

4504 West Second Avenue  
Vancouver 8, British Columbia

June 21, 1971

Dear Carolyn:

The first day of summer, and it's not actually raining. We've had a dreadful month for weather. Consequently, we're a bit ahead on house chores for getting ready to leave, but the garden needs us badly. And I need it. I seem to have taken up drinking as a profession in the last few weeks, and my days are bland with the sort of hangover that begins to cling to the personality with a sense of profession. It's partly that June is a month of parties for people leaving and people arriving, but it's also that I am resolutely not working, a ~~xxxx~~ state which makes me uncertain and touchy unless dazed with drink. I'm sick of it but keep putting off reform with the notion that prices in England will shock me back to my ~~kx~~ senses without the added effort of will power.

Thank you for the lighters. They've been in constant use since they arrived and will go to England with us.

The summer is beginning to be baffling. Things keep ~~gx~~ coming unstuck. My parents, due into L.A. around the first of June by freighter and planning to fly up here for a short visit, are now very much delayed, and a threatened strike in L.A. has now diverted the ship to Vancouver, scheduled to arrive some time between the 1st and the 4th of July. We leave midday on the 3rd, and ~~it~~ will be particularly frustrating if we miss them only by a few hours. Nothing to be done since we're traveling by charter and anyway our summer tenants arrive the night we leave. Then the London house, which was to be ours by the 15th of July, ~~my~~ be inhabited by some members of the family as well until past the first week in August. The oldest son is rowing, and if his crew is successful, he wants to stay on for the final meets. The husband is uncertain about business commitments which could keep him in Europe until mid August. Well, but I really suspect that the delay for him may be just another tactic in domestic warfare. We don't mind having either of them about, but they'd prefer us, therefore, not to have houseguests during that time, and we had made pretty firm plans with a couple of people. Helen is more amused and resigned than I, pointing out that it doesn't really much matter, among ~~gx~~ friends, which set we concern ourselves with. I brood, therefore, over my inflexible nature~~x~~, a drink in hand.

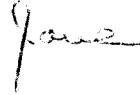
The English department has now decided that part time people must all be dropped; so I have no job for the fall. It's not an urgent problem in one sense. We don't really need all the money we have, but I'm rather sticky (inflexible?) about paying my share and don't want to subject Helen to the negative fantasies I attach to any image of dependence.

As I think about it, it becomes obvious that I am under a good deal of negative pressure just now, and I should probably begin to work instead of drink my way through it.

Our address in London will be 44 Edgerton Crescent, London SW3 from July 3rd to September 4th. The next 12 days will pass quickly enough, and London will lift my ~~xxx~~ spirits. It always does.

Have a good summer. Forgive my temporary gloom.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jane".