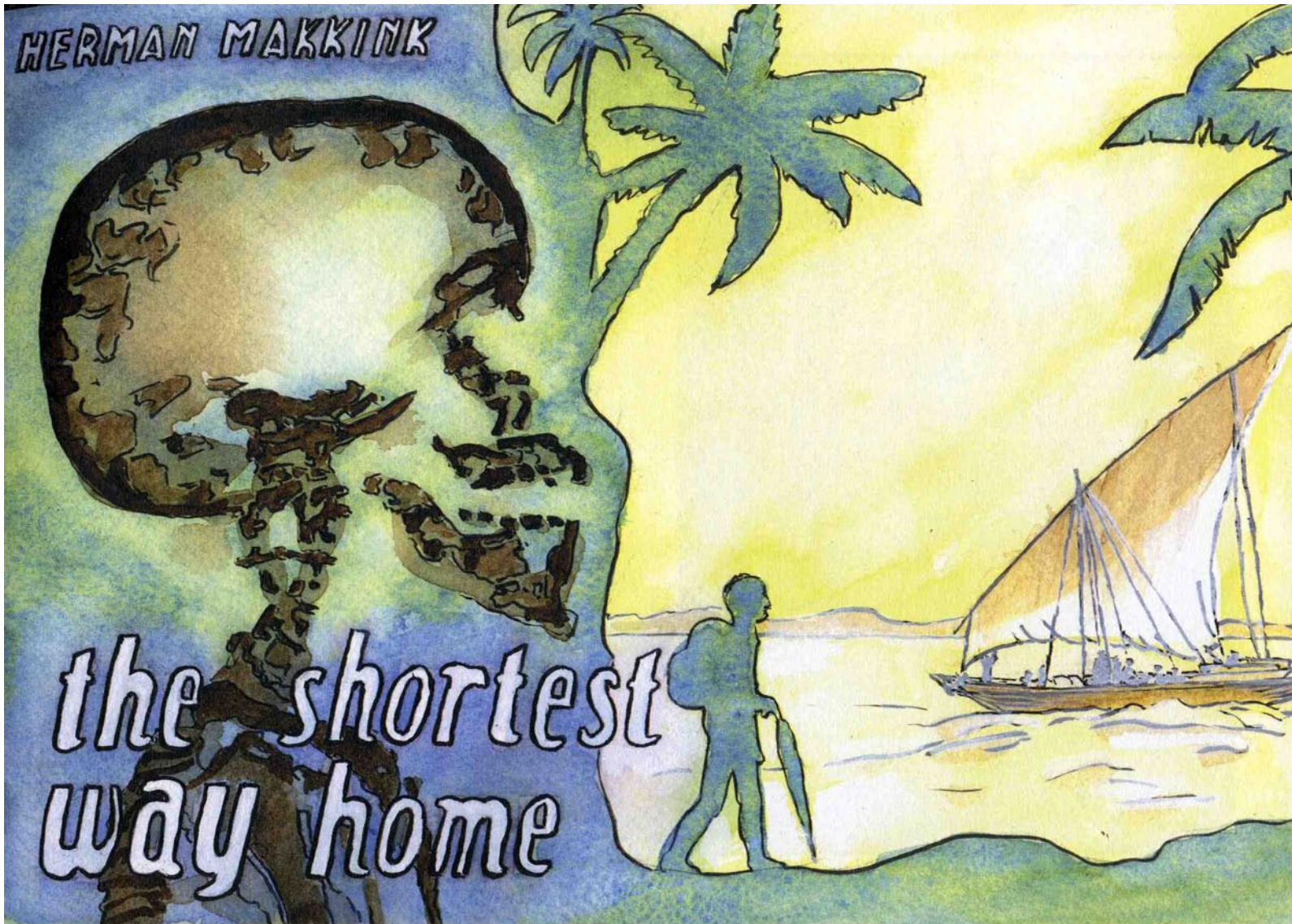


HERMAN MAKKINK

the shortest
way home



*anymore because of the crocodiles... I still have no holes
in my socks.*

*But he wrote again: There are things here that I don't
understand at all. The chief of police said he could look
after me better in the police station than in a hotel. Ri-
diculous...*





There was a botanical garden where Julia would sometimes take me in a wheelchair. The ducks' commotion made me feel peaceful and with-drawn and I told Julia I felt the thinnest of silver threads connecting my body to my soul. 'Then you must try to make it thicker,' she said, laughing but serious

as well.

The best moment of a hospital day was when she wheeled me into the large shower, undressed us both and rubbed my stringy limbs and body under the warm water. 'Darling,' I told her, 'all the body needs is water. It can live for years on only water.'



Walking the streets one night, he was solicited by a little countrywoman. When she saw that he was a foreigner she laughed. He understood little of her bright chatter but later on she became very clear in teaching him a slow and gentle Tantra-like process of love-making.

For breakfast she wanted to be taken to the Mitsukoshi department store to see the elegant ladies. On leaving the building she imitated the girls employed to bow and he and she both bowed to each other repeatedly mumbling: 'Goodbye, please visit us again soon, if you please'.