

Friday opening Alcide comes in and eats too many pizzas and hangs around the table all night, speaking to me for a little too long, a little too close.

Tuesday? Alcide comes in early skulks around , talks and talks.

Wednesday. Alcide comes in early, shyly. I am talking with Katia-Papagena, he hangs around excitedly, coming in and out.

When she leaves he immediately comes back in and starts pestering me, gives me his diary to read and insists that I write something in it. I leave it on the ledge when I leave.

Thursday. Alcide comes in and asks if I read the diary and wrote in it. I want to go to the bathroom so I tell him I have to go out, he follows me out and takes a seat at the cafe. when I come out he asks me over, I go. He asks me if I want a coffee and I say yes but let me pay, and he nods yes, I give him 2 € for a cafe noire, more than the price. The coffee comes, I drink it fast and I tell him politely that I don't want to write in it I don't see why I should. He accuses me in a meprisante paternalistic manner of being timid and having nothing to say. I just want to get rid of him and go back to the chapel. Before I close, he comes back in (there are many people there around closing) and shoves the diary in my hand and leaves after telling me he is going to Montpellier to help a friend and give some speeches.

Friday or Saturday. The next night or so, after ten thirty PM, I get a telephone call from him. I tell him we are busy, but he rambles on and on about this woman (the woman friend he mentioned?) he knows who who was horribly burned by boiling water, rambles on about her life, and all she has gone through, including rape, that is why she is such a mess? I am so disgusted I tell him firmly that I need to go, that we are finishing dinner, which is true.

Monday. Alcide shows up early as people are asking me about my paintings, but he just crowds around them impatiently with a bunch of papers in his hand. They are art fliers he got in Montpellier of minor 19th C Academic paintings. He asks me if I read his diary and I tell him the diary is illegible and that I wished he hadn't called me so late, and what was he talking about anyway. He gets disagreeable as if there is something wrong with me for not wanting to listen to such a story from a stranger late at night on the phone as I finish dinner, and I realize this guy is nuts, maybe perverted, and not just an old pest.

Tuesday. Alcide comes in and begins to finally look at the paintings, but only the ones with the magnifying glass. He takes from his bag a small rectangular light up magnifying glass, but it does nothing for the paintings, so he goes to the postcards and puts the thing over one and it really is not anything either as it is for text. I say the magnifying glass makes everything look like cinema and he starts talking about le cinema and i can't get him to stop.

I go sit down at the head of the table as usual when alone in the chapel, hoping he will go away. He grabs a chair and sits down very close to me (he postillions on my face as he talks)and he interrogates me about as he first lightly touches, then strokes my arm up and down anywhere from elbow to wrist. I tell him I am not interested in avant-garde cinema and know very little about it, and he gets irritated.

by now I am getting freaked out. This is sexual and i am alone, and he is old with bad teeth and breath and he is trying to do something to me like a vampire. He is now insulting me as to my character, being uninterested in modern film and being flawed in character a something kind of woman. I am moving my chair farther and farther from him to get him to stop touching my arm and spitting on me as he talks. Finally I say "I do not appreciate this insulting behaviour, could you please leave? and please stop touching me, I do not know you." He slams his fist on the table right next to my hand with a huge thump, shaking the table and stand up and jump over to the side of the table in a defensive reflex so as not to get hurt. He yells loudly "Quelle connerie estce que vous dites!" And then asks " did that woman, the wife of the director put me up to it." I have no idea what he is talking about. He may be old but I don't want to get hurt, or have to hurt him in self defense. That's when he lunges at me from across the table to grab me but I back away quickly and the table is strained, as he cannot reach me. I point at the door and command him to leave, to never approach or address me again or come into the chapel while the show is up, that I am reporting this to Bernard Combe and my husband so beware.

The long, heavy table from then on is damaged, unsteady on its legs, and I tell this to M. Combe, first and foremost when I call him. He leaves and goes to the cafe. I call M Combe.

The next day I see him, walking close by the chapel, but not entering, and sitting at the cafe as if nothing had happened. I keep an eye on the door with my things at the ready to lock up or leave, if he comes in. He does not. But he comes by another day with a lady friend and a child, as if to show he is normal fellow. He is now wearing a different hat and cleaner clothes.

The next show people (Veronique Dominici and Madeleine Ossikian)are getting their things to the chapel, as well as people delivering tables for the Petit Montmartre. I see many of the members of the association, including Annie Combe who tells me about how M. Sudre threatend her and insultedher when she told him he was abusing the association's hospitality. They are all worried, as are the two women who show after me. M. Combe puts up his paper, although I object a public outcry, as do many of the people, including the women who will show there next, But M. Combe doesn't want M Sudre causing any more problems to artists.