

21, Sept. '75

Dearest Eliot,

I am so shaken by the sudden death of Fairfield, that I feel like writing to you. Not only to send you my sympathy but rather to share my own grief with you. - I have seen Fairfield only rarely these last years and I have not missed him in the long intervals. Now I miss him with a terrible feeling of loss. I wonder if that happened to you too? He was a person of immense stature. Like you, he could share this with all of us through his chosen profession. He kept on seeking and never stayed petrified with one or the other successful style or period. And so he helped all those who also were seeking and now we have lost one member of this group. It will be nice to see his work here and there or read something he has written but that is the past and we must go on with one less light on our road. If I could express myself better, this would not sound so pompous. I depend, therefore, on your inner understanding and that you will overlook my poor style. Ruth Young did

say once : " I don't mind, if I don't see my
friends very often, I am just glad they are
with me on this earth."

By the same token, I am glad you are with
me on this earth, although I would not
object to see you as often as you get
lured to our depraved coast. I don't know
where you are at this time. Wherever, I
send you much love

B.