

May 16, 1977

Dear Carolyn:

We're on the ground in Montreal, waiting to take off for Toronto, then on to Vancouver tonight, home to the island tomorrow night. Though it's been only 2 weeks, it has been vicious and belouious enough to seem much longer. We were particularly grateful for three days in the quiet country with Marie-Claire and Mary before coming back to the city for as wild a 3 days as we'd had in Toronto. Gail Pass (who wrote Zoe's Book) came up from New Hampshire with the Priced she lives with, and Saturday night after a long, fine dinner in old Montreal, Helen and Mary dropped out, and the rest of us went to Marie-Claire's favorite club. She had alerted all her friends, and it was fine to meet so many people who's stories she has told - no way to talk with all the noise, and I declined dancing with welcome. Gail and friend

dropped out and Marie. Claire and I finally closed the bars at 3 a.m. She is wonderful to talk with, and our conversation simply continued from day to day. But I don't know how she stays alive on so little sleep and food (she eats little hot soup and yogurt) so much drink, work and people.

I will take weeks to digest all the conversations with all the people we have seen - old friends and new. I think we have weeks to do so before the summer guests begin to arrive.

After being so reluctant to visit Toronto, I thoroughly enjoyed it and expect I'll be persuaded to spend more time there again. I'm sorry we only had time to hear all that "Dubois" evening. But there will be a next time. And I expect we'll see you out west before too long.

Missa Ponzers were such a literally sweet welcome, and I felt very spoiled at having a private bartender at the party. Thank you from us both.

Love,
Jane