

HEY NOW



the RUMBLE:

VERBUM





tl;dr

look in all directions
stories can say what you want them to say

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he tale of the trumpeter of Krakow is one of the most memorable stories of my childhood, told by my mum and my babcia (grandmother). Later, I read it in a 1982 collection of Polish folk stories by Agnes Szudek. My grasp of history versus folklore was about as shady as my understanding of geography – I thought for years that when we went to visit my grandparents in Oxford, UK, that we were going to Poland, so complete was their home life as a cultural re-creation. When I found out actual Poland was an actual lot further away, it only heightened the senses of myth, wonder and glorified martyrdom for a young Catholic with a love of sacrifice stories.

As an adult, I stood in Krakow's main market square, the rynek główny, and listened to the trumpeter's call, the hejnal mariacki. Here, my childhood legend. For real. The hour approached. The church bell rang. I held my breath. A catch in my throat. Why are all these people ignoring him? He's waving. Why aren't they all stopping to wave? It's easy to forget there are other things going on in the world when you're in the grip of singular stories.

I knew that I wanted to write about the trumpeters while spending time in Krakow thanks to a generous writers residency from Krakow UNESCO City of Literature. But I didn't know what until I stood there with the people and the pigeons, day after day, and listened and waved. As I listened, I looked: to the east, to the west, to the north, to the south. And each day I took a different way back to my room at the Villa Decius, searching out stories along those four cardinal directions.

So that's how the first part of this work was born – to engage with people over the story of the trumpeter and, in the process, find four contemporary Krakow stories that people tell themselves, and were willing to tell me. (You could call these oral histories. They're also a privilege, and a good chat.) The stories are all their own, and verbatim, meaning that they are taken exactly from the words of the interviews. Although in the endnotes you will see clarification of a few alternative facts, I have not, of course, changed anybody's opinion or words in these sections to represent them falsely. But then, have I? I have omitted words, or a sentence, as is the function of an editor. I changed the flow. That's what we do with stories, right, in the retelling?

This led me back/on to the original part of the story. All history, all folklore as we remember it is created and repeated. Illuminating archetypes or harmful stereotypes? Personalisations, inconsistencies. Recreations. Kind omissions. Deep fakes.

So the final section is a crowd-sourced recreated fake it / make it verbatim retelling of the trumpeter story I knew so well as a child. It contains one phrase from each directional speaker and the rest of the text is from the top-hit websites telling the story of the Trumpeter of Krakow. I've cut and pasted these to highlight the story's permanence, impermanence, definitives, confusions and contradictions over the years. The accompanying towers of St Mary are almost as tall as they stood in my imagination as a child. They're also representative of building a tall tale.

When you're reading these stories, or speaking them aloud, remember that it's in your power to cut and paste the pieces that you want to use and tell them in all directions and any ways and from the highest towers.



N

orth: according to your clock

There are two main tasks for the fireman on the tower. The first is to play the hejnal and the second is to watch the main square and see if anything dangerous is happening. It's more than a ceremony. It's a service to the city. The first station of the firemen was located in the sukiennice [the cloth hall in the main square]. The firemen watched the main square and tried to notice if there's a fire in the city. If he recognised that there was a fire he used a flag to note where the fire was in the city. And that's why the fireman service is still on the tower now. Their responsibility for fires is slowly passing away because Krakow is really well monitored, but it still happens from time to time that the fireman helps to see a fire. One year ago there was a situation like this. The fireman on the tower noticed the fire first and could inform the service that there's a fire. But not by trumpet. By telephone.

Historically there were several cases when the hejnal was not played. The causes were different - sometimes very simple and prosaic. The most important story happened when Krakow was under the rule of the Austro-Hungarian empire. The emperor Franz Joseph came to Krakow, to visit Krakow and he was to meet the governor of Krakow. The governor wanted to boast about the tradition of hejnal in front of the Emperor, so he said that the hejnal is played 24 hours a day and the Emperor asked if really the hejnal can be played in such late hours and the governor said "yes of course, sure, we can go there and see it." And they went and - nothing. It was not known why it happened, why it wasn't played, but the Emperor came to be very suspicious about the governor because he had some serious reasons to doubt in his responsibility.

There's another anecdote, a funny anecdote because on the tower there's a clock which prompts the trumpeter when to play. But once it was broken and the trumpeter walked down the stairs to the clockmaker downstairs and he asked him "what can I do now? the clock is broken! tell me what time it is!" and the clock maker said "but I set the time according to your clock upstairs!!" so yes.

The tower is 54 metres high. The whole tower is 81 metres high but the level of the trumpeters is 54 metres. As for the steps, some of them don't count the first steps which you have to step down, and then you go up. So the higher number is proper. In the small square there are some boards with some QR codes and thanks to the QR codes you can download this application and with this application you can feel as a trumpeter. You have to blow the telephone to make the melody sound.

Every day at 12 noon the hejnal is transmitted through Polish radio. It turned out that this is the oldest audio broadcast in Poland and as proof of that, the former commandant received this diamond microphone from Polski Radio for the Krakow hejnalists. An interesting fact is that the hejnal is transmitted by a really old microphone that has not been replaced. It works very well because you can hear all the little sounds like... There were attempts to replace the old microphone with the new one but it turns out that the new one does not work so very well as the old one.





The first window is to the king. Two, president. Three, guests, and fourth – this man! The fourth hejnal is played for the commandant so he has to hear that. We can hear it from here. There's another funny anecdote that the trumpeters play the hejnal much louder at the end of the month because their salary is approaching. That's a small anecdote. A funny anecdote. So the commandant can know that the salary must be paid.

The tradition of playing the hejnal is inherited from generation to generation and here is life proof of that - the grandson of the hejnal! My family have played the hejnal from 1945. When I am retired my family will have been responsible for playing the hejnal for 100 years.

As for the next generation, I have a daughter. Women can apply to the hejnal service but there has been no women playing the hejnal yet. It's not that women are discriminated against in any way. Last year there was a call for a new hejnalist and one woman applied for this position and she had documented musical education but the trumpeter has to be a fireman, firewoman, so she had to pass these physical exams and that was the problem. And even if she passes the exams the commandant would be in a really ambiguous position because he would be the first commandant to hire a woman in that position.

Among six hundred fire men or women there are three women who serve normally - they are going with the cars to the fires and so on. Of course there are many more fire women and they are working in administration. The tradition of volunteer fire service is also alive here in Poland. So in Krakow, which is a big city, there are twelve brigades of volunteer firemen.

The general knowledge is handed over generation to generation, from older colleagues to younger colleagues. When the fireman is accepted for the tower, first he has to go for the six month course, not of playing the trumpet, but as a fireman. There's a requirement that the trumpeter had to graduate music school or at least had to finish some musical courses, at least at the basic level.

After the preliminary tests, during the recruitment for the position, the professor from the music academy is invited here and the person who is applying for the position has to show in front of the professor that he really can play the trumpet. The melody is noted in the notes but every time it can be played in a different way, slightly. The musical notation allows for a little dose of interpretation. Maybe not the commandant but the professor can tell every trumpeter from every other. So there's one melody and seven interpretations. My interpretation started from my grandfather so it's stable.





est: an interesting situation

I was born in Poland. I have a Polish education. but I don't feel completely Polish. But I don't think I have a specific nationality because whenever I go to Canada I don't feel completely Canadian. I've had some people tell me I'm definitely Polish and some people tell me I'm definitely not.

My school right now is dedicated to Chopin. We have all these competitions for who can know most about Chopin and playing Chopin pieces. It's amazing. I'm not that keen on Chopin. In the primary school that I went to which is also connected to my current high school, that school was connected to Penderecki. One of my favourite pieces of his is his Minuet in G Major. He's more experimental than Chopin. Trying to be more original. Everyone else says Chopin's French but no, the Polish say he's Polish.

I didn't start off playing the trumpet. The first few years at primary school I was playing the violin. But the problem is I kept getting poor mark in my final exams because I had very shaky hands. I would be practising, practising but it would never work out. During Grade 3, I had the opportunity to switch instruments and I thoughts this is my big shot. I was listening to lots of different music to see what sounded right to me and when I was listening to swing music I thought it would be an interesting challenge because it was so different and I think in the first month I managed to memorise the notes and adapt to the trumpet and suddenly I was getting really high marks and so I thought it was the right choice for me. I was nine I think. I started school at seven. We have an extra year of kindergarten because it's a different system. but it's more balanced because we learn a lot more stuff each year so yeah it's interesting.

There's a lot of subjects that I have. Definitely. Eight music subjects. Harmony, music history, that's really interesting but apart from trumpet, obviously, I've got to play extra piano. What else? There's the big band that's run by students, there's choir and there's, I don't know how to describe it, this mini orchestra that I joined. It's improvisational. Experimental. It's on Mondays.

So what's interesting is if you choose not to go religion, there are some parts of the days that are just religion. It's what you call like a window so you can just sit around. There's like a floor with sofas so you can just sit around for 45 minutes. It's nice.

There's a lot of stuff. Economics class. Ethics class. They taught us how to kiss a girl's hand. I only went to one class. Safety class, all this stuff. School finishes at 3.30 but you end up staying at school until 8 because of all the classes. The only free day I have just classes and go home is Wednesday. but I don't know what I do with my free time. I play table tennis when I go out to a park sometimes. I go and see movies. At the unsound festival I saw Matmos. They play plastic instruments. Well, they change every album and each one is a different theme. They've been around like 20 years.

I actually read quite a lot of books. I mean preferably I read horror books. Stuff that will keep you up at night. Being up at night and not being able to sleep – it's so addictive. There's one Polish book I like: Adam Leszczyński - No dno po prostu jest Polska – Poland is simply the worst – I think, I don't know how to translate that, like in the pits would be more accurate. I generally have a tendency to like books which are satirical. It doesn't like comment on Poland and the Polish situation, but it comments on the comments of Polish people about Poland and the Polish situation.



So there's this interesting situation where a friend in my school, she works with a theatre group, wrote the music, and also, like, some of the acting out bits for a play called Krakowian People and she wanted me to come around because they needed a trumpet to do a final solo piece that was loosely based on the Heynal. You think that the piece is finished and then the trumpeter strikes up. They had me going down the steps as I was finishing. It was amazing actually. She sent me the sheet music online and when I got it, it just looked really tricky, and I don't know. But once we got to the theatre and I practised it out, I just had to improvise it a few times I think. When I got it I didn't know how it was going to look.

The play itself I thought had some intriguing elements, a bunch of things jumbled together in a very dramatic way. It's super entertaining, we had these cabarets that are arguing but somehow funnier. Like they did this one routine where two of the girls were singing and at one point they started going into the audience and arguing and complaining about the economic system and the weather. Just stuff Polish people talk about. How much a kilo of potatoes costs. It's really fun to watch sometimes. I think they might have done the story of the trumpeter at some point because they did a historical re-enactment of someone getting executed but I don't know if that was strictly related to the story. Because the trumpeter story is about, yeah a Turkish invasion of Krakow, having a trumpeter attempting to warn the rest of the city shortly after being shot by an arrow, the notes so hot and long. When the arrow struck him as he was hitting the final note. There's a poem about that I think, about his hitting the note with his dying breath. But I'm not sure where that's from. I heard it, I think, in Grade 3.

I'm thinking about living somewhere else. I'm thinking like somewhere in North America would be good. We'll see what the United States will be like when I'm eighteen. Brazil maybe or Greece. I've always wanted to go to Brazil. But one place I definitely want to go to is Antarctica. That's my all-time dream. I find something so attractive to the idea of being able to escape from everybody. Just you and the penguins and the northern lights and it can be dark for half a year. Technically Antarctica is an ice desert but we don't think of it as a desert because it's cold, but it's not what it seems.

I don't really see what else I'll be doing in Poland because I think the government here are kind of insane and it's clear they're trying to find every way possible to get rid of the non-Polish people. They're giving out these new laws. It's crazy. To be Polish, there are four things I think that a Polish person definitely likes. Pierogi, that's definitely one of them. Polish history, like the Polish legions and stuff like that. Then there will be the flag. And number one, 100% certain. Arguing. That is the thing that defines Polish people. That's our, I mean, their addiction.





ast: philosophy

I met Ayurveda for the first time, when I travelled in India ten years ago. I did an ayurvedic massage therapy course in Mysore. This trip changed my life a lot. Since then I stopped working in offices and started a career in wellness. I believe in destiny, because I got a great job in ayurvedic centre in Dublin.

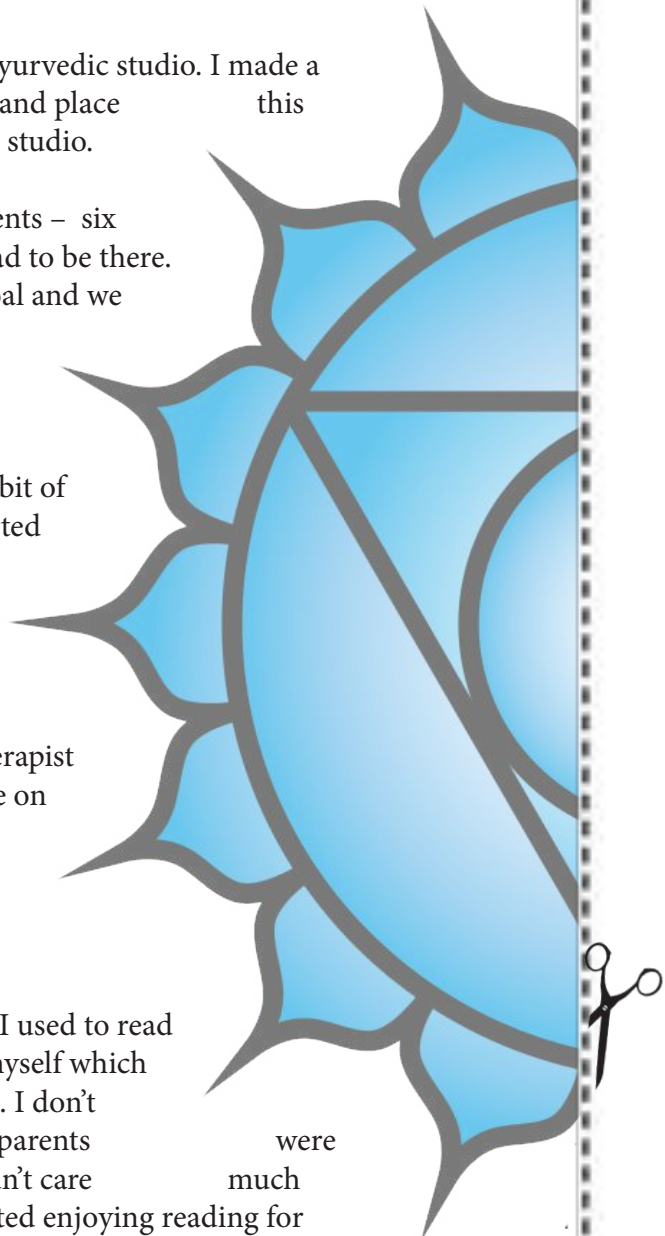
And the time came, when I started thinking about my own ayurvedic studio. I made a decision, that it will be in Poland and I chose Kraków to live and place this studio. My sister joined me in this project. So we opened our studio.

I was at work most of the time, even when we didn't have clients – six days a week from the morning to the late evening. We just had to be there. It was tiring and difficult time for both of us, but we had a goal and we knew that we have something good to offer people around.

This month we celebrate the 5th birthday of our salon. For sure, life has changed since the beginning. During those five years, we hired some talented therapists to help us retrieve a bit of normality in life. I found a boyfriend on the Internet, we started our relationship from having a child - hehehe – our daughter is already two and a half years old. We got married recently. We had our honeymoon weekend in Gdańsk 😊

My life in Kraków is between being a housewife, massage therapist and business owner. If I am not at work, I spend a lot of time on the playgrounds or just outside walking with the child and dog. We don't go out much. This is the time in our life, that you are just at home for your family or you are going out with them.

I do read for fun. Recently not as often that I would like, but I used to read more. I have a little disturber at home 😊 I tried to remind myself which stories I read as a small child, but I don't remember anything. I don't have one favourite story. I had troubles learning to read. My parents were busy with other, younger children and the school teacher didn't care much to help me. So I think I was around 13 years old, when I started enjoying reading for fun. I remember we loved, with other girls at school, Małgorzata Musierowicz books for teenagers – the series of those books is called Jezycjada The story was about the family and each book was about another girl. If I remember correctly there were five sisters. All the books were great, written in a good humour. I remember, we had fun to read all of them.



Later, when I was a bit older I liked reading books from the 19th and 20th centuries. We have very good Polish novels from that time. But also I really enjoyed reading Jane Austen novels. Nowadays I like reading historical novels, where the false story of main characters is based in real historical time. You can learn a lot about those times in a nice way. I liked and I still like reading about social life, about changes in social structures, about problems in the society caused by social changes, enfranchisement, emancipation, revolutions, wars.

There was a time that Polish lands were often attacked by Tatars. On the tower of the Mariacki Church was a guard, who was playing on the trumpet, when he spotted some troubles. Residents of the town could close the gates before the enemies came closer. When one day Tatars tried to attack Kraków again, the trumpeter started giving signals to his people. Habitants had protected the city before the Tatars arrived, but they killed the trumpeter, shooting him by arrow. The story shows that the guard did his job well. He was focused and he protected the life of his people. He lost his life, but saved some – many - others.

I am not sure, but it could be that the throat in this story has some special meaning. The throat is a source of sound and speech. When you meditate, you concentrate your mind on head, throat and heart. For me, Vedic, Ayurvedic, Buddhistic philosophy of chakras, or we can call them special points of energy, are similar. Those philosophies propagate clear and wise speech. They promote concentration on the way we speak and what we say.

In Poland, if you want to be a good Catholic they say you shouldn't be open for different things, because they will make your faith weaker and the church doesn't want that. If you start exploring, looking for answers in different ideas of life, you start being a sinner. Ayurveda, Buddhism, travelling, people from other countries showed me that different doesn't mean bad, it's just different.

We have a proverb in Poland that “speech is silver and silence is gold.” Well, in the east philosophy we should care about language, about things we say and how we say them, to make our speech gold. And this is not easy. So I think, those philosophies pay attention to the area of throat, because they know that this is a very weak aspect of our humanity. If we practise concentration, meditation, awareness, forgiveness and compassion we start being stronger and smart. The throat can be then the source of knowledge.

In a metaphoric way, shooting the trumpeter in the throat, they could have destroyed the source of wisdom.



S P e e c h
i s
G o L d



outh: a little bit, like, underground

I mean, people mostly, like, get their own idea about skating and skateboarding in general that you have to be some kind of person or listen to some kind of music. It was like this before in the nineties. But now skateboarding community is more open, you can be a girl, you can be a gay man, you can be listening to metal music, rap music. How you deal with the streets is the, how to say, factor that affects you - like there's no thing that you have to do, you just have to skate and it doesn't matter who you are, honestly.

Skating is a big thing in Krakow. There's a lot of people skating, a lot of skate parks but the infrastructure is not so well. The skateparks are occupied by scooter kids - so many kids - so we cannot use them, so we end up in the streets in the ground zero. I'm not saying I don't like kids but really, the traffic is crazy. I'd rather go on the streets and have some fun on some random ledges than struggle on the skatepark.

It's still a like bit underground, that's what I mean, it's not like football. The finances are smaller. But for example, in Warsaw it's great for skating. Here the sun goes down and no skating, or you skate in some sketchy places and struggle.



There's some people coming for skating but they're mostly people from Poland, because we've got some spots. We had some people here from the States to do a demo. I mean probably the tourists come for history and it's pretty nice, you know. People come mostly for the Jewish heritage, to see the Auschwitz type of stuff. When I was a kid, I did that touristic stuff but normally I try to be away from the tourists. It's, like, really annoying here with tourists.

We can complain but, in the end, we earn some money.

It's not like they're not welcome cos they're welcome but, like, their behaviour and their feelings of having more money and don't thinking about anything. The prices and the quality of food now - you pay a lot and you get shit. If you have a place you like, the prices go up. Most of the time it's like they don't have to have the greatest quality cos the tourists won't come back - it's one time only and then fuck off.

Don't pay attention to the stories - you might find some cliché stories.

Right now, for the tourists it's, like, every hour. The trumpeter - it's like a story about a guy, it was some kind of person that was doing so as a tradition. If you listen to him it was interrupted at some point. He was shot with an arrow and to give an alarm and they like, you know, take him down. It was every day but now it's, like, every hour and, like, a touristic reminder. Normally when I go to this place when I start to work at eleven there's a whole tourist group blocking the fucking pavement and I'm going on a skateboard and they're standing like a bunch of sheep. Not ships. Sheep. There's shit tonnes of small things like that.



You can see the most touristic place as well is the legendary dragon and if you pay from your phone, a monument will blow fire. I mean, if you pay enough money the dragon will get a notification. Really. It's by the castle.

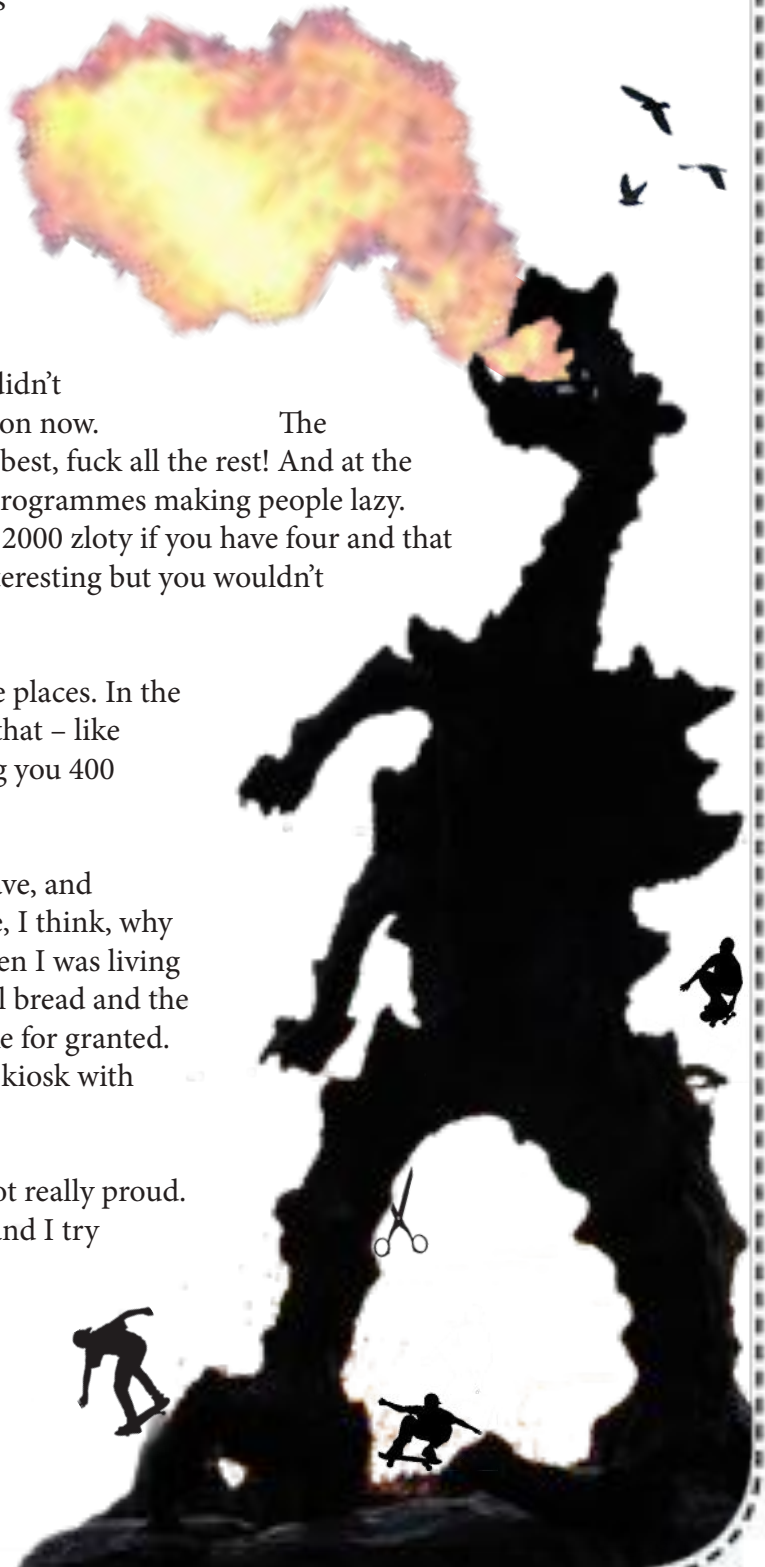
For me it's not the most interesting part. There's, like, the body of the dead ex-president there and nobody cares about that. Really well-known respected persons were put into the castle when they were dead, in some kind of honour, and the ex-president which had the plane crash in Russia is there and, and, this is the only one thing he did really well, is crashed. That's a joke. Like, our dark humour.

And now the president, the main impression about Duda is he's just a puppet of the ex-president's twin brother. Someone really smart told him to stay in the shadows. So he's in charge of the party but not the president. Right now, even we know, and I didn't give a shit three years ago, but we have an election now. The government is really right wing - Poland is the best, fuck all the rest! And at the same time they are going towards these social programmes making people lazy. You can have 500 zloty a week for having a kid. 2000 zloty if you have four and that is what you need to live. You might think it's interesting but you wouldn't say so if you lived here.

People are getting ripped off using the exchange places. In the city centre you can lose a little bit of money by that - like maybe get 300 zloty when they should be giving you 400 zloty.

Whenever I travel, I appreciate things I don't have, and sometimes when I travel - pavements in France, I think, why can't we have them like this in Poland? And when I was living in Germany, I was thinking where is the normal bread and the white cheese? You appreciate the things you take for granted. And here you can pay for a box of matches in a kiosk with your card, not like in Berlin.

About being Polish: I'm not ashamed but I'm not really proud. I'm a person that happened to be born in here and I try to make it count.





A NOTE from the commandant



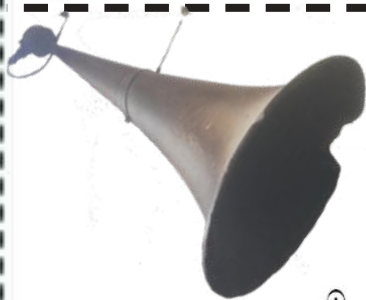
Thanks to the Heynal the city is not sleeping, so it is still alive 24 hours a day.

The history of the Heynal which is alive now is a new history, revived by the trumpeters and the fire service wants to maintain the legend, for it to last forever.

In Krakow there's a unique situation because the Heynal is played by the fireman. In Poland there are nine hejnalns in different cities but only in Krakow it's played by a fireman. In other cities it's a city guard or even a private company which is responsible for playing once a day. And the mayor of our city said he didn't like to pay the person who is playing the Heynal just for playing it once a day.

The formal things around the melody are regulated and the city council of Krakow is the owner of copyrights to the melody. So if anybody wants to use it in films and materials as a sound or audio, they need to have the acceptance of the city council. The little exception are news and information materials. And that's international. So that's the immaterial value of this city and it's going to be listed on the list of UNESCO world heritage. It's unique because the sound of the Heynal is associated only with Krakow so all over the world people associate the sound of the Heynal with this particular city.

This legend will be eternal.



Hejnal Mariacki



Throat: the last magicians of Krakow

the Hymn to our Lady (whose Church it is)
one of the most fascinating traditions
such a long-lasting tradition
and what a tradition it is

recommended, popular, featured
some madman playing on the trumpet
charm and security, majestic and catchy
bothersome relentless repetitive

this incredibly charming melody
a sonic representation of the country
for tourists and Cracovians
in the four cardinal directions, every hour

first played by Hungarians
hejnał from hajnal, “dawn” and ‘reveille’
Kraków swarmed with Hungarian wine
these two facts fit well

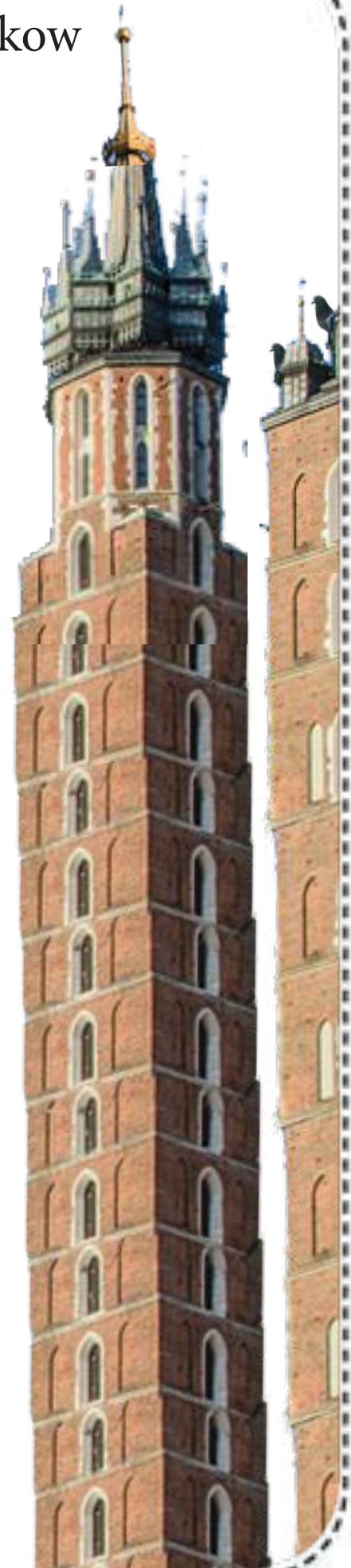
so, let's go! it is best to count the stairs
climb 239 to the height of 54 metres
climbing 272 to the height of 54 metres
to reach the room of the golden trumpet wizards

the trumpet call
a simple melody of open chords
four times to the four winds, every hour
to the four main Kraków gates

the Silesian chimneys in the west
north, the navy line, truly the Baltic Sea
south, the white peaks, the Tatra Mountains
the towers of Lviv's churches in the east

for the King, for the Councillor
for the city's guests, for the Fire Brigade
pride and family heritage
for a 24-hour rotation

there's a certain legend
or actually a prophecy
one morning in 1241
the Tartars invaded Kraków
(as they always do)



the trumpeter awaited, expected to play
a cloud of dust grew bigger
bigger
bigger

Tatars, Tatar invasions
Tatars, Tatar marauders
Tatars, Tatars All Evil
Tatars, Tatars sneak

Tatars, Tartar siege
Tatars pillage Tatars loot
Tatars murder, Tatars burn
cruel invaders from the east

how could he warn the city?
the trumpeter played and played and played and played and
the dark shaft flew like a swift bird straight for the mark
and the trumpeter played and pl
the deadly projectile logged in the trumpeter's throat
cut short
'hey-now', 'hey-n'
in the middle of the final cadence

the burgesses, the apprentices, the artisans
the military, the orchestras, the Fire Brigade
the 40,000 pigeons living in the Main Market Square

the citizens, the peasants, the students and the visitors
their wives and children behind locked doors
marched to the defence of their city
many of the women crept from their places

thanks to the pierced breast of the broken young trumpeter
thanks to the pierced throat of the broken young trumpeter
thanks to the un pierced faith of the broken young trumpeter

they inflicted a crushing defeat
on the Tatar, Tatar marauders
Tatars, Tatars All Evil
cruel invaders from the east

thanks to the sentry's bravery
now for Poland and Our Lady
the people of Krakow would rise again
Krakow was saved

people keeping watch at the highest post
listen, how do we know



concrete facts from fiction from legend from fake
false tale from prank from pretty story
historical novel from mystification
invented tradition from a hoax?

accidentally conflated, true folk fashion
no direct link

the earliest written version of this legend
is from American Eric P. Kelly in 1928
is from Irishman J. P. Kelly in 1928
Kelly did not speak Polish very well
and relied on French-speaking friends to translate

people keeping watch at the highest post
listen, how do we know?
don't pay attention to the stories - you might find some cliché stories
can history and myth always be kept quite distinct?

you may also be interested in
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learn more
so, let's go!

historical records show, in 1392
a trumpeter made half a grosz a week

historical records show, hejnal forever
each hour, four times, on time
twenty-four hours per day, 365 days a year

historical records show the Hejnał
uninterruptedly for 130 years
every hour for over six hundred years

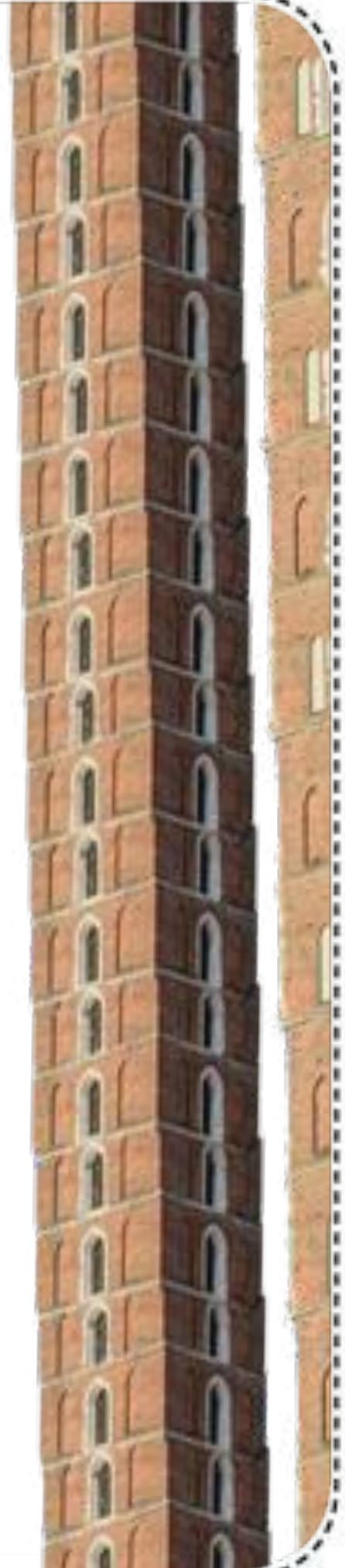
historical records show the Hejnał
cancelled during the Napoleonic wars
and later reinstated

historical records show a sequel

3rd July 1901 at 9pm
Antoni Dołęga played three out of four
before dying of a heart condition

concrete facts from fiction

September 1939, the German occupant prohibited the playing
1980 an invasion of true bugs
(troublesome)
the Hejnal escaped to the Town Hall's tower



come to Kraków to hear the Heynal to the west
come to Kraków to hear the Heynal to the north
come to Kraków to hear the Heynal to the south
come to Kraków to hear the Heynal to the east

one does not have to come to Kraków
as, from 1927, the noon performance is broadcast
via the Marconi tube
(in excellent operation for over seventy-five years)

it transfers the melody from the golden trumpet
to the radio's offices and from there

on all programmes of the State radio and television
to a certain degree, to Poland in its entirety
to the whole, whole world

the past is alive in the present
today on modern Czech B flat trumpets

the story shows that the guard did his job well
reminding us not only of our safety
but of our responsibilities to God and to one another
and tourists and globalisation and invented tradition

there are at least four, six, seven different buglers
selected from faultlessly conducting men
undergoing physical fitness and musical tests
they are there to play as beautifully as they can

though sleepy trumpeters are sometimes reported
to have missed one of the early morning hours

they do not have to worry about themselves
as they are connected with the ground by a phone
and if, touch wood, there is a fire at the tower
they can evacuate from below the sky using ropes

so far no woman has taken
regular duty at the tower
as for the next generation
women can apply

one does or does not have to wonder
how much (if any) of the above
is accidentally conflated, true folk fashion
is concrete facts from fiction



the trumpeter waves at the people in the square
the trumpeter waves at the people in the square
the trumpeter waves at the people in the square
the trumpeter waves at the people in the square

the hejnał was played after victory
in the Battle of Monte Cassino
it strikes a sentimental chord
based on five notes in F-major

the notes so hot and long
the notes so hot and long
played by legends of jazz
played in a minor key

the replacement of government by government
has not affected this cultural continuity
a tribute to intelligent preservationists
a legitimate, recommended local legend

wonderful, wonderful, salutary trumpets
heavily laden with connotations
this incredibly charming melody
a sonic representation of God's own Poland

for tourists and Cracovians
in the four cardinal directions, every hour
vividly invading army
lookout, lookout, lookout, look

yes, I permit this data
the best in Polish culture
wave, wave at the trumpeter
the sudden break in the thr



m assive thanks go to

Kraków UNESCO City of Literature, especially Ela Foltyniak.
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N otes

The word Heynal/hejnal/heynow is spelled differently throughout to reflect how I've found it variously written. The 500+ programme that the skate guy referred to gives heterosexual nuclear families 500 zloty per child a month, not a week. It was American Eric P Kelly who wrote the 1928 book 'The Trumpeter of Krakow.' I forgot to count the steps when I climbed the trumpeter's tower so I'm still not sure exactly how many there are. Tartars are, right now in the world, as they have been in the past, a persecuted minority.

final quote by Crowded House:



don't dream it's over