

4504 West 2nd Ave.
Vancouver 8, B.C.
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Dear Carolyn:

Helen took literature and information about the flowers into Alvin Balkind who runs the UBC gallery about ten days ago, the first opportunity she had, and he has now phoned to say that, though he's very much interested in the show, his schedule is packed for the year with shows he lined up while we was traveling last year. I'm sorry because I think it would be particularly interesting at a university to have a show that is ~~interesting~~ of both artistic and scientific value. But there it is: no room at the inn. Actually Alvin operates in one room in the basement of the library, having waited for years for a real gallery to be built. I think it is finally on the building schedule, but I'm not sure. His space, until then, is very limited.

Just as I thought I could see my own schedule settling down to a sane rhythm, I got the galleys of Alice Munro's new collection of short stories to review for Books in Canada. I am delighted to be asked, but it has already, just in the reading, taken up most of the free hours of this week-end, and I'll have to steal time from something else during the week to write the review.

I've started my own work again, though still not the stretches of time that I'll work into gradually. I'm working on a short piece, or it should be short, at the moment. I need to create at least a small new stock pile to take care of the requests that are coming in from various places. I've even had a letter from Chatelaine, but I can't face that market until I've limbered up in something that is more to my own taste. But, because I have no salary this year from UBC, I've got to pay some attention to getting some money from writing.

The class Helena and I are team teaching is pure delight. ~~jk~~ The students are working hard, bragging on campus about their good luck to have both of us, and with morale running that high they are bound to learn more. It's not easy for Helen to put in a longish evening at the end of a full day, but it takes a good deal of strain off other days of the week, which is important.

The Women's Studies' Program has now registered 700 people, a remarkable turn out but a bit daunting for the organizers who imagined spending time with the section leaders and doing research but so far have been mostly involved in figuring out what to do with bodies. Last week's lecture was dreddful, a timid young woman not wanting to pose any real point of view about biological sources of behavior. Everyone was very depressed, some outraged. The trouble with something of this sort is that people do care. There are bound to be bad nights. I feel very optimistic about the success of the whole project, and I'm glad to be involved in it as much as I can be.

What I haven't been able to get to at all is my press, and it's hard to see times when I ~~xxxx~~ will, but I really don't want to give it up, particularly at a time of year when it can turn out Christmas presents. My parents are coming up for a week on the 5th of November, and I'd like to have some things done for them to take back with them.

I think Helen and I have sorted it out to stay here for Christmas without a houseful of family. Because Rick's girl is back in California, he'll go home for Christmas, and Mother and Dad don't like to drive up at that time of year because of the weather. They'd really like us to join them somewhere on the desert, but we don't have that kind of holiday money, and we'd anyway really like to be at home.

You sound as greedy for time as we do with all your projects. Good luck to all of them.

affectionately,

Jane