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Dear Mom,

Sorry that I've been out of touch the last two weeks. On the day that I wanted to send a Christmas and Happy New Year Telegram, December 22, 1982, I was informed by the secret police that they were kicking me out of the country as of December 31, 1982, and that I had exactly two minutes to decide whether I wanted to drive or fly out of the country. They then told me to wait in the waiting room while they "fixed" my passport, but I went out into the waiting room and straight out of the building and to the care of friends. It is clear that what they are doing to me is illegal, and I had no intention of just getting into my car and leaving the country with no noise as they seem to have expected and intended me to do. I immediately got in touch with the American Embassy, and they sent a consul down to talk with me and the secret police about my situation. The consul got no where with the secret police. They seem to clearly want me out of the country with as little noise as possible. My object is to make as much trouble for them and leave the country with as much noise as possible. What better way is there to get free publicity for the book I intend to write about what I have seen here of the clear repression and intimidation of the people of whom I have been good friends and whom you had the occasion of meeting. But I do not want you to worry about me. Remember, the American embassy is aware of my situation and I intend to keep them fully informed. I really can't believe that they would physically harm me with the full knowledge that the embassy is following the development of my situation.

How long will I stay undercover? My intention is to make my situation known here in Poland through the church; I spend my time writing to priests about how the secret police planted printing material at my house when the more than 15 of them raided my house in October, and how on the false charge of printing for the underground they are kicking me out of the country. I just cannot bring myself to leaving without fully embarrassing them, publically, about what they are doing to me, and as long as I can think of something to write about, and don't get too bored, I am going to stay where I am. But I don't want you to worry about me. I imagine that in less than a month I'll be in New York calling you from Uncle Joylons and trying to get launched in getting publicity for my tell all book I am going to write about the whole affair.

Poor Iwo. I haven't even been able to return home and take care of him. Of course my farmer friends have been taking care of him and I have been in touch with them about my situation. I had all my Christmas presents ready for distribution at home, but I never made it back home on that Wednesday. My farmer friends, Ania, had a Christmas tree for me and I was planning on decorating it. I had been at the passport office to arrange a weeks trip to Czechoslovakia where I had been to an expenses paid conference and to which I had been invited to give two talks on my work which is of great interest to a number of people there. It was then that the secret police came into the office and said, out of the blue that they were kicking me out of the country. Well, it is the only respectable way of leaving, and I can be proud that they think me so dangerous to take this step.

But I'm sorry that I couldn't have been with you all over Christmas and New Year. Was the family all together? You can be sure that you are constantly in my thoughts and near to my heart. And you can see, I should be back to take care of Dad's mathematical library, and perhaps, even trying to build a new life here. I am going to lose everything plus divorce. love garet.