## The Conversation

Written by Peter Gašpar
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>To: Johnny < johnny@bestofliterature.com >
>Subject: Good bye New Zealand
>Date: 10. April, 2002 10:45 AM>

Hi John, I'm still in the southern part of our globe or quasigeoid as it's sometimes humorously called. But being here doesn't amuse me anymore. Boredom is eating me away and I have a headache.

I've got a lot of dumb problems and before long l'll probably go home now, if not sooner. In short, I don't feel like staying here any longer and probably I won't be able to.

In a week I'll already be in Banska Bystrica under the Pansky Diel.

Gaspar

## THE CONVERSATION

by Peter Gaspar

Once I spoke with some Brazilian millionaire in a hotel in Buenos Aires. We were in a dusky café with a quality air conditioning. The ventilators were slightly buzzing, and European music from speakers in the ceiling and walls was echoing through the room, which was occasionally interrupted by my or his loud words. We spoke French, so we would not be understood by stocky, swarthy waiters looking alike and standing by the kitchen door from where our table was in a good view. The millionaire had a big gray head, slightly elongated from the front to the back like a bicycle helmet. Even though the man did not have a neck, he was shaking his head incredibly fast to the rhythm of his fervent speech while he occasionally managed to wriggle out his head so that like a fish it struck once one shoulder and then the other one. We ate low-quality oysters and sipped exotic French wine from a glass with a long stem. When we were left in the cafe alone, it was after midnight and we were both already feeling well under. Waiters were looking at us and we thought: 'Since you've baked us, you also have to eat us now!'

