

4504 West Second Avenue Vancouver 8 British Columbia

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November 16, 1970

Dear Carolyn:

I don't seem to get at the mail these days, or only the business mail. The time I often have to write letters is taken up with evening meetings and people around the house. We have Haren Douglas, son of a college friend, staying with us at the moment, and, though he is not a house guest in even our casual sense, I do like to take time to talk with him. At the moment he's in the kitchen baking bread. He also bakes marvelous pies and he rakes leaves and runs errands and generally behaves like someone's dream notion of what a son might be. He's up here to find work and a place to live for a year so that he will have a chance to get into the graduate school of social work at UBC next fall. There are, of course, no jobs, but Haren will somehow find one, I'm sure. I think tomorrow he'll find a cottage, too, since a friend of ours has a two bedroom cottage on the shore and is willing to share it with Haren if Haren likes. So I don't suppose he'll be with us for more than a few more days. I'll miss him when he goes.

And I'm writing and I'm printing. I've done our Christmas card and am busy working on an envelop of poems by children of the English department. The writing isn't so satisfying, but I have to get through this period of uncertainty to get to the other side, if there is another side. Each time I wonder. And that makes me vague and uneasy about language altogether. So letters get neglected for that reason, too.

When you send the article, I'll take the examples I have out to the UBC gallery to see if they are interested in a show. We took them to one gallery here in town, and they thought the prints stunning, but they weren't interested themselves because they don't show that kind of thing (relating them to photographs). They didn't know what selling gallery in town would, but I may get more information at UBC.

I think I have Alan Fry coming for dinner tonight. He's the man who has written the new book, HOW A PEOPLE DIE, about Indians and Indian reservations in B.C. I met him at the writers' cocktail party and liked him very much. He phoned on Friday from Quadra Island where he is Indian agent, saying he would probably be in Vancouver today and would like to stop by in the evening. I should be going to a women's lib meeting, but writing comes before that. He was vague because transportation to the mainland is uncertain. Haren is busily reading his book in case he does show up.

Sorry to send such a scrappy note, but I wanted to let you know that I'm still alive and looking forward to seeing the article.

Affectionately,

James.