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March 30, 1982

Dear Carolyn:

Thanks for your card, which arrived this morning. Having created such a thing about my birthday last year, I am still getting far more attention than should be necessary for one of my advanced years! And I love it. Jean Wilson called on my birthday to say, among other things, that you were in Germany for ten days. And I had a card from Sherrill, saying she hoped we'd see each other while I was in Toronto.

The only date I have made is dinner with Michael Lynch on the 12th. He used to be part of the Body Politic collective, still reviews for them. He's a college English teacher, divorced, living with his son and, I think, a younger lover. I have not met him, but we've corresponded for years. He's included you in the invitation and may have reached you about it, but I didn't have your phone number to give him (could you send it to me, please?) Other appointments I'll make for Wednesday and Thursday will be business stuff during the day. Could we maybe on Thursday night rig something with Jean and Sherrill and maybe Judith Finlayson? I'll drop them notes about it and ask them to check in with you. (And Gail, of course.)

I don't know what time we should be at the meetings. Can you get free on Friday morning to drive down? Mary Meigs is coming. I persuaded her; so I want to be around as early as possible, not to leave her to the hords, though she charms the hords without help. I gave her book to my tutor at Mills because they were classmates at Bryn Mawr. She phoned to say that Mary had been the most beautiful, brilliant and beloved student at the college, about whom my tutor had the fantasy of dying and coming back to earth as Mary Meigs! "How can she feel uncertain about anything?"

I'm arriving at Toronto at 4:22 p.m. on Tuesday, the 11th on Air Canada 136. If that's an awkward time to meet me, I can make my own way to your place quite easily. I don't leave until 7 p.m. on Monday, the 17th, giving me a final day in town to see people of various sorts.

What a lot of tripping around I seem to be doing. My trip to California was quieter than I expected because Mother was just over a heavy flu and ~~at~~ Dad still in bed with it; so we canceled quite a few plans. My sister was to come up, but her husband was sick; so she didn't make it either. For my purposes, except for missing a visit to Mills, I was glad to have time to talk with them about the plans they are making for moving into a retirement place in Palo Alto. I went with them there for dinner with a friend who has already moved in. It's an elegant place, set up to take care of any needs. When they're feeling well, if they get a bit claustrophobic, they can travel, visit us, whatever. When they aren't feeling well, they'll be well looked after, and, since neither of them can stand the idea of being dependent on any of us, I guess it's the right solution. My own reluctance about it is not wanting to be as realistic about the years ahead of them as they are. I could easily imagine moving in there myself, my erotic tastes running to senior citizens, but I worry about it for them. Silly. The principal who threw me out of school and tried to keep me from getting into college has moved in there, and we had a pleasant chat and she kissed me goodbye! Mother is still, after all these years, ready to kill her.

I came home with a suitcase full of bathing suits and now moon out at the pool which probably won't be swimmable for weeks, but that's better than months.

This is birthday season. We will be dashing from Victoria to Vancouver to help with all the festivities. I'd be restless about it if I were really involved in the work I'm doing, but I'm not, so I'm glad of the distractions.

See you in May.

Love,

Jane