

2 July 1991 One can tell, alas, what day this is. My apartment abuts the park, and I've noticed a number of loud POPS in the last few evenings. Today at 14:16 there are loud pops in the afternoon. I had been happily forgetting to look at the calendar.

That much was printed out to put in John's box. And now I've almost forgotten what else I was going to add. I think I send a clipping. Even after I had the number changed, in the first of the four hours to be allowed for the change to be effective, I had a mumbly-voiced fellow who did ask for somebody or thing and not just hang in there. But I couldn't understand it, and hung up, and pulled out the plug until after supper.

About the book: It is in series, after all, and so its proper title is Einleitung: Aegäische Bronzezeit. But that wasn't what I was trying to remember, so I'll have to try again later.

I'd better give up and send this off to wait in the 4th of July gap in mail delivery. I don't think I told you what particulars I weaseled out of the callers. One got it from a Baltimore Line, one from a Midwestern mumble Line, one got it by VoiceMail, after which I remembered that the first one that really annoyed me said that I had sounded somethingorother. The clincher was yesterday, who said he didn't know the telephone number of the ad distributor, because it was a magazine, and just before he really became convinced I wasn't a reliable fellow, let on that the name of the magazine was "Friendly Force". Maybe it's not a sexy, or a criminal, or a druggy, but a religio-philosophical-alien-culture bunch.

Take care!

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your friend

oops, /  
put the envelope  
in upside down