

Begin with diary entry of CHill quitting as editor, the first few hrs of my work on Sea Runners.

unused  
in  
June '05 batch  
sent to Becky  
for Sea Runners  
Afterword consideration

Blue

8 Jul '80--Y'day morn went to Ww, puzzled out the microfilm provided by Bob Monroe. 1st roll, the "Uncle Serge" material, proved to be a daybook in Russian--entry card on it is in "sources" category in Swedes filebox. 2nd roll, which I should look at again, seems to be about the battle of Petropavlovsk.

Blue

Aug. 18, '80: continuing y'day's entry: night of Friday the 15th, C and I were to pick up Ann and Phil at the airport at 9:15, so we went for dinner at City Loan Pavilion ~~in~~ beforehand, and I told C I've been mulling a storyboard for this entire book, somehow by each scene--likely with tabbed section in filecard box, as I once had the Days of Winter Bros set up--and ~~it~~ file all applicable material, details, language, ideas and all, accordingly.

The drawback I see is that the front portion of the ms already seems to me in pretty good shape, with about as much detail etc. as it can stand. Storyboard might be waste effort there.

Advantage is that it would lay out the proportions of the book so I could see them more or less all at once; also, that the material, the scenes, might begin to make sparks off ~~it~~ each other, one thing suggesting another.

So, now to see whether the storyboard happens or not.

Blue

Aug 25/6 Looking over the ms this afternoon, felt it needed work on texture. That is, some pp. seemed okay, others needed more pause, more substance.

--Also: must decide whether more dialogue is needed.

--To be done: page-by-page okaying of the ms.

--Achieved this afternoon, just before supper: start of "storyboard", scene-by-scene set of file dividers, into which I can drop file cards for possible use to richen indiv'l scenes. 16 major scenes, so far-- thru the escape--and that's coincidentally exactly how many usable file dividers I brought with me.

Blue

26 Aug 80--7:40 pm. Strange delay this evening. Arrived back from supper at 3 Crabs about 6 feeling vigorous, began solving some of the rewrite of the Kolosh canoe scene which hadn't moved for me all day--and could not find the metal ruler I use for ~~x~~ ripping and pasting. Looked everywhere, stymied. I have to conclude it either fell into the trash before emptying--altho I think I used it after that--or the maid for whatever the hell reason swiped it when she made up my bed while I was gone to supper. Mystifying, and it stopped me in my tracks: could come up with noting else--breadboard, fat issue of Family Circle, even contemplated a butcher knife--which would satisfactorily rip apart pp for pasting. Finally got in the Volvo, drove like hell the 0 miles to store at corner of Carlsborg Rd and highway, asked if they had a ruler among school supplies. They had one, a thin wooden style, and while it's not heavy enough to be near ideal, it saves the situation.

Blue

26 Aug 80--2:05. About an hr and a qtr ago, called C to say I'm staying over tomorrow night, rather than break down what I've set up here after one full day. She~~x~~ said fine, pointed out I'd miss the hrs of electricity being shut off that way, too. Said there was a spate of calls for me y'day afternoon, nothing I need know about now, but a laughable flurry.

Clouds began to come in from west soon after sunrise this morn, and for the past couple of hrs it's been off-and-on showers.

Worked so far today on the section after the escape; wrote p. and a half about going around Japonski I, rewrote the confrotn with the Kolosh canoe. Will try go on to short section of celebration after the Rosenberg scene.

Lunch today: sardines and crackers.

Blue

27 Aug 80/2-- 9:55 am, found the metal ruler. Beginning to clear the pair of tables--the motel's metal kitchen-type and the card table I brought--I moved some unused file cards sitting directly in front of the typewriter and there was the ruler. Mystifying how they could have concealed the ruler, since they're only 5x8s (I moved them and unthinkingly looked at the ruler without it registering on me what the configuration of the file cards had been, but I hadn't thought them fanned out very much)

Nov. 24, 11:05--Marcia called about 15 min. ago, having heard from Peter J'vich that I've turned down their contract offer. Much graciousness on both sides, as we mutually regretted having to work around the ~~new~~ new situation of a middleman between us, and both protesting that there was nothing personal involved, as indeed there wasn't. I told her I feel I have to do the Sea Runners, and the next book after it, as fiction because that's the only way to get at the stories, ~~xxx~~ nine-tenths buried in history as they are; and that I needed support a book at a time. She said their feeling was that they hoped I'd do a big book of non-fiction, and that their offer of \$15,000 for the novel, \$25,000 for a non-fiction book, could become a package deal--which isn't the way it came across to Liz and me; instead <sup>it</sup> seemed a wooing away from fiction, particularly in of the original \$7500 offer on the novel.

Anyway, I guess it is now over, and as I stood in the living room a bit ago, drinking first sips of a cup of tea--phone calls come these days only at ~~maximumly~~ awkward moments: Marcia's as I was in the kitchen heating tea water, Liz's earlier this morning just as I stepped from the shower--and looking out into the birches, waves of realization went through me. I didn't gulp in apprehension, but close. Nobody ever said the decisions would be easy or without consequence.

Dec. 4--The Winter Bros season at last is winding down. Tonight, the U Book Store, the last big signing. Am idling down, catching my breath. Altho there are consequences even to that: just went to Edmonds for coffee and to buy Xmas card stamps, came home to phone machine message from Noah Adams of Nat'l Public Radio, his 2nd fruitless try at getting me.

Tuesday I flew to Pullman, a bruising day I should not have agreed to do. A reading and other activities at WSU fell thru, so all I did was go to the bookstore for 2 hours. It was a good signing, abt 55 copies of Winter and 40 p'backs, all they had, of Sky. But the delays--2 hrs late taking off from SeaTac, more than an hr from Pullman--and the bumpy flight, thru snowy weather, were rugged.



California: Friday the 19th I rode BART to Berkeley to look at the Sitka ms in the Bancroft library. First time I'd used the Bancroft; it's efficient enough, and certainly has vast holdings, though I was a bit surprised at how office-like it seemed. Not any of the patina of the Huntington, say.

Blue

30 Jan '81: this morning I've sorted the file cards of the past week's Alaska trip into chrono'l order: the Blue cards for that journey are in with ~~the~~ all the others, in the Alpha Helix section of the "~~report~~<sup>corral</sup> detail" heading in file box. (Likewise, the Blue cards from the few days in Sitka are with the cards in the "Sitka" file heading.) I also made diary entries during the trip, Jan. 21-28.

Blue

3 Feb. '81--Had hoped that the Alaska trip would spur me into strong writing as soon as I got home, but it hasn't. Y'day I could manage only 3 of intended 5 pp.; today I got the goal, but it seems to me rough stuff. I don't have the spurt of energy I d been looking for, altho the success of the Alaska trip ought to have been sufficient to provide~~it~~ it. My~~i~~ lag may be physical; I don't feel very much in shape, and the past 2 days have had a canker sore on side of my tongue which has been like sitting here with a hot coal in my mouth.

23 Feb.--An in-betweenish day, a start made toward some necessary chores, such as getting the Buick fixed, and some Runners material vetoed and some rearranged, but no substantial ms progress. I have to feel out the schedule in my mind for the next month or so, and it didn't let itself happen today.

Most notable news probably is the weather, which after the siege of storm early in the week--I didn't pay too much attention, but the weather was almost on the order of the big blow of two years ago--turned spring-like over the weekend. We went to Ebeys Landing Sat. Morn, through a dubious outlook, and had a good unrainy time there. Came home and I managed to do a couple of hours of garden work, including the start of transplanting strawberries from under the birches into the garden plot. Y'day, Rodens invited us for ~~brunch~~ brunch, we all walked the Burke-Gilman trail for about hr and a half, and I got in another hour of gardening at dusk. Today there've been a couple of hard afternoon showers.

28 Feb.- -8:15, a morning Linda and Frank are to come and get us underway on some landscaping for south end of the yard and driveway. Fine clear day, after same y'day: Feb. has had some storm, including a big one, but the month's been springlike.

A decent week--I think--on the ms, although I feel about a week or so behind in the rough drafting I'd hoped to do. I left with Merlyn the section to fit on after B's champagne salad; spent most of y'day reviewing file cards and lining them out for the narrative from here on. I must try crank out rough draft the next three weeks steadily--am aiming for 25 pp/week--and then spend the spring smoothening, smoothening. My energy flow has been pretty good since Wed., spluttery before that; C pointed out that I was taking on too many chores--I'd reached that point of feeling them mounting all around us, a limping car here (two limping cars, as it turned out; we managed to get the Volvo worked on y'day), a patch of yard there... Told her I supposed it was avoidance behavior and she said okay, so long as you know what it is...But the ms began to unclog then, the Pacific-overview piece which had stumped me got itself done.

Blue

30 April '81: changed this to try for greater thrift of characterization and plot.

Braaf took up carving. After his first effort, a copying of a madonna in the Russian cathedral who emerged from Braaf's fingers somehow looking simultaneously mournful and sly, Melander suggested, "Carve us a little figurehead for the journey, Braaf. A lady for luck." It had been Wennberg who added, "Where we're going, better make her a mermaid," and so Braaf did.

Blue

1 May '81: material on back of this, about reasons for Xmas escape, I shifted sometime this week. In original version, it sat there as an explanation, well beforehand of the escape. Now the escape date is not given until the escape actually starts (M earlier mentions that he knows "a time"), as a more suspenseful unfolding of the plot, and this "reasoning" material is M's interior monologue as he and W go thru the dark for the stealing of the guns.

B line

1 May '81: a bit of cosmetics for the page; recast K's song into a centered stanza:

the gate, singing as if drunk—"The fruit of the heart-tree, do  
not eat, for sorrow grows there, black as peat." Also, he carried

—Robt Frost on writing, has material on how words look on page.

4 May cont.--I see I haven't made a diary entry since the PNBA awards the previous weekend. Night of April 26, we and Welches went to awards banquet at Trade Mart; Winter Bros, Jean Auel, Terry O'Donnell, Jane Rule, Sam Hamill and Madrona's volcano book were the winners. For me, a good unpressured occasion, I pretty much just popped up, said I was glad to have my book in this year's crop, all of them books of risk, intro'd Jim and Lois and Carol, and let it go at that, considerably the shortest talk of the evening.

Currently am feeling pretty good, although plump; have managed to walk-and-run most afternoons, tho we haven't managed to get out on recent weekends, thru weather or house chores. I even feel reasonably decent amount of roughing on 2nd half of Sea Runners yet this month--50 or so pp. Most of April was a true grind at revising the 1st half, one of those marathons I don't like to get into but which seem to make the difference on a book. Easing down from that on Friday and over the weekend seems to have worked; what thumbing of the revise I've been able to do today has been pleasurable, unhassled.

Not much else to report. C has considerable -- ahead to end the school year, I'll have some more in doing the rough drafting. Oh yes, this: out of the playwrights' conference, y'day afternoon I took a look back at Jick, the play begun in London in '72-3, and was surprised at how much of it there is and how it seems to hold up. Don't yet know whether I'll take it up again, but the idea is there to be turned over for awhile.



*Blue*

22 May '81: Mid-afternoon y'day, going thru the first several pp., saw a way to move the background material on M to scene where he is looking out over Sitka Sound. Since I've been bothered by slowness of the ms getting underway, went to Sh'line, photocopied the pp., and pasted up new version. Showed it to C, she was lukewarm about it, saying she was used to 1st version. This morn, I tend to agree; the 1st version isn't very fast action but has its own impetus. But I am glad to have the optional version; if my two minds on this matter continue, I may have both versions set into galleys at SeaGraphics or somewhere, see how they look that way.

*Bue*

5 June '81: today mailed to Liz the 1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Runners ms; see diary entry.

3 August--10:40, have just finished morning's intended 5 pp. of revision, will try do 3 more this afternoon, in this shortened week's drive to average 8 revised pp/day. This work is more rearrangement than original progress, but it does move me toward the first draft total I need.

Set the alarm for 6 this morn, both got up and functioning. This summer's weather has made it to do so, much humidity and grayness.

Sat., I finished a bastard of a job, tarring between the rain gutters and the roofing, to stop seepage behind the gutters. Also did some shop cleaning, though that looms as almost a permanent project. Y'day I winnowed some books, reshuffled some files in archival boxes; summer has been so damp the acid-free boxes were feeling it.

Sat. night we went out to Clint and Elizabeth's "farm" s. of Snohomish, to see Fran and Gabe at the last of their visit. They are fine enjoyable kids, Fran very tall and voluble, Gabe with his off-center humor; at one point in dinner, as he was telling some story, something happened to interrupt him and he blithely said, That's probably funnier than what I was gonna say anyway.

Fri. night, Wyman and LeWare families here, a kind of reunion of us grad school vets, Carstensen's Army. At least I intended it as a mild get-together, the 3 couples of us having drinks and supper and talk, but with the 3 Wyman kids and then with the 2 LeWarne boys deciding they wanted to come, suddenly we were 11. All the kids were dandy, 15-yr-old Charlie LeWarne exceedingly personable and Ruth Wyman astounding and charming us by asking how she could help out in the kitchen, and then doing so, genuinely. The logistics of 11 did fray me more than I intended, though; the hamburger patties, which had been frozen, crumbled on the grill, a sizzling edge of one falling into my left palm and giving me a blister just below the thumb, and ~~x~~ a spatter hitting one of my Bean shoes, which seems an irrevocable splotch. Socially it was a good time. I spent some time talking with Pauline LeWarne and found her likable and lively, which hadn't been the impression I had in my head, wherever the hell I got it.

23 Aug.--A sunny Sunday. I've just redone the ending pp. of Sea Runners, to have K light a signal fire. Intend to get underway on the ms tomorrow, for the next 2 weeks. Most of last week went to Winter Bros tv script; should note that I'd truly have been in a hole on that work, and Runners too, if I hadn't sat down one day--I think it was Aug. 12--and written a complete damn version. In the conferences with W'shaw and S'beer it's been changed considerably--tho I've hung onto my westernness theme thru it all--but having that 24-pp. script to start from gave us an enormous headstart. I wanted not only to clear that work out of the way, but to have something to work from when I started with the film-making duo. Jean wondered how the length of my effort compared with the script of the Japan/Northwest show they'd just done, so she worked out the length by average wds/p--mine was 3240 wds total, vs. the Japan script's 3250. I asked her if that was close enough.

24 Aug.--Rugged day for all of us, Lucie waking up disoriented and unable to get out of bed to go to the bathroom about 12:30 this morn. Frank and Carol got her calmed down, then she was up again before 6. Today she had a further set of tests at the Mason Clinic, and some results from the earlier ones--which C says are devastating showing not only the bad heart valve we've known about but a blockage in a ventricle; plus the doctor's opinion that the brain damage or deterioration, whichever it is, may not be reversible.

This visit, then, which we'd known might be grim, is proving worse than that. There's not much to be done but watch Lucie's misery, work around it, and sorrow for the lady. C and I are moving out of our bedroom for the remainder of their stay, hoping that a lower, more familiar bed and proximity to the bathroom will get Lucie through the nights. But about her phasing in and out of dementia, there seems nothing to be done.

So this house has a mood of mortality in its air which I haven't breathed so heavily since Dad's last year. I don't mean it unkindly to Lucie, who simply is helpless in this ravaging, when I say the feel of it seems a kind of contamination. Some of it I remember from Dad's time, the disorder, items here and there as props against the

15 Sept.--Just after I finished y'day's entry, about 4, Frank called to say he'd put Lucie in convalescent center in Neptune. Astounding what difference a day, and that decision, have made. C has talked with him twice and tonight he was vastly calmer than he's been, making decisions about finances and so on, watching sc

As entered on a Blue card, today was the day of coming up to the pace I need on the Runners ms. 7 pp. revised, a hefty piece of work I pretty much need to average for the next 3 weeks. Astonishing, when I dare think about it, how much work remains after the amount I've already done on the book. An obdurate project, it's been, never wanting to come under control: if I can persist, this may turn out to be a benefit to the x book, lend it a who-knows-where-it's-going-next feeling.

Anyway, I did work fairly strong today, am still even untired, now at 5 before 9. Went to the track about 4:15, walked 12 laps and ran 6. Weather continues lovely. Call today from Wayne Arnst, saying if I came to Havre in Oct. he'd meet me there and we'd go antelope hunting toward Roundup. Regretfully told him can't do, for the ms's sake.

Sept. 17--Incredibly long full days. Y'day a writing morn, trip to the UW, then picked up Roseens for supper here--will try fill in on that later. Today, a writing day, 11:15 arrival of 1188 books by Consol'd Freightways van, the phone ringing, ringing--Marshall wondering if we're interested in going in with them on Cannon Beach house (maybe), Jean W'shaw saying she's put in for the \$1000 for my 1st work on Winter Bros tv but she isn't sure if I'll get it until the film is done (which pisses me off some), Duncan Kelso pestering me to see his Mont. pics (which pisses me off more, but can't get him to take no for an answer), my calls to Rachel at HBJ about all the books arriving here instead of 500 of them to Mont. His'l Society, her calls back saying they sent my total buy here and 500 to Mont., which is their hard luck not mine. So it's gone. I feel remarkably sane out of it all, tho somewhat weary. Went to the track about 3 and walked 11 laps, ran 7, so physically I'm feeling reasonably good. Thank god we're both in mental fettle just now, because the world is demanding it of us.

Blue

9 Oct. '81--Past week's work I think was valuable one--50 pp. of 1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  of ms polished, a couple of fresh pp. added--but came at a disconcerting time, before I've managed to finish the draft of the entire ms. Probably it's a restorative I need, casting back into the earlier work, and I did gain some notion of how to extend and sharpen char'zn of K and W. I think now, tho, I'd better put this brushing-up mood to the 2nd  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the ms: try, in each of the next 2 weeks, to lengthen 30 of those draft pp. into 40 "revised"; then take the last week of this month to finish whatever's left of 2nd  $\frac{1}{2}$ , I hope no more than 20-30 pp. The week after that--1st wk in Nov.--I'll try insert 12 pp. of adds into 1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  of ms; from Nov. 9-25 (Thanksgiving) polish the ms. Then get 'er typed.

This is more formulaic than I'm comfortable with at this stage of the game; had intended the 2d  $\frac{1}{2}$  would be in full draft, and polishing could start soon. But it seems necessary, to get this tricky ms finally tamed: number my days, as W ~~preaches~~ preaches over M.

Over: today's accounting of week's work on 1st  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

--Still feel as if I'm in a cleft stick of time. 1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  of ms isn't all that far from being typescript-ready, but it's far enough that it needs some solid days; but I still have so much work to do on 2nd  $\frac{1}{2}$ , I'm leery of not devoting time to it. Continue to hope this will work out, that part-days on 1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  will shore it up to the point where I feel it can go to typists, and that by end of this month the 2nd half will be in place, and can be smoothened during 1st 2 weeks of Dec. Much closer schedule than I want, and I need a couple of hellish fine workdays soon to keep to it.

Oct 31 '81?

done -  
11-14-81

Write a coastal storm scene with wind roaring in trees as it does in this valley.

20 Nov. '81--Long had this card on file, and last Sat. was at work on ms when the big windstorm came. Went out in it for about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, up to brow of hill to see into the Sound, came back and wrote wind scene at Tow Hill.



Blue

14 Dec '81--typescript insert, p. 60

add B and K scene: Chinamen and furs--adorn

~~M~~ B: Not much of a word spender, are you?

K: Not much.

K: Maybe to see how it'll be.

Blue

p. 83

15 Dec. '81--changed this to include K's methodical care and 1st mention of Brueckmann's point about clumsiness until refueled by food.

their legs, shrug the hunch from the top of their backs. Creakily, Melander leaned toward Braaf and whispered.

Braaf nodded and ran a swift hand into the supplies stowed within the canoe. When his hand came up, it held an elegant dark bottle.

Blue

12-15-81: changed this to present version on pp. 73-73A to incorporate Korte Brueckmann's paddling info.

The canoe bucked, slid down nose first, rocked to one side, bucked again, slid again and rocked to the other side, a nautical jig new to Wennberg and Braaf and a horrifying one to meet in the wet dark.

"Steady up, don't beat the water to death," instructed Melander. But the paddling efforts of the pair in the middle of the canoe still were stabs into the sloshing turmoil until Karlsson directed:

Blue

15 Dec. '81--Added to this Brueckmann's details on aching legs and knees.

wrists, arms--yes, they tire, stiffen. But where the effort eats deep is the shoulder blade. First at one, then when the paddle is shifted to the other side of the canoe for relief, the ache moves across to the other: as if all weariness chose to ride the back just there, on those twin bone saddles.

Blue

add to ~~map~~ scene of restless sleeping due to ocean sound: M looking at the others, per Tom Stewart's suggestion.

15 Dec. '81--made change, p. 102A

Melander's unease went on longest; an absence of some sort nagged through the dark at him. At last he placed what this was. He was listening for the creak of ship timbers, the other part of the choir whenever ocean was heard.

Blue

have K kill a blacktail deer?

p. 122, after Astoria?

or just have the men see occasional deer?

p. 94, after M and maps scene?

12-16-81: pp 110-110A, scene added

--One more I owe Swan. Intended to have K and W come across something on beach, maybe an oyster basket, to make them think there might be white civ'n, make credible mistake about cabin. Looked in NW Coast for S's descn of oystering, at once found: "Each oysterman has a bed, which is marked by stakes driven into the flats..."

--Assembling the draft ms to put it in back seat of car for safety's sake, measured it: 3" high, with its strata of paste and paper.

20 Nov  
'817

Blue

11 Dec. '81--Done, as of just before noon. Done, that is, <sup>to the extent</sup> that all of Runners is either typescript or being typed; some tinkering next week, but this is the done structure.

Took a grinding schedule these past 2 weeks to close off the book; make it click shut, the way Yeats said, like a well-made box. There was the unlooked-for direction the ms took itself early last week, the enormous expansion and deepening of the Alava scene, 3 or more days going into that. Then at the start of this week, the section from the ship sighting to K and W clearing the rocky part of the coast; then the stormed-in scene s. of Grays Harbor; y'day, the fog scene; today, Willapa. Each day's work recently has been almost like writing an entire magazine piece. Not helped, either, by the fact that a primary concern of this finale of the book has to be pace, which the file card material doesn't aid: it has to come out of me.

Am too numb to do much more justice, but will try enter points of recent ms work as I can, in days before NY. For now:

--Makah whaling scene came out of my discovery of Human Relations Area File at UW, a marvelous cross-file which C and I used on a Sat. afternoon (Nov. 29) and so were able to photocopy the specifics I needed on Indian whaling.

--Cut a description and placement of Willapa today, to leave reader as well as Swedes in suspense about where they are.

OVER



Blue

from Wayne Arndt, remembered from his round-the-world voyage:  
being on ocean is like being in a bowl, horizon higher all around  
you than you are.

high seas is wrong saying of it...

16 Dec. '81, inserted, p. 122

Blue

16 Dec '81--added to this.

203

"No," said Karlsson. He picked up the mapcase, out of habit tied it snug, tossed it into the canoe. "No, before we've done, we may wish Mister Blacksmith was only a fool."

Blue

have K shoot ducks at Tow Hill river.

--gunshots wake ~~them~~ other men; M checks, sees K and 2 rifles missing.

--inserted, 18 Dec. '81

Blue

Countyline scene: show their wavering strength by difficulty of pulling canoe up.

--like sledge?

--16 Dec. '81, addition made, p. 233

Blue

16 Dec. '81--added tidemark stick, from Brueckmann, to p. 235

Blue


11 Jan '82: a catching-up note from pocket notebook: sometime in Nov. or Dec. C asked me how I was faring with Runners, I told her it'd be a great relief to get to the next book where I can send people different directions, instead of perpetually south along the coast as the Runners go. (Likely this was at the start of revising the Wash. coast section.)

Jan rev.

3

356  
EL59m

cut  
2-20-82

p. 69--quarter arms correct? No - port arms: 

see New Infantry Drill Regs, 356  
N42  
1939

possible add

The journey was a holiday for the nose (after man-smell of barracks). Have K notice?

--perhaps have B snuffling, his nose running off with its freedom.



K and Vcver I: make it "the one big thing"?

10 March '82: The sentence-by-sentence care the ms continues to exact: this reference, on p. 187, I had written as "But like the knowledge of the hedgehog, it was one big thing." Which is not quite on mark, the big thing being what the hedgehog knew, not his total of knowledge. So have just changed it to "But like the sum of what the hedgehog knew, it was one big thing."

Blue

done

change: little white father the Tsar? (check physical descptn of Tsar of the time)

Nicholas I - 5'5" - 300 lbs - dark hair - blue eyes

Cambridge Modern History, V. 10

940.0  
C170

10 March '82: going over copy-ed ms, found this discrepancy, ms p. 92.

Blue

12 March '82: my crx on copy-edited ms are in green pencil; I didn't make a copy of my own, for sake of speeding ms back to Atheneum, but in the past the pub'r has always provided me the production ms when they're thru with it. --I did photocopy 8 or 10 pp. with major rewriting; it and 2 pp. of yellow pad notes made as I reviewed the copy-editing are in SWEDES general file.

--it's notable that any run-through of a ms, no matter how far along, produces 2-3 pp. of yellow pad notes and qns.

Blue

8 March '82: copy-edited ms arrived Sat. the 6th. We'd been out, walking the ~~Antioch~~ marsh walk and at lunch at Cont'l, and came back to find notice of express mail, cussed because I'd have to go to post office Monday morn; in a while, mail truck came back, the postman dropping the ms at conclusion of his run.

Spent today looking over both ~~the~~ the ms and the copy-editing, got to p. 77, which I ~~g~~ find discouraging progress; but maybe I can finish in 3 days total. One thing evident: even on a look-over of this sort, on supposedly finished piece of work, legal pad pp. fill rapidly with qns--3/4 of page just today.

Substantively, I find the ~~ms~~ still hard to judge, tho definitely a strange book. I'll hope it proves to be strange wondrous, not strange strange. Have changed some sentence rhythms, found some dead verbs; nothing earthshaking yet.

Life is the high wire. All else is waiting.  
--C attributes to Karl Wallenda

Blue

18 Feb '82--While reading TH White's book England Have My Bones, I got to abt p. 285 and came onto unslit pair of pages. Got the letter opener, slit the pp, read on, until it happened again in 10 or so pp. And then a third time. Began to dawn on me that how ever many persons had read this 1936 book--a UW copy, with half a dozen prior checkouts going back to 1971 on the Date Due slip and undoubtedly at least one earlier slip than that one--none of them had made it that far in ~~in~~ a book which I thought was an engrossing read, or at least hain't troubled to ~~me~~ open those pairs of pages. Chastening for a writer.

Sept 29--The Sea Runners tide is tough to keep up with, but the main news is Tom Stewart's call to say there's a rave NYTBR piece by Mary Lee Settle. He read it to me, and indeed it sounds unreservedly fine.

Also today: returned call to Paul Pinterich of the Oregonian, who I think is going to do a praising column, though he maybe was a bit baffled by the voice of the book. And called Nancy Meiselas, Liz's ass't, who told me the Bellevue J-American is offering \$200 for Sea Runners excerpt of about 20 pp.; she said she and Liz had started at \$800, came down to \$500, still thought the exposure might be useful, did I want to take the J-A offer? I told her hell no, I've put in too much time out here trying for living-wage ~~living~~ fees, I wanted the message to reach the J-A, which says it's trying to compete with the Seattle Times, that it better learn to pay a reasonable fee. Nancy said Liz is sounding better, in this aftermath of her father's death, and will be back at work tomorrow; said she'd read to Liz my report of Tom Stewart's "hold a gun to my head" comment, and Liz giggled.

Oct. 1--Yesterday breakfast C advised me it was the 4th most important day of my life. Getting born, getting married, House of Sky pub day--and now pub day of my first novel. Pointed out to me I'll never again be a first novelist.

For all the swirl, this has been a tremendously good week of work: abt 40 pp revised and sent to typist with C this morning, and I've tinkered about another half dozen today. C read the 40 pp. last night, the cabin scene with Jick and Stanley, and claims its all hilarious. Whether or not it's that, it is fluent in my head and out the typewriter; some of those pp. are literally 1st drafts, and she couldn't single them out.

Today, at Sourbeer's call, I went to Alpha Cine with W'shaw and him for their final screening of WBros. And bonus of the week, not to say surprise of that whole tv project, I thought the show looks pretty damn good. I'm satisfied with myself on screen, the WBros prose sounds nifty, Wayne has some excellent coastal footage, and they came up with some memorable photos of Neah Bay and Makahs.

Sept. 9, '80, Dungeness Spit campground, 5:05 p.m.--Have made no journal entries for couple of days while we've been on vacation, hiking at Rialto Beach and Kalaloch. But two editings occurred to me today, out of I know not where:

--Early in the manuscript, change "escape had been Melander's plan" to "escape had been of Melander's making."

--Change Wennberg giving Braaf a look that "all but sizzled" to one that "all but thundered."



July 25, '80--Blues of channel, mountains, islands, fjords, north after take-off from Juneau. To take off, plane goes to end of runway, wheels around, aims at mountain at far end of runway, and revs like hell.

July 30, '80--3:25 p.m., airborne from Ketchikan to Prince Rupert. Rocky tideline, trees growing out of rocks, only very small beaches. Dots of rain on water in harbor before take-off.

3:27--Over more water, rougher air, plane bucks into it. Quick white fluffs of small waves, which last perhaps 15 seconds and then dissolve in the trough.

18 Dec. '80: change M's "eye" habit to "eye-eh?", or not?

Not.