

The Fork Route One Galiano British Columbia Canada VON 1P0

January 31, 1975

Dear Carolyn:

Lovely to have your letter today, only I feel as if I should be sending back more than an answer for the bottle-top pin enclosed, a decoder pin for Lesbian Images? That will come soon enough.

You should be glad to be in reverse to protect yourself as long as possible from the insanity of publishing, at least publishing nonfiction. I had my last stand off and then losing battle with Doubleday lawyers only at the beginning of the month. Both Colette's and Leduc's estates refused permission to quote. I wanted, therefore, to cut back to 400 words per book (a loss of 150 words in the colette chapter, none in the Leduc), but Doubleday lawyers were insisting on a cut to 200 words. There is no law in the states, only 'gentlemen's' agreements, and, since the crew at Doubleday obviously aren't even gentlemen, they've bugged other people's authors enough to get screwed any time another publisher has a chance, and they were convinced of international law suits if I risked 400 words, particularly with Colette because that estate is rich enough to play. I raged about censorship, illegality, and so on, but finally I had to cut both chapters just two weeks before the galleys arrived. They're on such a zany Schedule at Doubleday that they send copies of galleys and ask for corrections to be phoned into New York, which for a 300 page manuscript with lots and lots of footnotes and bibliography meant an hour on the phone, the other four parties on my line having to cool their heels on such interesting exchanges as, "do you really think op. cit. applies in that footnote?" I got the galleys on a Monday afternoon and had to call in corrections Tuesday noon, eleven hours work in between not only picking up printer's errors and more of my own but chasing down historical queries on ~~xxxx~~ an island where the only library is two shelves of books in the local grocery store, but I did it, I did it, and the book is finally off my back. Oh, the galleys still sit by the phone for another week in case there are last minute questions. And the English publisher, buying American pages, is plaintive about the schedule, but the rest of it is their kproblem. I've seen the English dust jacket, a plain royal blue with title in white and my name in gold, the whole back a picture of me in blue on the beach (one of Betty's), after the English editor bridling at the thought of photographs at a time when we thought we had enough money for photographs because they were 'vulgar'. Actually I like the jacket very much. One friend, counted on always to be rude, looked at it and said, "High class prostitution." Not high class, is all. I've only seen a trial run for the Doubleday blurb in which I 'struggle' twice. I objected. I hope it's changed so that the book is not advertised as an agonizing confession of a closet type.

Meanwhile, on this part of the island, the new book, The Young in One Another's Arms, 'struggles' along up past 140 pages now of the 200 or so it will be. I am determined to have it finished by May. We leave on the 13th for a couple of weeks in the south, Arizona first (after getting a tooth crowned in Vancouver-- ground down to gum by above-- and eating a lobster dinner the same night) and then California. We'll probably be back on the island by the 1st of March. So I will again be moving toward an April Fool's finish with rewriting of the last minor sort and typing up in April and May.

Both supply boats and power have been remarkably faithful (knock on wood) through the storms, which seem to hit all around us, 4 " of snow in Vancouver a couple of days ago, none at our level here. Tonight it's howling, and Helen must meet the night boat with Shelagh and Haron aboard to spend the week-end. The road over to Montigue can be a problem, hilly enough to hit snow at the crests even when there

is none here. Winter water birds and eagles play in bad weather, staging huge air ~~ballet~~ ballets just for my benefit. It is the right place for me to live, even if I am too little distracted from work. I have lived a life far too distracted, and the ~~change~~ change is a blessing. Helen will teach one more year, while I organize the Vancouver house for sale, which I hope will ~~xx~~ provide a living for us for the five years before her pension comes in. By that time, we may be needing cities again, but for a while we will almost surely be islanders.

I look at the calendar to check dates about Easter week-end and realize that I will be celebrating my 44th on Good Friday, which had a good range of irony about it. I really intend to be 80 so that I live life the way Hoppy does. Would you like to come over and join us for that? There would be an afternoon boat on a Friday around 1 p.m. so that you wouldn't have to get up at the crack of dawn to get here in plenty of time for the civilized time of day. We might even take you to our new restaurant at the north end, The Pink Geranium, if they have no scruples about opening on that day. And then we could put you on whatever boat you wanted for the next day or whenever to Victoria. Or come back by way of us. Either is free for the time being; so book what is convenient for you.

I'd like to meet Marion Engel. I like what I have heard about her and what I've read, but I don't imagine she'll find her way to Galiano this trip, and I resolutely refuse to go to the mainland except for dental emergencies.

Did I tell you in my Christmas note that our chief enterprize in the last couple of months has been financing a record of our ~~xxx~~ friend, Fred Booker, ex Methodist minister turned song writer, singer, guitar player, and novelist? I met him through Don Wailey several years ago, and he's been in Vancouver lately, doing a gig in Gastown to pay the rent. The record is just out, only 1000, mostly done for Fred to have something to sell as he travels around this spring, but it may have other fall out at CBC for instance, and it's tempted Epic Records into talking about 'buying us out'. We've taken payment of our investment in records; so come with an extra 5 bucks in your pocket in case, after you've listened to our well worn record, you'd like one of your own. Fred's last name is Booker, and our company is Rulebook Records.

Time to go try to find our friends, probably not at Sturdies Bay on a night like this, at Montigue more likely.

Let me know what day suits. Both Helen and I are delighted that we'll catch sight of you this trip; so tell Kathy to be sure you can still find your way.

Love,

*Jan*