

John Liggins lives nearby. Aart is my friend. Judith is probably coming soon to Amsterdam. Mick will have a show in "A." Nina also. And John also. Raul has become a father. Martha has become a mother. Their daughter's name is Ramona. Franz and Barbara are somewhere in Italy. Or Switzerland. Gerard, is he in Strasbourg, or in Paris? Françoise and Charlotte are in Paris. And Jean-François. He was working as a painter. He used to paint houses. He was in Mexico four years ago, at the same time with me. We both were staying in the house of Marta and Salvador. Marta and Salvador were supposed to come to Amsterdam this Spring, after Cannes. But they didn't come. They stayed in Mexico. Other Mexican friends are Toaquim, Angelina, and Ricardo. But Ricardo doesn't live there any more, it seems. He moved to the United States, to California. He got a very good job there. I never answered his last letter. His wife's name is Tania. The other Tania, also a Mexican, lives in Boston, or rather in a suburb of Boston. She told me in her last letter that she had an accident and has spent quite a long time in the hospital. But she's okay now. Annette was to visit me the other day and told me about her courses for becoming a clown. She was working until recently with Aart. Now he's alone. The woman working next to him is Wim. Or Wil. She came one day to Other Books and so, much before the Stempelplatz was opened. She always answers the phone when I ring Aart. She had an accident some time ago,

and broke her teeth. Hanneke and R. were here last week, together with their son, Uli, something. She stayed for dinner, but he had to go somewhere else. He picked up Hanneke and their baby later in the night. They all live on the other part (side) of the park. Aart and I also lived on the other part of the park, some years ago. Raul and Martha have moved recently to a new flat. Aart and I were there one Sunday helping them to clean. Titus was also there. He was working very hard. He doesn't like that I call him 'Superman'. Raul was this afternoon to visit me. Also Hetti came, only earlier. Hetti brought her new books. She wants that Thomas cut them. She also brought the papers for the book we are making together. I'll write the text I said during the opening of her show in Leenwarden. Greta was also there. She stayed almost the whole afternoon chatting with me. She brought the money I'm borrowing from her to pay my ticket for Argentina and Brazil. Marta hasn't written for a long time. I've just written. I phoned Conchita last week or something like that. Marta has never told me the new address of Salvador. I don't have their phone-number either. I phoned yesterday and today Peter, but he wasn't there. I told anyway his secretary that I need the money. She promised to tell him. The last days I tried to phone Tania and Cathrien also, but got no answer. Probably they still are in America. Greta asked me to tell her some words in Portuguese, which I did. Claudio and Flavia had a party some days ago. Claudio shaved his head in front of the guests. They both made a series of performances for their friends, that evening. They also recorded a cassette with the text of this book to learn Portuguese. Aart and

I listen this cassette every morning while we're taking breakfast. Claudio phoned today and asked us to come and eat at their place, next Monday. Françoise came this afternoon, to tell me that Gerard is coming tomorrow from Strasbourg on his way back to Paris. He's moving back for good this time, after having worked in Strasbourg for about three years or so. In the meantime he has been in Amsterdam a couple of times, but just for a few days each time. Françoise comes more often. She travels a lot and knows many people everywhere. I'm afraid Tania isn't phoning, which means she won't come, as I had asked to take care of Other Books and so while we are in South America. The last time Hammede was here with her baby, I drew the outline of his little foot that I'd use for this issue of Ephemera. But in the end I'm not using it. I've changed my mind. Last night, while I was busy with this issue (I had just finished the first page), the bell rang. There came Raul, Martha, Ramona, Titer, and a boy whose name I don't know. He's now working with Raul. He designed Raul's rubber-stamp for the show that Aunt is organizing. He works as a designer and as a photographer. Now on my table is the photo of Cozette, that I got from her last month, when I went to Genève for my performance. It's colour photograph. She's staying against the wall, wearing blue jeans and a shirt. But John hasn't written yet. Even Rafael



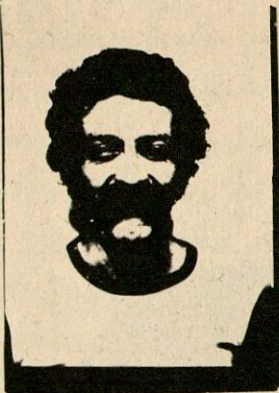
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hasn't written, and that's strange. I wrote him, asking him to send me the video of I forgot at his house. He did send the tape, wrapped up in a gold/silver material, but without any word. Whereas, I've got friendly letters from all the people I met there for the first time, like Philip and Silvia. When Bob came back from he told me he told me seen John was okay. have to wait. Aunt is planning time there once I know in particular. Pedro In- he says that he is like a train without passengers. A beautiful metaphor. Silvia was here some days ago. She spent the night in our house. She came to tell us, that she'd take care of Other Books and so in August. When she arrived, unexpectedly, Bob had already left. So he was very surprised when he came back late in the night and found a girl sleeping in the house. I haven't seen Sally for a long time. And now I cannot even phone him, since he has moved. Aunt met Emilie the other day, and she told him, that we should come to eat at her place, before we leave. That would be good. I wonder, whether she or Sally have any news from Jan in La Marta. I haven't. Only Theo phoned today from Maastricht and told me, that Jan is coming in September or so, and then he's going to settle definitely in Mexico. Theo couldn't tell me if Marta is coming also. Today there was a news in the newspaper about Jan's show here in Amsterdam. Theo wanted to know if I approved of the letter he's writing to Argentina. That's nice of him. I haven't



seen Monica for ages. I thought she would come along, and wanted to congratulate her for her performance. But I don't know where she is now, in Amsterdam or in Brada. This morning I brought the new issue of Elsevier's with this article on Other Books. A girl from California came with some copies of Ear Magazine. She has just arrived and I gave her some practical information. She's a friend of Frankie, who's much better now, after being quite sick because of an accident (was she riding a horse?). This morning we got nice newspapers and other works from Pawel. He's working as hard as usually. But there was no letter. That will come soon, because I have just written to him some days ago asking for his opinion about my project of publishing my Common Bress on my return. Michael phoned from Düsseldorf. He has seen Lore-Totino in Venice and th-

ought he was a Brazilian. Michael is probably coming to Amsterdam next week to talk about the new Reaktion. I had forgotten to send him a new text for "The Maxwell". The old one got lost in Venice, and I had promised (and want) to send a new copy immediately. Flip passed by this afternoon. He was happy of having bought a work by Burisma. Guy was here at the beginning of this week for the show of Mintha's books. He forgot to bring my cassette and I forgot to ask him about it. He stayed shorter than usually, had something to do somewhere else. It's a pity, that Anne couldn't come along. But we all will see each other in the station in Antwerp, I guess. I haven't seen Torie for a l-



ong time. I haven't seen Bort either, but he's been today to visit Aart. He was in Israel for quite a long time. I haven't seen Fabien after the last time I was in Paris, a couple of years ago. Perhaps he has been to Amsterdam and didn't have time to visit me. Last Sunday I saw again, after a long time, Hreinn and Hlif. She had got tickets for a ballet performance for Aart and me. I didn't recognize her in the first number. After the performance we all went to a cafe, together with two other dancers and a guy whose name I don't know. I thought he was an opera singer, since during a party at Kristian's house he was singing Schubert and Schuman and I found he has a tremendous voice. He's in fact a theater director, although he says he's being painting of lately. Aart is telling me that he met this guy from the

Uruguay Theater Group. He invites us to see the try-out of the show they're taking to the festival in Caracas. Ria, Aart's sister, has got her diploma a couple of days ago. John was quite under the impression of the negative answer he got for his application. He deserves a better luck. I haven't seen Thomas for a long time. He doesn't come very often, or he comes when I'm not there. He's quite happy in his new job. Irene is probably now on holidays, but this doesn't mean necessarily that she's out of Amsterdam. Richard wrote asking for my permission to use phrases from my essay as epigraphs for two new books of him. I answered yes, of course. Evans has asked Aart about me. He and Ewald wondered why I haven't come with the new Ephemera. I intend to go to visit them next Monday, and ask them, if they can print this issue now, although I cannot pay immediately. Siggie has given Aart a copy of his catalogue f-



room his show in Venice. We haven't seen Joke for a long time. I just phoned, asking for her help, since I needed to phone Salvador in Mexico. Unfortunately, it hasn't been possible. It seems that Mike is going to the United States this summer, but I don't know exactly where. Greta will go to Canada in October, for the festival of Sound Poetry.

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aid she would come to Amsterdam this summer, but she isn't coming. Flavio and Claudio are going somewhere in the south of France. Sture is guy from Finland who studied German together with me. Later he wrote me a letter. Hans was in Leeds the same year I was there. We were in contact for a time. He spent some days in my room in the N. Maeststraat, when Tania was also there. One day he sent me five German marks in an envelope. Or was it ten? He and Tania was there the evening that Felipe came to visit me, together with Hreim, Hlif, Siggi, Inneke, Kristjan, Solveg, Sven, his wife, and other people I don't remember. Kristjan and Solveg are now living on a tiny island somewhere near Iceland, where Jan has a studio. He has been there all the summer together with Hetti. Kristjan and Solveg have been there for almost a year (they let their bicycle to Aart and me), working in the Post Office or something. Kristjan is coming in July for some days, then will go back to Iceland, and two months later the whole family is coming back to Amsterdam. Kees

has also been on this island, he told me this some days ago, when I saw him for the first time after his return from Iceland. Snorri also came this week. He wanted to buy a book by Halgi, which he did. He also told me that he's leaving Amsterdam for Oslo, where he got a concert. After that he'll go to live in Paris for a while. I gave Kees Thomas' address. Perhaps Kees can rent part of Thomas' studio for a gallery. He's disappointed that in Haarlem there's not such a wide public interested in art. He thinks a gallery in London has a better chance. Or in Amsterdam. My Spanish colleague, whose name I keep forgetting, also came to say good-bye. He's spending the summer in Menorca, where he has a house (Or, is he renting it?). We sort of vaguely agreed on doing something next year in his gallery. He was wearing a jacket from Latin America, he said. Guy came while he was there. They agreed on doing something. A boy from Belgium came today and said, he thought Guy's place had been closed. I recognized his Flemish accent. Guy is now forming a collection of artists' post-stamps. Yesterday I try to phone Michel in order to ask him about the girl living in the same building. The automatic answer said that he's at Liesbeth's place. Liesbeth I haven't seen for years, after I lived in her house for four years. She came to see Aart some days ago and told him, that she's now studying anthropology. Baba isn't living upstairs any more, but Eugene, who moved from Rotterdam to Amsterdam. He is a student at the University. As for Jorie, the last time I heard from her was, when



ed from Rotterdam to Amsterdam. He is a student at the University. As for Jorie, the last time I heard from her was, when

she sent one hundred guilders in answer to our letter. Later, Sally told me he got from her the order, to make a living-room out of her garage. Willem used to come visit Liesbeth, though not very often. He was with Bram during the art festival in the Museum plein. He was there every day. Hans was Thae's best friend in 1968, and then they had a quarrel, but I never understood why. He moved from Kerkstraat to somewhere in the outskirts of the city, where he lives together with Albert. Hans gave a party for Else's birthday. Else phoned to invite us. Aant bought a glass object for her, and we stayed there till eleven or so. Tensen had had an accident and hurt his foot, but he was there all the time during the party. Hans thought that was wrong. Lily wrote a whole page of today's newspaper about the situation of the Redeflyke Museum. Some days ago she had told us about this work of her, that took so much energy, but I had forgotten about it. I don't know what happened to Greet. The jewelry where she has been working for so many years was going to close. Theo came the o-

ther day. He wanted some information about Mexico, where he's going this summer. I gave him Alfonso's and Javier's addresses. Alfonso promised he would come to Amsterdam, but he didn't come. As for Javier, I don't know his plans. But his friend was here. He came to give some lectures on make-up or some thing like that. He was supposed to pass by after that first day in Amsterdam, but I didn't see him again. He told me that Javier is working a lot and is very happy with it. Juan is professor in Leiden. Not only that, he's the head of the Spanish or Latin-American department.

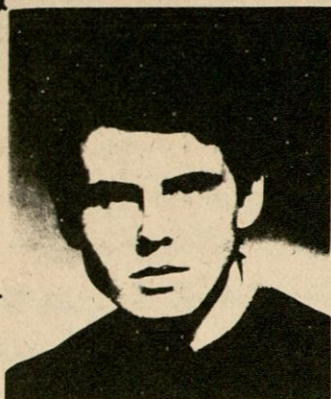


I don't know his wife's name, who comes from Spain. He's a friend of this Mexican writer who's leaving in London. Felipe took me one



day to visit him, he expected that we become very good friends. We went together with Nanta and the children and, probably, Tania. Felipe wrote a letter to this art magazine I just got yesterday. He refused to give them a work if they didn't pay for it, and they have published the letter. David has moved now. Perhaps he doesn't live any more so far from downtown. He has a regular job and is crazy about magnetism, but he doesn't want to publish or do anything related to art. Takako was here unexpectedly, together with Nani's wife (Chihago?). She came to pick up her works. They went to sleep in a hotel, although Aant and I insisted that she stay at our place. She promised to pass by the day after, which she did. She doesn't know if she's leaving Italy for good and moving to Germany, where she might get a job in an art academy or some sort of school. Laurens came to bring a Paz translation. I showed him several things, my cassette among others. Then, when his wife came in, thought that Laurens had bought the cassette, or that I had given it to him as a gift. So I gave it indeed, and that was good, but I'm not sure they will like it. I also showed him the cassette I made together with Mick, Greta, and Gerrit Jan. Gerrit Jan phoned to ask how much exactly he was supposed to owe us. I told him the wrong amount, but that's not such a big trouble, since we also must pay him. I also forgot to ask him about the books he borrowed from me for the exhibition of Hungarian books. He hasn't been here for a long time, and this means I haven't seen Margriet also for ages. She never has been alone to visit us, she comes always with him. They have been quite busy with the settling of their new house

in The Hague. Marjo hasn't written since she left for New York. I got today two letters from Warschau. One from Wieslaw, saying he's coming together with his girlfriend in July (or, is she his wife?). It seems that getting a visa has become much easier since he doesn't need any more the letter I was supposed to write. The second letter was from Adam. He has passed the most difficult examinations and will go to Denmark this summer. He's not sure any more he wants to study medicine, but now it's too late to change. He says his idea of the world has changed since last April, when we met in Warschau. It seems that Henryk is also coming to Amsterdam. At least, that's what Raul says. Peter has married a French girl. The other Peter has been working in North Africa the last two years. That's what this girl told me when I met her during the day of the Queen. Her husband was playing chess with a young little boy, while she was taking care of a stall. She's in fact more beautiful than I used to remember. I was sitting in the sun reading this magazine (Vile), when Jan passed by and I called him. He had been upstairs visiting a friend. He almost has got his lawyer diploma. Next year he wants to go to Mexico once more. But alone this time, since he's not anymore with his old friend. He says a friend of his has been in Brazil and went on this boat up the river and the trip is horrible. Nico also likes Mexico best. He goes there now



and then, in order to buy pre-Columbian art. Later he sells these things, at very high prices. He's a real connoisseur and only gets whole pieces. The last time I saw him he was getting more and more interested in pre-Columbian pieces from Colombia and Peru. Peter was also a good friend of him. Or, wasn't he? I think to remember he didn't like Peter because he was very deep into drugs and that was a terrible influence for Jaapie. Jaapie has no profession, whereas Peter is an architect. They all know Dolly quite well. But Dolly likes Thae most. She always says, that Thae has something, is deep, even he is so weak and lost and lazy. Jaapie is always traveling. Every time I phone Rita tells me I must come that very day, since he's leaving the day after or so. She came to the shop a couple of days ago, after she had phoned to tell that we could get some furniture. She's got a new flat, near our house, and she wants to get rid of old things. Hans I finally met during Else's party. I had written his name, by accident, in the book I made with the names of all Dutch people I had met up to that moment. That was five years ago. It's only now that I actually met him. Hans, who knows all this, told me in a low voice, 'That's Hans'. He also asked if he would introduce us to each other, but I didn't think it was necessary. Another of that group is Kees Geert. This morning I wrote an article about him in 'De Volkskrant', written by Peter. I forgot to ask Jan about Tim, whom I haven't seen for ages. Marjan is now living with a friend, but I don't know for sure if she divorced. They have a son who's dead by sick. That's why they returned from Australia. They wanted that a Dutch doctor treats him. I have never

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actually seen the boy. In spite of my promise, I've never given Bert the magazines back. He got them during his trip in Mexico. He met there Juan Vicente and was impressed that he's so skinny. He didn't know that Juan Vicente and I were such good friends.



Pim was supposed to come and print a letter about their cat, that he's run away. Irene phoned me to prevent me, but Pim never came. Ed has moved for the second time after his girlfriend went away. Hans died unexpectedly. I was watching television together with Aart, Nail, Manta, and Ma neelo. The bell rang, and a man came to tell Aart this news. Petra wanted to see him. Aart started crying and went out. I almost couldn't believe this was true, since Hans was so young and didn't look sick at all. Their baby's name is Bas. Peter was studying literature and Spanish at the University of Nijmegen. Klaas doesn't live in Amsterdam. He's a friend of Hetti and used to run a gallery together with his wife. I don't remember who's Hemmo, or Edith, or Annette, or Odilia (Theo's sister?), or Paul, or Habert, or Ayrid, or Paula. Harry went also to Poland. He has given me as a gift a book with polaroid photographs. I don't remember who's Maggie. Elise is a singer who was a very good friend of Peter. They gave a concert, or rather a series of concerts, she singing and he at the piano. She sings now for the National Opera Company. I don't remember

it. I don't know who's Hans, or Ella, or Anja, or Ton, or Ans, or Wit, or Dik, or Diana, or Jaap, or Dora, or Jacob, or Selma. Françoise arrived this morning with a French friend, who's a musician. He'll play this evening in Paradiso. They came earlier than expected, and we all went to the beach. We came back just on time for him to start his repetition. Outside Paradiso I met this girl from California. She invited me to come along this evening. They're having a party for the Danish boy's anniversary. I like her. They need a paper from me stating that they have worked in Other Books during the recital of last month. I haven't seen Helen since she helped us for the Ephemera No 4. No, it isn't as. I saw her later, during Moniek's performance. Hetti and I had agreed on going to see her together with Salvador, without telling her who he is. But, since Salvador isn't coming, we cannot realize our plan. On our way back from the beach we saw Frans, who was fixing a flat tire of his bicycle. He had picked up some flowers somewhere. He didn't see us, although Aart waved to him. It's funny, but the last time I've seen several times Lida in the street. She always pretends she hasn't seen me. And so I do the same. Bart came to the shop when I wasn't there. He brought the new issue of Flash art and more art Diaries. He doesn't come as often or earlier. I was as disappointed that Helena hasn't mentioned me in her article. That's life. Aart has been busy for hours with the lay-out of the new issue of his Bulletin, and that's why he's not going either to the jazz-concert tonight.



Margriet, or Jean, or Tannie, or Mieke, or Nelleke (Peter's sister?), or Wim, or Karen, or Jannetje. Anne is a nurse. On evening she invited me going out with me, I took her to Paradiso, but she didn't like

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Frank comes now and then to buy gifts. I guess he's about to finish his study of Criminology. Paulinho was dancing last night with an older man. He always wears very strange things, but last night he was just "normal." Nikolaus is now married to a Dutch girl, and this means that he can stay in Holland. Ania has rented Gallery "A" together with John and Mick. Seef. Leendert. Ger. Giorgos came to ask which are the official steps you must undertake in order to open a gallery. He has never registered his atelier as a gallery, since it wasn't necessary. But now he's planning to move to Greece and wants to rent the gallery. I haven't written to Ivald and Lais for quite a long time, but I'm waiting to receive the books he says he has sent me. Any way, I'll be able to visit them quite soon. Homero is the Mexican ambassador in The Hague. Betty, an American girl is his wife. They have in their dining-room a whole series of silk-screens by Jan. Helen divorced from Nander, who has now a job-agency. Ludwig was in love with Gerard, and when they were here together last year I didn't think of it at any moment. I thought Alison was coming to Amsterdam. Petra has been in Peru, which she loved. She got sick over there and lost some weight, she says. She's not working any more for the radio (is she?). Tomás. Juan. Alejandro. Gregory. Taimé, Sergio. Tóns. César. Federico. I gave Fabien's name and address to this woman from Argentina who's going to Paris. And Simon's address in London. Ivonne is still at the Place des Vosges, I guess. And this guy who played the flute and was always dressed in black. Ganguin moved to the Quartier latin, but someone told me that the book-

shop had been closed. Or, perhaps they told me that he wasn't working there any more. I wonder what happened with the books I sent him some time ago. If I accept Gerard's invitation, and go to Paris next Christmas, I'll try to contact him, and his friend who was studying Chinese. Paul. When he was in Mexico and decided to come back immediately he borrowed money from me in order to pay his ticket. He was living in one of those apartments on the square, owned by this catholic priest who came so often to buy crime novels. There were these three ladies that worked with me in Unesco. But we always called each other 'Madame' and 'Monsieur'. Probably I never knew their first names, although we were together most of the day. And there was also this old man who came from a country that doesn't exist any more. It's now a part of Russia. Reyna and Gloria were sisters. Reyna married René, who lives now in Veracruz. Gloria moved to the United States, I think to remember. Reyna used to laugh hysterically at obscene jokes. Conchita married at last her boy friend, that her mother hated. They all live together now, in a house that Alejandro designed for them. Aunt and I have to go now, because Françoise and Gerard are waiting for us. They asked us to be in front of the theater at twelve o'clock.

Ephémère N° 4 (Special issue by Ulises Carrión). First year, May 1978. A monthly journal of mail and ephemeral works. Editors: Ulises Carrión, Aart van Barneveld, Salvador Flores. Price per issue: f 2,50. Foreign: \$ 1,25 + \$ 0.50 for post. Subscription for one year: f 25,-. Foreign: \$ 12,50 + \$ 6,- for post. Address: c/o Other Books and So, Herengracht 259, Amsterdam, The Netherlands.