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The other night I dreamed that the phone was dripping water all over the floor, and I didn't see how it w could work in that condition. But when I answered it, it dried up. You see, it was only ringing wet.

Remember the fellow who used to send me such voluminous correspondence? Well, I just learned that he has retired. So now I expect a deluge of those big envelopes with quotations from Korzybski and James Joyce intertwined all on ditto'd pages.

I presume that in your dealings with Artorga you have encountered David Lyle's reprints more than once.

While on the subject of retirement, the Association for Retired Persons is still sending me their propaganda, and telling me I am eligible. Do you suppose they can juggle the figures somewhere so that I can collect a pension? There is something funny going on somewhere when supposedly total strangers (no connection with that Association) kepp referring to me as an old man.

Of course I have to admit that I feel very old today, because I have been spending nearly two weeks moving furniture and boxes and using the vacuum and ce cleaning up the yard and trying to take the wow out of the second tape recorder. To my complete frustration and exasperation I couldn't. So, while this second machine will be satisfactory for making copies of the Numaudo tape I am about to prepare, it will not do for music. I will have to borrow a quality machine when music tapes have to be duplicated.

The furniture moving occurred this way: Earlier this year I was presented with a good mattress and bedsprings, someone having seen that I was sleeping on a bumpy old couch in the dining-room the last several years. But I couldn't just plunk it down in this room and start sleeping on it. My mother had one of those fibreboard wardrobe things in here, and it took up quite a bit of floor space, and I had one row too many of orange-crate and egg-crate bookshelves. My mother kept asking me when I was going to start using the bed, and I kept telling her that I couldn't until she went through the wardrobe so I could remove it. She kept putting that off. Until the other day--suddenly she came in here and in about 30 minutes she had looked through everything and I got new boxes to put her clothes into. I took the wardrobe apart in ten minutes (confidentially, it was already falling to pieces) and in another ten minutes it was a dust-cover for the clavichord out in the garage. Just the right size, too. By the following afternoon, the orange crates were separated and the bed was down, and I found props to raise it off the floor the customary 8". Now I am plastering the two holes in the wall near the head of the bed, where the mice used to come in and frolic among my possessions. This meant searching the attic for an old box with good excelsior in it, to help hold the patching plaster in place. I can't finish patching until I find this box, meanwhile all I find up there is dust ideal for giving me some more asthma.

"How stupid can people get?" Dept.:

I was down at a stationery store on Spring St. the other day (I finally got paid for a MS. revision job commissioned by the "Institute of Creative Arts & Sciences") and was trying to get a new ribbon for this antique Remington. The saleswirl couldn't find the ribbon, and went over to see the Assistant Manager about it (at least, I think he was--with that frown!). After 15 minutes, it turned out that they had a dozen of these ribbons (sorry but I've been too busy to put it on the machine yet), and the reasons they couldn't find the box of ribbons was that it had been put into the shelves upside down and backwards.

According to our friend Chaires Thurlow, the Creative Education project is off to a good start. Lots of people are attending the sessions and wanting to get educated properly--whether painlessly remains to be seen. Since this Arch Arnold, recently returned to ...., is the go-getter-salesman type, I phoned him about it the other day--as he is already selling correspondence courses, he might see this to his line. But he was rather skeptical, on the ground that it would be very difficult to find jobs for all these people taking the Creative Education Course (getting and holding a job prescribed by the curriculum is an integral part of the program). I had to agree about that--46 is old when seeking employment, I found out, and 50 is about 55. Thurlow, however, has a canned salesman to answer this objection--we'll see what happens when they meet!

Jacobold has been making a study in computer probability and the Fortran code--and now has seen the disconcerting discovery that ki many of the new jobs in computer programming are being threatened by --- automation ! (By the way, Clyde Chasin is having similar difficulties.)

Furthermore, I have not heard from Lawrence Ferlinghetti in a couple of weeks or so--if he kept phoning, I wouldn't have gotten all that Rubaiyat work done! By which time the MS. have been edited, revised, and retyped for the Institute's printers.

I almost forgot - Jacobold told me about a new (well, fairly new) book at the library by H.... Korzybski called Science and Sanity. In the Behavioral Sciences. Library number is Bl.78 K734. This is an anthology covering everything from Sociology to Math.

I am figuring out stuff to put into my next column--Latin.

For end -

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Yours,