

Workers' Day Celebration



My wife remembers this photograph and celebrating Workers' Day more than I do.

The picture is proof of how stupid we were. My granddaughter always asks me: You also helped those Communist murderers? So I can show her this photograph and say: Yes, I was also there.

In 1952 I was even given the task of organizing this masquerade. A party task. Our school, the University of Political Science, was to create the slogan MIR [PEACE] using white and blue shirts.

I'm apparently somewhere at the tip of the M in a white shirt, my wife is in a blue shirt somewhere close by me.

At that time we had gathered in Bolzanova Street, and I know that I even went to ask a tenant in one building whether I could look out of their window on the first or second floor so I could see what we had actually created.

Because if some white shirt had appeared someplace where it didn't belong, that would have been bad, it wouldn't be MIR any longer, but easily something else...

The main thing was for us to walk along Wenceslaus Square and there greet the Party and the government, wave to the comrades.

We're aiming for Mustek, where the tribune was, and there the comrades sat, those murderers, in front of whom we played this comedy.

Then the procession split up, you can after all see it, that one part is turning towards Na Prikope, the second went to Narodni Trida, where we parted ways.

The enthusiasm during these events lasted until about the mid-1950s. Then, after the Congress, it faded and we became dissidents.

This photograph illustrates beautifully how dumb we were. I'd like to know how many of these exultant idiots later became dissidents and accursed subversives.