

Flies pursue Perelman on trek east

IN spirited 15-day transit of France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, Turkey and Iran fraught with non-incident, the Marco Polo Perelman trio arrived Teheran with gallant little MG tourer dusty but undaunted.

En route paused weekend Black Forest to visit fantastic Schlumpf vintage car collection now operated as chamber of horrors by workers to illustrate capitalist greed. Also drank waters Baden Baden to undermine constitutions for balance of journey.

Beneficent German friend bestowed six dozen canisters of orange juice to insure vehicle

S. J. PERELMAN, the noted humorist and traveller, who is Peking-bound in a 1949 MG with two friends, Sydney Beer and Eric Lister, reached Teheran last week and sent this telegraphic dispatch to The Sunday Times

be followed by trail of flies across former Habsburg Empire. Confused in Vienna search for hotel, we spent night in Kongresshaus for visiting communist delegates where staff clearly marked us for CIA agents.

Torrential rains in Budapest where dossed down in world's most demented motel with pointy little dog-house cottages which we crawled into and left yelping pitifully next morning. Balkan meals so unspeakably horrend-

ous we forced to fall back on chunks of compressed sawdust, oats and honey supplied by Eric Lister's health-food restaurant. Beyond Sofia, nearing Turkish frontier, some complex oil feed in viscera of MG developed cramps worse than our own, demanding deep surgery by brilliant Syd Beer.

Our ensuing progress through sloping tortuous alleys of Istanbul towing trailer forever surpasses all vintage car rally

records. The Sublime Porte, unhappy to relate, is less sublime than ever, pullulating with noise, dust, heat. Our subsequent three-day jolt across Turkey's unlovely highways loosened long-cherished inlays in everyone's teeth.

Inching eastward cross-country toward Erzerum, we formed company entitled Reminders Ltd which will retail line of novelties designed to quench forever tourist appetite for auto travel in the Mideast: such items as little flasks of indigenous toilet odours named Essence de Lavabo and others containing whiffs of carbon monoxide discharged by international lorries; also laminated packets of broad



beans swimming in oil and tainted shish kebab. The coup de grace unavoidably befell us at point when requisite formalities to stroll in this Persian garden plumbed depths of bureaucracy measureless by man. However as Algernon Swinbourne or Dorothy

Parker once said, time wounds all heels, so now we press onward towards Afghanistan's mighty summits and the Khyber Pass.

Cartoon by Derek Alder