

4504 West 2nd Ave.
Vancouver 8, B.C.
August 20, 1973

Dear Carolyn:

This is the day you head for the cottage on your own, and I hope it's a fine, productive week. We are stranded on the mainland for the moment, thinking it better to be here than on the island for the duration of the ferry strike, but we are hoping to get back tomorrow for a final two weeks before we give in to fall. It's been a grandly productive summer for me, work of the sort that keeps on going even in the turmoil of guests and sudden changes of plan, ~~xxxx~~ which has been the summer rhythm. We've kept this house open with the help of faithful cleaning woman and friend, Fred, an ex Methodist ~~minister~~ minister, turned song writer and performer and novelist, who wanted shelter in Vancouver for the summer. Occasionally we've checked in or snaked guests off to the island, but quite a number have been given bed and board without our having seen them, mostly sons of friends or friends of friends. I am thinking of writing something about 'Everyone's Sons, Nobody's Daughters.'

October is an odd month this year. Dad and Mother are coming up in mid September to stay on the island while Dad gets on with finishing rooms on the ground floor. I'll duck over to see them for a day or two, but mostly I'll stay here to work. Then Mother will come here for the first two weeks in October while Dad is fishing in Mexico with my brother. The day she leaves, a beloved English friend, Monica, arrives for a week with her mother, some of which we'll spend on the island. The point is that I very much hope we can get together when you're here, but it will take some advance planning; so let us know as soon as you do what dates you might be available.

Mes, the film festival came and was apparently a great success, though too little financed and too brief therefore. We were on the island.

I daydream about living there when Helen retires in 7 years time. It may be simply a reaction to the clutter of city life that is momentary, but we'll have those seven years to get to know living there to decide.

Forgive this as a 'clearing desk' sort of note, but we will probably have a proper evening of talk before too long.

Affectionately,

