

PART SEVEN

**RE-ENTERING AMERICA
(AND RE-FORMING SAME?)**

1981

“The United States of America is not a nation. Nations are large tribes of humans that have been geographically isolated for millennia . . .

The United States of America is a cross breeding integration of humans from all the nations of the planet Earth.”

(Bucky Fuller: CRITICAL PATH p. 218)

“When an Empire is dying, it’s dissolution is heralded by the waning, in this man and that, of his faith in the Empire. You would be wrong in holding him responsible for the Empire’s death; he but signifies the disease which is sapping it’s vitality.”

(Saint Exupery: The Wisdom of the Sands.)

Dear Reader,

It was said, that to appreciate civilization, one must leave it. To quote Charlie Chan, Number One Son you said mouthful! Never did I appreciate more soaking my rumpled ass in a tubfull of hot water than arriving after fourteen hours of flight crossing twelve time zones . Having taken off from Lod airport in Israel on the 13th of March - in tourist class needless to specify - with TWA all the way to Athens and from there to JFK New York, where I changed to "Fly United the Only Way to Fly" to SEATAC(Seattle/Tacoma).(Do you remember Dear Reader the hilarious poster of UNITED showing two geese screwing in flight, Daddy with that mischivious, blissful grin on his face? It was my alltime favourite.) By the time we landed at SEATAC at 2120hrs I must have been a basket case with a zombie-like deportment and mien, barely ambulating, not having slept for some 24 hrs beside the short naps allocated for passengers in tourist class not much more comfortable then a straight jacket.

My colleague Al Feldmann was waiting for me at the airport and brought me home to my very own apartment and new home for the next ten years or so. AS the apartment came furnished he was even kind and considerate enough to lend me some bed linen till I could buy my own. As I said previously we havent been close friends so I appreciated all these kind gestures even more. AS you know my next destination was the bathtub, which was one of the many things I sorely missed for the previous ten years as in the Jewish Homeland only luxury apartments have bathtubs, all the rests only showers with temperamental and sporadic water supplies. I must have been "lolling" in that tub for hours like a Poule De Luxe after a

hard nighth's work.

My apartment had a separate bedroom which was an unheard, or more correctly unseen, luxury the first time in my eventful life, as I was used to studio apartments, not somuch for financial reasons, having made a decent salary at ITT and BENDIX but more for strategic reasons. Although I'm a neat guy,housework is definetely not my hobby and the more rooms the more to clean, natch. As long as I could find a spacious studio aptment with enough closet space for my things it was perfectly OK for my purpose. However we humans are designed in such a way that we can get used ^{to} not only the bad things but to the good ones too. As I mentioned the apartment came furnished, sort of. The bedroom furniture was quite nice I never changed, with very wellmade blond hardwood, with a big double bed, two big dressers with many large drawers one of them with a big mirror too and two bedside tables and most importantly with a walk-in-closet. As I'm one of those lucky people who never puts on weighth - and as you know I buy the best I can afford and take good care of it- I had by now quite a bunch of clothes going back to the brown pre-war Harris tweed jacket made in Bligthy after the war, which improved with age like good brandy. Unfortunately the living room was another story. It had some pseudo-period furniture in my UN-favourite colour, a bilious GREEN for crying out loud. I told my landlord,a nice little old geezer whose wife died not long ago,that as soon as my own furniture will arrive I would like to store this stuff in the basement. He mumbled something I interpteted as I dont give a damn as long as you pay your rent, which I did of course.

As for the arriving of my furniture which was a Tour De Force and a combination of VIRIBUS UNITIS of ZIM and DAPHNA you already know,

I'll spare you the vicarious thrill recounting it a second time. In case your Latin is even more precarious than mine, VIRIBUS UNITIS means "With United Efforts" and the reason I know this is because it was the name of Hungary's only battleship before the First World War during the Austro-Hungarian Empire. But you knew this anyway. I'm sure you also know that after the war Hungary didn't have to worry about names for its ships because they didn't have anything bigger water-wise than the Balaton lake which was famous not for its ships but for a certain fish called FOGAS (pron'd fohgash) unique for that lake. It was certified genuwine with a seal made of lead implanted in its cheek or whatever it is called for fish.

I hope Dear Rader you'll forgive me for this little digression taking into consideration all the vitally important info I made available to you. My next day after my arrival, was taken up by catching up on zzzz's and starting to unpack my hand luggage which UNITED was kind enough to deliver to my door having temporarily misplaced, ^{same} to put it politely, during my arrival causing me great mental anguish and instantaneous retrieval of some of the less polite expression of my Hungarian army vocabulary.

My next step was something I still remember with awe as a minor miracle of having returned to civilization. I walked into the offices of MA BELL downtown and walked out with my very own TELEPHONE a few minutes later under my arm, in Chinese Red of course, unlike in the Jewish Homeland where a three years of waiting period ONLY is considered fast and newsworthy between neighbors.

The very next day I already had dial tone and I promptly direct dialled my dear friends Joe and Erna Chalupa in New Jersey to let them know that I'm back home! How simple and easy life CAN be if you live in the righth place.

Next on the agenda was to open a checking account at the late and much lamented PEOPLES BANK and get my Social Security card reinstated, all of which was taken care of with effortless ease the same morning, without having to use my elbow once, to get into the Holy Presence of the relevant Bureaucrat. The only bureaucrat who reminded me of the species I left behind recently, was the young female type person at the County Administration where I applied for my Washington ID necessary for cashing checks etc. I chalked this up to premenstrual tension, not to the character of this beautiful town, which was indeed a lovely surprise compared to that of the Metropolitan Area on the East Coast, where I lived for twenty years, as you remember, before going to Israel. Once all these official errands and tasks were out of the way I started to make long walks reconnoitering my neighborhood where I lived, called Capitol Hill. It is probably one of the most interesting, picturesque and versatile part of Seattle, both humanity-wise and for the shops and restaurants available. For a guy like me without a car it was just perfect as it was a little self-contained town where everything was at easy walking distance, with a Supermarket righth accross the street open seven days a week till midnigth and another a few blocks further. Unlike in Israel where it was a problem if I forgot to buy something before six o'clock when everything closed or friday before one o'clock when everything was closed till next

