

The dangerous Nikki

I can't explain this correlation; almost all my encounters with Nikki Milican came close to an exceptional catastrophe. I have experienced few of them. I will tell only two stories.

In 1996 I was invited to NRLA, but my Irish friends also invited me to Belfast and Waterford to take part in two performance art festivals. Thanks to Nikki I had a possibility to stay one night at Central Station Hotel at the cost of the new moves territories on my way back from Ireland to Poland. For my performances in Ireland I needed fireworks, which were forbidden in this country. So, I carried quite a lot of fireworks on the airplane from Glasgow to Belfast. The situation changed on the way back; I did not want fireworks anymore, I wanted to cut out the dead wood, but my good intentions paradoxically were blocked by very special security alert on the Belfast airport.

I had no chance to leave the strange package anywhere under hundreds of CCTV and Police eyes. And again I had to fly with fear to Glasgow. I remember, on the plane was a huge wrangle, some young people aggressively ignored instructions of stewardess. While leaving the airplane the Police officers strangely let me pass and halted the young hooligans. So, I was happy, but it was extremely short. On the way to baggage claim I saw my name on the big TV monitors and the head of a man in a uniform. I thought: OK, they caught me. After collecting my luggage I went very slowly to the exit and I saw again the same gentleman, but well costumed into red & golden uniform of Central Station Hotel. After a little rest I started to think where I could leave my fireworks? Not in the room or cab, at reception desk I did not meet anyone around 4:45 am. I had a flight to Brussels. I came to Glasgow International with fireworks again. I was distraught, because on the whole, almost empty terminal there wasn't any single litter bin.

Finally I went out and I left my fireworks in the only ashtray I could see at the main entrance. After that for a long time I was thinking if I did well.

Ten years later, me and Ewa Rybska, we were close to another dramatic event associated with the famous Nikki. In May 2006, after our relocation from Poland to the UK, Nikki invited us for the meeting in London. We went there by our Polish car, LHD on Polish plates. We paid congestion charge in advance and we were absolutely sure that we were done well. We had an appointment at Dean Street. During our search for the car parking in Soho, while following the double-decker, suddenly I got to know that we were driving alone, through the street for buses and taxis only. Around us we saw lots of cameras and signs: compulsory ahead only. We were driving on Oxford Street. We did not know that some streets in London are closed for private cars. Of course the Police have thousands photographs of us, especially Ewa's pictures, as she was seating on the British driver's side. But police also have the photographs of car plates and we don't know what still may happen.

Wladyslaw Kazmierczak