

# CODA, 1

I go downstairs and use Lydia's computer to check my email. I don't find any answers to the notes I dreamed I was sending. I've got a couple of new messages, offering me exercises to make my penis bigger and three different notes with offers for Viagra substitutes. Then, at the bottom of the new notes for today, I find one from praxis@worldmail.cz:

Subject: Have not yet erased you from the memory of my cell phone  
Date: Sobota 10 Listopad 2001 19:56:57 +0100

Jan: Just a note to welcome you home and to say how strange it feels that I won't see you tomorrow. As I said, you seemed less a tourist and more like another of my emigre friends here. It was terrific to see you and watch your work in progress. Hope that Prague found its way into your heart. Perhaps you already know Kafka's famous comment about the spell his native city casts: "Prague won't let you go. This mother has claws." They are buried deep in me.

The Mother of All Cities, they also call it, in addition to  
The City of a Hundred Spires.

It was another gorgeous sunny day today (cold), and we all went for a ride downtown on the subway at P's insistence. Looked around, hoping to see you capturing signs, shop windows, and anachronistic juxtapositions with your camera, but you were nowhere to be found...

Looking forward to your return.

Steve