

Kenneth Burke
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8/18/69

Dear Kit,

Many thanks for thine (jeez, it was as long ago as June 23rd).

I love to hear kind words about Libbie. They do help somehow, though my sense of loss seems to grow rather than ease.

But the battle will go on.

I have decided to do no further consecutive teaching. Nothing henceforth but a quickie now and then, to make sure that I don't end up just talking to myself, or perhaps getting psychogenic asthma from sustained inturning.

And since our Uncle (Samuel) gave me Seven Grand recently (plus the fact that, now being 72, I get my monthly drag even if I make a million dollars a day, though I should hurry to explain that I'm making considerably less than that), I have thought I might will-o'-the-wisp for a few months at least, in a flat-footed sorta way.

If you ever happen to be in the vicinity of The Nation for June 2nd, please do take a look at my long poem there. It was written in connection with our being in Brooklyn Heights last winter, o'erlooking the harbor, in much the area mapped by Whitman's ferry-crossing and Hart Crane's bridge (hence my "Eye-Crossing - From Brooklyn to Manhattan"). Libbie liked it a lot - it was our poem. There's a bit more of it than the 4-plus pages that were published. But most of it is there. And begad, only last week in the New Republic, I reviewed the Unterecker biography of Hart Crane. And do look at that if convenient - for it's in the same spirit.

It's fantasmic, how this Born Loner came to get surrounded by such a mob as the five children and ten grandchildren plus their friends or marrieds add up to. For the summer, there are these distractions, always coming and going. For a while, come autumnality, ~~when~~ when everyone clears out, I'll take it on the czin. Then, if it gets too tough, I can flying flying swallow homeward south. Meanwhile, I'm pretty lonesome already. After all, I was absolutely crazy about a woman. (TBL tells the story, though twistedly indeed.) And I'm as crazy about her as ever. Maybe even crazier. (Psst: If you ever are near the preface to the first edition, try putting together the ~~and~~ letters with ~~which~~ which each of the paragraphs begins.)

Ah, heck, Kit. I'd better get back and start calling some political bastard a son of a bitch. ~~and~~ Gawd knows, there's that protection, too - that way of toughening up. And the resources are everywhere you turn.

Meanwhile, dawlink, bestens. And to Tom ->!

Sincerely,
K.B.