

October 17, 1979

Dear Carolyn:

September was quiet. I did the major revisions for the novel, finished the columns I promised for Body Politic, and even wrote a short story. October has turned into another mini summer, London bookstore friends back out to find property here on the island (they've bought an acre with a trailer on it over on the east side of the island, Marian's old neighborhood), and then Judy Baca from L.A. in a terrible state because she thought her relationship with Donna Deitch (who is working on raising money to make the Desert film) was on the rocks. Judy was with us a week, Donna the last two days of it. I don't often have much investment in a relationship one way or the other; that is, it seems to me people's own business what makes sense or doesn't, but I am so very fond of both of them, think they work so incredibly well together that it was hard not just to knock their heads together. They both work far too hard, leave too little time for simply enjoying each other and their life together, and they are into the first sexual hassles. Donna stayed an extra four days in New York for a fling, which I'm sure she needed, but Judy is a passionate latin, and I guess, when Donna got home, the scenes were stereophonic. She calmed down considerably once she was up here, said she knew she had to learn to cope, but most couples she knew simply didn't handle complex sexuality with any skill, hurt each other and broke up. Donna arrived, fairly defensive, and didn't really have time to unwind, wanting to talk about changes in the script rather than what was going on. I don't know. I don't know. I realize I would mind their parting. Neither of them would find an easy time finding anyone else with that kind of creative power and basic sympathy.

So now we have a few days before we have Audrey Thomas' younger daughter with us for a week while Audrey is in the east on a reading tour. In my own creative logic, taking care of Clare makes me feel less guilty about refusing to do reading tours myself.

Because we've decided not to go south this winter, except for a short visit with my parents in January, I hope winter settles in as quiet work. Sometimes I think it's a fantasy, but I do seem to manage to get some things done in spite of the world I live in. And, of course, I enjoy most of it.

The septic ~~cta~~ tank is fixed. The pool heater is still not hooked up. Next week? The week after? We haven't been able to swim in it for about three weeks, and I miss it badly.

Monica took off while we were in town attending to John Korner's opening the 1st of September. She spent a week or so with my parents, has now gone to Nancy, and no one knows how long she'll stay. I am sorry to feel how glad I am not to have her around, but she got less and less connected, into her slave role, and there was just no way she was going to let us all be human together. I'm not really sure why, except that I think Monica's way of leaving is to drain the soil of nourishment for her before she goes. I wish her well. I've stopped worrying.

Hoppy's show, the 1st of October, was another sell out, and a very happy occasion. There are now full sized reproductions of two of her paintings, so good that she saw one framed and thought it was the original, and that helped curb the disappointment of people who got there too late to buy. It's a bit bargain basement by now. Elisabeth simply says, "Well, people think I may be dead before there's another one, that's all." She is busy at work for the next one, which will be in Toronto on the 7th of May, if you'd like to plan that far ahead. The Writers' Union meetings are to be in the Toronto area beginning, I think, on the 11th, and I may stay over for them. Elisabeth's thinking of coming back alone by train. All the details will sort themselves out nearer the time, but I may want to beg a bed somewhere for a couple or several nights between the opening and the meetings. It would be a nice way of paying my way east.

Contract won't be out until early next fall; so hopefully I won't have publicity chores to do.

Jean Wilson is probably checking in with you about now and perhaps settling up a time when you can meet her ex military friends, Jean and Jamie. I gather she's much in love this trip with the lady who does Mr. DressUp. I hope it's a good month for her.

Helen got a couple of good pictures of Kathy. If it's a time when you need to give each other space, I'm glad you had the week here, which seemed to me very happy for us all.

I hear Helen's reading group on Virginia Woolf breaking up, and I must go up to hear how it went.

Love,

Jane