

The Fork
Rte. 1
Galiano, B.C.
Canada VON 1P0
January 31, 1983

Dear Carolyn:

I am getting no messages from you and some very odd messages from your friends. Sherrill was in Vancouver a couple of weeks ago and telephoned on her way out of town. When I asked about you, she said you'd been away a lot. She'd tried to get together with you over the holidays, and you'd said you would call and didn't. Then Jean Wilson's been here for a week, staying a couple of days with us, the rest of the time with Betty Fairbank. She said your friend from Germany had been visiting with you but wouldn't meet any of your friends, and nobody had seen anything of you. Jean seemed to think you were seriously considering picking up stakes and moving to Germany to be with her.

It sounds a little bit to me as if you knew you were into a bad thing and didn't want anyone telling you so, but surely you're not going to do a frying pan into the fire sort of thing, are you? I know in a real sense it's none of our businesses, but we all do miss you and worry about you.

We have finally had the dull month we so longed for and have worked well through January. Now we have only a week before we take off for Arizona and California. I've got a day long seminar the first Saturday we're in Phoenix, a two hour book signing the next day, but then I can lie in the sun and swim until we go to L.A. on the 24th in time to take my sister and her family out to dinner to celebrate her birthday. I had a call from Donna Deitch a couple of days ago to tell me she'd finally sold the last share, and now all she has to do is make the film of Desert. There's an investors' celebration party on the 26th, and we'll be there for it. I have another book signing to do the next day in the big women's bookstore in L.A.

The new paperback of Desert is just out and looks very fine. Today I also got copies of the new printing of Theme. Gradually they're all getting themselves back on the shelves, produced by publishers who intend to keep them in print. I sometimes have a fantasy of making a living after all these years!

Too many commitments are piling up for when we get back on the 7th of March, after a stop over to see my parents in Palo Alto. I've got to be at a conference for problems for people in the gay media in Vancouver on the week-end of the 26th of March. Hoppy's show at the Vancouver Bau Xi opens on the 18th of April with attendant festivities, as well as her birthday celebrations. And I've now got the Winnipeg jaunt sorted out for mid June. Women and Words comes up in Vancouver in the beginning of July. Mary Meigs is coming out for that and will stay with us after it's over. I suspect there will be others, too.

We're missing Marian, who'll be in Vancouver in mid February, but Ar~~lene~~^{Gita} promises to take good care of her. I had a funny, drunken call from her the other night. She and Dorothy Livesey met at a liquor store (!), and Marian invited her home for dinner. I couldn't make much of what had gone on, but I suspect Dorothy was in no better shape.

Rick and Debbie have separated, and that's taken a fair amount of energy, the family in various stages of grief, disapproval, etc.

I am fat and creaky, and two weeks of swimming won't cure that, but it will be a start for when we can come home and swim. It's been a mild winter here as it has in so many places. Our daffodils are already in bud, and I have one rose bud that lasted through the winter. We'll be missing spring here, at least part of it. I have dreams about it going on this way so that we can swim early, too.

No, you don't have to send me a reassuring post card or anything. I just want you to know you're on my mind.

Love,

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