

The Fork Route One Galiano British Columbia Canada VON 1P0

August 25, 1977

Dear Carolyn:

Your name has been at the top of my list for months now. Knowing you were at the cottage and then off in Germany, I have waited, but I must wait no longer since the book arrived yesterday. I have not had time to do much more than admire it extravagantly and read the opening and conclusions and look at the pictures, all of which I think are excellent. Thank you so much for sending it along. It must be a source of great satisfaction to see it in print.

At the moment I have all three néesces here. They arrived just ten minutes after it started raining after four weeks of beautiful weather, and we've had one clear afternoon in the five days since. They stay until the 2nd, and I do hope we finally do get some nice weather. They are being resolutely cheerful and good about finding entertainments, but I'm sure there is a limit to their patience. At the moment the two younger ones are sorting shells they've found for making necklaces, the oldest reading (they're 10, 13, and 15). I have never wanted children or thought I'd be good at the long dealing, but I do love having them around for stretches of time. Alison, the thirteen year old, is 6' 2" and still growing; one of her chief entertainments is trying to make her voice as low as mine, and she and her younger sister have developed a fascination for wearing my neck brace! I don't know ~~which~~ which variety of hearts Alison will decide to break, but she is perfectly beautiful and very funny. Katey, the oldest, is a real scholar, and, when the younger ones aren't tumbling about too much, we have time for talking about college plans, books, and the like. My sister and her husband arrive on the 31st, having taken a leisurely two weeks to get here, their first vacation alone ~~together~~ together, except for week-ends occasionally, since Katey was born. They'll stay a couple of days and then drive the kids home.

It's been the ordinary summer of people and I've got only a small bit of work done, chores mostly: short articles, stories, a review or two. I'll settle to a new novel this fall. I've picked a title, Contract with the World, and have an opening line, "Everyone in the world is thirty one years old." I need a bit more than that to feel sure it's something more than an answer to the inevitable question, "What are you working on now?"

Most ~~intrig~~ interesting prospect at the moment is a proposal from Donna Deitch, a successful young film maker in the States, to do a movie of Desert. We're only in the first stages of conversation about it. Talonbooks is bringing out a paperback of that one also one of these days, and, if there's a film option, I'm sure an American house will finally pick it up, and, since I now have all the rights, the hardback publishers in three countries having let it go out of print, it should be a nice extra bit of money.

I hope Kathy has sorted out her private life in such a way that you have more time to be together. I hope you'll make a jaunt west some time in the winter. We go to the desert for January and February, but we'll be around when you usually come at Easter.

Thanks again and congratulations.

Love,



