

Thanks giving - The right
day for it -

Dear Red,

Your letter brings me such a
glow - I must be giving it out - I hope so, now
to you: No letter I can think of has
meant any more to me, reaching back
into my whole writing life, my whole hope
really - as you certainly do know - I thank
you for writing it and for every word it
said - for the whole thing - The first time

you told me what my story - "A Stee Moment" -

was trying to get to, reaching for, in your eyes,

I felt this same start of happiness, - and the

knowledge that the story has had a continued

life in your same vision, continuing & increasing

vision, so wide & deep & no end to it, -

how much happier still it makes me, and

that you should write me this letter - It does

stretch back over my whole life. Suppose you

& Clever & Albert had never given me this

beginning; ^{- recognition of what stirred me -} But the beginning, I mean is of a different

order - having nothing to do with publication of the work -

I had wanted ever since our fine

meeting in Baton Rouge to write to you -

to say how perfectly splendid it was

to be together there, all of us - To hear

your read - with, as I knew, an insufficiency
of light on the page - and then the television search-
light in your eyes - and still, no matter what
they could do, the poems and the voice - That was
what everybody had come for, and what everybody
took away, the treasure. The fire meeting we
had afterwards, in your room - just the

Warrens, the Brothers, + me - was so lovely -
and so just right - the spur of the moment,
and so much laughter - I hear it now -

My best love to you and Eleanor - I hope
you're having a fine Thanks giving there -
In my imagination I'm seeing you around the
fire, and around, + up + down, the table,
going by the happy times I've been around them both -

I think of you lots, and wish I could give
you both a Thanks giving hug + kiss right
now — Real, you must know: thank you
for always for pushing me off that letter —

It's so dear to me and I think it has a going-on
power of its own, that may get me back on
the track some how, in writing stories again —

Yours ever,

Emma