

4504 WEST SECOND AVENUE
VANCOUVER 8, BRITISH COLUMBIA

May 6, 1970

Dear Carolyn:

I'm glad your copy of the book arrived. I had only six copies for the book party, which just went round, and, when Mother and Dad left on Monday, the last of those was gone; so I'm back to a proof of the front of the jacket and that's all. I suppose eventually others will arrive. I thought I might feel a bit bereaved, but instead it's a relief, rather like getting rid of Mother and Father, beloved guests who just the same take up a great deal of time.

Mother says it's not so much that she doesn't like the book as that she can't read it without being distracted by details whose source she recognizes. She hasn't the same trouble with the new one and so likes it better. Father hasn't read THIS IS NOT FOR YOU. I suppose he will, sooner or later. Novels are not his thing. People aren't, really. He's very kind to them, generous and sociable, but he would rather understand the workings of computers, the habits of fish, peculiar political histories. His contact with people is sharing either his or their knowledge of one thing or other. We went to see the Gordon Smiths (he's the painter who designed the fabulous revolving umbrellas in the Canadian pavillion in Japan) on Sunday, and Dad was fascinated with Gordon's latest prints in which he is experimenting with straining the limits of perspective so that shapes flatten, come out at you and recede as your eye chooses one orientation of another. Father was drawing figures for Gordon on backs of envelopes. Then he got involved with Marien's loom, wanting to know just how it was set up. Because he can so easily enter into other people's interests, people love him, but, if they want to feel understood, that's Mother's department. They are together very private people, very happy people, and their joint view of human relationships is that they are good or bad in terms of whether the people involved are loving and generous and easy together. They are both devoted to Helen because she is who she is and because it's perfectly obvious to them that I am happy. The social awkwardness they must encounter occasionally they simply don't acknowledge.

The party was a very good one, ages ranging from 20 (young Diane Korner) to 64 (Father) and spread fairly evenly inbetween. It didn't break up until about three in the morning and then very reluctantly. This private giving of the book is for me what is important. Now it becomes a public fact, and I turn my back on it as much as possible. I have reluctantly agreed to one CBC interview because David Watmough, who is a friend, is to be the interviewer and can deal with my edginess. But that's all.

Helen and I went to the travel agent together on Monday to look at alternate routes east. If she goes to Newark rather than

