

Leaders of the Pan-American city

Evidently I was pretty exhausted by the time I got home, after unpacking my bag and assembling my newly bought external firewire hard disc enclosure I capitulated to the urge of an afternoon nap attack. This was one of those summer afternoons in New York City, hot, humid without a sign of a breeze, one of those transcendental states where nothing seems to move, sounds fade away and you can cut the air with a butter knife.

As I move into the hot bedroom I quickly go through my today's bikeride. From Williamsburg, over the bridge to Village, HB studios reading class, up to hotel new Yorker on 34th west cross-town to the American Academy of dramatic arts on 32nd to end up on 48th east where I was supposed to get paid and did not, down on the east side after failing an attempt to try to find a path along the east river, on my way passing a farmers market stopping to see if they by chance would have any strawberries. I could only see lush heads of salad. I passed the east village theatres and decided to grant myself a visit to the movies only to remember that I had to get home and resend a mail out to my people that had bounced back to me, about my performance the day after.

I had done all that now and granted myself a brand new 3.56 \$ piece of Norwegian getost from the tattooed cheese lady in the internet minimall, immediately consumed upon arrival on my last piece of bread. I must also add that I did the bridge in a fierce tempo. All this in my head as I lie down and close my eyes and surrender to the heat of the room.

I am in a reception hall where there are lots of people, it's a barbeque reception. Freshly grilled delicacies flaunt the table as I secure myself a first plate of greens, salad and potatoes filled with something, with a flower stick in the middle making the potatoes look like a sailing boats with far too big masts, these boats would without any doubt go under, capsize in five seconds would they ever be put at sea, the filling I somewhat fishy or seafoody. I left the food on the plate, eager to get more while there still was some. I put it aside and immediately went for another one. My peripheral sight had discovered the avocados. There they were lying seductively waiting for my caretaking, they were of the light green kind, the juicy ones you find in tropical countries, in Havana, in the summer, hot countries. One summer I was picking them off the trees in Pinar del Rio so I even know how they grow, though I don't these avocados were from Cuba.

I was specially drawn to them because the world market price of this product although the rumour say in Africa they only give avocados to pigs had been skyrocketing the last two years reaching up at 2 dollars a piece even for the

smallest ones, making it impossible for any immigrant to have eat them unless like tonight, handed out for free. I filled my plate and set it aside, all this while observing all kinds of strange people like myslef, eagerly standing round the huge table waiting for the food to be served. I was apparently not the only one hungry in this hall, apart from some very anonymous people in suites there were quite a few homeless and mentally weak people here too.

My third plate was dedicated to meats, the lamb had been brought out, it smelled so good and I went straight for the crispy mutton parts that hold all the flavor of the flames and the grease, the pieces that hold the essence of the creature. It was grilled over open fire, the outer pieces are crispy as potato chips on the outside and tender as fudge on the inside, the taste is like nothing you have ever tasted before.

I recalled an occasion in the beginning of my career as a jazzperformer when I was asked to play at a barbeque in some rich peoples' summer house in the archipelago of Stockholm. We were late on arrival and they were all dressed up as roman pagans. I was young but these boys were far younger, someone told me that their father had given them a commercial building which they had just sold with a million dollar profit. We were playing outside, the whole garden was arranged with hundreds of people, mostly model pretty Swedish Blondie's, big boobs, juicy rear ends, and at least ten lambs over open fire, the girls were ripe and the lambs almost done and by the time we had our equipment all set it was time to bite in. It was my first time eating lamb like this and it was the best lamb I have ever tasted, I don't remember anything from the performance due to the female company and quite the poring champagne but the taste of the pieces of meat that I was offered by some spoiled brats pretend to be roman pagans will stay with me always.

As I went alongside the table a humongous plate of something the size of a cow was presented to the people. Reluctantly most of them avoided the cow like dish. It was clearly not very well cooked. I was about the only one interested and after digging for a while releasing some rubbery tissue over a gooey, slimy part, I found a big black piece of meat, still raw shaking, fresh. When I'm in Norway I eat black meat, black meat come from the sea, black meat come from the whale, consistence uncooked: like chocolate pudding. I wanted a big piece and needed a knife, couldn't find any so I took a regular butter knife. The knife cut through like a razorblade, my third plate was filled to the rim. It is time to fiest, round up today's catch. I see three plates of great food.

I wake up, wondering where I am. My alarmclock tells me its 9.30, so does my watch, did I just wake up late for my class? I have my clothes on and it is dark outside, it must be evening. Where had I been? What had I been doing? I had been at the reception for the leaders of the Pan-American city, there was food....

I am hungry, open the fridge, fry the poor remains of the spaghetti from yesterday, spice it up with some canned tomato sauce, my cousins artichoke pesto soon to be finished, my last organic egg and a glass of grape juice mixed with New York City tap water.