

The Fork
R/R. 1
Galiano, B.C. VON 1P0
June 30, 1978

Dear Carolyn:

I have rarely been as bad a correspondent as I've managed to be over the last weeks. I have been trying very hard to finish the new novel which turns out to be as stubborn about being over as anything by Beethoven.. I think I'm now about 20 pages away from it. I've had a week-s break with my parents here with a friend of theirs, and Marian Engel comes in ~~the~~ with the twins tonight for the month of July, and my fourteen-year-old niece arrives tomorrow night. My desk is ~~ks~~ piled high with neglected business that I won't get back to real work for some time to come-- days anyway. I've promised the Globe and Mail a review of Adrienne Rich's new collection of poems, and I want quiet, ~~sane~~ time to go that. If I'd just finished the bloody book, everything would fit in. Now it will ~~after~~ have to anyway, somehow. Anyway, I put my parents on the boat this morning; all the wash is done, the beds remade up and ready, the stocks replenished, and I'm taking the afternoon to send letters to long suffering friends.

I had, of course, expected to see you at the Writers' Union meeting, and then Helen hurt her back, and what a lot of canceling that involved since we had a trip to the States planned after the meetings. I was very sorry not to get to Ottawa, but Helen was too ~~illy~~ off to leave alone. She's fine now, the disc back where it's supposed to be, but it took several weeks.

Thank you for suggesting a hotel. The problem is that Elisabeth is an old age pensioner, fiercely independent and ~~pr~~ principled about not spending great amounts on herself; so what you suggested simply wasn't anything I could convince her was a good idea. We are now waiting to hear if we can stay at the Chelsea Inn on Gerrard Street, recommended by friends of friends at U of T. Press. We may get our fare ~~pay~~ paid by C.C. under the funds for promotion department, which means we'll have to be more amiable about interviews than I like to be. We'll fly in on Sunday night. I'm going out to London on Tuesday morning and will meet Elisabeth at the airport the next day to get back home. I've got a date at the Country Mouse Bookstore for some kind of autographing party on Tuesday night. Anyway, I hope you have the opening on your calendar and will come so that we can at least catch sight of each other.

Letter from Bensen & Hedges today (It's three months since I gave up the weed) saying I had won their short fiction award for a story published in 1977 in Chatelaine, enclosing a cheque for \$250.00. The story is one ~~a~~ I dug out of a back file, written some fifteen years ago, because I'd always liked it and thought it ought to have sold. Saturday Night turned it down, and so there's a certain vengeful pleasure in such recognition. I don't ever win awards; so this year is feeling a bit freaky. I'd be more unnerved if I were not convinced that I'm writing a novel to offend most people just now.

Keep your fingers crossed that this next trip actually gets taken. I hope to see you September 11th.

Love,

