

4504 WEST SECOND AVENUE
VANCOUVER 8, BRITISH COLUMBIA

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Dear Carolyn:

I have to limp home because these days I am
 fearfully sick of the typewriter by the end of the
 day. Words have a happily blurred look in my
 scotch - happy for me, of course, not for you.
 Work is incredibly heavy just now and will be for
 some weeks to come, probably until mid April. Most
 important (for me anyway) is getting new short stories
 underway, some for magazine market to help keep
 up bank account, some for myself. Next is keeping
 my students alive, though they go off for 3 weeks
 practice teaching after tomorrow night, leaving me
 butting a stack of essays to mark for that
 time. Then, along with new stories, I must look
~~at~~ and rewrite some old to get a collection ready
 by late spring to submit to agents and publishers.
 and I expect momentarily the manuscript of the
 new book to come back with editor's comments to
 be considered. Meanwhile publisher is working re-
 wondrously hard on advance publicity for THIS IS NOT
 FOR YOU, scheduled to come out in June, gathering
 fine fast, verbal statements from other writers
 which I find both touching and embarrassing.
 I have a proof of the jacket, which is very well
 done. But all this is very distracting at a time

When I need to concentrate.

Heck's valley was wonderful, even a glimpse for swimming every day - and the landscape itself is fertile and unobtrusive - the descent always gets at me. In, we haven't been to the west Indies, I'd love to go some time. We leave a number of friends there, mostly back or forward, we have been students at UBC. Yes, I know the sense of racial tension, which is, as you point out, economic tension. It's hard to walk in the simple, and light of it over. While you decide you can't take a trip west, Helen points out to me that we can't avoid a trip east because of various friends, meetings no court and business for me in New York (which I dread and therefore put off from year to year). So cause we have to go in so many directions we have to go, we should drive. The problem is that I can't drive - or won't, and it's a long trip for Helen, though she claims not. I think we'll take a boy west with us to spell her. Anyway, we'll probably leave toward the end of May and get back just before the 12th of July. On the way or on the way back, we'll probably spend a couple of days in Toronto, mostly for me to cope with business but also to see a friend or two and perhaps even something of the city. I don't see, it's airport. So perhaps we could wait for a drink? We're leaving on a reasonably early morning now. First yellow crocus out this morning, earliest catbirds in bud, most tulips up, and quince beginning to bloom - very spectacular, with mountains very deep in snow. And it all lifts my spirits, though everything I see with me seems to be set in stone and Explained winter. reflectively, Jane