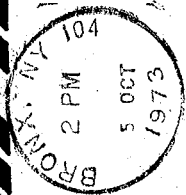


AFTER 5 DAYS RETURN TO

LEO KATZ
1125 GRAND CONCOURSE
BRONX, N. Y. 10452

ZIP CODE

VIA AIR MAIL



REV. A. ELAINE McLAUGHLIN

7708 W. WATERFORD AVE, #1

MILWAUKEE, WISC. 53220

11.30 pm
Oct 4, 73

Allerliebste! Translated into English it means;
most beloved. I am sensitive to the music of words. "most"
does not sing nor does "love", sounds businesslike as sound -
and "beloved" is definitely ~~unpleasant~~ awkward. Dear or dearest
sounds more lyrical but it is used so often conventionally
almost always and does not mean "love". Therefore aller
liebste: It contains the all and liebe means love (pronounce
leebe) Richard Wagner created probably the most complete
encyclopedia of all possible types and nuances of love in words
and set to music and he made me sensitive to such things.

Thanks for the remarkable analysis of the soulmate
problem. And a big problem it is - isn't it? Now
that you told me your reaction it is obvious that
this is no matter to one can permit to get out of control.
Incredibly wonderful as many parts of that experience
are I feel we have to cooperate (like the most ancient
friends that we are) to prevent what ^{Calvey} mentioned:
namely "to become so absorbed in each other that
neither would accomplish their purpose in life".
That would be an ultimate tragedy considering
the great and rich potentialities of your personality
and the ^{past and present} destruction of so much of my life work
plus the importance of ideas which I have to
bring down into writing in the future. They haunt
me, yet alone I am unable to find the possibility
now. We both know the great ecstasy and bliss of the
union experienced, although we have never met.
You do know every thought, feeling, struggle and event
of my early life. You don't know anything about half
a century of my life or of the present except ^{that} this past year
was of a nightmarish nature. I still don't know practically
anything about your life except the 2 pictures (very little

2
prints cut out from a catalogue or announcement?) they were
all I lived on in the past weeks. When your biography list
came I had hardly started to glance over it when I was
interrupted by the window painters, and the paper dropped
somewhere out of reach. I only caught a few words
where they spoke of you as "Reverent". I have no idea
what you are doing. I always think ahead and I am
really worried. Here we are living in an uncanny, close
proximity regardless of the thousand miles which separate
us, I admit I felt you so close to me that my skin almost felt
like burning (from sunburn - although I had no sunbath
for many years - I only get 15 to 20 minutes on my face
so I would not be a paleface when you come) that was of-
course very different from the moments of dematerialized
union but in between we ~~do~~ both had times when we
simply passed out, unconscious of time etc) I have never
known an experience of such overwhelming intensity.
I know we have to protect those experiences. It is like
a sacred responsibility. I can't imagine how it could
be shared, told or explained to others even to good
friends. What will happen when we meet? Meet alone
- meet in the presence of others? I don't know. This afternoon
I looked for your letter and suddenly saw your name
I blushed probably into a deep red violet color. I am sometimes
a good actor but my own feelings of this kind I cannot
hide. We shall meet to do serious book business. How?
Last night I had to give that lecture on astrology.
Only yesterday morning I managed finally to pull
myself away from you, about 16 millimeters (extremely
painful) but I had to work hard all day and
it was agony to speak because it was not
sufficiently prepared and I got a hoarse voice

3.

There is very little communication possible with the table group etc. Once in a while they have some younger guests who like to talk to me. Immediately I am being called down - "how can I be such a fool - at my age to be friendly with people so much younger" etc. I shudder to think of the endless ridicule and condemnation which has to be expected. I am not concerned about what they think of me. If you read my chapter on Kobo Daishi (Shingon) - I think I explained there how they taught the duty to protect works of art and other matters of the spirit from the insults or pollution from lesser developed minds.

It seems agents of coincidences are still at work. This evening I was worrying over those problems. Sometimes I turn on the TV, looking for some stimulation while thinking. I turned on a science fiction program. My mind was still occupied with our problem. What are we going to do when we meet with the others. If suddenly our eyes meet or a flash of union suddenly hits home - uninvited - I can not promise - maybe I'll just pass out, or, as you described your intensity of experience will you go on without getting unconscious. So what happened? At that moment 2 men found a young lady (in the TV) lying on the floor and the one man said "look ELAINE is unconscious!" I have never before heard that name on television. You'll understand that I had to start writing immediately because I am sure that with some intelligence we can find some way to protect the indescribable experience and learn how to control this precious source of power and life in a terrestrially possible and purposeful direction.

It is 2 am. No 16 millimeters now. Goodnight
An inventory of information follows, AUF WIEDERSEHEN! pronounced like e z. Your L