

COFFEE BREAK 2.



Creative Group:

TED
VICA
KATI
APOLKA
TUNDE
KATA
ZOLI

UNIVERSITY OF MISKOLC ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

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& judit kovi

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An unusual TV guide

Let's buy orange jeans and go to the cinema to see the latest film from Hollywood! But we might as well turn on the TV and watch some videos. But wait a minute...why do we want to participate in these things? Only because they appear in our minds as 'cool' ??? Our homes are infiltrated with the so called general taste that makes us buy clothes we never needed, dance to stupid songs or see movies absolutely similar to 20 others. But we can get out of this vicious circle and look upon this maze with an objective view so as to preserve our personalities.

Nowadays there are several TV channels in all countries of the world. Probably there is an Eskimo or a Zulu channel existing somewhere. As television originates from the USA, this means of broadcast is inseparable from the American lifestyle and way of thinking.

A good example for this is Galavision, which is a Latin-American channel. They never show anything in English, no films, music, reports, not even subtitled versions. Whenever I switch it on I can see soap operas, quiz shows or music. Somehow I found it funny to see Juan and Margarita posing like the stars in Dallas, only the setting was substituted with a 'hacienda' which is almost identical with a 'ranch', or to see the Hispanic version of 'wheel of fortune' where almost after each game the audience and the host bursts into singing or to find that the average of Madonna imitators is 10 per hour. The Hispanic tried to preserve their national identity by excluding foreign programs plus talking their mother tongue in their own channel but instead of this they simply created their own version of average junk, which is nothing else but the latest trend.

What is a trend by the way? In most cases it is a seriously organized military plan. Some businessmen and some designers form a huddle and find out something revolutionary new that will make a lot of money for them. This can be either a style, a program, a new dogfood or even a rockband. They know exactly what people need, they have an enthusiastic brigade of

employees with opinion polls and they know exactly what people do not actually need but will buy. They have a just as enthusiastic brigade of psychologist as well. Then they make advertisements which appear on the screen and the rest of the story is evident.

Studies show that entertaining programs and advertisements are mostly watched by the most easily influenced part of society: children, youngsters, pensioners, almost everyone who has nothing better to do. Here I must mention the dead tired intellectual who, on arriving home after 8 or 12 hours of mental work, has no desire to read classics but to turn on the telly and relax. Thus the popularity index of these programs is almost 100%.

But what is so catchy in romantic films and ads? Both of them reflect ideal states. As Craig Raine says in one of his poems :

'A key is turned to free the world
for movement, so quick there is a film
to watch for anything missed'

So, people's dreams are visualized and while they assimilate with the hero, the dreams are almost realized. In commercials they are not only realized but also available. 'Health "beauty" welfare' all appear as the absolute consequence of buying a special product. And seeing a group of scientists in a laboratory who have improved a new formula of 'this 'n' that' right now only for us. We have the feeling that somebody is taking care of us.

The solution is the following to avoid being misled: we should be more conscious of the way we spend our spare time, Thus reducing the hours of watching TV we'll have plenty of time to be ourselves, to be creative, to read and be less likely to adjust to clichés and would have more time to surf on the internet highway.

So we must be very careful not to find ourselves out of the frying-pan into the virtual fire!

Apolka

Heavenly Evening

If a sad song sounds from the garden
and the orange-purple Sun even has a rest
on the porch
the dreamed-winged, deep loneliness occurs
in the night fall.

Time muses on the grass-velvet of
the fruit garden, where morello trees
are moaning sweet scent of the Garden
of Eden.

All the missions can rest for a night,
slowing pulse is combining efforts now
but the nicest dreambringer
breeze is starting out
-its house is the showing black peak-
the evening lake is showing reflection to it
and calmness is shivering.

M. Roland

Gravity vs. B.J.

One of the best experiences that a layman might ever have in my opinion is Bungee Jumping. Bungee Jumping struck into the high-tech post modern societies a few years ago. It was when people felt bored and wanted to seek actual ventures in their tedious lives facing the Virtual Reality that pretty much determines our lives especially "when You are in the Air Up There": the Gravity. Actually BJ was quite frequently practised in the Inca and Aztec cultures not exactly for fun but to sacrifice people. Yet, people often look upon this had activity as a stupid thing for dummies who risk their finite existence. Also the average type doesn't even care about natural forces or to

consider them literally natural. They say OK we've had gravity for quite a long while, so what! As the matter of fact I had considered myself a member of this somewhat ignorant group of people before my jump. Everybody would be more aware of the importance of it if they knew what it really feels like having it. But I understand that we are capable of forgetting the natural aspect of the world even in an immediate vicinity when we are preferences, interests and benefits come first pushing everything behind in this rushing life. You cannot grasp what it really is, the whole concept, until you experience it at first hand.

Anyway, it was a year ago when the chance of getting familiar with this hyper action personally shown at me on a sunny Saturday morning. My friends and I had been preparing for this unusual and yet never experienced event for a week or so mentally and physically as well. As for me I felt baffled since I didn't know what was awaiting me. To tell the truth I hadn't tried it before and therefore I was a bit scared but I cheered myself telling everyone: "Oh, I saw some jumps on TV, I know how it works."

As for packing we had to put our stuff together very carefully and I was like a new born child. I didn't know what and how to tie ropes and even what kind of equipment I had to pile up in the centre of my room. So I left all my gear for the experienced and professional friends of mine and it seemed as if I had literally left my fate slip into their hands because if they left something crucially important out I would be doomed I thought. No other way to think because that's how went. While they were occupied with the preparation I started fixing some sandwiches and drinks wondering about how much I usually eat not taking the upheaval feeling of this exciting event into consideration, which for sure would enlarge the capacity of my bellowed stomach. Finally, when we finished packing some other friends pulled into the driveway. We had breakfast and I was told not to eat too much unless I want to see it at least three times. Well, I was startled and I thought I'd better take the advice because no one knows what would happen later. Then all 4 of us got out of the house, we threw all the stuff into the back

of the Lincoln, hopped into the car and hit the road to Snowqualmie Valley, the hotbed of the freaky jumpers.

After travelling for almost an hour we got to that place, which seemed totally remote with a couple of huts and a few people. They were all preparing for jumps telling weird jokes about newcomers. I made it out in no time they were referring to me but I didn't give a rib. I just kept taking my gear out onto the grass with my buddies in the parking lot. I was going to ask Jack, one of my friends, where we actually "take off" when I looked up and saw a bridge above me and finally realised we were in huge gorge. The bridge could be about 200 m from the bottom that connected the 2 sides of the ravine. I was just frightened at that moment wondering how the heck we would get up there.

"We'd better get starting climbing stairs, dudes," said Jack anxiously.

It took us about 20-25 minutes to get on the bridge which was made for the sake of the jumpers, for Bungee purposes. When I looked down I thought no way I'd jump off, no, not even for money. Before me there were others to jump so I could see the whole process of action and could also string up myself mentally. When seeing others flying or actually falling I was unconsciously tying and fastening all the supporting ropes on me as if I had been the next to go. And as it turned out, all my friends voted for me to go first. Also there was no other way of backing up now, and what's more the only way to get down was by air-travel. I thought I was well prepared mentally but I can't tell the impact of the struggle between "yes or no" inside my soul. I also tried to apply any physics studies to compute the speed of a body of about my weight at the end of a trip like this when falling. If you only take 150 m and leave 50 m for slowing down, the result is still horrible: it is??? Oh, my God it's horrible. What if the ropes tear off, I will be like a smashed pumpkin at the end of this journey.

"And I haven't even made a will", said to myself.

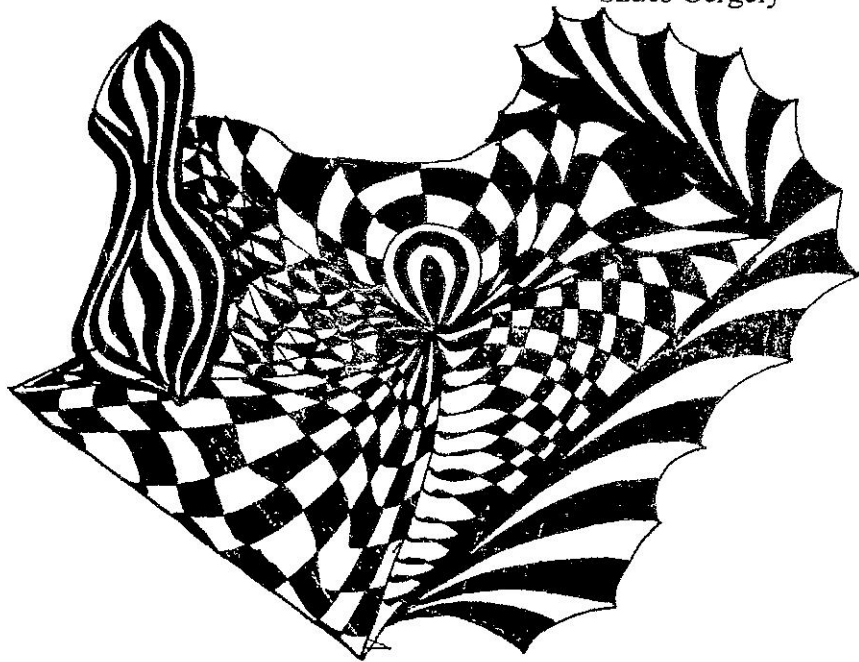
But I was assured everything would go just fine and not to worry. I tried not to think of anything serious and just stepped

off the edge of the concrete bridge. And I started to fall. I felt I was going to scream my guts out. It was an awesome feeling just to fall and fall gaining more and more speed at every second, having the gravity as an overriding force on me. Falling was exactly the same as in my dreams, but my stomach was somewhat strange. As the matter of fact the whole action took about 7-8 seconds but it seemed like a couple of minutes. I felt like a worm hooked on a fishing nod. It was an unforgettable experience as well as a frightening feeling to know that I was totally exposed to gravity, nature and my fate.

Then at the bottom of the gorge I was disconnected from the rope and I could walk on earth again. I felt lucky that I had the chance to try this ultra cool thing. After the first jump I was somewhat inspired to appreciate nature and everything that comes with nature more and that was the main idea that I could conclude from this whole event. Actually, I do appreciate everything around me but this has given a further push toward real perception of nature.

However, the second after I had gone through my "deeper thoughts" like a greedy guy I was more eagerly climbing up the stairs than before just to jump more and more.

Szucs Gergely



MAYDAY

The small grey village basked in the morning sun like a fresh green leaf on a sycamore tree. The streets were covered with people rushing to work or shopping, their quick steps woke up the dusty ground.

He was sitting on the bench in front of their old white house, with his feet bent under his bottom. He was chewing a blade of grass, slowly and with delight - he looked just like a young rabbit watching the world with growing excitement. How he loved the sight of these colourful people, the way they walked and the way they chatted about the last night's dance! And how he envied them!

The doctor said that his vocal cords were in best health and he simply couldn't understand why the boy had never said a single word. He was said to be the fool of the village, someone to laugh at, someone to hurt for fun. He didn't seem to care. The more he was tortured the kinder he became, deaning the shoes that kicked him, shaking the hands that slapped his face. Many thought that he was deaf, too, they couldn't believe that someone can stay calm and smile even if he is called a bastard, a whore's grinning, creepy son.

Only his grandmother knew that he could hear and he could talk. She was the one who knew why he never uttered a word.

'Isn't it a wonderful morning son?' - she sighed as she navigated through the rickety gate to sit down on the bench. He looked at her with such faithful eyes that her heart filled with love and sympathy for him. She stroke his dark blonde hair and raised his head with a finger put under his chin.

'Do you know what day it is today? It's Mayday, son, sweet Mayday. I remember when I was a young girl, just like you, I was waiting for this day with such an excitement. All the girls were impatient to see if they 'd got a maytree while they were sleeping. You could never know which morning you 'd wake up at the sight of a tree covered with coloured ribbons, hundreds and thousands! You could never tell who

decorated that tree for you to declare love, but you always had someone on your mind and if your heart knew the truth, you could be sure that you wouldn't be a girl for much longer. That's how I married your grandfather and that's how your mother... But I'd better not talk about that.

He turned his blurred eyes, so curious a minute ago, away from her, his pupils grew big like huge black holes in the sky as he looked into himself, trying to bury his memories behind deaf ears and mute lips.

'Hey, you creep! Can you hear me asshole?' - a skinny lad just about at 12 shouted at him with a hurting grin.

'Do you wanna kiss me, boy?' - continued a round, blond girl. 'Oh, I forgot you can't, 'cos you can't open your stupid mouth. What a pitty, creep.'

'Creep, creep, creep!!!' - echoed the street and all the dazzling windows and the sinking walls.

'Creep, creep, creep!!!'

For the first time he showed some sort of an emotion. He raised his hand to his forehead, gently pressing it two or three times, then moved his finger in circles around his eyes. They seemed to be in tears, but not a single drop rolled down on his cheek. He was much stronger than that.

Suddenly he could smell something sweet, something spellbounding and as he looked up he saw a flower in a small white hand, then a rosy smile, then those azure blue eyes and a girl running away with light steps and drifting blond hair, beautiful golden hair.

'She is Emma, the parson's daughter' - his grandmother said. - 'Very pretty. She can feel sorry that no one stands by the tree nowadays. I'm sure she'd get the biggest and most beautiful one in the whole village ... Do you listen to me, son?'

He was still staring at the sparkling air as if he was seeing a fairy with his inner eyes, a fairy that could make him talk again.

Night fell on the houses and meadows, silky, warm night. Not a single soul was on the streets, people were walking

in another sort of darkness, the darkness of their own, fearful, black and white dreams.

He walked so quietly as a stray dog on skulking grass. The only sound was the beating of his heart, rhythmic and clear as if he was talking or singing, sitting on the highest tree of their garden. He arrived to the small church building covered in silence, climbed carefully over the fence enforced with sharp iron spears and took the ribbons out of his pocket. There was only one tree in the churchyard, tall and bald with hardly any branches. The bar was slippery, but he managed to swarm up and up, right to the top, where the stars looked so close that he could have touched them if he reached with his hand. He started to tie the ribbons on the fragile dry branches - a red one like her lips, then a blue one like her eyes and dozens of yellow ones like her long blond hair.

He still had some ribbons in his shaking hand when he heard something, a soft question coming from heaven or hill, a question emerging from the bottom of his heart.

'What are you doing here?'

He closed his weary eyes to shut out the sounds he didn't want to hear.

'Who are you? Say a word!' - The grass whispered and he felt cool air rushing through his veins, wuthering air as he was falling down, falling into darkness.

His body was found next morning, pierced by the fence. There were spots of blood everywhere around him, like red dew on the grass. He was still grabbing a yellow ribbon, holding onto it as he always held onto silence.

The whole village went to his funeral, they were all standing there around the grave, some shocked, some embarrassed, some even crying.

'He was born in silence and now we'll give him back to silence where he belongs' - the parson said and his daughter placed a green wreath onto his grave, wrapped in golden ribbons drifting in the morning sun like the ribbons of the maytree. Like drifting, golden hair.

Vica

Silent film

He's standing at the window and biting his nails. I've already told him 1000 times that he should rather smoke, I told him 1000 times. Well, at that time I still talked to him.

'Jesus, Kit, wouldn't you say a damn word?' He wouldn't take his finger out of his mouth. If he goes on like this, he'll eat his whole finger, not just his nails.

'You drive me crazy, Kit, honestly, you drive me crazy! You're sitting there all day long, and you don't say a damn word. How long do you want to be mad at me, ha?

Until you bite the dust, Nigel, until you bite the dust, honey.

There was a time when I talked to him. What's more - we talked. We'd been sitting in a bar for hours, drinking gin&tonic, lighting one cigarette after the other, we couldn't stop talking. Nigel - and I think he was all alone in this world with his opinion - loved when I talked. 'Cricket', he used to say 'no one can chirp the way you do'. And from his mouth it was a compliment. Nigel has a very unique way to express his approval. When I died my hair red, he said: 'What happened to you? Did the hairdresser burn your hair?' At that time I didn't know him so well, so I didn't talk to him for a day, though that's a miracle with me. And now I haven't talked to him for whole 27 days.

'For god's sake, Kit?!?!'

Shut up, you creep, do you think this works with me?, my eyes say.

'please, don't look at me this way', he begs 'I didn't mean to hurt you.'

And still you beat me up. I had to tell my friends that I fell on the ice. I don't know if they believed me. They know Nigel quite well, but none of them knows him as good as I do. I know his palm. I know each finger of his. I still feel them on my cheek.

'I didn't want to hit you...'

It's easy to say that.

'...but sometimes you put me out of patience, really, you drive me mad. Do you hear me, Kit?

Nice try, Nig, hats off! Do you think, you bastard, that you can make me talk again? You're awfully wrong, buddy, awfully wrong!

Of course I'm the champion of being wrong, too. How the hell could I fall in love with him? Ok, he looked really good, there's no doubt about it. Tall, brown haired, with eyes burning like fire. He doesn't even have to open his mouth, everybody can see that he is an artist. And who could resist him if he enters a room with a charming smile, black hat and a black coat flying behind him? And that white scarf!...Nigel Nopkins, world famous director, every woman's dream-and every actor's nightmare. Not to mention me.

'Do you remember?', he steps to the dressing table and lifts up our first picture together. His right hand on my shoulder, he's stroking my face with the left one. We're staring in each others eyes completely in love. How could I not remember? You could see that picture in every paper for weeks, every headline shouted: 'Nigel Hopkins and Kit Kirkland are together!' Together. Yeah, till death do us part.

Hesitating, he puts his hands in his pocket, crosses his legs and breathes a sigh. Do you want to move me, Nigel? Keep the tears for your beloved fans, they might still be able to appreciate it. Well, those very few you still have.

'Do you remember? Do you remember that premiere, Kit?'

I can't stand when he's nostalgic. He is overcome by emotions like an old man in a veteran home showing faded, yellow pictures of his children.

'Everybody stood up and clapped their hands: 'Bravo, Nigel, bravo!' What an applause! These are the moments that are worth living for.'

And what about those months and years that are not?

'It was so long ago..everything's changed. Why has everything changed, Kit?'

You're asking me? Me??? Take a look at your hands, Nigel, just take a look! Can you see your bloody big artist hands with

which you gave that decisive smack to your favourite producer? He sacked you, of course. No one could stand you any longer. It's OK for the actors to have star manners but for a damn little director?

'Though I made such good films! Such brilliant films! Everybody adored me!

Don't kid yourself, Nig. No one saw your last film. Not a single soul was sitting in the cinema, it wasn't even on for 2 days. Now that's where you screwed it up - with them at least.

He stands up and drags himself to the wardrobe. He pulls out a bottle of vodka from under his pants and drinks half of it with a single sip. You should rather bite your nails, Nigel.

'Fucking hell! Say something!

He was shouting exactly like this 27 days ago, and it wasn't the first time. Sometimes I have to think, that's the only way he can speak, he was born with different vocal cords than ordinary people. But no. There was a time when he was kind. He softly whispered: 'I love you, Kit' and I fell for him. I was such an arsehole! Of course he enchanted me- he was really enchanting at that time and I was ready to do anything for him 'Let's get married, Kit, do you hear me? We'll buy a big house with a swimming pool and a tennis court and a lot of horses for the kids. how many kids would you like, Kit? Let's have five...no, eleven, so we can have a whole football team. the girls will be as beautiful as you and the boys will be as clever as me. Just like me.'

Of course. Selfish, arrogant alcoholics. As you like it, darling.

He sits down on the floor, next to me, puts his hands on my belly. He stinks of vodka. I'd like to push him away from me, break that damn bottle on his head and scream as loud as I can. But he's crying. He's crying like a child.

'I wanted that baby, Kit. I wanted it so much! But somehow... everything turned bad. Everything fell through my hands...my carrier, my dreams. They vanished. I didn't want to hurt you, I swear, but this situation...I didn't want to become this, Kit, I tried to fight but everything and everyone stood up against me... I didn't mean to hurt you. I wanted that baby. Please, Kit, I'm

begging you, forgive me! Give me one more chance! I'm...I'm so sorry. Please, Kit...Kit. I love you.

I slowly stand up, my belly still aches like hell. I feel empty. I'm not a woman anymore. I can't be a mother, so I'm not a woman. And I'm not a faithful, loving little wife anymore. I can hardly walk, but the door is only a few steps away. I must hold on. It makes an awful noise as I bang it. Farewell Nigel.

Vica



Mr Grey

Every now and then people perceive the happenings in the world surrounding them as something completely different from their everyday life.

Mr John Grey lives next door to my fiancée in a great highrise building in a usual looking housing estate crowded with usual looking people living their usual lives. He lives with his elderly mother, Theresa, who cares for him. One morning as Mr Grey (32, bachelor, 200 thousand in bonds and shares, clerk in a bank, non-smoking, no girlfriend) entered the kitchen for his regular good-bye kiss from his mother, something happened that later triggered a whole chain of events leading up to... but back to that shabby kitchen.

Theresa was keen on his intelligent looking smart son. 'I won't let him be the prey of those little..., little..., whuf, those girls in the bank are so cute and they all want to marry my sweet little sonny. Not till I die!' and unfortunately she was passionate about the outlook of her son. Those good-bye kisses in the morning were like a last minute check on an airplane's board. 'Do you have a hanky, my dear? Why don't you take your other shoes, these don't really match your suit John, Come home right after work Johnny, we are going to have old Mrs Pumpkin for tea...' and it went on for at least ten damned minutes every blessed morning.

But this morning John had a strange smile on his face as he went to his Ford Escort. 'Oh, how *nice* she is' he said to himself, 'and how *cute* she is...' He jumped in and didn't stop thinking of the beauties of the *car*. For the first time in all his life he felt some warmth in the deepest bottom of his stone hard, ice cool banker heart as he slowly tapped his hands on the soft cover of the steering wheel.

He glanced at the rear view mirror and saw his pale face with the warm brown eyes and parted black hair.

Somehow now he began to like what he saw there 'I should have a beard' he said to himself. And on his way to the local branch of the National Bank he felt a kind of excitement. He was happy and knew something had happened to him. He appreciated life and was happy to be alive. He didn't care what happened to him, he just felt this enormous joy in his soul.

In the meantime mother Theresa happened to get a phone call from the drug store where she had been a customer since John's birth. 'Mrs Grey, I am awfully sorry to disturb you, but we have made a minor mistake and last time when you came in for the regular dosis of calmativ for your son,...er... my colleague gave you some other medicine. Well, in fact something very much like LSD..., of course we take all responsibility and are very sorry Mrs Grey, but if you could please prevent your son from taking those pills... hallo, hallo,... are you still there madame...?'

Theresa's blood became as cold as ice. She rang off. She knew for sure that everything she had fought for so far was lost. If he is not drugged for one bloody day, he might discover the profane pleasures of life, he might want to move away, he might not tolerate her taking care of him... and eventually she will lose him just like his father.

In that very moment John entered the building of the bank and with the greatest joy in his heart man ever had he smiled at the frightened girl behind the reception desk and immediately found himself in front of a 42 shotgun barrel aimed right at his head.

'What a beautiful world.' This was his last thought.

Mr Big

THE TRUTH REVEALED

ACT I.

- What are you going to do?-asked the pot.
- Well,nothing special.-answered the kettle.
- Well then you should have a shower!!!
- A shower????
- Yes,a shower.
- And why????
- Because you are black with dirtiness.

(Moral: The pot calling the kettle black.)

ACT II.

Once upon a time there were two birds.The cleverer and the elder one was a slow ,judicious,plump sparrow,while the younger and the less clever one was a lively,vivid,thin blue swallow.

They lived happily ever until the Death came-a Stone.

(Moral:Someone killed two birds with one stone.)

ACT III.

-I have told you 1000 times that you must not go to the well alone.

-Mum!!!!I am old and strong enough to go there!

-No,no,no!!Even your father wasn't strong enough.He went there so often that he died at last.If I see you going there one more times ,I'll forbid you going out to play with your friends!!!!

Yet the little pitcher went to the well again - and it was the cause of his death at his young age.

(Moral:The pitcher goes so often to the well that it is broken at last.)

ACT IV.

In 1810 there was a smelly,black rat,who lived in a tiny brewery of California,San Francisco.

He was really intelligent and the fonder and sincer of human species.Unfortunately people regarded him as a smelly,disgusting,rascally being and whenever they noticed him,they made attempts to kill him,which really disappointed this little,outcasted individual.

He knew that people didn't like his smell and colour.So he secretly stole into the rarely visited bathroom of the brewery,plugged the white washbasin and turned the tap on.After taking some lilac-scent dushbad into the water,he took a stomach-like header into the "basin".Floating on the surface of the water till three seconds,he turned upside down and floated on the surface of the water till another three seconds,which was a really brave deed of a rat.

In the seventh second he climbed out of the waterand jumped into a large pot filled with gold paint.

-Perhaps people won't look down on me this time - he thought.

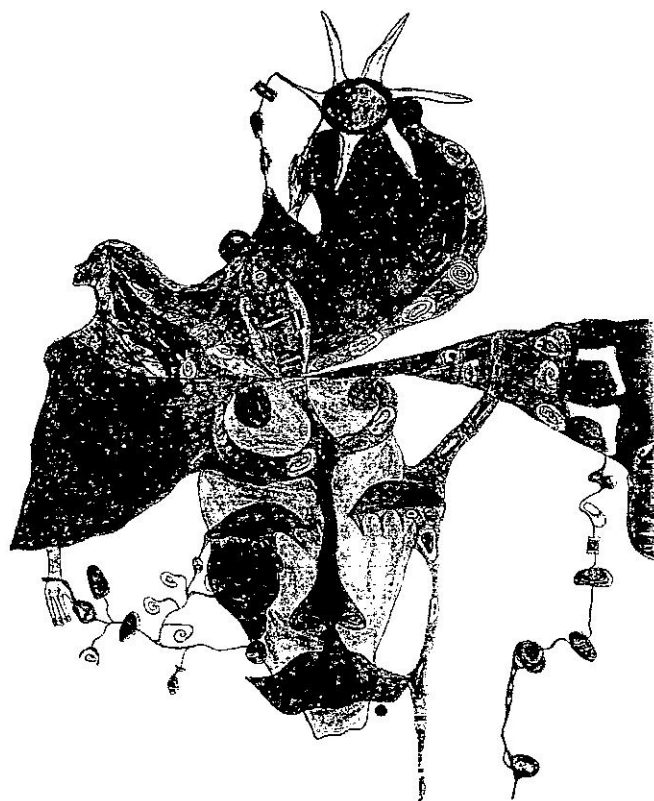
As soon as the golden paint on his coat dried he went out to the streets and he was as happy as he had never been before.

-What a beautiful day it is! Now I can walk along the same street with people and they don't want my death -was his second thought.

As he was walking and tried to stand onto his hinder legs, a tall heavy -built up man with long, shabby, white beard and broken glasses came ... looked at the glittering animal ... bent down ... then grabbed him ... and put him into his bag.

(Moral: All that glitters is not gold.)

Wise Man



My hobby is walking the dog

I'm sure everyone can recall one of those ugly mornings when the weather outside is so terrible that we'd prefer to stay in bed all day. Thus, our daily routine consists of making a mug of hot cocoa, finding a good book to read and feeling miserable and lonely. We do not think about going out, not even daring to question whether we miss something unique or not. All the more, fine Italian leather shoes are not invented to jump around in mud.

Having a dog we are absolutely isolated from the above mentioned thoughts. If you do not wake up quickly at 6.00 AM, you will wake up much more quickly at 6.05 am as there is nothing more stimulating at this early hour than a bearsize dog jumping on your bed barking and howling. If our dog is of a tolerant kind we have about 30 seconds to dress up, not even trying to look out of the window or lament about bad mood. On opening the front door we are face to face with bad weather. but hey, wait a minute, it's not so terrible. All the more there is nothing more beautiful than seeing nature wake up.

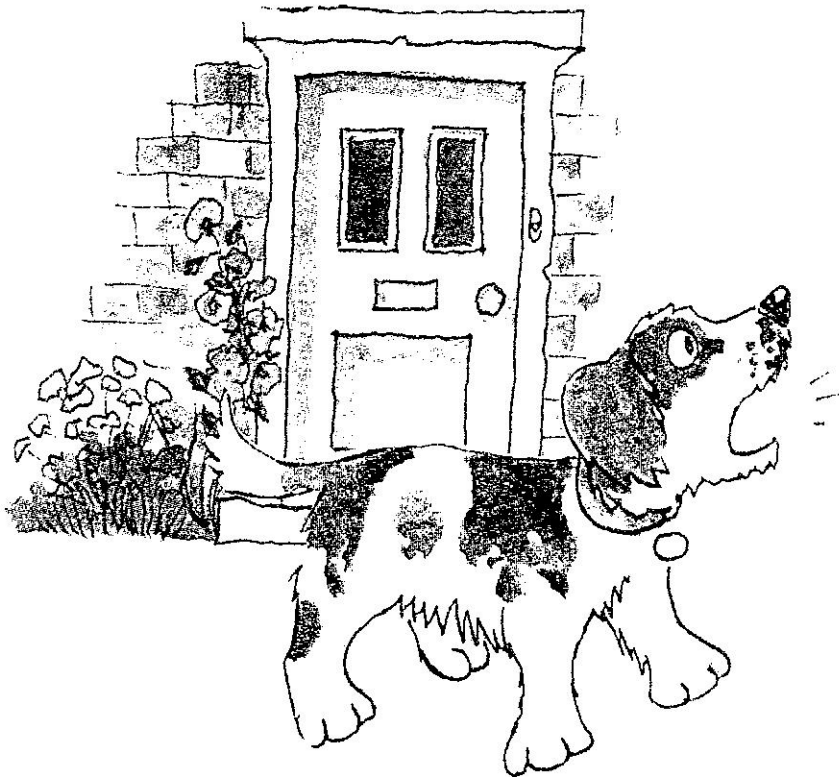
The first drop of rain has magic inside and the first beam of sunshine falls upon my face like a veil. As there are not too many people out on the streets these are intimate moments which are gifted only to the ones who are careful enough to notice the hidden beauty in the dull concrete reality of housing estates. I am meeting the elements with my sweet little tailwagging companion on my side.

So, buying our first weather-proof jacket we gain a 'bad-weather-proof' mentality as well. All our troubles can fade away while we are wondering on the hidden paths and it is not only the clouds that are dissolving at the end of our morning trip but also our loneliness...as there is nothing more cheerful than making excursions with other dog owners and their dogs. The society of pet-lovers is always to adopt new members. Shyness and timidity can not be an excuse to stay away from them

because even the most introvert person finds himself chatting and smiling in such a relaxed atmosphere.

This hobby of mine can be started by anyone even today. It is not very difficult and we do not need any expensive outfit for it. The only thing we need might already be waiting for us somewhere. Some might argue that pets require plenty of time. I think the time needed would equal the amount of the minutes that some people spend mauling or idling in there homes.

M. Apolinaire



Spotlight

There she stood in the bright, glittering light in that beautiful long white dress, which was made specially for her for this film to be even more gorgeous.

The lamp of the camera lighted her long, thick, black curled hair, that fall down from her shoulders. Her white dress showed her chocolate brown skin and her great figure. As she smiled pearls danced in her mouth, she was just perfect.

She was satisfied with her today's performance. The cameraman turned off the lamps and the cameras too at sunset.

She wasn't very tired, because in the good old days, when she lived at home in that huge farm with her parents and her little brothers, she had to work from dusk till dawn; feed the animals, cultivate the land... As she thought about it she gave a sigh, and thought how much she misses them, but she is a big star now, as she always wanted to be, and have more important things to do, (or not?)...

when her manager, a tall, muscular mid-aged handsome man came in.

"You were awful today, honey."

"Oh, God! You've been crying again, you mess your make up, we have to go to a party tonight, so get ready quickly."

"Oh please, I don't want to go out tonight, I'm tired and I was just thinking about my family, the farm..."

"And John, right? Do you still love him? Oh, I don't think so. Come on babe, without me you would be nothing, just John's little wife, but you're a great star now!"

"No, Tom you don't understand..."

"What do I not understand? You want to go back, go ahead! But you'll regret it, nobody will spoil you, as I do. Go ahead! I can replace you with anyone. Anybody would be happy to be in your place! You have to remember one thing: you're nobody without me. I made you become what you're now, a great star! Just think about it!"

Then he shut the door so hard that the whole building shook a bit. She just couldn't understand how somebody can be so

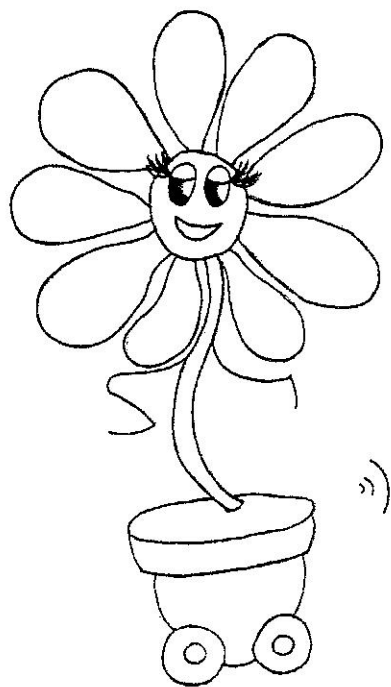
insensitive, and specially Tom. She liked Tom, but only as much as an actress could love her manager. But the feeling she felt for John, was different. They grew up together, he was her first love and still is, she felt passion for John, but not at all for Tom.

As she thought of this her eyes filled with tears and her heart sank.

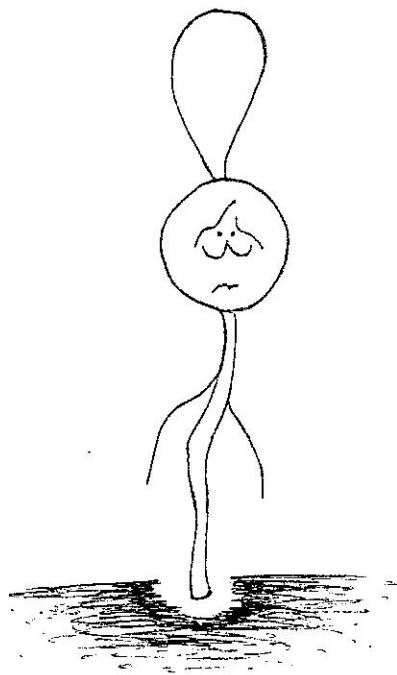
She thought a bold thing, jumped into her red Ford Scorpio and drove off.

As she was driving home in the dark empty highway, she was thinking back, specially to John. They spent their childhood together, grew up together. She remembered the stream, by which they played a lot, she remembered the flower cornice John made for her, felt his sweet kiss on her lips, when John first kissed her, and the first time they made love... Sweet, sweet memories.

She left John; but he promised to wait for her... when suddenly her eyes were struck by strong light...



Tunde



A Love Lament

Search no way out
Turn off the voice in your head
Immeise your dignity in love 'cos' I said
It before and I said it so loud.
No my lips are wrapped in silence
My eyes longing to speak
Close your ears and throw away the key
If you don't want to hear and don't want to feel
What's obvious.
I'm free smoke in love that you `ve just blown out
And if you speak so loud
I'll disappear (Isn't it vicious?)
As if I've never existed
And I'll be sadly missed
Like a kiss
Frozen on your ignorant white cheek

Whatsoever

gilded truth
killing sweet teeth
broken sun
adorable thief
emerging white coffin
secret shout
frozen lips
dead man stout
aching silence
honey brushed feather
no true love
whatsoever

THE ROAD

I'm on the road.

Never ending road through time and space going up to the edge of the great Nowhere, which is just a little bit bigger than the previous.

It's a long way from home. All the bridges are burnt behind. I must go forwards. Obligation to survive. I'm just moving on and on. Nothing to see nothing to learn. Getting bored. I'm fed up with travelling. What the hells do others enjoy in it?

Travelling lonely. The only friend beside me is my consciousness. I talk to him. He never answers.

I have feelings. Thoughts and ideas are not virginity. Scared. Searching. Seeking. Seeing. Finding nothing. Resignation. Submission. Searching. Seeking. Hiding. Lonesome. Loathsome. Scapegoat. Love. Nest. Hellfire. Nevermore. What's that? What for? Who knows? Who cares? Who's that who? ...?

It's a long way. I'm on the road. I'm by myself in the crowd. Others are on the road too. They, too, can't open their eyes, can't hear the call, can't understand each other. We are going on. On the road. Grey conveyor belt feeding Death himself with human souls and thoughts.

Hash! Death! You'll have a bitter dinner tonight! No sweet little things for you just dreams of nightmare, depression, recession, decadence, mass hysteria, atomflash and insanity.

I'm on the road either. It's moving. Where to? Where from? What for? Do you think it is of no importance? I used to think the opposite. Wanted to find my say. To see the meaning. Couldn't.

I hid inside my world. Have you known that snail is the sagest animal?

How did I get on the road? God knows. I was pushed. I didn't want to be. But being here I must survive my life. You

say its meaningless and I say I know that. You say this paper is nonsense and I say they are my thoughts. Then you say I'm crazy. That's it. I'm on the road

Now you ask me about the road About my sweet little darling, about the sense of my road Never dare nobody say anything say against her My road is mine. Only mine. Don't even come close to her. I don't let nobody to do any harm to her.

For you guys know, she's so helpless. She is so innocent with the fangs of rage. She's so sweet when she sucks my blood from my veins. What? You say vampires do that? Never wanna hear that crap no more. You just disturb me! Are you listening to me? What doe wanna? Can't ya see ya holdin' me up? You not see what I's this?

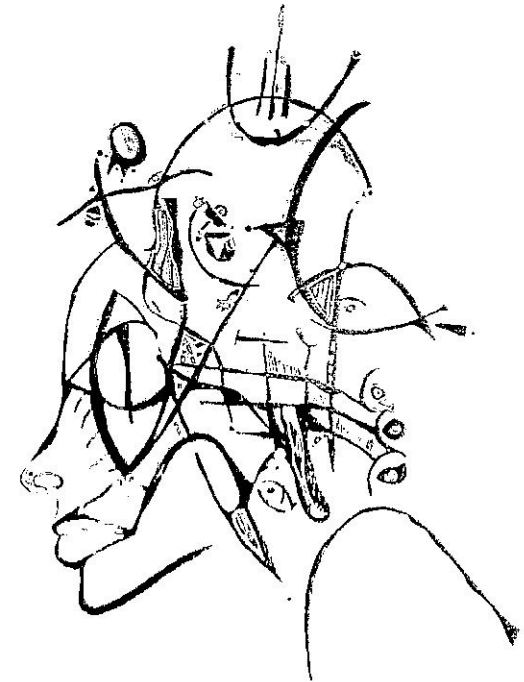
I gotta go.

I'm on the road.

...

...(what a fool?!)

Kellei Istvan



Who's Gonna Take Me Home Tonight?

'PARTY TIME!!'-echoes the corridor and a minute later we are on the well-known way to our favourite place:a shabby, 3rd class bar just around the corner.For three terribly cold minutes we enjoy the sparkling dark air and try to navigate through the line of some puffing Eastern European cars and then the sacred little door opens.

Filthy air rushes into our face ,the smell of people,fags and booze.Welcome home!!!We hop onto the hard-feeling wooden benches and shout desperately for a huge glass of beer.By the time our eyes get used to the smoky twilight,our beers arrive and nothing in the world matters anymore.Those smooth cold bubbles slip along our throats,sledge right into the roaring stomachs ooze into our veins ,ship up to our brains and turn the world into some kind of fuzzy,dancing warm place, where everything is beer-coloured and everybody's laughing.

Rhythmic tap of music shouts from the radio,bottles of champagne bang,billiard balls knock on the green walls,but our ears are blind to percieve more than the sound of good time.

To celebrate the glory of this holy ,I wave for a gin and tonick and a second and some more.The smell of juniper strokes my nose and I almost hear it splash down to my heart.A friend hugs me and I hide my face into his warm,safe embrace.His hair tickles my forehead and I sneeze my insobriety into the night.I feel so all right!

Drinks disappear as time flies and my head gets bigger and heavier every minute.The people in my head close their doors and shut their windows,yawn 'Good night!'and turn off the light.I can't move any longer,I can't keep my eyes open.I lose sense of time and space,even the sense of myself.One last piece of reality touches me and I fall asleep.

Who's gonna take me home tonight?

Vica