

4504 WEST SECOND AVENUE
VANCOUVER 8, BRITISH COLUMBIA

November 17, 1971

Dear Carolyn:

I'm so sorry to hear about your accident. I hate cars! But I'm glad it was no worse and you're on the mend.

About the possibility of displaying the flowers another year, I think it might be best for you to write direct about it now that Alvin has seen it and knows about it. Just drop a note to Alvin Balkind, Director of the Art Gallery, UBC, Vancouver 8, B.C. He's very busy these days and friendly notes through campus mail don't get the attention a business letter would.

I've just had my parents here for a week, and Helen had to go in for a D~~x~~ and C in the middle of it. Yesterday the report came in that she must have a historectomy, a real blow since she's already gone through menapau~~x~~se and thought she was past all that. She'll go in the first week in December, missing the last week of classes and at least two weeks of classes for the new term since she has to take a minimum of six weeks for recovery. If she hadn't been through last winter of mild but fairly continual ailments, I think it would be easier for her to cope with. She is not accustomed to sickness, has always been proud of her health and endurance, and she hates to be taken care of. Though I could teach her classes for her, she won't hear of it, furious with any interruption of my work. But I will teach the evening class we already share which meets at the house, and the other two can be tended fairly easily by other ~~peopl~~ people already on campus. John, the student who lives with us, will take over the car and can do any ~~arr~~and~~s~~ we need, and our beloved Shelagh is threatening to move in, not to ~~hel~~ help me but to keep Helen from feeling that I'm doing everything. We're grateful that we hadn't made any Christmas plans, that almost all of the people we might have felt we should provide for are otherwise occupied: my ~~nephew~~ nephew going home to California, Shelagh to Toronto, and so on. My dream is that Helen will be well enough during the midterm ~~br~~wak in February to feel tempted to the desert. It was such a good idea ~~last~~ year; but she may not have the energy for that much traveling.

One ~~x~~ virtue is that I work very well under these circumstances. It keeps me from worrying, and also, because Helen is so fearful of getting in the way of my work, it's good for her morale that I can. A quiet holiday is what I had been longing for and find hard to maintain if there isn't a reason for locking most people out of the house.

I've just sold a story to Chatelaine and am dangling another in front of RedBook. If that sells as well, I won't spend much more time ~~on~~ that kind of fiction for a while and begin to get into short things that interest me more.

Do get Alice Munro's new book. I really think she's a marvelous writer, and, though I'm sorry it has to be passed off as a novel for sales when it's really a collection of short stories, I'm sure it's going to have a wide appeal ~~if~~ it ~~xxxxxx~~ can get ~~xx~~ out to an audience. I had the pleasure of reviewing it for Books in Canada. It's called Lives of Girls and Women. And I've just got ~~Qm~~ Gwen McEwen's new novel from the publisher. I read that for them in manuscript, and thank God Canada Council came through with a publishing grant as well. It's an interesting, quirky piece. Lots of new Canadian~~xxx~~ books out.

I must tidy up and get ready for class tonight. Over the holidays, I should have time for liesurely letters. That would be nice.

Take care of yourself.

Affectionately,

Jane