

4519 West Fifteenth Ave.,

Vancouver, 8 B.C.

December 1st., 1962

Dear Mr. Leeman :

After pondering over the points you raised in your letter of November 19th I was about to answer it when along came another. Perhaps they might be explored together. So let us now amiably proceed to chew each other's ears.

Yes, I do agree that RB anticipated Freud in contending that there is an element of self-pity in grief for the loss of friends and that this in turn betrays a fear of our own approaching end. Yet even when confronted with this inescapable terror, he dares to look it in the face and by so doing helps us to do likewise. Nevertheless, the cry of the heart, as well as the voice of calm reason, makes itself heard ~~INEXORABLY~~ no matter how much he tries to stifle it. In these few rough-hewn paragraphs and almost in spite of himself, he drops his mask and displays a profound sympathy with the human condition. Freudian implications there may be but there are others just as poignant and less selfish.

These paragraphs should not be excluded from the text because they cannot be made to flow. Harsh and rugged they may be, but they reflect a depth of genuine emotion which is lacking elsewhere in the entire work. Sticking my neck out very ~~NAE~~ far indeed, they might starkly stand out in a Section of their own. Or they could be discreetly veiled under the general heading of "Cures of Melancholy."

I should have made it clear that I wasn't suggesting that the Latin tags be altogether withdrawn. Perish the thought. A humble plea was being made on behalf of GENERAL READERS who, like EJ have little Latin and less Greek, but sorely need the spiritual solace and mental stimulus which thanks to your sensitive interpretation RB is able to offer them.