

\$504 West 2nd Ave.  
Vancouver 8, B.C.  
May 21, 1971

Dear Carolyn:

The enclosed picture~~x~~ is not anything but a record of the bloody event~~y~~, but here it is as requested. The array of bottles does go far to explain~~the~~ mood.

I am in a state of odd disorganization. It always happens when Helen's schedule shifts in the spring, and a lot of other people begin to feel drift~~y~~. A friend of a friend from Toronto turned up on Wednesday and so had dinner with us just before a meeting here at the house which lifted~~d~~ (disintegrated?) into a party that lasted until nearly three in the morning. Yesterday afternoon as we were getting ready to feed dinner to a lone friend, two others turned up, one from the east and sat in the garden until ten minutes before our dinner guest arrived. He's usually an early depart~~er~~, but last night he was in a mood to talk and he didn't ~~kaxk~~ take off until nearly three in the morning. I had to get up this morning because the morning before all the paper I'd ordered for the press apparently arrived and I wasn't awake to receive it. The~~y~~ guy came back this morning, "Too hung over to wake up, were you?" I wanted to be huffy, ~~put~~ of guilt, I suppose. Why do people have to be accurate in their jokes?

I've gotten myself ~~kaxk~~ tangled up in printing 4000 wine labels for some emergency fireman who happens to have a summer cottage next to friends for whom I printed wine labels... 4000, my god, but I've found a friend who likes to feed the press and is good at it; so maybe I can manage, and I'll make around \$70, which is good pub money for the summer. I always make money at things I don't intend to.

Finally got a really good review for AGAINST THE SEASON and in Boston, where people buy books. It should sell at least ten. Ah well. I had to put up with being likened to Jane Austen, ~~about~~ whom I have a totally deaf ear. Did you see the Kildare Dobbs review? Very ~~polite~~ polite and all, full of crafty compliments, ~~xxxx~~ but essentially as up tight as poor old Lorne. L.A. lady, whose review of THIS IS NOT FOR YOU is quoted on the dust jacket, flipped out because it looked to her as if she'd somehow got tangled up in endorsing homose~~z~~uality. I think of writing all sorts of reassuring postcards, but they are only a private entertainment. I was inspired to such daydreams by Faith Baldwin who, reading a negative review of one of her books which also assumed that she was dead, sent a postcard, "Don't speak ill of the dead. Faith Baldwin~~x~~."

Helen is now lying in the garden in~~x~~ the sun after a morning's work at UBC. She's having a positive reaction to her small pox vac. I hope it's the last testimony to her winter of not having immunity to anything. I'm about to join her to get the last three hours of last night's sleep.

Affectionately,

*[Handwritten signature]*



James Kitchen

"The Night of  
The Salmon!"

April 1971,

Vancouver.