Füst Milán: An anecdote

(Excerpt from the book *I was all this, once: The book of Hadi-sadi’s struggles*)

Habi-sadi, the eastern sage once spoke unto his son, Takhtur:
- A wild ass in Libya once shared his woes with me as such: - What am I? A miserable wild ass. I don’t even have a name. Oh, if I could be the crowing jewel of creation, if I could be a man too!
- Near New York, a negro sighed and said to me: Oh, if I could be the crowning jewel of creation, if I could be a white man too! The jews go inside a church, and leave as flawless men, - oh if we had such churches, where this blackness could part with us!
- But in Nancy, I met a French writer, who said: - oh, if I were a handsome, young officer, favourite of the ladies, and a millionaire to top it all off!
- And after all this, Doctor Rochum, an athletic, handsome young officer, an Englishman and a medico, one morning in Edinborough shot himself in the head. He wrote the following in his farewell letter: - I’m English, I’m young, I’m rich, but I’m telling you: There is no more hideous and wretched animal on Earth, than the crowning jewel of creation: The human.