

V. Leac

**everybody worries**

*I've always wanted to write poems for two or three somewhat absent-minded, barely alive astronauts; they navigate adrift. I want you to imagine the smile of the astronaut, sitting there, at his table, by the porthole; sipping his drink - what might he be drinking? Upon reading it, you should have the feeling that the poem raises (from the page) on tiptoes; kisses you on the cheek; then runs away swiftly; it stops; turns around and laughs in your face, like a quick-witted child that makes you believe it knows the secret of happiness.*

**between us**

**what was written on the red-haired boy's  
baseball glove - the left hand glove -  
do you remember him?**

.neamtzu family's tent is at the edge of the forest  
i use the binoculars to get home  
whenever i look at you i feel like a note instead of conversation  
if you turn your back to me i'm a crazy naturalist

i have a marlboro pack but it's a radio  
when i go to the tea house i take it out and place it on the table  
i subtly push the button  
it is my kind of fun  
most vegetarians are extremists  
in time i become fa'afafine  
all these were happening four years prior to the accident  
i would tell myself back then:  
if you see a spider, take it into the barn  
and convince it to stay there  
now i'm wearing a cv tied with string around my neck

the little sister's voice in front of the tent trying to get  
mother to go with her into the forest to look for *oyster mushrooms*  
if only you could see how happy she is now  
together we have prepared to the smallest detail  
a video for a rock band singing inside a giant duvet  
she also brags about inventing a fishing sweeper

sometimes she places herself in front of me with a governess look and says:  
'How important is your life? Tell me, you red speck with a baseball glove!'

'Important! Just as important  
as a dung bead is to the scarab.  
Like a barcode for a plush mascot.'  
This silly thing is her favourite game.

she's very smart you know  
sometimes she doesn't talk all day  
she writes *borderline* on her desk.

Another funny thing was when she befriended  
an escort's little girl  
having nothing better to do

and probably getting bored to death  
she came next to me, leaned against my leg  
and tried to untie her shoelaces

there she is! coming back from the woods with mother,  
she's all smiles.

## **is very alert to everything S. says**

*to Jacky*

.yesterday i felt like a wrapper abandoned in a hedge.  
you can interpret these states much better;  
after all, you're the expert in cannibal buttons  
you have a lot of connections, you work with minorities.

sometimes i have the feeling that each time i look in the mirror,  
my head has grown a few millimetres in size.  
i'm desperate; i don't know what to do anymore. Your answer is predictable;  
you have seen for yourself that i have gotten a few discreet kicks,  
but i guess this is what happens in a gallery.  
i wonder whether i've gotten old.

the wrapper i was telling you about,  
has returned to the surface carried by the current of the cars;  
it has been pulled out from the hedge and taken into a neighbourhood  
where people get high on shampoo.  
'so what? nothing. this is how it all began, i tell you.'  
'did you notice they have installed a dog urinal  
in the gallery bathroom?  
i have wanted such a thing for a long time. it was my idea and Jacky's.  
but have you seen the sink unit on the stairway?  
yesterday, while going up the stairs, it struck me:  
i realized how powerful,  
how eloquent, this highly unusual sink unit was.

and i also noticed something else: i see that you like radishes.  
you can think of yourself, eventually, as a radish worm;  
too bad radish worms live a brief and sad life;  
and if, say, all radishes vanish from the face of the earth -  
and i'm sure they will vanish one day with all the pollution -  
nobody will know the taste of radishes anymore,  
many won't even know what a radish looked like,  
let alone a radish worm? what colour it had?  
what size? was it dangerous? aso, aso  
because nobody ever made  
a movie about the radish worm.'

## S. and two girlfriends

*to greenplastic & valchimic*

.a little while before we made up our minds about what to do  
two girlfriends from the band *exchanged glances*  
approached our car (i was looking for something in the glove compartment)  
'hei!'  
auch!  
'did you hurt yourself?'  
(now they sat their elbows on the top of the car)  
i lowered the window and - do we bring something along?  
i for one like corn puffs  
but i'm not making it a lifestyle.  
oh, how i wish i had a moustache myself  
how about a six pack?  
and three bags of garlic bake rolls  
you never know (i smiled) - yes, indeed.  
worse case, we can walk  
we'll imagine this later  
(laughter in the mirror) - do you think it'll be fun?  
you have some interesting ears

oooh, it is quite sinister and wild  
can we drive all the way down there? won't we roll over?  
looks like someone has been here already.  
now what? let's finish our cigarettes then  
we'll inflate the mattress and... look how many branches...  
if only Jacky were here yeeesss by the way how is Jacky?  
mind you don't turn over that box  
i'll start two fires: one against the mosquitoes  
and on for us - you get the pump and i get the mattress  
(now i hook the worm and launch)  
these plastic bags are so noisy  
and when you chew it's a total disaster  
doesn't anybody come here? so what if they do...  
'what kind of fruit are these?' crab apples  
'but i see that over here, too...'  
i know a game how you can avoid certain words  
in situations like these - don't you find it chilly?  
and what are the rules? - well, it's easy if someone,  
for instance, says: 'a few years ago...' or 'when i was...'  
(i had a blade of grass between my teeth)  
whoever thinks faster says: 'something moved over there'

i don't know what to say who made up this game?  
yes? (she removed the ashes from the mattress with her palm) - ok. we can  
do something else  
she began talking about movie scenes  
described on the radio then she added  
here i will dream green

good morning little bug have you ever seen something like this?  
why gather and leave i say we stay a little more  
they will all think something serious happened  
like we drowned or something

with improvements up to date the game could be very successful  
your ears have become so red  
(she lowered the window a tad and threw the cigarette butt)  
but you too went too far  
i say it's about time we turn on our cell phones  
put some music on  
we'll be there in five.

## **what else happened in S.'s apartment**

.perhaps it is not a good thing to remember  
when you draw a line or pull a string  
or other minute things such as friends in photographs  
pins stuck into the cork board  
these are all just pieces from other lives  
sometimes i really can't take it anymore i close my eyes  
and then the electronic frog appears the keys the mailbox people analysing  
billboards and an endless strip of windows and countless fingers - chubby  
and hairy, restless hands you are aware that you are about to be examined  
it all began with Jacky and Bucur caught in a beam of flashlight  
while they were digging out the neighbour's slipper  
of course you are ashamed how can you even think about such a thing  
now of all times when the relatives are about to cry look around at these  
clean and symbolic priests  
everybody knows that you hide in the closet  
and jog among your silken dresses  
with the finger pointing towards the ceiling she shows me something  
that has behind some splinters  
now they turn on the radio  
(whispers)  
he's the guy with the bible of happiness he sits on a skyscraper  
with his feet wrapped in mist plays his bisexual saxophone  
it rains on him only from the belly down  
he sits on the edge and even if somebody pushed him  
he would not make a sound on impact somebody pulls my hand  
now i am somewhere else  
i stand up and go out on the balcony i lean against the railing  
thought a half-opened window i hear:  
for Christ's sake change it... kill it, dammit... who sat...  
i move away from the banister, close the door  
and without thinking about consequences  
i go into the kitchen.

## my place

.i carry up candy bar wrappers  
the room is full of post-its  
in the living room there's a bunch of consonants  
C., D., L., T., K. all of'em wearing slippers  
you cannot say much about us

the salmon skeleton in the garbage bin could make a career  
but what kind of skeleton has any career you wonder we know a few that had  
your long dresses are as mysterious as  
*fishing adventures* magazine  
the hallway of the apartment harbours a killer  
what dubious relationship what faith binds us  
perhaps the breasts on my Chinese coffee mug  
the skeleton walks down the stairs it's now in the trash  
it is morning the balcony door slams  
of course it's not about me

the candy wrappers have an ecological effect  
they are in the garden behind the garage  
now the apartment design is different  
two bland clones talk about the olden days  
about the possibility of an island disappearing.

## **S.'s street**

.there are some green geometrical objects in the area some joke  
about them that they cannot have such size  
that it's a mistake that it cannot be bang it's an aberration  
with the foot into the geometrical colour look it's not moving  
damn it it's a hazard you ought to be whako it's distracting  
you can have accidents who put them here i like them i think it's spam  
you do realize it makes no sense they're here since the time of the tourists  
we're rolling quiet it's over so what, man so what  
it's bullshit don't you get it i was just watching i'd you're thinking again  
of the  
little fish that had a cap on and under the cap a note that read  
in fact it had your name on  
stop thinking about it it's all right come now, let's go.

## **S. makes an inquiry**

*.What is literature?* Literature is a book that the schoolmistress puts in her bag. (B.A., 8 yrs old) I like cartoons. (F.M., 6 yrs old) Literature is for poor children who don't have a computer. (C.T., 10 yrs old) Literature is at my grandmother's home, in the cupboard. (K.I., 9 yrs old) Literature are leftovers. (A.G., 6) Literature is the Ugly Duckling. (T.M., 8) Literature is something... is something... (I.S., 7) *What is a genius?* Genius is a small man coming through the door. (M.D., 6) It is a gentleman with a briefcase who has a doll and a tortoise on his back seat. The tortoise is dead because that's how the red lady wants it. (J.B., 8) A genius is a person who knows everything. (C.L., 8) The Genius comes from Africa. He enters people's homes through secret channels. (A.S., 7) Genius is an endangered species. It can be found in ice, on lost islands and in shoes. (A.S., 7) *What is inspiration?* Inspiration comes with the passing of time. (D.V., 7) Inspiration is the Spirit that enters your blood, goes into the brain and whispers in your ear what to do. (G.P., 8) Inspiration is when my older sister helps me with my homework. (A.P., 7) Inspiration is when you have no use for air. (S.P., 8) When you spend too much time in the bathroom, inspiration is seen at the window. (A.G., 7) If you talk to the dog, inspiration gets inside him and he wags. (M.T., 9) We live on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor. We don't have inspiration. (D.L., 7) *What is an author?* An author is on tv. He's ran away. He's hiding. (C.D., 7) It's mista' Costel who fries chestnuts. (M.L., 6) The author is a fat man. (I.R., 7) The author means you insist, you are active. (B.P., 10).

## **S. in his spare time**

.if we think about it  
the mannequin looks human  
and how many things one could say about the guy  
in the middle of the room and about a poor towel  
crossing the kitchen wrapped around the body

when you study a lot and pray after a few days  
you get the feeling that your sex gets smaller  
that you are somewhat more tolerant  
with your mind into pieces perched onto the stool  
you can look at a wall that doesn't meet anybody  
at the corner  
and your inner Scotsman wakes up and begins dancing

finally the polka dots artist girl is here  
now she must tend to me  
bye.

## **S.'s agenda**

.the mother of all groups gollumb green spark plug subgroup Brazilian  
mustard pickled shrimp meatball in sepia  
jello perforator  
reinforced gastuna flakes  
it's eromanda the student salt hair trap cucumber soup purplish bear  
illuminated parquetdasdsad lokakamara ei be si without pumpkin speaker  
corn in the lake  
cabbage Venice mouse baby storkSwiss cheese induced songs  
they persecuted me  
uproar  
s t u p o r .

**a day in the life of S..**i'm not painting a picture here  
i'm trying to make up something similar  
a few days ago  
i found a note on the street  
*the neighbour poisons his cat with koliva* if nothing changes in the meantime  
you throw yourself onto the couch and begin to think about  
the possibility of breeding some animals  
in an experimental genetic laboratory  
you put your ear inside the vacuum cleaner's tube  
and at one point your family members find you like that  
(thinking about this you start shaking  
and you find yourself with your palms over your face  
just like when you don't want to watch certain horror scenes)  
the feeling that you've had better days is gone  
you are desperate again and think  
that there is no way out of this  
because you know you've done many  
things necessary but some of the worse  
enough to raise your level of remorse.

## **a note that S. found in a thick, old-fashioned novel**

1. this is all i could find about this prehistoric animal.  
they had no other books on the topic, i hope it helps.
2. the boxes of bread crumbed fish must be frozen.  
once unfrozen, they cannot be frozen again!  
fry them for a maximum of 3 minutes, no more, until they are golden-brown.
3. the deodorant is a present, if you don't like it, pass it along.  
it should fit somebody's nose eventually.  
aaah, i almost forgot - don't forget to visit that jerk  
to recover my ski boots.  
i don't even want  
to think about  
never seeing  
them again.
4. the money is in *the history of europe* at page 241.  
if i pass my German exam you keep your promise.  
you haven't forgotten, have you? that's it, i'll hurry to the post office, those  
sour-faces  
might close. i can't wait to tell you what happened to me on the train.
5. i'm deeply sorry that you haven't managed to get to constanta.  
all's as usual, right?

**memories about S.**

*for the doll on the plane*

.out there far away you tie your sandal strap  
the river is near and the sand is dry  
you take out of your schoolbag the little plastic horse  
your clothes are so light  
the watchman is somewhere near  
doubting his religion like the books that change me  
that make me go into the kitchen  
and light a cigarette  
the definitions cancel each other  
the fence is perfect i release the animal within.

## **drones**

.At night, when you can't see your hand, but you know that outside there's the meeting of the problem-kids. My adrenalin rushes when i know they are out there. Mimi, the hacker's boy who believes in robots and aliens is now outside, he's lying on the grass

sending out light signals. His friend ,Edy comes and sits down next to him, Edy lives two houses down and has hidden under his closet 1 print of the famous dictator. He hates his family and the entire town, he hates the old continent because, he says,

it reeks of old-fashioned dresses. What are they up to is a secret. I have planted several bugs in the lawn, i've been watching them for a long time and i know their secret. Edy is the hater on duty many years later i read about him that he had discovered

an ingenious extermination method. It said in the paper how he had killed by contamination almost 100 people somewhere on an island, in Greece. No one knows a thing about Mimi, it is whispered that he was abducted on a chilly winter night.

## **the child**

.it's about 1 single guy of 40 who smokes a lot in the kitchen.  
he remembers how, many years ago, while he was an uncertain  
and troubled kid, he walked into the kitchen where two young women  
were chatting, his mother and her younger sister. he remembers

how he came in in high speed yelling: Yamamoto Yamamotoooo  
this is how i'll name my son when i grow up.  
they laughed like crazy holding each other by the shoulders...

now, in the kitchen, after many many years,  
without realizing, he whispers Yamamoto...

## **S. tells a story**

.this much-beloved thing  
almost all of us had  
and which we seldom part from  
it seems so plain  
but not anymore on a closer look  
you smell it dearly you caress it like a glass  
it passes from one to another  
sometimes it heals other times it poisons  
always a place of refuge  
were i a similar thing  
sometimes carried by the wind  
or simply forgotten in a common place  
perhaps it's not even worth  
that much attention  
sometimes you fall asleep and wake up next to it  
it asks for nothing and then you can give up  
let's suppose that after life there is nothing else  
save this thing.

**S. reads a possible poem by Constantin Acosmei**

.i'm standing in the rain hands in my pockets  
counting the cars  
that splash me.

**no signal**

## **the game**

.i want to tell you about the forest and the ozone about the football field on  
the edge of the woods  
that we called thus  
in a hurry while we were picking teams  
the field proved we were in an awesome shape

well i want to tell you a little something also about  
the cemetery on the edge of the woods  
next to the football field  
and about those lying there - our gallery -  
who wave their plastic wreaths like on a national holiday  
we are over-brimming with happiness and we score goal after goal  
even the hamlet dog which John has named - John is wagging and enjoying  
this game

evening came and we were playing and laughing  
and the scoreboard was always changing  
and our laughter was like from a movie  
where you can only hear the echo of laughter  
we could see the plastic wreaths raising  
and going up and down at the edge of the woods  
the rusty tin Christ in the middle of the cemetery  
with a plastic wreath on his head seemed a gallery leader  
we couldn't care less  
we were playing like no tomorrow passing and scoring  
the shadow of the trees scrolled over the field  
John was barking and nobody  
noticed when the ball got lost into the woods.

## Here around

.You can still see the islands of snow among the gloomy poplars.  
I'm on the embankment with the 2 kids of the squatters at the end of the street.  
I took out some string from my pocket (the string from the package I got by courier).  
I made up a bow from a sapling; arrow from the stem

of a dried plant. The sun bites into the islands of snow,  
we draw our arrows into the sky. I know the embankment well and  
all who walk their dogs over here, I know the owners of the tennis  
fields. Many say there's nothing more boring than this part of town's

embankment. The children have brought an armful of  
dried plants to fill the street with arrows and screams. Later  
these kids will become ball boys at the tennis fields, they will  
break the windows of the army hotel, they will hide in the building

of the dormitory, the old dormitory haunted by textile workers ghosts,  
and they will spend endless nights there. There's nothing wrong with that.

Now

the sun has fallen into a bucket of paint. Maybe those who say that  
over here there's nothing interesting to see are also right. Maybe.

Then this yellow-eyed dog - that barks at me whenever I ride  
my bike to work - this beautiful dog will be no more.  
I'll probably be gone to another place myself. The snow islands  
and the dried arrows of the plants stuck into the ground will still be here.

## **a perfect afternoon**

.one morning when the air pressure  
is on the brink each in their own car looking  
astray at banners with feelings stuck in  
the message window as we're rolling lost the  
truck runs us over...

now you've stopped thinking there are no more solutions  
you're almost unconscious... you dream  
the jaws of life cutting into the car frame  
and in your head, over there, far away, you begin to  
focus on the theme of a child ceaselessly laughing

now the disgust can't be read on your face  
nothing can be read on your face because  
of a mask you hear voices and the sound of utensils  
doing their job  
it is the last thing on your mind right now  
many objects would deserve different names  
anyway it is very complicated  
to begin to draw conclusions.

### **sister of a ball boy**

.sometimes i wish i were a lost lighter  
a plain lighter like the ones of yore  
with a green matte body, which, whenever you light it,  
gives out a red flame, as large as the capital letter O.  
but i think it would be more interesting if i were lighter fluid.  
were i such i would not like to be inside a see-through  
lighter, the ones with a flower inside  
many play (without realizing) with such a lighter  
they find it amusing how the flower moves through the fluid  
how the fluid moves from one compartment to another  
no way i would wish to be the fluid  
in a lighter like that  
but i would very much like to be the fluid  
in a matte plastic lighter  
and then those that are in the habit of playing  
wouldn't know which section has more fluid  
and nobody would realize when i am really almost over  
when i think about this i feel i'm going crazy with happiness.

## **no signal**

.when you are bored and you sit with half your face on your arm  
and texting hard and noting comes to your mind  
and you maintain this sorry posture  
instead of simply standing up and just walking the fuck off to anywhere  
you sit and type and tear tiny pieces from your sports shoes  
it's pointless  
it'll pass you tell yourself  
and you spit misleadingly you fake  
more than necessary  
and the next moment you light a cigarette  
you don't dare go to the old man at the corner  
and get on his bathroom scale  
who would believe that this unhappiness of yours  
has led you to the brink of obesity  
you are aware that you cannot leave the curb  
you have exhausted the menu again  
and now you're starting over.

## TRIPOPHOBIA

.as i lay on the bed casually my eyes stroll through the room and, inevitably, i see a hole and i think of something else; the memory keeps a hole through which come in and out objects and insects, familiar and unknown faces, smirks, coloured liquids ... i pull the blanket over my head, and through the holes come in and out, in and out... and that takes longer than you can imagine, and my blood pressure rises and i throw away the blanket and i scream not to weep.  
and this is a trip.

when you're relaxed fishing and the sun warms you up, and everything seems perfect, you see a green worm coming out of a straw and, unable to help myself, i tear up a blade of grass and i hit the worm with it and the worm draws back into its hole, telling itself, "the world is full of crazy people, i'd stay here, in my hole, for as long as i can resist" - i close my eyes and my mind sees hollow plants and dubious things come out of them and i yell, and the thread tangles and so on i tear everything and i rattle on the shore and, eventually, i end up into the water, which is also full of holes...  
from here on you can imagine what the trip is.

once when i was a little boy i was playing next to an anthill and i was watching them coming in and out of holes and i got super-scared of the way a certain ant was going in and out of the tiny hole... and at one point something else came out of there, and there i froze, as i was, with a straw in my teeth.  
and this was my first trip.

there are millions of holes in the bathroom and as i sit crouched in the bathtub and run the shower, and my hair is foamed with shampoo, finally through the holes of the shower out come moustached noodles and jello and other stuff you don't want to know about... the toilet seat lid lifts up and out come those horrible mean things from the commercials, that scientists call parasites, and they all look at me and laugh out loud on the edge of the toilet seat, and green peas run through the faucet, now i don't feel like taking a shower anymore, i get up, all with shampoo in my hair and I scream not to weep.  
and that's another trip.

Now i'm in the kitchen, cooking something and when i turn on the faucet little sticky frogs come out, and wherever they jump they stick, and through the holes in the stove where the gas should come out, out come some furry ghosts - be glad that you can't see them - and these ghosts scream in hysteria and i am waiting for my girlfriend, and when she finally rings the

doorbell, in the doorframe there's a giant wolf.  
and that's the trip.

## **suicide notes**

My dear friend,  
Mother bought me a brown shirt.  
I can't stand this color. I can't say no to her.  
Destroy the note! My dear friend,  
I have no real reason.  
However, I've given it a lot of thought, I have to do it.  
Swallow the note, I don't want anyone to find out the truth.  
Adios! Bro, I can't afford a gun,  
so I'm using this chinese crayon.  
As always.  
I can't afford a haircut...adios, my friend!  
Buddy,  
I've tried again. It's actually hilarious, I burst into laughter.  
You should try it. You won't be sorry.  
Read this carefully and follow the instructions.  
Throw the note in the

My dear,  
Mother caught me...she said she'll tell dad.  
I can't face him anymore.  
Burn the note!  
Man, Trust me, it's so boring to be mannered.  
Do whatever you want with the note.

My dear,  
Grandmother kissed me on the mouth...  
Adieu. My dear,  
I shaved and accidentally cut off my beauty spot.  
My wife won't hear of me ever again.  
Keep the note. Adios!  
My dear friend,  
The floods have destroyed our little home.  
The government had built a bigger, more comfortable house.  
Unfortunately, in the new place, I can't find my peace, I can't sleep.  
Memorize the note!

## **what is like**

.it's confusing

and it's also i-don't-know-how...

- i'm scared, too.

- come, what now, shall we go home?

- no.

- we're going to be happy, right? i won't even think of not being happy.

- we will, stop fretting.

- it's a promise, right?

- happiness is just a word, a word in the dictionary.

we will be happy...please calm down.

## **afterwards.**

- say, i've got the feeling that wherever i'm not around there're always interesting things happening. i could tell you so many...

- please...

- i'm obsessed with the honeymoon. maybe we'll make up a new word, maybe we'll make it ...just don't think that, anyway, sure, i was thinking about something else;

what's important is that we're taking these steps together, right?

- right.

- and this goes only for the two of us, doesn't it?

- yes, it does.

- do you think we'll make it?

- ask the soothsayer.

## **afterwards.**

- how can you say i've changed so much, it's been only two weeks.

## **afterwards.**

you're the only woman who tells me i'm crazy.

when i began explaining some things i was thrown into a tornado, no more no less...let me tell you...

the most awry images ...

then you asked me to write them down,

and later you ran with them to that damned doctor...

you read the list out loud - hear this, out loud! - to your mother.

i can only imagine...

## **afterwards.**

- let's go out. you pick a restaurant.

do i look well in these trousers? these darn shoes are a bit tight.

oh, i'm all sweaty. what do you think about this sweater?  
don't you find it out of style? have you seen my bag?  
what do you think, does it go with my outfit? i have the feeling you're  
ignoring me.

**by the window.**

- don't you find it odd that there are no people in this restaurant?  
do you think they are laundering money? i have a bad feeling about this.  
let's have a drink and then go someplace else.  
i have a really bad feeling about this. are you sad?  
you seem sad - i feel like you're not paying attention to me at all.  
you think i don't realize that. come on, don't be sad,  
we will be happy, you'll see. did you see the waiter?  
he looks like an elf. i say we get out of here,  
i don't trust him at all.  
- elves are very clean.  
- do you think you're funny?  
- me?  
- yeah, sure, it's all my fault.  
i always start things, of course it's my fault.  
you never make any mistake. if you only knew how pretty i am.  
but you never think about me, do you?

## **no strings attached**

.i looked at my hands with reproach  
i realize now that everything was in vain  
M. was setting up XP for you and i kept saying it's impossible  
the effect of cookies and cigarettes  
on the jobs involving sitting down  
you said you would be fair with me  
that we'd share everything 50-50  
i've always been fascinated by couples that  
speak of love in technical terms

now i'm in a park in front of the tramcar factory  
and behind me in a cherry plum tree  
there are three children talking about schoolbags  
i began calling people on the phone in despair  
to somehow get closer to reality  
eventually i left the kids up there in the cherry plum tree  
i improvised a song on the way:

when the oil will run out  
you'll come back to me  
when all the gas will run out  
you'll be back with me

when the oil will run out  
the mercedeses will turn over their keys  
and the world will be a little sadder

when all the factories will close down  
and all the banks will go bankrupt  
when all the money will run out  
you'll come back to me

at the market i met an eclectic gipsy man preaching reincarnation  
i said to myself i'll walk all night through the city  
in *dum-dum* i made friends with a red-headed hungarian girl and a plumber  
i had a very interesting chat with them about adam and eve  
i walked for one more hour  
i drank a coffee at the *hurried overalls* corner kiosk  
and i poured the saleslady a ton of lies  
that my house had burned down and i was left homeless  
that i was the only survivor  
and plenty of that kind of crap that made her drop some tears

sobbing she told me she too had been robbed  
her house had been broken into and thieves has stolen 54 little plush sheep  
her entire collection do you realize i'm so down  
i made another round through the market place  
finally i fell asleep in the tram station.

## **about the future**

.it is undoubtable that the giant wave will wash through the dryland with an amazing speed. it is difficult to imagine such a speed... the fish are hidden somewhere in the wave, right on the tip of the wave, they are helpless, so they just sit there...

the wave crashes into a mountain - boom!

and the fish are thrown into the desert.

everyone thinks they are dead; it's just an illusion, a false illusion. now, please, pay attention: - look carefully at this spot. do you notice something very very fast is moving and getting thicker? well, gentlemen, it's the double-jawed worm.

it is born inside the fish and then it eats it from within - did you see? it's very easy. then, by scent, the kangaroo-snail comes -

you can see it in this picture; it's got one leg, and this leg was once a tail. life is extremely tough in the desert. everything happens very very fast - and when you least expect it out comes the dragonfly-lizard

that runs/flyes with over 115 km per hour.

it grabs the snail and devours it ultra-rapidly.

the dragonfly-lizard is chocked by a trapping flower.

everything happens...life is extremely tough... now we're entering the giant super-forest:- see how the canopy moves? you're scared, aren't you? don't worry.

it's just an eight-legged mammoth, it's vegetarian. - see this green spot on the tree? it crawls after the mammoth

and makes it so that the mammoth steps in it; it is highly intelligent: it has set up house inside the mammoth. can you believe that this spot currently unknown to us

can bring the mammoth on the brink of despair?

at first we were also amazed.

it all happens very fast.

in two million years from now, life will be extremely tough...

we have showed you these images to get an idea

about how life on earth is going to be.it all happens very very fast.

## **THE BONELESS**

.as you walk the streets, to wherever your steps might take you, and your head is filled with the noise of 100 stamps and you get the feeling that you had dozed off, even if you were walking the streets for i don't know how long and you don't know what you were thinking and, for the moment, you start to panic because you know that someone, behind a curtain, is filming you; and then you start to check your pockets for your keys; and you suddenly get the feeling that you will never find anything anymore; right at this moment you feel a hand on your back and the next second your brow is sweaty and you whisper something you can't even hear yourself. Don't be scared. It's the Boneless.

when you're asleep and you suddenly wake up, in the sound of a broken glass, dropped onto the asphalt from high above, perhaps from the top floor; and you instantly think: somebody must have thrown a glass of water after a dog... and the next moment you realize: who might throw a glass at this hour, i alone live at the top floor; i'm in bed, sleeping; and there's no open window, although you have the feeling that there is one open - the curtains move as well. Don't be scared. It's the Boneless.

when you sit alone in the kitchen and you smoke, you inhale with a self-consuming urge; and you think that others - most of them - eat, also, from a somewhat similar urge: you get the feeling that they want to kill themselves eating; and, just as you sit and smoke (perhaps you are nervous or agitated, you can't really tell yourself), you hear the phone ringing; now the cigarette shakes between your fingers; you have the feeling that the phone will never stop ringing; and you don't feel like answering it at all, in fact, you can't even pick it up; you would rather drop dead this instant, than hear that ringing anymore. Don't be scared. It's the Boneless.

if you dream you are stuck in a sea of kelp, and all kinds of creatures and things swim/float all around you; but the most aggressive seems to you a vacuum cleaner on which someone has written FAKIR; and you try to come to the surface (you are aware that you are very close to the surface, because you can see the sunlight shimmering over the water) but the kelp swirls around you, because your movements are awry and there's no one next to you in bed to wake you up, and the calendar-icon on the nightstand, which a little girl gave to you yesterday, cannot wake you - now you see the otters are drawing near. Don't be scared. It's the Boneless.

when you walk towards the marketplace wondering whether blowing up balloons might be a way to get high; and as you walk like that you pass by the huge windows of the bank on the corner, and you can hardly help yourself

from looking at your own reflection there, and you think about the beautiful and serious chicks, with a sweet air, you can't see them: they are hidden in banks working on credit lines and doing estimates; and this is the real reason their skin is so fair; they never expose themselves to the sun; and as you walk on, now thinking of historical and SF movies, you get goose bumps when you look at the hands of the people in the market, as they lay, stretched out, you think that one of these days, a hand like that might touch you and, in that spot, instantly, a fly would sit on you; now your eyes gaze onto a keychain of a mouse wearing a t-shirt; and right this moment you feel somebody pushes you from behind. Don't be scared. It's the Boneless.

**hey, stranger**

*to Mălina, who's danced the salsa all of her life.*

## **inbox**

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't find a better way to put it - true, not that I've given it too intense of a thought - so I'm writing you on the fly, during the brief break of airing the rooms:

My Dear Chubby Spoiled One,

Of all the promises you have made me - and, frankly, there are lots - only one of them you have pursued to completion. I don't mind that you are a darn attention spoiled brat, but I also cannot say that I am lucky with a guy like you. Eventually, they will all find out that you hate Alina and that - hold on to your seats! - every Thursday morning you stuff your ears with tin foil, that you answer those who are watching you (you know what I'm talking about, your bloody guts) with: No. It's only rumours. I will yell it out loud... ah, I don't even know where to begin anymore, should it be the Virgin Mary hung from the rear view mirror? Or *The Last Supper* seen from behind? (I liked this idea of *The Last Supper* seen from behind). When I think about you I feel ridiculous and petty as a scotch tape for cheap people. Just because you know your way around a computer doesn't mean you are the smart ass that you think you are. When I asked you: how is orthodoxy better than coca cola? Your answer came with delay, and you uttered it so softly, you would think you were baptised in an inflatable church. I'm not saying that you don't have your moments, but it's all for nothing, these moments mostly keep away from you. I have the feeling that being a douche is a state of comfort to you. I mean it, if you don't keep your promises, one day I'm going to leave you - dumb-ass! And there'll be no time for regrets, nor anything else. This time I'm dead serious.

Anxiously,

Your sad and depraved heart.

## **it's the end of the world (over here)**

subject: the walrus

I am. I sit slouched on the bed, drink champagne and I try to write something for you to get high on. I believe I understand you in regards to your impossibility for abstinence. You're a tumpi-lumpi. Me, too, I've had something happening to me: I've bought myself a green muffler, with green stripes. I feel the time is drawing near when I have to leave this place for good and I can't think of anything else but the misfortunes ahead. I've had a terrible Christmas. I didn't get out of bed for three days: I must have seen at least 20 movies. Madness! Amongst others, these days I've been on a tour around the island. For the first time I could not help myself not to...and every time she opened her mouth I began to cry - traalaalaaa. I'm just a lousy scholar dreaming of a discovery, of meeting the big love, here, amongst icebergs and seals. Don't try to understand anything. Most of us are psychotic. On a corner of the mountain there was a waterfall, we lied with our backs in the snow; the sound of the water covered our voices, we continued talking like that for a long time; we have never been so honest with each other, although I couldn't hear a thing, I felt perfectly what she wanted to say to me. Was I happy? It's an understatement. Maybe I'll send you some pictures.

Still in Nordkapp.

**.and i was just**

thinking that you wrote me. I'm starting to  
feel guilty for not having gone to the round-around.  
Sometimes I have the feeling that I'm slightly damaged.

Some moron from the literature class wrote on  
a desk *LEAVE each day of your life as if it were the last one*. How philosophical  
is other people's idiocy!  
So, let's each of us leave our days,  
maybe one day we'll get to the antipodes.

That cow you-know-who didn't write to give me the details.  
I'm calling her now to remind her,  
maybe I can fool her to call me back, so I earn more free minutes.  
I'm adorable.

God, stupid people are like rat glue;  
once they get stuck on you there's no way to get them off  
not even with electric shocks. You know what I'm talking about.  
Now I'm off for 1 brief pee and then  
I go swimming, so I must bba-ba-bye  
You know you are the only person I like.

## **look what I got you**

i want you to come in february because i miss you  
we're living in a world unworthy of making something durable  
however, a world so beautiful you feel like going crazy  
when that cold and stupid wind blows in your face  
you live a paradox when you learn that the guardian of the heart is in the  
garden  
or in the public square trapped in a jar  
you enjoy the thrills of life  
in the meantime I have no reason to get out of bed in the morning  
but how can i live a different life a cold a migraine  
a car splashes my trousers  
a child's smile seen through a painted mask  
on the misty car window is the only image that can save us  
two 8 year-old orphan brothers  
i see them all the time from my bedroom window singing at the traffic lights  
and they are dressed one in a red blouse the other something colourless  
complementary orphans? do you know how much i miss you  
you have no idea.

### **This is Radio Berlioz**

The girls living in rooms 605 and 610 are dearly wishing you -  
HBD! HBD!

Now from me: spring is here, it is super-hot  
and so sunny it is perfect for a stroll arm in arm with the much-imagined.

Hardly any flowers for me today - well, this is it.

I'm meeting Laura later over coffee.

Maybe on my way there i might get a snowdrop from the traffic police.

And countless clandestine fruits, ha!

I hope you are well, now, sober enough

listen to the following song.

I will call you in half an hour.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PHT0pKMkokU>

Well, how is home? Don't tell me, it'll worsen my homesick.

Nothing much going on here, as you've probably heard already,

Saturday night i ended up again in *La Nerv*. Thanks for replying.

I didn't understand a thing from your tale, but the idea of a general hangover  
sounds cool.

I don't know myself what exactly is inside me - this thing is driving me crazy.

Well, but I'm sure you will dance as well, it's *Whit Monday*.

And don't forget to send me pictures with your green muffler.

Waiting for you to tell me about your various moods.

Yours, etc. etc.

## hei, stranger

.It's alright. I'm a kind and forgiving guy, but if it happens again, take note that I'm not responsible for myself, I swear. I've gotten over the thing with B. I couldn't care less about his future; I've never met anyone more miserable than he is. I've decided to extend my stay here for another year. You know what this means, right? Come spring, you are my guest. No comments or I start breaking the ice all around these mountains. We'll go to the beach - they have the softest sand in the world here -, I know a smooth cliff that looks like a stranded sperm whale. We shall lie on the sperm whale and stuff ourselves with reindeer ham. A few days ago I built a scarecrow on the beach; in the end I pinned a piece of paper on its chest that read: I'm an immigrant, take me home and love me! It's still there, nobody touched it. I lock myself in the lab for hours on end, otherwise I can't make it - this fog is driving me crazy. In here I've cleared up quite a lot of things. Yes, I've sort of integrated, more or less: I smile, I say "hei-hei" (that's the local salute); but in my mind - damn all the cryophiles in the world. I still haven't found out what do Norwegians do all this time locked in their homes, they probably watch the sea eagles out the window, who the hell knows? I must admit that, for the moment, I'm fine, I mean I must stay here until I finish my paper. Not long ago I've met a fisherman; he invited me to his *rorbu*; we ate scrambled eggs and canned pineapple. From his anchorage platform I took the photo of a bicycle, some sort of artwork, which was out at sea, about 20 m from the platform, welded onto a pillar raised a few meters above the ocean. I will send you a .jpeg. My personality has changed a lot since I got here. Otherwise, I play darts and eat jam.

From Nordkapp, with bristled hair,  
The Nerd of the Ice.

## **I am aware that things wouldn't be the same**

**1.** Let me tell you. Saturday we went to Lucille, for her birthday. Andreea has got the hots for her friend Sam. Lucille fancies a guy from school, but nothing has happened yet; we keep telling her to make a move, as time flies. Monica is still with Diego and they are going well. And I... I still can't believe what's going on.

The "sober" part is going to happen tonight. Monica and Adela and I went dancing on Wednesday and Adela found her Columbian guy again, his friends were all there, as well. I learned to dance salsa. It's amazing! Those guys spun me around until I lost myself completely. Yesterday I drank tequila with Torres and I got so drunk I nearly texted N. that I love him. Good thing I didn't have credit. That's about all that's been goin' on lately.

**3.** Me and Elena, both in mini-skirts, went, of course, to dance salsa. Here we ran into some mutual friends & girlfriends. And one of the girlfriends told one of her male friends, whom I haven't met before, to take us, girls, for a dance. Ant the guy takes me for a dance. God, nobody has ever danced me like that! At some point, that said girlfriend stopped the guy and told him to dance a while with Elena, too. He dances with her, then he comes back to me and we dance some more. We're having a date tomorrow night. He's from Peru, his name is Jesus, and he's got some burning black eyes. I'm going crazy! **9.** I'll be back in a few weeks and I'm mourning already. I want to stay here, with the gang of South-Americans, to dance salsa for the rest of my life. N has gone crazy again. He calls me 10 times a day; he willingly and unsolicitedly communicated me his e-mail password. So, hold on to your seat, I'm going away with him this weekend. The Fam knows that I'm going to be with you and Magda.

If some telephonic misfortune should occur, you let me know, I'll handle it somehow - I'll say you couldn't come because and because blah-blah-blah.

**5.** Enjoy the wonderful place where you are now. I, for one, would give anything to be on an island with dinosaurs. I am not well, not at all. Every evening I go out, I sit at a table, I have a drink then I leave. So, I was sitting at the table with the drink in front of me, and I suddenly got out a pen and paper and wrote a letter to one of the South-Americans. My cat is ill. Very ill. I walk around the house for hours, trying to find a way out. I hope I run into you tomorrow.

Despair itself.

## inbox

before i breathe my last i shall sit in the rocking chair, by the electric heater; well, i'm nostalgic; i will take out a page from my favourite notebook (as usual, with the mug on the heater) and i'll write with a marker (the one that you gave me) that you are a liar! where are the *ten fables with people written for animals*? do you remember? We were in Hungary one night, on the shore of a man-made lake, fishing African catfish. Do you remember that one point you kicked the worms can, that's because of your damn beer, and suddenly, all worms were gone; and, as you ran out of bait, you kept on fishing with the empty hook. you've forgotten this, right? the man on our left, the one smoking non-stop, saw you, he came next to you and handed you a leech, in fact, just a piece of leech, he shared with you his last leech. After some while, you met him, I mean that nice man with the leech, in the market place for *small animals*, you were talking with Buss's brother about eels - sorry, but I thought of using all the tricks in town - , he approached you and: Do you remember me? No, I believe you must be mistaken. No, you are impossible to be mistaken for someone else - his face was all concern and curiosity - I gave you the leech that evening, when you were fishing on an empty hook. Aaaa, yes, I remember. Yes, yes, and you couldn't add anything else, because the man apologised in a hurry and vanished among the canary cages behind you. On the way you thought about it carefully and the pangs of conscience hit you. You'd behaved miserably and that was obvious to anybody. You should have gone, as promised, to the market place for *small animals* every Sunday and apologise on your knees to the man for not having recognised him. Can you tell me why you didn't go? Can you? Why do you keep postponing, do you think you'll get out of this? You'd better go this very Sunday. If you go, I will give you this pearl necklace •••••••• that I got for my birthday, some years ago, from Captain Nemo.

**max o max**

I bet the sports bra was good on you. You know when strawberries first come out and you get such an urge to eat them because you've not eaten eating strawberries in a year? Or raspberry? The first one you taste is special. You taste it like you've never ever tasted strawberries before. You see? People still make out-of-the-blue presents. Listen to this: I was at the mall the other day, spent almost 4 hours ogling, they had all kinds of foods, I didn't even know what they were. There were two chicks dressed up plastic, advertising vacuum cleaners. I saw O., you should've seen me freaking out. I was a little dizzy after lunch, perhaps it was the veggie salad. Now I'm thinking of something useless and hardy. I think he needs a little shake (I'm talking about O); somebody should take him by the collar and slap him a couple of times for his own good. Relax, I got your message, but I'm not texting you back whenever you feel like it. If I don't text back just know that I'm a mess. Waiting for you to tell me in detail, whenever you're on, what's it like, I'm dying to know: the town, the room, what do you actually do, are the people ok? Get your ass on a bench and talk to me. Forget about it, maybe they are the heirs of those at sea. I'm dead tired. I just got home from a movie where I cried like a flower girl. I must have lost 5 kilos. Of course, there is someone else now speaking instead of me. Awaiting news. Raise up your antennae, socialise.

## **been in Spain for a month**

People are buzzing here, showing off their sentimental availability in the streets - imagine they walk around with signs on them. So. The guys aren't wasting any time, they've all got girlfriends, what about us? What are we doing? We just sit and cry on the pillow, with their picture under it. This cannot last! We should just let go of what it is to be let go of, look at the sky, you're on top, shake your ass, mind your clothes, get into mega-power, keep your eyes open, you never know who's gonna show up around the corner. Wow, am I having fun.

Did you see that eventually the increasing fatigue was worth it, that you have finally managed to realise who was your friend and who wasn't - let yourself be carried out by the storm and you shall see the day when you will once again gather snow crabs, you used to say. As far as the rampages you were doing, I know you don't belie yourself; I didn't really get why everyone is crazy about T.'s movie. You totally ravaged me. I wish I were there with you, among the ice, at least for one day; perhaps I will cry my eyes out all the time, most likely, who knows? perhaps at one point I won't take it anymore and I would fucking throw myself in the fiord.

Today I returned to Barca after a long vacation, I saw my schedule and said it's plain mockery. It's always super sad after the holidays. The town is completely changed. I passed by an architecture exhibition in the evening; I felt rather weird over there, so I took a taxi home. Now I am in my room, looking out the window at the city lights. I must clean up the place, everything is drowning in dust here. I'm really quite annoying, right? I feel I'm going crazy. Stop writing me. I shall leave this place soon.

Nostalgically,  
The Travelling Neuropath.

## **You, paper toad**

I see that you're not answering me.

You must have misplaced your charger again,  
I'll try later; if not, I'll see you on Wednesday  
at the upside down kiosk.

I am very proud of my job: today I have sketched some shoes  
For pets.

Throw me a line, stop rolling your eyes  
like those damned Theology students.

Don't tell me you've found your sample jar.

When I reached the hallway I had 2 surprises: 1. My parquet has swollen all  
over the hose,

there's a regular size highlands in the middle of the room.

When I sit on the couch, I feel like I'm going to fall  
into a steep.

2. The power is shutdown.

But how can I pay, when I never ever got any bill!

All the time I feel like I'm late for something.

Here, around, they opened a shop with food for rich dogs.

Anyway, do you realise how upset I am?

It would be all good if I didn't have to redo the entire parquet,

now the house looks as if I had giant worms under my floors,

like in the sci-fi movies. Aaa, almost forgot: you know Dan, right? What do  
you think he is up to?

He's writing the *Dwarves Encyclopaedia*, go figure!

Anyway, there's really no point in you texting me back,

I'll see you Thursday. I just wanted to give you a proof of life.

In a hurry, the Sweaty one.

## inbox

the truth is that we almost got on the phone to tell you everything that happened to us only a few minutes ago; good thing we didn't call you, you have no idea how glad we are that we didn't. There are important moments in life that you don't remember anymore, but you remember some silly thing that was going on in the meantime, like the mailman was a huge, red-headed man with his eyebrows dyed black. Of all that event this line is all that remains in your memory, and no matter how much you try it doesn't go away, you carry it with you to the grave. But right at the moment when we pressed the green button of the phone we realised you were away on a conference. A guy dropped by us, short and thin, brown hair, had glasses with no. 9 lenses on. He shook our hand and introduced himself. Imagine that, he had a crocodile-shaped gold ring on his finger. I grabbed his finger. What are you doing?, he asked us. His pupils dilated, I noticed that through the lenses. Nothing. Will you let us look at your golden crocodile? His face brightened - now his eyes were not frightened anymore, but excited. It's beautiful, isn't it? he added right away. It's solid gold, you know? And to prove that, he gently tapped his fingernail against it. Honestly, we couldn't tell if it was solid or not. It's custom-made from the plate I got from my elder sister. What do you mean? The plate belonged to my grandfather, who had an eye patch made out of gold. He got wounded in the war. It's a long story. His will stated that "the last born grandchild will inherit the plate". I was an accident myself. And the crocodile?... I got the idea from a cartoon. This cartoon was not with crocodiles, just that at some point, a crocodile would cross the screen in a hurry. I still have that image in my head. My drawing teacher worked for several months until he finally managed to perfectly render the image of the crocodile in my head. I'm Hungarian, you know... This is all I can say. He smiled languidly and he left. Now that we are left all alone, we are thinking of another event: that story with the kite flying over the reeds - you do remember, don't you? We can hardly wait for you to get home. We have a surprise for you. ♀♂

Breath-taken,  
forever in love, your naked Wood Peas.

## **situation restaurants**

I'm in the situation of being thrown out of the house by my problems, but I said let me drink my coffee first. Generally speaking, if you will, I'm ok. – the parents are away on vacation, and I am not completely stupid yet. If we were to get into details, I must confess that sometimes I get hit by a migraine. I wonder what's the point of making 100 things, multicriterial decisions, like in Maths. Anyway, if until... I mean if I end up making paper soup, I will go bonkers and jump off a bridge. Practically, I'm sporting a fringe. I bought myself about 250 grams of colourful beads – I'm making myself some bead strings!

I'm sending you something cool (I found it in a dressing room).

.the man on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor, a bookish guy,'s the writer  
that taps his teeth with a pen, as he drinks his kofe.  
and as he cannot express his mental images,  
he says to himself: I'm the biggest asshole there is.

now the camera is set on the 1<sup>st</sup> floor, right under the man on 2<sup>nd</sup>,  
and it's filming a gloved hand turning up the gas  
while madam T., director's wife, is in the shower,  
thinking of the guy who's teeth-tapping, one floor up.

it's in the air all over the hotel the *bad juju*.  
nooo – yelled all 9 bothers – nooo. do not let  
her turn on the light: jump and stop her!  
too late, tho. and they all saw the billboard  
on the hotel's frontispiece fly through the air.

now just the writer, still on 2<sup>nd</sup> as if  
by a miracle, astounded he looked down to  
1<sup>st</sup>, which, by *bad juju*, had gotten to the ground floor.  
and on his beloved kofe table there were  
some hysterical braces, yelling:  
action! action! rolling.

Last night I finished the first bead string: coral-red. I got distracted telling you stories and I ran out of coffee. So, if you feel like I'm telling you weird things, it's not my fault. I am dizzy. I haven't seen you since... last summer, at some event ha-ha-ha – you took off quickly. You asked me if I was well. I said I was. In fact, someone had just died a few days before; I was not well at all. Know that I'm following you, I'm awfully amused by your comms about neologisms and adjectives. Now I'm slightly down, more often so, lately, your message yesterday kind of did it for me. I will make up a theory about our lives. What's

up with the trip? Got cancelled? I hope you're not mocking me. You'd better stop it, damn it. Come, now, close your eyes and imagine you're getting the coolest massage - smile.

## **i'm in bed**

You will not believe what is happening here. My lab colleague caved in, he's rambling and has become almost uncontrollable; we generally don't speak to each other and when we do, it's in technical terms. Now he's in a hospital, tied to a bed and a dr. paranoid is threatening him with electric shocks in case he thinks about jumping out the window or something. I'm writing the telegram I got from A. "Jacky is very sad that you have left. He cannot understand it. How do dachshunds kill themselves? Perhaps they stick their head into a den and stay there until they choke to death. We love you!"

Lately I spend more time on the beach; I throw stones at the water. Here it rains almost every day, lately I get a fever and sometimes I scream just to know I'm alive. Ever since I got here I have a feeling of uselessness + regret. I made friends with the violin player; he lives in some sort of a shack, near the shore, last time he offered me tea and blueberries jam; he's got a very old dog, name's Bruno. After an hour I was totally done with. When I think about the past years I have the feeling of a guy sitting in the doorway of a train car, speeding up, waving his scarf goodbye, and I'm standing on the platform, with my hands in my pockets. Yesterday, going out from the market, there was this car in the parking lot, windows all foggy, and while I was emptying out my cart, I noticed a finger drawing an elephant on the window, drew a circle around the elephant - I smiled - next to this traffic sign he quickly drew two dots, an isosceles triangle and a banana; the artist in the car put his face near the so-called mask and smiled. It was one of the few things that have made me instantly happy. Perhaps I will manage to paint the boat today. Now let me tell you about the boat trip: I saw snowed forest up on the mountains slopes; icebergs full of seals; the frozen seas and water-spitting whales, my hands and feet froze. I passed by the Christmas-decorated windows of the old people in the nursing homes, by the trolls shop - I will send you pictures of trolls standing in the windows. I believe this was the last trip I made here. Good-bye, frozen seas!

**To: Pis**

How I miss tossing a pebble. I am sick of this place; I'd rather have received a scholarship in Germany. At least they have better Internet connection there. I believe your message got lost in the air, I haven't received a thing, you know? What friend of S.'s are you talking about?

Who is S.? I'm sorry to hear the bar is falling apart, especially since I really loved their coffee. I say you should stay put, don't get married - what's wrong with you? you'd better find yourself a scholarship somewhere. You've got nothing to lose. Domestic stuff! - man, I don't wanna hear about any domestic stuff. At least you change the scenery, if nothing else. Wasn't it good for you when you travelled across Bulgaria that crazy summer? I don't know what to say about your mother, just keep trying to ignore her. So far, I have a flirt named Lorres. I mean this guy is Algerian and we've met, chatted for a while ago. In a way, the town's alright, it's a lot of green and shops, in fact I told you I nearly died at the W.M. (there's a loon here that has made his own wax museum). I'm letting you know I'm not going to Berlioz. I've been to Rennes over the week-end, because Nunez wanted to take a trip on her birthday. It was very cool and very FNAC - in the evening there were about 20 of us downtown, and the bar being expensive, we drank on the street; around 02:00 we were dancing salsa. Some of us got back home, about 10 remained and we took a trip to Dinan. In the car with Nunez, Alessio, Torres and Rodrigo, imagine the gang! In the evening we got back to Nantes, but still didn't stop, we went to Nunez's room to continue the party. On this fine occasion I caught the most magnificent flu from buddy Torres, I've exhausted almost two packs of parrot napkins. Now you've got an idea about how and what. I'll be leaving soon. There are sales now over here and I gotta run like mad all over the shops, as if I haven't seen clothes my whole life; to scramble, to hassle people, to tear off blouses from my shopping-rivals. Take care of your ass. You know, I've got a plush lion here; his name is Aurel and he has beads in his tail. I'll ask him, too, what he thinks about your case.

## **for you, little devil**

I'm warning you, don't get pissed. I have been mentioning you in meetings, so, in a way, you're taking part, too. I can already see you getting all upset about this. I can't sleep, I believe I'm too excited, the whole day I've been following a dame draped in fur. I hope you are home now, no migraines or other mystical despairs. Everybody is trying to create over here, it's awful. I've read the material, comments and all. It is hateful to write fashionably, you're didactic and use that snobbish lecturer language, over trying to sound smarter than he is. hold on, chill! Why don't you try to be you, as you are? Why not? Ok, that's enough. Let me tell you something. A few days ago I thought about visiting S. He's working from home, lately, says he's using a lot of plastic beads. You get to S.'s directly from the sidewalk, he lives in the basement, just go down four smaller steps and two big ones; he's got an emerald green rug in the hallway, a motorcycle rack, two Xerox machines covered in auto parts and a few styrofoam pieces. You turn left and enter a small room; carton boxes and closets, shoes and a stuffed up clothes rack. His room is like a hall: an all-purpose ping pong table; a makeshift bed-wannabe. From this universal room you get to the kitchen, which is also bathroom and dog-trophies exhibitory - among other things, S. is also the President of the Canine Association in town - again, still here, in the kitchen, he has a giant sink, where he bathes and grooms dogs. S. was feeling awesome. You are all covered in nails, I said. I forgot to shake them off, I always forget to shake them off after I cut them, they have a terrible way of hanging onto my clothes. Did you see the cat on your way in? No, what cat? There's a white cat that's been roaming around in front of my windows for a few days now. We drank one of them miracle teas - he makes the wildest tea combos - and he told me the whole story of the plastic beads. As I walked out from S.'s I only took a couple of steps and what do you know? There was the cat! A perfectly white cat with green eyes, slightly turned with her back to me, was checking me out a bit maliciously, or maybe just indifferent; I was stuck for a few seconds looking back at her and, eventually, I gave in. Close to home I found an infamous nine of spades, so... do you believe me that I haven't slept a wink? And in the morning when I managed to fall asleep I dreamt I had given birth to a child who was ice-like translucent and I was terribly frightened I didn't know where to hide it. Do not analyse anything, it's just a stupid dream. I can't wait to meet you, I want us to go again and see Mr. Fly. I have the feeling extraordinary things are going on over there and we are missing out on them. I am with you. As always, c-ya!

## 2

### **inbox (...)**

*subject:* the camp in the trovants garden

I have been here for two weeks. Feels like I'm back to another century. The furniture in the room is horror – mahogany baroque. The bed I sleep in is an ottoman couch, literally dating back to the Ottoman Empire, it has a broken spring coming out of upholstery; I have annihilated it with that old sweater I didn't even want to take. My favourite spot, in this entire décor, is a rock in the back garden, under a black locust tree, about to die. This is where, I like to sit there and think. The only thing bothering me is the boarding house manager. Check this out. I was at the table, gobbling chocolate rice pudding when Authority herself walks in, the Governess of Governesses, with my kaki pair of corduroy pants – she puts them in front of me while I am eating, do you realise...?

- See this stain? What is it, it doesn't come out? Is it chewing gum? Do you see it?

I said nothing.

- I wonder what the stain is of...

I couldn't take it anymore and:

- Please, listen to me for a moment. I did not yell, but my guess is that my tone was sharp. She froze, did not see that one coming. One minute!

1). If you look carefully, you will notice that the stain is on the bottom half of the pants, and, had you given it a little thought before you put them under my nose, you would have been able to tell yourself that I cannot answer your questions about where/when/also I had stained them, do you understand?

2). There's nothing in the world more annoying than being subject to a bloody interrogatory about how you have stained your pants, right in the middle of you eating rice pudding. Wait, don't leave... I am not finished yet. She looked at me one more time through the half-closed door before she disappeared in the dark hallway that links the kitchen to the living room and bedroom, holding my pants on her left arm and the iron in the other hand. And only then did I realise that the lunatic was ironing corduroy.

Do not worry; I'm doing fine in this desert full of surprises. Don't wait for me at the station. I have made up my mind to walk an army march home to shatter all records.

Hair in the wind, your friend Sebastian.

Ps. I have gathered a ton of insects. I have buried them next to the rock. They say it has magical powers.