

DOROTA NIEDZIAŁKOWSKA

## THE UNKNOWN CZYCZ

The other problem—all that I earn is the money I get for the entertaining photo-stories in the “Przekrój” (for such three photographs with the captions I get 300 to 400 zloty; they are published once or twice a month, or even more rarely). I used to work as a forestry worker and as a decorator, as an installation electrician and a building worker, as a columnist (in the “Wieści” weekly—but finally it was decided that my articles were “too wise” for peasants), and—so that I do not omit anything—for 800 zloty I write once a year (for a second time this year) a tourist story for the contest organized by the “Tourist Magazine Światowid” [my emphasis—D.N.] (they ask me to write a story and they pay 800 zloty for taking part).<sup>1</sup>

The quoted passage comes from Stanisław Czycz’s (1929–1996) letter of application to the Stipend Commission of the Head Board of the Polish Writers’ Association. The Krakow author most probably wrote the application in 1966 when he wanted to get money that would enable him to finish his *Ajol*.<sup>2</sup> Czycz’s application is far from the official style.<sup>3</sup>

---

Dr. DOROTA NIEDZIAŁKOWSKA—graduated from The John Paul II Catholic University of Lublin. In 2013 she received her PhD in Polish philology from the same university; e-mail: [dorota.niedz@interia.pl](mailto:dorota.niedz@interia.pl)

The Polish version of the article was published in *Roczniki Humanistyczne* vol. 61, issue 1 (2013).

<sup>1</sup> A photocopy of Stanisław Czycz’s application to the Stipend Commission of the Head Board of the Polish Writers’ Association, probably 1966, three A4 sheets filled with typewriting on one side, a typescript with a hand-written signature, the poet’s home archive, pp. 1–2.

<sup>2</sup> I date the application on the basis of the information about the contest in the “Światowid.” Czycz made attempts to publish a volume containing *And* and three other stories starting from 1961—I write about it in the article: “Stanisław Czycz—Barbara Sadowska. Prawda o ‘Listach’” (Stanisław Czycz—Barbara Sadowska. The truth about ‘The Letters’), in *Problemy edytorstwa, bibliologii i typografii (Problems of Editing, Bibliology and Typography)*, ed. Agata Ptak, Katarzyna Baran (Lublin: Wydawnictwo KUL, 2011), 81–119.

<sup>3</sup> Barbara Sommer-Czycz in an unpublished interview with the author of the present article entitled “Snowdrops in a cigarette box” points to an exceptional character of the applications

The poet who made his debut in 1955, after publishing the volumes *Tła* (*Backgrounds*) (1957) and *Berenais* (1960) as well as *And* (1961) tried to make a living among others as a writer and a journalist. From 1962 he published stories in the *Przekrój* that later appeared in the volume *Nim zajdzie księżyc* (*Before the Moon Sets*). The “Entertaining photo stories” for the *Przekrój* was a column edited in 1964–1968 under the title *Photography is a difficult art*, where under the nickname of “Michał C., an amateur photographer” Czycz humorously commented on photographs. In the *Więści* of 1964 in the column “Z teczki Sowizdrzała” (From the Rogue’s Files) (starting with Number 5 the column was renamed as *Z punktu widzenia* (*From the Point of View...*)) he published 19 articles.

Here I would like not so much to point to the beginning author’s difficult financial situation as to have a close look at the motif of a “tourist story”. The *Magazyn Turystyczny Światowid* was published as a weekly from 1961 to 1973, and from 1973 as a monthly. The first literary contest was organized by the editors (together with the Chief Committee for Physical Culture and Tourism) in 1963. It was a closed contest, “many well-known authors” were invited to take part in it and they sent in 34 works.<sup>4</sup> The first three prizes (10; 7.5 and 5 thousand zloty) were won by Tymoteusz Karpowicz, Tadeusz Staich<sup>5</sup> and Adam Bahdaj. The texts that were awarded and granted distinctions were published in the magazine (Karpowicz’s story in the Christmas issue, Nr 51/52); it was also decided that the contest would be organized every year. In its second edition 31 works took part. In 1965 the editors of the *Światowid* changed the formula of the contest to an open one, although they still invited the authors they had chosen. The third contest was announced in the issue Nr 18 of the magazine of May 2<sup>nd</sup> 1965. The regulations, among others, included the condition that the texts should not be longer than 8 pages of typescript (240 verses).<sup>6</sup> The information about the

---

written by her husband. I quote passages from the application to the Polish Writers’ Association in the article mentioned above.

<sup>4</sup> *Pisarze i turystyka* (*Writers and tourism*) [the results of the literary competition], *Światowid* nr 22 (1963): 11. In Nr 24 (pp. 6–7) an article appeared about awarding the prizes and with the winners’ interviews.

<sup>5</sup> From 1980 Tadeusz Staich was Stanisław Czycz’s next door neighbor in the tenement house in Krupnicza St. in Krakow. Unfortunately his wife in the interview with me did not say when they could have met for the first time—see “Pan Staszek. Z Zofią Stojakowską-Staich rozmawia D. Niedziałkowska” (Mr. Staszek. D. Niedziałkowska talks to Zofia Stojakowska-Staich), *Kresy* nr 72 (2007): 249–254.

<sup>6</sup> “A contest for a story about tourism,” *Światowid* nr 18 (1965): 16.

results were printed on August 15<sup>th</sup> 1965—and the choice was made out of 248 entries. The great number of works probably overwhelmed the “competition jury”, for in 1966 and 1967 it was already suggested that the participants should write stories, short stories or humorous sketches on the subject of tourism whose volume should not exceed 6 pages of typescript. Summing up—up to 1972 Stanisław Czycz did not get an award or a distinction and the yearly lists of the contents of the “Światowid” of the years 1965–1968 do not include his texts (although it cannot be ruled out that he used nicknames).

The application to the PWA quoted above confirms the existence of at least two tourist stories. One of them has been preserved among the author’s unpublished works. In the home archive there are 8 paginated sheets (starting with page 2) one-sided typescript of the A4 format starting with the line “It was a beautiful Sunday morning”. Probably Czycz kept a copy of the text he had sent to the contest. Occasional corrections and additions in the typewriting prove that we are dealing here with the version preceding the fair copy. This is also confirmed by the polishing of the composition. The author combines as if with a bridge the beginning and the end of the story with the motif of melancholy that may be appeased only with a lonely trip and admiring the wonders of the nature. It is not known what was the volume of the texts that were ordered in the first two closed editions of the contest, but the regulations of the 1965 one allow the supposition that it was then that Czycz could have replied to the *Światowid*’s invitation. It is quite probable that this archive record may be dated to 1963–1966.

However, even without knowing about the application or about the contest, *terminus ante quem* of Czycz’s writing the story may be assumed. In the story there is a reference to the motif of the precipice behind the corn field that the protagonists cross nearly blindly, not controlling the rushing motorcycle<sup>7</sup>. In my opinion it is an echo of Jerome David Salinger’s *The Catcher in the Rye*—the Polish translation of the book was published in 1961.

Point one of the regulations said that the aim of the contest is “to arouse writers’ interest in the subject of tourism and getting quality fiction dealing with this subject for the readers.”<sup>8</sup> Czycz’s story, or in fact a humorous sketch (exactly short stories or humorous sketches were ordered) is about a Sunday trip outside the town. A full of humorous events confrontation of

---

<sup>7</sup> “[...] We rode into the oats, moved like over a steppe, only our heads stuck out of the oats, and suddenly I felt faint at the thought that the field may end with a precipice... we did not see nearly anything in front of us...”

<sup>8</sup> “A contest for a story about tourism,” 16.

a walking tourism lover and a motorcyclist ends with the former one winning it; he convinces his fellow that the croaking of frogs surpasses nightingales' singing, not to mention the melody of the "hit" motorcycle. So as far as the subject is concerned the author meets the criteria of the contest, albeit against the background of the awarded texts the one by the author of *Berenais* seems subtle and perhaps even a little naïve. It has to be added that in his story the author describes tourist attractions of his home lands: the castle with the tower is the Tenczyn Castle in Rudno, a few kilometers away from Krzeszowice,<sup>9</sup> and the lake, in which the protagonists wanted to "bathe a little" is probably Staw Wroński in Tenczynek.

#### EDITOR'S REMARKS

The title of the story was given by the editor: the term "tourist story" comes from the fragment of his application to the Stipend Commission of the Head Board of the Polish Writers' Association of 1966 quoted above. The edition is based on the text described above that is kept in Czycz's home archive—its condition is very good. When editing the text the author's crossings-out have been omitted or marked, also one addition was accepted with an explanation in a footnote. The orthography and punctuation were changed to meet the present standards. Obvious mistakes have been corrected ("muśniece," "pręgowanago," "świecioło," "przyspieszyłek," "czerwieniejąc"), missing spaces have been added and unnecessary ones deleted. Compound prepositions have been spelled as one word ("wobec," "spode") and phrases like "jak to," "na pewno" as two. The author's regionalism "okąpać" ("bathe a little") has been left unchanged. Bringing the punctuation up to date is the most debatable issue since the very economical use of punctuation marks is one of the characteristic features of Stanisław Czycz's style. Challenging the rules of the punctuation was usual in the experimental texts by this author, but here we are dealing with a text written for the contest (and, as the author does not hide, in order to earn money). Due to this it has been decided that the text would be adjusted to the present conventions: comas were added before subordinate clauses and with perfect

---

<sup>9</sup> Jan ZALITACZ, *Uzdrowisko Krzeszowice i okolice (Health-resort Krzeszowice and Its Vicinity)* (Chrzanów: Jan Zalitacz, 2006), 161 ff; *Zamek Tenczyn w Rudnie (The Tenczyn Castle in Rudno)* [a booklet published by the "Ratuj Tenczyn" association], (Krzeszowice, 2012). See also <http://www.ratujtenczyn.org.pl> (accessed October 22<sup>nd</sup> 2012).

participles and they were removed in the function of disjunctive conjunctions. It has been decided that inverted comas will be used for marking the protagonist's inner speech. All pauses introduced by the author, also the ones inside dialogs, have been left unchanged. The dialogs have been standardized and corrected. The author's division into paragraphs has been left unchanged.

STANISŁAW CZYCH, *A TOURIST STORY*

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, the town was already left behind me, and in front of me, far away near the horizon the edge of the forest was outlined; I wanted to be alone on that day, I like group trips, but on that day, overwhelmed by perhaps some melancholy or something of the kind, I felt a desire of a lonely hike, face to face with the nature that just showed bluish before me on the horizon, anyway, I think—I remembered—one philosopher, I forget which one, recommended such lonely meditations from time to time, possibly somewhere in the open air. The forest looked bluish and I only thought that perhaps it was too far for this heat—for such a distance on a day that promised to be hot—and I thought that maybe I should first go a little by bus from the town, but at once I thought that I might consider this way part of my trip, this lonely hike, yes, lonely, this is just what I wanted—silence, quiet, contemplation.

Suddenly I heard some terrible rattling behind me and I turned round; Artek was coming on his motorbike; he stopped in front of me:

—Hi! Where are you going?

—Going.

—But where? You are dressed as for a Himalayas expedition.

—Why is this bike of yours making so much noise?

—It has some non-standard silencer.

—The whole of it seems non-standard. Where did you get it?

—What do you mean where I got it? I told you we had bought it together with Staszek.

—So he gave it to you after all?

“Indeed, he bought it together with a friend of his, but I didn't think that Staszek would give him—and especially on a Sunday—this motorbike. Staszek seemed to me a bit of a con man, and anyway he surely was a fan of all those moving machines, he leaned over each of them with a flush on his

cheeks, tenderly, and when in addition it belonged to him... In his attitude he was like an art collector enamored of his acquisitions, for example antiques; yes, exactly—this bike was a little antique. So I thought that Staszek—apart from riding together with Artek—would let him go for a short ride, for several minutes, but would not give him the bike to ride wherever he would like to.”

—But this bike is mine in half—replied Artek.

—That’s right... So, have a good ride. I am going on.

—Wait, where are you heading?

—Anyway, not for a motorbike ride.

—If you are going for a trip it is fortunate; instead of walking we will ride. Tourism only combined with motorization can give you maximum satisfaction.

This did not convince me, but I thought that after all he might take me to the forest.

When we came into the wood—and the road was winding further—I told Artek to stop.

—I can’t!—he shouted.

—What do you mean you can’t?

— ‘Cause the bike’s hard to start!

“This means—I thought—that we’ll take root in the bike and we’ll have to speed till the evening on various roads and paths because it is hard to start; and if one of the paths will suddenly end—what then? And anyway, where are we going? I wanted to be in the bosom of nature and I am there, but we have to go on, it turns out that we cannot stop in this bosom; yes, and where to are we supposed to speed like this?”

Artek seemed to sense my thoughts for he turned to me and shouted:

—We are going to the castle!

and when he was turning his head to the front again the handlebars turned a little—or perhaps he hit a protruding root, the wheels were knocked up—and we went off course, were pushed among the trees, a slalom started between the tree-trunks—we could not stop, for “the motor is hard to start”—we were carried onto roots and some fallen trees, and in the end, however, we managed to get to the road. The Castle was in fact some ruins situated rather picturesquely on a forest hill—it was really the aim of many Sunday tourist trips, there was even a tourist route there,—the Castle was already before us, its walls shone beautifully in the sun; the road climbed up more

and more steeply. And there were more and more stones on it, some cobbles, the area was mountainous and rocky, Artek gained momentum to climb up the hill, and moving on this momentum he struck on a big stone; I was thrown up in the air, perhaps half a meter, and falling down I did not land on the saddle—for the bike went forward in the meantime—I did not land on the bike, but exactly on that stone.

—Stop!—I shouted.—Stop or...—and my voice cracked with pain.

Artek turned round:

—Catch up with me!—he shouted and cranked the bike up.

I got up on my feet, felt the bruise—and took a deep breath; Artek was receding on that machine of his, I could not catch up with him even if I wanted to, I was alone in the forest and this is what I wanted; actually my bag with the food was receding from me on that infernal machine, but at the moment I was not hungry; I looked around—in which direction I was to go—and then I saw that the road Artek took was turning, that in fact it was a sort of a switchback, and I thought that perhaps I could catch him taking the short cuts while he had to follow the turns of the road; this thought started tempting me and I ran upward, across the forest, and I really caught him, I jumped to the saddle which swayed the bike, and we went out of the road again, this time into the field, into potatoes, we rode across the rows, it was like riding on the stairs, “if we manage to ride through all this field—I thought—we will be able to go into Artek’s flat on the second floor and turn off the engine only in the flat,” the field of potatoes ended, we rode into the oats, moved like over a steppe, only our heads stuck out of the oats, and suddenly I felt faint at the thought that the field may end with a precipice... we did not see nearly anything in front of us...—fortunately we dashed out from the oats to a meadow, just before the Castle; and then the bike died.

—That’s no problem—said Artek when I looked at him inquiringly—we’ll start it going down this hill later.

From one of the Castle’s towers a panoramic view stretched over the vicinity, over the forest reaching the horizon, one little cloud seemed to shine, it was like a light touch of white on the infinite blue and this blue seemed to satiate even the green of the trees that—when we were looking at them, at the closer ones and those that were further off—seemed to vibrate lightly in the growing heat; and I thought that for so many days like this one I drifted around without an aim and thoughtlessly there, in town, when it is so beauti-

ful here.—Artek spotted a road in that forest and at the same time remembered that behind the forest there was a lake—we can bathe a little.

We first tried to start the bike with the starter, but one could finally twist his leg and achieve nothing so we got on it and when we already gathered speed Artek got into gear, it shook us so that we nearly jumped out of the saddles, but the engine started. There, when we came down, after passing first a meadow and then a field, from these lighted, nearly sparkling greens we entered the shadow of that forest—indeed there was a road there, rather wide and even—dark shadows of the trees, and from the gaps between the trees when we were passing them—this kind of emerald-golden glimmering seemed to penetrate us—or at least me—somewhere inside, at some moments it was like fluttering, like a butterfly’s wings, emerald-golden and with black stripes, and it was like the butterfly carried us through the forest, or like I suddenly was a flying butterfly myself, and even the bike seemed to surrender to the mood—it made, it seemed, less noise; shadow, brightness, fluttering, the bike quieter and quieter, shadow, brightness, shadow, and suddenly the bike stopped, died.

—Goddammit!—said Artek.

—So now—I started and stopped, for I did not know what was going to happen next. For the time being we parked the bike under a tree and sat down; after having smoked a cigarette Artek rose and I did the same.

—You will push me—he said when attempts to start the engine with the starter proved ineffective. He got on the bike, I was pushing him for perhaps a hundred meters, or perhaps two hundred, my forehead was beaded with sweat, we stopped. Artek got off the bike, “we’ll push it together” he said. He ran holding the handlebar and I pushed the bike from behind. “Wait a moment”—he said after a moment, we were well sweated, simply bathing in the sweat—taking this road we were to reach a place where we could “bathe a little” and so we were already bathing before we came to the lake—“wait, we’ll get undressed”, right, a bath is a bath, not in our clothes. We stripped and were only wearing our swimming trunks, Artek folded his clothes and put them on the back seat—and he had rather elegant, formal, dark clothes with a white shirt and a tie, I put mine there too, I was to hold them while pushing the bike. And maybe when we were undressed we were stronger, or when we were taking off our clothes we built up our strength, for this time out of a sudden the bike started; and it carried off Artek, who apparently could not grab the clutch at once, he was rushing ahead beside the



bike, bouncing like a ball, I certainly fell behind, the clothes fell to the road, the road was full of dust, tall trees were already behind us and we came to a young pine thicket, the clothes fell into this dust, and if they only fell—tied with a belt they caught something, maybe a bolt at the exhaust pipe and started sweeping the road pretty precisely; “stop!, stop!—I shouted to the galloping Artek, but he kept on running evidently deafened by the clattering of the bike, there was a little bridge over a ditch with water on the way and there the clothes caught hold of some protruding pole, the belt broke, some of the clothes remained there, some were dragged by the bike—“stop!” I cried, and at last Artek heard it, he managed to stop the bike, or perhaps to catch the clutch, and the bike immediately died, anyway. Artek, mad, turned to me:

—Why are your shouting “stop” just when it started?!

I showed him our clothes; the part on the bike and that one, near the bridge.

—Oh, gosh!—he said.—So how were you holding them?!

—I did hold them, but when you were carried off I couldn’t any more.

The first thing we noticed was that Artek’s clothes changed their color a bit—from dark they became decidedly grey, although<sup>10</sup> not in all their parts, and in this way they were a little similar to the uniforms worn by airborne troopers—my dark shirt also took on a little pastel tones. We picked them up and started to look at them closely—Artek’s coat was torn at the back—from the collar almost all the way down—fortunately only at the seam; his shirt had a slightly torn sleeve, I only had a hole in one trouser leg—from the knee down. We started beating dust out of the clothes and cleaning them—rather inefficiently, the colors they had taken on were quite durable. After putting the clothes on we looked—considering also the torn parts—like a pair of Harlequins—in grey. We also noticed that the glass in the bike’s lamp was missing, an additional detail, but compared to all that, so to say, not a very attractive one. We started looking for the glass but we did not find it.

—Staszek will teach you now—I said.

—Oh, the glass is nothing... Anyway, the bike is also mine.

That’s right.

—Most gladly I would leave the bike here and walk home.

—This is the best thought of all your ones today—I said—let’s go, we

---

<sup>10</sup> A word added by the author.

don't know how far our home is from here, we should make it before evening. You will tell Staszek where this vehicle of yours is, for nobody would like to steal it—you can't ride it.

However, after some rest we lifted the bike we had dropped—maybe this road will go down somewhere and then we'll try to start it. When after some time the road indeed started to go down, it turned out that the bike had no petrol—it had leaked out or evaporated—we did not know, and anyway we did not ponder over it, the only question was how far it was through the forest and when we would see the town. It was late in the afternoon, but finally the forest ended and we were pulling the bike through some village, children were following us, “what a terrible accident they had, they broke the lamp”—we heard. Sure, we did have one. We reached the town even before the sunset and went home; I washed, changed my clothes, went out, the sun was still quite high, I walked outside the town, seized with perhaps some melancholy or something like that, I needed a lonely walk, anyway, one philosopher, I forget which one, recommended such lonely meditations from time to time...—I heard a clatter behind me, I turned round, there was Artek coming on the bike, I speeded up, he caught up with me:

—Where are you heading?

—I am, indeed.

—So perhaps we would together...

—No—I interrupted,—I prefer to go alone.

—But I'm not thinking about going by bike, I also have had enough of it, I'll take it to Staszek. Wait for me here.

We were walking along a ditch, the sun had already set, the sky—still clear—was red and was slowly darkening, and the forest was more and more shadowy at a distance before us and so was the town behind us.

—Look here—Artek said—what is that?

—What?

—Well, that. You can hear it, can't you?

Yes, I could. It was coming to us as if some music from the forest side, from the boggy meadows just near it.

—You know, poets wrote about nightingales, but not about this; at least I cannot recollect reading about it; and it always seemed to me more beautiful than all those nightingales' songs. It is frogs croaking.

—Frogs? I would never guess. I have never heard them.

—For if you think that tourism only combined with motorization can give

you maximum satisfaction... Especially when riding a bike like yours it would be difficult to hear even the roar of a cannon.

—If I had a good motorbike.. Let's take a trip next week, shall we? Certainly not by bike. But these frogs, they are singing so...

—Rather croaking.

—I know, but is it as if they were singing. And really, it is more beautiful than nightingales...

## KONKURS na opowiadanie TURYSTYCZNE

Podobnie jak w roku 1963 i 64 redakcja „Magazynu Turystycznego — Światowid” rozpisuje, tym razem otwarty, konkurs literacki na opowiadanie ew. nowelę lub humoreskę — z atrakcyjnymi nagrodami pieniężnymi ufundowanymi przez GKKFIT, ZG PTTK i Wydawnictwo „Sport i Turystyka”.  
Oto warunki tego konkursu:

REGULAMIN

- Organizatorem otwartego konkursu literackiego jest redakcja „Magazynu Turystycznego — Światowid”.
- Celem konkursu jest zainteresowanie pisarzy tematyką turystyczną oraz zdobycie dla czytelników wartościowej beletrystyki z tego zakresu.
- Redakcja „MT—Światowid” zastrzega sobie prawo pierwszeństwa do publikacji prac nagrodzonych i wyróżnionych oraz prac zakwalifikowanych do zakupu, przy czym będą one honorowane zgodnie z obowiązującymi stawkami.
- Warunki konkursu:
  - a) praca nie powinna przekraczać 8 stron maszynopisu (240 wierszy),
  - b) uwzględnione będą tylko utwory nigdzie nie publikowane
  - c) utwory należy podpisać godłem, dołączając zamkniętą kopertę, zaopatrzoną w to samo godło i zawierającą imię, nazwisko i adres autora
  - d) każdy autor ma prawo nadesłać dowolną ilość utworów, jednakże każdy utwór powinien być opatrzony innym godłem.
  - e) termin nadsyłania prac upływa z dniem 31 maja 1965 r. (data stempla pocztowego na przesyłce). Prace należy adresować: „MT—ŚWIATOWID”, WARSZAWA, KRAKOWSKIE PRZEDMIEŚCIE 21/23 — KONKURS LITERACKI.
  - f) Rozstrzygnięcie konkursu nastąpi do dnia 30 czerwca br.
- Sąd konkursowy przyzna następujące nagrody: I — 10.000 zł. II — 7.500 zł., III — 5.000 zł. oraz dwa wyróżnienia po 1.500 zł.
- W skład sądu konkursowego wejdą przedstawiciele redakcji „MT—ŚWIATOWID” i GKKFIT pod przewodnictwem przedstawiciela ZG ZLP — Jerzego Putramenta.
- Wszelkich informacji związanych z konkursem udziela redakcja „MT—Światowid” — tel. 26-11-49.

16

1. “A contest for a story on tourism.” *Światowid* nr 18 (1965): 16

biegał na nieszczęście, i to zachwiałe meteczkiem i znowu wyśliznął z drzewa. Tym razem w jaskini, jechałszy w przesek wąwozów, była to jaskinia jak się okazało, a jak nam się w przebiegu to szło jako - jaskinia - to potem już wędrowni mogli wjechać nawet do wioski Arka na Wędrówkę pięter, szanując meteczki w mieszkaniu, ziom - nigdy się nie wzięli jechałszy w oświe, umiarkowany chyba jak przesek stes, stesowały nam z tego czasu tylko ślady, może zrobił mi się szła be na wyl do to jako może się obcość jak przesek... nie ni- zjadłszy przesek przed sobą przesek nie... - szanując wyśliznął z tego czasu na taką Wędrówkę przesek Zambis; i wtedy meteczki szan- - To nie, - powiadają Artek przy sprężeniu na nieszczęście - z- jaskini go zjadają potem z tej Wędr.

Z jednej z banit Zambis zachwiał się szanując wiedeł na okalce, na lasey ciekawce się zę go karyzant, jakim jedm nazy obcość zamarł się dnieł, był jak kochanie wędrownie mieli na nieszczęście się Wędr- oie, i zamarł się ten kłopot nieszczęście nawet ziomem drzew, które - gły- dny zatrzymał na nie, na te bliźnię i dalsze - zamarł się kochanie drzew w przesek się upał; i pomysłach, że przez było takich jak ten dny kłopotem się bez celu i bezmyślnie tam w nieszczęście, przesek gdy tu jest tak pięknie. - Artek wyśliznął w tym czasie kochanie drzew, i przesek siebie w nieszczęście go tam na lasem jest staw - bieżnie się szanując okalce.

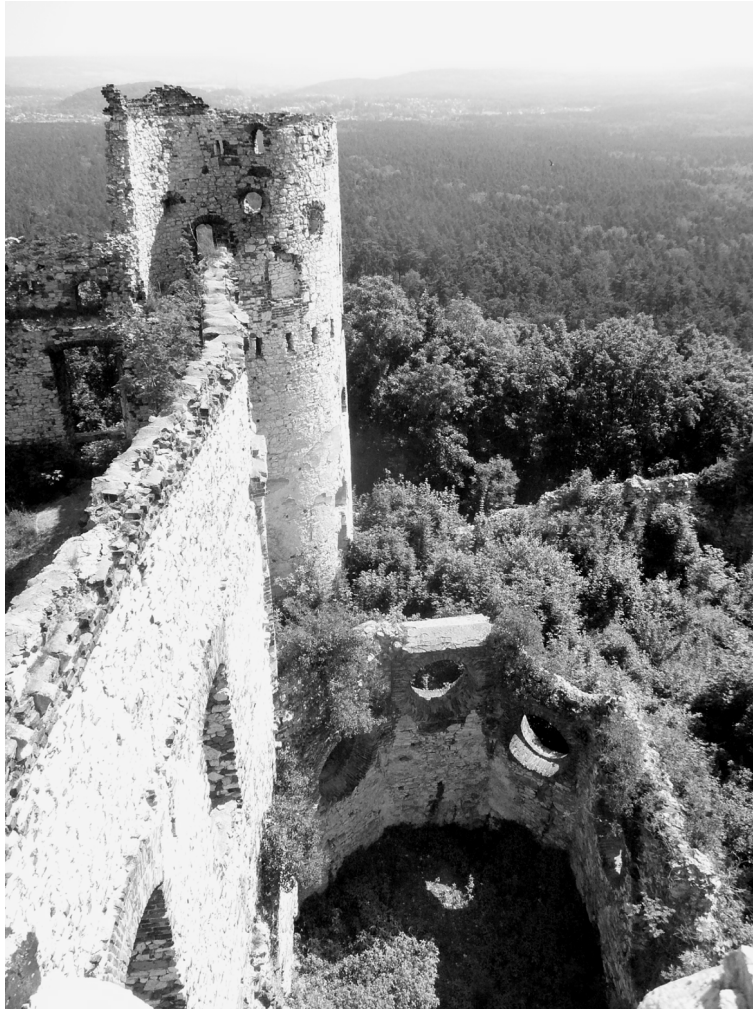
Prześliznął najpierw zamarł meteczki starterem, ale szanując być w szanując siebie nieszczęście i na nie, wędrowni wieje na nieszczęście, i w trakcie zjadła z tasek, ślady, górnicy nabrał już przesek, Artek wko- czył bieg, szanując nam, że nieszczęście nie wyszeźlił z nieszczęście, ale meteczki jednak szanując.

Tam, w dale, go wędrowni kłopot najpierw i potem kochanie poła, wjechałszy z tych rozpadniętych kochanych nieszczęście nieszczęście w siebie

Był piękny niedzielnym poranku, nieszczęście już zostawiając przesek, a przesek nieszczęście na karyzantie wyszedł się nieszczęście Zambis, szanując Zambis, dnieł w tym dniu był sam, lasey nieszczęście wędrownie, ale w tym dniu szanując jakby może nieszczęście, czy czymś w tym czasie, szanując szanując szanując wędrownie, sam na sam z naturą, która wędrownie zysowała się przesek nieszczęście na karyzantie, szanując zamarł się - przesek siebie - kłopot z filozofem, szanując kłopot, zamarł - szanując od czasu do czasu szanując nieszczęście i nieszczęście w przesek. Rysował się ten las nieszczęście i nieszczęście tylko, że nieszczęście na dalsze jak na ten upał - na drzewie w dniu który się szanując upał - i przesek, że nieszczęście w nieszczęście przesek - szanując kochanie autobusu, kochanie przesek, że i to drzew nieszczęście jako część przesek, to szanując nieszczęście, tak, szanując - to, a to ni przesek szanując - szanując, szanując, szanując. Ukrywał nieszczęście na sobą jakby straszliwy kłopot, szanując się; nieszczęście na meteczku Artek, szanując się przesek nieszczęście:

- Cześć! Gdzie idziesz?
- Idę.
- Ale gdzie? Ubrany jesteś jak na wyprawę w Himalaje.
- Długoś o ten meter tak kochanuje?
- Ma jakis nietypowy technik.
- Czy jest zamarł nietypowy. Skąd go masz?
- Jakte szanując przesek oie nieszczęście, szanując kupił ze Stanekton.
- Nie on ci jednak dą?

(Szatanie, kupił go na wędrownie z kochan, ale nie przesek szanując że ten Szatanek da mu kochan - a szanując w nieszczęście - ten meteczki; Szatanek wyśliznął ni się trochę szanując, a już nieszczęście był kochan tych wędrownie przesek szanując się nieszczęście, szanując się na kochan kochan w wędrownie na kochan, z nieszczęście, a szanując szanując do niego...



4. The view from the tallest tower in the ruins of the Tenczyn Castle in Rudno. Photo by D. Niedziałkowska

#### SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

- “A contest for a story about tourism.” *Światowid* nr 18 (1965): 16.
- “Pan Staszek. Z Zofią Stojakowską-Staich rozmawia D. Niedziałkowska” (Mr. Staszek. D. Niedziałkowska talks to Zofia Stojakowska-Staich). *Kresy* nr 72 (2007): 249–254.
- NIEDZIAŁKOWSKA, Dorota. “Stanisław Czycz—Barbara Sadowska. Prawda o ‘Listach’” (Stanisław Czycz—Barbara Sadowska. The truth about ‘The Letters’). In *Problemy edytorstwa*,

*bibliologii i typografii (Problems of Editing, Bibliology and Typography)*, ed. Agata Ptak, Katarzyna Baran, 81–119. Lublin: Wydawnictwo KUL, 2011.

*Pisarze i turystyka (Writers and tourism)* [the results of the literary competition]. *Światowid* nr 22 (1963): 11.

ZALITACZ, Jan. *Uzdrowisko Krzeszowice i okolice (Health-resort Krzeszowice and Its Vicinity)*. Chrzanów: Jan Zalicacz, 2006.

*Zamek Tenczyn w Rudnie (The Tenczyn Castle in Rudno)* [a booklet published by the “Ratuj Tenczyn” association], (Krzeszowice, 2012), see also <http://www.ratujtenczyn.org.pl> (accessed: October 22<sup>nd</sup> 2012).

## THE UNKNOWN CZY CZ

### Summary

The presented material contains the first edition of an unknown story by the writer and poet Stanisław Czy cz (1929–1996) with an introduction concerning the history of the work and with the editor’s commentary. The typescript survived in the writer’s home archive. Owing to another archive record it was possible to establish that the humorous sketch was written for a competition organized by the *Magazyn Turystyczny Światowid*. It was also possible to try to date the text more precisely. The rules of the competition said that its aim was to arouse writers’ interest in the subject of tourism and to win readers for good fiction dealing with this subject. The story is about a Sunday trip to the woods. The protagonist meets his friend who is riding a motorbike and offers him his company. The confrontation of the lover of walking tourism and the motorcyclist ends with the former one winning it. A cheerful tale has the same tone as Czy cz’s Krzeszowice stories printed in the *Przekrój* weekly at that time, and then published in the volumes *Nim zajdzie księżyc (Before the Moon Sets)* (1968) and *Nie wiem co ci powiedzieć (I Don’t Know What to Tell You)* (1983). It reveals a different face of the writer, whose debut was the innovative *And* (1961), and who, after writing *Ajol* (1967) and *Pawana (Pavane)* (1977) was called the Polish James Joyce.

**Key words:** Stanisław Czy cz; archive material; story.

*Translated by Tadeusz Karłowicz*



The preparation of the English version of *Roczniki Humanistyczne* and its publication in electronic databases was financed under contract no. 836/P–DUN/2018 from the resources of the Minister of Science and Higher Education for the popularization of science.