

expected and we were worried about him. If he had had a car accident, for example, I would have been the one to blame as Zafirakis told me with a serious face. I am looking forward to getting out of here.

Late in the afternoon I visited Persa, we listened to music and I asked her to record some foreign pop songs for me. I especially wanted the song "Alien" but, as I found out at home later, all the other songs were successfully recorded except that one! How is this possible? I am the world champion of bad luck! If these simple plans of mine fail so ridiculously, what can I expect for the more important ones?

Wednesday, 2nd March 1988

It's a bedlam in here and I don't intend to go mad. The telephones are ringing crazy, only the boss can answer certain questions but he is absent and the rest of us can do nothing but look at each other in embarrassment. There is so much work to do but there is no guidance. I feel like suffocating. The atmosphere in the office is getting more and more hostile against me. I can't bear it any longer.

Lucas is leaving for Italy in ten days and I'm worried already. I'm sick and tired of being responsible for a hundred things at