

Kipling's Feet

Prologue

P.E.

Half a year of Hungary
First birthday in Mexico
Twenty years of Hungary
Six years of Austria

Six years of playfulness
Six years of discovering talents
Beautiful naivety!

Six years of gaining knowledge
That charm of the routine...

Two years of suffering
Two years of running freely towards dreams
Six years of serious work
Hardcore reality: That's already adulthood.

How much of this is coming still?
Will I ever feel again that beauty of naivety?

I must fight for that
Lady Uninvited is anyway here
Already
Till the end

That hardcore reality
Beautiful naivety

Chapter One

I.

My mother took me to the local house of culture to see a play of The Jungle Book. It was 1995. I was obsessed with animals, with nature. I was that girl who always had to wear nice clothes for every occasion, but next to a 4-year-older brother I just wanted to listen to Nirvana with him - this was one year after their MTV Unplugged - and to run through the field when older boys were playing football. I wanted to catch the ball. My brother was so cool, I also wanted to be „cool”. (This was also the year when I learned how to pee in a standing position. I thought, there is nothing special about peeing in sitting. So I developed my own technique. And again. My brother was cool. I also wanted to be cool.) My mum has been reading Kipling’s classic for me, so I knew all of them. Mowgli and Shere Khan and Baloo and Kaa, that big snake. I never trusted Kaa, and never understood why Mowgli did.

Now that I throw myself back in time, I remember: it was a play by a Hungarian travelling theatre. In fact they called themselves THE Travelling Theatre. It was impressive. I imagined them as real rovers who just arrived there with their old coffers after sailing through the country by their Volkswagen vans. They had this vintage image, it was completely new for me. All these props and colours, all those movements and actions... suddenly I found myself in this other world where tale became reality and I felt like I want to join them. That I want to get into their mini bus and continue their tour with them. I was 4 years old, and I was convinced that this was the only problem that was holding me back from doing that.

II.

The next year Szandi, my best friend from kindergarten started to take dance classes. It was „jazz-ballet” for kids. - Funny enough, later on I got to know that it was a genre that never existed... Szandi was a gypsy girl, can't remember what happened to her parents, but she was raised by her grandma. She showed many clichés of a precocious gypsy kid: golden hoop earrings at the age of 5, frilly dresses for daytime and that special, orange clogs with glitters on it. With a wooden sole. CLOP-CLOP-CLOP-CLOP. It was very loud. After the first day I saw that pair of clogs on her tiny, skinny, coffee-brown feet, I told my mom, I would like to get one of those. I need them. She said it is not for kids, it is vulgar and that it is not healthy to wear such heavy, healed, stiff shoes. It would just ruin my feet. Nowadays my colleagues say that I have such nice feet..., so I guess she was right. But at the age of 5, I was furious. In my vision those clogs were beautiful. Szandi was a woman. And she took dance classes. So I told my mom, if I can't wear orange, wooden clogs with glitters on it - although I am already 5 - she should at least take me to that dance class. So she did. I had soft, leather ballet shoes and a leotard with Minnie Mouse on it. And I was moving. Believe it or not, one year later I performed a choreography which was danced to a song from The Jungle Book. First row, wearing a „grass-skirt”, a „grass-top” and a floral wreath, which costume was made by my great-grandmother. (She was a florist, in her earlier years she used to work in a floral shop, so of course, she did a beautiful job.) On that performance I felt like I did everything perfectly as the teacher asked, and I owned every movement in my body. Recently I got the footage of that evening - transformed from VHS to a DVD. Turned out I wasn't so perfect, in fact it looked like a bad karaoke, because I was singing, - or at least gaping - the lyrics while dancing. First row.

In a jungle-styled costume. I have been dancing ever since that first jazz-ballet class, but I never got that orange, glitterish clogs. Thank you, Mama to protect me from such distorsion of taste and feet, now I know, why. Kipling and the jungle and Mowgli had to do something with my childhood after all. That performance at the house of culture, my gypsy friend, whose features reminded me strongly to Mowgli's, and my first time of performing on stage: all that was written by and English man in 1894.

III.

Do you know in how many ways I've used my feet ever since? Imagine! I used for steps, for running, for hanging, for swimming, for skiing, for skating, for jumping, for becoming taller... I used them for dancing, for carrying my entire body through the weirdest positions. I used my feet for showing beauty, for having an excuse for my bad balance, 'cause of course you can't hold a 1,74 cm high axe on a relevé of a size 37 foot. Tststststs.... Of course you can! I used my feet to take the attention away from my creepy, asymmetrical upper body when my spine was injured. I use them as help to keep the rest of my body healthy, to give me a good posture, to carry me on and on. To anywhere, maybe everywhere. And to kick in the ass Lady Uninvited every now and then, to stand up and leave all what and whom give pain. Today I used them for walking me up to this hill to spend my last official day here, to run for my pizza, to go to the toilet and to wear a heavy pair of sandals with a hard, stiff, wooden sole. At least they are black. No glitters.

Jazz- ballet. Neither jazz, nor ballet
Then ballet, folk and all the rest
A little ballroom and finally jazz.

Drop. Drop. Drop. Modern, or something like that
Quit, move, move. Contemporary and all the rest.

All the rest, *avagy az összes többi. Az a sok év, amiről most nem
érdemes beszélni, mert biztos vagyok benne, hogy egy soha véget nem
érő sztori lenne. 2018. június tizedike. Tegnap magyarul énekeltem
Ausztriában, és Trump-pal táncoltam a színpadon. Furcsa. Mester
diploma - almost done. De annyi minden jön még.

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*so the all the rest. Those many years, which are not worth talking about
now, because it is certain, it would be a never ending stroy. Tenth of June,
2018. Yesterday I was singing in Hungarian in Austria and I was dancing with
Trump. Weird. Masters degree - almost done. But so much more is coming still.

Linz, 10.06.2018

/In the frame of a workshop for creative writing with Dr. Lisa Jeschke./