

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

A GRAND EXPERIMENT

**B**ROWSING through *Newsweek* on the plane over for my most recent visit to Poland, late in August, I happened upon a Jeff MacNelly cartoon portraying the inside of a plane's fuselage, with two boisterously happy Solidarity types coming down the center aisle from the pilot's cabin brandishing the steering wheel. They've just ripped it out and are getting set to hand it over to a somewhat startled Lech Walesa. "It took some doing, Lech," one of them exclaims, "but she's all yours!" It was a nicely turned joke, though it immediately occurred to me that the metaphor had been slightly misplayed—that, rather, what had happened in Poland over the past eighteen months was that the Communist regime of General Wojciech Jaruzelski, having managed to fly the plane of the country's economy straight into a cliff, itself then handed the steering controls over to Solidarity: "Here, you fly this sucker for a while."

During my next few weeks in Poland, however, I found even that metaphor undergoing some further refinements. No, rather, it was as if Solidarity's leaders had been trying to pilot the huge, lumbering, dilapidated space cruiser of the country's aspirations into some indeterminate future, through a recognizable universe, the splay of predictable constellations salted all about, when suddenly, like the crew in "Star Wars," they found themselves vaulting into hyperspace: the canopy of fixed light points streaking into spearing lines. Only they ran out of fuel halfway there, and now, as they came hurtling back into real time, real space, they no longer had any idea where they were—or, for that matter, where their erstwhile pursuers, the Communists, might be.

Two years ago, anyone observing the Polish scene would have been



**W SAMO POŁUDNIE  
4 CZERWCA 1989**

hard pressed to summon metaphors involving velocity of any sort. "Dead in the water" is the sort of phrase that might have come more readily to mind. Solidarity was still producing its underground journals and issuing its occasional statements, but words by themselves, in the absence of any promise of imminent action, seemed less and less resonant; in the meantime, Solidarity's underground structures within the various factories and other enterprises had for the most part been worn down. The regime, however, had failed to translate this loss of fervor for the opposition into anything resembling support for itself. Its repeated attempts to make "fresh starts" in one arena after the next had all proved stillborn.

In November of 1987, in an effort to jump-start itself out of this situation, the regime held a two-part referendum,

asking the people to vote on whether they favored radical economic and political reforms—radical reforms, that is, as proposed and carried out by the regime itself. But both initiatives failed. Some of the people I spoke with on this visit cited that referendum, with its fairly surprising outcome (never before had a regime in the Eastern bloc suffered that sort of humiliation), as the point at which things once again began to move—though not, of course, along the lines the regime had intended. Even without the electorate's imprimatur, the authorities began to take some tentative steps in the direction of economic reform. For more than forty years, the Polish regime had held certain prices artificially low—initially, perhaps, out of devotion to an egalitarian socialist ethic but increasingly, as the years progressed, because almost every attempt to readjust those prices (1956, 1970, 1976, 1980) had provoked angry worker protests. The regime lacked the legitimacy to stipulate rational prices, let alone to cut prices loose of all supports so they could find their own level. The problem was that the centrally mandated low prices began warping everything else in the economy: supplies and productivity plummeted, lines grew longer, prices on the black market (often the only place where goods could be bought) soared higher and higher, and the gap between the dollar's official exchange rate and its actual value (what it cost to buy dollars on the street) widened to ever more ludicrous differentials.

On February 1, 1988, the regime nervously tried once again. Hoping that workers would be reluctant to strike in the dead of winter, it announced some of the steepest price increases since 1982. And, indeed, the workers didn't strike—not until the



*"Your mother eats all the wrong foods."*

spring, that is. In late April, strikes broke out in Bydgoszcz and at the Lenin Steelworks, in Nowa Huta, and then at the Lenin Shipyard, in Gdansk. The authorities hung tough during the ensuing weeks, breaking the strikes one by one until the shipworkers in Gdansk voted, on May 10th, to suspend their action without having reached any agreement. Still, from the regime's point of view the strikes had signalled two profoundly troubling developments: the overwhelming majority of the strikers were extremely young (Solidarity leaders like Lech Walesa had to scramble to play catch-up, and many veteran rank and filers from earlier Solidarity actions declined to join in) and represented a new generation for whom the future in People's Poland seemed irredeemably bleak (in some districts, waiting lists for housing now exceeded fifty years). More disconcerting yet, the strikers refused to be mollified by wage increases (which, in rela-

tion to the larger economic strategy, would have been irresponsible in any case); what they wanted was the reinstatement of Solidarity—a union to which they themselves had never belonged. "There can be no freedom without Solidarity" was their surging refrain. Also, even while apparently conceding defeat, the young strikers were promising everyone that they would soon be walking out again.

And everyone—the strikers themselves, Solidarity's leaders, the authorities, the population at large—knew precisely when they would be doing so: in August, Poland's month of loaded anniversaries. Yet the regime seemed frozen, and powerless to head off the inevitable. Sure enough, starting on August 15th, miners in Silesia began occupying their mines, and on August 22nd the shipyard workers in Gdansk themselves went out once again. The regime tried to hang tough once more, but this time the strikers were hanging

even tougher. On August 31st (the eighth anniversary of the Gdansk agreements between the strikers and the government that had authorized the creation of Solidarity), Lech Walesa—who, as in May, had joined the strikers (though he had declined both times to serve officially on the strike committee)—was invited to Warsaw for an emergency meeting with General Czeslaw Kiszczak, the Interior Minister and General Jaruzelski's right-hand man. The meeting itself constituted a considerable concession by the regime—for years now, it had been dismissing Walesa as "the nonleader of a non-union"—but Kiszczak adamantly refused to concede the larger point: he would not relegalize the union. He offered instead to convene a round-table negotiation, inviting the participation of all sectors of Polish society, including the opposition, in which a wide range of issues—even, perhaps, the status of the union—might be discussed. Walesa accepted that formulation, but back in Gdansk the next day (and in Silesia in the days thereafter) he had a hard time persuading the young strike committees to go along, although eventually all of them did.

For the next several months, everything once again ground to a standstill as the regime and the opposition sparred over who would be allowed to participate in what sort of talks and to consider what issues in what order. The Communists reshuffled their deck, retiring the incumbent Prime Minister and replacing him with Mieczyslaw Rakowski, a self-styled reformer from back in the seventies, who, during the early eighties, had developed a virulent dislike for his upstart counterparts in Solidarity. (The feeling was reciprocated.) Rakowski insisted that certain veteran oppositionists—Jacek Kuron and Adam Michnik, to begin with—be barred from any eventual negotiations, and in the meantime he attempted various strategies to discredit the union. In a sort of you-want-reforms-we'll-give-you-reforms gesture, the authorities announced that they would soon be closing the Lenin Shipyard outright, as a cost-saving measure. (The shipyard was losing money, but that was partly because it was being forced to service soft-currency customers in the Eastern bloc; and, anyway, a lot of other enterprises were losing much more.) Thousands of workers and their supporters

rose up in protest, but Walesa warned everyone against succumbing to such provocations. In late November, Alfred Miodowicz, the head of the officially sanctioned trade union, known as the O.P.Z.Z., which the regime had established following the 1981 imposition of martial law as a way of sapping Solidarity's authority, challenged Lech Walesa to a live television debate. Rakowski and Miodowicz were apparently betting that Walesa, in his first extended television exposure since 1981, would prove a washout. (Who could conceivably live up to the expectations this man had aroused during such a long absence?) They lost their bet—badly. Walesa, at the top of his game in his favorite situation (high-stakes crowd wooing), exceeded all expectations, and Solidarity emerged from the debate stronger than it had been in years.

On January 1, 1989, the regime suspended gasoline rationing, prices skyrocketed, and social pressures once again began to rise. A few weeks later, after a meeting of the Communist Party's Central Committee (at which Jaruzelski, Kiszczak, and Rakowski all

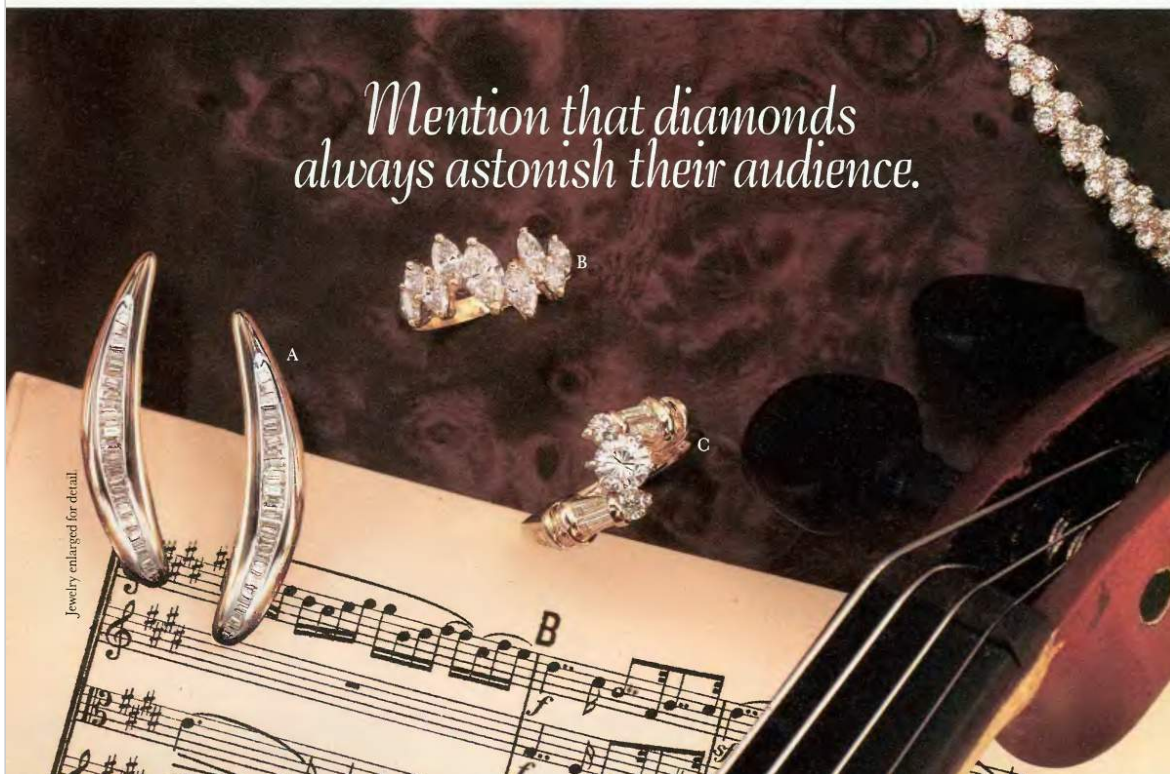
threatened to resign), the regime finally agreed to undertake the actual round-table negotiations, with virtually no preconditions. Kuron and Michnik, for example, were allowed to participate. A special vast circular table was constructed and installed in the ballroom of the Palace of the Council of Ministers (the onetime palace of the czar's representative in Warsaw), and on February 6th the round-table talks began. Walesa attended the first meeting and then had to go racing around the country trying to extinguish an ever-expanding proliferation of wild-cat strikes—many of them actions that were being launched in response to the provocations of renegade elements of the Party.

**SOMEDAY**, no doubt, somebody will write a novel or a play about those talks. It's hard to imagine a situation with more intrinsic dramatic potential, for time and again former prisoners were being brought face to face with their former jailers and tormentors. All during the negotiations, extraordinary corridor stories were circulating through Warsaw. For exam-

NOVEMBER 13, 1989

ple, there was one about Zbigniew Bujak, Solidarity's legendary Warsaw regional leader, who for more than four years after the imposition of martial law had managed to evade arrest, even though he had had some close calls: once he literally ran out of his sheepskin coat as he was being nabbed by security agents, leaving them holding nothing but the coat. During the talks, the story goes, Bujak found himself in colloquy with General Kiszczak, the head of security and, indeed, the man who did eventually succeed in jailing him. "By the way," the General told Bujak, "I have your coat in my office. You're welcome to come by and pick it up whenever you like."

It would all make a great movie, and, in fact, it already *has* made a great movie. A pair of guerrilla video documentarians named Piotr Bikont and Leszek Dzumowicz were authorized by the Solidarity side to mill about the corridors throughout the proceedings and capture whatever they could on videotape. The documentary they distilled from more than sixty hours of raw footage—"Tales of the Round Table"—is currently one of the most



## THE NEW YORKER

talked-about entertainments in Poland, as bootleg copies make their way from VCR to VCR.

Bikont and Dziurawicz weren't the only television crew there, for as part of the pre-talk agreement the authorities had consented to broadcast regular coverage of the negotiations, including interviews with a wide range of participants. At one point in Bikont and Dziurawicz's film, the charismatic Wladyslaw Frasnyniuk, the Solidarity leader of the Wroclaw region—who himself managed to stay underground until October of 1982, endearing himself to the local population (and enraging the local constabularies) by frequently popping up to rabble-rouse at beleaguered factories all over town, and who, after his eventual arrest, endured particularly brutal physical abuse in prison—finds himself having to endure the blandishments of one of the regime's best-known correspondents. "Listen," Frasnyniuk suddenly says, cutting the correspondent short. "When we used to watch you on the news in the prison TV room, we'd get ourselves all worked up just fantasizing how someday we might get a chance to

spit in your face for all those years of your spitting in ours. Well, now the time has come and we don't spit in your face, because of the wider situation. But at least get that straight, O.K.?" The correspondent smiles lamely.

This was, in fact, an unusual outburst on Frasnyniuk's part; most of the time, he and his confederates deported themselves with almost unnerving civility. I subsequently had occasion to ask Frasnyniuk how he had felt being in the presence of his onetime oppressors. "Pretty much as you'd imagine," he replied. "What was really interesting, though, was to see *their* reaction. Over the years, they had built us up as such superhorrifying demonic criminals in their own minds that it was a real shock for them to be confronted by normal, often quite sympathetic young people. Often, they didn't know what to do; their entire world view seemed to collapse around them." Once during the negotiations, Frasnyniuk told me, one of Kiszczak's aides wrote a note and passed it to the General. "You never know who might be listening," General Kiszczak whispered confidentially to Frasnyniuk, his new young

friend, gesturing at the walls. I asked Frasnyniuk whether he thought, given this new spirit of camaraderie, that the General would ever be capable of arresting them all again. "Of course," he said, without a moment's hesitation. "That's his job."

The delegates actually convened at the round table only on the first and the last days of the negotiations. In between, they broke up into separate working groups—on the economy, on political structures, on trade-union configurations, on health issues, on ecological matters, on media, and so forth—meeting in separate rooms. "All those tables, as it happened, were square," Bikont (who had been imprisoned for a total of ten months himself) told me. "The round-table room generally remained empty. During breaks, though—it was uncanny—people would go in there and walk long, slow laps around the table. It was *exactly* like back in prison." The subgroup meetings, in turn, seemed to drag on and on. And yet it was precisely during those two months (the final agreements weren't signed until April 5th) that the pace of Polish history accelerated so

63

A. \$3,950 • 800-421-8208  
Unigem International

B. \$4,600 • 212-719-2630  
Mr. Baguette Ltd.

C. \$5,175 • 212-840-8899  
Martin Flyer, Inc.

D. \$9,250 • 818-989-2828  
Nova Stylings, Inc.

E. \$3,225 • 212-832-8013  
Leser Enterprises, Ltd.

F. \$2,995 • 203-454-2246  
Palazzo d'Oro, Inc.

G. \$7,500 • 212-586-2865  
D'Annunzio & Co.

*This is only the overture. There are many other superb designs in the Diamond Symphonies Collection, which starts at \$1,099. For the jeweler nearest you, or information on the jewelry shown, call the phone numbers listed. A diamond is forever.*

**Diamond Symphonies.**  
*A perfectly orchestrated collection of exquisite diamond jewelry.*



"Geoffrey's seasonal. I'm regional."

dramatically. In early March, a Soviet journal published a disarmingly amiable interview with Lech Walesa. On March 7th, the Polish authorities, after more than forty years of categorical denials, reversed themselves and announced that the massacre of several thousand Polish officers in the Katyn Forest in the early nineteen-forties had actually been the work of Stalin's secret police, not of Nazi troops. (Everybody already knew this, but everybody also knew that the Communists would never forswear that particular piece of orthodoxy.)

Most astonishing of all, perhaps, were the things now being routinely bandied about over the airwaves. In Bikont and Dziurawicz's film, Kuron is shown speaking into a microphone being held out to him. (Kuron's voice—a deep, insistent, gravelly rasp—is itself a profoundly insinuating revelation.) "We're gradually beginning to speak the same language," he says. "Our languages are becoming closer together, getting closer to the real meaning of words. But it will still take some time, because in this country for many years words have been deprived of their true meanings. The word 'democracy,' for example, meant the lack

of democracy. 'Brotherly help' meant armed intervention. 'Security' was the scariest word I ever heard. But slowly we are beginning to give words back their unequivocal identity." The microphone gets pulled away. "This has been Jacek Kuron, speaking over the Polish state radio," the interviewer signs off.

At another point during the film, Janusz Reykowski, of the Party's Central Committee, is seen in a corridor regaling several of the top Solidarity representatives with the latest "in" joke. He asks them, "You know why the round table is nine metres in diameter? Because we looked it up, and the world record for spitting is seven and a half metres." Everyone laughs. However, as time wore on, it became clear that the most virulent spitting matches were taking place among representatives of the government side. Bikont and Dziurawicz captured several confidential meetings, late in the proceedings, between Solidarity representatives as they almost desperately describe the explosive fallings-out they're witnessing on the other side. ("The language!" the deputy editor of a prominent Catholic weekly sputters, pale and trembling. "It's as if they were throw-

NOVEMBER 13, 1989

ing meat at each other. I never heard anything like it—it was *horrible*." If anything, those were the battles that were coming to constitute the major threat to a successful conclusion of the talks as everything else now began to fall into place.

In the end, the regime did make its one major concession—the legalization of the union—and, in exchange, Solidarity consented to participate in a snap election, to be held on Sunday, June 4th. At first, all the Solidarity delegates were reluctant to agree to those terms. For one thing, the final outcome of the vote was going to be rigged. This was by no means going to constitute an entirely representative election. (Sixty-five per cent of the seats in the crucial lower house were going to be reserved for the Communist Party and its two allied puppet parties—an arrangement that would in effect guarantee the subsequent election of the Party's candidate to the all-powerful, newly created post of President.) Beyond that, the campaign itself was hardly going to be fair: the Party would be able to deploy its entire apparatus instantaneously (highly organized rank and file, bottomless treasury, all the official media), while Solidarity, for its part, was not yet even legalized, and lacked such rudimentary amenities as office space, telephones, cars, and printing supplies. Under the circumstances, the Solidarity representatives were seriously concerned that they might lose badly, and they were also worried that they might be trapped into assuming much of the responsibility for the looming economic debacle without having attained any authority to do anything about it. Most galling of all was the fact that they would be urging their followers to participate in an election in which, for the first time ever, Communist rule would be granted a real sort of legitimacy. "None of us want these elections," Walesa admitted at a strategy session during the last days of the negotiations. "They're the terrible, terrible price we have to pay in order to get our union back."

**D**URING the next several months, events were to take such concerns and turn them inside out. Solidarity got its union back, but the union proved to be strangely ineffectual and quiescent: workers hardly thronged to rejoin the old structures; nor did workplaces become centers of renewed activism. By

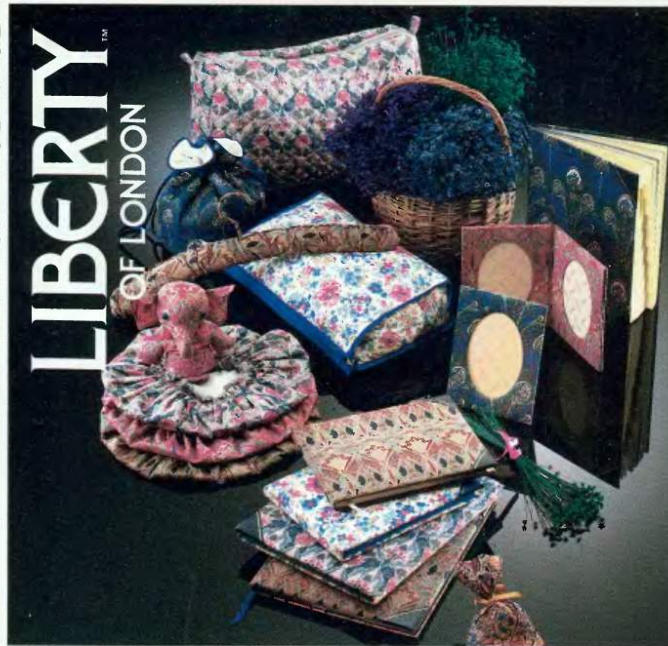
## THE NEW YORKER

65

contrast, Solidarity's political wing—its Citizens' Committee and the slate of parliamentary candidates that it grudgingly threw together for the doomed election campaign—not only prospered but triumphed. And after the election it was the Citizens' Parliamentary Club—the caucus of all Solidarity's elected delegates—that became the driving force in oppositionist activity. All this was permitted to occur, it seemed, in part because the Communist Party simply started to buckle under the strain.

A week after the conclusion of the round-table talks, *Tygodnik Mazowsze*, the remarkable clandestine weekly of the Warsaw region and Solidarity's principal journal of record, published its two-hundred-and-ninetieth—and last—issue. (Produced for more than seven years with astonishing regularity, *Tygodnik* was distributing as many as eighty thousand copies a week by the end of its run.) In this last issue, the staff members finally revealed their names—it turned out that the overwhelming majority of these journalists who had been driving the regime crazy with their defiant irrepressibility were women—and announced that within a few weeks they would reassemble under the banner of *Gazeta Wyborcza*, or *Electoral Gazette*, the Eastern bloc's first aboveground opposition daily, with a projected circulation in excess of five hundred thousand. Permission to found such a daily had been another of the conditions wrested from the Party at the round-table talks. The final statement of the *Tygodnik* staff captured a good deal of the mood of the moment: "We are all aware of the fact that the present political situation is precarious and uncertain, that the official declarations are not trustworthy, and that we run a great risk of losing all we have and getting nothing in return. Still, this is a new situation: Solidarity is becoming a legal union; the elections are imminent—and, though they are undemocratic, we can win them or lose them. Therefore, in such a moment to run away from risk and play for time would mean giving up these new, much greater opportunities to work on behalf of the ideals for which we have been struggling for years—the ideals of Solidarity."

In Gdansk and later in Warsaw, Walesa convened a series of meetings of the Citizens' Committee, an ad-hoc assembly of leading oppositionist fig-



EMINENTLY GIFTABLE... Available at Liberty of London shops in New York City, Chicago, Washington D.C., Ardmore, PA and other fine stores. Liberty of London, New York, N.Y. (212) 391-2150 Liberty. The very fabric of British life.

*Cartier*  
Panther

Water-Resistant Quartz with date.  
Now available in 18K gold and  
Stainless Steel from \$2,350.  
Also available in all 18K gold.

■ Madison Ave. & 52nd St.  
 ■ Seventh Ave. & 34th St.  
 ■ Bonwit Teller Trump Tower  
 ■ Bal Harbour Shops/Florida  
 Major credit cards welcome  
 Inquiries & Orders (212) 758-3265  
 Outside NY 1-800-223-1288  
 ■ Corporate Gift Div. (212) 888-2955

**Tourneau**  
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

**CORNER**



**At The Pointe,  
tremendous vacation  
values are par  
for the course.**

**HOLIDAY ESCAPES**  
Regular value: \$195, now just  
**\$86** per suite,  
per night,  
single or  
double  
occupancy

**PHX**

\*Two night minimum on a request and space available. Includes breakfast. Tax \$1.00 per room. Additional taxes available at the same rate. Not applicable to groups. Other restrictions may apply.

This holiday season, The Pointe has the perfect present — incredible savings on the escape of a lifetime. For a limited time only, **\$86\*** (regularly \$195) will unlock the world of The Pointe, the nation's most awarded resort. Experience the luxurious suites, superb dining, endless recreations in a setting of uncompromising personal service and spectacular weather.

To reserve your place in the sun, call **1-800-528-0428**, and ask for **Pkg. 9YORK**, or in Phoenix, 997-6000.



**The Pointe**

Don't Miss It!

Phoenix, Arizona

ures charged with instantaneously assembling a unified slate of candidates for a hundred seats in the Senate and a hundred and sixty-one seats in the lower house, the Sejm (which is to say a hundred per cent of the Senate seats and thirty-five per cent of those in the Sejm), for which Solidarity was going to be permitted to run, and then with managing the slate's brief campaign. At the last moment, having drawn most of the top oppositionists into putting themselves up as candidates, Walesa himself declined to run. "Somebody's got to keep himself clean, so as later to be able to pull the rest of you out of the mud," he declared, with characteristic brio, charm, and disdain. (Following Walesa's lead, Bujak and Frasnyniuk also declined to run, pledging to concentrate their energies on Solidarity's trade-union side instead.) Andrzej Wajda, the great film director, who had agreed to run for a Senate seat, had the inspiration of getting all two hundred and sixty-one of the candidates photographed, one after another, standing beside a smiling, avuncular Lech Walesa, and those images, blown up to poster size and widely plastered throughout the country, constituted the core of Solidarity's campaign.

Even working against the tremendous organizational odds, Solidarity was able to mount an effective, if somewhat chaotic, campaign, staging impressive rallies in every district in the country. Still, most observers were at best only guardedly sanguine about the election's outcome. Early on the morning of the election, June 4th, Warsaw blossomed with one last spray of Solidarity posters: the single inspired image of a grimly serious Gary Cooper, in full sheriff's regalia (though minus the gun, which had been whited out of the image), striding toward the viewer, the union's red logo emblazoned on the horizon behind him, a simple caption underneath—"HIGH NOON." The Party's final slogan, "With us, you're safer," sounded, in the words of one observer, "as if it might have been more appropriate for a condom ad."

The news of the election returns was almost drowned out—even in *Gazeta's* own coverage—by the simultaneous developments in Tiananmen Square. The Poles observed the Chinese events

with horror, seeing them in part as a sort of terrible conflation of all their own, earlier slaughtered uprisings (in 1956, 1968, 1970, 1976, and 1981) but also experiencing them as a dark premonition. Poles had for some time been speaking of the Catastrophe, the Disaster, that threatened to erupt if their own wary, fitful progress toward democracy should suddenly be derailed. Thereafter they gave that tense foreboding a new name: Tiananmen.



Most of the Polish contests were decided that first Sunday—a few had to be settled in runoff two weeks later—but when the full results were finally in the outcome proved staggering: Solidarity had won two hundred and sixty of the two hundred and sixty-one seats it was contesting. By contrast, virtually all the regime's thirty-five top candidates—including Rakowski himself—who had run as a special unopposed slate, lost their elections: the vast majority of Poles had revelled in crossing out their names, one at a time.

The political landscape in the weeks after the election was almost unrecognizable. Although the Party had managed to secure the vital sixty-five per cent of the lower house for itself and its allies, as had been mandated, in the wake of the defeat Party discipline began to unravel. Hard-liners, who held the moderates responsible for the whole debacle, refused to support their initiatives, and even indicated that they might not cooperate in General Jaruzelski's heretofore automatic elevation to the Presidency. Moderates, for their part, who were aware that the next election, four years hence, would be an entirely open one, as stipulated in the round-table agreements, began flirting with Solidarity.

On June 30th, in yet another strange development, Jaruzelski announced that he would not, in fact, seek the Presidency, and nominated Kiszczak in his stead. Parliament convened on July 4th, with the Communists in a frantic game of trying to redeploy the same old faces in some novel configuration (Rakowski, for example, resigning as Prime Minister only to reappear as the new Communist Party head) that might win public approval. The public, however, was not entertained; all over Poland, people began sporting a round button with a narrow red wedge labelled "65%," encircled by a

THE NEW YORKER

vast white background labelled "35%."

The second week in July, George Bush came and went, and with him came and went any remaining illusions that the United States might soon take any serious lead in Poland's rescue. Bush proposed to lavish a hundred and nineteen million dollars on Poland—just a bit over one per cent of what Walesa had been requesting.

Soon after Bush's visit—and perhaps in response to his urgings—Jaruzelski reversed himself again, and announced that he would run for President after all. (A few days earlier, Walesa had declared that he would not oppose the General's candidacy.) The next day, July 19th, Jaruzelski indeed received his parliamentary majority, but by only one vote, and only owing to the deft parliamentary absences and ballot invalidations of several Solidarity delegates. Soon thereafter, Jaruzelski nominated Kiszczak as his Prime Minister, and Kiszczak began trying to assemble a Cabinet that would pass parliamentary muster. But there had been such overwhelming public revulsion at Solidarity's tacit role in Jaruzelski's election that the Solidarity delegation now withheld any support for Kiszczak's efforts. He didn't have the votes on his own side, either. Kiszczak approached some of the top oppositionists one by one, Kuron among them, and offered them a variety of ministries as part of a Grand Coalition—a government of national unity. Bronislaw Geremek, a medieval historian and a veteran oppositionist, who had once again proved himself Solidarity's most agile tactician during the round-table negotiations and had subsequently been selected as the leader of Solidarity's Parliamentary Club, dismissed Kiszczak's proposals, saying that all Kiszczak was doing was offering Solidarity "the Ministry of Debts, the Ministry of Wretched Housing, and the Ministry of Abysmal Labor."

A few weeks earlier, Adam Michnik, who had joined *Gazeta* as editor-in-chief (Helena Luczywo, who had been the principal editor of *Tygodnik Mazowski*, became the executive editor), had floated a proposal in a front-page editorial succinctly titled "Your President, Our Prime Minister," but Michnik had seen that proposal roundly lambasted by most of his colleagues in the opposition. They feared that Solidarity, by joining the government at this juncture, still stood

BUFFED  
LAMB SKIN

**FLIGHT  
JACKET**

The shiny leather jacket once worn by Navy pilots looked eternally new and had no hand pockets. Our Flight Jacket realizes some improvements: pockets, for one; velvety lamb-skin, for another. Buffed so it looks lived-in before its maiden flight.

38-46, even sizes only.  
#14605. \$295.  
Imported



Side-entry hand pockets keep said appendages warm.

**BANANA REPUBLIC**  
*Travel and Safari Clothing Company*

Can't visit the nearest Banana Republic? Order by phone, toll free 800-321-6601

**THE WORLD OVER  
IT'S NOT CHRISTMAS  
WITHOUT ALMONDS**

Whatever your heritage,  
your traditional holiday  
confections probably  
use almonds.

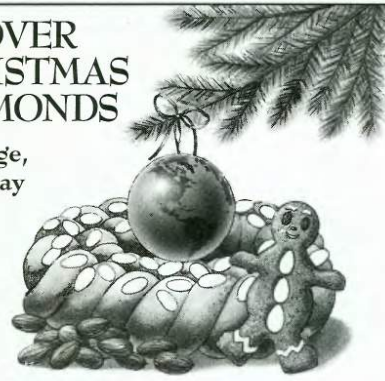
German lebkuchen,  
spicy cookies dating back  
to the Romans. Italian  
panforte di Siena, a candy  
specialty since the Renais-  
sance. Sicilian torrone.

English mincemeats and puddings. Austrian and Czech braided  
breads. Irish fruited gingerbread. Latin American empañaditas.  
They're all made with almonds.

In Denmark and Holland an almond is hidden in Three Kings'  
Bread to bring the finder good luck.

Whether you use generations-old family recipes for your holiday  
baking or try something new, we'll supply the almonds. For just  
\$19.75, we'll send you a 5 lb. box of freshly-shelled, cholesterol-free

California almonds. Money-back guarantee. Send your  
check or money order — with your street address — to:



MARIANI NUT COMPANY  
P.O. Box 664, Dept. 071  
709 Dutton Street, Winters, CA 95694



a good chance of getting all the blame for the economic debacle without being extended enough authority to do anything about it. The medieval historian Karol Modzelewski, of Wrocław, another formidable opposition theorist, argued in a rebuttal, also published in *Gazeta*, on July 6th, that such a version of the Grand Coalition "presented too great a risk." He went on, "It may be taken only in the certain knowledge that the nation and state are in mortal danger from which there is no other deliverance, with certain knowledge of the road to salvation, and with adequate political assurances that we'll be permitted to take it. I do not think that such preconditions exist in the present situation." A month later, the second and third preconditions seemed no closer to fulfillment, but, with the economy reeling and General Kiszczak still stymied in his attempts to cobble together a Cabinet from among his own people, the first—the situation of mortal danger—seemed increasingly applicable. Solidarity delegates had begun working intensively, by way of delicate negotiations, to dislodge a few dozen reformists from the Communist

side and fashion a new working majority, when suddenly Walesa reappeared on the scene with a solution of his own.

It was classic Walesa. Up to that moment, he had been on every side of the issue. Then, on August 7th, he presented, as a virtual *fait accompli*, his masterstroke—the Little Coalition. Through back-channel negotiations, Walesa had managed to separate the entire delegations of both puppet parties—the Democrats and the Peasant's Party—from their decades-long association with the Communists. Many of Solidarity's deputies in parliament were appalled. The members of the Communist Party's minor allied parties had in no way distinguished themselves over the past four decades; if anything, their servility had been more abject (because more hypocritical) than that of the regular Communist Party members. But these minor-party people, too, could see the developing trends, and, looking four years ahead, they realized that they had better start projecting their supposed independence if they wanted to retain any position whatever; furthermore, in the interim, Walesa was offering them all sorts of

NOVEMBER 13, 1989

senior posts in the new government.

The outflanked Solidarity parliamentarians suppressed their annoyance with Walesa and set to work trying to frame the new government, beginning with the question of who should serve as Prime Minister. Once it became evident that Walesa himself was not going to take the job, the Parliamentary Club clearly seemed to be favoring Bronislaw Geremek, who was continuing to show himself a brilliant, quick-minded, and popular leader. But within days Walesa appeared out of nowhere once again, this time to impose his own candidate for Prime Minister—Tadeusz Mazowiecki, the editor of the union's revived weekly *Tygodnik Solidarność*. No one questioned Mazowiecki's decency or honor. A longtime oppositionist in the independent Catholic-intellectual movement, he had served with distinction as an adviser to most of the Gdansk strike committees from 1980 on (with the notable exception of the one in December of 1981, which he was unable to serve since he had just started a year's internment). The problem was that he was—well, listless (at some point in



A suite at L'Ermitage Hotel as interpreted by Lowell Nesbitt, Los Angeles.

## THE NEW YORKER

69

almost every interview he gave, he came around to confiding how incredibly tired he was) and also famously indecisive. It was clear that Walesa's reasons for anointing him were multifaceted. Both the Church and the Communist Party much preferred him to the more formidable and wily Geremek. In addition, Walesa himself was clearly beginning to feel threatened by Geremek's growing popularity. At a heated meeting of the union's executive committee later that week, Walesa told his colleagues that Geremek's star had been too much in the ascendant in recent weeks, and that it had fallen to him to humble the man a bit. But who had ever given Walesa that job or that authority? He claimed to be acting as chairman of the Solidarity union, but (leaving aside the question of what business the head of the union had dictating parliamentary choices) many of the union leaders at that executive session proved hardly any happier with the choice than the Parliamentary Club had been, or with the imperious way it had been arrived at.

"Whose candidate was Mazowiec-

ki?" Bujak demanded. "Was he supposedly the union's?"

"Yes," Walesa replied sarcastically, "the Soviet Union's."

"What?" Bujak gasped. "Are you being serious?"

"Let's just close the subject," Walesa shot back, dismissing Bujak's concerns and those of all the others. "You say it's not democratic. I'll tell you something: I'm the greatest democrat in history."

"Fine," Michnik cut in. "Fine, Lechu, fine. You're the greatest democrat in history. I move we make it dogma."

The problem of Walesa's commitment to anything but the most abstract conception of the democratic process has long bedevilled the Solidarity movement. There is no question that he's an extraordinary politician, with a masterly sense of the crowd and an uncanny feeling for the moment. Time and again, he has risen to specific, seemingly impossible challenges, and has survived every single onslaught he has ever faced, with his reputation unscarred. He has an even, unflappable grasp of strategic considerations, and

he is resolutely nonviolent. The trouble is that he is also utterly unaccountable: for a profound democrat, he has profoundly little use for the democratic process. He is continually enraging his colleagues. Most recently, when the staff of *Tygodnik Solidarność* moved to replace Mazowiecki with another member of its senior editorial board, Walesa intervened, installing as the journal's new editor-in-chief a lawyer with no journalistic experience, who was mainly distinguished by his personal allegiance to Walesa himself. (He had represented Walesa during the back-channel negotiations with the minor puppet parties.) Almost the entire editorial staff resigned in protest. "I mean, this is the Party's *nomenklatura* all over again," one observer said. "Patently unqualified people being advanced to high positions solely on the basis of their personal loyalty to the powers that be." But Walesa always charms everybody back.

"As much as I personally disagree with him, Poland needs somebody like him at this moment" was a refrain I often heard in 1980 and 1981, and I heard it just as often this time. It



To sleep,  
perchance to dream...

The most wonderful things happen,  
if you're in the right space.



Call now for reservations and information on all seven  
of our all-suite, luxury hotels in West Hollywood/Beverly Hills.  
800-424-4443

L'ERMITAGE HOTELS  
*A Collection of Originals*

L'Ermitage · Bel Age · Mondrian · Valadon · Le Parc · Le Dufy · Le Rêve

Member Small Luxury Hotels & Resorts

THE  
PENINSULA  
NEW YORK

A CLASSIC  
PENINSULA HOTEL  
IN NEW YORK.  
WHERE ELSE  
BUT  
FIFTH AVENUE.

*A truly great hotel  
in the city's greatest location  
Fifth Avenue and 55th Street*

The Peninsula, New York  
Tel: (212) 247-2200  
Toll Free: (800) 263-9467

*The Leading Hotels of the World*  
The Leading Hotels of the World  
Toll Free: (800) 223-6800

*Preferred Hotels Worldwide*  
Preferred Hotels Worldwide  
Toll Free: (800) 323-7500

*Steigenberger Reservation Service*  
Steigenberger Reservation Service  
Toll Free: (800) 223-5652



occurred to me that people who spend long stretches of their history deprived of a state tend to embody their sense of nationhood in a single person, either symbolically (the Polish Romantics of the nineteenth century spoke of Poland as "the Jesus Christ of Nations") or else quite literally. For years before Poland got its independence, in 1918, Marshal Jozef Pilsudski played a role similar to Walesa's. In the years after independence, he, too, endeavored to stay out of direct politics, retiring to his country manor; but, like Walesa, he frequently came barreling back in, intervening and imposing his own solutions, without any accountability. Walesa clearly fancies himself a latter-day Pilsudski. (General Jaruzelski also fancies himself a Pilsudski; and the joke goes that while the one lacks the uniform the other lacks the mustache.) Polish democrats tend to revere Pilsudski (Michnik wrote a famous essay on him), but it's the *early* Pilsudski they have in mind. The later Pilsudski set up a concentration camp during the thirties to warehouse the onetime allies who had grown to grate on him. No one thinks that Walesa would be capable of that—not really.

Meanwhile, Mazowiecki took over as Prime Minister on August 24th, and instead of energetically announcing his Cabinet selections within hours, or at most a few days (as everyone agreed that Geremek, seizing the initiative, would have done), he spent almost three weeks—during which the economic crisis continued to deepen—circumspectly weighing his options.

It was during this period that I made my visit to Poland.

THE first things I noticed, of course, were the exhilarating changes. One was the way that clandestinely published books were being sold openly: Orwell, Popper, Havel, Arendt. In fairness, that had already been happening to some extent last year when I visited: you could wander through the gates of Warsaw University and find a veritable bazaar of banished literature on sale in the courtyard. But now the bazaar had spilled out of the gates and onto the sidewalks, all up and down Warsaw's main boulevard. In fact, the censors, in a huge, imposing building several blocks down the street, could almost stick their heads out of their windows and watch. People were selling postcards featuring

caricatures of a mean-visaged General Jaruzelski with the caption "Wanted. \$1,000,000 Reward" and the subcaption "Armed, dangerous and delusional—imagines himself to be a President," or else, more grimly, an image of the General with a hammer-and-sickle flag draped behind him and a Nazi swastika on his armband. People were gathering and browsing and buying and laughing—and nobody was bothering them. Forget the stalls: go into the regular bookstores, where you might come upon new, officially published editions of Solzhenitsyn, Konwicki, Medvedev, and, most recently, Orwell himself (represented by both "1984" and "Animal Farm").

Or else watch TV any evening. During the round-table negotiations, Jerzy Urban, the regime's exquisitely despised press spokesperson, had given a television interview in which the subject of free speech came up. "There *is* free speech in Poland," Urban had insisted. "You can say anything you want in Poland—just not on TV." Now Urban had been kicked upstairs and put in charge of the country's broadcast media. The trouble was that his employees could see where things were tending—how Urban would probably soon be replaced by a Solidarity figure—and, after eight years and more of craven collaboration with the authorities, these people were suddenly falling over backward in an effort to please the public. In the middle of one newscast, the anchorwoman suddenly held up a clandestinely published collection of poems by the exiled writer Stanislaw Baranczak and highly recommended it for everyone's leisure reading. A few days later, Grzegorz Boguta, the director of NOWA, the country's foremost underground publishing house, was himself a guest on the evening news; he was treated with unctuous deference and invited to display some of his latest titles.

Newspapers, too, had broken almost completely free; the censor's hand was growing increasingly feeble. ("It's too bad," one man commented ironically. "That censorship office was just about the only Communist institution that *worked*—it was actually a tremendously efficient operation—and now they're letting it go to seed.") All the papers were proving more venturesome, more worth reading, but the most bracing of all was, of course, *Gazeta Wyborcza*. Shortly after the

## THE NEW YORKER

round-table talks ended, the new paper's staff had been allocated the ground floor of a four-story building in a housing project a few miles from downtown Warsaw, and one afternoon I went out there to visit. The quarters had only recently been vacated by a nursery school and day-care center. Scattered about the premises were miniature sinks and chairs (not to mention miniature toilets) and large decals of Mickey Mouse. Out back, a set of jungle gyms rusted on a wide crabgrass lawn, and on nice days key editorial meetings were convened in the sandbox (the writers and editors, smoking up their usual storm, snuffing out their cigarette butts in the sand). The quarters were by no means ideal, but they were busy and bustling and genial. The most striking thing about them was the word processors and the Xerox machine and the telexes and the fax: striking because one remembered that less than half a year ago these same people—or the core group, anyway—had been smuggling individual machines from apartment to apartment, holding their editorial meetings in other apartments, and going to still other apartments to deliver the week's completed galleys to the various printers. Just over a year ago, several of the top editors had been briefly detained by the police and forced through the indignity of strip searches.

Of course, these astonishing transformations were merely ramifications of the most astonishing transformation of all. One afternoon, I was taking a walk with the filmmaker Piotr Bikont when we passed the parliament building. "It's incredible," he said. "We used to spit when we passed by here. This was where the most despicable of the regime's cronies used to gather for their sickening unanimous votes. Passing, we'd swear and snarl under our breath. Now it's like our clubhouse—our social center. We go in there, and coming down every hall is one of our friends. It's as if we *owned* the place."

About three years ago, during a much darker time, Jacek Fedorowicz, Solidarity's cartoonist laureate, in a delirium of wishful thinking, came up with the front page of a fantasy newspaper, featuring all sorts of deliciously impossible headlines. It's amazing how many people kept copies of that cartoon: it was pulled out of drawers everywhere I went. And it's uncanny how prophetic Fedorowicz's jokes

71



*The fabric  
is Brunswick,  
the chair is too.*

**Brunschwig & Fils**  
75 Virginia Road, North White Plains, New York 10603 Through architects and interior designers.

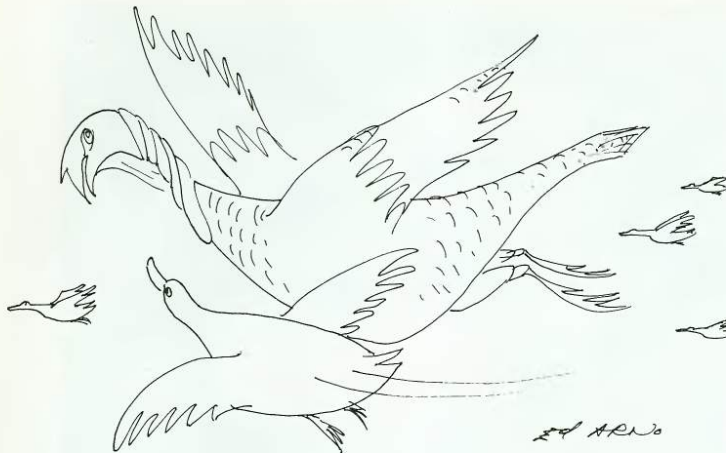
© 1989 Brunschwig & Fils. Photo from the Brook Museum collection. ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE

## FRATELLI ROSSETTI



A CERTAIN WORLD WALKS IN ROSSETTI

601 Madison Avenue (57 st.) New York, NY 10022 (212) 888-5107



"I've never been South."

proved to be: half of them have already come true, and the other half should appear on front pages any day now. "JACEK KURON CASTIGATES THE MINISTER OF POLICE," one mock headline trumpets. Well, not quite: it's Deputy Kuron's close associate Deputy Jan Litynski who is one of the leading members of the new parliamentary committee charged with investigating instances of police abuse. "ADAM MICHNIK RECEIVES HONORARY DEGREE FROM MOSCOW UNIVERSITY." Again, almost: while the honorary degree itself may be a few months off, Michnik, who was once one of the most sinister of the *bêtes noires* of the Brezhnev Kremlin, has travelled to the Soviet Union repeatedly in recent weeks. In his capacity as editor-in-chief of *Gazeta*, he has conferred with the editors of *Moscow News*. In his capacity as a leading Solidarity parliamentary deputy, he has made contact with leaders of the progressive rump in the new Soviet legislature. Meanwhile, Michnik has also been travelling elsewhere in the Eastern bloc—to Czechoslovakia, for example, for a series of emotionally charged meetings with such oppositionists as Václav Havel, Jan Urban, Jiri Dienstbier, and Alexander Dubček. The Czechoslovak regime was furious at this blatant incursion, but what could it do—ban the visit of a distinguished legislator from a fraternal neighbor?

One of my own most startling mo-

ments on this trip occurred at the headquarters of the Warsaw regional branch of Solidarity, when I came upon another foreign journalist busily tracking the unfolding story—a reporter from the Soviet news agency *Novosti*. Eight years ago, the Soviet journalists one might have encountered in Poland were middle-aged and dour, reliable Party hacks filing predictably bilious dispatches. This fellow was young and intense, and he seemed almost transported by the events he was covering. He conversed enthusiastically with his union hosts, laughed at their jokes, eagerly recorded their pronouncements.

Watching him, I slowly became aware of another shift that had occurred since my last trip—this one a bit subtler. It had to do with a conspicuous silence in Polish political discourse, which, though it had remained constant throughout the past decade, had radically changed in significance during the past year or so. For almost forty-five years now, simple geography has dictated certain imperatives in Poland's political culture, providing an ironclad framework, even if the central geopolitical fact of that framework was seldom referred to directly. "Of course, things would be easier if all this were taking place in Australia," I had been told back in 1980. "Where do you think we're living," the Communists had berated Solidarity back in those days, "*on the moon?*" Back in 1980 and

1981, and even in 1982, people seldom actually said the words "the Soviet Union"—you could just feel the Soviet Union's overshadowing presence in everything they did say. Well, this time, too—except in the case of a near-fanatic on the subject, like Michnik—the Soviet Union hardly ever came up in conversations concerning the limits of allowable political discourse or action in Poland. Only this time all you felt in the absence of the name was the absence of the reality. Occasionally, Poles would consider President Mikhail Gorbachev's plight, his likely longevity or lack thereof, the eventual implications of those facts for Poland's continuing transformation. But otherwise, on a day-to-day basis, as Poles scrambled to reinvent their universe—or, rather, to reconnoitre the universe into which they had suddenly emerged—the Soviet Union seemed almost beside the point. They were on their own—in fact, desperately so. Bronze Copernicus smiled down upon the scene, knowingly, from his pedestal off Nowy Swiat, Warsaw's main boulevard.

GIVEN all these changes, perhaps the most striking thing of all was that most people, most average people, didn't seem the least exhilarated—most people just seemed exhausted. To be sure, part of the problem, as Halina Bortnowska, a lay Catholic activist long affiliated with the steelworkers in Nowa Huta, told me, was the sheer rate of change. "It's like the difference between dog years and human years, the way we're living these days," she said. "It's physically exhausting, and you start witnessing these semi-psychotic reactions. You can no longer expect people to act in their own best interests when they're so disoriented they don't know—or no longer care—what those interests are." At the root of that exhaustion and disorientation, however, has been the startling rate of disintegration in most people's daily economic lives. The standard of living had been steadily declining throughout the eighties, but in recent months the rate of that decline has begun to approach calamitous proportions. For many people, the bottom is falling out.

The zloty, long a soft currency, is now virtually a worthless one. During 1988 alone, the authorities printed over

a trillion and a half more zlotys than the market could absorb, and as a result an already troublesome inflation grew ever more alarming. One person I spoke with went away for two years and came back to find that it cost precisely ten times as many zlotys to buy a dollar bill on the black market as it had before she left. The biggest bill currently available is denominated at twenty thousand zlotys—or about two and a half dollars at its true, black-market rate of conversion. The authorities are now talking about issuing a hundred-thousand-zloty note (many people remember a time not long ago when the biggest available note was for five hundred zlotys), but if they're going to bother they'd better hurry: a hundred thousand zlotys won't be worth much of anything for long. Furthermore, it occurred to me that if they do so they might want to put Einstein's face on the bill, because as inflations begin to reach such rates all sorts of mysterious, relativistic conundrums begin to come into play—not the least of which is the fact that as the sheer pace of exchange (the actual circulation of pieces of paper between people) becomes more and more frantic actual productivity begins to grind to a complete halt.

In this context, the shape of the streets in Warsaw these days is revealing. (Poland has become a vast monadology: every instance seems metaphorical of the entire situation; each instance is both a reflection of and a continuing factor in the ongoing collapse.) The roads all around the city are ripped up and gaping, causing huge traffic problems. Some suggest that this is because middle-level apparatchiks are intentionally attempting to upend reforms, to further frazzle everybody's nerves—which may to some extent be true. It's also because of production bottlenecks in things like pipes and concrete. But it's also because (as in the case of the dozens of closed gasoline stations, which in turn produce terrible lines at the few that do remain open) people have simply stopped working, because *they can't afford to*: they can't afford to tie up their hours at jobs where they're paid in precipitously depreciating zlotys; instead, they have to be out scrounging around, making deals, doing things like pooling their

zlotys, buying twenty packets of butter, hightailing it over to West Berlin, selling the butter there, and returning with a mere pittance in Deutsche marks—good hard Deutsche marks, a few coins that nevertheless make the whole exercise marginally worthwhile. After all, every day there are more and more items available only for hard currency. The trouble is, hard currencies are incredibly expensive for average Poles. An average pensioner in Poland these days receives less than forty thousand zlotys a month, a nurse or a teacher perhaps twice that. Returning to the situation with Warsaw's city streets, the results can often be quite bizarre: what with the roads all torn up, the main route between two of the principal districts of town (if you're lucky enough to know about it) now winds through a series of back alleys and garbage-truck service roads behind a student dormitory—otherwise you have to go miles and miles out of your way. (Again, a metaphor for the country's entire economy.)

Up till now, people have got by because prices on essential goods were heavily subsidized. (Of course, those subsidies themselves necessitated the government's continuous overprinting of money.) As one of his last gestures as Prime Minister, Rakowski suddenly instituted a scheme to entirely deregulate the prices on some items (notably on certain foodstuffs), the idea being to flush out increased supplies through more attractive prices for the producers. However, the marketization was done with so little preparation and in such an incompetent manner that while prices skyrocketed, supplies all but evaporated. (Farmers, in any case, have little incentive to sell their produce for rapidly depreciating zlotys—better simply to hold on and wait for yet higher prices.)

"The market is so unsound that you can't buy what you want, you have to buy what's available," Halina Bortnowska told me. "You can't buy the cheaper product, because it's not there. It's got to the point where an average Polish worker makes in a month what a Western worker makes in an hour, and yet he often can't economize, because the cheaper product is unavailable." Items are regularly disappearing entirely; matches the first



## Enjoy The Perfect Christmas Tree Delivered Fresh From The Forest To You

Bring the beauty of the Blue Ridge Mountains into your home this holiday season with a fragrant forest-fresh Fraser Fir. Delivered to your door the week you specify. Guaranteed!

No more problems getting your tree home. No more searching or settling for second best.

### Make It A Memorable Christmas

You'll receive a handsome tree, ready to decorate. Fraser Firs, native to North Carolina, are prized for their natural symmetrical shape, sturdy boughs, soft, delicate needles and longevity. They're the finest trees money can buy.

Your tree is cut to order, packed in a wax lined box and immediately shipped UPS anywhere in the continental U.S. 7-foot tree: \$75, 6-foot tree: \$65, (plus 10% shipping).

### No-Risk Offer

We guarantee your complete satisfaction or we'll refund your money in full!

### An Ideal Gift

### Only A Phone Call Away

Our Trees will make it a more enjoyable holiday for anyone on your gift list. Wreaths, boughs, garlands and stands are also offered. Ask about larger trees and Hawaiian shipments.

Excellent Corporate Gifts.

**Order Now Thru December 15**  
Call toll-free

**1-800-851-2345**

10 a.m. to 7 p.m. EST Mon.-Fri.

Place your order early

*Ideal for condominiums and apartments*

Please ship \_\_\_\_\_ 7-foot, \_\_\_\_\_ 6-foot  
Laurel Springs Fraser Fir(s) at \$75 each  
for 7-foot trees, \$65 each for 6-foot trees  
plus 10% shipping. Write gift addresses  
and greeting on separate sheet. Be sure to  
specify week of desired delivery. We will  
send advance gift notices at your request.

Check/money order enclosed

Charge to my:  MasterCard   
 Visa

Account # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp Date \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

**Laurel Springs Fraser Firs**  
Laurel Springs, North Carolina 28644



**Direct From**

**The New Yorker**

**Reader Services**

To hear personalized information about quality products and services offered in the pages of *The New Yorker*, call:

**1.800.2tilley**

**THE SHARPER IMAGE**



30064

TOURISM SOUTH AUSTRALIA



30072



30068

MUSEUM CRYSTAL HOYA



30038



**neuhaus**  
Chocolates



30029

**HALSTON**  
FOR MEN



30062

**THE WOODS**  
Resort and Spa  
AT KILLINGTON



30022

**Scandinavian**  
SKI & SPORTS SHOP



30019

**SEABOURN**  
CRUISE LINE



30039

**MITSUBISHI**  
Three Diamond Card



30049

ADVERTISEMENT

week I was there, washing powder the next—no one knows why.

In sum, I can't remember ever having been in a place where the fabric of the economy seemed so desperately frayed. It's not at all clear why milk shows up at the market on any given morning—and on some mornings it simply doesn't. (For some reason, the town of Lodz has been particularly affected by this breakdown of the most rudimentary aspects of the market, and if there is going to be a food riot soon, as everybody fears, it may well occur there.) In the lines, people no longer look just annoyed—they look scared: with prices soaring by the day, they can no longer imagine how they are going to be able to make ends meet. People scavenging through dumpsters—even well-dressed people—are an increasingly common sight. In the face of this spreading desolation, everybody seems to be either leaving or wishing he could leave. As I stood waiting for a train one afternoon, literally every conversation I overheard on the platform was about how either the person himself or somebody he knew was plotting some fresh way of getting out to the West, of getting the hell out of Poland. The plotting in question no longer involves ways of sneaking past the Polish authorities: as far as they are concerned, the borders have been largely open for some time. Rather, the Iron Curtain has in practice been replaced by what some Poles have taken to calling the Golden Curtain—the extreme reluctance on the part of Western embassies to issue visas of any sort to individuals they suspect might be trying to emigrate for good. Still, some manage. Last year, over twenty-five hundred doctors left—more, in fact, than graduated that year from all the medical schools in the country. I was even told—and nobody seemed the least surprised, or even bothered, by the revelation—that, of the two graphic designers who in 1980 created the famous red *Solidarność* logo, one now lives in Canada and the other in France.

**D**URING Solidarity's first incarnation, in 1980 and 1981, workers regularly turned up their noses at any imputation of "socialist" allegiance—the word itself had been utterly debased across three and a half decades of abuse by the regime—and yet in practice the union continually displayed profoundly egalitarian ten-



**For over 200 years,  
Copenhagen's  
finest hotel.**

Discerning travelers recognize The Hotel d'Angleterre as the epitome of elegance. Located among Copenhagen's finest shops and cultural attractions, The Hotel d'Angleterre boasts two of the city's finest restaurants. And Le Bar is one of Copenhagen's most popular meeting places.

Discover why Denmark is called the land of food, fun and fairy tales, why Copenhagen is considered the jazz capital of Europe—and why visitors are captivated by the warmth and hospitality of the English-speaking Danes.

On your next visit, choose the hotel that's been the hotel in Copenhagen since 1755—The Hotel d'Angleterre. A member of The Leading Hotels of the World.

For information and reservations, see your travel agent or call The Leading Hotels of the World at 1-800-223-6800.

**Denmark**  
you'll love it



**ROYAL · CLASSIC · HOTELS**

For your free copy of "Denmark—Fairy Tales Do Come True," write the Danish Tourist Board, 656 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10017, or call (212) 949-2333.

dencies. Indeed, one of the distinctive features of the oppositionist movement in Poland during the late seventies was that it focussed its energies on fostering a *workers'* movement (as opposed to, say, a movement against censorship or in favor of human rights more broadly conceived, or a movement with a nationalist emphasis). The very name "Solidarity" tapped into a reservoir of socialist traditions, defiantly reclaiming them as the opposition's own, as if to taunt the Communists: "Yes, exactly as you say, but this time *for real*." And if the activists were reluctant to use the term "socialist" they often displayed profoundly socialist tendencies in practice: workers in the bigger, more strategic enterprises would strike on behalf of workers in the smaller ones, such as teachers and nurses; and strike committees would demand across-the-board salary increases (with everyone receiving the same wage increase in zlotys rather than a fixed percentage), so that less well-paid workers would benefit more than their wealthier colleagues. Repeatedly, union leaders would explain, when they were asked, that while they had their obvious problems with Communism they weren't particularly attracted to capitalism, either. They weren't going to all this trouble, the saying went, just to turn the Lenin Shipyard back to the Lenin family. As recently as this summer, Lech Walesa was telling Barbara Walters that Poles weren't interested in capitalism, that capitalism had its drawbacks, too, and that they were still hoping to invent some third way. (This was a vintage-1980 formulation.)

It was therefore not the least astonishing of transformations for me on this trip to find Poles—including pre-1980 activists—suddenly in full thrall to a romance with the free market. Henryk Wujec, who is a veteran of *Robotnik*, the leading underground bulletin before 1980, and was long a proponent of innovative worker self-management schemes, acknowledged to me that in the old days the activists, though they were by no means pure egalitarians, had rigorously opposed any significant polarization in wages. "It's difficult for me to talk about, but I guess many of us have undergone a big change," he said. "I used to think that a mixed economy heavily weighted toward self-managing types of enterprise

was both desirable and possible. Now I think that's utopian. Or maybe not utopian—if we had enough time, we might even be able to pull it off. But we don't have time. And anyway, I now see, it was never going to be a way of transforming the whole system. Sure, a self-managing enterprise might achieve some improvements in efficiency and productivity, but it would need a long time; and in many cases the enterprises simply need to be shut down completely, and no self-managing committee is ever going to vote to shut itself down. No one anywhere has ever achieved a self-managing economy on a large scale, and in an economic situation as desperate as ours we don't have space to innovate. We have to stick to models that have already been shown to work—and, when you look around the world, for the most part that means free-market models."

Not everyone was participating in the new consensus. One afternoon, Karol Modzelewski, the Wrocław theorist, recalled the old days for me—"how in Wrocław, for instance, back in 1981, the autobus drivers one day threatened to strike because they were being offered a bigger pay hike than the washerwomen." He paused. "That was the *état d'âme*, the dominant spirit—an attitude of revindication for *everyone*. It wasn't so much an ideology as an ethos—it wasn't intellectually formulated but, rather, arose spontaneously. Now things are different. The symbol of Solidarity—the myth—survived martial law, so that in 1988 the young workers made their first demand the restoration of the union. But all their other demands have been for themselves—every man for himself, every institution for itself, at the expense of everyone else. That's an effect of the crisis—the shattered hopes, the desperate anxieties about the future. It is very difficult to reassemble a broken hope."

Konstanty Gebert, a leading underground columnist (who only recently came out publicly from behind his famous pseudonym, "Dawid Warszawski"), agreed that the egalitarian spirit had nearly guttered out, and he could almost put a date on its demise. "It was right around 1984 and 1985 that the traditional egalitarian consensus began to break up," Gebert told me. "For several reasons, I think. To begin with, the authorities' economic reforms





## COMPACT CHRISTMAS



### CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS VOLUMES I & II

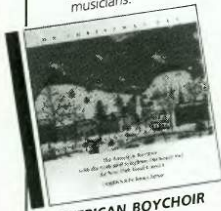
RCD 10004/5 • DDD  
Arranged and conducted by SIR  
DAVID WILLCOCKS with the Royal  
College of Music Chamber Choir  
and Brass Ensemble.

"If you buy only one Christmas disc,  
let this be the one."  
— Lou Waryncia, **DIGITAL AUDIO**



Manzanera and Mackay Present  
**CHRISTMAS: The Players**  
RCD 20125/RACS 0125  
• Produced by Andy Mackay  
• 60+ minutes of music

Over 30 favorite traditional carols  
arranged for acoustic instruments by  
a group of Britain's best-known folk  
musicians.



**AMERICAN BOYCHOIR**  
**On Christmas Day**  
RCD 30129 • DDD  
Conducted by James Litton with the  
Cathedral Symphony Orchestra and  
New York Vocal Consort.

"I shall never forget what will con-  
tinue to be one of the greatest musi-  
cal experiences of my life: to hear,  
see, and be utterly captivated by the  
exquisite and committed sound of  
these boys."  
— John Nelson

Write for free catalogue.

**RYKODISC USA**  
Pickering Wharf, Bldg. C-3G  
Salem MA 01970

**Mail Order Info**  
BOSTON COMPACT DISC  
54 JFK St.  
Cambridge MA 02138  
617 576 2211



were having some effect. They were allowing an expansion of private shops as a way of addressing certain kinds of shortages and venting steam, and though the actual economic effect was marginal, the psychological effect was profound. People started asking, "Why not me?" and, more important, "If it ever is me, how am I going to feel about being held back by all these egalitarian strictures?" Many of those new entrepreneurs, as it happened, were Solidarity activists who had been blacklisted at their former workplaces and couldn't find any other work, and many of them did very well. "Second, it was right around then that Solidarity's defeat finally began to be accepted,"

Gebert said. "The Party's propaganda was working. People began disowning their earlier idealism. And that shades into the third reason, because the market economy now became a substitute basis for opposition to the Party and to Communism. In the case of someone like Kuron, who earlier seemed the very embodiment of the egalitarian ethos, I think it was in part a case of 'I'm their leader, I have to follow them.'"

Even though the egalitarian spirit seemed to subside during the eighties, as late as this past winter it didn't yet appear to have been replaced by any other. During the round-table negotiations, for example, while the side-table conferees on ecology, trade-union matters, and so forth were coming up with specific policy recommendations, the delegates in the economy section floundered. "It was like attending a seminar," one observer recalled for me with dismay. "Their professors trading graphs with our professors, everyone agreeing on the direness of the situation, but no one coming forward with any alternative vision." If that indecisiveness had since changed dramatically—if the model dominating economic discussion in Warsaw these days was suddenly a vigorous version of the free market—this appeared to derive in no small part from the arrival on the scene in Warsaw of Professor Jeffrey Sachs, of Harvard University, and his so-called Sachs Plan. Sachs was known to have something of a reputation in the United States as an authority on Third World debt, and to have often advised Latin-American debtors, as part of a plan of radical economic restructuring, simply to stop paying the

banks for a while. It was in this context that Sachs had first come to the attention of some of the top economic planners of the prior regime. They, too, would have liked to figure out some way to stop payments on their monumental debt, if only for the time being. Sachs informed them, however, that since he was a democrat (and not in the habit of advising military dictators) he would not advise any Polish government that lacked the participation of Solidarity. A few weeks later, he got a second call ("Guess what . . ."), and ever since he has been shuttling between Boston and Warsaw (or, more accurately, among Boston and São Paulo and La Paz and Quito and Caracas and Washington and Tokyo and Warsaw), accompanied by a small phalanx of associates, and honing the action plan. (These junkets are being funded by the Stefan Batory Foundation, the Polish operation of George Soros, the remarkable Hungarian-born American financier. Soros has similar philanthropic operations aimed at opening up a space for civil society in Hungary, the Soviet Union, and China.)

Not everyone agreed with the Sachs Plan—not by a long shot—but his proposal (which, in essence, envisioned a radical, virtually immediate "shock" transition from the current muddle into a full-scale market economy, complete with banks, a convertible hard currency at a unified rate, a stock exchange, and a disciplined and balanced state budget, and minus subsidies to dilapidated industries, rationing or price supports for consumer goods, a black market, and so forth) certainly quickened the pulse and clarified the terms of the debate. Kuron and the editorial board at *Gazeta* championed the plan, thereby assuring it a premier place on everyone's agenda. Sachs himself addressed Solidarity's Parliamentary Club for over an hour and galvanized a strong following, though by no means a unanimous one. At that session, he explained how the Bolivian government, following his advice, had managed to arrest a severe hyperinflationary spiral in a single day—*overnight*—and he recalled how a top Bolivian official had commented to him at the time, "If you're going to chop off the tail of a cat, it's better to do it in one fell swoop rather than in a series of small cuts." A few days later, a

**Superwash® Wool Baby Blanket:**  
**Fringed benefit for kids.**

Baby-pleasing pure Superwash® Wool softness, total machine-care convenience and free gift boxing make this Landau exclusive the ideal gift for all newborns and their parents. We unconditionally Landau guarantee it! Made in the USA by Faribo Blankets.

**Fringed baby blanket.** Cream with soft pink and blue plaid. 45" x 50".  
**N4550. \$32 ppd.**

**Order by Phone:** Call Free 1-800-932-0709  
Mon. - Sat., 9 am - 5 pm EST  
**Or Mail:** Send credit card information or check to **Landau, Dept. 74**  
114 Nassau Street, PO Box 671  
Princeton, NJ 08542

**LANDAU** 74

From Paris, by Jacques Fath

**GREEN WATER**  
EAU DE TOILETTE  
120 ml. 4 1/4 fl. oz.  
JACQUES FATH PARIS  
(COGNAC FRANCE)

A dry, vigorous  
Fragrance for  
the Urban Man  
of absolutely  
impeccable taste  
**GREEN WATER**

Available at  
selected fine  
stores including  
I. Magnin,  
Beverly Hills and  
San Francisco...

Splash, Spray or  
After Shave

Distributed nationally by  
Mr. Guy Beverly Hills

**MR. GUY**  
**MR. GUY**  
**MR. GUY**

dubious newspaper commentator quoted the line and added acidly, "Professor Sachs is proposing to cut the tail of the Polish economy off at the neck."

I don't know exactly what I was expecting when I went over to the Europejski Hotel to interview Professor Sachs, but what I got was someone who looked and acted even younger than his age—which was thirty-four. (He was, in fact, something of a wunderkind, having achieved a full professorship at Harvard at the age of twenty-nine.) The overwhelming impression I took from him, however, as he stood in the dim, shabby lobby of the Europejski, flanked by three equally young associates, was of a jolt, a positive *blast*, of can-do American competence and confidence. The effect was particularly striking in contrast to the exhaustion, the prostration (both physical and intellectual), that I had been encountering everywhere else in the city. Sachs was nothing if not sure of himself.

As we took a table in the hotel's café, I asked Sachs whether he worried about a coming polarization of wealth.

"Look, I'm no particular fan of Milton Friedman's or Margaret Thatcher's or Ronald Reagan's version of the free market," he said. "In United States terms, I'd be identified as a liberal Democrat, and the country I admire the most is Sweden. But the point is that whether you were trying to create a Sweden or a Thatcherite England, starting from where Poland is, you'd move in exactly the same direction. And that is because Sweden and England and the United States all have certain basic attributes that have nothing to do with what Poland has right now. They are private economies, where the vast, vast proportion of the economy is in the private sector. There is a free financial system: banking; independent financial organizations; strict recognition of private property; joint-stock companies; a stock exchange; a hard currency convertible at a unified rate. All those attributes are the same no matter whether in the end you're going to provide free day care or private day care. Poland starts from the opposite extreme. Right now, over eighty per cent of production, excluding agriculture, is in the state sector. Poland has no banking system, no credit system. Almost everything that's done requires bureaucratic allocation. I mean, I talk

to government people here, and even ones who are sympathetic to the idea of a free market often don't understand even the fundamentals of finance. We were talking with one person we admire over at the central bank—the state bank, the *only* bank—who's a very smart fellow, and I was making some point about the money supply and he was looking bewildered, and then he said, 'Look, Professor Sachs, please understand one thing: I went through eight years of economic training. I never heard the word "money" once.' Up until a few years ago, this was a command economy, everything

being exchanged between bureaucratic entities in quantities of physical units, with the monetary process a tiny, tiny appendage to the system."

A waitress came over, we ordered tea, and Sachs went on, "So there is no question here of the distribution of wealth. This system is designed for the *destruction* of wealth; this system categorically, uniformly, and unequivocally destroys wealth. For almost half a century, there has been a systematic attempt here to squelch independent economic activity. People with ideas have been called speculators. People who have made money have seen it completely taxed away. People with ideas have not been able to get capital to invest. People with ideas and some capital have had to convert it at totally unrealistic exchange rates. People who do convert at those unrealistic rates, as required, are then unable to get the one piece they need from the West to make their factories work. There are a thousand such things that stop independent activity from taking place here now. And it's all got to be unleashed. That's the key.

"They live at Latin-American standards in the middle of Europe. They make ten to twenty dollars a month right now. This is unbelievable. This doesn't have to be that way. There's nothing intrinsic in this society that creates that. In fact, on the contrary this is a country of skilled workers, of engineers, of mechanics; this is a country of people that know how to operate factories. This is a country with tremendous intrinsic economic potential. Even after forty-five years, they have the makings of a regular European economy here. Once there's a political settlement and Europe accepts Poland, tacitly or even explicitly, as a full trad-

ing partner, there's going to be tremendous potential here. But nothing's going to happen until they stabilize this economy. This place is filled with so many Alice-in-Wonderland economic rules right now that it's no wonder that people make twenty dollars a month.


"What they desperately need to do right away is to give full scope to the entrepreneurial spirit. Now, yes, that will create inequalities, because people that have good insights are going to make a lot of money, I hope. In the process, though, those people will raise living standards across the board, even as they raise their own even faster."

Isn't there a danger, though, I asked, that the majority of Poles, rather than becoming as prosperous as other Europeans, will simply be exploited by Europe?

"Gosh, I hope so," Sachs said. "Obviously, I don't mean I hope they'll be exploited. But I do hope they are used for their cheap labor, because the way to make cheap labor expensive is to raise the demand for it. I am very hopeful that Japanese firms will see Poland as a natural launching pad for exports into Western European markets; that Italian, French, and German firms will want to make foreign investments here."

The tea arrived and Sachs took a sip. "The immediate question is how to proceed from here," he said. "And, as to that, there are two basic approaches. My idea is to create the market system as quickly as possible. Let people start to operate. The other idea is to say, 'Well, we understand that we're punishing the private sector brutally, that none of this makes any sense, but let's only change things very gradually so that maybe in ten years we'll have a normal business environment.' That's a crazy idea, frankly.

"Beyond that, they don't really have a choice. On top of everything else, it's not as if they were inheriting a deformed but stable economy; they're inheriting a deformed and grossly unstable economy, which risks giving them one of history's greatest hyperinflations. And when you're facing a hyperinflation, you'd better take measures to stop it, because hyperinflations are totally destructive of society, and are the worst possible thing for the vulnerable groups. And they also make it impossible to improve the situation. If the Poles don't stabilize this economy, they are going to be unable to stabilize the



**Cloud Formations**  
 "Clouds" of diamonds set in platinum and eighteen karat gold from Tiffany's exclusive collection.  
 Ring, \$7,000. Ear-clips, \$11,500.

**TIFFANY & CO.**  
 NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO BEVERLY HILLS COSTA MESA DALLAS  
 HOUSTON CHICAGO ATLANTA BOSTON 800-526-0649 ©T&CO. 1989

**THE NIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE ARE BACK.**



The glory days—and nights—of The Algonquin, home of the legendary Round Table, have returned. This gracious hotel has been lovingly restored—from the quiet elegance of its decor to the wonderful English cuisine and splendid new banquet facilities. Everything is just like it was—only better. So come to The Algonquin and look forward to the past.

**THE Algonquin**  
 Home of the Legendary Round Table

59 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036 • (212) 840-6800 • Telefax: (212) 944-1419


**Sterling\* without tears**  
 And now the holloware is joined by table settings in the extension of this brilliant sterling look.  
 \*And yet it isn't sterling. Made in France, our 18/10 stainless steel mirror finish retains everything you want in the silver look, forever, without polishing. Catalogue #1.  
**JEAN COUZON 5E 57th St. N.Y.N.Y. 10022-2553.**



**Jean Couzon**  
ORFÈVRE

Now at  
**J.E. Caldwell,  
 Geary's,  
 Neiman Marcus**

Dine at a restaurant  
 with over 200 years'  
 worth of standards  
 to live up to.



**THE EQUINOX**  
 Hotel, Resort & Spa  
 Manchester Village, Vt. 05254  
**1 800 362-4747**

The Adams Family's  
**Cartwright Hotel**  
 San Francisco

We've transformed our  
 little hotel into a  
 home. Antiques and  
 fresh flowers in every  
 room. Complimentary  
 afternoon tea. One block  
 from Union Square.  
 \$75 to \$150.  
**(800) 227-3844**



524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

social and political order, and they're going to be right at the brink of the abyss again. A great deal of what I'm saying is really the nuts and bolts of stabilization. The hyperinflation is caused by the huge governmental deficit: the government printing all this worthless money to subsidize hopelessly outmoded industries or to sustain artificially low prices on consumer goods—prices that make it impossible to compete, and hence undercut the production of supplies. All that has got to be cut away, and cut clean. Sure, there will be momentary dislocations; prices will undergo a sharp initial rise. But then they'll stabilize—people will know where they stand. Is it going to be pleasant? No. But the alternative is a fundamental breakdown. I believe that the hyperinflation can still be headed off—we did it in Bolivia—but if Poland drifts like this for another year it could easily be facing inflation rates of a thousand per cent a year. And then all bets are off in terms of protecting living standards. Then it's just pure, unmitigated disaster.

"Look," Sachs said, putting his teacup down. "When a guy comes into the emergency room and his heart's stopped, you just rip open the sternum and you don't worry about the scars that you leave. The idea is to get the guy's heart beating again. And you make a bloody mess. But you don't have any choice."

"I DON'T mind a horse's cure, provided the horse lives," Halina Bortnowska told me one day. "You know the old story: the horse's diet was almost successful except it died the last day." Sachs's plan was coming in for its share of criticisms, too. "I mean, I tend to favor Karl Pöpper's piecemeal approach," she continued. "Take a step, look at what happens, correct it, make the next step. I'm scared of doctrinaire solutions, jammed through no matter what."

"This is a poor, weak country," Dr. Zofia Kuratowska, Solidarity's foremost expert on health services and now a leading legislator, told me. "We simply cannot take the shock." Sachs the economist had offered his medical metaphor; here was a doctor providing her diagnosis regarding the state of the country's economy. The two doctors obviously disagreed.

Misgivings about the Sachs Plan tend to take three forms: immediate,

**SHOOTIES & KOOTIES**



Keep the feet of your loved ones toasty warm this winter. No more "icy-feet" on cold nights and chilly mornings. Made of warm, fluffy, goose down; thick foam inner sole; durable leather bottom; and a colorful nylon shell.

**SHOOTIES™**—solid black, red, royal or teal.  
 Sizes XS, S, M, L, XL  
 \$35.00 (postage and handling incl.)

**HOT SHOOTIES™**—Our fun "Zydeco" print on electric blue, black or purple.  
 Sizes XS, S, M, L, XL  
 \$37.00 (postage and handling incl.)

**KOOTIES™ FOR KIDS**—Our fun "Zydeco" print on electric blue, black or purple.  
 Kid's sizes S(8-10), M(11-13), L(1-3)  
 \$26.00 (postage and handling incl.)

Call 1-800-635-0461 (1-415-843-2010 in CA), or to order by mail indicate shoe size(s) and 3 color choices to:

**SIERRA DESIGNS**  
 2039 Fourth St. Berkeley, CA 94710  
 Visa, MasterCard, American Express and checks accepted.  
 Also available at your Sierra Designs dealer.  
 Last minute shopping? Add \$5.00 per pair and we'll ship your order 2nd day air. All other orders will be shipped by UPS surface.

**CASHMERE WATCHCAP**



Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beffy two layers thick. It turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe, leaves you free to think, allows you to perform.  
 Eighty-Five plus Four for shipping.

Navy, Black, Charcoal Grey, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, Charcoal Black, Pewter, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Bright Red, Vermont Green, Slate Blue, Exquisite Mocha, Booby Foot Blue, Palest Pink, Emerald Sea Green, Lapis Lazuli, Heavy Cream, Taupe, Robin's Egg Blue, Camel, Cognac and Yellow.

CHECK VISA MASTERCARD  
**VERMONT BIRD COMPANY**  
 PO BOX 1008NY RUTLAND VERMONT 05701 802 775 6754

**SLOOP PIN** 1 1/2" high  
 Moveable main and boom, #10-N.  
 Sterling: \$51 ppd. 14K: \$328 ppd.  
 Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.  
 MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.  
**TORYS** 1-800-67-TORYS  
 M-F 9-5 EST  
 Catalog upon request  
 106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945



**Kids' Kitchen**

Boys & Girls 6 & up love this new VHS video teaching lifetime cooking fun. 3 cookies & "mixup".  
 Send \$17.95 + \$2.00 shipping.  
 P.O. Box 25503, Portland, OR 97225

intermediate, and long-term. Those with immediate concerns quarrel with the professor's insistence that the Polish economy could sustain such a drastic rate of change—prices leaping, factories closing, subsidies evaporating. Sachs, of course, has an answer for such concerns: "Almost every Latin-American country that has democratized in the last decade has gone through this same debate—whether to go slowly on reform or to go quickly. And everywhere that this dilemma has been faced the first impulse has been 'Let's do it the "non-painful" way, let's go gradually. As the pressure is rising, let's first meet some of those social demands.' It's natural—it's the most obvious response in the world. And it sounds so good: 'Let's not be harsh.' I'd love not to be harsh. I don't love sounding like a tough guy. That's not the point of economics, to make people suffer. The point is to make people better off. The point is, what's the alternative? Everywhere they've tried to go slow, the result has been the same—disastrous inflation."

But Sachs's critics insist that Poland is different in crucial ways. "I would love to see Bolivia," Karol Modzelewski commented to me. "I'm sure it's very lovely, very exotic. I just don't want to see Bolivia here. I'm not an economist. But right now economists are all to the fore, and I think that's dangerous, because economists fail to take certain political realities into account. To begin with, you can't forget that the Latin-American programs didn't involve a transformation of the entire system." For all Sachs's protestations to the contrary, an experiment of this type has never been tried in a Communist country. I was offered several variations on this point. For example, Sachs didn't fully comprehend that after forty-five years of Communism Poland utterly lacked the financial traditions and infrastructure—experienced accountants, credit analysts, bankers, even bank tellers—to be able to make a sudden leap into a free market. Furthermore, several economists insisted that Sachs didn't appreciate the extent to which the Polish economy was still dominated by monopolies. If price controls were simply lifted from one day to the next, those monopolies would face no discipline whatsoever, and price gouging could be rampant.

There's no doubt that a sudden transition to an open market would provoke



At last, a jeweler who values your estate jewelry as much as you do.

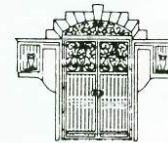
At Raymond C. Yard, buying and selling estate jewelry has been a big part of our business since 1922. Our appraiser's eyes are among the best in the industry and we offer complete service to those appreciating the finest in jewelry.

**RAYMOND C. YARD**

*Fine jewelers since 1922*

745 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011

SUITE 1406  
212-247-6222



The Story of Brahmin Bags  
From the Inside Out.



While the inside of a woman's handbag is rarely a subject of public display, it may well be the most important factor in deciding which bag you choose to carry.

A look inside the Brahmin® bag on the left (that is, indeed, the inside) reveals the telling details of New England craftsmanship, as well as thoughtful conveniences like a clip for keys, a pen and pencil holder, and a zippered inner pocket.

It's all evidence that we give the same attention to the inside of our fine handcrafted bags as we give to the outside.

For more information about our complete collection, or to find out where you can buy a Brahmin bag, write to us at Brahmin Leather Works, 64 Conduit St.,

New Bedford, MA 02745. We'll

give you the inside story.

Available at selected Nordstrom stores.



INVESTMENT BAGS AND BAGGAGE

an initial surge in prices—Sachs himself acknowledges that. One of his most persistent critics, the longtime oppositionist economist Ryszard Bugaj, maintains that the surge, far from stemming hyperinflation, would provoke an even fiercer hyperinflation as social groups clambered desperately to catch up. Sachs, for his part, envisions making a onetime adjustment in wages and pensions, and then somehow holding the line. “Now, what could really go wrong?” Sachs anticipated my question when I spoke with him. “The thing that could really go wrong is that you raise prices and then there’s a wage explosion. Strikes and violence, panic, and they end up giving a huge wage increase, which means that the budgetary gains that were just saved by ending the subsidies are eaten away by higher wages, money printing accelerates, and you’re once again in that spiral—only worse. That’s the Achilles’ heel of any stabilization program.”

Precisely, Bugaj agreed when I repeated these comments to him. “The advocates of this approach talk about constructing a safety net to cushion the blow and ease the pressure,” he said. “How to pay for the safety net? By rearranging priorities—by transferring money from the police and defense budgets, for example. But I think this type of plan could be forced on people only by a safety net of the Chilean type: the military would have to do it. The government can have the Sachs Plan or it can cut back on military and police spending, but it can’t do both.”

Sachs, of course, disagrees. He maintains that Solidarity’s tremendous moral authority would afford it the opportunity to push through reforms of a sort that no prior regime had ever imagined attempting. Solidarity would be able to explain the coming changes to workers, they would listen, they would trust their government, they would be prepared, and they wouldn’t take to the streets.

THE question of the survivability of Solidarity’s moral authority in the face of major economic changes goes right to the heart of the intermediate concerns that people have about the Sachs Plan—and, for that matter, about all the plans that envision the introduction of market forces into the Polish economy, even at a gradual rate. Sachs, for his part, sees no difficulty for a workers’ movement in imposing such

changes on workers. He points to the case of Sweden, where, for example, through accords made in 1938 between the unions and the employers, the unions themselves assured that wages would not be allowed to reach levels that would squeeze Swedish competitiveness.

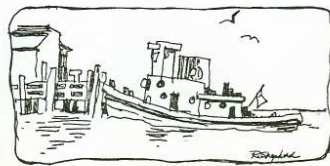
One afternoon, I asked Zbigniew Bujak, the leader of Solidarity’s Warsaw regional branch, about the union’s capacity for maintaining the allegiance of the workers.

“Here’s the dilemma we face,” he told me. “Up to now, the overwhelming power of our union was based on the strength of the working class in the big factories.” One of the ironies of Polish history is that the Polish Communist Party, for ideological reasons, forced an essentially agricultural nation to undertake a mammoth industrialization program, precisely so that there would be a working class to serve as its ally, and it is this very class that instead became the Party’s bitterest enemy and the source of Solidarity’s phenomenal strength. “But if our program is realized this class will disappear,” Bujak went on. “The dinosaur operations will be shut down. I go to factories now and I compare what these people do to moving huge mountains of sand with their bare hands. It’s difficult, crushing labor. I agree that a worker needs his work to live, but *this work, this task, is worthless*. And we’ve been saying so. We’ve been telling the workers that all along. What they don’t realize is that soon we will say, ‘Gentlemen, stop this work—nobody is going to pay you anymore.’ Now they nod as if they understood, but when that moment comes who knows how they will react? At that moment, reforms will be taking place against their wishes—reform in the interest of the entire society, Solidarity’s true client, will no longer be in their immediate interest.” He paused, then said, “We’ve had tremendous, almost unbelievable success here in Poland the past several months. But I’m aware of the fact that this great, deep success could turn into total di-

saster in a single day. I must say that never—not even on the eve of the coup in December, 1981—did I feel we were facing such dangers as today.”

Even the best-case scenario has Poland facing a huge (if only temporary) surge in unemployment. Whole factories, employing tens of thousands of workers, will lose their subsidies and have to shut down. (Some economists are predicting that as many as thirty per cent of Polish workers stand to lose their current jobs.) In the abstract, the workers seem to favor this. But do they really understand the implications? “They don’t have a clue,” Jane Dobija, the insightful correspondent for National Public Radio, told me one evening over dinner. “I was at the Huta Warszawa steel mills the other day talking with some workers. I asked them about the free market. Yes, they favored it, absolutely. But, I said, what if that means closing this place down? No problem, they assured me, the state will find us some other work.” She paused and took a stab at her salad. “They don’t get it.”

Some people—Kuron, for one—insist that there will be such need for fresh manpower in the growing light-industrial and service sectors of the new market economy that most of those laid off will quickly find new jobs. Others—Helena Luczywo, of *Gazeta*, for one—are not so sure. It’s not easy to retrain a worker who has spent half his life down in a mine. Furthermore, the workers in heavy industry, who were once the cream of the Polish labor force, will face a sudden and potentially traumatic diminution in both their status and their relative pay scale. Everybody is working feverishly to weave a safety net for those who will be laid off—unemployment stipends, retraining packages, health coverage—but the trouble is that stabilization programs the world over, with their rigid insistence on budgetary discipline as the highest priority, enforce fierce austerity cutbacks in exactly such programs. Sachs suggests that Solidarity would be able to recoup some funds by not paying all the interest to the commercial banks, and he is also counting on huge infusions of assistance from the International Monetary Fund and other sources. The economist Marta Woydt pointed out to me, however, that over fifty per cent of the Poles, even before any shock transition, have no savings at all and that, whether or



**Owner's Manual No.4**  
 Yes, the new J. Peterman Catalogue, making all earlier ones practically (almost) collector's items.



Catalogue to \_\_\_\_\_ name  
 \_\_\_\_\_ address  
 \_\_\_\_\_ city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_ zip  
 The J. Peterman Company  
 2444 Palumbo Drive, Lexington, Kentucky 40509  
 (800) 231-7341 NY11/13

Subscribe to LE JOURNAL FRANCAIS D'AMERIQUE, America's largest-selling French language newspaper. **24 times a year for only \$31**

News, travel, books, art, cinema... tout en français.

I enclose \$31 (1 yr./24 issues)  Bill me

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

JOURNAL FRANCAIS D'AMERIQUE  
 Room 104, 1051 Divisadero St. (800) 272-0620  
 San Francisco, CA 94115 In CA (415) 921-5100

not those outside funds might be available, it's hard to imagine how a country as poor as Poland is will be able to fashion a safety net anywhere near broad or strong enough.

As it happens, the promulgation of a hard zloty currency at a unified rate of exchange (that is, with no differential between the official rate and the black-market rate)—a reform that is absolutely essential before the other parts of the economic strategy can begin to kick in—will have an immensely complicating effect. Up to now, vast numbers of Poles have survived either by receiving occasional small stipends from friends and relatives in the West (ten or fifteen dollars a month could translate into a small fortune in zlotys) or by going to the West themselves, working in menial jobs for a few weeks, and coming back with the equivalent (once translated back into zlotys) of several months of Polish salary. If it's true that the average Polish salary up to now has been twenty dollars a month, it's also true that, even if one has had to stand in long lines to do so, it has still been possible to buy supplies in Poland at a fraction of their Western cost, thanks to the state subsidies. (Otherwise, obviously, average Poles would all have starved to death a long time ago.) As the subsidies are lifted and the exchange rates are unified, however, not only will prices skyrocket but the informal networks of assistance and self-assistance grounded in the exchange-rate differential will become increasingly ineffectual. Ten or fifteen dollars a month won't be of much help anymore. Entire survival strategies (perverse though they may have been) will be extinguished overnight, and it's not at all clear what will be there to replace them.

There is also the problem of equity. For example, even though all miners used to work equally hard for their common employer (the state), now it is going to be only those miners with the misfortune of working in the low-quality pits, where they were assigned to work in the first place, who are going to be facing expulsion from their jobs; miners in the better pits will emerge with their lives intact. Bitter resentments seem inevitable. A similar problem confounds all the various proposals for transferring ownership to the workers themselves via self-management schemes: some workers would

thereby get relatively new and efficient plants, while others would be stuck with rotting carcasses.

And then there's the problem of mobility. Poland faces an abysmal housing shortage; in fact, this shortage was one of the main catalysts of the 1988 strikes, and figures for 1989 show that the slump in housing construction has since worsened dramatically. Marta Woydt pointed to a particularly crushing dilemma. "Take a typical town in Silesia, where there might be five mines, all of which should be shut down," she said. "They produce terrible-quality coal, at a continuous loss. The town could well have a population of over a hundred thousand basically living off those mines. Fine, you can shut them down, but it's not as if those people could just pick up and move. There's no place for them to move to. Even if there might be work to be had in some of the larger cities, there are no rooms to be had, and certainly none that they can afford."

Sachs suggests that with time the free market will naturally generate new housing. But what are such people—and there are likely to be hundreds of thousands of them—supposed to do in the meantime?

All these questions set the stage for another concern: Solidarity faces the danger of being outflanked by a virulent, urgent, demagogic style of populism. In fact, that danger already has a name: Alfred Miodowicz. Miodowicz, who is the head of the O.P.Z.Z., the substitute trade union that the regime launched during martial law in an attempt to siphon support away from Solidarity—and the fellow who debated Walesa on TV last year—was supposed to be the Party's puppet, but he has been behaving increasingly like a genie unbottled. For example, he almost single-handedly upset the conclusion of the round-table negotiations, provoking a tense and embarrassing nearly three-hour delay in the live-televised signing ceremonies, and thereby enraging his Party overlords.

The columnist Konstanty Gebert explained to me one source of Miodowicz's growing independent strength—the internal dynamic of the Communist Party's own transformation. "The Party is beginning to break up, but not so much along ideological lines as along class lines," he told me.

THE NEW YORKER

"The higher *nomenklatura* are fairly secure—they can live with Solidarity. They're competent. I mean, although in the last several decades the Party increasingly became a haven for simple opportunists, still, over the years, there was a sort of process of selection, and as they got higher up they tended to choose 'the best of what's left.' And, being competent, those guys are virtually indispensable in the current situation: they're needed to run the country. In any case, they've all been hoarding money, so they'll easily be able to buy into the emerging private economy. In many cases, they've already done so: state enterprises have suddenly been 'bought' by their managers, at ridiculously low prices. So they're O.K. But as you go down into the middle and lower levels of the Party apparatus none of that applies. Those people are incompetent and entirely dispensable, and they mostly don't have any money. Up to now, their privileges have derived from their access, their station, rather than their salaries—the fact, say, that the saleswoman at the meat counter would set aside a fine slab of beef for the minor bureaucrat in exchange for the sort of favor only he could provide. But now that those people stand to lose everything—their economic, political, and social standing—they're terribly insecure, and they'll follow anyone who offers them assurances regarding their future status. Of the Party's two million members, a million eight hundred thousand are O.P.Z.Z. members, and these people may no longer be willing to follow Party discipline—for example, to refrain from sparking strikes just because the Party leaders, who for the time being have thrown in their lot with Solidarity, tell them to. Meanwhile, the O.P.Z.Z. also has several million members in the working class, especially at the larger enterprises. In fact, the O.P.Z.Z. has more members than Solidarity has at this point, because, after all, for most of the past eight years it was the only institution fulfilling certain rudimentary trade-union functions, and it thereby emerged with a certain standing in its own right."

Gebert continued, "These days, Miodowicz's rhetoric is fiercely populist. He's standing for all the sorts of things the Communist Party used to claim it did, even if it never actually did: the absolute supremacy of the working class, the villainy of the rich, and so



JAEGER-LECOULTRE  
«REVERSO»

The original reversible watch was designed in the 30's. The new version is available with Swiss quartz accuracy to within seconds a year.

18K gold.  
His, \$5,150. Hers, \$4,600.  
Stainless Steel and 18K gold.  
His, \$3,990. Hers, \$3,600.  
In all Stainless Steel  
His, \$1,990. Hers, \$1,990.

- Madison Ave. & 52nd St.
  - Seventh Ave. & 34th St.
  - Bonwit Teller Trump Tower
  - Bal Harbour Shops/Florida
- Major credit cards welcome  
Inquiries & Orders (212) 758-3265  
Outside NY 1-800-223-1288  
■ Corporate Gift Div. (212) 886-2955

**TOURNEAU**  
NEW YORK · BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

**CORNER**



*and then there  
is Bal Harbour!*

An incomparable resort village to visit...featuring luxurious hotels, most lavish of Ocean beaches and world renowned Bal Harbour Shops. Easy access to all of South Florida ... noted for elegance and warm hospitality... that's Bal Harbour. On the Ocean, minutes from Fort Lauderdale and Miami Airports.

Sheraton Bal Harbour 1-800-325-3535	Singapore 1-800-327-4911	Sea View 1-800-447-1010
---	-----------------------------	----------------------------

Bal Harbour Shops (305) 866-0311	Harbour House 1-305-864-2251	Regency Spa 1-800-327-0556
--	---------------------------------	-------------------------------

*Bal Harbour*

V I L L A G E  
F L O R I D A

For rates and information write or call  
Department of Tourism  
655 96th Street, Bal Harbour, FL 33154





Ernest Hemingway, January 3, 1959, \$2,250.

**ORIGINAL LETTERS & DOCUMENTS**

Literature, Music, Art, Presidential, Business, Science, History, Military, Law and other fields  
Framed with Portraits & Unframed  
Special Christmas Catalogue \$5

THE **Kenneth W. Rendell** GALLERY

Place des Antiquaires  
125-J East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022  
(212) 935-6767 (800) 447-1007

forth—the sorts of things Solidarity used to claim it stood for as well and no longer does. He has inherited all of Solidarity’s populist rhetoric with none of its sense of responsibility. And now things are really beginning to get perverse. He has begun courting a group of angrily disaffected former Solidarity leaders, some of the top people from the 1980-81 days—purists like Andrzej Gwiazda and Anna Walentynowicz, of Gdansk, and Jan Rulewski, of Bydgoszcz, and Marian Jurczyk, of Szczecin, all of whom have felt themselves shunted aside during the current restoration. In varying degrees, they’ve all been horribly mistreated by Walesa, and they bear him both a personal grudge and an ideological one: they feel that he has abandoned the true religion, the true interests of the workers. For those people to join forces with Miodowicz would certainly make a strange alliance, but one with a certain weird internal logic.”

Thus even if Solidarity were to enforce a no-strike pledge for the first several months of its own government’s transition to a free market, there already exists an institutional framework capable of channelling any angry, inchoate populist reactions in highly unpredictable directions.

“A certain polarization of wealth is inevitable,” Modzelewski, the Wroclaw theorist, said to me. “It’s needed as a way of providing entrepreneurial motivation. Fine. It’s not a question of allowing it or not. Not allowing it leads the way to Albania or Rumania. But if it should be accomplished too radically or too quickly or too brutally the outcome could easily be a populist explosion, after which we’d also end up in Albania.”

If one assumes that Solidarity’s government will manage to push through, either quickly or gradually, a transition to a largely free market, and to stave off an angry populist reaction, there remain other, longer-term challenges to consider. During the last decade, Poland has actually been facing three interrelated crises simultaneously: a political crisis, an economic crisis, and an ecological crisis. Of the three, surprisingly, the political has thus far proved to be the least intractable; but the ecological one may yet prove the toughest. Many proponents of Communist theory have long maintained that “the people” would be con-

**WHEN YOU NEED SOME SPACE.**  
Completely furnished villas for 2 to 6 people.

- Antigua’s finest beach right outside your door.
- Sailing; swimming; tropical gardens.
- More than a hotel for less than the price of one.

For brochures, rates and reservations call:  
**ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES**  
(800) 223-6510  
(212) 832-2777 in N.Y.

**Antigua Village**  
Dickenson Key, Antigua, W.I.

**Ristras!**  
From New Mexico.

18"	\$14.00	Wreath
24"	\$16.50	\$26.00
36"	\$22.00	
48"	\$26.00	All ppd.
60"	\$28.50	

Shipping late October.  
**Artesanos**  
Imports Co., Inc.  
P.O. Dr. G. Dept. NY  
Santa Fe, NM 87501

**SEND YOUR CHILD TO A COOL SCHOOL**

With beautiful quilted tropical fish! Snorkel up to a smiling blue & orange emperor (shown here), elegant angel, pink & lavender flagtail, golden butterfly or handsome sea horse. Imagine learning about underwater friends by building a personalized lagoon. Each handmade, hangable decoration is made of colorfast cotton, with polyester fill. A school of any five 5" fish is only \$37.50. Or choose two 10" fish for \$33. (Larger sizes available.)

Send check or money order payable to: LMNOP, PO Box 6362, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150. \$2 for catalog.

**IN SAN FRANCISCO**  
WINTER SPECIAL - December - February

Just 2 blocks west of Union Square. Complimentary Continental Breakfast. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe.  
**\$76-\$98**

**THE ANDREWS HOTEL**  
624 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94109  
Call for Brochure -  
(800) 227-4742 (415) 563-6877  
In California: (800) 622-0557

**Theatre of the Imagination**  
Radio Stories by Orson Welles and The Mercury Theatre

A six-hour collection—remastered and restored—of Welles’ best work in drama, comedy, poetry and commentary.  
Six audio cassettes \$39.95+\$2.50 shipping.

**The Voyager Company**  
1551 Pacific Coast Hwy., Santa Monica, CA 90401  
Call 800-446-2001 or, in CA, 800-443-2001

**THE BEST UNDERSTATEMENT EVER MADE.**

Quality fabrics, colors, patterns. Seaisland cotton® boxer shorts you can’t buy in stores. For exclusive brochure:

**THE GREEN POND COMPANY**  
Dept. GP-2 3060 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305, 1-800-827-POND

## THE NEW YORKER

97

stitutionally incapable of defiling their own environment, but, of all the bankruptcies in Communist theory, that one may by now have proved itself the worst. Central Eastern Europe—and particularly Czechoslovakia and Poland—may now be facing some of the greatest ecological devastation anywhere on the planet.

The Vistula River, Poland's principal waterway, winds lazily through the flat lowlands of the country and through many of its major cities, and for most of its length it is a toxic sewer. In Gdansk Harbor, where the Vistula empties into the Baltic, the eel, flounder, and herring have either left or died off; fish caught in the harbor stink so badly when cooked that they are referred to as "diesel-fish." Krakow, which was once one of the loveliest cities in Europe, survived its Nazi occupation unscathed but will barely survive the nineteen-eighties: during the last few decades, the rains in Krakow have literally melted away the faces and hands of almost all the medieval stone statues and bas-reliefs that once graced the city. The average life expectancy in Poland is about ten years

less than that for the rest of Europe—a statistic for which most doctors place the blame squarely on the country's appallingly unhealthy environment.

That is the situation which Solidarity has inherited and into which it will now be unleashing the forces of the open market. Going in, Poland has virtually no legal regulations dealing with the environment, and it will, of course, take time to develop some. More problematic yet, perhaps, is the fact that Poland has no ecological-monitoring infrastructure to speak of—the one bequeathed the country by the Communists is hopelessly overwhelmed and inefficient—so the parliament doesn't even have any valid figures to work with, let alone any way of enforcing whatever regulations it might eventually develop.

Thousands of fiercely competing enterprises now threaten to rush into this already ravaged environment, each one trying to secure its advantage. Given a choice, especially in the absence of regulations or enforcement, between dumping wastes on the way to greater profits or properly treating them at the expense of those profits, how might

such companies be expected to behave? Will local governments, given their excruciatingly overextended budgets, be more likely to invest in soup kitchens for the unemployed or in sewage-treatment plants? Already Poland is beginning to receive all sorts of proposals for foreign joint ventures to establish hotels and resorts, and naturally the foreign entrepreneurs are focussing on the most lovely, unspoiled districts in the country. Poland is a country in desperate need of investment, so it can't afford to be too choosy.

In general—and this is a problem that transcends the environmental sphere—as Poland opens itself up to international investment, it is not going to be able to insist on advanced norms of regulation such as Western Europe has at length established. On the contrary, it will be competing with Third World countries to offer the most inviting conditions for manufacturing, and many of the Western European companies thinking about expanding their operations into Poland will, in fact, be fleeing the wage structures, work rules, contentious unions, and environmental regulations of their

## Give the gift of good health this Christmas...NordicTrack

### The gift of health is priceless. So are the benefits of NordicTrack.

There's nothing more valuable than a fit, healthy body. That's why there's no gift more valuable than a NordicTrack.

NordicTrack burns more calories in less time than any other exercise machine—up to 1,100 calories per hour according to Oregon Health Sciences University. It also helps reduce the risk of developing heart disease, diabetes, hypertension and osteoporosis. And it contributes to the kind of vital health and general youthful feeling that comes from a strong heart and total body fitness.

### Give the gift that keeps on giving. A NordicTrack.

Research shows that people love their NordicTracks. In fact, 7 out of 10 owners are still using their machines more than 3 times a week, 5 years after purchasing one. They've found that NordicTrack not only exercises more muscles and burns more calories in less time than other machines on the market, but it's more enjoyable as well. It's the perfect gift for lifelong fitness.



### Time is precious. Make it count with NordicTrack.

NordicTrack allows someone to easily incorporate an exercise program into everyday life by conveniently bringing the benefits of cross-country skiing in-home. It is the only exercise machine that works all the major muscles in a smooth, natural way. It also provides a complete cardiovascular workout in as little as 20 minutes a day, three times a week.

*NordicTrack. There's no better way to show you care.*

**NordicTrack**  
A CML Company

### Free Brochure & Video

Call Toll Free **1-800-328-5888**

In Canada 1-800-433-9582

- Please send me a free brochure.  
 Also a free video tape:  VHS  BETA  
 Send me the holiday gift catalog

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
 141 Jonathan Blvd. N. • Chaska, MN 55318

265K9

**Cricket**  
*the magazine for children*

... is for very special children who are curious about their world, who love to read, who have adventurous minds and active imaginations ...

children just like yours!



*"A fine literary magazine for children. This monthly has no living peers. . . . Unfortunately, indeed, are those who pass through the years of 6 to 12 unacquainted with CRICKET"*

—BOOKLIST

**\$14.95** for an EIGHT-ISSUE TRIAL subscription. Send no money. We will bill you later. *Save over \$15.00 off the regular twelve-issue price!* Order now by calling toll free or by sending us the coupon below.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

1-800-BUG PALS (1-800-284-7257)  
 CRICKET, Box 52933, Boulder, CO 80322

SNYS2

pin on a  
**GUARDIAN ANGEL**



Actual Size Tac Pin

Starting—\$25.00  
 14K Gold—\$150.00  
 Gift Boxed

Endearing "little angel" to watch over you or someone you care for.

Royal Castings of America  
 PO Box 09991  
 Milwaukee, WI 53209

Visa/MC  
 1-800/558-3007



**THE STAND-UP DESK COLLECTION**

For our free catalogue, call 1-800-227-9256. In Texas, call collect (512) 220-1211. Fax (512) 270-4501. 301 South Frio, San Antonio, Tx 78207

home countries (just as American companies often do when they expand into Mexico).

The most famous foreign claim to have been staked in Poland to date, and one of the most peculiar—the sudden, impromptu decision by the Johnson & Johnson heiress, Barbara Piasecka Johnson, to buy a controlling interest in the Lenin Shipyard, in Gdansk, thereby perhaps saving the yard from closure—illustrates other disconcerting characteristics of the new era Poland is entering. Lech Walesa has touted this sale as one of Solidarity's greatest achievements, and a model for such situations. One of the oddest, most revealing moments in the union's recent history, however, came on August 11th, when the negotiations leading to the formation of the new government appeared to have stalled, and Solidarity's Gdansk district organization therefore called a districtwide one-hour work stoppage, to demand immediate resolution of the impasse. But the workers at the Lenin Shipyard—the flagship of the entire movement—decided not to participate in that strike, "so as not to offend Mrs. Johnson." (In fact, Zbigniew Bujak, in Warsaw, told me that workers at every single factory in the country under any sort of consideration for a foreign buyout will likewise decline to participate in any future strike calls, for similar reasons.)

The option to strike may in any case become increasingly academic in the new Poland. I had brought along a clipping from the *Financial Times* of last May 18th: an interview with Jerzy Piskorz-Nalecki, a Polish ship designer and entrepreneur who had teamed up with an Anglo-Polish company named Durainsul to lease K-2, one of the most important sections of the Lenin Shipyard, for the next five years—a deal that was closed before Mrs. Johnson came along. In the course of the interview Piskorz-Nalecki declared, "There will be no strike trouble in the private yards. We will get the unions out of the yards. The workers may join them, but we may also choose other workers."

I tried that quotation out on several of the Solidarity leaders I spoke with, and none of them seemed particularly worried by it. They had just succeeded in bringing down a Communist dictatorship—what threat could some puny capitalist conceivably pose? "We Poles



**START A CHRISTMAS TRADITION**

Cut-paper design, a popular pastime of Colonial women, became an art form in the hands of Abigail Lefferts Lloyd, a Revolutionary War heroine.

Now her charming designs are available in a limited edition, hand-finished solid-brass ornament series.

\$20 each (1988, 1989) or \$35 for the set, delivered. Send check or money order to:

OSTROM COMPANY  
 2170 N. Lewis, P.O. Box 4729  
 Portland, OR 97208-4729



**OSTROM COMPANY**  
 GLASS AND METAL WORKS

**BERMUDA'S GEM**

"Let's promise to come back"

Some say it's our impeccable service. For others, it's our gourmet restaurant, a popular spot indeed. Perhaps its our proximity to golf or the famous shops of Hamilton. Or maybe it's just our jewel-like setting on the beach overlooking the sea.

No matter... for whatever reason, what our guests remember most is their promise to return.

**STONINGTON BEACH HOTEL** Paget, Bermuda

See your travel agent or call: RSI (1-800) 223-1588 in NY State (212) 661-4540  
 Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

decorative... collectible...  
 write to  
**WHALE FRAMES**  
 BOX 519 PORT HADLOCK WASHINGTON BEACH  
 Free Brochure  
 Now you can frame your favorite magazine cover art...

**CLARKPOINT CROQUET CO.**

Give the gift to last generations. Order America's finest handmade, hardwood, full sized croquet set direct from our Maine Shop \$190.00 plus shipping. Visa/MasterCard accepted. (207) 244-9284



P.O. Box 457 S.W. Harbor, Maine 04679

## THE NEW YORKER

99

learned how to fight for our trade-union rights," Frasnyniuk, the Solidarity leader in Wroclaw, told me, dismissing the article with a confident laugh. "We've shown we're not afraid of troops, of prison. I don't worry that people will be afraid to join unions in such places." But the ground rules will now be completely different. The work force will be fragmented, and there will no longer be a government to strike against. In a way, the previous situation, despite its troops and prisons, might have been strategically easier: you struck, you held out long enough, and the ministers or the Party secretaries started toppling; you occupied the premises, and they had to think several times before pouring troops in, because such an action could bring the whole country out in support. But will the whole country come out in support of unionists' being expelled from Piskorz-Nalecki's joint venture? With thousands desperately seeking work, will Piskorz-Nalecki have any trouble making good on his threats?

"Especially in the initial stage, Western entrepreneurs will have a big opportunity to carry out such a policy," Zbigniew Bujak responded when I read him the quotation. "But if those entrepreneurs believe that they can do well in the long run by forbidding unions and forcing workers to endure substandard conditions, they're deeply wrong."

I hoped he was right.

"YOU don't get it, do you?" Piotr Bikont, the documentary-film maker, said to me one evening after I had spent half an hour voicing my forebodings—ecology, union busting, exploitation. "Yes, of course, those are all problems," he said. "Real problems. But that's the point—they're the real, normal problems of real, normal countries. You have no idea how long we've been yearning for real, normal problems instead of all the surreal, abnormal problems we've had to cope with in this crazy country for so many years."

"WE may not be able to avoid all those bad aspects of capitalism, but it can't be worse than Communism," a worker in Gdansk was saying. "And our biggest challenge—our entire effort—is devoted to turning this crazy Communist country into a normal European one."

I had gone to Gdansk and out into

## I'll Bet You Know Someone Who's Crazy About Crosswords!

Our  
9th Year!

This Christmas give them a full year  
of delightful puzzles — still only \$30!

Every month we send 5 completely original puzzles created exclusively for our members by the world's most talented (and devilish) constructors. Individually printed on fine, heavy paper each puzzle is the same size and caliber as those found in the Sunday New York Times, and contains a witty commentary by our editor, the legendary Will Weng.

Within 48 hours of receiving your instructions, we'll have an elegant gift announcement card on its way to you and we'll start your new member with the January 1990 puzzles.

Your satisfaction is guaranteed.  
Act Now! It's Easy to Order!

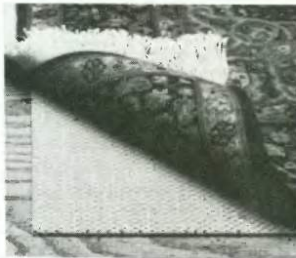
Send check for \$30 (we pay the postage) or  
charge MasterCard/Visa. Mail to:

THE CROSSWORDS CLUB  
Dept. 29209, 123 Elm Street  
P.O. Box 635  
Old Saybrook, CT 06475

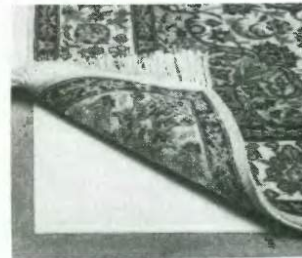
OR CALL  
TOLL FREE  
(800) 874-8100  
(in Connecticut 203-388-6627)



## Rug-Hold® rug underlays protect the finest rugs



Traditional Antique Farman Design  
from Bullock's Fine Rug Collection



Elegant Tabriz Design  
from Bullock's Fine Rug Collection

...on floors

Rug-Hold Multi-Grip™ has thousands of small shock-absorber/grippers which protect your rugs from premature wear, pile crushing, mildew damage, twisting, slipping and wrinkling. Washable reinforced vinyl. Guaranteed for 20 years.

...on carpet


Rug-Hold Rug-To-Rug™ keeps rugs in place with a smooth, tailored look, eliminating wrinkling and creeping. The 100% polyester felt construction protects both rug and carpet from damaging abrasive wear.

**RUG-HOLD®**


Write for free brochure: Rug-Hold, Inc., 6608N Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10118.

**James Robinson**  
INC.  
15 EAST 57th STREET, N.Y. 10022  
(212) 752-6166

*Onyx, Pearl & Rose  
Diamond Earrings*



*Diamond  
Flower  
Brooch*



*Edwardian  
Platinum & Gem Stone  
Jewelry*

**It's the smell of Christmas!**  
Crafted of fresh and fragrant balsam boughs gathered on our Nova Scotia farm.

**\$25**  
U.S.  
includes  
shipping



(\$29  
Canadian  
funds)

Visa 1-800-565-1230

With natural pine cones and a bright red bow, each 18" wreath is packed for freshness and sent to you in early December.

Check/MO to: DeLong Farms  
New Germany, Lunenburg Co.  
Nova Scotia, Canada BOR-1EO

**Blue Note**  
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB 131 W. 3rd ST. 475-8592



**PIECES OF A DREAM**  
Tue thru Sun Nov 14-19 at 9 & 11:30  
Third Show Fri & Sat 1:30am

**ILLINOIS JAQUET BIG BAND Nov 21-26**  
A GALA EVENT  
Blue Note 8th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION  
Wed. Nov 22  
Hosted by ILLINOIS JAQUET w/ Special Guests

**WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.**

one of its suburbs to meet with some of the members of the Gdansk Coöperative. Founded in the depths of martial law, in the fall of 1983, by two veteran Solidarity activists from the Lenin Shipyard who had just recently been released from internment, only to find that in the meantime they'd been "wolf-ticketed" (blacklisted from being rehired in the yard or hired by any other state enterprise in the region), the coöperative grossed a modest five million zlotys its first year, forty million the next, a billion in 1988, and this year its gross will crest above two billion zlotys. It is currently fielding over four hundred workers, with branch offices thriving in Rzeszów, Bydgoszcz, Krakow, and Katowice. Virtually all the coöperative's members were fired from their prior jobs for political reasons, and, before joining the coöperative, virtually none of them had any experience with the sort of work they were about to be required to perform.

"Industrial alpinism," Maciej Plazynski, the coöperative's president and co-founder, said in summarizing that work for me. We were sitting in the wood-paneled A-frame attic of a modest but well-furnished three-story building that serves as the coöperative's main office. It was getting late, and we were being joined by a growing number of members; it was clear that the offices also served as a sort of clubhouse and social center for the men. Plazynski went on to explain how he and a friend, suddenly unemployed and unemployable in the fall of 1983, had surveyed the labor scene, looking for a sort of task that paid well and yet allowed a certain amount of independence. "Chimneys," he said. "Industrial chimneys. Smokestacks. Tall cranes. Radio-transmission towers. Church spires. All over the country, there are tall structures in regular need of painting and maintenance. So we just taught ourselves how to perform those tasks—you know, scaffolding, rope and pinion, that sort of thing—and we began hiring ourselves out." Neither of them had had any prior experience in standard alpinism. "It was scary at first, but we got used to it," Plazynski told me. And presently they were joined by other activists who had been similarly stranded—historians, dockworkers, rail workers, physicists. Their specialties expanded: "Anticorrosion work, high construction,

NOVEMBER 13, 1989

"Eli Zabar has redefined, for New Yorkers at least, good bread."  
Patricia Wells  
The International Herald Tribune  
"For bread lovers, these are glory days."  
The New York Times




**THE GIFT OF BREAD.**  
Old-fashioned, European style, hearth-baked breads, shipped directly from our ovens, via FEDERAL EXPRESS, anywhere in the United States. These dense, crusty loaves are full of flavor. They contain no oil, sugar or preservatives. Each attractive gift package contains 6 pounds of bread, a good bread knife and recipes for using Eli's Bread. The perfect gift for everyone on your holiday list.

A Loaf of Country Sourdough  
A Raisin Nut Loaf • A 7-Grain Health Loaf  
A Sourdough Rye Loaf

Telephone Orders:  
(212) 772-2343

\$45.00 each, includes shipping  
• American Express Only •

**Chef's Choice**



"My recipe for  
incredibly sharp knives..."  
Chef's Choice diamond hone sharpener  
*Craig Claiborne*  
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR  
for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp. (800) 342-3255

**LEATHER BOOK BAG ONLY \$159.**  
We pay shipping!  
A classic European style leather book bag (ransack) of Casablanca. Genuine premium quality oil leather is hand-stitched and hand-assembled inside the oil-wax finish and the pebbly grain. Inside 3 compartments (one for pen and pencil holder, Dainoff's expansion pockets and a zipper section). 17" x 12" x 7" in. High top handles. Detachable shoulder strap. Order back surgandy in stone. Visa/M.C./Check or M.O.  
Call 1-800-999-1920 or write to: Daniels Consumer Goods, 4400 Grant Ave., San Francisco, CA 94134. Make a great gift. Order two for \$299. Order Today!



**The Scent of Santa Fe**

The unforgettable aroma of New Mexico's Pinon Wood for your fireplace, cookouts and Pinon Pits. An excellent gift. Approx. 10 lbs for \$13.50 plus \$3.95 shipping (continental USA). Allow 3 wks. Check or Money Order to

**The Santa Fe Smellgood Co.**  
1700A Ulaca Square/Suite 2147/Alta, OK 74114  
918-685-5162



## THE NEW YORKER

helicopter montage of electrical-transmission towers." State enterprises that were not allowed to hire them as individuals were allowed to farm out specific, circumscribed tasks to the cooperative as a whole, and eventually it became one of the foremost enterprises in the country with the technical expertise to handle such tasks. Plazynski continued his list: "Generally speaking, any complicated work involving sites difficult to get at. Well digging. Underwater work—we've been doing some of that recently." He paused, and added, "And then, of course, all manner of social activities underground."

The vigilance of the secret police notwithstanding, one of the cooperative's main (unstated) functions was to provide its members with highly flexible work hours at good pay, in order to free them for their various extracurricular activities—running underground printing presses and distribution networks, serving as couriers, organizing clandestine union cells, planning demonstrations.

"And then, of course, whenever strikes kicked up, we simply closed up shop," one of the men now volunteered. "Came down off the scaffolding, laid down our tools, rushed over to the scenes of the various strikes, and smuggled ourselves in to offer our technical expertise: how to run mimeo machines, operate P.A. systems, develop lines of communication with the outside world, secure the gates, smuggle food past the blockades—that kind of thing." The members of the Gdansk Coöperative had proved to be key players in both the May and the August strikes in the Lenin Shipyard.

"Historical alpinism," another of the men now said about that facet of the cooperative's enterprise.

A jug of Johnnie Walker circulated about the room (by now there were about twenty of us up there in the attic), and gradually our talk shifted to the country's current situation.

"We are pluralists here," one of the men said.

"It's true," another said. "You'll find all kinds of political types here. But we all know and respect one another through our physical work together—we *have* to trust one another—so we hear one another out."

For all the range of political viewpoints, there was a remarkable consen-

sus among these men on the desirability of the earliest and most complete possible transition to a wide-open free market. Occasionally, one or another of them would backslide into a prior egalitarianism, as when one of them said, "I was born in 1958, and I feel so out of it when I'm talking with this new generation today—all they ever think about is money." But for the most part the celebration of the new, capitalist impulse was unrestrained. ("I know," another man said in reply to the comment about the new generation. "That's what's so wonderful about those kids—that's our best hope.")

They entertained a certain number of fantasies about the operations of the capitalist system in the West. "Oh, I think you exaggerate," one of them said when I brought up some of my own misgivings. "Under Western capitalism, somehow they always manage to take care of the weakest ones."

"Sure, there's no public-health system in America," another added. "There isn't much of one here, either. But at least in America everybody earns enough to be able to afford to buy private insurance, and that's how it will be here, too."

Their fervor for the open market had begun to condense itself into certain mantralike formulas:

"The active ones will find a way."  
"Who says a hundred per cent of the people need an education? A lot of people can get by perfectly well without one."

"Sure there will be some unemployed—but those will mainly be the alcoholics and other sorts of parasites. Anyone who wants to work will be able to."

"Every person will just have to be responsible for himself," one of the men said, with confident finality, and most of the others nodded their agreement.

But wait a second, I said. Wasn't that a complete repudiation of Solidarity's earlier ethic—indeed, of the very term "solidarity"?

"Maybe," the man replied. "But if we ever want to live normal lives in a normal country it will have to be like that."

"Anyway, we talk too much about Solidarity," another fellow interjected.

But what about the earlier egalitarian tendencies in the union, I asked—the across-the-board pay increases, the



101

A Thanksgiving-platter place,  
a diet-doesn't-matter place.  
Campton Place.



San Francisco, at Union Square  
(415) 781-5555

Preferred Hotels

A SCOTCH-AND-SODA  
ON A SILVER TRAY,  
CHECKERS HOTEL,  
DOWNTOWN L.A.



CHECKERS  
HOTEL

LOS ANGELES  
(213) 624-0000 (800) 628-4900

For The Sweetest  
People On Your  
Christmas List.

Order (now)  
and we'll  
deliver (then)  
boxed and wrapped  
Christmas greetings in the form  
of our famous Berkshire Assortment  
and 6 Yule Logs for the price of the  
Assortment. \$17.95 inclusive. P.p.d.



CATHERINE'S CHOCOLATES  
Stockbridge Road  
Great Barrington, MA 01230-9511  
In Massachusetts: (413) 528-2510  
Credit Card: 1-800-345-2462



As special as La Jolla

Wine Spectator Grand Award Winner  
Voted Most Romantic Dining,  
San Diego Magazine 1984-88

(619) 454-7779

Sunsets, complimentary

**Secret**

Gold and gilded silver mounted malachite swivel seal with black and white uncarved sealstones. It opens to reveal a secret compartment. By Samuel Arndt for Nichols & Plinke. Russian, late 19th century. Length: 3" \$3,500.



**A LA VIEILLE RUSSIE**  
781 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10022  
(212) 752-1727  
Open Saturdays from 10 AM to 4 PM

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF



**CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS**

**BACCHIC DANCE** • Found in 1776 on the site of ancient Gabii. From the National Museum, Naples. 26" x 27" \$295.00 P.P. In terra cotta or green bronze finish.

**JUST GALLERY**

1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118  
PLEASE SEND \$2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

**Crapp Family Lodge**

The flavor of Austria on a mountainside in Vermont

For information about one of America's most distinguished resorts, please call  
**1-800-826-7000**  
in Vermont 802-253-8511  
or write Stowe, Vermont 05672

shipworkers striking on behalf of the nurses, and so forth?

"You're mistaken," one of them said. "The egalitarian demands were never that important."

"No, there *was* a profound egalitarian sentiment in the beginning," another man objected. "I think it was an inheritance from all those years of Communist indoctrination."

"Yeah," another agreed. "Maybe that's one good thing about martial law—that it knocked that out of us and helped to prepare the ground for the acceptance of free-market liberalism."

But wait a second, I said again. For all their celebration of self-interest, time and again they themselves had behaved selflessly during the past several years. Every man might be responsible for himself, but back in May of 1988, and again in August of the same year, they had dropped their work and forsworn their profits in an instant to come out, in solidarity, with a bunch of young strikers much less well off than they themselves. They had manned the barricades, demanding Solidarity. They had chanted, "There can be no freedom without Solidarity."

"But the main point was never the union," one of them said. "It was always the freedom. That's what we were after from the start—the liquidation of this infernal Communist system. And Solidarity was just a vehicle for that."

I pointed out that as Poland now began its conversion to the free market many of the big factories and mines and yards that they had been striking during 1988 would begin to be shut down. All of them there were gainfully employed, but many of those young workers they had been standing with, side by side, in solidarity, during the strikes, were soon going to be unemployed, maybe hungry, maybe homeless. What responsibility were they going to feel toward them? Had they simply been using them as a sort of wedge to gain their own breakthrough? If one day, some months ahead, they should happen upon one of their former fellow-strikers, homeless, begging on the street, how were they going to feel?

"That's a demagogic question," one fellow replied angrily. "It's theoretical, hypothetical, and it's really unfair."

"Look," another said. "Those strikes were political strikes, and vari-

ous political groups naturally were supporting political allies. We were all trying to push toward a situation of opening. It had nothing to do with selflessness or charity. What we fought for together we fought for in good faith. We achieved that main objective, and then, inevitably, we started again, as if from scratch."

The evening seemed to be subsiding and the conversation began to drift. People discussed future entrepreneurial opportunities. But at a certain moment one of the backsliders returned to the fray, telling a story. A few months earlier, he said, he had wanted to see how things were going in the Gdynia harbor, so he'd taken a job for a few weeks, working for another one of those small independent firms that had started subcontracting specific tasks in various state enterprises. This one wasn't run as a cooperative—it was just a foreman standing in for the owner, overseeing all the day laborers. "What I encountered there was nineteenth-century capitalism in its purest form," he said. "What they were doing was taking apart a concrete dock, and they were doing this by hand—breaking the slabs, loading the carts: thirty people working ten hours to do what a machine could have done in a few hours, only the guy had calculated it all out, and it was cheaper for him to employ these people. This went on for several days, and the owner's foreman would come around every once in a while, look the guys over, and if someone looked weak—and let me tell you, after a few days of that, you had definitely weakened—or else if someone happened to have dropped a slab and somehow injured himself, well, then he'd just fire the guy on the spot. There were plenty of others outside who needed the work, he said. He'd fire the guy, and there were thirty others of us there, and not one of us so much as lifted a finger to come to the fired guy's defense. People were that desperate."

A FEW days after that, I took a plane back to New York, and it was only a few days after that, at long last, that Tadeusz Mazowiecki presented his program and his Cabinet to the parliament for approval. At one point, halfway into his speech, he appeared to take ill, and the session had to be interrupted for nearly an hour. (His doctors subsequently assured reporters

THE NEW YORKER

## Here's the greatest little secret in America!



We know of two little islands off the southwest coast of Florida.

- SANIBEL and CAPTIVA -

There are natural beaches; exotic shells; tropical wildlife; bicycle trails; charming shops and places to stay that are remote and idyllic.

Sound romantic? It is . . . and we're just the ones to arrange your visit. But don't tell another soul!

DISCOUNTED RATES AVAILABLE  
Call Toll Free or Write Us Today

VACATION RENTALS  
Priscilla Murphy Realty, Inc.  
REALTOR®

P.O. Box 5 - Sanibel Island, FL 33957  
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-237-6008

**ALEXIS**  
DISTINCTIVE HOTELS

Denver: Oxford Alexis 1-800-228-5838 Seattle: Alexis  
1-800-426-7033/Inn at the Market 1-800-446-4484  
Portland: RiverPlace Alexis 1-800-227-1333

**BARBADOS**  
Dreamed of Privacy  
EXCLUSIVE LUXURY VILLAS

A selection of elegant private homes. 1 to 6 bedrooms, beautifully appointed, fully staffed  
Details: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.  
1/800/223-1108 or 1/914/763-5526

that the attack had simply been one of acute fatigue.) "I am in the same state as the Polish economy," Mazowiecki said, resuming, "but I have got over it. And I hope that the Polish economy will, too."

The economic team Mazowiecki assembled, led by Leszek Balcerowicz—a forty-two-year-old American-educated researcher affiliated with Warsaw's Central School of Planning and Statistics—was heavily weighted toward proponents of a rapid conversion to the free market. ("Poland doesn't need a third way, a Polish way," Mazowiecki said in another speech around this time. "We know what works in the world, and we know what doesn't, and we want what works." Balcerowicz, for his part, noted, "We don't need to rediscover America. We want institutions with proven value.")

Jacek Kuron himself was named to head one of the ministries. (Things hadn't much changed over at Jacek Kuron's apartment, an article in *Gazeta* noted, describing Kuron's first morning at his new job. There was still the standard-issue government vehicle parked outside, with its ever-present driver—only whereas before the guy had been a secret policeman on perpetual stakeout, now he was the ministry chauffeur. The article went on to report that for the first time in anyone's memory, and to everyone's astonishment, Kuron had been spotted, reporting for duty at the ministry, wearing a tie.) He was put in charge of the daunting, thankless task of contriving the strongest possible safety net for the suddenly looming transition. In addition, he began making weekly appearances on the evening news, offering fireside-chatlike pep talks to the exhausted populace. Kuron urged his listeners to "launch a nationwide campaign to locate the needy and help them," pledging a third of his own ministerial salary as an example. "Stop looking at what your neighbor is earning and how prices have grown," he counseled another evening. "We have to see how much each of us can produce. There has to be joint participation in the great battle for tomorrow. A Polish economic miracle is possible."

Meanwhile, with truly surprising speed, the other members of the team set themselves to designing the intricate legal framework for the shock transition, largely along lines initially

FINE ESTATE BRACELETS PLATINUM

ROUND AND BAGUETTE DIAMONDS, C. 1980 \$18,300  
ROUND, BAGUETTE AND MARQUISE DIAMONDS, C. 1980 \$16,500  
ROUND DIAMONDS, C. 1925 \$11,000

SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.

**FIRESTONE AND PARSON**  
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL  
BOSTON, MA 02117  
(617-266-1858)

frankincense,  
myrrh,  
and . . .

**VERBATIM** P.O. Box 7808 MN \$16.50  
Indianapolis, IN 46268 a year

The Language Quarterly  
FOR SUBSCRIPTION (MC/VISA ONLY): 1-800-372-0400, EXT 3

**WINECELLARS-USA**  
We Will Not Be Undersold—Call us First!  
18 Models - 250 to 2100 bottle capacity  
100% Hand-Made in Superior Quality & Material

250 Bottle Capacity	Ret. \$1995	\$1495
280C (full access door)	2485	1995
280C Credenza (Low Top)	2795	1795
440 Bottle Capacity Show	2994	1695
700 Bottle Capacity	3894	1995

Separate Cooling Units: 48" H/5'

600 Bottle Commercial Unit	Ret. \$4995	\$3495
880 Bottle Double Wide Unit	4495	3195
1400 Bottle Capacity	7495	3995

Non-wood units—Not hand-made

40 Bottle, glass door w/lock & light	Ret. \$199	\$99
60 Bottle, glass door	149	69

FurVault 18" deep - 18" high - Ret. \$3495 \$1895

Custom Cellars & Racking Systems • Call for our Catalog  
WINECELLARS-USA • (213) 719-9500 or out of CA (800) 777-8466  
# 134 West 131st Street • Los Angeles, CA 90061 #  
# Visa/MC/AmEx/Discover # We Ship Anywhere! # Since 1947 #

We Ship Immediately From Stock



*"To keep ahead of the pack... one of a few private newsletters worth knowing about... great fun... very opinionated... ENTREE has no fear."*

VOGUE

I BEGAN WRITING A TRAVEL NEWSLETTER in 1981 because there did not exist a no-holds-barred, honest, critical, well-written, cost-conscious advisory for the discriminating and practical traveler. This was after a business career as an international marketing executive for Tiffany and Sotheby's. ENTREE is dedicated to value. We seek out the new and undiscovered to report to our readers before the masses hear. We attack the mediocre and are relentless with ripoffs. We are dedicated to witty, correct journalism. We fiercely protect ENTREE's rather privileged information solely for subscribers and we limit the number of people receiving the publication to 6000. Currently we have 87 openings available. A year's subscription (12 issues) is \$59. All subscribers get a bonus - access to our telephone hotline which may be called at anytime for advice on hotels and restaurants in specific cities to which you may be headed. ENTREE is predicated on the idea that the best travel tips are secrets passed from insider to insider. Therefore all things we write about are personally inspected. Lastly, we do not send samples but guarantee you will be 100% satisfied or your money will be promptly refunded in full. Won't you join those discerning readers who read what *Travel & Leisure* called "the pick of the travel newsletters" and rely on ENTREE for our monthly insights on hotels, restaurants and travel around the world before anyone else gets the news? Thank you... William Tomick, Editor.

**ENTREE • 12 monthly issues \$59**  
 • includes 3 back issues •  
 P.O. Box 5148 NY, Santa Barbara, CA 93150



INGI's firmly quilted Bassinet Nelly - with removable hood and cover, mattress and fitted sheet. Satisfaction guaranteed. Handmade in Belgium. Pink or blue. \$195.00

**INGI**

THE EUROPEAN NURSERY COLLECTION™  
 P.O. Box 6111 Westerville, OH 43081-6111  
 or 1-800-544-6908 - Catalogue on request.

*America's Most Luxurious  
 Travel Experience.*

*Nightly between Washington and Chicago*



AMERICAN-EUROPEAN EXPRESS

RAILWAY TRAIN DELUXE  
 RESERVATIONS  
 1-800-677-4233

envisoned by Sachs. One after another, the team members formulated an anti-monopoly bill, a revised tax code, new laws enshrining basic property rights, provisions for creating corporate entities out of public-sector institutions, the groundwork for an expanded, decentralized private banking system, and emergency measures for food stamps and other transitional assistance—all of which they began spiriting through the parliament. Sachs and his associates were intimately involved in advising on and developing the details of the program (Sachs himself lent Kuron his own tie that first day), and they were also intensively lobbying Western institutions—banks, governments, the I.M.F., the World Bank—for the most generous possible package of grants, loans, and debt-repayment postponements. All told, Sachs said to me the other day, the new regime should be able to deploy close to three billion dollars in new funds during the first year of the transition.

So it seemed that the Poles were going to be able to give the experiment their best shot. Still, there was no denying that it was going to be precisely that—an experiment, and one of the most spectacular and spectacularly risky macroeconomic experiments ever undertaken. (Sachs was no longer bothering to insist that this sort of thing happens all the time. "This is very dramatic," he admitted to me. "I've never seen anything like it in any other country. It is simply the boldest and most comprehensive economic reform ever attempted.")

On my final day in Warsaw, Halina Bortnowska had said, "We're not laboratory rats here, and, really, we've had enough of grand experiments. Truly, one mustn't experiment with the lives of people who have only one life to live." At the time, her comment had rung profoundly true to me, and it still does. And yet it is also clearly the case that Poland has now drifted into such uncharted terrain that anything the country does—even including nothing—will constitute an experiment of the grandest proportions.

—LAWRENCE WESCHLER

**THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ADMAN**  
*(From a sign on display at Burger King)*  
 10 FREE French  
 Fry Certificates  
 for only \$1.00

**Give him the actual newspaper printed the day he was born**



Now you can purchase a well-preserved, **authentic** edition of an original newspaper printed as long ago as 1880. Not reproductions or just front pages, these are **COMPLETE, ACTUAL** newspapers from major cities across America. Every page is a time capsule in itself, preserving a day in the life of the nation, a city, and someone special. Historic newspapers make thoughtful, one-of-a-kind gifts for **birthdays, holidays, business functions** and other special occasions.

**Newspaper in Clear Vinyl Portfolio \$34.50\***  
**Newspaper in Personalized Presentation Case \$65.00\*\***  
*(Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold.)*

**Newspaper in Classic Gold-Leaf Frame \$89.50\*\*\***  
*It's the ORIGINAL EDITION! Not a reprint. We're Old News!*

**ORDER TOLL-FREE**  
 1-800-221-3221, Ext 171  
 In N.J. 1-201-381-2332 Ext 171

By mail: Historic Newspaper Archives  
 Dept 71, 1582 Hart St., Rahway NJ 07065  
 \*Add \$3.95 UPS. \*\* Add \$4.95 UPS. \*\*\* Add \$6.95 UPS  
 • UPS charges for Continental U.S.A. only •  
 Major Credit Cards accepted. (N.J. residents add 6% sales tax.)  
 Sunday paper (main section only). Historical dates priced higher

**Wild but friendly. Evasive but catchable. Realistic (47") yet harmless. Enjoy a piece of the Serengeti without the heat, disease, or expense of overseas travel. Don't try to poach the Yard Zebra because she'll hang around your jungle for years - she's made of 1/2" exterior signboard, hand stenciled on enamel. Indoor and outdoor supports included. Begin with 1 at \$64, or start your own zoo of 3 for \$174, shipping included.**

**1-800-343-8429 • MC/VISA**  
 9 am-5 pm EST/PA Res. add 6% S.T.  
 K.L. Mullen Millwork  
 2301 Ritner Highway, Carlisle, PA 17013

**THE YARD ZEBRA™**

*Certain gifts simply must be extraordinary.*

**THE FAMOUS**  
**Stave Jigsaw Puzzles**

The only fine, handcut, mahogany-backed puzzles still being made today.

1-802-295-5200  
 Free 36-page catalogue. Stave Puzzles  
 Box 329A Norwich, Vermont 05055

8" x 10" x 14" **THE PORTMANTEAU**  
 \* Get a headstart on 1990 \*

A UNIQUE SYSTEM TO CONSOLIDATE INCOMING MAIL & ORGANIZE BILLS ALL YEAR LONG. IDEAL FOR CREDIT CARDS, LOANS, UTILITIES, INSURANCE, ETC.

**HARDWOOD HANDCRAFTED IN THE U.S.A.**

Please send check/money order to:  
 S Mitchell, 858 Neptune Ave., Leucadia, CA 92024. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

\$35.00  
 (plus \$9 shipping)