

Metron 638  
1964  
ORAL PRESENTATION  
Sunday Evening  
October 3, 1964

Dear Patricia:

I've been wanting to write to you all day but haven't had the time till now.

What do you suppose I saw out here at the Williams ranch in the Cupertino foothills at midday? A perky little chipmunk - just as chipped, as active and as inquisitive as any in Lassen Park. It ran across the concrete terrace in the garden ~~by~~ behind the house, pluffed tail a flying and thrashing up and down in typical chipmunk fashion. But it wasn't tame and friendly as the "wild ones" are in Lassen & the other parks where they get protection. This place has too long a history of numerous cats and dogs and not always sympathetic people Dale Williams ("Lord of the Manor") said it was the first one he'd seen in months. - probably because a month ago he'd carried out a campaign of cat reduction.

"My room" (actually Lindy's) looks out a spacious north window at a hillside with about a 35-degree slope. The immediate slope is bare except for grasses & weeds that have grown up to replace the prune trees that used to be here. A hundred yards away (really beginning

closer the far side of the little gulley is covered with live oaks (mostly - some deciduous ones) and chaparral (or chapparal) (I repeatedly get confused on the spelling). The ranch horses (a pinto belonging to Claudia and 3 other adults & a half grown colt) - also, most of the time, up to a half dozen white faced Hereford cattle. However, what really appeals to me are the birds - present in considerable variety.

Every morning I'm awakened by bird song. Just now it is the golden crowned sparrow, with its plaintive "See-See-See" in descending series. They're recent arrivals from farther north - come to spend the winter. An occasional mockingbird with its highly varied repertoire (or, as a singer yourself, do you prefer repertoire?) takes over. Argumentative California jays (I refuse to call them "scrub jays" in spite of the dictum of the American Ornithological Union which abruptly, a few years back, decreed that we should stop calling them California jays, though the name has been used for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a century, and should call them scrub jays because the areas to which they are native (Upper Sonoran gone) is covered with scrubbiier vegetation than that inhabited by Steller's jay - are always in evidence. The California thrasher,

or brown thrasher is common - I've seen  
a half dozen. If you don't know it, it is a  
bird as large as a jay - mostly brown - with a  
down curved  somewhat sickle like beak.  
It sings a little like a mocking bird but is  
perhaps a bit more conversational (not a  
"professional elocutionist") and it hasn't  
nearly as much to say. The wren-tit ("voice  
of the chapparral I hear but haven't yet  
seen. Then there are California quail, brown  
towhees, a spotted towhee (now "officially"  
called the rufous-sided (I think) towhee -  
another name change after a long long period  
of common usage. A flicker spoke out this  
morning + before long I'll hear others.  
There's no highway close by to complicate things  
with traffic noises and though the terrain and  
the air lack the simultaneously stimulating  
and relaxing qualities of Lassen, it's all  
much more delightful than a city or sub-  
division.

I've so much enjoyed the informal  
visits with you (especially) and Sylvia at your  
apartment. And to have been allowed to see  
I read your accumulated poems was a  
truly precious experience. More than anything  
else it gave me an accepted and trusted  
feeling. This I deeply appreciate for you let me  
read them even when they were ten years old or  
more with no concern or embarrassment  
because of high school misspellings!

This makes me feel very close to you in understanding and community of spirit. You have a true poetic insight of a delicate appealing nature and I am quite sincere (I see no reason ever to be anything else with you) in my wish that I could work with you in "sprucing them up" into finished form. I'm sure all the spellings could be corrected and an occasional change in number of syllables per line or phrasing made — ~~without~~ without losing any of the delicacy and beauty of the thoughts expressed. Then, in my belief, they'd have a chance at publication! I would feel greatly rewarded if working with you on your poems could be among the mementoes I could leave behind me — especially for you —

After reading my last poetic effort, you asked me — "How did you ever learn to write like this — or so beautifully?" I don't remember your exact words, but when I answered that it took the inspiration that I find in you, I was being completely honest and truthful. You have called forth in me more poetic response than all the other persons I have known together. This is a primary reason why I treasure so highly the association that has grown up between us. One of your first comments to me <sup>(at Asilomar)</sup> was to the effect that, like you, I had discovered that for fullest personal development <sup>(not everyone, but anyone with a feeling soul)</sup> one needs several loves. For me, you opened the flood gates! At first,

due to my outspokenness and because I was releasing a world of feelings pent up for many years, my offerings & reactions disturbed you, for you had no way, as yet, to separate me in your mind and heart from more "ardent" "competitors" of younger vintage. I sincerely hope - as I now feel, as a result of such things as your showing me some of your picture collection and your verses, that you have me in proper perspective. I believe you ~~now~~ know that I wish earnestly to do all that I can to further your own wishes and your development along the lines that will be most enriching and rewarding to you. I can do this and yet be completely sincere when I say that, truly, I love you very deeply. But it is a special love in which I hope that I occupy a special place.

Remember, I have as much to learn from you as you have from me, and I feel quite humble in your presence. I am so deeply and truly grateful to you that I am not far from tears every time I leave you. Just suppose I should never see you again! I dare not contemplate the thought. The situation I'd never be able to survive. Perhaps if I can help you attain the 500 years you say you'll need to read & do & be all that you want to read and do and be - then I may be able to intercede with

the Gods of the Universe to lengthen your life  
to match the 1000 I've bid for - or at  
least they might be averaged to a neat 600!  
Anyway I'm losing my tensely tender feeling  
toward you and developing a spirit of  
warm relaxation - primarily because of  
your sharing some of the important "little  
things of life" with me. Two things also  
help. Sylvia's presence helps. She is such a  
fine + genuine person! Then it helps to have the  
feeling that the boys (most of them - not the  
"Toms") that you and Sylvia attract to you  
apartment or build friendships with  
otherwise seem to accept me as a  
genuine person, an equal, in whose presence  
they recognize no need for continuing formality  
or standoffishness or embarrassment because  
I am a "professor." I have always seemed to be  
able to establish sincere relationships with  
students of both sexes. I hope I never lose  
the ability. Certainly I want no special  
deference shown to me.

And here I have once again covered three  
sheets of paper with my thoughts + reactions.  
Yet I feel as if I've just barely started on  
what I'd like to say. A rerun of "Magnificent  
Obsession" on T.V. (I missed seeing it years ago  
when it ran in the Movie Houses. It (parts of it)  
merit comment because it applies in part  
to me. There's a lot I need to say about your mom,  
of whom I've grown quite fond, she should have  
been in my poem of last week - but I have others  
brewing and she'll be in one of them. Don  
God, just let me last a little longer!  
With all my love - Carl