

9 May, 1990 Passed.
21 May, 1990 Memorial service

Fax to ~~212 956 8098~~
703 740 3121.

MARKET

In New York this fax should be delivered to MARY BARLOW,

~~Stuart Bay. 212 957 9579.~~

Dear Stuart,

Hope this is OK. Feel free to add or amend. Thanks so much for reading it. Please tell them how sorry I am not to be there and give them all my love.

Do not go gentle into that good night,
rage, rage, against the dying of the light.

Well, in the end, Roger did go gently into the night, he didn't have any options. But I find myself raging against the dying of his light.

How can he be gone, how can the world be as good without him.... he was much too special. There was no one else like him. He was an extraordinary blend of honesty, courage, wit, intelligence, crankiness, perception, fearlessness.

He seemed to be able to do anything from designing cars to loading shotgun shells.... from making movies to inventing thirty new ways to cook a quail because quail was all there was on the menu until the next check arrived.

I always thought that somewhere along the way he had also figured out how to be eternal. I knew he'd never let on about his discovery, but I just thought he'd keep on going and outlive us all. Since growing that white beard a few years back, he sort of looked like Father Time anyway.

When we visited BOX 85 a year ago he was wearing a long brown robe and he made a joke about how much he resembled Father Time. He even found himself a staff before we took some pictures with Lily. I remember saying we'd better find an hourglass. But he replied that it wasn't really necessary these days and he could do without. I thought it was rather a strange answer and it set me thinking.

During his long life he'd always been able to discover how anything worked. If you wanted to know the inner secrets of the latest diesel turbos, or an early German two stroke, if you couldn't see how a sixteenth century French wheel lock musket worked, or the latest Japanese camera, he was the only person to ask. So it was very reasonable to assume that he'd also quietly worked out how to live forever.

I could see his body getting a little older as the years went on, but his mind never seemed to age at all. He just got wiser as time went by. I sort of hoped he might run for President one day, or perhaps King. But I think he felt that neither would be a very interesting job when it came down to it. And he would rather watch the dogwood blossom.

So it's almost impossible to accept that he's not here with us today..

A few years back he and I made a pact. Whenever either one of us would fly somewhere we would take out that special airline insurance they sell to optimists at airports. We'd get just enough to buy an interesting exotic car... a Ferrari or Lamborghini.

The arrangement was that we'd name the other as beneficiary and if the plane crashed and one of us died, the other had to take the insurance check and go out and buy the sports car. (You couldn't spend the money paying off old bills.)

Then, every so often, you had to take this exotic piece of machinery out into the desert, (or in his case the mountains up behind Box 85) for a blisteringly fast drive.

All of this was because Roger was sure that ~~he~~^{we} would always come back from the dead. ... Somehow. Even if we were never seen. And he was pretty well convinced that if we came back, one of the things we would miss most was driving fast in an open sports car with the wind in your face and a hairpin bend in the road ahead.

So today, even though I can't be in New Market with you all, and even though I don't have a Ferrari, I will still get in the Audi, head North and take Roger for a spin... for all of us.