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You go there when you're young, to take lessons.

They give lessons.

They're nice, they get you to play games, to teach you. There's always a Japanese, or Korean, who finds it difficult, poor guy, and lags behind the rest.

Your hands sweat, you don't like it.

They ask you about your dreams. What is it you want to know?

Come on, it's a game.

Even if it's a game, I'm not saying anything.

There's a beautiful Hungarian girl who thinks you're a pest and a Spanish girl, ugly, who always follows you around.

In general there are lots of Spanish kids, who say We're all bullfighters.

There's a restaurant where you pay for one steak, you can eat fifteen, if you can manage it. You go there once a week, and on the way there you whistle.

The rest, some popcorn scattered around in there, on the floor of your bed and breakfast, white front, pretty, the Pakistanis who run it leave you a note Clean up your room or something like that, you haven't learnt it well, this language, you've never got inside it, it seems too brightly coloured, with those hats, how can you people do it?

And they all go to the disco, or around the town, to see the sights, The changing of the guard? What do I care about the changing of the guard? And you wander around, alone, in the shops that sell records, you realize you're a tourist and you're ashamed, you try to get drunk, you drink but don't succeed, you drink some more but still don't succeed, you drink even more and, still, don't succeed, and you spend the evening saying It's a shame, and you look for a way of coming home early but you're ashamed, to come home early, so you find four books, in Italian, in a bookshop all lined with dark wood, second-hand books, half price, strange things, you stay cooped up in your room, in the evening, and read, you read and clean, clean and read, and what you read, The Name of the Rose, which in Italy you'd never have read even if they'd begged you in Japanese, I reckon.

And later, when you come home, when you see it, you remember everything, and especially the fact that the more you drank the less drunk you got, a very strange place. Very strange.