

4504 West 2nd Ave.
Vancouver 8, B.C.
June 27, 1973

Dear Carolyn:

The Globe and Mail man probably doesn't even know how to do his homework, but, since there isn't any 'scene' in Vancouver, I suppose he felt obliged to create one. Mawn.

We've bought a house on Galiano Island and moved into it on the 16th. I had to be back in town on the 19th for various reasons, but I left Helen there for a ten day rest. She's just back, looking brown and sane. On the 30th we go over for the month of July, perhaps August as well. There is a phone, but it's unlisted, and I managed, by happy mistake, to give the wrong number to those few people who felt they had to be able to get in touch. The address is The Fork, RR 1, Galiano Island, B.C. We're not on the water but just up from it overlooking Active Pass in half an acre of woods with a small sunny field that will next year be a vegetable garden. A panabode house with at the moment two bedrooms, a large living room with fireplace, a large kitchen, and a bath, but Dad will be up in September to finish off the ground floor with another bedroom, study with fireplace and toilet and basin. Water is a problem so that there's no point in having more than one place to bathe. We hope we'll always be able to keep both houses since we're fond of this one and fond of much of Vancouver living, but, if after Helen retires in eight years' time, we don't want to afford both, we may move to the island. At the end of this crazy year, it sounds marvelous right now, but I'm sure by fall we'll be glad of the chaos again.

I am waiting to hear from Doubleday on the two chapters and proposal for a book I sent them several weeks ago. The editorial response is all positive, but the crunch comes today in New York with hassling money, and I won't write it without a healthy advance. In a way, I'm hoping they'll say no so that I can get back to fiction where I belong, but, if they say yes, I'll be doing my public service (something between serving in the army and getting a PhD I feel) this next year, and then I'll beg for a Canada Council for a novel year after that. I think I'd spend this coming winter on the island if I could kidnap Helen, but we'll go over there as much as we possibly can.

Let me know when you're heading our way again. You were perfectly with it, never mind tired, and we always so very much enjoy seeing you.

Hope you're heading into wilderness yourself about now.

Affectionately,

Jana