

4504 WEST SECOND AVENUE
VANCOUVER 8, BRITISH COLUMBIA

March 16, 1971

Dear Carolyn:

Thanks for the review of Peggy's new book of poems. When even she warned me about it, saying she was glad she was ~~k~~ in England for its coming out, I knew it would be grim. She's an extraordinarily gifted and difficult person.

I wrote to the publisher today to ask what had happened to your copy of the book. I had a phone call from other friends in Toronto a week ago, saying they had their copy; so maybe there was a foul up in mailing. On the other hand, I got a package from the publisher ~~xxx~~ mailed the same day as my copies of the book which took another two weeks to arrive. The mails are irritating.

The book party was a warm and quiet affair, partly because a number of people were fighting a hard flu and came anyway, wanting to be there, partly because I mix generations at such a gathering, which tends to subdue people a bit, though not unhappily. John Korner brought me a sketch of a storm over the coast, his own 'against the season'. Helen was one of the ones feeling really ill. In fact, she'd been in bed all week-end and just got up for a few hours to greet people. I took her to the doctor the next day, and she was put to bed with massive doses of miracle drugs because the infection had settled in her ears. She is anyway partially deaf, several years ago had a new ear drum grafted in one ear, and she was in danger of losing it. So she's been in bed a week, up and about now but still not feeling energetic. It's been a hard winter for her in the way of illness. Phoenix was marvelous but simply not long enough.

After declaring we wouldn't take a summer holiday, we are now talking of it seriously. I had a letter today from a very good and old friend whom we had invited out here from England for several weeks this spring to get her away from fairly pressing domestic problems. I didn't think she could come, but she has decided she will leave her two older children at home and bring her 22 month~~x~~ old son, arriving here at the end of April. The letter went on to say that she very much hoped we'd be in England this summer because we could have their house while they went on home leave for two months. Her husband is U.K. manager of the Bank of America, and they have a five story town house in Chelsea which is very posh. It would cost us nothing since the bank foots the bill even while they are away for everything including daily maid service. It is very tempting. We must somehow arrange to have this house taken care of if we go for July and August. Perhaps my parents will want to stay in it, and it won't be too difficult to find other people if they don't, though I'd as soon leave it with people for running costs rather than rent it outright. But obviously the prospect is so delightful for us both that we're going to manage it somehow.

We finally do have flowers, though three weeks late. The early daffodils are ~~p~~ open and the crocuses are out everywhere. So you'll see something of spring when you arrive. We're both looking forward to seeing you on the 2nd.

Affectionately,

Jana