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May 2, 1974

Dear Carolyn:

By the time we had your letter about the negatives, the mail strike was on, but they have been posted today, the first day that sort of mail was accepted. (Income tax forms got out on Tuesday, of course) I think they should get there in time for meeting deadlines. Thank you so much for the use of them. We found a good place for copying after one very bad job, and we now have lovely presents for several friends.

My book is finished, 30 pages of footnotes and 8 of bibliography. Haron Douglas, the son of a college friend of mine who lives here, offered to mail the manuscripts in Washington, and, since I knew the corpse would stink after three days, I said, yes, please. He was asked to open the boxes (one to New York and one to London). "~~Lesbian~~ Lesbian Images, eh?" the customs officer mused. "Hey, George, come here a minute." Fifteen minutes later, after much hassling, Haron was told the post office was already shut and he could try again the next day. He phoned in a blind rage. It had never crossed my mind that he'd have trouble. Helen was all for going down and taking it across herself, but Haron insisted that he'd managed the next day. And he did without difficulty. I don't know how his mother will feel about my letting her son be persecuted as a lesbian. She's a forgiving soul. Anyway, it should be at its various destinations by now. I have no idea how long I'll have to wait for word about it. Given Doubleday's record so far, it will probably be at least a month.

I have been very busy since doing I don't quite know what. I rented the house the day after I finished the book-- to a Japanese physicist and his wife and two children; so that is taken care of. I've begun mucking out box room, etc. but I haven't settled earnestly to putting away the house. We won't move out completely until the 1st of August, though we'll spend most of July on the island because Dad will be finishing the downstairs then. I'm glad of easy time and enough space. It's going to be a peoply time for a while.

We've just had a week-end visit from Don Bailey and his wife, Ann. He's the bankrobber-writer I met through being a judge of a national writing contest for convicts. He's really doing well, just finished an 18 month job in Winipeg reorganizing half way houses. His collection of short stories is selling well, and his first novel, In The Belly of the Whale, comes out with Oberon this fall. He's got a Canada Council grant for now, and they've just bought the cottage next to Margaret Lawrence who is already a good friend.

Monica and Betty have just been with us for the last of the chamber music concerts, and Monica and I played with the printing press, thinking she might come up with some ideas for the shop. I'd just finished a very professional job of wedding invitations and announcements and formal thank you notes for Debbie. The

printing bill was going to be around \$400, and we managed to get supplies for \$55.00. Old scrouge Rick was abjectly grateful. And I was pleased at how handsome they looked. Deb worked with me so that she has the satisfaction of it, too.

Deb's gone to California now to be at her brother's wedding this month and get ready for her own ~~ix~~ on June 1st. She's already made her own and her attendant's' dresses, and she's going to make Fred an off white tent, since he's going to be the minister. I am glad to stay here and get all the news second hand. Rick will drive down with Fred the last week in May, and they're going off to Mexico for a couple of weeks afterwards.

Helen is just about finished, a few scattered meetings about which she is too responsible; so I'm hijacking her to the island from the 8th to the 14th. She goes east on the 23rd (not through Toronto).

I hope your isolation is really working for the benefit of your book. And I trust Kathy sees that you don't work all the time.

Love to you both,

James