



Helsinki, or Fray Bentos,
15 June 2022, or 20 April 1959,

Dear Taru,

I recently found this postcard online. It shows a flooded outdoor theater in Fray Bentos (Uruguay) in April 1959, during the most severe floods in the modern history of the country. The rainfall lasted one month and as a consequence the Rio Negro suffered an overtopping.

This image, and the format of the postcard, already present in my doctoral publication as a Derridean wink, made me think of our dialogue to come, and our search for an appropriate form, or at least a possible and maybe playful one.

I am writing to you from Helsinki. Through my window, the Baltic is calm with little wind today. Yesterday, from my desk here I could see a large layer of multicolored fuel that was drifting slowly, before disappearing. In the evening a double rainbow popped up.

Lately there have been major construction works here, underwater and around Merihaka Bay. A new district of the city is being built, a bridge too, for a new tramline to the east.

Simultaneously from the flooded theater in Uruguay in 1959 and by the Baltic sea, currently stirred by the bulldozers, I am remembering Jorge Luis Borges's opening words in *The Man on the Threshold*:

*La exacta geografía de los hechos que voy a referir importa muy poco **

and I am wondering if our dialogue could take place through the exchange of postcards written and sent to each other from the seaside(s) - actual, remembered, or fictional - where we will find ourselves from now to the fall. What do you think?

Take care, Vincent

** The exact geography of the events I am going to relate is of little importance.*