

4504 West Second Avenue
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Dear Carolyn:

Sorry you had to read Lorne Parton. He's done that with every one of my books; so I'm wearily prepared for it. Actually I don't suppose a review like that gets much in the way of sales. It ~~is~~ may, for all I know, stimulate them, for all the wrong reasons. I am not as troubled by something like that as I am by someone who feels the way he does, but doesn't admit it and pretends to write an unbiased review. The trouble is different because the newspaper is read by people in Vancouver. John, the student who lives with us, came home ~~xxx~~ shaking with it because someone at the liquor store where he works gave it to him and said, "Isn't that your landlady?" And a young woman turned up at a women's lib meeting for the first time last Monday night and said at the end, "Are you Jane Rule? I can't believe it." No tufts of hair bursting out of my shirt front, I suppose. I learned long ago how to fight my own battles, but I still feel baffled about the trouble~~s~~ caused other people because there's nothing I can do about it and yet I feel responsible for it. What to do with that frustration is much more of a problem than how to fend off put downs of my work.

Anyway, I gather, since you were reading the book, that your copy finally did arrive. I've just had the five I ordered. I had a fascinating letter from Peggy Atwood about the book. She liked Dina best, the ghost of Cousin B next, and she wished I hadn't burned those diaries because she damned well wanted to know what was in them because the tastes were some of the best prose in the book, and the image she liked best was the pink and mutilated gods ~~k~~ in the Greek restaurant, but finally she does wonder if I believe in evil at all. I wanted to write back saying I couldn't avoid believing in evil after reading POWER POLITICS, but, of course, I didn't because I don't have any desire to put Peg down. I know she's got to go where her~~xx~~ strange and cruel and demanding imagination takes her, just as I have to go where mine takes me, but we surely are at opposite ends of human experience, I interested really in nothing but the possibility of good. POWER POLITICS is a brilliantly written book, but it is so cruel that I can't bear it, and I don't see how she lives with such ~~visions~~visions. She's often a very engaging and lively person in person, and she's extremely bright. I am more frightened for her than of her.

I'm glad Cath had another week of skiing, and what good news that your stock covered the trip. Let's hope it happens again and again.

We leave for England on the 3rd of July; so we have about two months here of relative quiet. Helen has another week's work and then is free to make her own schedule. My parents will arrive in L.A. some time in mid ~~xxxx~~ June and fly up here almost at once to catch short sight of us and take over business ~~recods~~ records. In early

June friends from Toronto may be with us for a few days, but most of our entertaining will begin once we settle in the London house. We'll visit around for a couple of weeks before that. Then ~~in~~ in August we'll run a small hotel with, we hope, as little fuss as possible so that we have plenty of time to do our sort of exploring. I really am looking forward to it, and so is Helen.

We're about to go up to buy grass seed and various other games for the garden, and I want to get this in the mail or it will sit in my typewriter until Monday.

It's very happy for me now to know something of your face as I write. Helen got one funny picture of us all in the kitchen, cutting off heads of fish.

Affectionately,

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