

ZIGZAG-RUSHING AROUND THE GLOBE WHILE SMELLING LIKE LEMON

Lemon flavor - this is the smell of the cheapest shaving cream in the US supermarkets...

Lemon flavor - this is the smell of the cheapest jeans detergent in the US supermarkets and stores...

Lemon flavor - this is the smell that the air conditioners in US airplanes provide when flying overseas routes...

1.

December. Hungary, Europe. Very cold weather. The hoar-frosted shore of the metal-colored Balaton Lake is empty and silent. It's snowing. Icy snowflakes and snow crystals are covering my neck and shoulders, which are burning red from the African sunshine. No stopping. Tomorrow, to the Amazonas area we go.

2.

Previous years: United States, New Jersey, Passaic, Ackermann's Pub. February mornings. Blackish, reddish, yellowish sky. In the bar full of the bluish-black fragrance of nicotine and vomit, we set on the stools of the pub with other sleepy emigrants, waiting for the building contractors. Smelling like scotch and beer bottles they came, looked around, and picked up sixteen or seventeen guys to work. Gabi, my blue-eyed friend, was always quick on the high scaffolds. He was chosen each morning - myself only sometimes, out of charity. Pigeon-hearted, broken giants we worked with. Like rainworms during the thunderstorms, they drank all day. The killing job that tore the body and the soul into pieces they made as a side-action. Then they went back to the stools of the night pubs.

For us, it was far better than this to dance on the blades of knives. We knocked on doors with our banana English, getting roofing jobs, getting plumbing jobs, getting window changing, and then struggling with them during icy nights with no tools and no expertise. Suffering like diamond flies in strawberry syrup, we tried to savvy somehow what to do and how to do it. Then we completed the job, getting the payment and forgetting it all. Soon we owned silver, apple-green and peach-colored junk cars, filling and refilling the cooling water of a Chevy Malibu hour by hour, or fixing and fixing the brakes of a Ford and a Buick Regal week by week. Then we threw all of them away to friends and junkyards and looked for other ones. Within two or three months, plants with green dollar leaves grew up in our pockets.

Then Gabi learned how to build dry walls while I nosed out jobs even underneath the red rime. Polish, Romanian, Italian and Arabian guys drugged and popped with us all day like the rolling lemons drudge and pop. They got clinking and chinking checks each Friday night from us, but if one or two or three of our employer's checks that we deposited had insufficient funds, right away we swam in the pink water of four, or five or sometimes six-thousand-dollar debts.

We had a house rented and we had Gabi's wife and kids arrive. Then we had false checks again and a crispy, crunchy, chilly new bankruptcy. A prime lakefront house - this was what we had

rented out next, surrounding it with a blue motorboat, eggshell-colored sailboat, green windsurf and yellow windsurf. Then because of the checks we smashed again like a blueberry pie. Then the top - the richness - came again. We bought a prime lakefront house and had apartments rented for students on our newly opened scholarship. But on a brilliant, sparkling, rainbow-colored morning, the Old Broccoli-Green Monster visited us again. Right away, with glittering eyes, my buddy appeared sixty feet high above the Eckert Industry building, on the very top of the metal pipes. With no safety rope, he started to paint the pipes a silver color for instant payment, while the streets and factories became as small as a napkin underneath. Then he appeared in Sweden, then in Australia, then in Botswana, Bolivia, Egypt and in the Pacific Islands...

3.

Sal Rewall, Mike Manzoni, Jessica Moriarty and the others knew something relevant. They knew very well the real value of the human being, of his entire life and of all his creations. They knew very well that the authorities and municipalities are false and immature institutions. That the parliaments and governments, too, are false and immature establishments. That UNO, FAO, IMF and the others are also not serious and worthy. That even Jesus Christ himself was not a serious person when he offered such kinds of sufferings for our sins that were not even similarly strong than the unspeakably heavy pains of millions of people with cancer.

They also knew that with a whining, meadowy lifestyle you will be positively nothing. That for sure you will die with lung cancer, a heart attack or hepatitis, so it is stupid to sacrifice your life to prevention efforts. That cobras and vipers hide when feeling human smell, and never attack unless you irritate them. That whether you are in the northern pole or in any bone-dry desert, there is no reason to have fear at all. That even if you stay smashed on the blacktop of any highway, this is still not meaning anything important. They knew there are no tragedies. That no matter how much love and care you provide your kids, still there is a chance that they become more viable people without you than with.

And there were other things too that they had also known. That, in our age, you can live crossing and crossing, with no stopping on the entire surface of this planet. That thousands and thousands of young people do this, wandering from continent to continent. That there are fellows among them who drudge and sweat just for few days of ecstasy of flying and rushing around the globe, then they sweat, then they rush, and then sweat again. That you can still go further, and on that same day you can taste the bitter water of the Baltic Sea, the orange dust of the Israeli deserts and the mild rain of the Johannesburg nights. That the changing of the distant places in an extremely sudden way means much more than an ecstatic impression - there are hidden contents that only this way you can recognize, there are secrets that cannot be unfolded in another manner.

Meanwhile, they were fully aware of the exact data about the overpopulation of our planet for the next fifty years. The accurate time till the resources of the continents and the oceans are sufficient. That the blueprints of the space-metropolises have already been worked out to the

smallest details in the American Engineering Cities. That they cost only three times more than getting onto the moon, and soon will be orbited around the globe.

This planet has become small for us. We have to leave the globe not too far in the future.

4.

Los Angeles - Rarotonga - Auckland - Sidney - Auckland - Los Angeles - Miami - La Paz - Buenos Aires - Santa Cruz de la Sierra - Miami - London - Hamburg: this schedule was typed on the coupons of one of our airplane tickets. Yet in New Zealand, customs became very suspicious when they saw this. Then Interpol came onto the screen, wishing to discover drug dealers in us. 'Just to travel and travel to see the world in a new way? Come on!...' As they supposed: we were bringing hashish and cocaine to the Pacific Islands and Australia, then from the money collected we will buy grass in South America, then sell it in the United States and Europe.'

Cocoa-smelling fantasticalities were produced by this overpowered world apparatus during our entire trip. See one by one. 'Jean!! Jean!! Are there nuns living here on the southern pole???' 'No Sir, there aren't.' 'Jean! Jean! Oh my! Thus I have coitus with a penguin each day!!' This is penguin number one. Near the southern pole, in Auckland, New Zealand, Interpol examines even our shoes and socks, while forgetting to check our handbags. Penguin number two. In Australia, at the Airport Arrivals, the officers take us to pieces, but when we depart, no one gives us even the smallest care. Penguin number three. After forty-five minutes of flight, our plane makes a turn and goes back to Sydney. The speaker says someone got sick. But when we arrive, four policemen rush aboard. 'Mr. Demme! Mr. Demme! Mr. Baros!' They take us off, they smell millions of dollars all over us, but on the plane our bags and seat covers stay untouched. Penguin number four.

Back in New Zealand, a gentleman with an Interpol ID Card walks to us. He takes us to his office, makes some notes about us, and while we develop a friendship and have lots of tea together, he meditates over our journey. As part of his pondering he tells us, with precision, in what countries we will be controlled - where, when and how. Penguin number five. At the Los Angeles Airport, in a police box, we are stride-standing with hands held up while the officers finger us everywhere through the clothes. Ankles, legs, testicles, penises, navels - nothing stays untouched except for our bags in the luggage store. Penguin number six. At the Miami Airport, red lights flash and flash in all the boxes of the immigration officers right at the moment when my name is typed onto the computer screen. Alarms ring everywhere. But at the same time, in another line, Gabi gets a routine stamp and a routine hand mark on his passport from a tired officer. He walks out to the hall, and there he sits down and listens by loudspeaker on how the Airport Police supplicates him back to the checkpoint. Penguin number seven.

5.

The inner part of Harlem is, indeed, terrifying - if you want to lurk and nose among the broken human lives. If you feel no shame going there pretty and clean-shaved. In such a case, right away burning eyes appear behind the broken windows and the sooty doors. In a second, at least eight people step out. At once, you will be one of the hated citizens who have caused their misery, and will be an easy plunder for your goods changeable to food, alcohol or drugs. Just have enough time to push the gas and disappear. But, stinking in rags, and with a stubby face, you can wander all day long on the streets among the burned buildings and bowelled, rusted cars - where everything is penetrated by the stench of sewage, where people are warming themselves around the bluish-green bunches of fires from the garbage. Where you never see babies, kids or women.

The Hillbrow of Johannesburg, South Africa, is frightening, too - if you comport yourself as a wealthy lordling, walking and talking nicely somewhere else in the town. But if you go therein, you do see that no matter how many times you hear gunfire in the main streets, the weapon guys completely ignore you. They have settled to do solely among themselves. You do see that in the hotel, where likely no white man has ever slept before, you will be handled like a lord. They will find Parisian soaps and fine cambric towels for you, and give twice as much scrambled eggs for breakfast than usual. And when you are stumbling down to the street around the leftover foods and dirty dishes placed outside the rooms onto the corridor floors, a hotel servant is stepping to you, providing a kind escort to the corner shop where he keeps his eyes on backstreets as an eagle protecting you.

Even in the horrific, brimstone black ghetto of Spring Valley, NY, even when surrounded by five black giants, you have no reason for shivering. It quickly turns out that it is absolutely not your life and money that they want, but the opposite - your help is needed! They are drug dealers; the ghetto is surrounded by police cars; they are the persons searched for, so, please, hide the small bags in your car or take them away with you, they ask. And for sure they will leave you alone if you say, guys, I am a fucking funky, I do not wish to do this.

Etc. In the depths of the hellish ghettos of our globe, always and always something else stands.

6.

Manhattan. Absurd hopes and delusions - hundreds of thousands of people imbued with these are walking in the streets. Cheerful advertisements are everywhere, offering fantastic chances and carriers. Of course, they seek cheatable people.

Offers for travelling are fantastic and dazzling, too. Bolivian Carnival! Myriad of Lights! Chili Dances! Spanish and Indian Ecstasy!... A Carnival in the center of famishment? Do just go there and do see.

The Airport of La Paz is about 14,000 feet high in the Andes. A mountain peak is standing nearby, masking itself as a sparkling sugar cone. The other peaks are barren. Ice and snow should

be the rule of the land at this height, but the equator is here somewhere too. As you get off, the ground is stirring and shivering under you. Spiky nails prick your head, and burning and piercing pain tortures your limbs. Vomiting, too, is racking you; you swallow and swallow the drool. The height is causing all these symptoms with no ease for days or, sometimes, for a week.

The capital lies in a crater-shaped cornet surrounded by barren peaks and endless stone deserts beyond, where people struggle to keep alive scrubby plants and vegetables. As you head down the cornet, among the hovels there will be more and more red-brick, one-room shelters with plain walls outside and inside. These brick shelters dominate the entire city. Near the bottom of the cornet, bigger shelters and the first signs of electricity can be seen. The capital's center is at the very bottom of the crater. A few wide, Spanish-styled streets and hotels are here. This is the area where rich people are living and government buildings are standing.

It's hard to take even a few steps forward on the streets among the hundreds of thousands of people milling here each day. On the sun-burned, sweating, dirty faces of the very short and small people, the eyes are terrible. Red-blood veins are stretching and bulging through the yellow purulence covering the eye. The entire capital is eye-infected. Ill-smelling air swirls through the streets with no sewage network, where people urinate and defecate, where women squat while piss is trickling beneath them onto the pavement. Excrement and excrement-covered papers are covering the sides of the rivers and streams.

And still, thousands and thousands are eager to migrate here from the towns and villages of the Andes, where typhus, cholera and starvation take the tithe of the people. Here in La Paz, the capital, there are foreign diplomats, businessmen and tourists; thus, the Bolivian government supplies people with standard gray suits, some soccer and beer, and, moreover, some vaccination. The milling crowd of people arriving in La Paz all the time, with no will to leave, is handled by hard prisons and armed police control everywhere in the crater.

The Carnival is starting. It is rigorous, soldierly, and boring. Thousands of people are marching on the main street in colored silk dresses that imitate the ancient clothes of Spanish conquistadors. Rhythm is pumped by a huge tambour band playing the same eight beats in perpetual turning. It has been going on already for two hours. Nothing new is happening. More and more groups are marching in other and in again other conquistador dresses, following the brass tam-tam. To take a break, we go into a restaurant - and we see the same scene now on the TV screen. To take a break, we go into a hotel - and we hear the same tam-tam as it shakes the walls.

If you are standing in the bottom of the crater, the crowded, small brick shelters that go around and around make you feel as if you were standing in the center of an ancient amphitheater. In a coliseum. Antique towns, too, had no sewer system, the Greek and Italian philosophies, the celestial ideals of the eternally blue Mediterranean skies, rose from colonies flooded with shit and sewerage too. By late at night, I am beginning to understand this. The feeling of the stench is already gone by this time. The feeling that even the air is pestiferous is also gone by this time. The feeling that everything, everywhere is always mastic and sticks, is also gone by this time. In

the middle of the hot night I suddenly find myself greedily and again greedily sipping the yellowish-brown water from a rusted faucet.

7.

A dog sat down. He did this in Washington, D.C., right in front of our old car. President Bush was going for a routine examination at the Marine hospital, which we were parking next to uninformed. A strong policeman's hand was grasping the dog's leash. The game animal was trained to smell explosives. He snuffled around our modest vehicle in excitement, then settled in front of it. The officer gently stroked him, then alarmed the entire capital. Police cars started to blow the siren and flash their lights. Police troops rushed toward the parking lot. But gentlemen, please, our cooling fluid is just dripping - this is what the dog felt! Please, be so kind as to train well your noble animals! Just let us open the hood, and you will see the bluish-green fluid that explains everything!

No, nobody can go there. Papers, ID's, stand here, stand there, then stand over there. They evacuate the office buildings surrounding us. They evacuate the apartment houses surrounding us. People are going out into the streets in ecstasy. The downtown area of Washington, D.C. stands in panic. Broadcasting companies and journalists arrive. Yet it takes thirty minutes for the security unit that checks explosives to get here. They step with fear to the car, holding control tubes in their hands. A few minutes later, they happily wave their arms that everything is all right. It was the cooling fluid. The excited crowd hardly scatters away. Broadcasting companies and journalists are hardly scattering, too. Even the cops are hardly scattering. What happened? A dog sat down.

8.

In the capital of Japan, skyscrapers swing toward the stars. In the center of Taiwan, skyscrapers also swing toward the stars. In downtown Hong Kong, skyscrapers also swing toward the stars. In Singapore, skyscrapers also swing toward the stars. In Sydney, skyscrapers also swing toward the stars. In the middle of Auckland, skyscrapers also swing toward the sky... But this is an axis! A line stretching along the globe from north to south. It is winter in Tokyo but summer at the other end!... What shiny mirror-glass windows they have! What smooth pseudo-marble outside walls they have, too! Everything is glittering, flashing and sparkling! How come they did not get dirty from the dust and smoke of the metropolises? Let's just go a bit closer! But these skyscrapers are brand-new! These were built up just few months ago. Let's see - here, yes, here and here, yes, there, yes, over there, yes... What huge, sometimes twenty-stories-high parking lots they have! How many thousands of people could arrive and work here morning by morning, day after day! But why are their parking lots empty? And on cloudy afternoons, why are the lights not turned on? Let's just go closer! But these skyscrapers are empty! Entirely empty! Yes. Here and here, and over here and there, too... What kind of bluish-purple fantasticality is this? What are these mysterious skyscrapers? Why are they not given out to rent at least? For Whom, or for What, are

these Paradises of the artificial marble, artificial glasses, artificial rooms and artificial restrooms waiting?

Froggy World Capital is bound for here. He has his belongings already packed. His business is getting slow in the United States so he is about to leave the coasts. Maybe after three, maybe after ten years he will arrive here... Do have a nice journey, Froggy World Capital! And upon your arrival, please do not forget to turn on the lights from Tokyo to Auckland with one single click; to fill up your skyscrapers with orange and cherry-perfumed business guys in one single day; and then to immediately change the salaries of millions of Asians from one grain of rice per day to half a grain of rice per week.

9.

We are among the sad sounds of falling leaves in the distant Auckland, summer now is gone here. These leaves are weighty, chubby and gloomy, fully different from the autumn leaves at home. They are humming and buzzing, not rustling. On the long chords of the limbs, the wind here indeed plays music. Not dense fog but salty ocean vapor penetrates the light melodies. Even the town itself is an elegiac, silent, sorrowful smile, with old textile factories, age-worn harbors, and rusted locomotive museums. With skyscrapers in the center that are entirely empty. No matter who you talk to - ladies with no makeup and no perfume, mustache-framed bankers, college students with tie and trench cloth - everybody says the same: it is not a good thing to live in the distant Zealand islands. However, this is not the yearning for the cheap, comfortable, and sleepy Australian towns reveals when we talk with the local people. Nor the American metropolises burning in ecstasy that attract the people here. The far, weakened and ill Europe is the ideal, the continent that time has already passed by.

Meanwhile, the islands are less and less the property of the Zealanders. Like a spring flood, the world of Hong Kong, Taiwan, and Singapore is pouring through the cities. From the Far-East shops, wares and goods flow out to the sidewalks, even onto the blacktop of the roads. The scent of exotic spices is swirling; the aromatic smell of extreme magic ointments is floating in the air. The steam from the Chinese, Japanese, Indonesian and Malaysian restaurants' crunchy dishes penetrates everything. Old and good Zealand towns are turning into rainbow bazaars.

The airplane that flies from Auckland to London is fully dominated by the mood of celebration and solemnity. New suits, brand-new ties, new skirts, new bags and newly styled hairdos are everywhere on board. Zealanders are coming to visit Europe! Ladies with the most expensive and unique perfumes from London and Paris are talking cheerfully. Fresh pipe-tobacco aromas of orange flavor are floating all over. Everything is cleaner than clean, velvet-like, comfortable and perfect...

The mood on the plane that comes to Zealand differs, there everybody looks different. There, tired people are waiting for the boring, sleepy, quiet world of the islands. However, on this European destination flight there are dramatic changes ahead. Sixth travel hour: the ladies fix

their makeup and freshen the vanished powder on their faces. Just a light stubble and a gentle sweat smell are what the gentlemen have. The toilette is dirty but one still can use it. There are not too many shoes, newspapers and paper pellets on the carpet. Twelfth travel hour: eye-paint becomes smashed and liquid-like on the tired, sleepy eyelashes. Stubble becomes black and strong. Toilets stink. It is hard to walk between the rows - too many shoes, blankets, paper cups and garbage are thrown onto the floor. Stench from legs and shoes now fully penetrates the air. Eighteenth travel hour: dirty, exhausted, angry people are crinkling and crunching everything now. Someone yelling. The stench of legs and shoes becomes unbearable. In the toilets, the floor is fully covered with piss. There are shitty papers everywhere. The air conditioning fails, and the heat is excruciating. Everybody looks like a tired dirty monster at this time. Toward the yearned-for Europe the plane now flies with human wrecks and junk on board.

10.

Many times I do not like to go to sleep at night. Stepping outside, everything is breathing, everything moves, stirs, lives. People and things are vivid and lively inside, too. Let's increase this feeling in the spring ecstasy of nature! In the blue lagoons! In the paradises of the Pacific Ocean!... If they are, rather, paradises. Maybe all the stories about them are just violet-colored, cocoa-nut scrapings! Delusions again.

The heat of the winter is unbearable. We are in a tropical island in the southern hemisphere, close to the equator. The rainbow air is suffocating and full of sweet smells, as if your body were filled up with oversweetened syrups. As if you were inside of a rotten melon, papaya or mango. You feel as if your cigarette is sweet, or even your shirt and slipper. The paunches of the natives limp like soft, overripe tropical fruits. The sweat looks like gel or greasy syrup on the faces, the shoulders and the fingers. Sweet humidity comes out even from the leaves of the tropical trees and palms.

We take a walk around the island. Its circumference is about ten miles. In the center, a high mountain surrounded by jungle faces the extravagantly colored sky. We try to reach the peak through the thick blue-and-green vegetation. Is this a true jungle or a false one? Yes, a false one, with no danger at all. Instead, it has a huge orchestra playing impressionist melodies. Parrots, cockatoos, canaries, humming-birds and thousands of buzzing bugs improvise many varieties of melodies until the morning.

We cannot reach the top. It is winter time and we are in the south; after five o'clock, everything is coal-black here. Coming from the north, with a northern sense of time, we had started the climbing at four-fifteen in the afternoon, so now we sit very disappointed in the humid, melodic darkness. Then we try to go somewhere through the sticky vegetation. Gathering all of my power, I have a success of six steps going ahead. Then, ten more. Later, fifteen. Gabi is still able to fight and go further on. We try to shout over the cockatoos to know where the other is.

We had to spend the night there. The false jungle freezes like thick glass during the night; even some icy cold rain falls time after time. There was no choice: like a piglet, I dug myself into the muddy, squelching, but warm soil.

Then the morning came. At the edge of the frozen, icy green hell, cocoa palms were standing all the way down to the ocean shore. Cocoa trees can grow about ninety feet high. The nut itself is covered with a banana-colored, thick juicy peel; this is what dries out and becomes dark brown and fibrous. However, the banana-colored peel has knife-sharp edges. *SSssssss, SSssssss, SSssss*: axes and axes are falling down around us by the wind!... Yes, in the hot tropic paradises you can freeze to death. In the fantastic cocoa woods you can be guillotined. In the ethereal air you can heavily swelter in the sweet syrup smell. We got the violet-colored cocoa nut scrapings again.

A little geography. The name of the island is Rarotonga. It is part of the Cook Islands, an independent state. It has its own ministries - a few very small wood buildings all over the island. Elizabeth II rules the islands. Her face is shaped even on the surfaces of the triangular money coins.

But, too, you can go to other tropical islands, flying and flying from islet to islet. The suffocatingly sweet syrup is the same everywhere. The frozen icy night jungle also is the same. From the violet-colored cocoa nut scrapings you've no redemption.

11.

Besides the decorative main entrances of the palace of the Globe Princess, her castle has backdoors and side-doors also.

No pyramids! None! We decided to step into Egypt through a back door instead of through the main entrance. And now we are wandering the coasts of the Red Sea where, day by day, a junk bus is moving to and fro. Old cigarette stubs are everywhere - on and in the ashtrays, on the seats, and all over the floor. Suddenly, a small village called Nueba is appearing. Camels are walking among the small houses. At the seashore there are age-worn bazaars, old hostels, tumbling camping sites, rusty nail wires, and rusty nail wires again, with no visitors. When you want to go to the toilet, the owner, wearing a toga, comes with a candle. There is a power supply failure again all over the village. In the coffeehouse, there are stinky and dirty Persian carpets hung up, substituting walls. Rain with a nicotine smell is dripping from the ceiling onto the pillows that were put on the bare, muddy ground. The sole waiter is sipping a sticky, squelching water pipe.

A little ethnography. There are many ways to keep traditions in force. They can be inherited from great-grandfather to grandfather in natural ways in the course of everyday life. They can be crystallized by rational methods clearing obsolete elements. They can be enriched and developed for valid and moral purposes. They can be disemboweled and used for making fancies and commercial souvenirs. However, to keep traditions solely by laziness is a tradition-saving manner we have never seen before.

Plus, this village, bundled by the ragged decoration of the One Thousand And One Night, is rather frightening. Plunder for this is what the Turkish Army burned down half of Europe for in

the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries. Plunder for that is what the Moors killed hundreds of thousands of Mediterranean people for over and over again. And plunder for this is still what excites the people here. They can see that there is nothing valuable with us - we have no car, and are in jeans and T-shirts only. Nevertheless, the entire village is alarmed and combat-ready. They can see, too, how impossible it is that we would take something away from here - everywhere there's desert, and desert, and sea surrounding us. Nevertheless, they are alarmed and ready for action.

Darkness. No one at the mosque. You look back: a man is standing there with a gun, smoking a glowing cigarette. You look back again: there is no one at the mosque. Huge gray wall in the moonlight. Nobody is there. You look back: holding a pistol, a rugged guy stands in the center. You look back again: nobody stands there... Darkness. Three toga-wearing men step out, surrounding you in extreme suddenness. They offer three days, four days, five days of camel tours; but, seeing that you are with no money, all of them disappear with the same suddenness...

Like a cat roughing his coat these people behave. Gracious smiles are melting on the faces, while there is hectic stirring, rustling and noise beneath the togas. The left hand holds an apple, that's munched with hollow teeth - the right hand holds a dagger, the toga-underneath. In front of the building, with very friendly eyes, a gentleman is smiling; but behind the building, holding an old pistol, a gentleman is hiding. You look at a window; there is a lurking face there, then you are looking back, and no eyes and face are there. You look at another one; no eyes and face are there, then you are looking back, and there's a lurking face there... Gentlemen, thank you very much for the game. Honestly, we can evince that Chubby-Bubby, Piffy-Puffy, Squalching-Malching and all the other parlors can throw in the towel next to your exciting repertoire! But who will have the pleasure to see this immemorial show? Disregarding a couple of youngsters with tents, no one comes here.

12.

Besides the lighted, decorated halls of the Palace of the Globe Princess, her castle has back nooks, lumber-rooms and backyards also.

If you have white skin, experiencing the everyday life of Zimbabwean, Boputatswanan, or Botswanan people is not an easy thing at all. No matter where you go, you will be surrounded with honor, respect and a guardedness that was once forced out from the natives by the white settlers. Several days pass by until we find out what to do: take the Black Taxi for a ride!

The Black Taxi is a small bus with ten seats and five spare ones. It is dirty and rusty with sticks outside, while filled up inside are fifteen sweaty people and forty heavy bags. If not filled like above, it does not start. This Taxi is for black people only; white personalities never get in. There are black groups of thirty or thirty-five people around each single one. Families are sitting in the dusty ground with thin, tiny faces and sensitive eyes. But no one is sad. Instead, they are vivid and searching. Only eight passengers have the money for a ride when we reach the station. It

takes four extra hours to have fifteen payers. While waiting, black mothers suckle babies inside the car with naked breasts, where milk and saliva are flowing on. Next to them, a few guys eat stenching, black-greenish stakes with gluey fingers. Flies are buzzing everywhere. Plucking up our courage, we get in. There is no way to gauge who is more embarrassed, the people or ourselves. Life resolves everything - all baggages must be boarded, and people are placing them on each other's laps, thus, we too ask for a couple of heavy ones.

Black Taxi accelerates and rushes ahead. We are rushing from Zimbabwe to Pretoria. In the semi-darkness of bluish and reddish sundowns, we arrive to black villages with smoky, sooty lights. Here, sitting on the sandy ground among the celery-smelling, round-shaped huts, people are happily singing, no matter how poor and wretched they are. Here, in the warm soft dust, hundreds of naked kids are running and playing even during the night... Black Taxi accelerates and rushes. To the black ghettos of the metropolises we arrive. Here, the apartments with canary-yellow, salad-green, and potato-brown walls are full of joy and happiness. Outside, in the streets and plazas, people are dancing and shaking with open mouths as the music flows. Here, right after having dinner in their black-yellowish kitchens, joyful women are taking down the leftover carrots, potatoes and onions to the streets and selling them yelling loudly on the sidewalks...

Black Taxi accelerates and rushes, rushes. To the very center of black country colonies we arrive. Here, we learn how to load up seven rusted steel doors to a broken handbarrow, and how to wheel them five miles away. How to feed little kids for months having only three goats and nine potato plants. How to live for years by trading between the seaport of Durban, South Africa, and the equator with only two hand baggages of wet cane sugar... Black Taxi accelerates and rushes, rushes, rushes. We taste the local foods of ox's tail and ostrich meat with vegetables lightly sweetened. We taste the blue-brownish, banana-pink, purple-orange local drinks that refresh the full body. And we taste the prime meal: the vivid, dizzy, ecstatic music that flies through all the villages, hamlets, ghettos, and metropolitan areas... Black Taxi accelerates and accelerates and rushes ahead. Black people are happy when rushing and flooring the gas pedal. In the rainstorms that frequent here during sundown times, Black Taxies and Black Taxies are sweeping through on each road surface. Rain pours, deluges flood everything, storms howl, and synthesizer music howls from the stereos too. And then, at that moment, for the first time in Africa, both our bodies become fully filled with the feeling that beams here on each face and shines here in each eyewith a fantastic, ethereal feeling...

This feeling tells us something and it is meaningful. This is not papaya juice. Not a banana bonbon either. This is nothing else than the only verifiable feeling of the minute, mortal human being diligently collecting false fortunes, false knowledge and false laurels. This is the frenzied freedom of having absolutely nothing.

13.

Wherever you go in Europe, whatever apartment you step in, and whoever you have a longer talk with, you always feel that there is something behind the scene. It is not too long ago that we killed hundreds of thousands and hundreds of thousands of Jewish and Gypsy people. But who killed them? If I think it over, I have to tell you seriously that I did. If you think it over, you have to confess that you did. We did this in that moment when we let even just one racist sentence sound in our environment with no comment. It does not matter whether we had been already born or not during the time of the Holocaust.

Instead of meditating over Jewish people, or listening to comments about Jewish people, just go to Israel and see their life with your own eyes. Go and see the kibbutzes over fifty years of age, where everybody - Jewish or not Jewish - is working till the last day of his life and from the common goods gets, always, equalized shares. Go and look around at the bus terminal of Tel-Aviv at the time of a bomb alarm, where hundreds of people, Jewish or not Jewish, are standing in silence and calm in front of the police line even for fifty minutes. No matter who explains this and how, this is brotherhood and equality.

Or, get a bus and travel through the deserts of the country. You will see beautiful gardens formed out on the rocks, and cultivated lands with abundant harvests on the sandy and stony ground. You travel eight hours long to the Eilat Bay and you cannot see even a square yard that has not been touched by humans. No matter who explains this and how, this is hardworking. I was asked to detail all of these in a tinged and manifold manner. No way to do it. Recalling the Holocaust, we have no right for tinging.

If you wish to have a really thorough knowledge about any country, city or community, the best thing is to travel there and look for work. Then, get up early each morning, work hard among the local people day after day, and struggle with them for food, for clothes and for development. Work in Israel. Work in the European, American and Australian Jewish communities. You positively will have a precise knowledge about everything.

14.

When you are in the fourteenth hour of flying and four days long you have not had any sleep, get some alcohol and juice yourself like a snail. Close your eyes, let your walkman sound loudly, then just smell, taste and touch nothing else. Stand up from your seat, walk some steps, and even between the rows try only to smell, to touch and to taste. And while the evergreen songs of the Beatles containing both diamond and mud are drumming in your head, and while you are sitting back, it becomes clear where you were minutes ago. In the Club Class you had felt the smell of light ham slices with flower honey poured on. Then you felt the smell of sweetened chicken meat also over there. You touched hair after hair there too, that were all thick and long like the lion's hair and that were all washed by flavored shampoos, cocoa, caramel and even cacao. They were Americans.

In First Class, in the lemon smell of the air conditioner, you touched light-wool gentlemen suits, and old-style women shirts with laces and mignonettes on. You click up your eyes now. Yes, women in mignonettes, with old silver and gold medallions, and wearing pleated skirts, are sitting there indeed. Yes, we are in the New Zealand plane. Yes, from Zealand they brought the drinks with the wooden barrel taste and cellar smell you've juiced up yourself on now. The liquors of the old times that your father was drinking in your early childhood. Strange that you feel no scratches or stabs in your mouth when sipping them. Just a gentle numbness. But these old soaps and this old soap smell - how did they come here? They radiate simply cleanness and neatness with no perfume or aroma. Zealand stewardesses in their pleated skirts are walking here. Yellowish Victorian albums - it seems that from these they stepped out. With charming country-English their wet lips are moving. You should be sleeping but the God damn life, the Holly life, with its a hundred thousand faces, does not allow it again. So, stand up, totter out, and touch, and touch and smell again...

15.

Sal Rewall, Mike Manzoni, Jessica Moriarty, and their friends hate any equivocation on any issue. They know that vainly you reach anything: scientific or artistic achievements, political or economic successes, properties, richness or so on, you are still no more than one small piece of reed in a marsh, or one small grain of sand on a river coast. You will be dead and forgotten, like Aristotle, Shakespeare and Beethoven would be by the fourteenth or fifteenth humankind during the times.

But they know, too, that for dolorous feelings, bitterness or sadness you've no reason at all. They know that the most painful sicknesses, of which you scream out at the top of you lungs, can turn at anytime into easement and a calm bed rest, while you spot many new and unkown elements of the everyday life in a pleasing way. They know that if you fracture your leg bones to pieces, you still find a soft and very pleasant position on your couch, where you sense nothing. They know how fraudulent and false the feelings all pains, aches and anguishes are, in the same way as any gladness or joy.

They know that you were born to be misled. That nothing is serious. That a very cunning and ridiculous world surrounds us, and we are also cunning and ridiculous motes. That we have no real value, no real wealth; and only the zest for the life, the passion for the life, and the pep is what we rather posses. What a luck that this has no national, no racial, no social origin; instead, it originates in our guts and incitements, it is rather real and massive, and will push us ahead and ahead no matter what pathways, road surfaces, water surfaces or airways.

16.

The planes flying overseas routes usually have magazines with pictures taken of the globe. How small this planet is when watching it from distant places of the Universe! Its tiny surface is

covered with white clouds and yellow-brownish, yellow-reddish colors underneath. It is a small potato. A tiny cauliflower. A little love-apple.