



Hunger, hunger! That dirty body composed according to the precious Buddhist learning of 32 uncleannesses is nevertheless a beautiful thing, if there is still something left between the bones and the skin. A lame wanderer asks: Not to have a body — what if someone had nothing but?

Scrape the wooden pails and iron kettles, fill the palms of your hands with the beautiful blue coloured soup, nurse the hunger in your stomach, but kill the pain of hunger in your heads, because, that's what one dies of most quickly.

Do you remember the white sand-eaters of Belsen and the lunatic cannibals of Blechhammer?