

Few Saved, many damned

Salvandum paucitas, damnandum
multitudo

That is the stern principle of the
ignorants in the Head office in (B)J
when looking at applications.

Oh, I forgot to greet you prior to starting
my letter.

You prefory be greeted !! Salve!

For writing my letter I invoke the assistance
of the following love goddesses.

ISHTAR of the Semites

Ashtarte of the Phoenicians

ISIS of the Egypt

Aphrodite of the Greeks

VENUS of the Romans

I beg you to guide my thoughts when
I am writing to the Connaissance of
female beauty who only obeys to the
eleventh commandment:

NEVER interrupt

My fond friend Jim To day is Sunday 16th
of June. The weather is reasonable to day
and there are so many options for spending the

day. For instance: seeing 40 paintings from the
Hermitage collections on display in Rotterdam,
going to an exhibition of the deceased Dutch
Painter Isaac Israels in Dordrecht, spending
the day in my own sculpture exhibition
situated around the Castle of our village Rhoon.
No, I stayed around the house to write my
friend in Mexico. Thinking of our time in
Manchester don't you believe we have
learned the wrong things? After all money is
the root of all evil - not a word was said about
that statement; desire for pain, knowledge, for honour,
all vain glory. And then the last I discovered
in all the participants excluding you and me,
disfishing! I thought, the nights we went
down town that we would visit a chapel
and then we ended up in a disco. What
a disappointment each time. You will
agree with me, Jim, that these guys still
have a lot to learn and to begin with
how to gain victory over the flesh. Let's
change the chapters. What a kind invitation
to stay at yours in the Bahamas. Our friends
in Italia will be disappointed ^{if we accept}. The boys (two)
love the lake (Como) and have their friends there
as well. We intend to visit VEROONA and see
a couple of opera's. Myself I like to visit also
the town of Ferrara since I read the history of the
reigning family: d'ESTE. We will stay in a little
village near Menaggio: Pissello. We rent there
for the fourth consecutive year a chalet in the
garden of a Milanese family's country house

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The life ^{there} at a gentle pace. Then we do not read papers and we shall have no appetite for our daily portion world crises, social disturbances either at home or in far away places. We drink the local wine, spend the time along the borders of the lake, play the Italian version of Jeu de boules, we look at the girls of the age ^{between} 17 ^{and} 22 and dream that I would invite them to a disco pretending I was about the same age.

Last week we had the opening party of the sculpture exhibitions in our village. Myself I am looking after the financing aspects! For the sculptures and their respective wives/girlfriends there was a cocktail ^{party} and dinner afterwards. By Yove, they were hungry. One of the sculptures came with his 9 kids. It was a great bohemian party.

Finally, I love springtime in Europe. All those flowers and blooming shrubs. I always feel sorry that I have to leave my garden in the month of July for three weeks. Beginning August the abundant colours in nature diminishes for two years. I have planted two Quince trees last harvest I got only two Quinces. It is an old fashioned fruit. I just love their fragrance.

Thus, this ^{year} I have ^{assisted} helped the bees
and with a pencil I artificially inseminated
these flowers. I also tricked these flowers
because I imitated the noise of the bees.
whilst doing it (zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom;
I won't continue to the end of this sheet of paper)
me and my pencil we are pleased to
announce that we have conceived
plenty of Quinces. So many that we can
share them with the friends we like.
In the olden days the Quince was the
fruit of love. So I'm supposing you
then cannot get one, may be marphurite

My last advice in this letter I'm:
Try everything!

There is no substitute for experience!

Having said that by the same token
I wish you a merry Christmas
and a happy New Year - 1906.

Many things may happen between
now and December but you got
them already.

Come from Vera. who dreams of
you every night (It is not my
first lie but I want to write something
nice in the end) Take care of yourself, friends
Allison