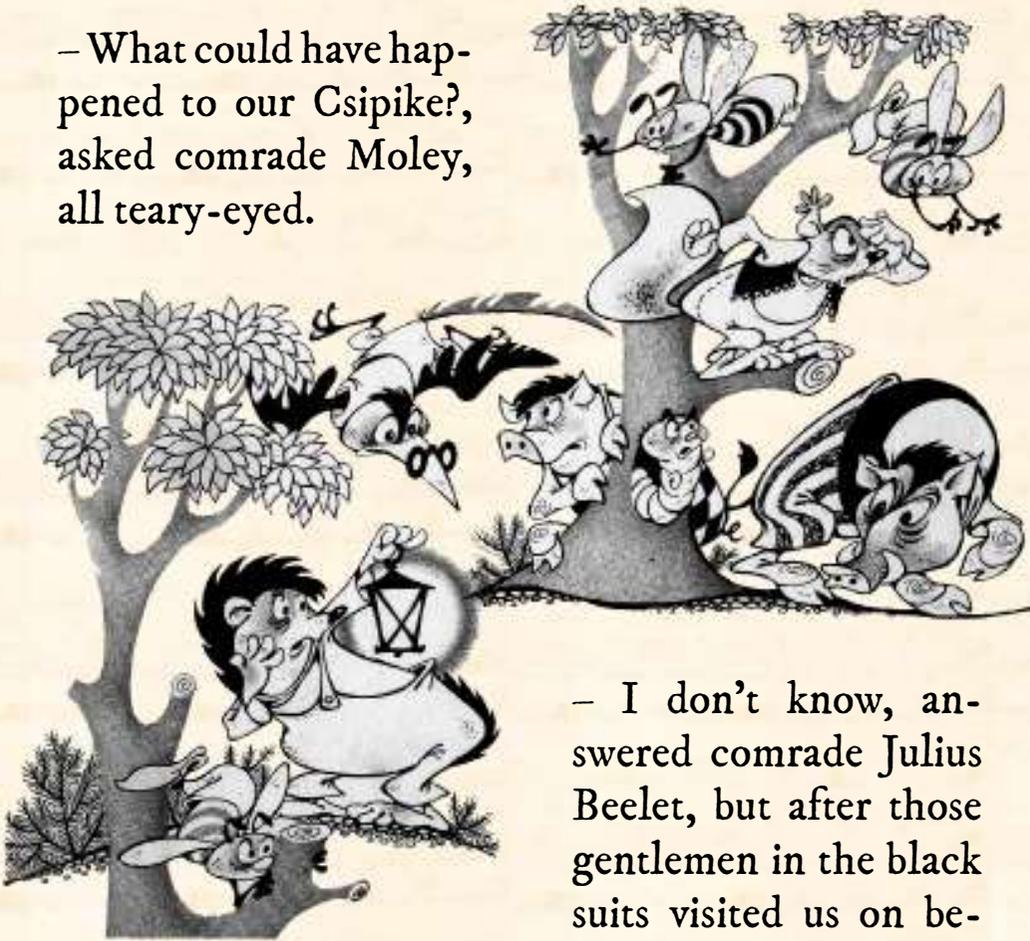


A few days after he had convinced the animal society to proclaim the Commune, the animal comrades were desperately looking for Csipike.

– What could have happened to our Csipike?, asked comrade Moley, all teary-eyed.



– I don't know, answered comrade Julius Beelet, but after those gentlemen in the black suits visited us on behalf of the class enemy he was gone.

What you are about to read is a narrative hijacking, a technique that is very dear to me.

The original illustrations were done by Lívia Rusz and published in Fodor Sándor's children's book, *Csipike az óriás törpe* (1974).

Why a children's book of all things? To the minds of non-adult little people, the most basic of things present themselves as images or illustrations. Removed from one context and inserted into another, they can easily show the true face and intentions of the initial underlying discourse, while also subverting it.

By reading the following pages it is up to you to discover the new narrative and discourse.

Signed, me  
Cristian-Dan Grecu



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When a traveler from a faraway land asked which revolutionary action he feels is his greatest accomplishment, Csipike answered:

– Never have I felt so happy as on the day when we made the enemy think that we were playing along to his tune.

(...)

The traveler did not seem too happy to hear this.



This made Csipike confident that Communism was, in fact, a natural state that anybody, given the chance, would embrace.

And they talked, and the hours passed by, and while the number of decisions grew, so did their hopes for a better tomorrow.

And after countless decisions and resolutions, Csipike stepped down, since it was getting late and he went to bed.

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This was the story of Csipike, who made a dream become reality.

In the end, let me tell you a secret: each and every one of us can be Csipike for a day, or for a whole lifetime. All we need to do is dream, to take responsibility for our ideas, and to put them into action!

THE END



'twas the dawn of a day like any other in the wooded meadow.

We find our hero, Comrade Csipike or Babouchet, the prickly pipsqueak with the heart of a giant (and an appetite to boot), sound asleep in his bed.

And while his dreams go undisturbed, Csipike – as we shall call the glutenous rascal from now on – is restless. From one fantasy land to another he jumps, munching on all sorts of treats and fine sweets, all the while being surrounded by exquisite banquets and worryless pastimes.

Yet while pole-vaulting into the pickle jar, Csipike fell through the thin shroud of these syrupy dreamlands. He fell for what seemed like an eternity, finally landing into a deep, deep dream, one very unlike the others.



This dream was far more complicated, heavy with the burden of the porous materialistic and historical complexity that imbued it. Little did our hero know that this dream would end up changing not only his life, but the communal destiny of each and every living creature in the wooded meadow.

He walked and walked through a dark and dense forest, until sorrow started overtaking him, as if his entire journey were pointless. No use to any of this! The more he walked, the more confused and lost he felt.

Suddenly, he started to panic.

“What is this place? Why am I here? I know it must be a dream but, no matter what I do, I simply can’t seem to wake up!”

And then, from out of nowhere, a silhouette began forming in the dark. Growing evermore, it kept getting closer and closer to our pipsqueak.

Our hero ran in distress, but the sound of a familiar voice made him stop dead in his tracks.

– Wait up, Csipike, it’s me, Comrade BEElet!



Back home, Csipike called the first Great Assembly of all collectives and all cooperatives of workers and non-workers. All comrade representatives arrived and they began discussing what will come next and what needed to be done over the follow-

ing days. They will decree that labour hours need to be shortened as much as possible, according to the lifespan of each living being in the Commune; they will trace directives that need to be followed in order to sow the fruits of everyday life, and they will abolish the family as a central socio-economical unit, so that children and adults have equal rights.

It was a miracle! All of them had new and bold ideas, ideas which they seem to have known for a lifetime, although they had just heard about Communism.



Taking a walk through the newly-formed Commune, he saw how everybody was diligently and eagerly working to create new socio-political contexts that, over the span of space and time, would become a powerful catalyst of permanent and perpetual change. He knew that through work they could reach the long awaited free society they all craved.

– Comrade CROWley, how’s the organization of winged comrades towards the creation of an exact territorial map that will allow the implementation of a new technology that will make life easier coming along?

– Csipike, work is going along nicely. We are all eagerly working, knowing that we have a purpose, a common goal. Even the workplace conditions have been vastly improved in only a matter of hours.

– Did you manage to solve the problem of workplace gender discrimination?

– Honestly, as soon as we announced the formation of the cooperative, the differences fixed themselves. But we will continue improving in this direction. There is still a long path ahead!

– Godspeed!



Csipike smiled and, after greeting one another, they decided to walk the path together, wherever it might lead them! With a friend by his side, Csipike no longer felt alone. He was now free from the clutches of fear.

They went and went until, all of a sudden, Csipike – perched atop the stump of a long-forgotten tree, alongside his friend, Comrade Julius Beelet, who was holding a lantern to light up the way – saw the moon’s silvery glow changing into a brilliant red sparkle. This scared

him at first, so he raised his eyes towards the sky.

– Comrade Beelet, what’s going on?

– I don’t know, Csipike, but it looks as though a Red star is overtaking the moon.

And so it was. A crimson-red star was expanding in front of their eyes. Growing and growing, it was approaching them fast. At first they were afraid, but then it all became clear.

– Comrade Beelet?

– I know, Csipike. I know.

– Do you feel it as well?

– I feel it.





Wasting no time to ponder, Csipike ran to the closest city, stopping every citizen he met on his way from his or her daily duties.

– Wait, Comrades. Wait and listen!

– Wot’s e on aboot? asked Comrade FISHtilian.

– Comrade Fishtilian, I interrupted you from your

daily menial labour to inform you all that I have seen the path towards Communism!

– Wot the blimey izit, the *paf’ter wards Communism?*

– It’s the road that all humanity must walk! Together, for a better life, a life where we are equal, a life with no masters!

And Csipike zealously began sowing the seeds of revolution into the hearts of all those passing by.

When suddenly, out of the blue, a class enemy showed up: a local bobby.

– Hold it right there!,



nounced the renaturalization of the carrot farm and its transformation into a worker-owned cooperative, with all decisions taken equally within the plenary. Even the comrade worms decided to take the day off and lie in the shade of the flowers and leaves.

In fact, no animal went to work that day, with the exception of comrade Trogloditee – who was an economist –, and they dedicated themselves to the cause of Communism.

Csipike felt proud and satisfied, so he decided to go by the shore of the pond in the immediate vicinity and contemplate upon what needed to be done.

Dipping his thumb into the river, he humorously said to himself: “Hehe, indeed, the temperature is just about right for a radical change!”

He sensed how that day had been the rational effect of tens and hundreds of causes and context. The development of social consciousness and the knowledge of history led to the formation of this revolutionary context.





Upon hearing this, Csipike rose up and started confessing his soul's grief: his dream, and what he sees day by day, about life, about work, and about love. And all those around him felt vitalized, ignoring comrade Trogloditee's *reformist* cackle.

– Spread the news!, uttered comrade Boarovsky's mighty cry.

– The news of the Commune, the news of our newly won freedom!, continued Csipike's partner, comrade Moley, who then kissed his beloved.

And comrade Julius Beelet's wife hummed towards the comrade mailmen, and then towards her work colleagues who, as soon as they heard the news of the Commune, called for a general strike.

Many comrade rabbit families consensually decided that the carrots still needed time to grow, and they an-



Shouted the bobby. What we have here is a violent attack on the state! Go on, shut your yapping and find yourself a real job, you scoundrel! Quit begging for attention from these obedient, hard-working citizens!

Barely finishing this indictment, he leaped out and nabbed Csipike. The crowd watched in terror as the prickly pipsqueak, who had only moments ago offered them the seed of revolution, was abused by a mushroom with poison and hatred pouring from its eyes.

– *Comrades*, Csipike let out a cry of desperation, *comrades!* Here before you is one of those who do not wish that we, animals and pipsqueaks alike, live a good and quiet life, a life founded upon liberty, upon love of one's neighbour.

Hearing this, the bobby, now blind with rage, grew even more furious. He started pushing Csipike around; but our hero, with a last glimmer of hope in his eyes and with a throb at just the right moment, managed to break free from his grip and ran away.

And he kept on running and running...





Terrified by this nightmare, Csipike fell from his bed and woke up.

“Woe is me, what a horrible dream”, thought the pipsqueak.

“Such a horrible dream”. He sat on the edge of his side of the bed, watching over his beloved partner, with whom he shared so much. He loved comrade MOLEy, so much so that he would have sacrificed nearly everything for him; and he knew that comrade Moley felt the same. „I’m so glad he’s sound asleep. I hope his dreams are pleasant...”

And so our hero stood and ruminated for a few minutes. He began to understand the endless wrongdoings and evils of the real world. And the more he sat there contemplating, the more he realized just how many acts of discrimination he witnessed.

you *already* heard about Communism?

– Yes, Csipike, and I have been waiting for this moment for a long, long time. Do you not see, my friends, that we have already gathered here with a purpose?

– And what exactly is that purpose?, demanded comrade Bunny-Hop.

– That purpose is to be free, each and every one of us, so that we can reclaim the fruits of our work. Therefore, let this day forever be remembered as the first day of the Free Forest Commune of Animals and Pipsqueaks.

– Hurrah! Long Live the Free Forest Commune.

And while they rejoiced, a cacophonous cackle reached their ears:

– You’re cheering in vain, it’s not going to work.

Comrade TROGLODITEe... what are you blabbering about?

– What you’re trying to achieve is an utopia, a childish reverie...

– A *counter-revolutionary*, whispered the ants.

– I know it must be hard for some of you, he jabbered, but some things are simply they way they are. There’s no way to change them...





work are taken by THEM, and never by us as they should!

– Yes, yes, he’s right!, murmured the small assembly surrounding him.

– What is to be done?, asked a few voices from the crowd.

– The time has come, cried out Csipike, taking the stance of a serious pipsqueak. The time has come for us to take our lives into our own upper limbs! Last night I had a dream! I dreamt that I was walking through a dense forest, feeling alone, desolate and hopeless. And then the star started to shine, and I saw it. And I was no longer alone.

– Which star?, asked the ant choir.

– The star of *Communism!*

– And what exactly is this Communism you keep telling us about?, asked comrade Boarovsky.

Before Csipike could answer, comrade Snaily showed up.

– I can answer that!, he said.

– Comrade Snaily? Being a social architect, have

The hard working little bees, like comrade Julius Beelet with whom he had shared a dream, are overworked in order to produce as much honey as possible. The honey is then sold at a high price, from which the workers receive... nearly nothing! Even his partner, comrade Moley, toils every day, digging tunnel upon tunnel, so much so that he rarely gets to see the light of day.



Seeing that the sun was rising, he decided it was time to go and take a walk, hoping this might calm him down a bit.

“I’m *just* a pipsqueak... what can I do to change all the wrongs of this world? It’s all too much for me...” And he stepped outside, sitting near a bed of flowers, hoping that their perfume would calm him. But he still felt gloomy and miserable. It seemed as though nothing could





One by one, the creatures from the wooded meadow began to wake up. Comrade Bunny-Hop's family was heading towards the carrot gardens, the BOARovskys were off to find acorns and truffles, comrade Birdy's family was flying high above the ground, trying to locate new resources for the farm. The worms were already tilling the soil, and life went on, just as Csipike had always known it.

But wait! What was this that Csipike saw before his eyes? A few comrade bees were staring at a group of busy ants that... just what exactly is it that they were up to?

"Are they taking our society's pulse to see if we're ready for a change?", was the first thought that ran through his mind. He gazed at them, and they gazed right back at him. Then, his dear old friends noticed him.



– Come on Csipike, old chap, what's wrong with you?, asked comrade RABBITgail all of a sudden. Why are you so gloomy? Come on, be cheerful!

– How can I *be* cheerful, answered Csipike, when we are all being exploited by our class enemies?

– The *class* enemy?, asked the tiny ants in unison. Go on, tell us more!

So Csipike climbed up where everybody could see him, and he addressed the animals:

– Day after day we are used and abused as if we weren't even living beings! Day in, day out, the fruits of our

