

Friday evening

My dearest Patricia:

'Twas only last night that I parted company with you and already it seems an age — Perhaps this is one of the absurdities of the existentialist's view of life. The thing presently occurring is so vivid, clear, and real, — the thing absent is so unclear and unreal, except of course in one's mind. My feeling this way is nothing new to me; for years I've marvelled at the contrast between ^{past} present and future and have felt that ~~only~~ the present seems real no matter how vivid my dreams or recollections may be. Every time I've looked forward to something, as I do to dinners, shows, etc. with you — then suddenly the event has arrived and I've been immersed in it and then abruptly it has ended. Looking forward to something for years,

I've had an expression I've repeated to myself "It will be just as now then (when it becomes the present) as it is then now" (while it's still apart of the future. But I've been thinking that perhaps, it's just as well that things are as they are. If the past, present, and future were not distinct and we got them all mixed up in our consciousness, how confused and directionless we would be! Small children and ^{some} mentally unbalanced persons do get past, present, and future mixed up and have a pretty bad - or at least - confused time in consequence.

I'm still reliving mentally the two movies we saw - Mr. Moses because it was such an irrational, fairy tale like story - yet one that actually could happen - and was so excruciatingly funny at times - and the other - Van Ryan's Express - because all through the development and trans-

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piration of World War II, I followed every detail day by day that I could get in newspapers, radio & magazine. That it was very real to me. And I have read actual accounts of espionage & of the imagination of prisoners, their daring and the risks many of them took that everything in that movie, so far as my feelings go, could actually have happened exactly as it was portrayed. For that matter, the book of yours that I read last fall, "Wanderlust" by Hans de Meiss - Teuffen, in his account of his counter espionage against the Germans, contained an action that was just as daring and hair-raising as much of "von Ryan's Express". When Hans rifled the desks of all the German officers in a multistory building, beginning with the top floor - I think the 5th, looking for significant papers to have duplicated - he risked his life every minute of the time!

I am having difficulty getting a projector. Since the College has gotten so big, the demands

for projectors are so numerous that a
flat rule against ^{the S.W. services} loaning any to faculty
members as they used to do has had to be
established & Dick Lewis says he doesn't
dare make a single exception. I still
have one lead but haven't been able to
make contact on it yet.

Your scarf I have as well as the little pot
holder I showed you. When you pick up the
poetry anthology on Sunday A.M. - why
not have breakfast with me - I'm well
prepared & I can drive you back with all
three items.

I'll get tickets for the Ice Follies for next
Thursday to end our day in the city & also
look up train times - which may not be
as favorable as we'd like.

Also, some time soon, lets have a
suggestion - meditation - yoga - time. You
collaborate with me in my ideas on
suggestion and I'll learn your meditation -
yoga technique from you. I'm sure we
can both benefit from all three.

Had a good time talking with you Mon
at Williams St. Park while the boys played -
then a fine dinner afterward.

Well - I sheets is enough - I'll see
you soon and until then, the best of everything
as always - forever & ever - good night & sweet dreams. Carl