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MINISTRY OF POULTRY

FROM THE PERCH OF STEFAN

My dearest:

I declare a truce in this affair  
with this little offering — a  
Sketch by that Picasso of the  
Poulet... the Rembrandt of the  
Rooster — M. Safer.

Yours  
Stefan —

Consulate of Hungary  
New York City

The 16 of the February

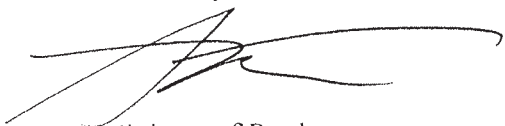
Mr. Morley Safer  
230 East 68th Street  
New York, NY 10021

My Dear the Mr. Safer,

I am doing much wondering  
as to whether your eye found this amazing  
article in your newspaper the New York Times.  
It took the very words right out of the mouth, as  
you say here, no?

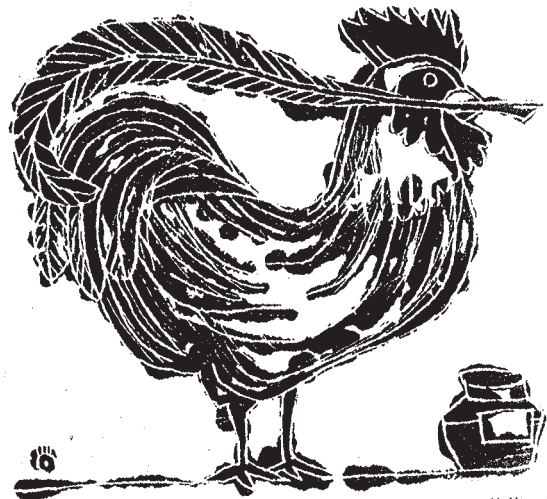
I thought that you would be the most interested  
to see it. I am sorry that we could not meet  
again on my brief visit from Pest. As you know,  
it is next to the Buda.

With deepest respect possible,



Minister of Poultry

## Metropolitan Diary



Vincent X. Kirseb

**T**HE place is La Colombe d'Or, where the conversation between two waiters is heard by Wayne Nish, one of the owners. Waiter No. 1 is an immigrant Bengali who is raising a family and has been working at the restaurant a couple of years. Waiter No. 2 is a young American who is recently out of school and has just started working there.

Waiter No. 1: I know that young Americans do not work as waiters for their career. So, what is it that you do?

Waiter No. 2: I am a writer.

Waiter No. 1: Oh, that is very nice. What do you write about?

Waiter No. 2: I do poetry.

Waiter No. 1: You mean you write about chickens and turkeys?

Waiter No. 2: Poetry, not poultry. I write poetry!

Waiter No. 1: Oh, excuse me, I am sorry. Perhaps the holiday fare had something to do with the misunderstanding.

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