

**CANNED
ROADDUST**

PICTURES

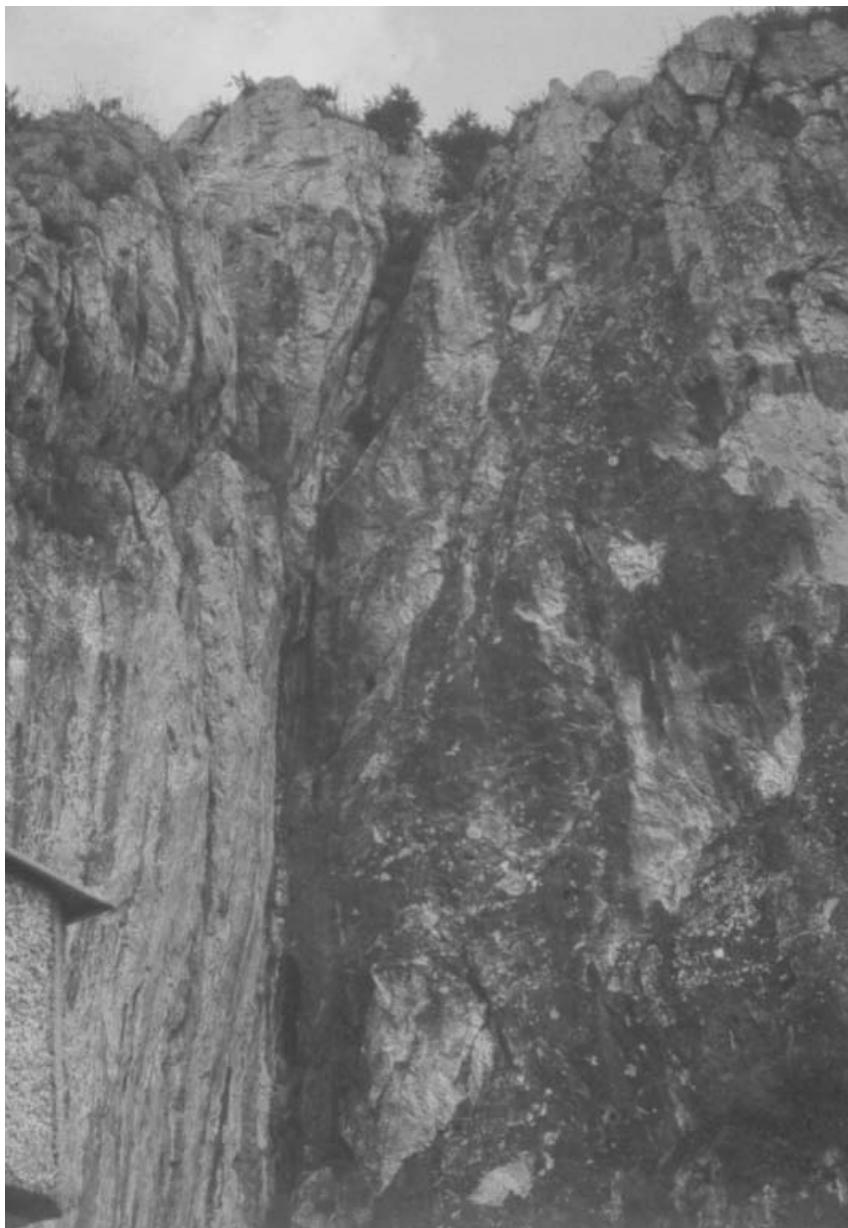
Canned roaddust



The environment of the Lillafüred Lake provides program for a good couple of hours beside visiting the three caves in the neighbourhood.



What a fine panorama! The extinct volcanoes in a straight line. Best of all is Badacsony.



*The Aggtelek dripstone cave opens at the foot of a precipitous wall of cliffs.
The cave itself is a sight not to be characterised in short.
All had better see it themselves.*

Canned roaddust



The two target ports for the old steamboats have been Visegrád and Esztergom, where they sailed daily. For me the Esztergom basilica was a sight not to forget.



The sight of the Danube Bend from the Pál-völgy hills near the Búbánat valley.



The xeranthemum flowers -- called in Hungarian "straw flower" -- collected in the Pilis (that time it has not been protected yet) decorated our apartment for years.

Canned roaddust



Sopron was the Hungarian town that I have known only from stories and books for several decades.



I can consider myself lucky to have had the opportunity to see the cataracts of the Danube in their original state. Now they are closed in a concrete frame and most of them is under many feet of calm water. Entry to this stretch of river in a downwards trip has been at Moldova Veche (Old Moldova).



The two Kazan Straits have the most majestic view on the Danube. The river is pushed inside a very narrow basin. On both sides the cliffs are rising upwards, from the water to the top, perpendicularly. The width of the river at places is less than 300 feet. The two straits have a length of two and a half miles each.



Canned roaddust



The barges were taken to the Dalboka anchoring place and we turned back for the rest. Dalboka was the anchoring of Orsova, the second one of the three hard stretches of the Cataracts had its end here. Orsova had several Hungarian residents even at the time when I visited it. But before that time by some decades it was a typical Hungarian town.



Now it was time to slip our barges through the last and most dangerous section. It was the Iron Gate. On the left side the high mountains reached to the riverbank, the other side had a plain about half a mile wide and behind it rose the mountains.

The Sip canal along the right shore has been called simply Iron Gate canal, it came into being at the river's regulation by being blasted free at the bottom, then pushed behind a levee built parallel to the shore.



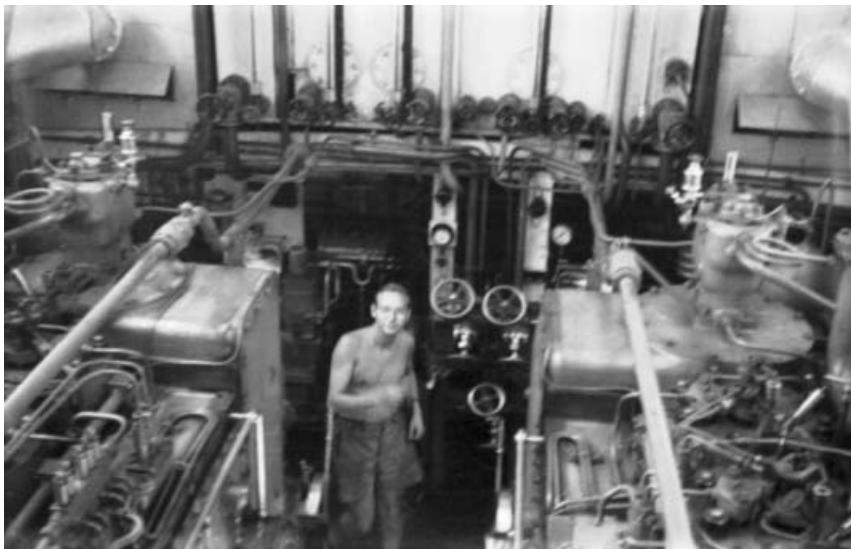
Where we were heading it was Reni, a small town, but a big river-side reloading place within the Soviet Socialist Republic of Moldova that time. Later there was a swap of territories between Moldova and Ukraine, Moldova got the Pridnestrovia -- a hot spot lately because of Russian troops relocated there from Afghanistan -- and Ukraine took all the lands on the Danube and the Black Sea for national security reasons.



The large towing winch has been mounted on the boat-deck and, when down-river, of the 600 feet of steel cable all have been sent out making the barges, submerged to their deck from load, almost invisible.



The first hydrofoil of Hungary belonging to the smaller Russian series, the "Rocket", was called Sirály-1 (seagull) with us at home. For the ship-line MAHART two such boats were purchased. I met this one during its being taken home.



Of all the "Esztergom" Diesel tug the machine room was the largest space with a vast volume, its height went from the bottom to the boatdeck, the highest level on board. It means it took two complete "stories". Its length took at least half of the complete length of the tug, of which the most place were taken by the two main engines.



Our stock of food was going out during the backward trip, so it was needed to buy provision in a Bulgarian port, Lom. I stepped on shore too.



We met the cataract tug "Komárom" under Turnu-Severin. She was coming to help us with our barges through the Cataracts upriver.

Canned roaddust



Before the Danube was regulated the shipping canal had been along the left shore. At the very edge of the riverside there was a narrow path where the horses went one-by-one pulling the boat against the flow. At the upper end of this Old-road the line had to be let free, the boat was taken by the impulse farther up and it anchored on reaching the other side of the river.



At low water-level all the water went through the canal as the cliffs on the bottom made a dam hindering the flow. The speed of the current came up as high as 16 mph during such periods.



Today at Orsova you can see only the suburbs lying higher, the rest is under water because of the dam some miles down-river. It is also the fate of the former isle of Ada-Kaleh, whose minaret had been a great sight before the dam.

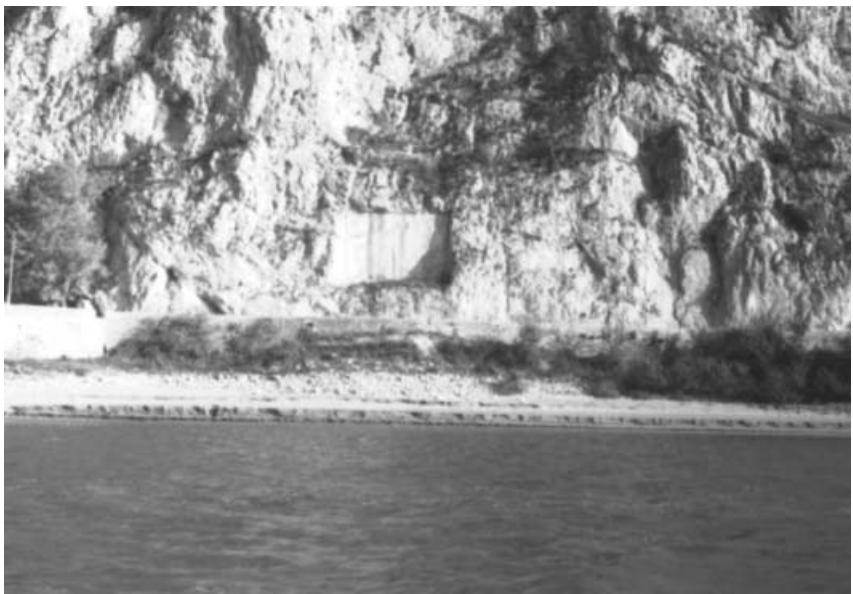


During the 2nd century AD. the Roman emperor Trajan conquered the south part of Transsylvania being then the country of Dacia. He went along the Danube and his legions made a route on the riverbank hewn into the rock of the two Kazans above water-line. It has been called Trajan's Route marked by the TrajanTablet. Now only skin-divers can see what we saw pass by from the board of our boat.

Canned roaddust



The ruin of Galambóc, a border fortress during the reign of King Matthew, where the king had an affair with Turks (alas, he wasn't very tough with them, otherwise they would not have dared to come to our country in 1526).



The Széchenyi Tablet at the uppermost end of the Cataracts paying honour to the Greatest of the Hungarians for his efforts in the regulation of the river Danube.



The steam tug "Harkov" was built by original Soviet drawings during an era of the Óbuda Shipyard when Soviets owned it. She is one of the boats being built as war reparation. One of her sister ships burned out in the yard during building, the customer didn't accept it and so it remained in our country as the tugboat "Bakony".



Canned roaddust



Well, it was a special equipment! Originally a steam tug-boat herself, called "Vas-kapu" (Iron Gate), the tug has been equipped with an enormous chain through-winches. An anchor chain of an extreme size had been laid down on the bottom of the river and, as the chain-tug operated its winch, she moved up or down in the bottleneck shipping route. The chain simply went up her deck, through the winch and back again to the bottom. But it gave a high boost to help vessels go upwards against the current.



Drenkova, Izlas, both are names river-men recognised at once even aroused from sleep. Today they are only memories, or they are of no interest.



The border between Austria and Czechoslovakia (today Slovakia) on the left side. It almost coincides with the ruin of the Devin castle, at the mouth of the Morava.



On the Austrian section of the Upper Danube the country was indescribably pretty with hills resembling the western part of Hungary, and with tidy cottages on both sides. Everything was easy to see as the river was at most a thousand feet wide. Perhaps the most beautiful sight was Wallsee, several boatmen likened it to the Lorelei cliff on the river Rhine.

Canned roaddust



On the right shore we could see other spectacles too. The Mauthausen camp existed in the same state as when it was emptied at the end of the war.



In Austria the country was indescribably pretty with hills like the western part of Hungary, and with tidy cottages on both sides. Everything was easy to see as the river was at most a thousand feet wide.



Waiting for admission into the lock chamber at the Ybbs-Persenbeug dam we could admire the Hapsburg castle in Persenbeug.



Over the town of Linz, boats going upriver reach the hardest section on the upper Danube, this is the alpine section of the river. The steep forested mountain-sides come down to the water's edge, only here and there let they open a small valley. But there is almost always a settlement there.



Below the town of Regensburg on the left side you see a small hill crowned by a neo-classical colonnade. It is the Walhalla, exhibition place of all the great Germans.



There are a multitude of bridges on all the three streams in Passau, the finest one spanning over the Danube. On the right side it has an ordinary head, but on the left the flow of vehicles is disappearing in a tunnel through the hill coming to the water's edge. The cables are fixed high in the cliffs of the hill.



Passau is the most beautiful town on the upper Danube. Two side-streams are running into the river, the one on the right bank is the Inn, the river of Innsbruck.



The upper Danube is completely different from its lower stretch.



In Vienna, there was a very fine suspension bridge over the Danube on the route directly to the centre of the city. It was called Reichsbrücke, renamed Red Army Bridge in favour of the Soviets stationing there until 1955. Anyway, it had the fate of getting back its name, as the Budapest objects with similar names after 1990. Even worse, but is in no connection with it. During the 70s it broke down while being renovated. No trace of it today.



Pozsony (Bratislava) with the unique castle. As it can be seen that time there was no bridge yet, today two of them hinder the sight of the castle.

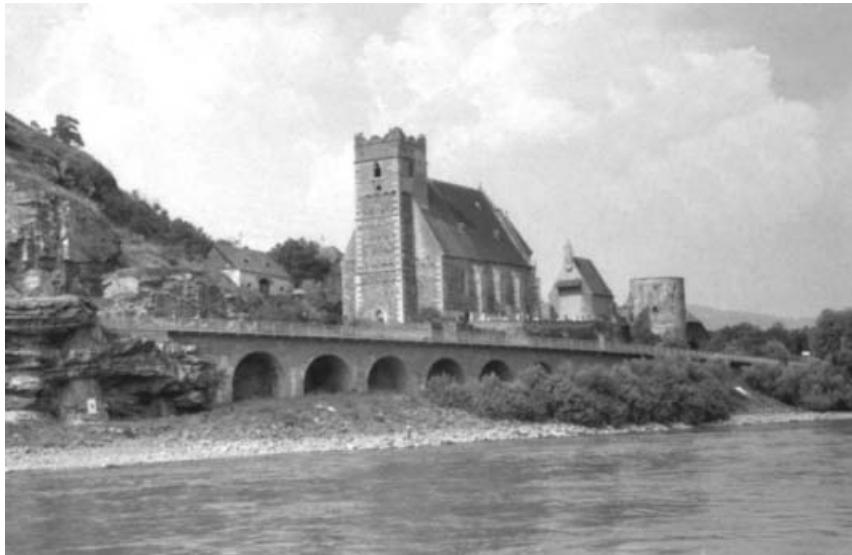


There are human settlements, but the place is not completely fit for human life.



Tiny town on the peak of a high rock.

Canned roaddust



One thing is sure: there is no village without pub and church.



The country was very fine, several boatmen likened it to that on the river Rhine.



One of the many picturesque castles on the Danube, I don't know who its owner is. But it catches the eyes of many people as it can be seen in other albums, too.



New buildings are near the river in an easily accessable place, the older ones have been built in a safe height.

Canned roaddust



At the time I write about, the first dam on the Danube below us was a plan only, but in the Austrian section I have seen the fourth one in construction at Aschach in 1963. I made this photo about it the next year.





The steep forested mountain-sides come down to the water's edge.



Only here and there let the steep slopes open a small valley. These drain the snowmelt into the Danube, in some cases they make the mouths of small tributaries, which is equal with flood during spring. These people are hard, they can live on anything, for this reason you can find the small villages everywhere, not only in the valleys.

Canned roaddust



Boats steaming down-river quickly got sight of the Babakai rock to the right in the middle of the strong current far from the shore, it has something to do with the usual legend about the fight between the girl separated from her love and her father -- as everywhere in the world --.



On the same side, but of course on the shore, you can see the ruins of Galambóc, a border fortress during the reign of King Matthew, where the king had an affair with Turks (alas, he wasn't very tough with them, otherwise they would not have dared to come to our country in 1526). Here the walls of cliffs begin to rise as you steam downwards.



It was in 1983 that I got to the Northern Carpathian Mountains.



The favourite place of Hungarians visiting former domestic lands is the Tátra in the Carpathian. In fine weather the Lomnic peak even seems steeper than real.

Canned roaddust



Especially gorges are terrifying.



Lake Csorba.



While spending time at change from air-plane to train in Warsaw we had time to take a walk in the old town.



The walk was short, but I used enough film for the good photos.

Canned roaddust



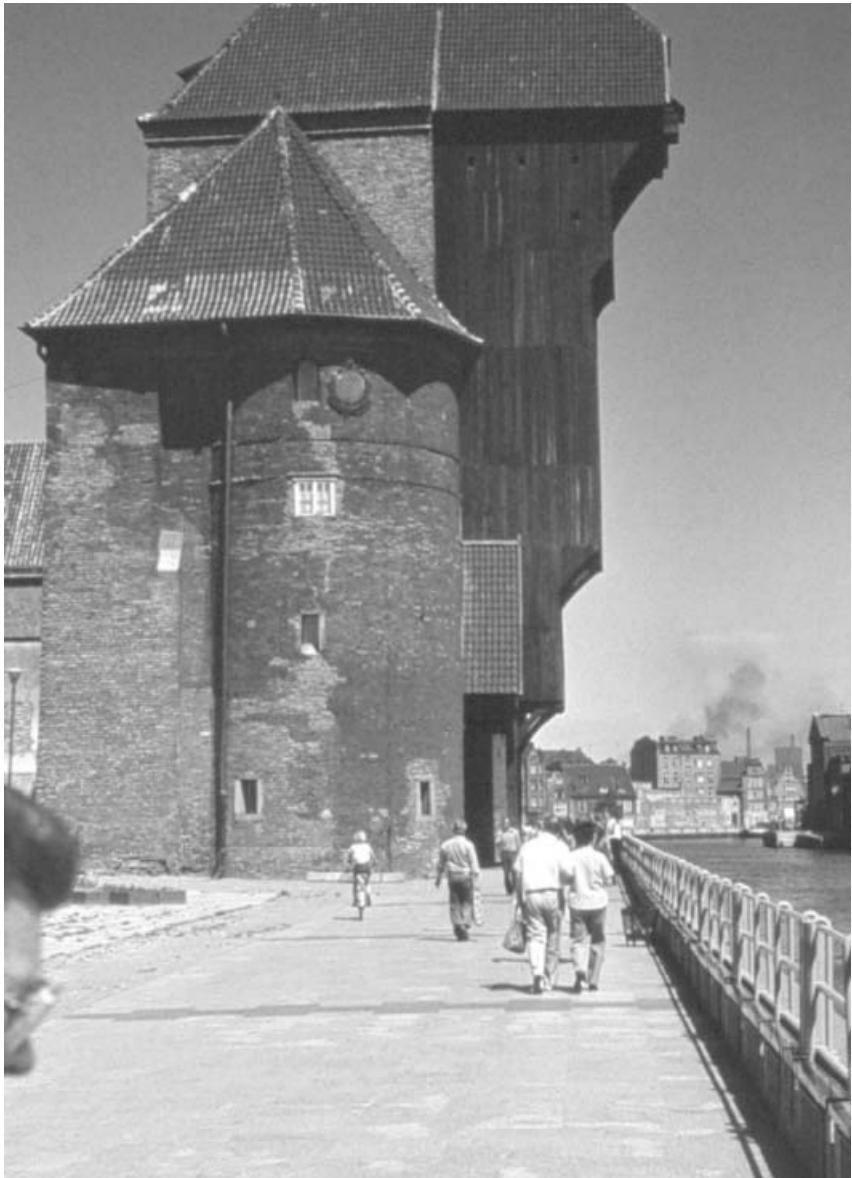
Gdansk.



The Gdańsk marina.



All churches I saw were in use, most of them similarly beautiful.



The "crane" in the Gdansk port. Such structures have been used from the 14th century on to load and unload goods in and out of boats: at the very edge of the shore the brick building was equipped with a wooden extension above water, which got a treading wheel on the uppermost level, as big as it could bear, and people were turning it by treading, while the cable was winding up on a coaxial drum, and the load coming up or down.



Even our free week-end was well utilized, we went by train to Malbork, the reconstructed medieval fortress of the Teuton Knights. They had been ruling the surrounding country from here until a popular uprising of the Polish nobles and the Slavic peasantry defeated them at Grünwald.



In Warnemünde the ferry from Malmö was a real sight.

Canned roaddust



Stralsund is a true Hanseatic city, something like the model village of a Piko model train.



The renovated Sans-Soucie Palace in Potsdam, built for the summer residence of Friedrich II in the 18th century.



1973. Berlin was in a continuous development (if it is development when gaps are replaced by concrete boxes), the old Alexanderplatz got a new cover, the new TV Tower was finished. But Unter-den-Linden had only moderate traffic.



The oldest church in Berlin.



The outer colonnade in the Sans-Soucie Palace.



He who wanted to live here needed only ...



... money and taste.



Niederfinow, where barges and boats waiting for sluicing are lifted or sunk by threaded spindles. This method is more economical for water than usual dams, but this benefit is balanced by energy consumption.



The surroundings of the Munich Central Railway Station are not exactly in the city centre, but it is only a matter of a fifteen-minute walk.



I think Munich is a very pleasant city, actually it is a capital on regional level, which retained its small-town air.



The down-town turned into a walking zone begins behind the gate on the other side of the square.



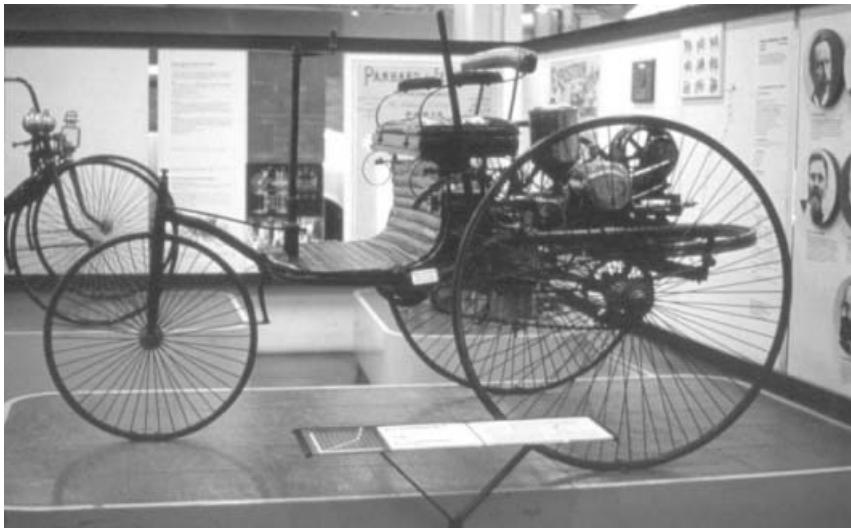
The walking zone, full of shops, ...



... picturesque buildings like this one, ...



... and open-air restaurants as this one where you can see one of the symbols of the city, the two spires of the Frauenkirche, behind the apartment building.



Another one of my lasting memories in Munich was the Technical Museum. Most interesting were the vehicles, the cars among them, as this first automobile of the world.



The city center in Cologne is fine, especially the cathedral and its environs at the left side of the river Rhine. The statical wonder can be recognized at once in this architectural masterpiece. Perhaps it can survive the bombings in World War II just for this reason.



If architecture is really frozen music, then ...



... the architects may be the frozen musicians.



From the other bank of the Rhine the most interesting sight is the waterway itself.



Also in Torquay in Devon there is a traffic jam in the afternoon as in Budapest, but cars creep in the opposite direction. A double-decker bus takes you ...

Canned roaddust



... to the Model Village, where everything is done perfectly with the miniature buildings and roads.



I had to confess that in spite of national differences among Germans, Italians and the English the sight of marinas was almost the same all over the world.



The Buckingham Palace, residence of the British Royal Family in London.



The St. James's Park is a favourite place for artists and eccentrics, a man draw attention to himself in such a way that a multitude of sparrows landed on him every time he through his arms out.

Canned roaddust



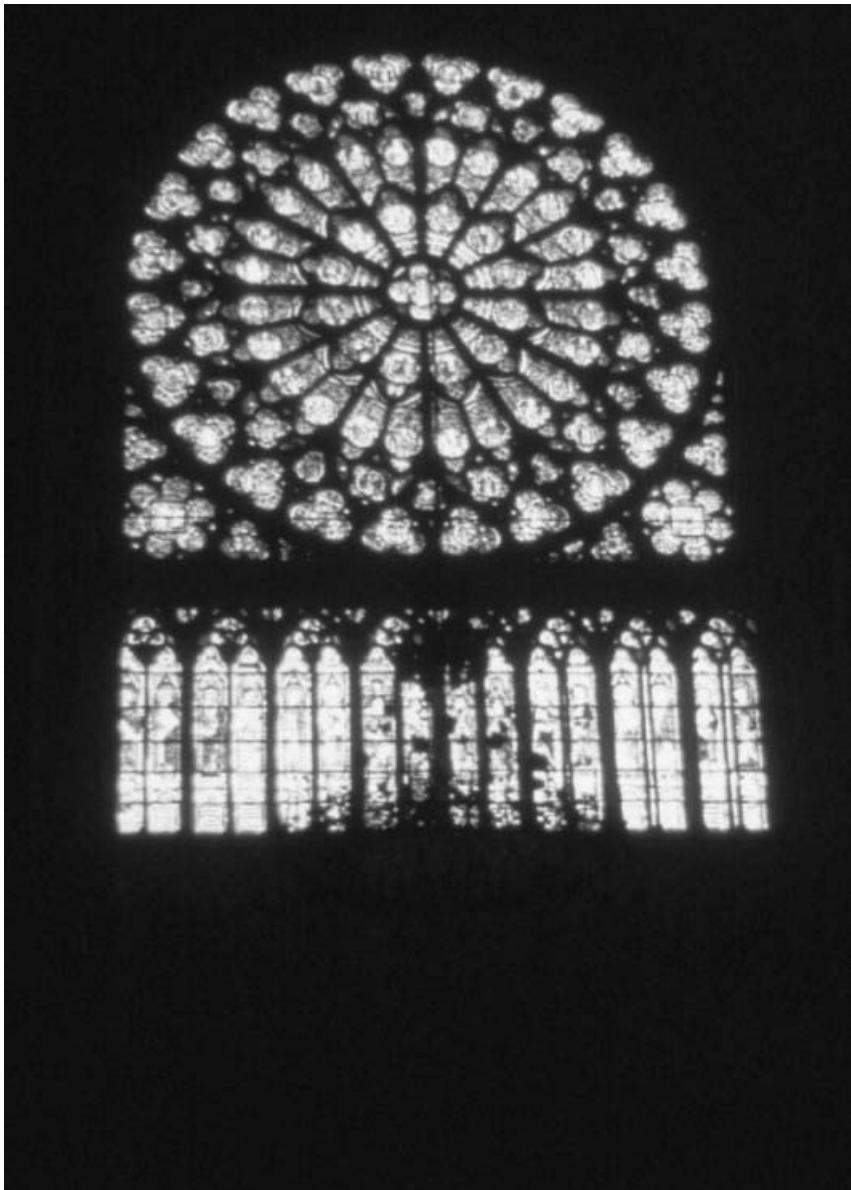
The time being afternoon, we wanted to utilise time well, we made a huge walk, going by foot from the Westminster to the Tower along Oxford Street, passing St Paul's Cathedral and the Lloyds. Alas, it got dark, the Tower was closed, we had no admission.



The old town in Belgrade with the fortress is a sentimental journey for us Hungarians. It was a Hungarian border fortress upto the end of our independence in 1526. In 1456 it was here that Janos Hunyadi defeated sultan Mourad and stopped Turkish progress for 50 years.



The Place de la Concorde from where you can go along Champs Elysées to the Arch.



I was enchanted by the fine window in the Notre Dame on the island during our walk.



Opatija, under the name of Abbazia, had been the most frequented seaside resort place in the early years of monarchy. It is as beautiful as before, the sea is good both for swimming and underwater exploration.

Canned roaddust



At the room distribution in Jelsa on the isle of Hvar -- rooms were in private houses everywhere in the village -- the number of persons in families has not been taken into account. Even our invalid, an old man with two sticks, has been given the farthest house on the hillside. The sea at least was wonderful and we enjoyed ourselves.



Plovdiv lies in that part of Bulgaria that was part of Macedonia two thousand years ago.



There are historic ruins, the great amphitheatre among them. The place was the seat of Philip II, Alexander the Great's father.



This living house has been built at the top of the cliffs, above the road tunnel.



In the a Ras Hotel I have been living for six weeks. It is situated in the centre of Addis Ababa, through the window of my room I saw a filling station behind the hotel.



About 70 miles east of the capital there is a hot-spring area in a volcanic valley. Its name is Sodere. The dry season makes the temperature of water rise to 200 degrees F. The place is very near to the river Awash, which is full of crocodiles, but guests of the resort are safe from them. Not so from the many dozens of vervet monkeys.



In Sodere the nest-weaving birds are worth our attention beside crocodiles and monkeys. They are numerous and make their nests on the acacia trees outside the ground.

Canned roaddust



The town of Nazreth is crossed by anybody who is travelling either to Sodere or to the Great Lakes of the Rift Valley. The hotel garden has been established for Europeans staying in the country, there is a swimming pool with clean water, and the flowers resemble those of the Garden of Eden in our fantasy.



After the fourth week of my stay in Addis Ababa the high-ranking short man, the official at the Housing Department, had enough of my visits and allocated me a flat on the 6th floor of a 12-storeyed building. Looking to the North from the little room I could see the residence of the "Small Man" (Mengistu), originally the house of Menelik II, founder of the capital. The objects on the terrace looking like garden tables are actually cannons under tarpaulin. The mountains in the background called Entoto seem to be near, but they are at least ten miles away.



The other room had a view to the East with the ECA (Economic Commission for Africa) Building, the background is as deceptive as the other, this mountain is almost touched by the landing air-planes.

Canned roaddust



The same in misty weather, only the characteristic ridge and the twin-building help identify it.



High in the air there were always eagles to be seen, and sometimes, circling with extreme precision around their prey on the ground, vultures with their square outlines appeared too. Their usual resting place was on the high eucalyptus trees in the grove behind the Railway Station.



Sobota is a valley about 20 miles from the capital, where a cooperative has an orchard. The capital is left on the south side and there is a great vegetable market along the road for the motorists. Near to the plantation there is also a waterfall.



Ato Bekele was my direct boss, we had a good connection not only in work, but in the private too. He had a big family.

Canned roaddust



The first days after the arrival of my family I spent with looking for a suitable school for my son. We wanted something that could have a continuity at home, so I chose the school in the Soviet embassy.



We have seen this heron on our way to Mount Zukualla, he guarded the cow as diligently as a herd-boy.



Mount Zkualla to the South from the Ethiopean capital that is famous as the place where monarchs of the central Shoa region had been crowned.

Canned roaddust



Beside sheet metal roofs you can also find huts built of traditional stuff. Mainly, however, usual materials are only used for the store and animal houses.



Our best amusement in the park was to drive slowly by lanes and stop at sighting something, photographing, looking around with binoculars and listen to the almost complete silence.

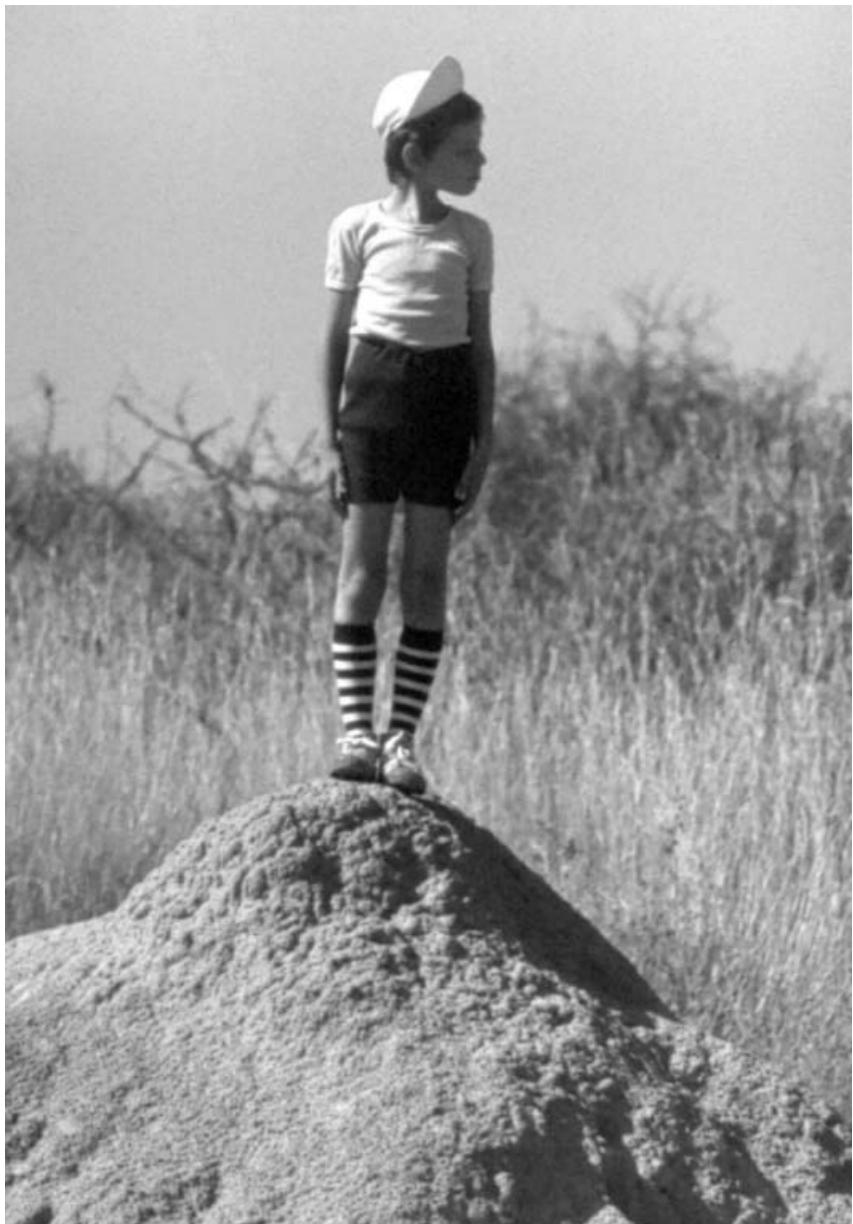


We have seen oryx antelopes, they are my favourite beasts. The shape and size of their bodies resemble those of a horse, but the shade of their colour is such an odd kind of gray, I can only say it is oryx-gray.



In the thick undergrowth on the riverbank you are prone to disturb any animal living in the park.

Canned roaddust



Something must have been where we stopped as there was no sign of life, otherwise silence is not dead, you can hear it. A predator might have hid in the yellow African grass growing even some feet high at places, other creatures might have gone still for this reason. Nearby stood some ant-hills, we stood up on one, but it didn't help, we saw nothing.



The small honey-bird has colourful feathers and can see far, he knows all the hives.



There are other kinds of birds, this gray specimen let me come rather near to make this photo.

Canned roaddust



*The toko is the variety of toucan in Africa. This pair drew our attention for long.
The male can be seen at behind, his crest is lowered.*



*The beauty of the oryx antelopes represents me the limitless abilities of nature
to create wonderful creatures.*

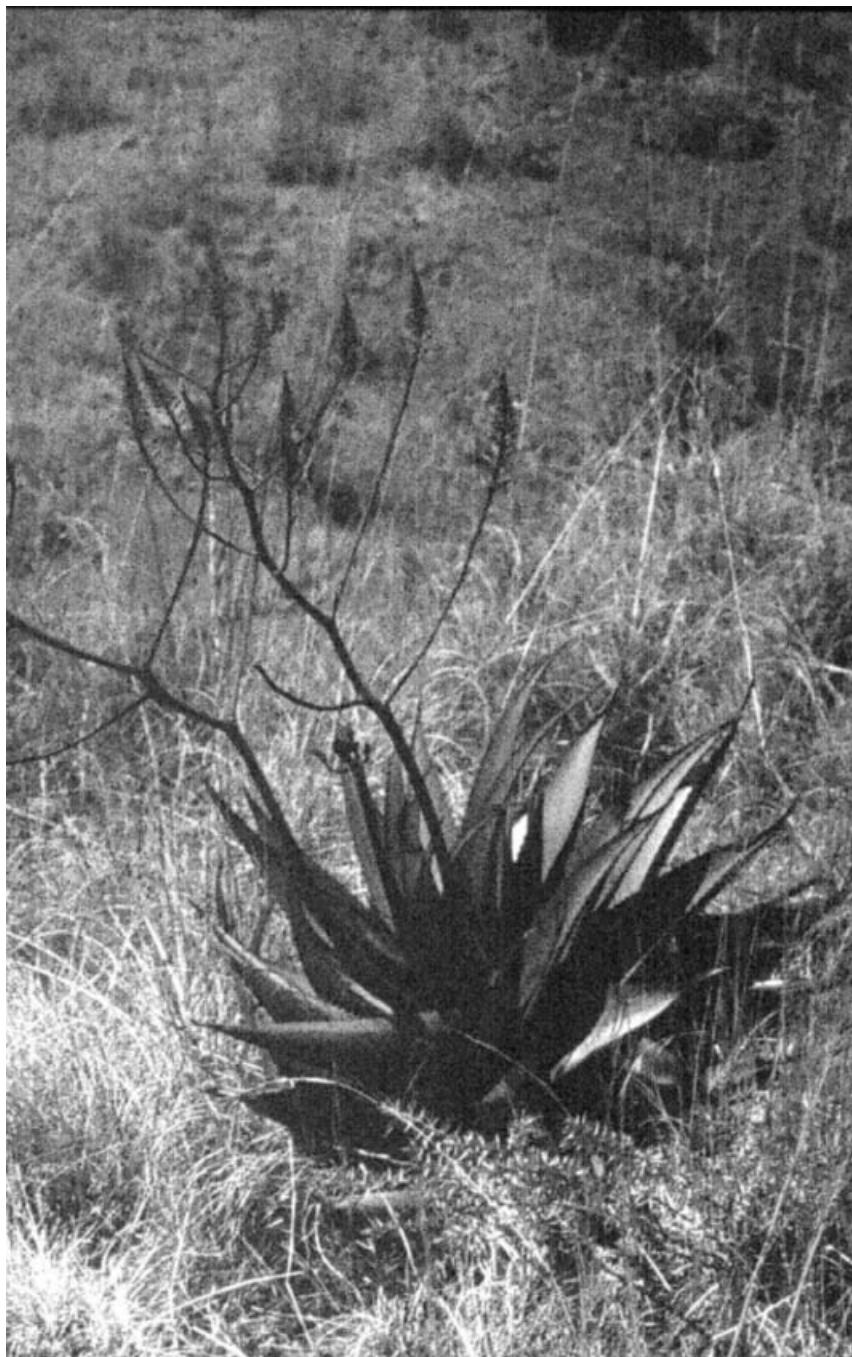


Carpets from abroad were very expensive in Ethiopia, I bought the products of a local co-operative where members were blind craftsmen and the wonderful carpets they made of natural wool. Patterns were made by the use of different colour.



In the background ostriches are seen. First you spot large balls floating above ground, the vibrating hot air hides them sometimes completely, then suddenly they appear in their reality. Ostriches are big hens actually, the cock is dark, the female is lighter brown.

Canned roaddust



This plant *aloe berhana* grows exclusively in Ethiopia.



Our first Christmas in Addis Ababa.

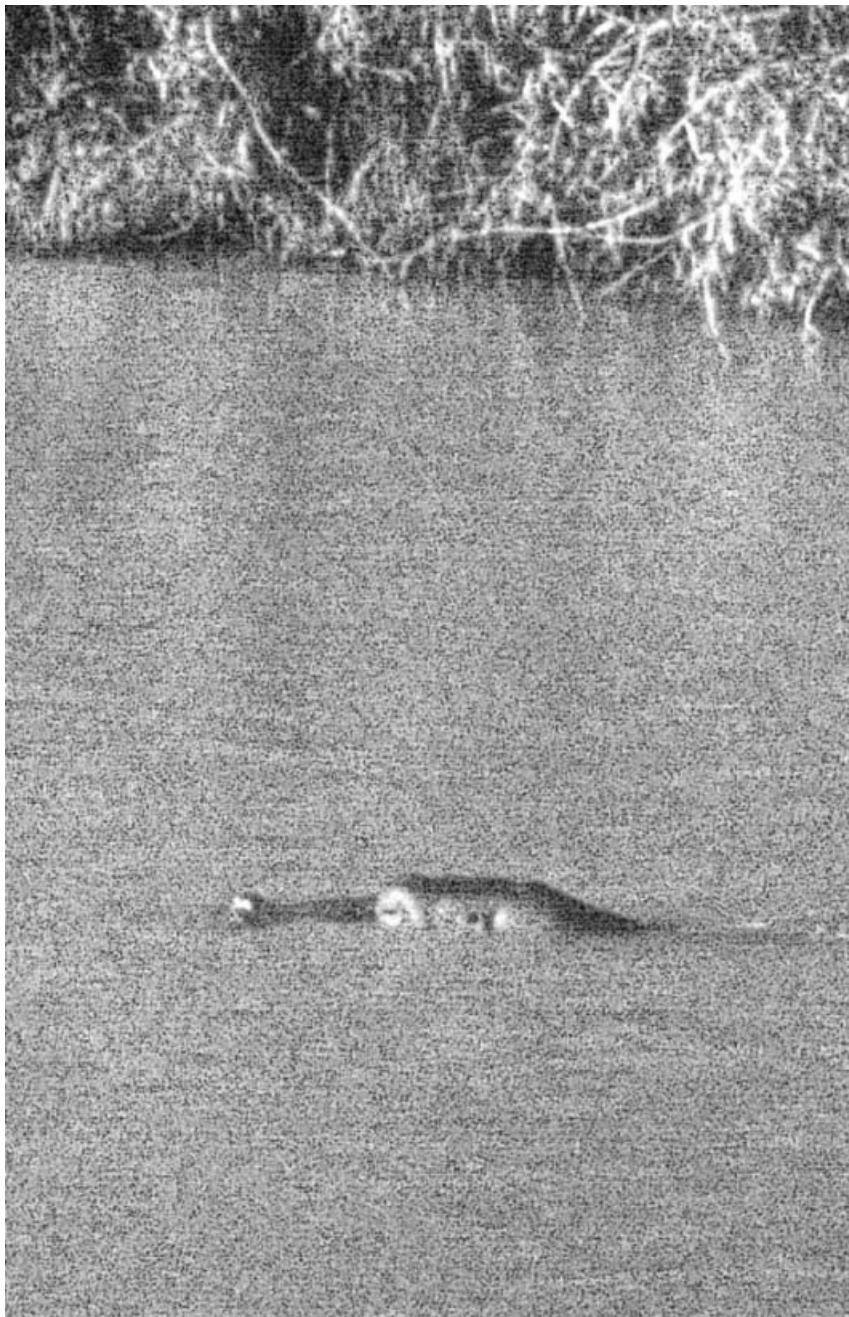
Canned roaddust



We did not forget that the child needs his own room. He liked the place, where the bigger wall was covered with the purchased objects.

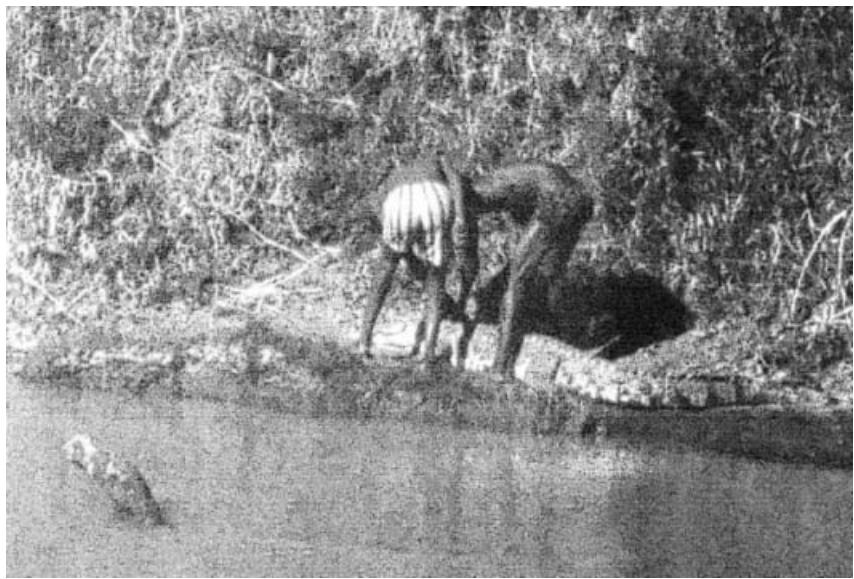


An acquaintance from home.



One of my first excursions led to the Hippo-pool with my family, where one of the smaller tributaries of the river Awash is full of hot springs and for this reason innumerous hippos swarm on the place.

Canned roaddust



The number of crocodiles decreased by one that day, the beast was shot by the Yugoslav ambassador and skinned on the spot.



You can drive to the river from the entrance of the Awash park and on route you see different kinds of birds on the trees.



January 1980 has come and my boss organized our trip to Assab. We travelled by a long-cab Datsun pickup. This trip took us two days there, the same back and one in the town. It goes without saying, I was very happy that with my family we could see new countries, anyway, I felt that this would be a tiring trip. It really was, but it was worth bothering and it was an experience never to forget.



Upto the national park we knew the route, but after it sights were new. That 540-mile distance can be divided to three equal legs.

Canned roaddust



The first one is to the fork, where the Dire Dawa and the Assab roads divide.



The second leg is from the fork leaving north, until mountains near Djibouti are reached. The third leg follows the valleys of those mountains.



The salty lowland provides the country with salt.



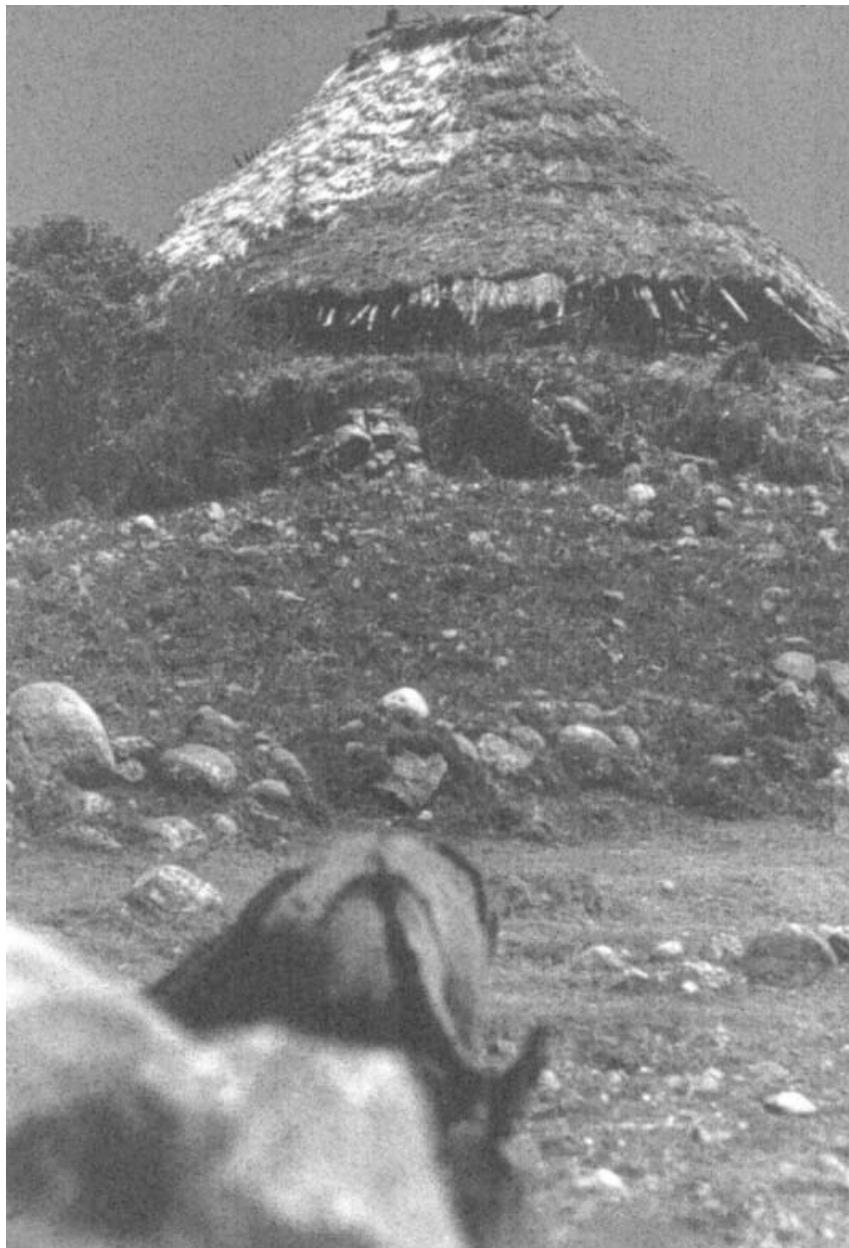
When we visited their country the danakil were already fortunately no real nomads. This is why their name in their own language became known, i.e. afar. Since the time they settled down they have occupied the region Wollo and the northern part of the region Hararghe within Ethiopia, but the majority of this people is living in Djibouti, whose former name is French Somalia.

Canned roaddust



On the backward route in one of the small villages we found all in decorations. The son of the local party chief had his wedding. There was an enormous tent for at least a hundred sitting persons with tables and benches. Bekele has been caught by them and seated. He would not let us out of this event, and we had to take place with him under the tent. Ethiopian hospitality is really great. When our hosts saw that we were inexperienced, they would help us fold and eat the food, injera with many kinds of wat.





In the country surrounding the capital we undertook some excursions ourselves and took with us our doctor friends too in the first month after their arrival, until they bought their own car.

Canned roaddust



The landscape is wonderful and besides there are some other attractions like these rocks and the animal on one of them.





Historic places meant mountains above ten thousand feet north of the capital. In spite of the shining sun temperature was only 50 to 55 degrees F during day, the inhabitants carried thick caps and coats of wool. Also this funny pair we met there, against sunshine they used parasol, the woman at back carried not her child on her back in the usual bundle, but a lamb.



It is a common sight the eagle making circles high up.

Canned roaddust



The spectacle of the oryx antelopes got me always, also later when we were in the Awash park not the very first time.



The Grant gazelles are of the size of an elk.



They are rather shy animals, mostly they show only their white "stern", I could only photograph them with a telephoto lens.



Canned roaddust



The papaya is actually a cantaloupe growing on a tree, the tree itself resembles a large castor plant.



It has almost been night when we saw this beautiful greater kudu.



Perpetual is the sight of the African savanna, whether an oryx is running on it, ...

Canned roaddust



... or it makes the illusion of total calm, with background of mountains.



The river Awash has a waterfall, and on its banks from Grant gazelles to greater kudus you can find herbivorous wild beasts.



You can drive to the river from the park entrance and on route you see baboons run around.



When Easter in 1980 was near, we decided to visit Lake Tana, source of the Blue Nile. Weather was rainy, very peculiar as small rainy season in February and March was over. Anyway, this trip has been a great experience where we saw sad marabous and this small bird too.

Canned roaddust



We have seen this small bird also on route to the Lake Tana, alas we couldn't identify him.



This is a stone bridge from the 16th century. It is used even today as it is part of the dirt road parallel to the highway, about half a mile apart, that is needed for pack animals. Portuguese bridge it is called, as it was believed to have been built by them. At that time they had some attempts to occupy this country.



Nearing the Blue Nile you have a short sight of the river from time to time, either through an abyss or at the bottom of the deep canyon.

Canned roaddust



The landscape can catch everybody who could overcome the inconveniences from the heat and the mass of flies.



There is a small village near the Tis Issat falls where men are employed as armed guards to protect tourists from the criminals. Everywhere they go with rifles, they are accustomed to photography, all of them behave intelligently. My son always found the right tone with locals, here too he made friends with the armed man coming with us.



Ten miles from its source the river encounters a steep fall in the ground more than 100 feet in height, and there the water falls down in many branches. It is a wonderful sight and its noise is heard from many miles.

Canned roaddust



The local name of the falls is "Tis Issat", that means thundering smoke. The falls actually take one wall of a canyon and the river is turning at right angle into the canyon to follow its route. From the other side of the canyon you are facing the falls, and the sight is unique.



The canyon is not wide enough to have all branches of the falls in one shot with an ordinary lens, only wide-angle lenses can take it in completely.



Our room in Bahar Dar was fine at last, we slept in a separate hut. As usual, the restaurant was situated in the central building, the hut made an organic part of the surrounding park reaching down to the shore of Lake Tana. Sitting there we scanned the great water surface. It did not remind us at all of the Lake Balaton, the other shore could not be seen, only a small isle near the outflow.



Our room reserved with care from Addis Ababa was handed out by the careless receptionists to one of our compatriot, who was making the same trip there at the same time. When they arrived and checked in the man in charge asked only for nationality, but not for name. For our luck an East German who had reserved a room too remained in the capital and we got his room at last.

Canned roaddust



On our backward journey we changed our minds and did not do all the distance in one day. Just before the descend to the river we stopped in a village. Thus we had more time to look around and could discover some animals like these black ibises ...

... as well as this greater honey-bird.





Nature takes care of the removal of fallen animals, mainly by the ugliest birds of that country, vultures.



On the backward journey from the Lake Tana, when we neared the Blue Nile, we could see through to the capital, with ridges of mountains behind each-other.

Canned roaddust



The steep canyon of the river Nile is inconspicuous from a greater distance, only the difference in plants of the two sides are marking.



When we began the descent into the canyon by the winding road I felt I had never driven a car on a terrain so prone to accidents, which would mean a tragedy here.



*I had no nerves for photography on the leg to the lake, I could not know either,
whether the guards down on the bridge would not mind my taking pictures.
These photographs I took on the backward leg.*



*On our Assab trip we saw camels eating round green fruits from a bush. Even Be-
kele could not recall their name, so we named them camel peach. We saw these
people when we were driving back from the Lake Tana, they were carrying the
same fruit and showed us that there was a white fibrous matter within as cotton
inflating quickly to many times that of its original volume, once freed. I recognised
this as kapok I first heard about from Prof. Balogh at the Budapest Technical
University. He had told us sailors filled up their cushions with it.*

Canned roaddust



The Blue Nile.



Cameleon on a tree trunk on our way to Lake Langano.



On Lake Abiata, where we got back our stolen money with some good luck, we have seen white and black ibises. They had been holy birds with ancient Egyptians.



During the spring of our second year in Ethiopia we undertook a trip needing also some courage beside gasoline. In the days of Easter we visited Jima, the seat of Kafa region. This town lies to the south-west from Addis Ababa on a territory where still some of the original rain-forests exist. The humid climate preserved the wild coffee shrubs too.

Canned roaddust



The road follows the southern slopes of a mountain ridge that reaches from north-east to south-west. Not far from Jima you can find the source of the river Omo carrying its water to the Lake Rudolf. The river is appearing many times below you, once the road even crosses it on a bridge over it.



This route is free of towns by the map, but of small villages there are many along, they consist of mainly traditional round bee-hive huts (tukuls).



My boss, Bekele, helped me the last day photograph objects in the town, otherwise not advisable for the crowd or policemen. He took me into his VW Variant and we toured the town.

Canned roaddust



Just before we left the country we visited some of the most African country-sides, I made this picture about the hard-working small titmouse that time. He is just making the finishing touches on his brand-new (still green) nest before offering it to the female for a check.



At the beginning I called the mousebird monkeyface bird for his appearance, he not only ate all quince-apples on my trees and left there only the cores, but tried the same with the unripe pomme granates too.



I was able to see the first day that Yalta was a two-in-one place. The harbour, the promenade on the seashore and the beach looked as if in a western-type mediterranean country. The town, its streets, mainly its stores were true Soviet ones.



Part of Greater Yalta was the "Swallow Nest" that looked very nice from sea-level, but it was in poor condition, not only the rest-room, but also the refreshment room.



We walked along the most popular path for tourists, the Kalinin Avenue (it has got back its old name but a little modified, New Arbat Road) to the Red Square and viewed all attractions like this government building, ...



... or the entrance to the Kremlin (for ordinary people), the Kutafya Tower, to the right behind it you see the only inappropriate building of the Kremlin, the modern Palace of Congresses.



... as well as the "House of Friendship "



The lower end of Red Square is marked by the Church of Vassily Blazhenny, in front of that stands the statue of Minin and Pozharsky, who started the popular uprising in 1612 putting an end to an odd era in Russian history, when Moscow was occupied by the Poles.



Near the end of Nevsky Avenue, behind the Hermitage you reach Admiralty Square with the high monument column. This monster stands on bare earth without any foundation.



Leningrad (St. Petersburg again since), is a very beautiful city, especially during the first days of summer, you can call it European. The Hermitage building is situated on the bank of the river Neva, as it is well known, Peter the Great had it built by Italian architects, it was the winter residence of the Czar. This is the reason that it was called Winter Palace until the Revolution. Evidently, its builder did not want to be left behind other monarchs. The Hermitage as a gallery mainly keeps foreign works of art.



During the endless days called "white nights" we were walking along Nevsky Avenue after finishing our daily tasks. This is the most imposing road of the city stretching several miles long. It crosses some canals and the Lesser Neva, passes two cathedrals, the Isaac and Kazansky, ...



... and reaches the river Neva where the bronze horseman made timeless by Pushkin's poem stands. It is characterised by having three fixed points on the base: both hind legs and the tail.



"Wite Nights" on the river Neva at 11 p.m.



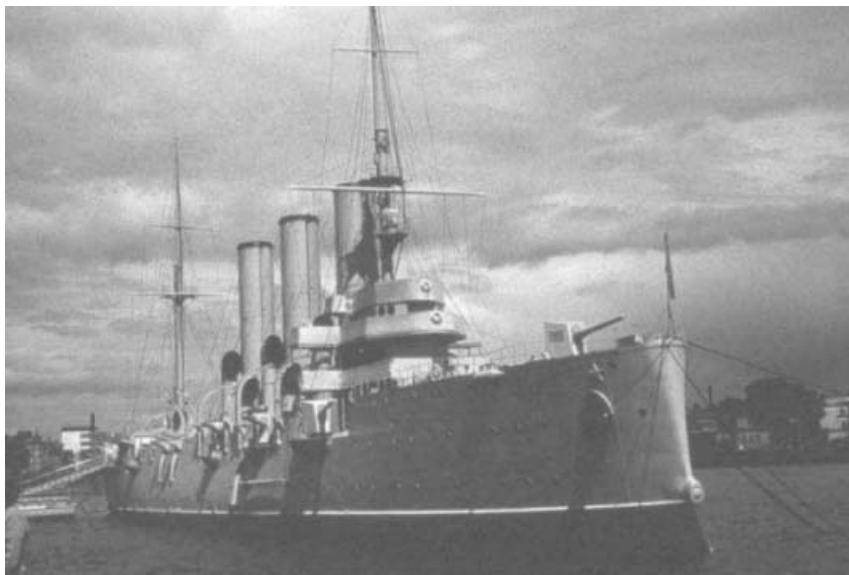
The other fine sight has been Petrodvorets, the Summer Palace of Peter the Great -- as the Hermitage had been his Winter Palace --, about 20 miles from the city on the seashore.



Statues in the park and the figures of the huge fountain in front of the entrance are gilded. This fountain contains among others a gigantic male figure, perhaps Heracles, that makes the centre of the artwork, tearing open the mouth of a large fish that is actually the opening for the waist-size waterjet breaking upwards dozens of feet high.



Statues in the park of the palace are wonderful.



The most famous -- or rather notorious -- warship of the world, the "Aurora", is resting on concrete today.



The Peter-Paul Fortress has been the Tower for the Russian empire. It is a museum now, there are wax figures to illustrate the historic environment. This fortress situated on the bank of the river Neva had been the core of the settlement at its foundation in 1703. The riverside along its wall makes the municipal beach today, but it can be advised only for true Russian walruses with its water of 58 degrees F.

Canned roaddust



The Field of Mars.



The entrance to the Kremlin, i.e. the bridge from Kutafya Tower to the fortress wall, with the Manezh building in the background.



This historic ensemble of churches lies within the Kremlin, you see them this way from the side of the Palace of Congresses.



The Czar Cannon.

Canned roaddust



The historic ensemble of churches.



Gilded bulb-domes.



One of the gilded groups of statues in the central fountain of the Exhibition of National Economy (VDNH).



When building the tremendous hotel on the right called "Rossiya" constructors have been able to spare this small hut. It had been the House of Ambassadors during the reign of Ivan the Terrible. The monarch was keeping foreign envoys within so long that was necessary to make them soft enough to undersign anything, even if it was against their original mission. A church of the same age stands nearby.

Canned roaddust



Baku has a beautiful location. Its surroundings remind you of Naples. The fine bay is laced with steep mountainsides. The slopes are full of houses reaching up to the top covered with forests.



The city centre is on the seaside in a unique way. A whole line of government buildings are seen on the seashore in a gentle curve following the waterline.



The sight of Baku.



The Opera in Baku.



The Railway Station.



The sea is crystalline clear, although the presence of oil-mining is signalled by its smell from the open sea.



*The Baku fortress that is a tourist sigh today with its granit walls and round bations.
Besides there is fine national restaurant in one of its cellars.*



The location of Tbilisi is beneficial, the city is protected from the northerly winter winds by the Caucasus mountains.

Canned roaddust



My host took me up to the edge of the Caucasus to show me some popular tourist sights and to look down on the town. It was worth coming up there. The picture was similar to seeing it from space.





A Georgian church one thousand years old.



Another old church and the monument of king Vahtang who founded the city.



The recreation place for foreigners punished to work in Tbilisi and the Georgian elite as well.



This block house I met in one of Tbilisi's streets, but for its style it could be also in Addis Ababa.



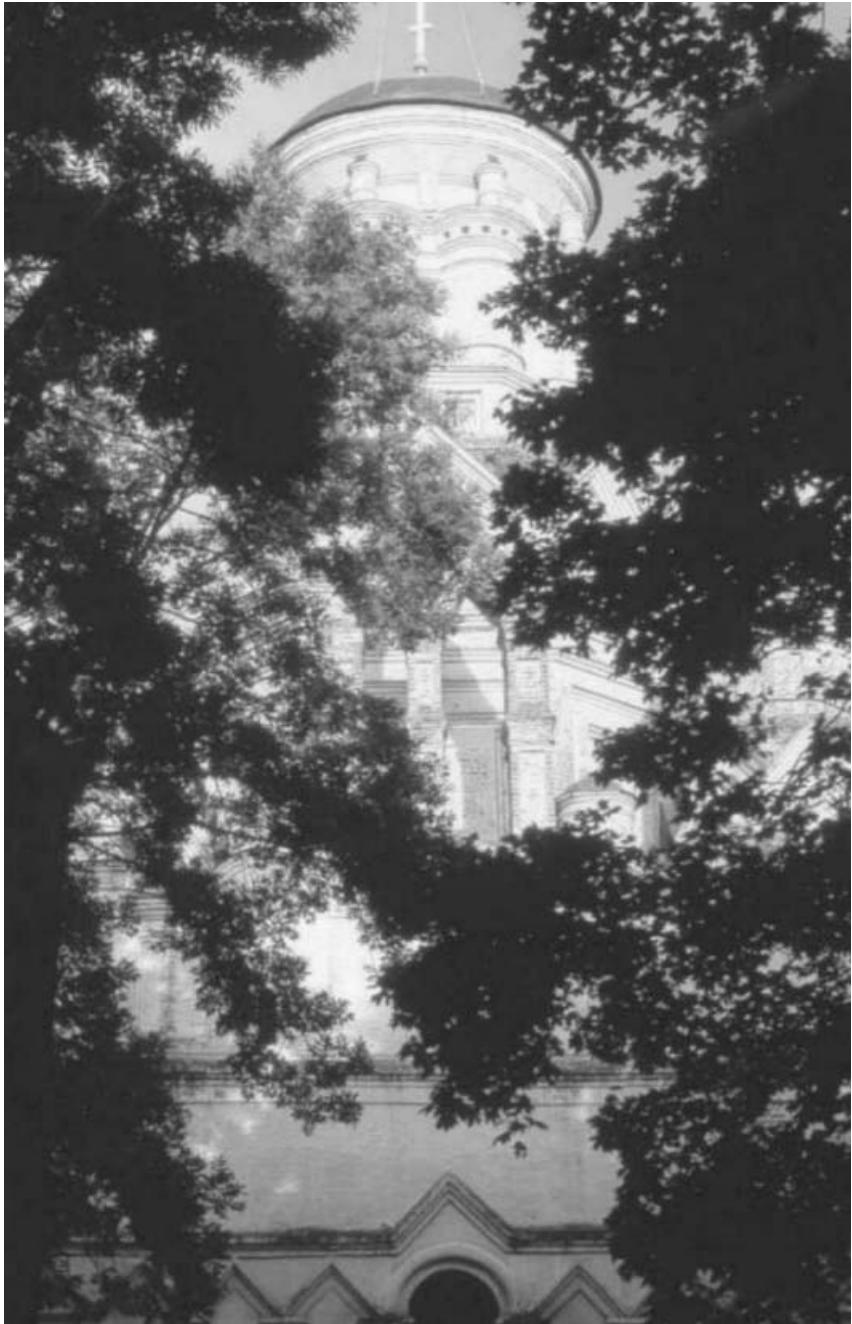
Kolomenskoye is located at the southern part of Moscow inside a big bend of the river Moskva. Here Ivan the Terrible began to build a great palace, but he managed to finish only a few unimportant wings. This one was to become the entrance.



This gigantic cathedral he managed to complete. This is the spectacle from its front side.



Flowers in the Botanical Garden, located between the VDNH and Ostankino, both had belonged to Count Sheremetev's mansion.



The same cathedral in Kolomenskoye from the mountaintop, where the cemetery can be found.



A sight to the South from the Ostankino TV Tower.



Marfino, the former estate of a rich man not far from Moscow.



In Marfino, the estate's grandeur was in disharmony of its bad state, although renovation was in progress.



This wooden hut I have seen in Vladimir. If there is a veterinarian's horse having all possible illnesses then this house must be a collection of architect's mistakes, there were no right angles on it.



The stockades of medieval Dmitrov to the North from Moscow were built in the 12th century, but they are completely intact even today. Besides, the town has two fine churches, also many centuries old.



In one of them a vendor of icons told me, there was a village nearby called Orudyevo -- its name means village of military trimmings --, where a fine iconostaz can be seen in the only church there.



As it wasn't far actually, I drove there and the priest showed me everything.



I have always wanted to have a trip to the Central Asian cities. My Moscow stay made it possible for me to travel within the Soviet Union because of my privileged state and at last those places got within reach of me. From the balcony of my room in the hotel I could see almost all of the town.



In the centre of the town there is the greatest complex, one of still working Muslim religious buildings I have seen. Its name is Registan. Actually it is not a simple building, it is a complex occupying an area of one thousand feet square with four identical-looking sides, but at closer look they are far from identical.



Directly at the hotel you find the tomb of Timur Lenk called Gur Emir locally.



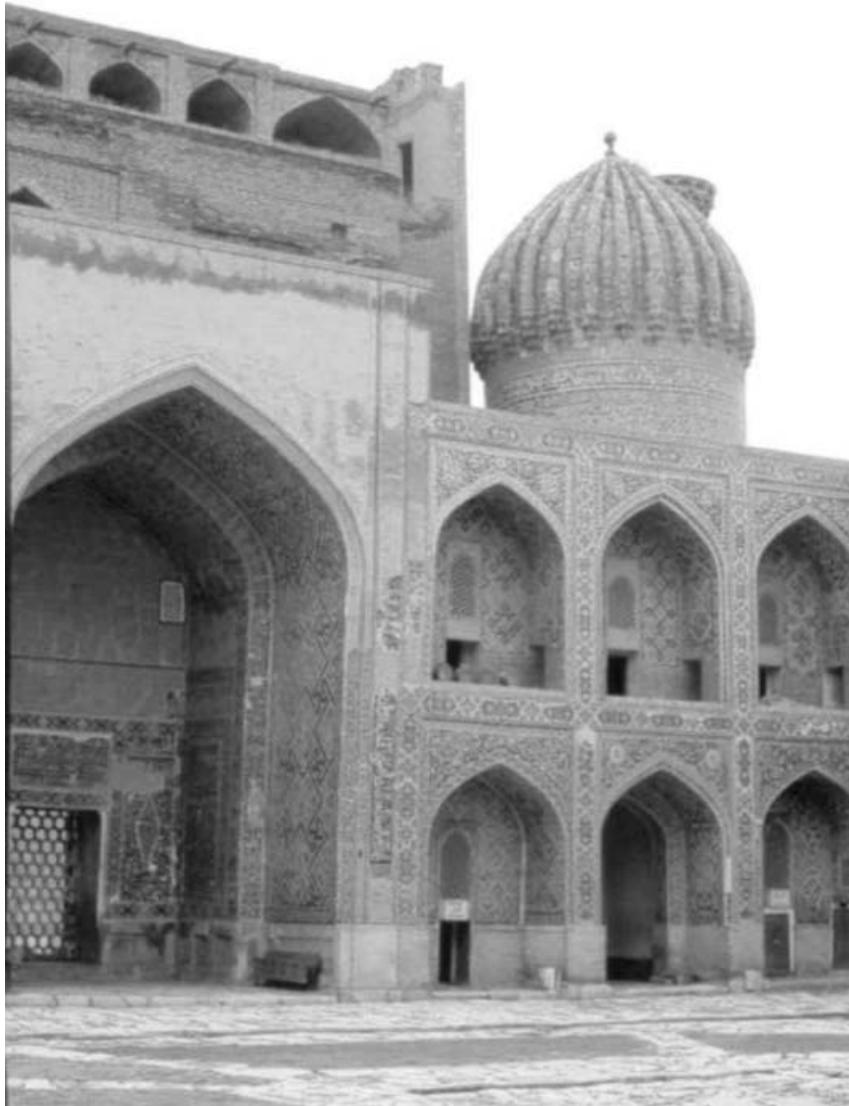
This minaret was built behind the tomb, present houses almost hide it completely.



The four sides differ both by look and function. You find there everything from a working religious institution to museums to bazaar-like small shops. Regularly organized cultural events can be viewed sitting on benches at the entrance to the complex.



Those ancient people had wonderful architects.



Passing the outer gates you get into the well-cared inner garden. There are tiny doors all around here leading to the small shops where you find everything from precious carpets to miniature statuettes.



That refers not only to this ensemble, ...



... in the town there are at least a dozen famous ruins still in use today.



Alas, the material used could be durable only at constant careful maintenance. Buildings have been constructed of earth in some form of brick, the beautifully formed blue domes are covered with ceramic tiles, but in the gaps the seeds of grass carried by the wind find their place quickly. Some domes look like having beard from the weeds. And where plants grow they destroy if not stopped.



The Shah-i-Zinda mausoleum is religious symbol, ...



... but is used as a cemetery.

Canned roaddust



Samarkand reminded me of Addis Ababa for its location and its architecture as well.



Ulugbek was the grandson of Timur Lenk, he was a monarch and one of the famous scientists of his age.



Bokhara lies on the arid part of the country, less than 200 miles from Samarkand to the West. It was the capital of Khorezm that time when the Mongols began their expansion. The former summer palace of the emir dethroned at the beginning of the Soviet regime is located at a distance of some miles from the town, it is kept in a good condition.

Canned roaddust



The taxi took me to the market in Bokhara, my fellow-passengers were my neighbours in a sense, employees of the French Embassy in Moscow.



Ulugbek has built his observatory that is the oldest one of the world today. After six centuries it is still in a good condition.



The fortress in Bokhara. This was the residence and office of the last emir, until confiscated and driven away by the revolution.



The Kalya Tower built around 1100.



One of the City Gates in Soeul with the National Museum in the background.



Every one of the four royal palaces in Soeul is a museum, but they are all kept in a state that the original owners could move in any time.

Canned roaddust



The Korean Folk Village is situated in Suwon. The photo shows a utility building.



My most pleasant experience during the week-long trip to Korea has been the excursion to Cheiju.



The cliffs on the island are coal-black, it must be a young kind of stone geologically.

Canned roaddust



The mighty river Amur in Khabarovsk.



The noted restaurant in Khabarovsk where white officers slaughtered Hungarian musicians, prisoners of war, because they wouldn't play them the czar's hymn.

Publisher's website:
www.jozsef8083.com