

I'm a Bohemian-American

by Jerry Ratch

My first and so far only visit to my homeland of Prague was first described to me by a tourist guidebook, which laid out many of the fundamentals one must follow while travelling there. It was pointed out, for instance, that we would be “unlikely to encounter *nouvelle cuisine*, or be provided with a balanced range of vitamins. Nonetheless, “it rambled on, “it can be delicious.”

Oh, great, I thought, (mostly to myself.)

It is difficult to avoid dishes having to do with pig, however. “As regards fish,” my guidebook pointed out, “Prague is a land-locked country a long way from the ocean,” (I did not realize that Prague was itself a *country*) “so it makes sense to just settle for carp, which are raised in the thousands in fishponds across the country ... They are sold live from barrels and kept in the family bathtub before being slaughtered” (perhaps while trying to bathe for a change?)

Vegetarians are forewarned to stay at the border and not venture into the country until well after dark, as it is near impossible to fend off the wandering herds of pigs, foraging for truffles out in the abundant forests surrounding Prague. Best not to piss off a wandering pig, it is noted. This species is particularly known for their drunken behavior at many of the local beer-halls.

Prague is especially known for its many fine beers. One can practically live on beer there, if one is not an alcoholic. (Unless one wants to become an alcoholic.) Then Prague is a great place to practice your “Art.” It is practically over-run with artists, and with poets as well. Poets run rampant in the cities. Be very careful not to be run over by wandering packs of wild poets. Better to run with the

pigs. They are far more predictable, and stable. And better taken care of as well.

