

Breakfast in the Blue Mountains

CompleteLyAble

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It was a foggy day in Australia. There were no Blue Mountains around and the only point on the map was a coffee shop which could have taken me out of an existential crisis. Once again, I was wrong. Once again, the fog had fallen over the minds of the people experiencing the thrills of the new world. The coffee shop lay among some clouds which strongly resembled those above the appealing rocks, so tempting to climb. It was the only place which seemed cosy, among the acid raindrops falling over an area whose mountains were anything but blue. The shop windows were fully covered in posters, indicating that in this little town above the woody canyon, some sort of socio-cultural life was in progress, manifested by sticking posters in coffee shops. There, in the micro-organism stuffed with some extremely expensive caffeine and organic breakfast meals, equally priceless in Australian dollars, some intertwined lives developed; only synopses of the reality which bound us all for half an hour in the morning. The two representatives of the Australian community were a punker with a pseudo-Buddhist haircut, pseudo-dread-locks, and the enamel all covered in nicotine. The other aussie at the bar had a pair of deep green eyes. He had a more profound appearance than the other one and he looked straight into your eyes when you ordered something, as if he were the therapist of the coffee shop. I could sense that in Aussie Land you were able to bond with people whenever you felt like it. People were open-minded to interaction, to attraction. And keeping that look in mind, I started searching for an illustrated subject in order to avoid a new fight. This is how I came across Climbing in Australia. I opened both the album and the gate to a world that I craved and which I could interact with for the moment at a metaphysical level. The climbers' articles addressed my subliminal consciousness. I knew what they were talking about, regardless of whether those rocks were in France, Herculane or Australia. The album illustrating rocks represented my way out, together with the cup of cappuccino over which I had been drooling ever since the evening before the monthly disaster which should have come as a blessing in other conditions. Now, with no real concerns, I was merely letting myself be driven by awkward concerns. The shiny pages with pictures illustrating red



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rocks opened a path to mental peacefulness. The album, as well as the table next to mine. Two aussie babies and their mother. The younger one was covered in the hot chocolate which she had just spilled on the table. The Buddhist punker rushed to clean the chocolate liquid off the little blond girl who had obviously barely learnt how to lift her hand to her mouth. The scene was beautiful. Nobody became irritated. Children should get all dirty, children should be carefree, children are the happiest of all. Even the path to Paradise is opened by a Milky Way made of chocolate milk spilled on the Australian table above the blue rocks. The mother paid the bill, smiled and left with her two offspring untouched by the common torments which did not weigh on the maternal shoulders either. Five minutes later, during which my mind kept on jumping from one rock to the other, from a terrifying image with elegant climbers, an overweight lady sat down at the table. As soon as she had entered, she started talking loudly, as if she owned the place. She was talking about her daughter, who had just returned from the Rainbow gathering, or in other words the annual meeting of the vegetarian hippies. And for all this period when we were all plunged into our thoughts- I was thinking about the climbers, my colleague was busy with killing virtual Nigerian armies in a sort of risk-free risky way, as he called it, the old and overweight mother sat at the next table while she kept on prattling. I was basically separated by the aussie mum only by the back of the chair. In less than five minutes, we were given the identikit picture of her daughter- a model provided by congregations of contemporary hippies. I could now begin to imagine her. Before I managed to personalize her portrait, our model came in. Tall and thin, graceful and freckled, the aussie model was wearing a scarf over her top, no bra, and an overcoat over her tight jeans which did not reveal a feminine figure. She had the perfect body of a teenage model. After having told her mother she would be back in a minute, she got out of the coffee shop as if she were on a coffee break during a photo shoot. There was a gang of hippies waiting for her outside; they had organic bags stuffed with salads, as if the image of the vegetarian were incomplete without some leaf ostentatiously coming out of a knitted bag. She came back after having hugged her rainbow companions a few times, especially the girl with dreads and salads. The overweight lady had nothing in common with the fragile girl sitting in the next chair. They were like alpha and omega, the paradoxical embodiment of coincidentia oppositorum. The girl model was sitting exactly on the chair of the little girl whose cheeks were smeared with chocolate. It was as if the same sketch were written twenty years after. The girl was irritated and she told her mother: "Mom, so many questions I can't answer". The Rainbow girl seemed to have a nervous breakdown and her mother's every gesture appeared to annoy her. She raised her hand to her forehead like in an attempt to keep her tears locked there, in the suspense of the space between the forehead and the sinuses as if the tears were going to burst from her nose, not her eyes. It was obvious that the meeting with her



mother was something forced on her and she hoped that it would come to an end as soon as possible so that she could light up a joint; the next day she would be again in the limelight, wearing make-up over her freckles, the freckles of a rebelled teenager.

And there I was, sheltered from the fog covering the rocks and the future about which apparently I could not care less, as if my life was going to be an endless dream towards the rocks and a hope to escape to other horizons, governed by OZ. Meanwhile I also finished the caloric bomb of caffeine which had left dregs inside the cup. I was not curious to take a look inside. My world seemed to be in a perfect balance. I was safe at the next table. I always feel safe in that proximity. I closed the album and thought that it was high time we retired from the discussion which was about to start between the mother who had only given up coffee in the first trimester of her pregnancy with the two girls, while one of the girls did not consume coffee or anything else, apparently. Two contrasting worlds were clashing at the next table, connected by a genetic marvel. I was in the mood to take a deep breath of fresh air. It seemed to be less foggy outside than in the coffee shop. Peoples' thoughts had left traces on the walls of the coffee shops. It was high time we went about our business. The road...

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