

Please read tonight!
especially beginning at the
bottom of page 2 - but the
whole thing's not long!

Sunday evening.
February 28, 1965

My darling Patricia:

The symposium is
over. It's been a most rewarding
experience. My warmest congratu-
lations to you and all members of
the Sangha! Many persons have spoken
to me in admiration for its smooth
operation and asked that their con-
gratulations be passed on to you.

Did I live up to your hopes and
expectations — I've tried! I've wanted
so much to please you. If I've ac-
complished this, nothing else
matters. There have been several
times, however, when spontaneity in
behavior — in expression of one's
feelings — has been urged on everyone
by members of the discussion groups
I've been in. (Fallaco's yesterday, though
he had to withdraw because of the pain
he was suffering; Dr. Tony Sutich's today —
because I've known of Sutich for years,

lived near him, and yet never had
the chance to share in a meeting with
him before) yet, had I let myself be
spontaneous, I would have run over
to you this afternoon, thrown my
arms around you, hugged you
tight, and told you then and there
how wonderful the program had
been, and ^{how} even more wonderful
you are! Some can't always, in
this world of ours, let himself
be spontaneous. Perhaps Carlos
Ramirez can, but then he's always
spontaneous ~~anyway~~ and he's
much younger than I.

Today I wished for my coat
with the big pocket in it. Today
I wanted to hug you and "bite"
your ear - even if I'd got my
teeth full of crunched ear rings.
Isn't there some sort of paternal
right to hug and bite one's
lovely daughter?

The enclosed poem began forming in my head while Dr. Moustakas talked. For it seemed that in many of the beautiful things he said, he was just describing you. Over and over, I saw you in what he was saying till my heart nearly burst with affectionate pride! He is going to send me a copy of his paper — I'll ask for two, though he's promised me only one — and, if he sends only one, I'll have it duplicated so that you may have a copy. And I'll show you all the places where the kind of person he was recommending that everyone strive to be already is you, you, you!

Please telephone me when you

get in tonight - I don't care
what time it is - I just need
to hear your voice before I turn in
for the night. And please, do let
us have an evening together soon -
or as much of one as you can
spare - dinner on Tuesday
maybe (?) - so you can tell me
all about the symposium from
the way you've seen it - with all
the bubbles of happiness in your
voice, because I know they're there!
If it weren't for you, I'd be near
dying of "recognition hunger" or
plain loneliness tonight - it's
been so marvellous to be a part
of the symposium, which drew - as
you say - so many beautiful
people ^{and ~~it's~~ ^{it's} all over.} It's been like old times for me -
a little like Field School - but without
the peace & serenity of our beautiful moun-
tains or seacoast - but all so warm
& heartwarming. With all my love
Carl

To you, Patricia
My heart's been lifted to the skies,
Set down among the stars
Because that's where you are!
This revelation these two days just past
Sweeps o'er me, once again;
Not that I've not known before
But now I see in clearest image
All the reasons this is so!
Your scintillating, sparkling spirit
Dominates the scene wherever you go,
Shedding its radiance on all,
And all do pay you deference.
From out my heart new love wells up,
The like of which, none e'er called up before;
My love is all for you —
A bed of lovely flowers,
I drape it on you, sweet,
Knowing you'll look on me,
Immerse me in affection and your smile
And tell me everything is well.

Carl
February 28, 1965