – he added. Well, I don't know if we'll manage – I said. I will – he assured – for sure. OK, go ahead.

On the funeral day he called and said: Unfortunately they wouldn't allow it.

Who?

[14] Rokossowski. And my grandfather had an ordinary funeral. He was buried beside his daughters and wife at the Pow zki military cemetery.

It was then, more or less, that I was assigned a at from the pool of "Czytelnik". Fifty-nine metres plus one. Two combined one-room ats. The engineer who supervised their combining said: Well, why don't we grab one metre more from the next-door at. And he did. He shifted the partition wall. What joy it was! The rst house-warming parties.

You have been living in this at until today. Isn't it too small?

But for us it seemed spacious then. It consisted of three rooms. I had my working space at last.

A year later another joy. My father was rehabilitated. He was granted the post of a director in the Polish Economic Association. He also received compensation. And even a at in Marsza kowska street. Our grandson lives there now.

What does he do?

He studied sociology at the University of Warsaw and he works as a conductor.

What sort of conductor?

At the railways, in the Polish State Railways. He likes it.

And you?

Nulla dies sine linea. Not even a single day without a line. I try to draw at least two. Mr Jan Mucharski approached me. An old man, a renowned artist. It was in 1960. He told me that the National Bank of Poland was going to organise a closed competition for the design of new banknotes and invited the ten most eminent graphic artists. He asked me if I would like to participate, as he was the competition organizer. Mr Mucharski was a legend of commercial art, the author of the rst neon signs in Warsaw.

Among others "Volleyball Players" on the Sports House at Konstytucji Square.

I agreed. But I thought: Why me? I did not understand it. I was 32. Little job experience. I was not a member of the Party, and apart from this I had a very wrong Pi sudski-related background.

So why?

Mr Mucharski must have turned to Samuel Mik aszewski for advice. And Samuel knew my post stamps designs and he suggested my candidature to Mucharski. Designing stamps requires artistic discipline similar to that needed in designing banknotes. Mr Mucharski asked me to keep it con dential, of course.

And you at once told everything to Marysia at home.

(laughter)

The rst meeting was held. Old graphic artists, very famous: Konstanty Sopo ko, Edmund John – the author of the plafond at the Great Theatre, Stefan Bernaci ski from the "Ksi ka i Wiedza" publishing house, Jerzy Miller from the Polish Security Printing Works, and among young candidates: Czes aw Bieniek and me – the youngest.

Mr Jan Bartosik, the director of the issue treasury, handed us a denomination of a new banknote – one thousand zlotys. The highest denomination in circulation was ve hundred.

In other words, a miner. And then, in the blatantly explicit world of social realism, there were a steelworker on the one hundred, a sherman on the fty and a woman worker on twenty zlotys.

They were designed by Wac aw Borowski, they circulated from 1950 and were associated with horrible Stalinism. We were told that the winning banknote would be the beginning of a new series with Polish cities.

With what topic?

Any topic.

Director Bartosik from the Bank had us sign the terms and conditions of the competition. Each page was stamped with a seal: con dential, con dential. We also had to sign a separate pledge to keep the state secret.

Of course I told everything to Marysia. I did not even intend to hide anything from her. I worked at home, so I could not sit down in a corner and cover what I created. We have always talked a lot to each other. My wife is also a graphic artist. It helps a lot, when you have somebody close who can honestly, and sometimes even severely, criticize you.

Did she criticize you?

Oh yes, she did. My wife made photos, designed stamps,

[14] Konstanty Rokossowski (1886–1968) – Polish and Soviet military leader, Deputy Prime Minister of the Polish People's Republic (1952–1956) and Minister of National Defence (1949–1956).

illustrated books. But in a completely different style.

There was no competition between you?

Never. There was joy when Marysia or I managed to create something good. She worked in the "Wydawnictwo Pozna skie" publishing house and in the "Ruch" newspaper distribution company. She made great illustrations to the books and a collection of poems by Brandstaetter.[15]

Did Kasia also know?

She knew.

Did she observe you?

She liked watching me at work. And I used to tell her what I was doing. But everybody knew that you could not disclose outside what was talked about at home.

I was sure of Marysia's discretion in more than one hundred per cent, and Kasia's, who was 6-7 years old, in a hundred per cent.

I had to put the serial number on the designed banknote. I inserted KH – her initials with birth date. And so it remained. There is KH and her birth date in various con gurations on each of my banknotes. At the beginning nobody noticed that. Later on people became interested. Why KH? – they kept asking. I replied brie y: These are my daughter's initials. And that was it, no more questions were asked.

Not so long ago I looked for my old sketches for an exhibition at the Bank. I made so many of them that I do not remember every piece. I was shown some. I looked them through and thought: Who had made them? Maybe Waldemar Andrzejewski? He also designed banknotes, he created a series with Polish cities, which were not put into circulation. But no. There was KH, so they must have been mine.

I worked all nights long. I designed a banknote with Warsaw on the reverse and a Masovian woman on the obverse. I had to learn a lot.

What was the most dif cult?

Everything. (a smile)

Is a portrait indispensable on a banknote?

In my opinion the portrait is the best solution. A portrait is the most dif cult to forge. Human face contains a mystery, and a few imprecise lines change its expression.

I neglected a little bit my job for "Czytelnik" and they were displeased. I asked the Bank if I could tell the president what I was working on. At the time the president was already Ludwik Kasi ski. Is he a member of the Party? – I was asked. Yes, he is. All right – they said – tell him.

It's funny. Hadn't he been a Party member, what would have happened?

He would not have been "one of us", he would have been from the outside. Uncertain.

And you were deemed uncertain too?

For sure. But, you know, I did not care.

And weren't you urged to join the Party?

There was one try, in "Czytelnik". I refused categorically. They accepted. And let me alone.

But you could not get out of the Polish-Soviet Friendship Association.

Well, everybody joined them. Somebody asked me once: Why haven't you paid contributions? I was surprised: Me? For what? Friendship Association. What Friendship? That's how I got to know. All "Czytelnik" employees were enrolled, in one go.

You did not win the competition for the banknote, did you?

No, I didn't even expect to win, I was a novice.

There were three distinctions, and no rst prize was awarded. It was the design by professors Henryk Tomaszewski and Julian Pa ka that went into production. They were admitted to the competition at the second stage. They did not create a city, but Copernicus on the obverse and the Solar System on the reverse. Copernicus was to begin a new series, but its production turned out to be too expensive because of the too rich a pallette of colours.

They picked up my idea to make banknotes with cities. The Bank asked me to design a full series, i.e. ve banknotes. There was to be a worker on the obverse, and ve Polish cities on the reverse: Lublin, Gda sk, Katowice, Kraków and the highest denomination with Warsaw. Neverending discussions began, for example on whose head should be portrayed. I made dozens of sketches.

Finally they decided on Wary ski and wierczew[16][17]

Wait, wait, not so fast.

Suddenly the idea of cities was abandoned and a series of great Poles was contemplated. At the beginning there was to be 100-zlotys worth Chopin and 500-zlotys worth Maria Sk odowska-Curie.

I went abroad for the rst time. The Polish Security Printing House bought new machines for the production of banknotes from Italians. So they sent me and Stanis aw Toepfer – the second designer – and printers to a training centre in Milan. The Italians were to show us how to prepare our designs so that they were compatible with their production technology. Borowski, who designed his banknotes even before the war, used a pencil while drawing banknotes in a bigger format and once the printing forms and proofs were ready, he chose colours. We painted in watercolours in a 1:1 scale, in colour from the start.

The Italians told us that guilloches – all these curlicues on banknotes – should be drawn manually, so that the design looked natural. And they showed us the paper on which they designed banknotes.

What quality Bristol board it was! Have a look. (he shows the paper)

Very thick.

Touch it. Smooth as ivory. You can scrape off the drawing with a razor blade and it is still top quality.

The Italians also showed us paint brushes. I took mine with me. Are these Chinese? – they asked surprised. No, they are Polish. We bought them from Mr Nowakowski, who made his living from shaving and makeup brushes, and he made small brushes for us because he liked us. And because of the bit of goodwill marketing we made for him. From time to time he would come to "Czytelnik" with a bunch of brushes. They were set in reeds and hand-made, so one was worse, one was better, one thinner, another thicker. One was t for this, the other for that. You could choose. The Italians used English brushes, small, tiny. I bought 12 pieces.

Better?

They were factory made. All of them identical.

Did you buy Bristol board as well?

Yes, I did. For the per diems I received. But I must admit that the Italians also gave us a lot. I ran out of it only recently.

[15] Roman Brandstaetter (1906–1987) – writer, poet, playwright and translator. Thoroughly familiar with the Bible, often addressed Biblical themes in his work.

[16] Ludwik Wary ski (1856–1889) – activist and ideologist of the Polish socialist movement.

[17] Karol wierczewski, aka Walter (1897–1947) – a Pole who became a Soviet general; fought in the Spanish Civil War. Later he was put in charge (together with a few others) of creating the Soviet-controlled Polish Armed Force in the East; subsequently, Deputy Minist of Defence in the Communist Poland.



W ochy, 1968 r., od lewej: Jan Bartosik, kierowca, Andrzej Heidrich | Italy, 1968. From left to right: Jan Bartosik, driver, Andrzej Heidrich

You brought so much?

I was frugal and saved them. We made sketches on Polish paper, and the nal project on the Italian one.

Three months later we went to Milan again, we brought the designs of 100-zlotys worth Chopin and 500-zlotys worth Maria Sk odowska-Curie notes, and the Italians accepted them. Finally after a ve-year work they went into production. So rst to the engraver.

Engravers are also artists. Before the war, when the banknotes bore the name of the designer, also the name of the engraver was added, denoted with “sc”. Now the banknotes are not signed.The engraver transferred my drawing onto unhardened steel plate, carving each line, so that in small format no subtle features of the drawing vanished. Benedictine work in which what counted most was the eye, a magnifying glass and an even hand. The work on one banknote lasted half a year.

Precisely 800 working hours – according to the NBP.

Suddenly director Bartosik said: But we haven’t showed them to Prime Minister Jaroszewicz, he is a numismatist, collector, there will be a ruckus, if we don’t show him . He added: Tomorrow I am going to the Prime Minister.

Next day I took a phone call: I was to come to the Bank. And I heard: I am sorry, we have to start from scratch, Mr Prime Minister turned down all designs and the next ones shall be made by other people. That means not by me.

The work on one banknote took 4 500 hours, according to the Bank, and all that was wasted.

I have found out recently that Mr Bartosik made a memo from this meeting.

Three-pages long, for the NBP President Leonard Siemi tkowski.

He did not tell me about it before.

The discussion with the Prime Minister was held – as I can see – on April 1972 and it lasted an hour and a half. Let’s quote fragments.

“Banknotes (...) said Prime Minister Jaroszewicz – should be designed in such a way that they be clear and understandable for everybody irrespective of their education and social position. They should also have a distinctive national character.”

I agree. Currency should promote its country.

Then there is a sentence which reads: “The concept of the series designed, in the opinion of comrade Prime Minister..., says nothing about contemporary times, and the graphic form is “frivolous” and does not correspond with common aesthetic impressions of the society.”

And there is concrete information: “The choice of silhouettes of great Poles, and especially M. Sk odowska-Curie and Fr. Chopin, is bad and unacceptable due to the fact that these persons are not known by wide society well enough to justify their choice as a banknote topic.”

According to the Prime Minister, “Inclusion on the reverse of the 500 zloty banknote of a nuclear reactor is unacceptable... (because) despite the caption “Ewa nuclear reactor” it is not understandable to the majority of the society...” Just like the notes on the banknote with Chopin.

On the other page there is an opinion about me. “According to comrade Prime Minister, the author of the designs, A. Heidrich, is not capable of designing banknotes, because

he does not feel the Polish character."
Director Bartosik did not tell me that, of course. He communicated it in a more diplomatic form. Andrzej – he said – unfortunately you signed your design with your own name, the Prime Minister noticed it and stated that it will raise comments that Germans are designing money for us.

Did it hurt?

No. Many friends of mine, and he was probably not aware of this, had names which sounded so badly in his ears.
I will tell you an anecdote – once a meeting of graphic artists from the Soviet bloc countries was held. Colleagues from the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Hungary arrived and asked us: Are Hilscher, Toepfer, Heidrich, Desselberger, Miller all Polish artists? Yes– we replied – Polish. And everybody laughed.

In Mr Bartosik's memo, the last sentence is smart, as it contains a subtle allusion. "By the way, comrade Prime Minister thanked us for the help he received from the NBP in completing his banknote collection."

Mr Bartosik was a true gentleman. I never discussed politics with him, but I am sure he was quite aware of the limitations of the system we were made to live in. It was good to work with him.
I thought that after 12 years my collaboration with the Bank was over. And that they would nd another designer, since I was not good enough. Apparently, it did not turn out that easy.
Toepfer resigned soon after we came back from Milan. You know – he told me – this is not for me. I am not patient enough. Designing banknotes is really a very complicated art. Maybe a year later, Director Bartosik called me to say that they returned to the concept of the great Poles and they asked me to prepare Wary ski in two months. I refused. I said that within such a short time I was not able to do that. He insisted. I offered to prepare a colour-valued design, and only afterwards use the guilloche machine to divide it into ne lines.

And shouldn't you be offended by them?

By whom?! Director Bartosik? After all he was in a much worse situation than I. I was loaded with work all the time, I was the chief graphic artist in "Czytelnik". I designed a series of books, illustrated them, I made book covers, stamps for the Polish Post. For me designing banknotes was only a part of my activities.
Mr Bartosik agreed to my suggestion of preparing a colour-valued design of the Wary ski banknote. He said: We have to go to Italy and ask whether we can prepare the banknote this way. The Italians had a look at the design and Mr Mazino, the Creative and Technical Director said: It is interesting, because why should you do the mundane job, while guilloche machines would do it better . The machines were still mechanical then. And when we visited them the next time I noticed that my design was enlarged and hung on the wall as an example of an alternative mode of design.

Your ve hundred z oty note with Ko ciuszko was put into circulation in 1975.

And soon after the fty z oty with wierczewski and the one hundred with Wary ski. The in ation rose and the market needed higher and higher denominations. I worked most extensively in the 1980s.

Was it good?

And bad. Because money devaluated.

And now after redenomination there are ve denominations. Has the Bank already asked you for ve hundred?

No, no. There is no in ation and even two hundred is seldom used in circulation.

So what are you doing now?

Finally, something strictly for myself I will show you my "Senses". (he shows)
And this is a gallery of portraits of the Polish Rulers.

A challenge to the (classical) Gallery of Portraits of the Kings by Jan Matejko by Andrzej Heidrich[18]?

I did more of them actually. Forty and four. With Pi sudski, closing the line naturally.
You asked me what happiness is. To do what you like. For as long as possible. I have always been afraid that something wrong may happen to my eyes and they are indispensable to my work. But thank God my sight is good. I only have to use a magnifying glass sometimes.
The fact that me and Marysia do not have any nancial problems and do not fear of running out of cash at the end of the month and that we are together, without tensions makes me happy. I am happy that our daughter turned out well and that our grandson calls and asks if we need lunch. But you have to help happiness, you know.

How?

By not destroying what you already have. Appreciate, what you have and see the good sides of what you have. And by not inventing things which seem magni cent at a given time, but turn out pointless one moment later.

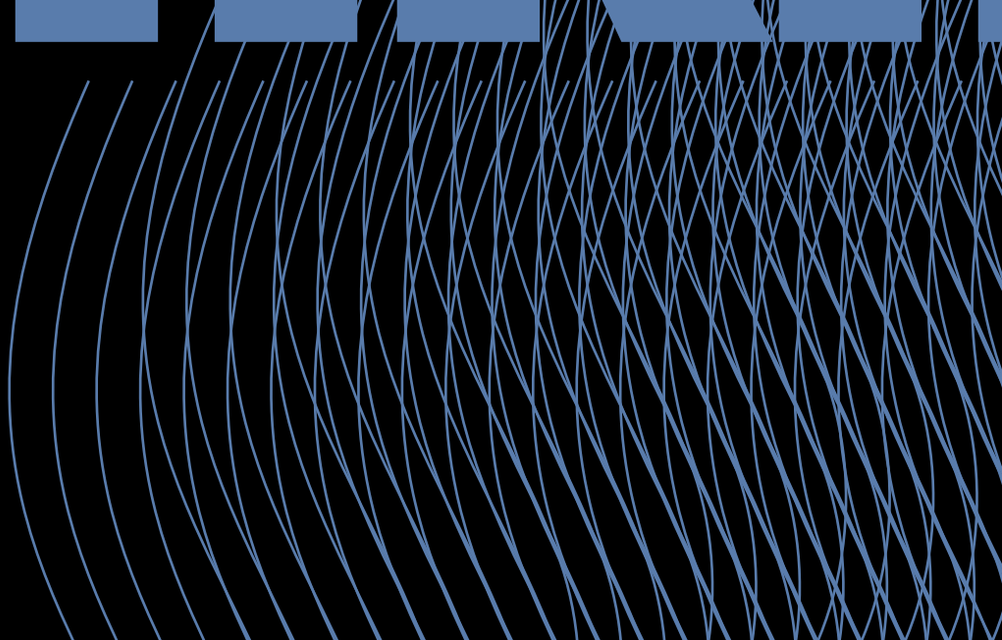
So let's take stock of your oeuvre. Some one hundred and fty post stamps. Some one and a half thousand book covers, several hundred illustrations, eagles and military decorations, the emblem for the Polish Sejm [the Lower House of Parliament], seals for the Chancery of the President, coats of arms for towns and communes... Did I mention everything?

No, no – we won't be able to list out everything. But please put down this: plus two paintings for a colonel from the Regional Military Recruitment Station. I was enlisted. I went to the Recruitment Station in Szwedzka Street, and the colonel asked: You are from the Academy, aren't you? Yes, I am. Do you paint? Yes. Can you paint the crossing of the Oder River? Why not, I only need some materials. He gave me postcards and a desk. Others had to take part in the exercises, and I was sitting and painting. For "the Crossing of the Oder River" I became a senior shooter. He said: Maybe you could paint something for my house, a sea, or a ship maybe. Of course, I will. And I was promoted to the rank of a corporal.

[18] Jan Matejko (1838–1893) – painter famous for his iconic battle and historical scenes.

projek
bankn

banknote
designs




kty
notów

konkurs
competition

W 1960 roku Andrzej Heidrich wzi udzia w konkursie Narodowego Banku Polskiego na projekt banknotu o nominale 1000 z . Projekt zdoby wyró nienie.

In 1960, Andrzej Heidrich participated in the National Bank of Poland’s competition to design a banknote with a face value of 1,000-z oty. His design received a commendation.

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Detal, patrz: s. 63
Detail, see p. 63



Projekty banknotu o nominale 1000 z otych. Kobieta w owickim stroju ludowym – Panorama Warszawy, I etap konkursu

Designs of a 1,000-z oty banknote. Woman in the folk costume of the region of owicz – Panorama of Warsaw (rst stage of the competition)







Projekty banknotu o nominale 1000 z otych. Kobieta w owickim stroju ludowym – Panorama Warszawy, II etap konkursu

Designs of a 1,000-z oty banknote. Woman in the folk costume of the region of owicz – Panorama of Warsaw (second stage of the competition)



miasta polskie 1
cities and towns in Poland 1

W po owie lat 60. NBP zwróci si do Andrzeja Heidricha z pro b o zaprojektowanie nowej serii banknotów z wizerunkami miast. Na banknotach mia y si znale : Lublin, Gda sk, Wroc aw, Kraków, Warszawa. Na przedniej stronie banknotu mia y by wizerunki prezentuj ce przedstawicieli ró nych zawodów. Po wielu poprawkach i konsultacjach zrezygnowano z miast. Zdecydowano si na wielkich Polaków.

In the mid-1960s, the NBP requested Andrzej Heidrich to design a new banknote series featuring images of Polish cities. The banknotes were to have depicted the cities of Lublin, Gda sk, Wroc aw, Kraków and Warsaw – with the front side showing representatives of various occupations. After much debate and adjustments, “the cities” theme was abandoned in favour of “Great Poles”.

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Detal, patrz: s. 73
Detail, see p. 73

PIĘĆSET ZŁOTYCH



500

Projekty banknotu o nominale 20 z otych. Kobieta w bi gorajskim stroju ludowym – Panorama Lublina, o ówek

Designs of a 20-z oty banknote. Woman in a Bi goraj folk costume – Panorama of Lublin, pencil

Detal

Detail





Projekty banknotu o nominale 20 z otych. Kobieta w bi gorajskim stroju ludowym – Panorama Lublina, tempera

Designs of a 20-z oty banknote. Woman in a Bi goraj folk costume – Panorama of Lublin, tempera



Detal

Detail

Projekty banknotu o nominale 50 z otych. Rybak – Panorama Gda ska, o ówek

Designs of a 50-z oty banknote. Fisherman – Panorama of Gda sk, pencil

Detal

Detail





Projekty banknotu o nominale 50 z otych. Rybak – Panorama Gda ska, tempera

Designs of a 50-z oty banknote. Fisherman – Panorama of Gda sk, tempera



Detal

Detail

Projekty banknotu o nominale 100 z otych. Kobieta w l skim stroju ludowym – Panorama Wroc awia, o ówek

Designs of a 100-z oty banknote. Woman in a Silesian folk costume – Panorama of Wroc aw, pencil

Detal

Detail





Projekty banknotu o nominale 100 z otych. Kobieta w l skim stroju ludowym – Panorama Wroc awia, tempera

Designs of a 100-z oty banknote. Woman in a Silesian folk costume – Panorama of Wroc aw, tempera



Detal

Detail

Projekty banknotu o nominale 500 z otych. M czyzna w krakowskim stroju ludowym – Panorama Krakowa, o ówek

Designs of a 500-z oty banknote. Man in a Cracovian folk costume – Panorama of Kraków, pencil

Detal

Detail





Projekty banknotu o nominale 500 z otych. M czyzna w krakowskim stroju ludowym – Panorama Krakowa, tempera

Designs of a 500-z oty banknote. Man in a Cracovian folk costume – Panorama of Kraków, tempera



Detal

Detail

wielcy polacy
great Poles

Do ko ca lat 70. wycofano z obiegu banknoty emisji 1 lipca 1948 roku i sukcesywnie zast powano je nomina ami z nowej serii z wizerunkami Polaków, którzy odegrali wa n rol w historii naszego kraju. Zlecenie zaprojektowania ca ej serii otrzyma Andrzej Heidrich.

Pierwsza wersja projektów powsta a na pocz tku lat 70. i obejmowa a pi nomina ów: 20 z – z wizerunkiem F. Chopina; 50 z – z wizerunkiem T. Ko ciuszki; 100 z – z wizerunkiem M. Sk odowskiej-Curie; 500 z – z wizerunkiem M. Kopernika; 1000 z – z wizerunkiem A. Mickiewicza. Prace trwa y do po owy lat 70. Ostatecznie do realizacji zosta y przedstawione projekty banknotów o nomina ach: 100 z – z wizerunkiem F. Chopina i 500 z – z wizerunkiem M. Sk odowskiej-Curie.

By the end of the 1970s, the banknotes of the 1 July 1948 issue began to be gradually withdrawn from circulation and replaced with banknotes of a new series, with images of Poles who had played an important part in the country's history. The commission to design the entire series was granted to Andrzej Heidrich.

The rst version of the banknotes was created at the beginning of the 1970s and comprised ve denominations: 20 z oty – with the portrait of Frederic Chopin; 50 z oty – with that of Tadeusz Ko ciuszko; 100 z oty – of Marie Curie (née Sk odowska); 500 z oty – of Nicolaus Copernicus; 1000 z oty – of Adam Mickiewicz. The project lasted into the mid-1970s. Finally, the following banknote designs were put up for production: 100 z oty – with the portrait of Frederic Chopin and 500 z oty with that of Marie Sk odowska-Curie.

Detal, patrz: s. 79
Detail, see p. 79





Projekty banknotu o nominale 20 z otych. Fryderyk Chopin – Plac Zamkowy w Warszawie, akwarela

Designs of a 20-z oty banknote. Frederic Chopin, composer and pianist of the Romantic period – Castle Square in Warsaw, watercolour





Projekty banknotu o nominale 50 z otych. Tadeusz Ko ciuszko – Przysi ga T. Ko ciuszki na Rynku Krakowskim, akwarela

Designs of a 50-z oty banknote. Tadeusz Ko ciuszko, the Supreme Commander of the Polish National Armed Force in the 1794 Uprising – Ko ciuszko taking an oath in Krakow's Market Square, watercolour







Projekty banknotu o nominale 1000 z otych. Miko aj Kopernik – Mapa nieba wed ug redniowiecznego sztychu, akwarela

Designs of a 1,000-z oty banknote. Nicolaus Copernicus, the great 16th century astronomer and economist – Map of the sky according to a medieval engraving, watercolour





Projekty banknotu o nominale 100 z otych. Fryderyk Chopin – Fragment partytury Poloneza, akwarela

Designs of a 100-z oty banknote. Frederic Chopin, composer and pianist of the Romantic period – Fragment of the score of a Polonaise, watercolour





Projekty banknotu o nominale 500 z otych. Maria Sk odowska-Curie – Reaktor atomowy „Ewa”, akwarela

Designs of a 500-z oty banknote. Marie Curie (née Sk odowska), the scientist and two-time Nobel Prize winner in physics and chemistry – Poland’s rst nuclear reactor “Ewa”, watercolour



Pierwszym banknotem z nowej serii wprowadzonym do obiegu 1 stycznia 1975 by o 500 z – z wizerunkiem T. Ko ciuszki.

The rst banknote of the new series to go into circulation on 1 January 1975 was the 500 z oty with an image of Tadeusz Ko ciuszko.

82

Detal, patrz: s. 84
Detail, see p. 84


OWY
815
TADEUSZ
KOŚCIUSZKO

Projekt skierowany do realizacji. Banknot wprowadzony do obiegu.
Design approofed for printing. Banknote put into circulation.

01.01.1975



Projekty banknotu o nominale 500 z otych. Tadeusz Ko ciuszko – Sztandar Kosynierów z czasów Insurekcji Ko ciuszkowskiej, akwarela

Designs of a 500-z oty banknote. Tadeusz Ko ciuszko, the Supreme Commander of the Polish National Armed Force in the 1794 Uprising – The banner of the scythebearing peasantinfantry of the 1794 Ko ciuszko Uprising, watercolour



01.07.1975



Projekty banknotu o nominale 100 z otych. Ludwik Wary ski – Winieta pisma „Proletaryat" z 1883 r. na tle sztandarów, akwarela

Designs of a 100-z oty banknote. 19th century socialist movement activist Ludwik Wary ski – The headpiece vignette of the Proletaryat magazine of 1883 against the background of banners, watercolour





25.11.1975



Projekty banknotu o nominale 50 z otych. Karol wierczewski – Krzy Grunwaldu, akwarela

Designs of a 50-z oty banknote. Karol wierczewski, Lieutenant General of the Polish Army – The Cross of Grunwald, watercolour

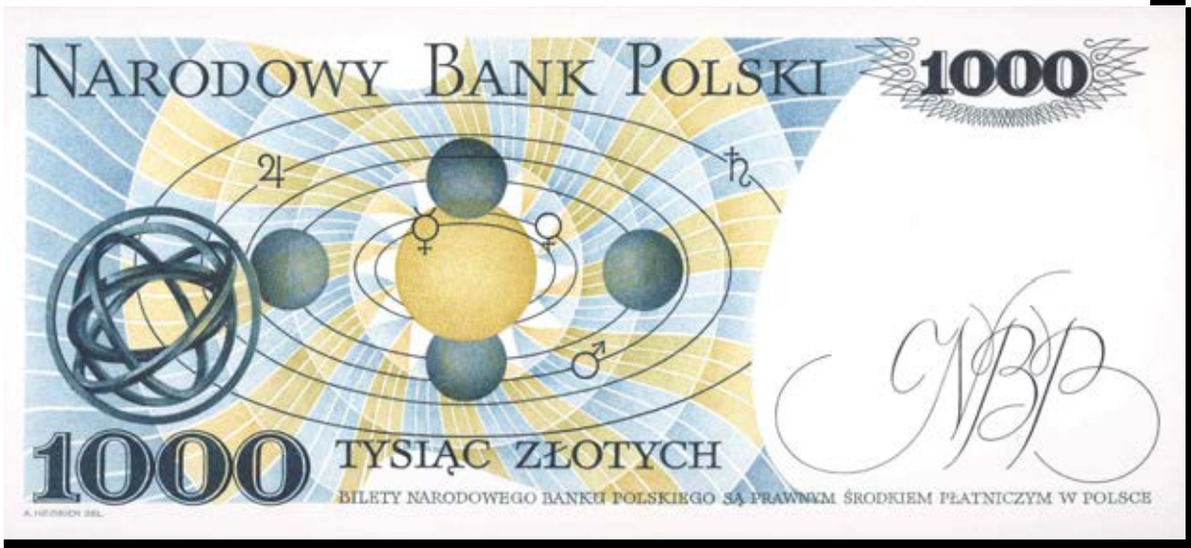


01.09.1975



Projekty banknotu o nominale 1000 z otych. Miko aj Kopernik – Uk ad s oneczny, akwarela

Designs of a 1,000-z oty banknote. Nicolaus Copernicus, the great 16th century astronomer and economist – The Solar System, watercolour





19.07.1976



Projekty banknotu o nominale 200 z otych. Jaros aw D browski – Pomnik Bohaterów Komuny Paryskiej, akwarela

Designs of a 200-z oty banknote. Jaros aw D browski, independence activist and Commander-in-Chief of Paris Commune's armed forces – Monument to Paris Commune Heroes, watercolour



11.07.1977



Projekty banknotu o nominale 2000 z otych. Mieszko I – Boles aw Chrobry, akwarela

Designs of a 2,000-z oty banknote. Mieszko I, Duke of Poland 960–992 – Boles aw the Brave, Duke and then rst King of Poland (992–1025), watercolour



11.06.1982



Projekty banknotu o nominale 10 z otych. Józef Bem, akwarela

Designs of a 10-z oty banknote. Józef Bem, general and artillery commander during the 1830 November Uprising, watercolour



11.06.1982





Projekty banknotu o nominale 20 z otych. Romuald Traugutt, akwarela

Designs of a 20-z oty banknote. Romuald Traugutt, general and dictator of the 1863 January Uprising, watercolour



Detal

Detail

Andrzej Heidrich narysowa Stanis awa Wyspia skiego, korzystaj c z jego autoportretu, na którym poeta uwieczni si w m odopolskiej pozie (nieuczesany, niechlujnie ubrany w ko uchu). Projekt musia by poprawiony; nalnie Wyspia ski Heidricha by eleganck starannie uczesany, z bia ym ko nierzykiem.

Andrzej Heinrich sketched Stanis aw Wyspianski (Polish playwright, poet, painter and arch based on Wyspianski's self-portrait arranged in the "Young Poland" style – tousle-hair sloppily dressed, in a sheepskin coat. The design had to be smartened up. Consequent in the nal version Heidrich's Wyspia ski was elegant, neatly combed and wearing a white collar.





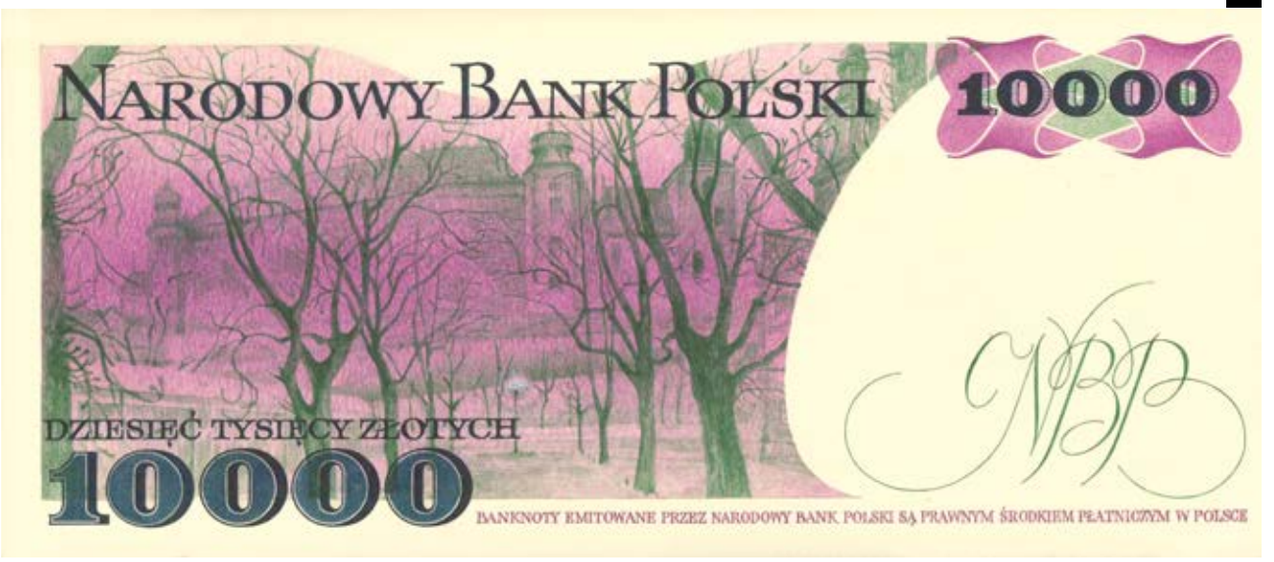


04.02.1987



Projekty banknotu
o nominale 10000 z otych.
Stanis aw Wyspia ski –
Planty krakowskie
z obrazu „Planty o wicie”,
akwarela

Designs of
a 10,000-z oty banknote.
Stanis aw Wyspia ski,
playwright, poet
and painter of
the Young Poland
period in arts –
Krakow’s Planty Park
from his painting
“Planty Park at Dawn”,
watercolour



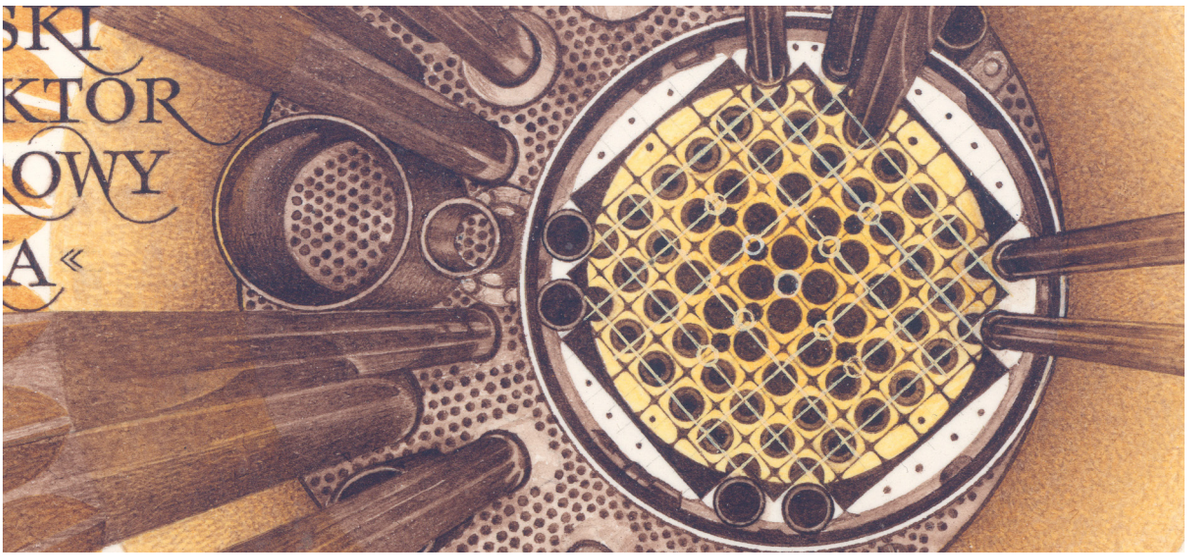
26.02.1989





Projekty banknotu o nominale 20000 z otych. Maria Sk odowska-Curie – Reaktor atomowy „Ewa”, akwarela

Designs of a 20,000-z oty banknote. Marie Sk odowska-Curie, scientist and two-time Nobel Prize winner in physics and chemistry – Poland’s rst nuclear reactor “Ewa”, watercolour



Detal

Detail

Projekty banknotu o nominale 50000 z otych. Stanis aw Staszic – Pa ac Staszica w Warszawie, o ówek

Designs of a 50,000-z oty banknote. Stanis aw Staszic, activist of the Enlightenment – Staszic Palace in Warsaw, pencil

Detal

Detail

17.12.1989





Projekty banknotu o nominale 50000 z otych. Stanis aw Staszic – Pa ac Staszica w Warszawie, akwarela

Designs of a 50,000-z oty banknote. Stanis aw Staszic, activist of the Enlightenment – Staszic Palace in Warsaw, watercolour



Detal

Detail

Projekty banknotu o nominale 100000 z otych. Stanis aw Moniuszko – Teatr Wielki w Warszawie, o ówek

Designs of a 100,000-z oty banknote. Stanis aw Moniuszko, 19th century composer and director – Grand Theatre in Warsaw, pencil

Detal

Detail

26.02.1990





Projekty banknotu o nominale 100000 z otych. Stanis aw Moniuszko – Teatr Wielki w Warszawie, akwarela

Designs of a 100,000-z oty banknote. Stanis aw Moniuszko, 19th century composer and director – Grand Theatre in Warsaw, watercolour



Detal

Detail

Na ka dym projekcie Andrzej Heidrich umie ci inicja y swojej córki i jej dat urodzenia w ró nych kon guracjach.

Each design by Andrzej Heidrich bears the initials of his daughter and her birth date in various con gurations.

Projekty banknotu o nominale 200000 z otych. Henryk Sienkiewicz – Tarcza z trzema ksi gami na tle or a i proporców, o ówek

Designs of a 200,000-z oty banknote. Henryk Sienkiewicz, novelist and Nobel Prize winner in Literature – Shield with three open books against the background of arms and pennants, pencil

Detal

Detail

01.08.1990





Projekty banknotu o nominale 500000 z otych. Henryk Sienkiewicz – Tarcza z trzema ksi gami na tle or a i proporców, akwarela

Designs of a 500,000-z oty banknote. Henryk Sienkiewicz, novelist and Nobel Prize winner in Literature – Shield with three open books against the background of arms and pennants, watercolour



Detal

Detail

Projekty banknotu o nominale 1000000 z otych. W adys aw Reymont – Drzewo na tle zabudowa wiejskich, o ówek

Designs of a 1,000,000-z oty banknote. W adys aw Reymont, novelist and Nobel Prize winner in Literature – tree against the background of country-farm buildings, pencil

Detal

Detail

22.04.1991





Projekty banknotu o nominale 1000000 z otych.
W adys aw Reymont – Drzewo na tle wiejskich zabudowa , akwarela

Designs of a 1,000,000-z oty banknote.
W adys aw Reymont, novelist and Nobel Prize winner in Literature – tree against the background of country-farm buildings, watercolour



Detal

Detail

Pierwsza seria banknotu o nominale 2000000 z z wizerunkiem Ignacego Jana Paderewskiego zawiera a b d. Na stronie odwrotnej widnia napis Sejm Konstytucyjy zamiast Sejm Konstytucyjny. W kolejnych seriach literówka zosta a poprawiona.

The rst series of the 2,000,000-z oty denomination depicting Ignacy Jan Paderewski (Polish pianist, composer and prime minister), contained an error. On the reverse side the name Sejm Konstytucyjny (Constitutional Assembly) was written without the seco “n” - Sejm Konstytucyjy. The typing error was corrected in subsequent issues.

Projekty banknotu o nominale 2000000 z otych. Ignacy Jan Paderewski – Orze z herbu II Rzeczypospolitej Polskiej (wzór z lat 1919–1927), o ówek

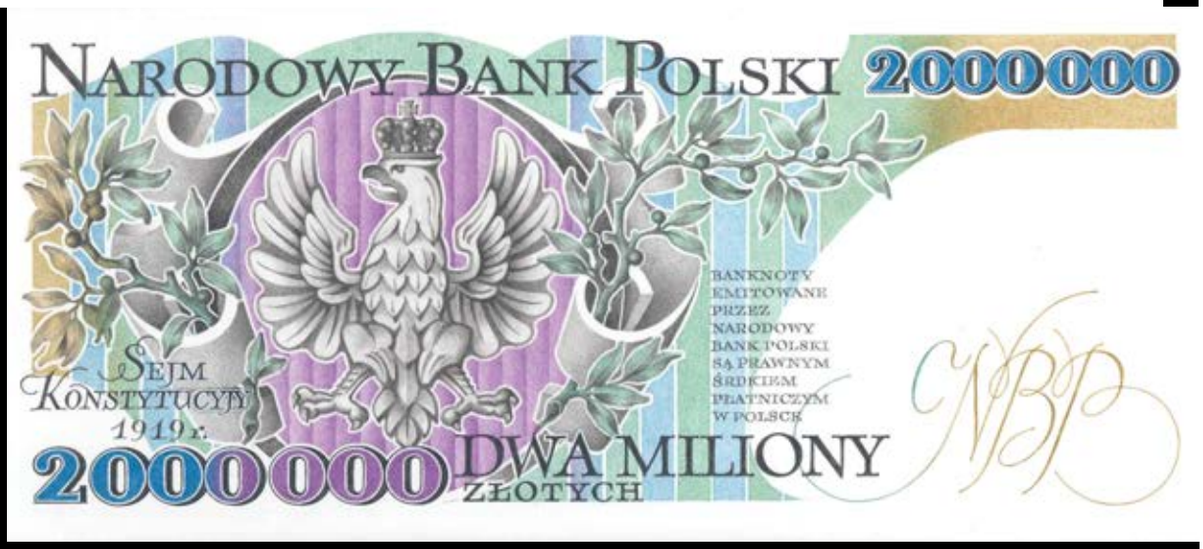
Designs of a 2,000,000-z oty banknote. Ignacy Jan Paderewski, composer and pianist, and Polish Prime Minister in 1919 – The Eagle of the coat of arms of the Second Republic of Poland (the design of 1919–1927), pencil

Detal

Detail

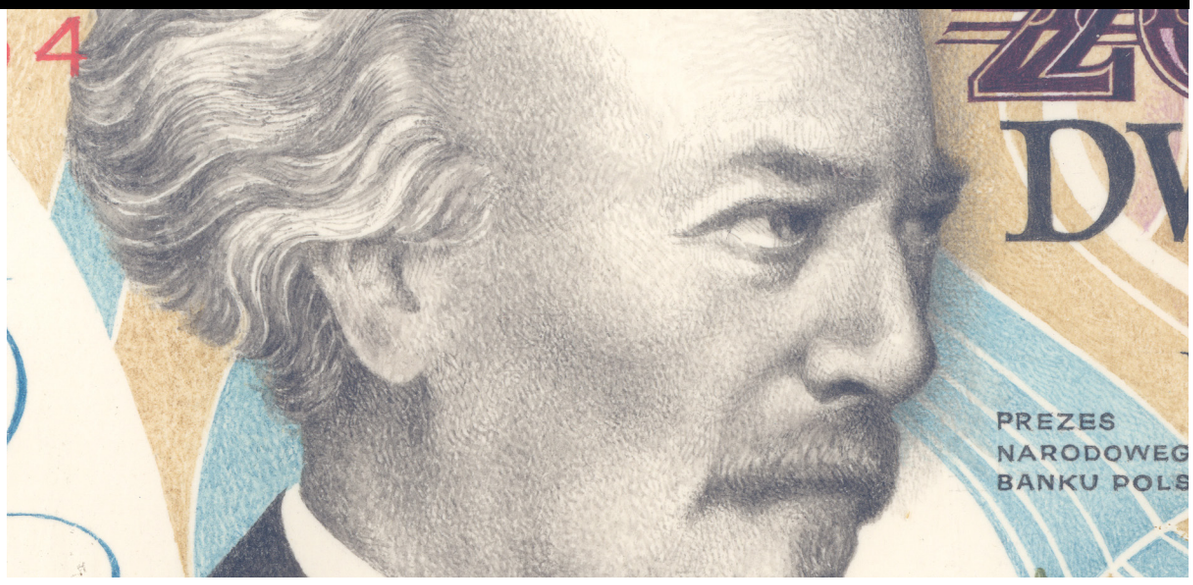
10.11.1992





Projekty banknotu o nominale 2000000 z otych.
Ignacy Jan Paderewski – Orze z herbu II Rzeczypospolitej Polskiej (wzór z lat 1919–1927), akwarela

Designs of a 2,000,000-z oty banknote.
Ignacy Jan Paderewski, composer and pianist, Prime Minister in 1919 – The Eagle of the coat of arms of the Second Republic of Poland (the design of 1919–1927), watercolour



Detal
Detail

Andrzej Heidrich przygotowa projekt banknotu z wizerunkiem Józefa Pi sudskiego o nominale 5000000 z . Ze wzgl du na przeprowadzon w 1995 roku denominacj banknot nie tra do obiegu.

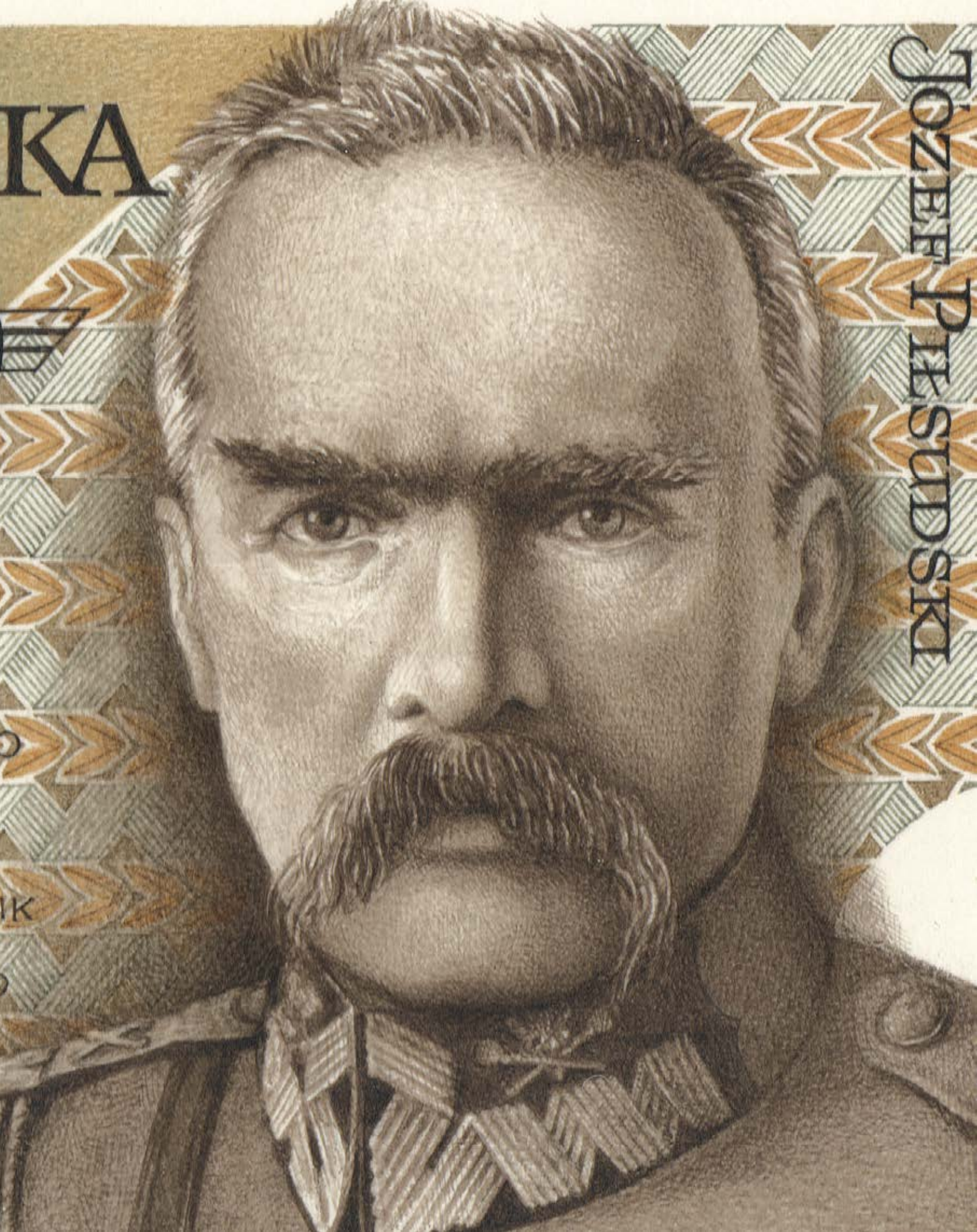
Denominacja, któr Narodowy Bank Polski planowa przeprowadzi w latach 90. wymaga a wymiany banknotów. W drugiej po owie lat 80. Heidrich przygotowa dwie wersje banknotów. Pierwsza przedstawia a wybitnych polskich pisarzy, druga – ludzi polityki, którzy zapisali si w historii Polski. Projekty nie zosta y skierowane do produkcji. Obawiano si , e mog by zbyt podobne do banknotów, które miano wycofa z obiegu.

Andrzej Heidrich made a design for a banknote featuring Józef Pi sudski, with a face value of 5,000,000 z oty. Because of the redenomination of 1995, the banknote was never put into circulation.

The redenomination scheduled by the National Bank of Poland for the 1990s required that all the banknotes be replaced. In the late 1980s, Heidrich made two designs for the new banknotes. The theme of the rst one was famous Polish writers, of the other – political gures which left their mark on Poland's history. The designs never went to press due to concerns that they looked too much like the banknotes about to be withdrawn.

108

Detal, patrz: s. 111
Detail, see p. 111


KA
JÓZEF PIŁSUDSKI

Projekty banknotu
o nominale
5000000 z otych.
Józef Pi sudski –
Order Virtuti Militari,
o ówek

Designs of
a 5,000,000-z oty banknote.
Józef Pi sudski,
the Chief of Polish State
in 1918–1922, Marshal
of Poland from 1920 –
The Order of Virtuti Militari,
pencil

Detal

Detail





Projekty banknotu o nominale 5000000 z otych. Józef Pi sudski – Order Virtuti Militari, akwarela

Designs of a 5,000,000-z oty banknote. Józef Pi sudski, the Chief of Polish State in 1918–1922, Marshal of Poland from 1920 – The Order of Virtuti Militari, watercolour



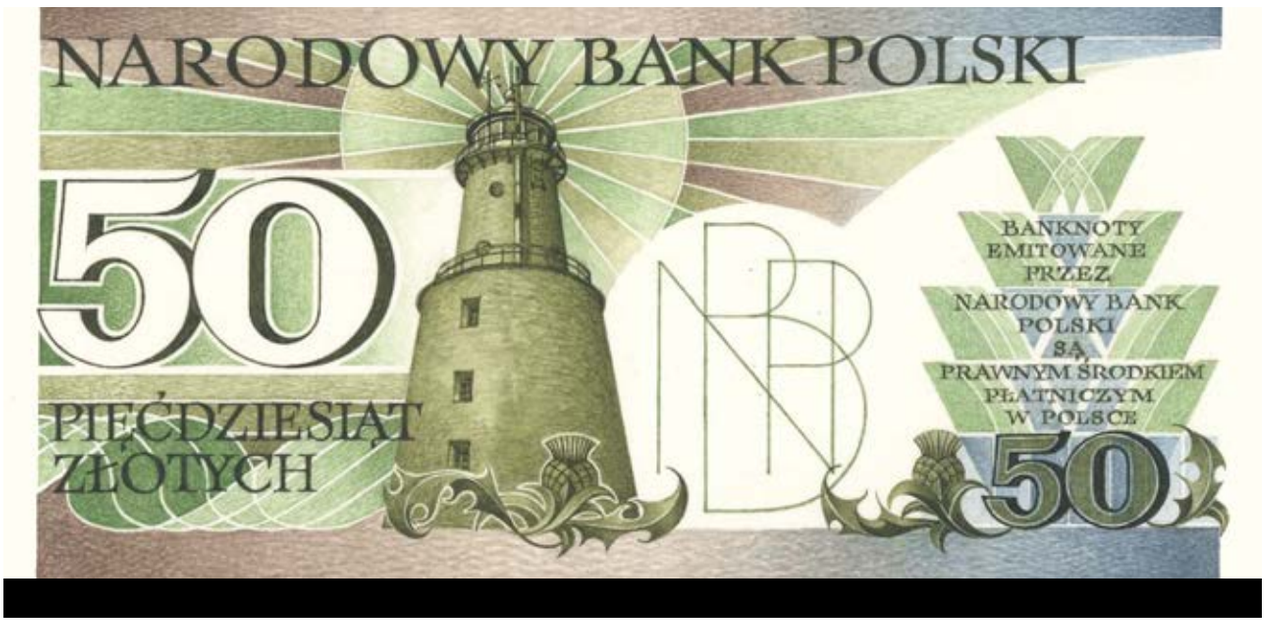
Detal

Detail



Projekty banknotu o nominale 50 z otych. Stefan eromski, akwarela

Designs of a 50-z oty banknote. Stefan eromski, writer , playwright and columnist, watercolour





Projekty banknotu
o nominale 50 z otych.
Stefan Starzy ski,
akwarela

Designs of a 50-z oty
banknote.
Stefan Starzy ski,
politician and Mayor
of Warsaw in 1934–1939,
watercolour



Projekty banknotu o nominale 500 z otych. Stanis aw Staszic, akwarela

Designs of a 500-z oty banknote. Stanis aw Staszic, activist of the Enlightenment watercolour







Projekty banknotu o nominale 500 z otych. Ignacy Jan Paderewski, akwarela

Designs of a 500-z oty banknote. Ignacy Jan Paderewski, composer and pianist and Prime Minister in 1919, watercolour



Projekty banknotu o nominale 1000 z otych. Stanis aw Moniuszko, akwarela

Designs of a 1,000-z oty banknote. Stanis aw Moniuszko, 19th century composer and director, watercolour







Projekty banknotu o nominale 1000 z otych. W adys aw Gomu ka, akwarela

Designs of a 1,000-z oty banknote. W adys aw Gomu ka, politician and First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Polish United Workers' Party in 1956–1970, watercolour



miasta polskie 2
cities and towns in Poland 2

W zwi zku z planowan denominacj z otego Andrzej Heidrich przygotowa projekty banknotów z wizerunkami wybranych polskich miast. Poniewa nie zna wszystkich nomina ów, umie ci na niektórych banknotach same zera. Mimo wysokich walorów artystycznych projektów, nie skierowano ich do dalszych prac.

In connection with the planned redenomination of the z oty, Andrzej Heidrich made banknote designs with images of selected Polish cities. Since he did not know all the denominations, some of the banknotes feature only zeros. In spite of a high artistic value of the designs, they were never followed up on.

118

Detal, patrz: s. 125
Detail, see p. 125


RODOWY BANK
OTY
OWEGO
GO
NYM
EM
CZYM
CE
000
TYSIĄ
ZŁOTY


KH 1923547
POLSKA RZECZPOSPOLITA LUDOWA
100
KH 1923547
PREZES NARODOWEGO BANKU POLSKIEGO
GŁÓWNY SKARBNIK NARODOWEGO BANKU POLSKIEGO
WARSZAWA 2 STYCZNIA 1970 R.
100 STO ZŁOTYCH


POLSKA RZECZPOSPOLITA LUDOWA
100
KH 7453291
KH 7453291
WARSZAWA
2 STYCZNIA 1970 R.
PREZES NARODOWEGO BANKU POLSKIEGO
GŁÓWNY SKARBNIK NARODOWEGO BANKU POLSKIEGO
100 STO ZŁOTYCH


POLSKA RZECZPOSPOLITA LUDOWA
100
WARSZAWA
2 STYCZNIA 1970 R.
KH 7453291
PREZES NARODOWEGO BANKU POLSKIEGO
GŁÓWNY SKARBNIK NARODOWEGO BANKU POLSKIEGO
100 STO ZŁOTYCH
KH 7453291



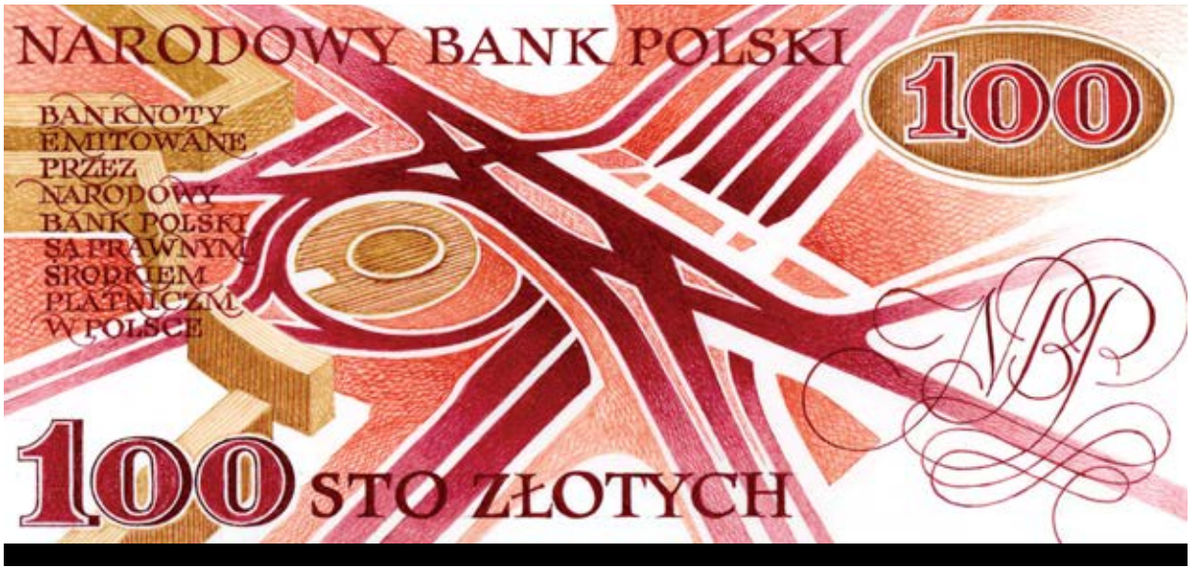
Projekty banknotu
o nominale 100 z otych.
Zamek Królewski
w Warszawie –
Pomnik Nike
w Warszawie,
akwarela

Designs of
a 100-z oty banknote.
Royal Castle in Warsaw –
Warsaw Heroes
Monument “Nike”
in Warsaw,
watercolour



Projekty banknotu
o nominale 100 z otych.
Zamek Królewski
w Warszawie –
Pomnik Nike
w Warszawie,
akwarela

Designs of
a 100-z oty banknote.
Royal Castle in Warsaw –
Warsaw Heroes
Monument “Nike”
in Warsaw,
watercolour



Projekty banknotu
o nominale 100 z otych.
Zamek Królewski
w Warszawie –
Trasa azienkowska
w Warszawie,
akwarela

Designs of
a 100-z oty banknote.
Royal Castle
in Warsaw –
azienkowska Route
in Warsaw,
watercolour


POLSKA
RZECZPOSPOLITA
LUDOWA
KH 1923547
1000
KH 1923547
KRAKÓW
WARSZAWA
2 STYCZNIA 1970
1000 TYSIĄC ZŁOTYCH


POLSKA
RZECZPOSPOLITA
LUDOWA
KH 1923547
1000
KH 1923547
WARSZAWA
2 STYCZNIA 1970 r.
1000 TYSIĄC ZŁOTYCH
KRAKÓW


POLSKA
RZECZPOSPOLITA
LUDOWA
KH 1923547
1000
KH 1923547
WARSZAWA
2 STYCZNIA 1970 r.
1000 TYSIĄC ZŁOTYCH
KRAKÓW



Projekty banknotu o nominale 1000 z otych. Katedra na Wawelu w Krakowie – Kazimierz Wielki, akwarela

Designs of a 1,000-z oty banknote. Wawel Cathedral in Kraków – King of Poland Casimir the Great in Kraków, watercolour



Projekty banknotu o nominale 1000 z otych. Zamek Królewski na Wawelu – Pomnik Tadeusza Ko ciuszki w Krakowie, akwarela

Designs of a 1,000-z oty banknote. Wawel Royal Castle – Monument to Tadeusz Ko ciuszko in Kraków, watercolour



Projekty banknotu o nominale 1000 z otych. Zamek Królewski na Wawelu – Huta Sendzimira w Krakowie, akwarela

Designs of a 1,000-z oty banknote. Wawel Royal Castle – Sendzimir Steelworks in Kraków, watercolour


POLSKA
RZECZPOSPOLITA
LUDOWA
KH 1923547
0000
TYSIĄCE
ZŁOTYCH
0000
WARSZAWA
2 STYCZNIA 1970
GDAŃSK
KH 1923547


POLSKA
RZECZPOSPOLITA
LUDOWA
0000
KH 2347591
KH 2347591
WARSZAWA
2 STYCZNIA 1970r.
TYSIĄCE
ZŁOTYCH
0000
GDAŃSK


POLSKA
RZECZPOSPOLITA
LUDOWA
0000
KH 2347591
KH 2347591
WARSZAWA
2 STYCZNIA 1970r.
TYSIĄCE
ZŁOTYCH
0000
GDAŃSK



Projekty banknotu o nominale 0000 z otych. Dwór Artusa w Gda sku – Pomnik Obro có w Wybrze a na Westerplatte, akwarela

Designs of a 0000-z oty banknote. The Artus Court in Gda sk – Memorial to the Defenders of the Polish Coast at Westerplatte, watercolour



Projekty banknotu o nominale 0000 z otych. Wielka Zbrojownia w Gda sku – Pomnik Obro có w Wybrze a na Westerplatte, akwarela

Designs of a 0000-z oty banknote. The Great Armoury in Gda sk – Memorial to the Defenders of the Polish Coast at Westerplatte, watercolour



Projekty banknotu o nominale 0000 z otych. Wielka Zbrojownia w Gda sku – Port Pó nocny w Gda sku, akwarela

Designs of a 0000-z oty banknote. The Great Armoury in Gda sk – The Port of Gda sk (the Northern Port), watercolour

w adcy polscy
Polish rulers

Jest to seria banknotów z wizerunkami polskich w adców, które wesz y do obiegu w 1995 roku. Banknoty zaopatrzono w najnowocze niejsze zabezpieczenia przed fa szowaniem, których liczba jest tym wi ksza, im wy szy nomina . Po raz pierwszy na polskich banknotach umieszczono tak e oznaczenia dla niewidomych.

This is a banknote series showing images of Polish rulers, which has been in circulation since 1995. The banknotes have been provided with the state-of-the-art anti-counterfeiting security features, the higher the face value of the banknote, the bigger number of security features. For the rst time ever, the Polish notes were also furnished with special features for the blind.

126

Detal, patrz: s. 136
Detail, see p. 136

OWY
K
KI

STWARY

95463

Projekt skierowany do realizacji. Banknot wprowadzony do obiegu.
Design approofed for printing. Banknote put into circulation.

01.01.1995







Projekty banknotu o nominale 10 z otych. Mieszko I, akwarela

Designs of a 10-z oty banknote. Mieszko I, Duke of Poland of the Piast dynasty (960–992), watercolour

01.01.1995







Projekty banknotu o nominale 20 z otych. Boles aw I Chrobry, akwarela

Designs of a 20-z oty banknote. Boles aw I Chrobry, the Duke and then rst King of Poland (992–1025), watercolour

01.01.1995



Projekty banknotu o nominale 50 z otych. Kazimierz III Wielki, akwarela

Designs of a 50-z oty banknote. Casimir III the Great, King of Poland, watercolour





Projekty banknotu o nominale 50 z otych. Barbara Radziwi ówna, akwarela

Projekt niezrealizowany

Designs of a 50-z oty banknote. Barbara Radziwi , Grand Duchess of Lithuania, wife to King Sigismund II Augustus of Poland, watercolour

Unrealised design



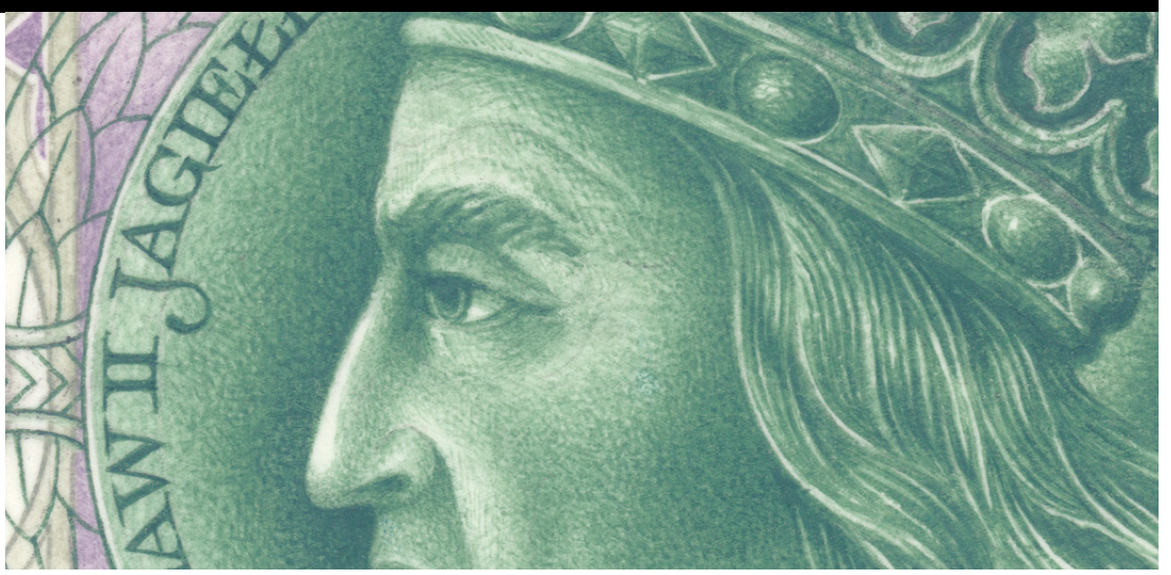
01.06.1995





Projekty banknotu o nominale 100 z otych. W adys aw II Jagie o, akwarela

Designs of a 100-z oty banknote. W adys aw II Jagie o, King of Poland, watercolour



Detal

Detail



Projekty banknotu o nominale 200 z otych. Zygmunt I Stary, akwarela

Designs of a 200-z oty banknote. Sigismund I the Old, King of Poland, watercolour

01.06.1995



Projekty banknotu o nominale 200 z otych. Zygmunt I Stary, akwarela

Designs of a 200-z oty banknote. Sigismund I the Old, King of Poland, watercolour



banknot kolekcjo- nerski collector banknote

138

W 2005 roku Andrzej Heidrich zaprojektowa pierwszy w Polsce banknot kolekcjonerski upami tniaj cy Papie a Polaka. Banknot zosta wprowadzony do obiegu 16 pa dziernika 2006 r.

In 2005, Andrzej Heidrich designed the rst Polish collector banknote commemorating the Polish Pope. The banknote was put into circulation on 16 October 2006.

Detal, patrz: s. 141
Detail, see p. 141


NY
JAN
16 X

Projekty banknotu
o nominale 50 z otych.
Jan Pawe II,
akwarela

Projekt niezrealizowany

Designs of
a 50-z oty banknote.
John Paul II,
watercolour

Unrealised design





16.10.2006



Projekty banknotu o nominale 50 z otych.
Jan Pawe II –
Jan Pawe II i kardyna Stefan Wyszy ski, akwarela

Designs of a 50-z oty banknote.
John Paul II –
John Paul II and Cardinal Stefan Wyszy ski, watercolour



pocze
wład

