

4504 West Second Avenue Vancouver 8 British Columbia

July 4, 1970

Dear Carolyn:

It's hotel running time, and I haven't many moments to myself. Only two days after Helen came home from a very happy trip, our friends Tak and Pat Tanabe moved in. They are Vancouverites who are living in the east while Pat gets a PhD and Tak goes on painting, but they're home for a longish holiday. They stayed until the day before Lilian Haddakin arrived from London. She's been with us now for two weeks. While Tak and Pat were here, Haron Douglas, the son of a college friend of mine, turned up with guitar and bread baking skills. He stayed for a week, through Lilian's arrival, and his room hadn't been empty for 48 hours before one R Fred Booker arrived, a black Methodist minister from Toronto, also with a guitar. He's now renting a room from our next door neighbors since he thought Vancouver looked a fine place to spend six weeks, but he was with us for several days. Over next week-end we are expected our beloved Shelagh Day home after a year in Europe, and she'll surely stay for several weeks, but she's been with us so often she's more an extra pair of hands ~~an~~ than a guest. Only trouble is we've had Ted Emerson about a good deal, her lover-friend of a number of years, and Shelagh thinks it's time to give that relationship a rest. We love Ted and wonder how this will all work. At the moment he's involved with two half grown pet goats, and they've been visiting with us, kept between the side fence and a high bramble patch which they are slowly eating while also having long, blatting conversations with our Siamese cat. Lilian, in her mid fifties, a 19th century scholar from University of London, has taken to beginning most of her observations with the phrase, "I think the thing that shocks me most..." This is her first visit to North America. It's fortunate that she's used to students or the hords of boys always draped around the garden might be more unnerving to her. They do call her 'Lilian', and they don't wear shoes or shirts to the dinner table, but they are as full of high flown nonsense and good spirits and courtliness as the ones she knows at home, and she fascinates them with her wry, indulgent observations. We've taken a couple of short trips into deepest darkest British Columbia, but mostly we've been exploring Vancouver. She goes for two weeks to Vancouver Island to visit friends there on Wednesday.

Meanwhile publication day in New York came and went almost unnoticed here, but for a vast bouquet of flowers sent by my beloved editor. No sign of the book in the shops here, and with mails what they are it may be weeks. The longer the better as far as I'm concerned. Library Journal review was good, which is a bit of fine luck. Only other review I've seen is from Washington D.C., also good. There are huge half page ads in New York Times; I shudder at the cost! And I'm cover girl for The Ladder this month, a dubious distinction, but it's bound to sell lots of books since it's the one national magazine (American) for Lesbians.

What time I have stolen from all this crowd, I've spent taking over the family business because Mother and Father have sailed for England and also finishing cutting down a novel I wrote when I was

25 to see if as a novella it might tempt REDBOOK. It's all very sincere and romantic and young, but it's a very long shot. Worth it because the price tag is \$7500, which would mean another year away from teaching, and I think I may need two years for the project I have in mind. The only way I get any of this done is to get up early before anyone else is about and therefore miss the long, amiable breakfasts. I set everything up, cook ham or sausage and put platters on the hot plate. But I'm really more of a night hawk; so I stay up until the last of them drift away. I can't remember more than five hours sleep for two long. I've made reservations for us for a week the end of August in the interior where we can swim and sleep and be looked after.

I wonder if you've taken off for the cottage by now. I hope it's being a good summer for all of you.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Jane', written in dark ink on a light background.