

Sat - 10:27 am, nearly dnd at Ellen CA.
~~B~~ High tide, highest we've seen, &
erk hi. 47 us we pitg brush after
cro's log. Jm went ahead, & that his
soul & tuf 4 women. 37 us waded
bak, & wade at mter. I went lat,
timing my start & tick. Nearly across,
tide cot me & undertow tugd me &
vicious suck. I was a gone. Resignation.
Fine a way it ends. Futile way & die.
No sensation of life passing b4 my eyes,
No terribl inevitbty. Feet & get 2 ft, to
cud-'. Tumbled b waves & swallowing water.
Tried 2 swim, & body surf, & run-run
worked. John saw when he got 2 me & Ikd
resigned.

Lost all that 1 other 5, 140 they all
came after me. John at 1st did. 'realizg
I was b ~~that~~ trouble, 140 came like a
charge wen he did. I glanced up, saw
him 150' away, & b an instant he w/ther

Even then I did - I think we'd make it.
He did 4. stumps, I was still unable to
~~do~~ do + than stumble, I wave knocked
us down again. Then we got 2 stumps & A
grabbed hold - Carol & Jean with her. Jan
had nearly been swept out when she got to
water 2 rock.

Luck, luck, luck. If John & had been
farther away - if sets of waves had been
different - if I had panicked instead of
struggling.

Henry: I took the route because I thought it safer.
Had I crossed - only many times the.
Ho - did - I think 2 use rope to pack.

Now: I look at everything & sense of 2nd
life - no else sense no - and may be
surprisingly easy, ~~fast~~ fast, terrifying & no
calm to a way, not panicky.

Lost my glasses - near thing 2 losing
myself.

Felt I was in water 4 a long time, lost, all that 7 other 3.

- much aware of noise, Ho force was immense. I was nearly out of stream when tide cut me - been to waist deep, tide came up 2 my chest, & I ~~saw~~ new I was done 4.

Aftds, chagrin & embarrassment of by cut to sit m. No real shock, Ho stood flg at enormity of it

Rocks airt fl, hands - lkg down at them, glad 2 be alive 2 peel them.

My Carol - I was 50 yds away.

Jean "My God, I can't swim"

C: "My ", I can't get 2 him, & he
can't help himself. " Then: "I can't
make it either, so it really doesn't matter."

like water & sumtoy b's floated away

Jn - getting b'dp water

Jean - saw Jn rising, see me 4 moment
o hands & nees b'4 wave und /al o me
Jn feared I'd b 2 strong & heavy b
water if he had 2 swim c me.

swirl turned J around, lkg 2d beach -
got 2 giv it everything els - 4 steps 2
stump,

Jn later that he shud hav ben shedg
clothes as he ran, if he'd hav 2 swim.

Jn saw how far out I was.

Jean o prob 7 thank Jn: nothing 2 b done -
can't hardly giv him b'day present - no maybe
he's secretly thrilled.

Jan. 4, '78--Have spent 1st 2 workdays of year on editing for PNW Station and article queries for Ann. Intend to try knock out Maturity travel piece tomorrow and Fri.; if I manage, it'll have been about \$1100 worth of work this week, likely my record.

Amazing to me how the book ms fades from mind, after a half-year of thinking of little else. For the moment, I'm entirely content to have Carol Hill take her time on the ms, am not even worrying about the rewrite. If she's not heard from early in Feb., that'll all change like a lightning stroke, I suppose. Should enter details of my meeting Carol H. on Dec. 22. HBJ has its own brown skyscraper, in uptown--about 47th and Third--and CH's office is on 10th floor. Receptnt, like all switchbd and similar intermediaries in NY, couldn't handle my name, but finally managed to garble a version into inter-office phone. CH was in midst of something--I found out it was Reader's Digest purchase of condstn rights to novel, By the Rivers of Babylon--and before long sent out her young male go-for, ~~James~~^{James}, to apologize and tell me to hang on. I read Times and watched artists, messengers and unidentifiabls come and go, then CH showed up--my ~~height~~ height or a bit more, in rollneck sweater and creamy skirt; she looked 35-40 to me, which may mean she's older; hair I think was auburn; and facially, very much like a 35-yr-old version of actress Anne Bancroft.

(Jan 9, cont.) She has a window office, apparent mark of seniority: trade dept. looks much like every other magazine or pub'g enterprise I've ever been in, with mid-floor bullpen of dividered ~~offices~~ spaces, actual offices around the perimeter. Talked with CH for 1/2 hr--middle of her desk was pink blizzard of phone slips, and she obviously was busy as hell--and she said all the right flattering things about my writing and the ms possibilities; even discounting the comments as standard stuff to an author, she seemed genuinely enthused. Said it'd likely be 1st of Feb. before I hear from her, which I take to mean at least mid-Feb. Asked her a bit about how she'd come to do Subsistence USA, she said it was an idea thought up ~~with~~ by NY editor: how would she like to go out and do a book of interviews with poor people? She said she didn't want to do that--doesn't count herself a reporter or interviewer, really--but could if idea were refined to subsistence living.

Jan. 9 cont.-- Asked if she's writing anything now, she said ~~now~~, then amended that she'd done novelization of Paul Mazursky's movie, An Unmarried Woman, in 4-day stint. Said it's a ~~sex~~ topic--relationship of men and women-- which "is coming to interest her," whatever that means.

She liked--"loved"--The Hills West of Noon as title, tho said God knows what the marketing people will have to say about a title. Said she didn't like Half-life.

Some impressions: she's over-busy, as editors seem chronically to be; at one point, gesturing over piled desk, confessed "I can't say no." When her attention does come to a project, I think it clamps on hard, does the job, and moves on. Ann mentioned a number of phone questions from CH early on, about our mutual letterhead, etc. When I made a mild josh that I hoped there was no confusion working with my agent in the wilds of Seattle, CH waved it off, no problem, and wasn't at all interested in the unusual way we'd found our way to her.

CH turned out to be more East Coast than I ^{for} some reason had expected--grew up in NJ, has the tense edge of a New York professional, all right. All in all, I was heartened by her: she seems thoroughgoing pro, with good heft in the pub'g house, and while she's overbusy, I couldn't spot anything of the dim streak of Bill Oliver or the neurosis of the guy I once met at Scribner's.

Did little else in my day in NY except buy Carol a Christmas wallet at Saks, buy a few books, and have lunch at a sidestreet place called Chicago, Chicago.

The NJ stay--Dec. 20-29--had its bumpy moments, as when Frank and Lucie were in fender-bender with a truck at a toll plaza on their way to pick us up at airport. \$400 damage to Frank's new Chev. Carol then drove us down the shore in scarifying lashes of rain, wind, traffic; rained so hard that night that it leaked through mortar seams on the brick aptmt building and into our bedroom. Carol caught cold about the 3d day, and a few days later I caught some low-grade sinus ~~ix~~ woe which simply sat at back of nose and throat, getting no better or worse; much problem with nose etc. recently. Weather luckily cleared up, and stayed bright and cold all of our stay after the 1st night; some days the high was 12, and given what I thought was incipient cold, I didn't jog as planned, except once early in stay. But each morn, I would bundle up and go to Asbury bus station to buy NY Times and Daily News and Phila. Inquirer.

Jan. 9 cont.--Saw various people--Breslins, Betty Thomas, Roger and Marge Dean, the Eelmans, Tom Jobson. Jobson is fatter everytime we see him; this time, our visit coincided with brief office Xmas party, in which the year's freebie shlock was raffled off. Hilariously awful stuff, including a couple of hula hoops; someone named Jodie Callender kept winning calendars. Went to Toms River to have lunch with Betty and see the apt. she now keeps there; she said she's Jobson's age--52--but looks 65, hair nearly gray. Non-stop talkative as ever--even as she listens, she's so evidently thinking of the next thing she's going to say--but plainly worried about what's coming, with Reynold now near 80 and a colossal history of heart trouble. She said as much to me when Carol had gone to the john, adding that the usual observation that the inevitable simply was coming didn't help.

Jan. 11, cont.--One measure of how things are going is that this entry so far has ~~taken on 3 days~~ run across 3 days, and still isn't in much order. Have not felt well the past pair of days--severe lack of energy y'day, when I did nothing but sleep and read (all of Paul Theroux's Great Railway Bazaar, and last night finished Ferris's biog of Dylan Thomas; Theroux's book interesting and cleanly written, but curiously joyless, often reading as if his train travel was a neurosis instead of happy mania). Feel more pert today, hope for a morning of desk chores, then lunch with Clint, then a bit of UW library work, and then to meet with Alan Duxbury to talk about Sea Grant book project. Am quite curious about Clint: last year, he in effect lost his wife, kids, house and job, a tremendous set of impacts. Little wonder that he's seemed to me to have aged about 5 years since last summer.

More on NJ trip: were hung up at O'Hare for 2-3 hrs coming home; oil leak discovered on plane during stopover, we came back from casual stroll of airport to discover the plane cabin was being cleared of belongings. This of course was the trip when C was bringing back the family silver, and we at once demanded to go in and get our stuff ourselves. At that, forgot we had carry-on hanging bag of clothes, had to make special trip back for that.

Next night, 30th, party at the Rodens: Daheims, Kapps, Amy, Forbeses, Raburas and us. Dave Daheim had grand news that a producer is nibbling on his screenplay, tho I've coincidentally seen couple of articles since with the appalling figures on how few screenplays make it to the screen, even after being optioned. Anyway, it's a long-awaited bit of heartening news for Dave, who has slugged

Jan. 11 cont.--away at writing as long and hard as anyone I know of. Also talked a bit with Bob Kapp, who thinks he's on his way out of UW, over tenure, and likely out of academia, through disillusion. Shame to see, because I'm sure he's a helluva teacher; certainly he's one of the quickest and most interesting minds I've ever known. I found, too, talking with both Bob and Mary Catherine, that they've become Northwest small-d democrats in a way that happily surprises me, after the initial party with Bob a few yrs ago when he argued the Eastern prep school-intellectual excitement advantages with Carol. Mary C talked about the inflated toniness coming to their houseboat community, Bob gave UW surprising credit--considering that the place is main reason for his disillusion--for having no airs.

31st and 1st, we spent with Rodens at Hood Canal cabin. Carol enjoys the Hood Canal excursions immensely--fresh oysters, Jean's companionship. I'm less wild about them; I have a good enough time, but given that we do no hiking, and spend too much time talking about things none of us really know much about, I'm not keen to make that run too often. Carol's best-relationship with Jean is so easy and apparently obstacle-less that I'm not sure it occurs to the pair of them that John and I are not so well meshed. We are companionable--lord, I owe him my life, and insofar as he has a best friend, I'm probably it--but our time senses and personalities often are at direct opposites, and it's to the credit of both of us that we manage in such instances, I think. I entirely know that he and Jean are the most valuable of friends, but this is not to say there won't be edgy moments--and I'm sure my pedantry and spikey independence give them some from my direction as well.

The short week starting Jan. 3, I plunged into editing booklet for PNW Station, which I managed in ~~x~~ 2 days, then did the Maturity Montana travel piece in the next 2. All in all, about \$1000 of work in 4 days, likely my record. None of it very inspirational work, and I'm beginning to find that it's almost a month now since I did any real writing--nearing time to be underway again.

C and I are trying to come to grips with house chores again, and there seems a colossal amount. Did some items over weekend--looked for new vacuum cleaner, for ex.

Raining for past several days, after brilliant clear weather at end of '77: Hood Canal weekend was crystal-clear.

Jan. 19-- Mark the day with a white stone. Y'day, after lunch with Archie Satterfield and meeting with Ann, I was at Shoreline, trotting to the track for my jogging rounds at about 3:30, when I saw Carol at the gate in the Volvo. She said Carol Hill had called from HBJ, suggested I come home and return her call. In smelly jogging clothes, I climbed in with her, went home and apprehensively made the call, a full month before I ever expected to hear from CH. She came on the line and ~~my~~ proceeded to tell me, I read from my notes, that the book is "spectacularly" written, "beautifully" written, "elegant," "wonderful," and "so beautifully done." Said she had known I was a writer, but had no idea I had "this much talent," and she hoped I'd go on to write "many, many more books." Said she and others in office were "very moved" by the ms, that they're "very high" on it and intend "to do everything for it." I listened in silence for about two minutes of encomiums, at last joked "Is that the best you can say for it?" and told her in turn how pleased I was to hear such words, after five years of work on the ms. Asked about editorial changes, she assured me they'll be minimal--"I hate to touch it, it's so rare & I get a manuscript like this." I'm of two minds about "minimal" changes--relief, but also surprise, because ms seemed to me to need consdble cutting, maybe even some rejigging in Valley and the last two sections. Still, I'll see when her comments come in mail what "minimal" really is.

In the midst of all the above, CH simply said: "And we'll publish it in the fall." I asked her to translate that into a date, she said Sept. or Oct. This is as extraordinary to me as the extent of her praise; I had no hope that the ms could reach print before sometime in early '79.

Other points: my makeshift title, The Hills West of Noon, will be changed, altho nobody has any real idea to what. CH said they'd like to get something with family or kin in it--which is fine by me, since I haven't managed to successfully title the last 3 books, and this one seems peculiarly resistant to titling. And at the point where I told CH I was surprised that she didn't want to cut the ms, she said No, not really--tho someone who'd read it said there are "too many horses."

Jan. 19--So, incredibly, and even discounting CH's comments by 90%--tho she strikes me, and struck Ann, as a hard-headed type who doesn't exaggerate her feelings--I seem to have the prime work of my life in the hands of a potent editor, with a hot hand for success, at a major publishing house. Pry at that as it will, my caution and professional pessimism can't find a goddamn thing wrong with that at the moment.

Ironical, and sobering, that the CH call came a few hrs after I'd had lunch with Archie, who seems in as flat a mood as must be possible for that generous, princely gent. He's in midst of writing text for another photo book, one more chore for tuition money for 3 kids at Lakeside (and a 4th on the way there). His Home Front book, after it fell thru at Lippincott, has become an "albatross", he thinks--possibly some salvageable material on German POWs, but otherwise no apparent prospects. Archie is badly bitten with the novel bug; has ideas out for a couple of juvenile novels, for instance. But given his straddle of P-I job and the grind-it-out schedule of guidebooks, picture books etc., he's in the worst position to tackle fiction, it seems to me; he says he longs to be able to write full-time, and I can believe he does. But I laughed a bit and told him there were problems with that, too; I didn't say so, but there's always the haunt, which has been with me for so long, that the fullest time and opportunity still won't yield the work you dream of doing.

Went on to Ann's, found that NY Times wants the Astoria piece I queried about; Bob Stock no longer travel editor, has moved to Business section, but the new man, Robert Crandall, maintains he still wants my stuff. Also talked with Ann about trying to sell chunks of book ms, which neither of us knows a damn thing about; will have to get my wits working for more possibilities than we've come up with so far. Ann had heard from Modern Maturity, they liked the travel piece very much, are sending our check, invited more queries--a pub'n which has been a remarkable piece of luck for us, providing some respectable income for not much work.

Working backward to catch up with diary: Sunday the 15th, helped Clint move into Kathleen's newly-bought house on west slope of Queen Anne. Had told him I wasn't good for much really heavy lifting because of my back, he said he didn't think there'd be much--and as I

Jan. 19 cont.--told him during lunch at Bloch's, on a scale of ten this move of his was at least an 8½. The crew--C, me, Jack Gordon, Clint, Kathleen, two of her friends, Barbara Langley and Ralph Mason--all were surprised by extent of stuff, and folks dwindled until by 5:30--we'd started at 10--it was Carol and me helping C and K horse the last colossal sofa into the house, and the refrig into place and the stove up from the basement. My back was tired and I was worried, but no aftereffects at all; apparently when luck runs, it runs.

Jack and Peg are in what Jack ~~widit~~ mildly calls a "living-out" marriage--i.e., Peg is living out, and almost certainly is on her way out of the marriage. They see each other Wednesday nights without fail, and negotiate a weekend day together. I noticed, perhaps over-suspiciously, that during lunch when we were all trying to fix a date to go to Empty Space together, Peg suggested a Wednesday--a dual-purpose night, she'd be with Jack per agreement but with all the rest of us as well. Jack, who seems entirely amiable--supposedly his bursts of tempers are one reason Peg has made her move--says he finds it a bit unsettling to be 35 and more or less single again.

Friday night, the 14th: with John and Jean, we went to Everett for dinner at the Dewells. Alice's idea was that the 4 of us, and especially me because I'm a writer, would make good mealmates for a writer she's admired, Lois Hudson of UW English Dept., author of early-60's novel called The Bones of Plenty. I was uneasy about the prospect from the moment I heard of it, and it exceeded even those expectations, altho the evening ~~was~~ had a kind of spooky fascination to it. Lois Hudson turned out to be several cliches muddled together--with booze as the apparent mixing agent. She got lost on the way--Pete went out to fetch her--and arrived talking non-stop. Within minutes, she had called Jean "Baby" and told her she was naive. I learned later from Jean that Hudson's daughter is in music school with Cindy. Putting it together, I see now that Hudson may have felt under pressure, or threat, from all of us--Jean and John because through Cindy they knew something of H and her rocky family situation, Carol because she also teaches writing, me because I'm also a writer, and a younger one than H too boot.

Jan. 19 cont.--That, at least, would account for H's ostentatious lack of interest in the rest of us. J&J's trip around the world was mentioned, she showed no inclination to follow-up--the she'd earlier said she herself longed to travel, had never been outside US except to Victoria. Similarly, no curiosity at all about what I write, or how Carol teaches. As best I could decipher it, Hudson hasn't written much, if anything, in the past dozen years; nothing shows up in Reader's Guide, and she's still at work on same novel mentioned in Contemp Authors about 1965. Her marriage broke up about then, she's raised the two daughters, had to make her way in academic world without Ph.D. Meanwhile, what claim to fame she has--as North Dakota's novelist--is being kicked out from under her by Larry Woiwode, a much younger and more skilled writer; early in the evening, Hudson brought up his name, almost out of nowhere, as if it was preying on her. All in all, she seemed, simltnsly, a blocked writer; a preening English prof; a self-defensive non-Ph.D. prof; a bitter divorcee; and an aging mother who drinks a lot. She seemed at her steadiest when, for about five minutes near the end of the meal and everyone else was talking about something else, I asked her about the plot of the novel she's working on. As long as she described the historical figures and the Humboldt County area, she was steady and low-keyed; when I followed on by asking what her writing schedule is, she jittered off again. Recluse that I am--have been reading McPhee's Coming Into the Country, and concluding that I'm maybe more a hermit than his characters in the village of Eagle, with their planes, snowmobiles and community meetings--she was a glimpse into most of what I dislike, and don't want to get caught up in, of the literary scene and academia.

Spent first two days of this week cleaning out files and clippings, trying to reorganize, see what presents itself from material. Last week was odd, half-sick one when I accomplished almost nothing. This week, have run every day, think by this afternoon I may have worked myself down to 150#; struggle to get myself back down after the nervous eating during work on the book ms.

Jan. 19 cont.--Should note my reaction last night to CH's call. Felt gratified, but not really excited; as I told Carol, "I'm not much of a celebrator." We went out to a movie--The Goodbye Girl--in order to have something else on our minds. In bed, I read late--a P.D. James mystery, Unnatural Causes--and still didn't get to sleep for some time, the mind on one of its unreeling-tape sprees, doing nothing very coherent but unable to leave alone questions about what's ahead next. Was very pleased that Carol was here to take CH's first call, and hear her praise; after these years, she deserved the moment.

Feb. 4--A week which left me burned out by noon Fri. Last weekend, we went to Astoria, and, as I think is pretty often the case after coming home from such a jaunt, I got almost nothing done on Monday. Felt distracted, jumped from project to project; main reason, I see now, is quandary about the lead for the NYT piece I'm to do on Astoria. On Tuesday, decided to do the little Ft. Clatsop piece for Pac S first, just to get something done, and was about an hour into it when Carol Hill called. ~~from~~ She wanted to brainstorm book title possibilities with me. For about 30 minutes, she read me suggestions from HBJ people who've read the ms; I gave her what notions I had; we mused aloud to one another, vetoed back and forth; and generally got nowhere. Finally agreed she'd call back the next day, and I set to work on trying to dream up title options. ~~Carol~~ C began to look back through the ms for me; John and Jean pitched in; had lunch with Linda the next day, it took over her head too. About 2:15 on Wed., CH called as promised, said she had announced to an editorial meeting that morn that the title would be TIME SINCE--one of our 3 or 4 finalists of the day before--and by the end of the meeting had changed her mind and come back to the first suggestion I'd given her the day before: IN THIS HOUSE OF SKY, with the subtitle Landscapes of a Western Mind. We mulled that around, knocked it down to HOUSE OF SKY, then back up to THIS HOUSE OF SKY--and agreed that was it. After CH hung up, I went to Shoreline and nervously fingered through latest Books in Print--I'd been using a '76 edition here at home--to make sure no one else had the title; remarkable how you begin to feel that what you've chosen sounds so natural that it must have been used already. But it's clear, and I'm coming to love it.

Feb. ¹⁴~~11~~--The title does a lot of things I wanted done for the book: rings echoes of the literary lineage--HOUSE MADE OF DAWN, THE BIG SKY--and sets up a spaciousness of topic, also gets away from intimations of the book being merely another memoir. The catalogue copy CH read me, the wildly overpraising--as I jotted it, it begins:"In this brilliantly written, evocative saga of a family and their relationships, ID emerges as a major American writer..."--does a defter job of describing the book as something more than a memoir than I've ever been able to do in print. The catalogue deadline, incidently, was CH's reason for the burst of title search; that stuff goes to press promptly, and all in all, the speed with which HBJ--rather, CH--is moving astounds me. Also, CH so far has been very fine to work with: businesslike, evenhanded. I'm very aware that she sees me as a "find" in the empire-building that editors feel they have to do. She's asked what I'm working on next; told her likely a book of essays, which would give me a chance to continue to work on personal and Western themes without rewriting this book over and over. She seemed agreeable--didn't try to push me toward anything else, the that may come later.

With the title flurry out of the way, I spent Thurs. banging out the Ft. Clatsop piece--doing it at the quick \$100-a-day, the second-draft-is-final pace I've been attempting on such work--and then did letters pertaining to the book--I may as well begin getting used to calling it SKY--which included notes to CH about ~~edit~~ editing I anticipate on last portions, suggested authors for blurbs, and the publicity pic taken by Fred Olsen last fall.

Y'day, Friday, I went to Gp Health and at last was examined for mysterious lesions which have hung on and on at bottom of right shoulderblade. Well before Xmas, I'd noticed them, thought they'd cleared up, only to find them again crusted with scab. Nonplusing that neither Medex Phillips, whom I saw earlier in the week, nor Dr. Knudsen recognizes what they are. Knudsen dug out one y'day for biopsy; hurts like hell where he did so, but I'm relieved to have the exam'n process under way.

Feb. 16--Eventful week. Monday the 13th, I mailed back to HBJ ~~XXXX~~ the ms with CH's suggested revisions. They involved reworking or substituting 4 pp. out of the 410, and moving another 5 or so, the sheep-counting sequence, into a new context. Truly minimal. On the other hand, I took the chance to give the ms my first re-reading since before Xmas, made probably 150-200 word changes. Also cut the last of a mid-book prism piece which had former Hills West of Noon idea; think the prisms do indeed work best at shorter length. Pleasant surprise was how little else I felt should be cut: a total, I think, of 4 sentences I lopped out. I had imagined, on finishing the ms in December, that as much as a tenth of it might be cut; but it seems to me now that the ms indeed is as Ann and Carol have said, a sum greater than its parts. Read straight through, the pace and interest in the characters do carry sufficiently, I think.

The ms arrived from HBJ on Sat. the 14th. I worked steadily on it from the 5th thru the 12th, solving most of the one new prism piece--beginning "In the night, in mid-dream"--in hour or two the morn of the 11th, after having been stalled on it. Also did much checking of detail, still have a brief ~~list~~ list I'm working on.

I do feel now, at last, that the ms is a considerable triumph. It seems to have an integrity--a wholeness, a tone.

Another event: Monday, I went to Dr. Knudson at Gp Health for biopsy result, found that the crusted growth on my back is confirmed as benign. No problem.

And yet another: Tom Holden called last night, and must have talked for nearly an hour. Much of his past few years came out. He's had a booze problem, as I had guessed from a call I made to him a few months ago, when he sounded boozy at about 7:30-8 p.m. Also depression, inability to function--very much the same story we heard from Jan B. last summer. In the past month, he's gone into counseling care, has quit both booze and cigarettes, sounds entirely lucid and in control of himself. He's also in a relationship with one of his former students, who sounds good for him. I urged him to think of a West Coast trip, come see us and go on see people in Calif. Wrote him a considerable letter first thing this morn, repeating much of that and trying to urge him on in his rejuvenation.

Feb. 16 cont.--Am having a kind of rejuvenation of my own since mailing off the ms, which I seem to be taking as a signal of completion. Began cleaning out study, cleared away 4 boxes of books, a couple of ~~gals~~ garbage-can loads of past paperwork. Among it, all NU and UW course notes except a few which deal with my writing development. All else has gone, along with vague notion that they'd come in handy someday--that I'd want to go back, review, re-learn, apparently lean on what I had then. But I'm in a trimming mood, feel a new phase of career. And if I can hang onto it a few more days, I'll have this study cleaned up yet.

Last night Frank and Lucie called to say they really have no need of Carol during their ~~moving~~ move next month; we think now maybe we'll go to Hawaii.

Saturday night the 11th, went to Horatio's for Clint's birthday party. Others: Frank Z. and Linda S., Kay Okimoto, Roberta Deering, and Kathleen. We had a private room, which gave a nice feeling of occasion; Clint sat at head of table, looking fine in suit-and-vest. Later went to Frank and Linda's. Congenial group, considering that about half the people hadn't met the other half.

Trying to get off a pound or two this week, intend to go run in a few minutes. Still a considerable appetite, even without the book tensions.

March 1--Went to Pac S about 11, turned in Columbia dams piece, which I'm glad to have off my back. It's fairly superficial, a historical review instead of job ~~mg~~ of reporting.

Have spent time in last few weeks trying to adapt chunks of SKY for magazines. Ann found no go on the first few--Modern Maturity, and the NY Times sports page, which turned down the one piece of the ms (Wrigley Field scene) that I would have bet on. Looking for markets for these chunks reminds me how damned scant the magazine field really is.

Some socializing last weekend: Ann and Marsh came for dinner on Friday. Sunday morn, we went to Little Pebble at Shilshole for b'fast with Clint, Kathleen and Clint's dad. Afterward they came out to the house, and Max, riding with me, proclaimed his confusion about Clint and Linda, but went on to say he likes Kathleen a lot, and thinks Clint has grown in self-assurance in being forced to handle all he has in the past months. Max said Clint

March 1~~st~~ cont.-- insisted he come to the house to stay with him and Kathleen, tho Max was extremely reluctant, and he found it was the right thing to do. Both Carol and I like Max, who has had a hard go with his family--neither offspring career-oriented as he is, and Mary Jane apparently inviting domination--and hope he indeed is managing this as well as possible. Noticed, too, how much Max seemed to like Carol, in the sort of open man-to-man response she often sparks in older men--I think of Chuck Reese's great open affection for her. For that matter, it was my Dad's response to her. She's a commodity they haven't encountered before, apparently.

Bright cool day today; I took carrot and celery sticks to Green Lake for lunch, walked the lake. Also ran the track and worked out a bit in exercise room, and still find myself just under 114#. Apparently last night's souvlakia at the Continental--it was Carol's night of meeting with UW English teachers--did its job.

Ran 12 laps today; 9 y'day, 11 on Monday. With a few more days of warm weather, feel I could work up to a steady 11.

Some recent reading: McPhee's Coming Into the Country; Conundrum, by Jan Morris; The Man Who Broke Purple; The Great War and Modern Memory, which is argued to tenuous lengths but fascinating in accumulated details. Now on Freedom at Midnight, but likely will skip to Keneally's Gossip from the Forest, brought home from UW library last night. Have winnowed books, giving 4 boxes to Shoreline. Also cleaned out much stuff from the past, found it a freeing sensation!

Weekend before last, C and I carpentered on inner room, putting in big 2x3 framing for pics and Montana mementoes we'll put up in there.

We rapidly backed off from notion of spring vacation in Hawaii--C particularly feeling we don't have sufficient amount of time to plan to do it right--and mulled going to Oregon instead. Today's mail brought travel plans from Ackerman, so we'll have to decide whether to stay and host, or go and leave the house for them.

March 3--Letter from Carol Hill y'day, saying the revisions "blend so well into the book", that it's in production and galleys should be ready in April. Which continues to be astonishing speed and efficiency. Have just written back, adding the niggles that I hope the cover can be eloquently simple instead of the gothicky mode which a number of HBJ covers are in.

Spent the morn cleaning out files, and rearranging filing system. Have gained a couple of empty drawers by consolidating and eliminating, and feel efficient as billy hell about it.

Weather clouding and cooling after two gorgeous days. Y'day I went to Shilshole about 10, had tea and muffin as lunch, walked the marina, came home thru Ballard in order to buy fish for supper. Nice. And at last am beginning to get a few pounds off; have run every day this week--14 laps y'day, 12 today--and worked out in weight room and run up gym steps 8-10 times daily as well. Weighed under 147 today; plan to try lose a pound each of next two weeks.

On the other hand, we're going out to dinner tonight, to Le Provençal.

March 13--Odd, sporadic funk the past week or so, perhaps low-grade flu or allergy. Having trouble getting underway in morning. This afternoon, dreaded the prospect of jogging, which I felt I had to do after 3-4 days of layoff--and when I forced myself onto the track, I ran very well, and now feel quite good. Two projects looming, which I should be able to knock out rapidly if I simply get down to them: proposal to Pete Steen for genetics history article, and NY Times piece on Astoria.

Ackerman family arrives a week from tomorrow; party at Frank and Linda's this Friday night, open house at Clint and Kathleen's on Sunday. More socializing than we're used to.

Marsh talked to Carol's class today, so he came down xit for lunch, as did Jean. Jean reported Cindy's tales of Juilliard, where she didn't make it on her audition.

Last night, went to Edgement to see City Lights; both of us have been going to bed exceeding early, and to sleep much too soon, and decided we'd force ourselves

March 13 cont.--to be up later for a change.

Saturday, spent the afternoon shopping for new living room rug, to no real conclusion. Much around here seems to be in half-completion: inner room, the living room with Frank and Lucie's furniture on its way in a month or so, picture-framing for the bedroom, shop needing cleaning, fence needing new posts, etc. I've spent much time--much of last week--cleaning out file cabinets, other accumulated stuff; badly want to begin organizing with an eye toward the Wintering ⁱⁿ book, but feel I ought to bang damn near everything into shape first, make a truly clean start.

Oh, yes: last week, also did the income tax, simpler this year than usual, for some reason.

March 27--4 pm, after day of sorting clippings into files. Have about one more day of this to dispose of loose clippings, then can begin winnowing, shaping files. Beginning to feel a system take shape.

Vacation last week. C caught cold at very start of it, still not over it. Jerry Ackerman and family arrived about 6:15, Tues. the 21st, and went on to Vancouver I. the morn of the 24th. Had not seen Jerry and Carol since we visited them in Ipswich in summer of '68. J is amiable as ever; I thought him a bit thinner than he used to be, tho he still must weigh 220-240. I liked Carol, straightforward and pleasant, and the kids were fun to watch. Suzanne (2), Steven (6) and Laurel (8) are an actual family growing and functioning as a family should, each kid different and distinct. I played tour guide for 2 days--up the Space Needle for the first time in several years, lunch at Food Circus, to the Ballard locks and Shilshole, Volunteer Park museum and conservatory, Museum of History and Industry, Pike Place and Portage Bay houseboat colony. Pretty standard fare, but they seemed to like it. Saying goodbye, Jer seemed genuinely pleased at how low-keyed and pleasant it had all been--perhaps a recognition of a more mellow me, as I recognize the maturity and craftsmanship he has taken on. A good man, and a good family.

Friday the 17th, St. Pat's, went to party at Frank and Linda's. Spent much time with people we knew--Clint, Jack Gordon, Kay Okimoto--which is something of a failing of mine at parties, but I can't hole up as a writer and be a bon vivant at gatherings as well. One person newly met was Eric Nalder of the P-I, who has a likeable daft look.

March 27 cont.--Linda Miller invited us to lunch on Sunday the 19th, we took her a bottle of Courvoisier to commemorate her promotion to ass't V.P. She seems to have shaken down a lot of ideas since I last saw her, over lunch a month or more ago--recognizes that the household arrangement with Elizabeth may be temporary, and that maybe she doesn't want more than that, or at least doesn't want to try fix it forever with shared financing such as E buying into the house. Also seems more realistic in saying she knows she may have to give up the Fed Ave. House. I told us something we had caught a hint of when Clint showed up at Linda and Frank's party without Kathleen--Clint finds that arrangement (March 29)--Interrupted this when Carol came home, never got back to it. Y'day spent in ~~dogging~~ dogged sorting of ~~plan~~ clips, thinking out plans. Madeline Olson, on visit from Salem, came for dinner last night; she stayed only until 10, both C and I got up exceedingly weary this morn. I went back to bed for a couple of hours, 1st time in a long while. Got up, made crockpot meatloaf, buried compost, topped off the Buick car radiator with Prestone--and discovered it still seems to be leaking, after last week's supposed repair job. So, at 11:20, the day more or less is underway, but doesn't seem to get any more promising as it goes.

About Clint: according to Linda, he's finding that he doesn't have any real depth of feeling for Kathleen; also that she and the kids don't get along well when he has them for weekends. Kathleen certainly has made her pitch--"she bought him a house," Linda says--and it may not be enough. Linda thinks Clint may make a play for Kay Okimoto, which nonplusses me. Kay is interesting, and a looker, but strikes me as somehow a bit wonky, slightly skewed. Meanwhile, the Gordons seem to be thoroughly separated; Peg has invited us to dinner this Sat. night, and am curious about what she'll have to say, if anything. Jack is sitting out life right now--Linda for one is impatient with him for not plunging right in with new women, which befuddles C and me: who the hell said the end of a marriage has to be swallowed so simply?

In fact, I've about had an overdose of friends and awry relationships recently. Sat. the 25th, we hiked Dungeness Spit--full 14 miles--with Ann McCartney, and while Ann seems in a stable time with Phil D., it's

March 29 cont.-- still a bit wearing to be around someone who deals so much in the adjustment of relationships, the repairing of problems. Fortunately, Ann is reasonable about such stuff. She's more mature and stable than I once thought she could get. And surprising: out of a life which by my standards hasn't been notably disciplined, she's developing a remarkable discipline of running, working up to a goal of running a full marathon later this year. On topic of discipline we crossed swords lightly and quickly ~~x~~ on the hike when she asked us to an evening of planning a canoe trip in Canada this summer, saying it was a scheme to motivate me ~~to~~ learn to swim so I'd want to come on the trip. I grumped back that my life already is pretty full of motivation, and it remained to be seen if there was room for that particular one. I'm not entirely sure why I prickled, except that I maybe felt my distancing of myself being threatened.

Am not sure today is a keen enough time to describe my current mood, but it seems to be a time of biding, of in-between. SKY of course is the reason, as it will be for nearly all of this year. The wait now is for galleys, to see how the words look in print. Then it will be for HBJ'S marketing decision in May, and then for publication, and then to see whether it sells. I have the feeling of not accomplishing much, even tho I have written 3 major pieces (Mod Maturity, Columbia dams for Search, Astoria travel for NYT) in these 3 months, which is about the pace I'd thought I wanted. Part of the incompleteness is simply gearing up for the next book, which involves all the sorting of clips and rejigging of files--and the challenging prospect that I ought to review a helluva lot of what I've read over the years, truly mine the notebooks as well. Until today's ennui, had hoped to finish off one last pile of notes and clippings, so that at last everything would at least be inside files or notebooks; now hope to achieve that by Friday. As ever, this inventorying process both triggers idea upon idea, and makes ~~me~~ me aware how skittish my mind is, how I jackrabbit off after stray story ideas, probably at the cost of bigger and more substantial work. Yet maybe this year, if SKY is a respectable success, may work me out of some of that.

March 31--Y'day ended, literally, with a couple of bangs. After supper, I knocked my right kneecap against a drawer pull in the kitchen; not serious, but the knee is stiff and sore. About 9, Ann called with news of the Newsweek story on the Monday Massacre at HBJ. At this moment, I don't know whether C Hill survived or what disruption this could have for SKY, which thank god is as far along as the compositor's. Will head for the UW this morning to try catch up on NYTimes or WSJ stories about the situation. My reaction: calm enough, but fearful at the edges. My hunch is that CH, as the editor who brought in By the Rivers of Babylon, likely survived the purge. But that's simply a rational grasp in what probably is a highly irrational situation.

9:35 a.m.: 45 min. ago, I direct-dialed to CH's office to ~~see~~ find out if there was a warm body there. Turned out not only to be a body, but the new editor-in-chief. CH said the gossip, rumors, commotion are terrific, but life goes on, new editors being hired, books on sched, etc. Said it was unfortunate everything happened in one day. She reports too that advertising, publicity and promotion have been moved under the editorial side. This all reads to me like the flip side of my worst fears--a tremendous enhancement for SKY's chances.

This morn's steps: went out of the house about ~~from~~ 6:45 to 7-11 for the Newsweek article Ann had called about. Read it, with growing dismay, over coffee at Perkins', went on to UW library to try find NYT or WSJ articles. WSJ had nothing, NYT for last Tuesday not yet in (not without reason did CH say, when I called, "so the news has reached the West."). I photo copied personnel list of HBJ from Lit'y Market Place, was somewhat reassured to see that the firing of 4 of Kathy Robbins' "top aides", including 2 specifically named in N'k story, left ample chance that the purge was in the management level above CH. Also photo-copied Avon house roster, thinking I might be able to reach CH through there--she novelized AN UNMARRIED WOMAN for them--if she indeed was out and written off at HBJ. Decided I needed at least the basic info of whether or not CH still was on the staff. Came home, called Ann to be sure there'd been no phone calls in the time I'd been out, dialed CH--and hallelujah. After talking with her, tried to call C on campus; her phone busy, so I drove up, found her in office between classes, she whooped in jubilation. Went on to library

March 31 cont.--to tell Jean, whom C had set on finding whatever she could for me about HBJ situation. She in turn had been filling in Pat Kelley, so I ended with considerable jubilant audience. A poignant note: in finishing repeat of what CH had told me, I said "So life goes on." Pat said no, it died--meaning LIFE, which Bob Kelley had worked for. I said, half-seriously, "but I keep hearing it may come back to life." She said Bob believes that--maybe he has to--but she doesn't.

Another coincidence: I had been reading Hiram Haydn's book about the publishing world, WORDS & FACES, which is full of tales of intrigue, backbitings, hurricanes of ego. Was just about to pick it up to resume when Ann phoned last night. And I found I was at the portion of the book about Bill Jovanovich, whom Haydn portrays as a person of vast ego, but one whom he got along with amazingly well and with deep personal appreciation.

Looking over my clips on J'vich first thing this morn, even before seeing the N'k article, I began to see what may be happening at HBJ: J'vich has been rejigging the management posts thruout the conglomerate, working around to taking on more of the general books dept. himself. His unease about general books comes thru in standard interviews such as the one in Forbes; the dept. has been losing \$ hand over fist under Kathy Robbins. Yet my sense of it is that the turn-around may already have begun, with successes such as CH's with BABYLON and Andrew What'shisname's investment guide, on a pretty respectable spring list. If so, and HBJ general books show a surge out of loss, J'vich (and CH?) will have had wonderfully astute timing in having copped success begun by Robbins. The N'k reports against Robbins seem to me pretty thin. I checked the '77 best-sellers summary in a recent Pub Wkly, and HBJ had one of the top 20, Anais Nin's diary; nobody else had more than one book on non-fiction and one on fiction, I think. The HBJ series of ads in Pub Wkly some months ago were silly and egocentric, but so is a helluva lot more in the publishing world. One ironic note, which backs up my occasional theory that things are exactly what they seem: I noted in my Xmas visit to HBJ that just about everybody I saw in HBJ general books dept except CH was in blue jeans and boots. N'k says that J'vich ~~not~~ prefers his women in skirts. Beyond that, of

March 31 cont.--course, must be a clash of egos, across a generation gap: J'vich a self-made man out of the Depression, Robbins a modern shooting-star.

And so much for my long-range reading of the entrails. Thank god for my solitariness.

Other news: John and Jean are in deep with IRS, apparently caught between machinations of various uncoordinated bureaucrats and being severely harassed. They're in a no-easy-win situation of not knowing whether to simply pay off, or to try fight through a situation in which the IRS evidently has made the errors itself. The real club is that the IRS seems to be beginning an audit, which simply could consume John's time forever.

What else? C's flu at last is better, began easing y'day after a number of days in which she said she felt as if her bones had gone hollow. I am within about half a day of conquering all clippings and notes; that is, everything will be somewhere, either in files, on file cards, or in notebooks, rather than in a floating pile.

April 11, 4:15--The house has just changed at either end--new dining room table and chairs, new desk and chair in study--and with the any-time arrival of the moving van from NJ will begin changing all thru the middle. Y'day afternoon C and I went to Miller-Pollard in U Dist, to decide on antiques desk I thot would make a good addition to the study. Bought it and swivel chair, for total of about \$650, and C got to looking at rectangular modern oak table we had considered before. Salesman said he had a round model upstairs in storage; we both liked it at once. In a sudden swoop, and about \$1650 in expenditure, we solved much of the shopping we've been tinkering at this spring.

Weather has turned spring-like the last several days--weekend was beautiful, and we did much outdoors work just for the glory of it. Friday night, had dinner at the Hindquarter, simply to celebrate the end of a week of getting much done, and of Carol at last shaking the flu. The galleys of SKY had arrived special delivery the afternoon of Sat., Ap 1. Got right at them on Mon. and mailed them back to Rhoda Schlamm at HBJ Wed. afternoon. Impressed letter from her y'day, saying the pages should reach me by end of this month.

April 11 cont.--Other work last week was fixes on Astoria piece for NY Times, and draft of Pac S piece about Woody Guthrie. The Guthrie 1-pager turns out to have more significance than I'd thought: in swad of material sent me by BPA y'day, noted mention in a scholarly paper that the Ike Admin, apparently by order of Douglas McKay himself, suppressed the Columbia movie in which Guthrie's songs were used--not because of G, perhaps, tho that's not ~~xxx~~ clear, but because the docy was so pro-public-power. This morn, called to Carmel to Stephen Kahn, former BPA info man who wrote and produced the film, and thus was responsbl for getting Guthrie on BPA payroll for a month; turned out to be very interesting gent who was Richard Neubeger's roommate at UOregon.

So, did rewrite of Guthrie piece this morn; this afternoon, began on Peter Puget piece for Pac S. Last Wed., went down for lunch with Harriet and Alice, broached to H that I'd like to do 4-article packet of historical pieces for flat \$1000, as an aid to both my schedule and income. She seemed agreeable, tho I'll have to see whether she gets back to me with a rare definite "yes". Lunch, at Villa Real, was low-key and pleasant; only real news was that Search now has a magazine consultant, who has suggested a membership society and going bi-monthly. I supported the first, badmouthed the bi-monthly idea pretty badly as not being right for Search-type readers. Harriet had asked me the time before if I had any advice she could give to foresters, to whom she'd been invited to speak about how to better their public image. I asked her how it went: she said she spent 45 min. explaining to them there's no such thing as an absolutely unbiased news story, how they have to take certain steps themselves to get their story out, etc.--and at the end was immdly met with plaintive qns about why Joel Connelly was so unkind to them in his ~~x~~ P-I stories.

Only other social doing recently was dinner at Peg Gordon's, night of Sat. the 1st. Besides us, the crowd was Clint and Kathleen, Jack and Ivy somebody (she teaches with Peg) and Peg's new beau, an Anacortes high school teacher named Paul Russell. C and I came home, looked at one another, and wondered how in hell ~~x~~ Peg can consider him--"pompous" keeps coming to mind, tho in an entirely flannel-shirted chic sort of way--an improvement over Jack Gordon. Anyway, dinner went okay, it was in the immediate aftermath of the

April 11 cont.--HBJ purge and so I got to tell that story a couple of times, and C and I even managed charades without too many wincers. Clint is, inexplicably, a charades addict, and will swerve any party that dircn if not watched. Two of ~~xxx~~ those I drew were "keep clam" and "Columbia, gem of the ocean," which aren't really the most relaxing ways to spend an evening.

Considerable reading recently, tho not as much as I'd intended: Hiram Haydn's WORDS AND FACES, which I coincdtly was reading when Ann phoned about the HBJ purge; THE SAND PEBBLES; PINCHER MARTIN; portions of RETURN TO THE RIVER, by Haig-Brown, and of Hal Borland's BOOK OF DAYS, both to be finished as mood strikes me. Recent movie we've seen was A SPECIAL DAY, absolutely superb.

April 17--Ann's ¹³ry #13; intend to celebrate by going out for dinner. Otherwise, low-key day in which I've done little except corspdce chores, tho I should try to dabble toward a lead for Time Dogs article for Ford Times.

Spent last of last week in a snit, having lost to Harriet B. in what I thought was careful, well-reasoned try at making a bit more money from Search. H said on the phone she couldn't give the squeakiest wheel the most grease--I'm such an inept phone performer I didn't think to point out that the squeaking wheel is the one that needs the grease--and said so much money is being spent elsewhere, on paper, rejigging the magazine and so on, that there's no chance at moment to raise article fees generally, and she doesn't feel she can pay one guy more than the others. I told her I didn't ^{just} I could be the shop steward and canvass all the other writers, but was sure they all feel the bite of inflation; she gave me to believe that I'm the only one she ever hears from about the fees. Which, unfortunately, is likely true; Chasan is the only other one of sufficient profesnl dedication to broach the topic, and he apparently hasn't. So, Harriet has us--more properly, me--cleverly boxed: she says she won't respond to individual negotiation, yet nobody but me will speak what should be the general concern. Also, if we did speak it generally, she said something to the effect that if the writers struck, she supposed they'd have to get new writers--which is exactly the unorganizable situation of free-lances.

April 17 cont.--We both stayed polite enough; after raising her ~~point~~ voice at one point, I think to say that everyone wants more money, the printers etc., she segued off into long account of having heard Alex Haley speak at Broadcasters' convention. I signed off by saying I had tried, and probably would try again; she did agree to pay in one chunk, on acceptance, for the 4 hiscl articles I d proposed. Feel I ought to go ahead with them because of investment in research time; but at moment, am loathe to do anything of substantial reporting for Search because of this money situation. There's nothing wrong with Harriet that having to exist for a x year as a sales clerk or gas station attendant wouldn't cure; she simply seems to have no conception about anyone trying to earn a wage, or to better that wage. And she isn't within light-years of knowing anything about the ignominy of working for the same too-low article fees year after year, while inflation cuts one direction and my writing maturity and skills cut the other. I found that I was irked well beyond justfctn, given the money involved; it's only a difrce of a couple hundred \$. Apptly it's the point of prof'l pride, of frustration at still being tossed nickels and dimes after 9 years of work. Felt somewhat the same, in more resigned tone, when Ann and I found we couldn't sell any serial rights to SKY, despite what we thought were canniest efforts.

On a more equable topic, C and I went to n'hood open house at Wayne ~~Ex~~ and Marilyn Cottingham's Sat. night. Idea apptly originated with Rosemary Olsen and Diane Dilling, on the theory that the street now is full of newcomers and nobody much knows anybody else. The curiosity drew quite a bunch of us, and the party went well. C and I astounded--as several others seemed to be--at total of people we'd never even seen before, even at casual glimpse while we walk the n'hood, as we do pretty often. Met a number of people, liked best Jim Clark, who teaches dental management at UW--Carol met his wife, liked her too--and Paul Bushear (?), head of Shoreline secdry schools currcm, and his wife Charlotte (?). Paul B looks so much like Jim O'Steen of Harvard Exit, albeit in a beard, that I had trouble not staring at him. Also met Jim Poth, NW regional editor of Sunset; had met his wife Susy a few weeks ago when she knocked to borrow my phone, having locked herself out of house. Poth, it turned out, had done master's under C'sen; I've looked at his thesis

April 17^{cent}.--on crime and violence in Wn. Territory. He's lanky, collegiately good-looking, very much on order of actor Jim Hutton; a bit dismayingly, he also lays on what C aptly called a kind of jock charm. I think I liked him a bit better than she did--just as I'm somewhat put off by Lou Daly's intensity, and she's not. Others met were Jim Russell, and a mannequin-handsome young guy also named Jim--at one point, it seemed every man there but me was named Jim--and the Hendersons from the far end of the block. Also was curious about Wayne Cottingham: a good host, open-handed but not hovering, he's a paunchy type with a gray-black beard, somewhat like a jovial pirate. Told C I couldn't imagine what he does for a living, since bootlegging is out of style; she said he's bound to be a contractor. Anyway, the evening seems to have been a good idea, people sifting along to have a look at their neighbors but nothing really intrusive about it all.

Rained much of weekend, can't recall that I got done anything really useful.

April 21--Somewhat up-&-down week, which at least is ending with some efficiency: y'day I banged out piece on the historic steamship Beaver for Search, a 1500-worder done virtually in 1st-draft, and it's pretty good. This morn, tending to desk chores. Just called Ann, learned that MMaturity turned down a swatch of article ideas. That doesn't bother me much, because things at least even out a bit in MMaturity work: the Mont. travel piece fell to us from them as pure manna. But told C it seems one more sign that I ought to be discouraged from magazine work, and I seriously wonder now if that won't be the case. Am mulling putting article ideas files away entirely sometime soon, and simply putting my head to the next book and whatever comes after it. It takes breaking the magazine habit of many years and maybe I won't ever entirely, but there seems to be a message in the current hardscrabble market.

About 4:30 y'day, the load of NJ furniture at last arrived, in the company of a pair of daft moving men, each of whom sardonically called the other "driver." The actual driver was an easy-going Tennessee black, hyper-polite and softspoken and given to repeating everything you said to him. His sidekick was a tall, wasted-looking, past-50s white, hired just for the day; he looked so uncannily like some of the more raggedy-ass

April 21 cont.--ranch hands out of my youth that I felt I already knew him, and regretted it. He balked badly when informed that we were going to hold them to the invoice orders and have them unpack the 5 or so boxes which Frank had paid the movers to pack; huffed that he was getting only $\frac{1}{2}$ day's pay out of this anyway, and already had been on the job for 9 hrs. His flareup dwindled away--the driver easygoingly ~~herded~~ herded him along and, we noticed, by staying in the truck and handing out the items fobbed most of the actual labor onto the guy. (The "driver-driver" byplay came about because the helper kept calling the driver just that even after the driver told him his name was Cecil, and so ~~begin~~ Cecil began retorting in kind, in mild irony.) Anyway, the furniture arrived in good shape, and the pair of them got it unloaded without catastrophe. During it all, Joni Lankford and some friend were ostensibly studying the shrubbery across the street and keeping a baffled eye over here; it must have been baffling, ~~back~~ because we couldn't be moving in and evidently weren't moving out, so why was a moving van the size of a boxcar in front of our house?

Furniture now in every spare inch--the shop looks like a warehouse--and after lunch we'll set to work on the place. Some very fine items from Frank and Lucie, including a bedroom set, and when we get it under control the house should look damn classy.

Monday night, we went to Oyster Grotto for our annvsy dinner. Nice, tho my latest onset of allergy-or-whatever-this-off-and-on-ennui-is dimmed me quite a bit. We arrived home to find a jar at the front door, and Jean's explanatory note: "Traditional wedding annvsy gift list: 10th--tin, aluminum; 11th--steel; 12th--silk, linen; 13th--granola..."

April 26--Feeling s'what better today, and making some progress, if slowish, on Tin Dogs piece for Ford Times. But much of last 2 days, have felt awful ennui, I suppose the allergy-related drain of energy. Have managed to begin running and exercising again, after layoff of most of last week, but it's been an extreme effort. Am unsure whether this is a seasonal lassitude--I think May has often been a hectic, bothersome month for me--or what. I do find that after rapping out Pac S pieces at a good pace, I've been somewhat bogged and slobby on this F. Times piece, perhaps because Ann has me doing it on spec.

April 26 cont.--I'm more and more reluctant, and I suppose disconsolate, at doing anything on spec; it's a kind of pressure I don't welcome anymore, and don't feel I should have to put up with. But I at least have fair hope now, after visit to Seattle Public Library y'day to xerox a number of F. Times pieces, that I can work up a formulaic piece in the next day or so. Have fallen about 2 days behind in my plans to finish all impending mag pieces (except Sasquatch assignment) by May 1.

Also need to invest some energy into the household, and that can be managed only sporadically too, it seems. After working at it all Friday afternoon and all Saturday, we have much of the house banged into a sort of shape--new furniture marshaled in the living room, the NJ bedroom set in ~~part~~ place, discard stuff piled in the shop. Both C and I played out on Sunday, loafed to recuperate. Sat. night, went to the Conquistador, where we were to meet Ann and Marsh for dinner. After about 20 min., Marsh appeared alone, explaining that Laird just had come down with a fever and Ann was staying home to keep an eye on him. Rare chance to visit with Marsh, anyway.

Friday night, Linda, Liz, Fran and Gabe came for supper. Told C beforehand that I was curious whether Linda indeed had bettered herself in this second-time-around mating -- not at all sure that either Clint or Peg Gordon have -- but I guess I still don't know. Hard to know what's going on in Liz's mind, tho it seems to be some mixture of deigning and seeking. From what Linda has said, Liz is from wealthy background, is highly intelligent and a sort of electric personality. But she's also someone who, in her early 30's, just now is on her first job which amounts to anything, and who isn't a raving beauty with the looks to carry her on through the aging process. Also, she's coincided with Linda just as Linda's career is skyrocketing; given that they're both (and Linda at least admits it) verbal, dominant types, it's hard to see how the match can last. Anyway, Linda, tho exceeding thin, looks pretty good, and seems to be able to take the living situation however it comes. One bit of byplay: one of them mentioned a young secretary at the bank as being cute. "Cute but dumb," said Linda. "But cute," insisted Liz, as staunchly as any cigar-chomping male ogler.

May 2--Odd start to the day; for some reason I had trouble getting to sleep last night, and woke up feeling rocky. Went back to bed right after breakfast and slept for about 2 hrs--and have felt great ever since, much better than in past several days. Have at last finished the Ford Times piece, tho it's no great job, and managed some other chores.

Had lunch with Clint y'day, just before he met Linda at the Qn Anne house she'd decided to buy. Relations between them are pretty good just now; they're holstering the gunsel lawyers each of them resorted to at the start of divorce talk, and going instead to have Don Horowitz mediate. It may or may not work; Clint says the main sticking point with him is that Linda thinks she's entitled to \$10,000 or so for working to put him thru law school and then staying home with the kids--an after-the-act theory of reparations which boggles me--and I wonder whether she'd accept a jurist's argument against that. Or maybe Horowitz will surprise the hell out of me by saying she's right. Anyway, it's heartening to see Linda and Clint fairly peaceable with one another again.

Last. wed. night, the 26th, we went to dinner at Clint and Kathleen's. Also there were Don and Karen Guyot (?). Clint met Don thru mutual collecting interests, and Karen is a Seattle U. librarian. Don at once was tipsy--Clint explained to me y'day that he also has an unbalancing inner-ear ailment--and hilarious. He struck me as an example of what Clint would be if he were extruded to absolute logical end: Don's profession, as best we could discern, is that of bee-keeping book-binder. I could absolutely see Don and Clint, in Edwardian cutaways, languishing in a Sussex country house 70 years ago, discussing their latest antiquarian interests. Men out of their time, and interesting as hell because of it.

At the other extreme, Sat. night we had dinner with Ann McC. and Phil d'Amico, both with years of bgnd in crisis management and the like--we kidded them a bit about being "professional relaters." So far, their cautious alliance with each other seems to be working, tho they're not much alike--Ann full of emotion, while Phil is incredibly low-key and soft-spoken. As C said, that much low-keyedness is probably good for Ann, if it doesn't ~~sticker~~ drive her crazy.

Meanwhile, we're continuing crazy in our own right, refurbishing this house up, down and sideways. Went out Sat. and bought new living room couch; yet to come

May 2 cont. -- are some new rugs, reading lamps, photos for inner room, and so on. As I explain to our s'what incredulous friends, we seem to have energy for one major project a year, and with the impetus of the NJ furniture, setting this house into shape for some years to come has become the project.

Random reading lately: Here at the N Yorker, very indolent job by Brendan Gill; barely mentions modern writers such as McPhee who have almost reinvented the magazine article. Pan, a very odd but often lyrical early work by Hamsun; Five Seasons, deft baseball work by Roger Angell. Looked into Woiwode's Beyond the Bedroom Wall, but it looked so enormous and plodding that I gave up at once.

May 9--The dice are rolling. Y'day at 1:30, phoned the dozen page proof crx to Rhoda Schlamm and asked her if anything relevant came of the HBJ sales meeting that morn. She said CH did the presentation of SKY, with enthusiasm, and that Jovanovich "loved it." One more stroke of luck: J'vich himself is a small-town Westerner, from somewhere in Colorado. Archie had remarked that to me on the phone, saying it ought to help; I said I thought it could go either way. Apptly like so much else, it's gone my way.

The pub'n date has been set for Sept. 18, which to C and me seems just right--long enough after Labor Day, but with entire autumn book season ahead of it.

The page proofs arrived last Wed., on schedule as everything has been. They were quite clean, and indeed have an open, elegant Knopf-like look, as CH promised. Two news notes about HBJ and her in last two Pub's Wklys: her former go-fer, Brian Dumaine, and Rhoda/S, who apptly was some other sort of edit'l asst, both have been promoted to ass't editors. Reward ~~they~~ own people and get them in line behind you, apptly. And By the Rivers of Babylon, the first novel CH was enthusing about at Xmas, is reported back to press for total of 65,000 copies, 2 months before pub'n. For once, I've mustered enough gumption to put a little money behind what I think is my reading of a situation, and we've bought 100 shares of HBJ; we'll see if the CH era doesn't reward us in more ways than one.

Spent Th and Fri reading the pages. Reading proof is a remarkably tiring, even debilitating job for me; I marvel again at Ainsley Roseen making a career of it. Also with the reading this time came some small

May 9 cont.--distress about the personal costs of the book. They are remarkably marginal as these things go-- I really have no link, say, to Wally any more, or to any of the Doigs--and I more and more emphatically feel that I don't owe any of them a damned thing; this staring back into my life for the sake of the writing of SKY has left me with quite a feeling of self-madeness. More than that, I think I see now that if I had settled for the expectations provided by anyone (besides Dad and Grandma, who thought I could do anything) on either ^{side} of the family, I'd still be slogging away at ranch work, almost certainly on shares or under vast mortgage. Yet it bothers me--and I suppose in a way I hope that there never will be such a loss of innocence or feeling that such things won't bother me--to think that Wally, some of the WSS people, perhaps even Carol's folks, will feel consternation about portions of SKY. Just when I felt the need to talk this out with C, she came down with terrific cold (Friday night), amid a pressuring load of work to be done. But one of the strengths of this marriage is that our pace of life does make wanted time available, usually sooner than later; Sunday noon, when the weather was fine and we went to the waterfront to eat a salmon lunch, I found myself talking about it to her. She gave me her logical advice: that writers ~~writers~~ ought to write what they have to, and the world--i.e., her folks--will just have to put up with it. By then, too, I had mulled through to what I think entirely handles my own embarrassment over the tiny finding-the-brothel scene and some of the more personal overtones: if I did such an unflinching job of presenting Dad and Grandma, then by damn I must give as unflinching a picture of myself.

Ann and family are just back from Calif. trip, and y'day afternoon amid a bunch of chores I dropped off some business items with her. Also kissed her on top the head--somewhat to her consternation, because it was a warm day and we were just beginning to settle onto her front stoop, with who knew what neighbors looking on--and told her, "Today's message is that Jovanovich loves you and the book." Rare for her to be that discombobulated, and probably rarer for me to be that waggish, but I thought the occasion deserved it. Must be about a year ago that she and I popped a bottle of champagne in her backyard in mid-afternoon to celebrate signing of HBJ contract; neighbors must

May 9 cont.--indeed wonder what kind of annual rite of spring is going on.

Ann is properly discouraged with the blizzard of rejections--mostly form rejections, yet--we've been getting, on efforts to market serial rights to SKY and to clean up stray magazine work. I don't like the situation either, but think it has a backhanded advantage if it levers us either out of magazine work of the sort we've been doing and more entirely to books, or if it rouses me to more ambitious and better-paying magazine work. More probably the former, I think, because of the time demands which SKY is going to make, and the natural logic of going on to WINTER LIGHT.

John and Jean came to dinner Friday night; a bit painful to see John in throes of options dealings which haven't worked out. Tried to coax him into the family reunion trip to Mont. with us, pointing out that it's the last chance to see the state with me as an un-notorious guide; seemed to have no effect, he seemed ~~to~~ unable to think ahead to a time when he wouldn't be submerged in these options dealings. As moody as he is, I don't recall seeing him quite this dejected; his quick up-sweeps of mood weren't cresting very high at all.

C could feel cold coming on almost instantly during the evening, something like her third of the school year. It's reached my sinuses--started y'day morn--in a kind of poisoned, sharp-gutting feeling, but hasn't done anything else. Which is just as well, ~~because~~ because at about 5:30 in the morn, I head for Vancouver and the Sasquatch conference.

Oh yes, C's other piece of news last week: she's been inveigled, on pretty much a put-up-or-shut-up basis, to join the union's contract negotiating team. It'll mean much work and tension for her, mostly next fall, but she thinks the stakes are such that she couldn't turn it down. After that, we hope, a Britain trip in spring '79 and perhaps a sabbatical for her the '79-'80 school year. She is magnificent and totally unselfish about all my accumulating luck with SKY--as she has been throughout all the years of work on it--but I think we've got to take some care that her career doesn't get sloshed over by mine.

May 9, 3:45 --Phone call from HBJ about $\frac{1}{2}$ hr ago, Rhoda asking vital stix for copyright filing, then transfrng me to CH. She gave me info out of sales meeting: 10,000 first printing of SKY, with a full-page NYT ad (or maybe 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pagers) which she says pretty well blows the initial advtsg money. Says the sales people like the book, but think it difficult to place so literary a book without quotes and reviews. So, emphasis is on getting good quotes--says they're sending out "a lot" of advance proofs for comment, Rhoda will send me list--and then much will depend on reviews. Pub's Wkly reviews shd be in July. I asked, in light of this, whether it seems worthwhile for me to come to NY for pub'd; CH said that frankly she didn't know if it would help, that possibilities of media attention are remote unless I'm well known.

All in all, around medium good: about twice the usual 1st run, and the NYT splash. If the quotes come thru, as they well may, things can build; CH says she thinks the book will sell. On the less-than-plus side, this is less-than-blockbuster treatment, does throw much of the book's performance to mercy of reviewers. Which I suppose is fair enough, given that I had a helluva time describing what the book would be--I think it's not much easier describing it to bookbuyers. And it is undeniably ~~xxx~~ "literary".

Other notes from conversation: asked CH how much a NYT page-ad costs, she said \$5-6000. Told her I understood that J'vich liked the book, she said yes, she'd sent him galleys with a note; he'd replied that he thinks I'm a terrific writer. She asked him to get Mary McCarthy to provide cover quote; he said McC hates the West, unfortunately.

So, a bit of slowing down in SKY's phenml course to date. But still pretty good.

May 17, '78--Busy, oh god busy. And a head cold now well into its second week; this morn, at last, my nose is not a constant sewer and I seem to have some energy and efficiency.

Drove to Olympia y'day to meet Roy Silen at the Tyee at 6:30, for dinner and talk about his Double Planet tome. Remarkable to me, this is only the 2nd time we've been face-to-face--S had me knock at his room, confessed he wasn't sure he'd have recognized me. We've been on the phone to each other so much, since the start of the gene pool~~m~~ article, that it seems we've known each other long and long. Also, there's been a click of rapport between us: S, who is crusty and has no small estimate of himself and his genuinely estimable abilities, was quite taken with my editing approach on the gene pool piece. Also, last night he said ~~that~~ I'm quick to grasp--"some people you have to explain and explain to them."

However it is, then, he places considerable faith and admiration in me, and I must be careful with it. His Double Planet material is quite striking to me--a genuine effort by a not very literary man to draw on all his life's work and give his view of the world. But since his reputation is professional and regional--mine is something of the same, I suppose--it is not at all clear how best to ^{get} his notions into print. Other matters are that he'd prefer to work under a pseudonym, and that I'm taken with the notion of working him into Winter Light--a pair of points which don't ~~gom~~ ^{go} together well, and which will need some decisions. (After this entry, will settle down to a fuller set of notes for the Double Planet file.)

S also talked about the continuing effects of the gene pool article, which he thinks are manifold, and still building. He says the piece is required reading in "most" western forestry schools, and said last week he had a query from a Calif. legislative researcher about the piece. Says he thinks W'hser, the main target of the piece, has "pulled way back", apptly as a result of George W'hser himself seeing the article and asking, how about it? Ironically, S finds that the Expmt Station itself is another place where the article has had effect--in the past 6 months or so, the Stn has come under pressure from Or. Env'tl Cncl on the genes issue. S says the current Undersec of Agcltr

May 17 cont.--overseeing the Forest Service is Rupert Cutler, from a background with environmental groups. When Cutler made a Portland visit, the Expmnt Stn Director, Bob Tarrant, and some of his top staff found themselves being questioned hard at a meeting with envtlsts--with Cutler cheering on the envtlsts, according to Silen. Out of that, and some machinations within the Stn, came a meeting of Silen and his top man, Bob Campbell, with Tarrant, and an order from Tarrant that S and Campbell would prepare some sort of paper in response to the envtlsts. S got his back up about this, and got it up even more when it appeared that the envtlsts were going to have input and the industry was not. S seems himself as an effective middleman on the genes situation--possessing enough clout with the forest industry so that they're carrying out what he says is the most genetically-careful forestry done anywhere. He may be right, but his notion of his role puts enormous faith in himself, and it's logical that the envtlsts would like to have something more in evidence than the quality of a man's soul. Anyway, out of S's resistance to doing the paper--he and Bob Campbell had 4 ~~to~~ others, on aspects of the topic, in the works--came a meeting, of S, Campbell, the Station brass, and the envtl leadership, and the agreement that the envtlsts would wait and see if indeed the info they want is in the papers.

A funny aside on the gene pool episode: Harriet or Alice had the wit to send a copy of the article to the then-Undersec of Ag in charge of the Forest Service, I think named Lane, and he responded nicely with a letter to the editor--which S says gave him considerable cachet around the Station, because people weren't sure whether he was a buddy whom Lane was favoring.

May 30--Far, far behind in diary, partly because life has been running at high tide around here.

But first, to note: this morn was the 1st in 3 weeks when I woke up without a messed-up head from the cold/flu which C and I have had. My energy level is up considerably, and it's sure as hell about time.

~~Saturday~~ Friday night, just before supper, Clint called, asked if we could come to Fed Ave. house to eat with him, Kathleen, and Peg Gordon, whom they had just picked up at airport, returning from funeral of her father. C took the start of supper off the stove and we went, to a remarkable evening. Peg's father was 57, with congenital heart problem. After dinner we began to talk about death, and Clint recounted that when he was 12, choking on a piece of meat, the sensation of an easy passage to death had come over him. I'd never told the Ellen Creek experience to anyone but Jan and Margaret, when M was teaching her course on death and dying, but the other night I decided that since they'd all be reading it in SKY in a few months anyway, I'd tell it. Kathleen then told of her grandfather simply giving up one day--at 99. C said when she was perilously ill with peritonitis, she had no palpable sense of death, simply was so sick she didn't care much one way or the other. Peg said a couple of interesting things--that she considers death a return to a kind of general energy field, and that if there is any sensation after death, it is not human anyway, and so we can't know it in human terms. Dicey as all this sounds on the page, it was not a grim evening, tho there were some surges of emotion. Just interesting--and I hope helpful to Peg.

Friday night, Vernon and Jeannette Carstensen came to supper. V says he's been slow recuperating from ulcer and gall bladder operation in Jan., but he has lost some of his extra weight and looks very good. He's in his final quarter of teaching at UW; asked him what's next, he claimed he's not thinking beyond June, when both his sons and their families arrive in back-to-back visits. I assured J'tte there are lawyers who can get her out of the marriage to V on lesser grounds than that. But V still talks of his "resources" book, which would put together his ideas about the taking up of this continent. It could be a fine and important book--if he will ever seat himself to write it. I wonder if I can usefully nag him about it, later this year.

cont.
May 30--V seemed in very good spirits, and indeed has added the winsome quality of saying that he's begun to realize how little history he really knows. I told C that winsome admission is a quarter century or so late arriving, but it's nice that it has. She said she had the feeling a couple of times the other night that V was just off the mark on some point or another, which is the feeling I have sometimes had from him; I hope C didn't catch the suspicion from me. Anyway, to try sum up my current feelings about V: I'm largely over the resentment about the dissertation imbroglio, in which we wrestled over my language, but I've begun to be irked that he didn't urge me to do some research on my family's background, which could have been an earlier and valuable base for SKY. Now that I've done SKY, he seems quite interested in the same info that he didn't really listen to when I was a grad student. In any event, we had a good evening together, and I hope to keep in touch with him 3-4 times a year.

Last week, I was in fairly frequent touch by phone with Pat Vessie, who has undertaken some research for me on how SKY might be marketed, promoted, reviewed. Pat is the savviest, and best instinctive, library researcher I have ever encountered, and altho she protested a bit when I sent her a \$50 check, I've more than had my money's worth. She too, like everyone we seemed to encounter last week, is coming onto new ground--the aftermath of the slow and excruciating death of a UW librarian friend of hers, and of Pat's own feelings of shakey health. She is a mysterious lady, whose inside-of-the-head I can't even guess at--but a valuable person, if she can be made to see that about herself.

Carol meanwhile has been trying to bolster Margaret Svec, who retires at the end of this quarter. She has tugged Margaret into moving her things into C's office, to share it next year for whatever on-campus routine Margaret works out, and done sundry other Margaret-you-must-do-this sorts of things. C meanwhile has joined the union's salary negotiating team, a terrific new chunk of work. It's a better idea than I knew at the time that we're intending the Calif. trip immediately after school ends.

May 30 cont.--I spent much of last week working on proposals to HBJ to market and promote SKY in Montana and here--an appalling amount of research and thinking, as it turned out, which with my drained energy kept me at and at the project until finally finishing it Sun. morning.

Good news continues on SKY: Archie Satterfield called at 9 this morn, apparently as quickly as he got back to the P-I from the airport, to say HBJ did very well by SKY at the Atlanta ABA convention. Said the jacket, which he thinks is superb, was well-displayed in a wall-theme of new releases, and that there is a handsome poster done from the jacket art. He missed meeting Carol Hill, which I much regret, but said he found in talking with other HBJ people at the booth that they're high on the book, believe in it. Arch himself connected with his new agent, a woman named I guess De La Habla, and found her pretty wiggy in an LA sort of way--said her eyes keep flipping around, in an overage baby-face--but he's had good reports on her from authors he's checked with, and she does have a packaging team which could do Archie's hoped-for book on the Mayas.

Either Thurs. or Fri. night, C came home from Sh'line to warn me that I'd be called by Bob Kelley, who in ansr to a Life home office query was looking for a 3-genrtn family reunion, and through Pat--i.e., thru Jean--learned of mine upcoming. Talked it over with Carol, decided I have no reason to veto it--Ray Doig is free to, if he wants to--and so I did sketch the info to Kelley, who was a bit far along in his drinking habit, and then to his writer-partner, Time-Life stringer Jane Estes, who seemed entirely pleasant and competent as well. She said she thought the Mont. reunion sounded good, and she'd put it on the teletype to NY. My guess is that the Life resuscitators--Kelley told me Phil Kunhardt is editor, which impresses me; he once did a lovely Life piece on his own father--sent the same query out to Time-Life bureaus all over the country, and that somebody of more ability and stability than the Estes-Kelley team will catch the assignment. But it's worth seeing what happens.

May 30 cont.--Roy Silen called just now, just to get the full name of Dr. Carey Stanton of Santa Cruz Island, to whom he's going to send his Double Planet draft. Roy thanked me for passing along stuff about AAAS media intern program, which I got for his daughter from Larry Schneider; said he wished he'd known about the program for her some time ago, as it would have changed her outlook for this summer.

Wed. the 24th, went to Pac S lunch, which Harriet and Alice decided to hold in Denny Park "because it's such a nice day." I looked dubiously at patchy clouds and said I'd seen better days; indeed it turned out that anybody at the Pac S bldg they had tried to dislodge to make ~~fox~~ room for the writers' meeting had grumped about it, so they opted for the park. In the vanguard of the straggle over there were Frank and I, Ann Saling and Lucille Palmer. As we went to cross the st. to the park, a car pulled up in front of us, driven by a furious Pat Baillargeon. She demanded to know where this ~~soci~~ so-called picnic was, because she'd just been in the park and had seen two homosexuals mating in public, and also thought somebody had made a pass at her--which I thought one of the world's grand unlikelihoods. She steamed that she thought the magazine was losing its mind--there I might more or less agree with her. We sweetly told her that we'd be glad to pass that along to Harriet, or she could herself, as H was just half-block behind us by now. Pat had simmered down by the time she parked and found us planted in the park, but did deliver her news about the mating homos. Harriet, in her blither-than-thou style: "Well, it's a big park."

Other than that, Frank had the great news that Linda copped a \$1000 scholarship in a UW-wide design contest. And amid the roar of traffic, Harriet asked for ideas for a next big series like the Columbia, and we settled efficiently on Lynn Martin's idea about mountain ranges. Lynn, incidentally, seemed both a bit mouthy and wonky at the 1st monthly meeting she attended, but I thought much better of her y'day. Ann Saling I continue to prize as a genuinely, classically crazy lady: she did a number of painful-looking yoga tucks, including a backward stretch which should have got her a citation in Joy of Sex, while Harriet talked. Infuriating as it is, Pac S can be singularly hilarious.

May 30 cont.--Also since last entry was the trip to V'cver for sasquatch conference; or rather, I made no entry on it last time. Suffice to say I spent far too much time on that assignment--between the conference and the writing, about a week total--and have been regretting it ever since in my schedule. Came up with a nicely deft article, I think probably the best since my NYT Montana piece last summer, but dogged with cold as I was at V'cver, and given that it rained most of the 4 days there, it wasn't a particularly good use of time.

Y'day, Memorial Day, we walked Lake Union with Jean--John backed out at last instant, haunted by an income tax problem he hasn't been able to solve--and as ever, it was a damn pleasant excursion. The lakeside remains lovably scruffy and varied, in the face of the remaking of Seattle to a glitzier, tonier place. Saw Canada geese and goslings, watched the float planes land and take off, lunched and lazed at Gasworks Park for a couple of hours, the day having cleared to warm sun. Jean has had her worries over John, deeply enmeshed in financial dealings; Carol has had a hard spring of flu and 4 courses to teach; I've been feeling the work load, I discover in the past 18 months has been the writing of SKY and a couple of dozen mag pieces as well--a good time-out for all of us.

May 31--For no special reason, have been looking back thru diary since start of '77--actually, glanced back to help trigger an entry, long intended, about how I feel about SKY by now--and am fairly appalled to find how much mention there is of lagging energy, flu and colds. Carol has had a real series this school year--I think 3 separate afflictions--but some manner of sinus woe seems to be with us fairly often. Makes me wonder just what goes on with me, inasmuch as I was able to iron-man my way thru the 5-month stint of finishing SKY at the end of last year. But I can't go on at that iron pace all the time, and maybe my rheumy moods are some kind of outlet. On the other hand, I've been increasingly suspicious that the dust from the crawl-space beneath this house--the cold air vents simply open down into it--is a chronic cause of allergy. One more project to try to schedule.

June 3--Had intended, in last entry, to go on and assess my feeling about SKY, and its momentum so far. Didn't manage it then, and am not sure I'm ready yet, tho I should put down, before it gets lost, that I've been re-reading the page proofs once in a while, and find the language very fine. Am back to wishing that I had edited down more sharply, or that Carol Hill had done some cutting; a feeling backed up, perhaps, by yiday's mail from Rhoda Schlamm with the first reader's quote which has come in--from Edward Hoagland: "Nearer the beginning there are too many words sometimes; and too much meter in some of the lines; and the interpolated chunks rarely do quite work. But overall"--now the material HBJ may excerpt for the back jacket--"it's a rich, exact book, chockablock with memories enough for two more. Lore, love and grace combined." Actually, thinking it over, I see that H'land was not finding fault, much, with the entire length, but with over-richness and rhythms. So go figure.

The Hoagland quote is excellent news, incidentally--one more of the accumulating signs in SKY's favor. Rhoda reported too that HBJ salesmen have been asking for extra copies of bound galleys to show booksellers.

A few minutes ago, on a whim, called Tom Holden to tell him about the fine Richard Ellman review in current NY Review of Books, found him sound good and steady, still on the wagon and in better health than he's been for yrs, he said. Agreed we should get together if I make a NY trip this fall.

C at Mt. Rainier today, at Forbes' cabin for annual yr-end GLASS shindig. I have pecked away at a few chores--lamentably few, given that it's already 4 pm--but did go up to track this morn, about 10, and run the 14-lap routine, then walked up the parking lot steps 8 times, about another mile of exertion. Am trying to take off a few pounds--now about 151--for the Calif. trip and all its eating. Warm weather all week here, indeed quite hot. Thermometer at my window now is hitting 100, which because it is in full sun this time of day lies by about 20 degrees--but it is bright and hot.

June 9--Talked with CHill about 2 hours ago, to tell her of Life pic story possbty: by astonishing coincidence, she's to meet with Life acqns editor Byron Dobell this afternoon. I'm still not optimistic about anything happening with Life--too many stools for it to fall between, it seems to me--but we couldn't have had a better crack at bringing SKY to their attention. CH also reported that she thinks ~~they'll~~ the NYT ad should be cut to $\frac{1}{2}$ p. and half the \$--about \$3000--used on regional ads. I said OK, if that's where the \$ had to come from; she said for now, it does. Also said SKY has had no luck at the book clubs, but that it's been "seriously misread" there--she sounded quite affronted about that--and that she's going to send it around to them again. Told her of my reports that HBJ had done handsomely for SKY at Atlanta ABA meet, she said she wished she loved all her books as she does this one. Congrat'd her on one more title--Pub Wkly reported she's now publisher of gen'l books, too--and she said the next move can't be up, it'd have to be out.

Other book news: A_uchie has arranged for SKY cover to appear in P-I magazine's What's New this Sunday. Larry Anderson at S. Times evidently will run the "End of the Hunt" adaptation on Sept. 17, day before pub'n--which is absolutely ideal. Called Rhoda the other day for some bound galleys for Mont. trip, she said a possible jacket quote had come in from HBJ author Wm. Hjortsberg, who lives out of Livingston in the McGuane orbit. I also got clear from CH that the printing will be 15,000 instead of 10,000--she calls it "back to press," tho it seems to me the decision was made just about the instant the sales meeting was over.

Amid all the above, report from Jean is that Bob Kelley fractured a foot on his cellar stairs. What an irony if the Life thing comes through, and K, who started it all, is too laid up to do the pics.

It's been busy and hectic week, complicated by repair work on Buick which took 3 days--battery died when I left it at Northwest Brake, and a chain of mishaps went on from there. Wed. I had lunch with Rebecca Earnest, who looked weary, frayed, pale and just about everything else alarming--consequence, she says, of the work load she's carried at the Weekly in the 2 months since typesetter Ken Eisler killed himself. Said she's been on 7-day weeks nearly all that time, lining up typesetters not only for the paper, but for the King Tut

June 9 cont.--program and the Seattle guidebook, which are being pub'd almost sim'ly. Said she told Brewster she wasn't sure she could continue the pace, and he told her it's her own fault, for not being checklist-efficient enough and getting too emotionally involved with her work. All this for \$10,000 a year, which in a way is even a worse rip-off than Pac S, it seems to me. R is casting about for another job, but as ever they're rare in this town. Anyway, the lunch was good--a cheese-burger at the Grand Central. And she intro'd me to Peter Miller at Miller & Mungo, who was enthused when he heard that my book is about Montana--he claims he's the one who discovered A River Runs Through There for this city, talking the U Book Store into it, too.

All in all, I've spent the week on SKY promo letters and ideas--and things seem momentarily in pretty decent shape. If I can gear myself, next, into planning some work for SKY during the Montana trip, I'll begin to think the possible steps have been taken on behalf of the book.

Called Ann today to fill her in on the Life matter, found her considerably harried: they're selling their house, have bought the Carkeek Park place. We had dinner with them last Sunday night at Oyster Grotto, found them full of house talk.

Have run I think every day this week except today, when I went out for Mexican lunch with C and Jean--and at the moment feel fatter than ever. Have been at 150-151#; running routine is 12-14 laps, then walking up and down parking lot steps--160 yds one way--8 times, then sauna. Some extremely hot weather at start of week; today it's been stormy, after I watered the bejesus out of strawberries and grass y'day.

C at the college now -- just past 4:30--finishing the school year. This weekend, it's pack up, and pull out for Calif. on Monday.

June 23, Berkeley--8:45, just called Rhoda at HBJ to check in for the 1st time on this trip. No catastrophes on Sky, which is what I wanted to know. She said they're sending out 20 sets of galleys for ad quotes.

It's just under 2 weeks since we left home, and am feeling a bit travel-worn this morn. The Marriott Inn here at ~~maxi~~ marina is besieged with conventions--Job's Daughters are everywhere, begowned like junior DAR--and we both had terrible night's sleep. Carol will try get the room changed; also think we may cut this SF stay a day short. Coming into SF y'day up Highway ~~1~~ 1 as we did, we efficiently stopped at Golden Gate Park to see show of Peruvian art treasures, went on to lunch at Senor Pico's and shopping in ~~XG~~ G'delli, where we bought a fine fanciful metal sculpture of a heron which should solve the hallway niche we've puzzled over. Wandered ~~at~~ thru street wares outside G'delli, watched fistfight between

winos in nearby park, did other sightseeing of SF's wondrous gamut of folks, then a bit before 4 started for Berkeley for the night. Took us an hour of creeping traffic from w. end of Bay Bridge to the Marriott. Recap'd with a drink in the room, went uptown to see Dear Inspector. Carol had the happy thought of putting in our name at Spenger's on the way; by 9:30, when the movie was out, we simply had to tell the desk we were ready, and were seated at once. Spenger's remains one of the great shows on earth, massive quantities of people efficiently channeled thru with swift service and excellent food. And the faces in Berkeley are even better than SF's: in Spenger's was a look-alike for Wm Faulkner, and a guy Carol described as an Italian Indian.

C is out now having the Buick's muffler looked at; it began blatting early in the trip. All else had gone well enough. Stay at Pacific Grove, at the Bide-a-Wee, was quiet, nicely grooved: all 3 days, I managed to run about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles at end of afternoon, then we would go to the Tia Maria on Cannery Row for a drink, then--the 1st two nights--

June 23 cont. --to Consuelo's for dinner. 1st night of stay, went to the Doubletree convention center to hear Preservation Hall Jazz Band, which I'll make a notebook entry on. Next night, went to Coming Home, in curious converted theater which ~~had~~ has become a triple theater by making each end into pie-slice-shaped set of seats, in which you sit at about 25-degree angle to screen. Movie was w'while, but uneven--good on the crippled vets, hopelessly stacked against the schlemiel automaton husband; plot would have been helluva lot more interesting if the husband had been super in bed and the vet a flop, instead of vice-versa.

Much enjoyed the Monterey area again. Hit a fine bright day at Point Lobos, saw sea otters, cormorants nesting like rows of black pegs spaced over a headland. On Wed., Pete Steen came down from Santa Cruz for lunch with us at Lou's on F'man's Wharf. Maunder has been levered into retirement at Forest History Society, but at full pay for next 3-4 years, so it's unclear how a replacement as director can be funded--if, as Pete says, ^{mill} another director, as such, is really needed. 2\$^A endowment drive is underway, and the Society is being rationalized with job descriptions, genuine management structure instead of Maunder's offhandedness. Pete has been there 9 years now, thinks there's a chance the Society can tie more directly to UC Santa Cruz, p'haps with building on campus, now that Maunder's inferiority complex toward academia is ~~gone~~ out of the way.

Early part of the trip turned out to be a day and overnight at Yosemite, which turned out to be too crowded, and the high country still closed because of tremendous snowpack, for any real hiking. Walked around the valley complex much of afternoon, repeatedly found ourselves lost amid camping areas because of uncertain scale of the handout map. But Yosemite was grand to see, perhaps the prime scenery in this nation.

Headed on to Kings Canyon, where we managed good hikes of 8-10 miles for 3 days in row, but again didn't get into back country because of people and snow. The one backpacking trail open was into

June 23 cont.--Bubbs Creek; there must have been 150 cars in the trailhead lot during day, and 80 or so still there that night. But we found our day hikes entirely unerowded. ~~1st~~ 1st one, at Redwood Canyon near Grant Grove, we were entirely alone, on good walk of about 8 miles. Next day was the drive down into Kings Canyon, and some afternoon wandering along S. Fork of Kings River, which was roaring with white water; did another 4 miles or so after supper, on up nearly to Avalanche Crk. Next morn, went on up S. Fork to Mist Falls, again unerowded; as we went back down the trail about 10:30, then began to meet people starting up, including some backpackers with ice axes and snowshoes for Paradise Valley snowpack. Went on out to Yosemite that afternoon, stopping only to see the General Sherman tree--or more properly, the Karl Marx tree, as the Kaweah utopians originally named it--and into Visalia for the night. Had a terrific dinner at The Depot, a Spanish-style converted depot, and the next morn on to Monterey, across the valley thru Coalinga and north thru Salinas, a day early.

Forgot to mention seeing Karen Fiser at Davis at start of trip, as she was packing for the move to UMass/Boston. Seemed in good hopes, much liking the faculty she'd met there. C and I liked Davis, as we did Visalia some days later--clean-lined, open towns, suggesting the better possibilities of California, I suppose.

I find on this trip that there is much I deeply like about California--the hill country, the great dimensions of the Sierra in places such as Kings Canyon, the by-god-do-it achievements of having built campuses such as Davis and UC Santa Cruz and towns such as Visalia, the swirl of life in places such as SF and Berkeley--as well as much that I loathe. The Imperial Valley, in its northern, most factory-like aspects horrifies me--assembly-line agriculture installed at colossal social and ecological cost. Also, the sheer numbers of people, which is turning out to be one of the

June 23 cont.--themes of this trip, in parks as well as urban areas.

July 9, '78--Deep Creek Section House: Y'day just after 9 a.m., we pulled up to Jay and Linda Doig's place in Ringling, gathering spot for the family reunion. Several guys were standing around in Jay's big quonset, and Jay came out to say hello and shake hands. Immediately behind him, by a margin of seconds, came a bulky, bearded man in a sport jacket and slung with cameras; he obviously was there to see who C and I were, and when Jay introduced us, he said, "Your fame precedes you. Jan Mason has read your book, and raves about it." I hadn't recognized the photog's name--Brian Lanker--when we shook hands, but chatting I found out he'd flown in from P'land, and that he's photography director of the Eugene Register-Guard. Me: "Excuse me for not recalling the name, ~~xxx~~ but are you the Pulitzer-winning photographer they hired on down there?" Lanker: "Yes, how'd you know that?"² and a pleased grin.

And the day sang on from there. In about half an hour, Jan Mason of Life drove up, and Lanker had me instantly meet her. It turned out that she truly had read the set of SKY galleys, remembering details with incredible exactitude, and that she loved it. She said that as she drove thru the White Sulphur country, she felt as if she was coming home, as a result of the book's details and mood.

July 11--Billings-- Arrived about 4:30 last nite amid terrific storm which knocked out downtown power and sent flash floods down both sides of 27th St. When we reached our motel--the Rimrock, one of the crummiest we've ever been in--the water was so deep I didn't want to risk driving into it--torrent about 6 feet across and maybe 2 feet deep.

My appointment at the Gazette is 2 p.m., so there's time to try recap the reunion. Quite simply, it went perfectly--in somewhat this order:

There were maybe a dozen people at Jay and Linda's when we got there, and quickly Ed Doig and wife, and then Elsie and Wendell Townsend, arrived. Ed has grown a goatee since last summer, and looks remarkably like Buffalo Bill. He

July 11 cont.-- inexplicably seems to improve with age; now at 83 (I think), he is healthier and less overbearing than he used to be. During the day, Gordon pointed out the irony to me: Ed was the one "who took care of himself"--i.e., didn't work himself toward early death as Dad and Angus did. I also felt the irony that Ed had been the one who bailed out of the homestead, pulling out on the family when still in his teens, and now he was the only one on hand to celebrate the family's roothold.

Elsie arrived talking, and scarcely let up all day. She was a bit perturbing--Jan Mason indicated as much the next morn, saying she'd not been able to get Elsie settled down enough to tell the stories she had--~~yet~~ with her case of motor mouth, and I thought did not ~~really~~ do herself much good, on an occasion when she might have done quite a lot. Wendell, with his horsy cowboy's face and quiet manner, simply rides the tide of her talk; I found myself instantly liking him, and remembering that Dad had much liked him.

Jay had rows of bales along sides of the box of a grain truck for seats, and Gordon had similar rig on a smaller flat bed. Soon after 11, the Townsends, C and I, and Sherri and kids piled in Jay's truck, with food boxes, and Jay began leading caravan^{of} 9 vehicles--trucks and 4-wheels except for a car or two--the back road out of Ringling to Battle Creek. Weather was threatening, and there had been hard storm in the Basin country the night before, and somebody--I think Ed; it determinedly was not me--asked if Jay thought the roads would be ok. Jay gave his shrug and laconic grin and said Ray Doig said so. The first hill out of Ringling was a bit of a fight, but Jay managed to slew the truck to the top, and eventually everyone else made it. The caravan kinked along the Battle Creek road, with Brian Lanker in lead, driven in pickup by one of Jay's hired hands and assited by Dave Smith, young Billings Gazette photog hired as go-fer. Once we roared past Dave at a tripod at side of road, another time past Brian himself, ~~in~~ yelling as he shot, "Stop 200 yards up the road." Brian

July 11--by every evidence had scouted everything; he said in Ringling he had tried to hire a helicopter in WSS that morn for aerial shots of homesteads, but Gordon hadn't been able to pull strings with skittish new forest Ranger. I told him if Gordon hadn't been able, they weren't really pullable.

The road was slick--Jay lost the truck for a bad split second on one of the last hills before the Basin turnoff from the Sixteen road, but handled all else like the back-country pro he is. By noon or a little after, our truck and followers were grinding down the long ridgeback to the DL place, where the Townsend contingent of Doigs already were parked. Jan Mason's account was that there were about 160 people. I had wondered about Jan on the trip from Ringling, having heard from her that she had a hellishly delayed plane trip to make it to the reunion and not having seen where she got into the caravan. When Jay stopped the truck, the door on the passenger's side opened, out came Jan, and I quit worrying about what level of professionalism she was going to show; as with Brian, watching her cover the bases, such as riding with Jay to interview him as he led the caravan to the homesteads, was a post-grad course in journalism.

The people: many of them I hadn't seen for 25-30 years, and some I knew only by name from Dad--several of the Christisons, Bill Blakely, Walt Brainard. Johnny Gruar was ~~there~~ there, and properly scolded me for not having come back to see him last summer. Ed I think was the oldest of all; the other elders were Bob Campbell; Walt Doig, who Emma said had been uneasy about all the hooplah of reunion and quickly was having a helluva fine time; and Walt's sister Nellie, the only other survivor of the DL family. At one point, during pic-taking, the 4 of them were lined up and Corrine Higgins said over Ray's pa system, "If it hadn't been for this bunch, none of us would be here."

--Ray Doig: as it turned out, the perfect guy both for the reunion and the Life people. Jan M said he's a cross between Andy Devine and Addy Griffith, and noted that he doesn't laugh, he giggles. Ray went thru the day, deservedly,

July 11 cont.--with a delirious grin on his face, was everywhere doing everything. The reunion was his idea, aborn last year when he went with Darlene to her family reunion, I think in Missour. Emma said he came home and said, "There's no reason we can't do that," and he did it in inimitable style, such as bringing in a truck with a portable generator so electric knives could be used on the barbecued beef (which unfortunately never did get done, but amid the flood of other food no one minded).

--Late in the afternoon, as I was standing by the food table talking to someone, up came Patty Doig and husband, and John Doig's wife Caryl--and John and Caryl's daughter, Linda. Within minutes Jan Mason had a hand on my elbow and was asking, "who is that beautiful girl?" Linda indeed must be the best looking Doig ever--small and slender, with a fine lovely face just short of delicate. Given the looks of her parents and of Red and Blanche, all along a considerable scale of homeliness, she is a kind of miracle; Caryl told me later that her side of the family is Norwegian, so the blend of wondrous blond beauty probably sidled in from there. In any event, Linda, 22 and a Navy nurse soon off to Japan, could be the Life cover girl, if a pic of her and Jay's bro-in-law Bill Lankford, set up by Jan to show them looking out the homestead windows, comes off.

--Linda's dad John had the line of the day. I was eager to see John, who had been a fine friend to Dad, visiting him in his illness, and found him big-bellied, mustached, but with a face not much changed, and his open manner not changed at all. As we shook hands, Jake Mitchell came up to greet John. Jake was the scene of the whole day, with an almost rabbinical mop-like beard of gray-brown-and lots of colors in between straggling down from under his cowboy hat. Carol said he'd obviously been hired from central casting. John to Jake, on seeing the beard: "Have you shaken that thing out lately?"

July 11 cont.-- Laird Playmale also on hand, of which I was deeply glad. Laird was an admiring friend of Dad, and one of his pallbearers; also, the Plymales now own the BL place, so the entire reunion was at his suffrance. I told him he had made a lot of people damned happy, he grinned it off as nothing much.

--At one point saw a good-looking late-30's guy with a nice chinline black beard. Curious, I went over and intro'd myself, found he was a great-nephew of Tom and Mary Kerr, I think by name of Shaw. He said he liked to poke around the Sixteen country, Ray somehow had heard of him and got an invite to him; to me, the presence of him and his family was one of the great bonuses of the day, a tribute to the role of Tom and Mary Kerr in the lives of the Basin people.

--Jake and Charlie Mitchell: unbelievable in appearance--Jake in that magpie's-nest beard, and smoking a drooping curved pipe; Charlie a tall barrel of a man, probably 280# or so, in a tractor cap, glasses, and with a couple days' growth of unshavenness--and two of the most astute people there. I happened to sit next to Jake on truck ride to Peter Doig homestead. He asked if I knew anything about the lost wagon train story; surprised, I said just a little, what fragments Dad had told me as a kid. Jake then learnedly passed along info derived from oldtimer George Robison, that the cart remnants had no metal at all, so perhaps--probably--would have been Red River carts, from the Metis exodus. I noticed that Jake's hands were battered--a sizable open rope burn or something, freshly salved over--and asked if he was running cattle; he shrugged--a whole lot of shrugging during the day--and said yes, he was messing with a few. As for Charlie, Jan M said at one point he came up, said he didn't think he'd met her, introduced himself, and went on his way in a courtly manner.

At one point I was talking with Gordon and Charlie, and noted the considerable respect G showed him--deference among fellow county commissioners, I guess. The combined household of Jake and Charlie Mitchell and Johnny ~~Grar~~ Gruar (their cousin) fascinates me.

July 11 cont.--Ruby (?) Christison: Weathered but well-preserved, facially somewhat like C's Aunt Venie, and alike too in being a vinegary lady. I had just met another of the Christisons--Andy,

I think--and on asking about their homestead had been told not a trace of the bldgs is left. On meeting Ruby, I repeated this as a question, and she looked at me, level and flinty, and said: "Not a damn stick." Also, she had the mannerism of asking some direct question--such as who my father was, like an interrogating cop--and on hearing the answer, nodding to herself in grim satisfied way. --Blanche: when John and Patty's families arrived, they said Blanche was still in camper up on the hill, bothered by her emphysema. It sounded as if she was on death's doorstep, but when the pic-taking session began, she was fetched somehow, and she looked better than I could ever remember her, and after the pics and considerable visiting, clambered into the truck with the rest of us for jolting truck ride to Peter Doig homestead. *(from Walnut Creek)*

--Howard Idle, husband of one of Emma's cousins: on pulling into Townsend the night before, we found no one at home at Wally and Emma's, so killed time with a drink at Mint, then wandered by Walt's to see if everyone might be there. We found instead a huge camper in front of the house, and a square-faced, weathered guy of about 60, in a sport shirt and obviously not a Montanan, sitting on Walt's steps. After introductions and figuring out the family line, Idle promptly had us in the camper drinking scotch with him and his wife, and we discovered he's a San Francisco bar pilot, bringing freighters in and out the Golden Gate. Told us of the one time he'd gone overboard, when there luckily were enough pilots aboard the pilot boat--on station 11 miles beyond Golden Gate--to hit him immediately with searchlight and rope.

Since beginning to tinker with Columbia River writing, I've been intrigued with bar pilots, and was much impressed with Idle. At the DL place, I encountered him coming out of his camper (which was rented) and joshingly said, So you're the guy who brought a camper in here. He grimaced, shook

July 11 cont.--his head and said, Walt Doig told me I could make it--and I've never been in such a hell of a place in my life!

--Carol reports that when she made a trip to the outhouse, she passed three older women on their way back and jokingly asked if the thing was in working order. One of them retorted that it sure was, just don't try to flush it.

--The afternoon's schedule--or lack of one, which was part of the pleasure--roughly was milling and visiting until about 2, when it became clear the beef wouldn't be ready for awhile (it eventually was eaten that night in Ringling, and still was rare, tho delicious) and ~~as~~ the eating began; a sign-in genealogical book was avble; then a family-by-family pic session, with first Ray and then Corinne Higgins on the pa system calling up Ed Doig family, Blanche Doig family, etc. for posing. Carol and I were the smallest family, natch, and in our hats just about the most western looking. Then, 4 o'clock or so, Jay and two pickups set off with those of us who wanted to get to the Peter Doig homestead. Just as Jay nosed the truck into Spring Creek to start across, Ray called out to ask if we wanted ice cream first. Somebody said sure, and instantly an ice cream chain, like a ~~bucket~~ bucket brigade, formed on the bank--12-15 people passing ice cream cones to the 40-50 of us in the truck. Go-fer Dave Smith took one glance at what was happening and sprinted for Brian in the lead pickup to tell him; in an instant, Brian was on his way back to us snapping as he came. The truck had many kids in it, and as they all got their cones I jokingly demanded to know ~~what~~ why the ice cream wasn't making it to the front of the truck to us. Two responses: from the bank, somebody called out that we were eating it faster than they could pass it, and then a general delivery of ice cream to the grownups, somebody even coming into the creek to hand a cone to Jay behind the ~~driver~~ steering wheel. It was perhaps the most remarkable episode of the day, that instantaneous and amused cooperation of forming

July 11 cont.--the ice cream chain, 70ish types such as Walt Brainard next to teen-agers, scooting cones along as fast as Ray could dip--a true touch of wonder.

Trip to the other homestead proved a bit of a trick, our truck spinning out on first try at the long grassy slope, and Jay having to rev and jounce like hell to make it on the second try; in fact, the photog pickup gave us a quick tow to make it up from creek crossing. But the truck bucked up the ridge with the 50 or so of us clinging, kids yelling in excitement. At the homestead, Ray found a trove consisting of a chamber pot, a crumpled sawblade, and I don't know what all; Brian's posing of him, grinning over that armload, could be one of the classic pics of the day. The stay at the homestead was fairly brief, good-spirited, and surprisingly unemotional; I think neither Ed, who was born there, nor Blanche, who was the last to live there, even showed much emotion. The visit seemed to be done in good humor, and that was the extent.

Bozeman Holiday Inn, July 12--Pulled in about 7:15 last night from Billings, will head for WSS and some quick visiting in late morning.

--More on the reunion: It was notable for a number of things not present. There was very little drinking; everyone seemed too busy having a good time. Also, remarkably little sniping or family tension. Any that I sensed came from Elsie, perhaps because of the shared truck ride with her; in the course of it, we all were informed that Blanche hadn't wanted Jim to marry Elsie (ostensibly because it would take him from the Doig ranch; indeed, it was sold when he left), and that Anna's illness is psych'l from worrying over her maladroitness children. Perhaps because we never have been a closely knit family, there's been enough elbow room for people not to have to clash; the only hint of clash, such as Elsie's, came from the old days when circumstances kept some of the family in close living range of one another.

July 12 cont.--And one other absence of the day: not a horse in sight.

--Carol pointed out that the ranch folk, or even the Montanans, can't be singled out by dress, especially among the women. C and Jay's wife Linda were about the only women there in blue jeans. Jay wears a sizable hat and looks like a rangeman, but Gordon is hatless, with mildly mod haircut, could live in a suburb anywhere. I wore the Alb'que hat bought to replace the loss of Dad's. Early on at the DL place, Brian spotted Wally, in a red shirt, his great upper body pouching up from narrow hips, big cowboy hat on his head, shooting pics with his fancy camera gear; Brian began snapping him, and for one of the few times even posed him a time or two. C said Jan asked her who that was, C laughed, identified him and told her he works for the highway dept.

--The weather was horrifying in prospect, and exactly right in retrospect. The night before the reunion, a storm of hail, rain and lightning struck the Basin; in Townsend, we were caught in it on our way back from supper, found ourselves in a wall of water, the hardest rain I've ever seen. On reunion morn, the Deep Creek and Smith River country was under low clouds. I learned a lesson out of Ray Doig's decision, if it was that formal, that we'd still go in to the homesteads: my caution would have canceled out on that, opted for Ringling--and it was the daring of the weather which added incomparably to the day. It was threatening when we arrived; sprinkled as we ate, about 2; lifted, with some sun, for an hour or so; was gathering again by time of the trip to the Peter Doig homestead; and we pulled out at 5:30 or so just as a storm broke. Jay hightailed the truck up the ridge in considerable rain, and the Townsend contingent had to tow the last few vehicles out. C and I and Jay's bro-in-law, Bill Lankford, were already so wet by the time we reached the top of the ridge, we decided to tough it out instead of getting in one of the 4-wheels; rode to Ringling the 3 of us huddled

July 12 cont.--on our hay bales under a slicker coat as Bill talked non-stop about ranching in the Bearpaws, near ~~Edmond~~ Reedpoint. The rain kept expanding our hats until they heavily rested on our ears -- it was just what mine needed for a real shaping--and I told Bill it was because our hair was shrinking into our heads, which neither of us could much afford.

--Also on the weather. Talking with Gordon as the sprinkle continued, he said Ed had told him that when it brightened in a notch in the ridges due west of the Peter Doig homestead, the weather was clearing. I told him Ed may be in error, but he's never in doubt, which G thought was hilarious. Within minutes I was talking to Johnny Gruar, who like Ed had grown up in the Basin, and he was shaking his head, allowing as how when it looked like this it usually was settling in for all day. As it turned out, neither of them was right, the weather was off and on--as usual, it seems to me. ~~Also~~ And virtually unpredictable: I think it was

Walt Brainard, who lives just across the mtns at Maudlow or Menard, who said he'd looked off toward the Basin country that morning, when it was raining like hell, and told himself there was no way we were gonna get back in there that day.

--Carol noted the good time the sizable number of small kids had, running off up the ridges and along the creek exploring. Thinking back, I can't remember a case of crying, or a scolding, all day long.

--Back at Ringling, C and I changed clothes, had some hot coffee, then sat in Linda and Jay's living room talking with Jan Mason. C got herself and Jan a slug of scotch from our trunk supply, then after awhile Linda came in from somewhere, sloshed a half-glass slug of Cutty Sark for us and herself, and joined us. The house was

remarkably quiet--people were in the quonset eating or visiting--and it was a good talking time, Jan telling us of some of her earlier LIFE work, such as the Jill Kinmont story and the special issue on achieving women. She said too she would tout SKY to Loudon Wainwright, (who's going to be copy editor of reborn LIFE).

July 12 cont.--Carol describes Jan as of a certain type--Eastern, maybe a bit upper-crust--but we agreed she's a pretty good sort of the type. There is considerable name-dropping in her shop talk, but it seems to come in context of the considerable level of work she's done at LIFE rather than to impress. She truly is wrapped into LIFE on almost a family basis; after her experience of working with some of the Time-Life stringers on this coverage of reunions, she told us, with a hint of pride, that she thinks LIFE will have to re-establish its old purely-LIFE pro correspondents.

She seemed genuinely to enjoy the reunion, maybe in contrast to the previous one she'd covered which was riven with rivalries. At the dance in Jay's quonset, I overheard her introduce herself to Sherri and tell her "neat reunion! You know why? Because it was real." Jan had told us that since An American Family, she finds people changed, either shunning coverage entirely or hoggishly eager for it, not much inbetween. I'd say the Montana component still keeps the Doigs inbetween; the reunion may have been one of the few gatherings possible at which hardly anyone would recognize the Loud family name, in large part because Montana so far has funk'd public TV.

Commented to Jan that it was a pleasure to watch Brian Lanker work. She said "superb" and was off on praises of him. Said she sees in him a kind of Zero Mostel grace, the heavy man able to move quickly and even lightly, but more than that, he has remarkable gut intuition about a story. She said B will explain to her what he sees in the situation, and asks what he's missing. Certainly C and I were near-dumbstruck to see B work--all day long, like watching an Olympic athlete or a virtuoso musician. One moment he would be easing through the reunion crowd, the next he would be atop a ridgeline shooting down. He didn't eat or I think even stop for coffee all day. Dave Smith, as his go-for, ran and fetched all day--with an abcessed tooth.

July 12 cont.--A great moment of the reunion was Brian's performance in posing all of us on a swaleside beneath backdrop of the DL house. He aligned the 160 of us, kids seated in front and the rest of us fanning back in lines, in to shoot with a 4x5 camera on tripod, on time exposure very like the old frontier photography. Halfway up a stepladder in knee-high laced gum boots--Jay had found them for him that morn in Ringling; B was dressed as if out of a laundry bag, in sport jacket and indiscriminate shirt and trousers and wallabys--he kept the group good-humored thru about 3 rolls of shooting. Both he and Jan have a virtuoso command of names; once as B was shooting the group shot, Wendell Townsend took the chance to whirl around and shoot a pic of his own; B mildly called out, "Wendell, do you really think your back looks better than your front?"

Sunday morn, at Jan's request, C and I met her and Brian for b'fast in WSS, to look at my family albums. I presented them a bit abashedly, had marked what seemed to me worthwhile pics with paper clips; was astonished to see both Jan and Brian go thru them page by page, B saying at one point, "this is fascinating." Jan singled out pics of Peter and DL, said if some use can be found she'll have Jane Estes pick them up from me. Brian left to catch his plane in Bozeman; we talked on with Jan for another 1/2 hour about the reunion. She evidently had got good quotes from Jay during the truck ride, about how the reunion was a good idea before the family is scattered irrevocably, and about the Doig penchant for independence; I won't be surprised to see Jay's words at or near her lead. Then Jan discovered her plane leaves Billings an hour or so sooner than thought, and skedaddled.

July 19--Trying diligently to catch up on chores, and while I did a ton of them in the outside world this morn--picking up C's proofs of homesteads shots, buying baseball tickets for Genise Arnst's visit, sundry more--the desk is a considerable disaster. Have turned out a quantity of letters since arriving home--y'day wrote and sent SKY galley's to all Montana book wholesalers, and booksellers such as Julie Golding in Missoula. Now have to move on to the mass of Mont-Idaho-Wyo. mailings, which should have added to them a ps about the LIFE coverage. Daunting.

More good news on SKY: Horizon called on Monday, Daniel Laskin wanting info for mentioning SKY in the Books section of the magazine for Sept. By great good coincidence, I had just read Horizon for the first time in a year or more, in the car coming back from Mont., and knew Laskin had written the piece ~~on~~ on John Gardner. Also, it seems one more sign of SKY's possible national acceptance: in the current issue of Horizon, the 3 books mentioned are by Michener, Bashevis Singer, and Garcia Marquez.

HBJ's fall catalog, in card form, came y'day, and the SKY card is nice--the copy on back of the cover replica somewhat better than the jacket copy, in fact.

Ann and Marsh coming for dinner in an hour. They're to look over our furniture surplus, and take our bed ~~frames~~ frames, first steps to getting this household unclogged.

July 22--Hot weather; have been assiduously putting shade over the two zucchinis I transplanted the other day. Today, even the one I didn't have to transplant began to droop drastically by 12:30. C and I went up to the track at 11 to run, found it pretty hot in spite of a breeze; I did 10 laps instead of a dozen or more. Have been running diligently, both of us. In my case, I've lost quite a bit of weight, and feel I can reach the target of just over 140, maybe in the next few weeks. Also, of all unheard-of things, I'm working on a suntan; came back from Montana with the good start of a tanned face, so have been running without cap to see what'll develop in this sunny weather--due to end tomorrow.

July 22--cont.-- Y'day at 5:30, went down to U Tower to meet Kathy Mulherin, HBJ sales rep who has been traveling the Seattle area this past week. Irish as a map of County Mayo--red-haired, freckled--she claims to like SKY hugely, thinks I'm the most promising "young" writer HBJ has. Among her news was that she'd been told there's no ad money for SKY, which I'll have to check on, and that the sales staff has been told I might win the National Book Award, which I considerably doubt. M'n thinks the book may sell, espclly here, Montana and the Bay Area, where she's hdqtd; thinks she can line up a signing party or two here, tho not at the U Book Store, and that I'm doing about all that's humanly possible with the media prospects here and in LIFE. M'n has been on job 3 yrs, says she wishes she knew more about what makes a book sell; one of her yearnings for me is ~~that~~ that I would be talked up as a new superwriter ~~among~~ among young intellgtsia locally, ala Tom Robbins; told her I didn't think there's much prospect, and that I'm not sure that's the right approach for Seattle anyway. M'n is a somewhat startling person to talk with, frank and explosive, and derides damn near every writer she can think of, including Robbins and John McPhee. When I have more time for such excursions, I'll have to ask her just what writers she does like.

Minutes after meeting her--I'd found her pushing HBJ catalog cards onto the UTower clerks as I walked up to ask her room number--she cocked an eye at me and demanded to know how old I am. 39, I said, and she said she thought I was about her age, but how unbelievably different our ways of growing up had been. But then she said after a bit, explaining that she liked the sun blazing in thru the hotel windows, that she'd grown up in the tropics--in Venezuela, where her father followed the oil fields. She has a line of tough patter which comes and goes; in between, she is enormously interested in topics such as how I managed the wealth of detail in SKY, and has some considerably sophisticated views about writing. Said again, as she had on the phone, that she's astonished I hadn't learned to write academically--that is, the college English--fellowship route. Told her I'm coming to realize that I'm a throwback to the way writers used to learn to write, by having to do it as a job day in and day out--then on newspapers, but

July 22 cont.--now magazine freelancing is one of the last ways to manage that regimen. M'n is a person of fast likes and dislikes, and while I think I came off okay with her, I wouldn't want to bet bundles on it. Anyway, she proclaims that she's pushing the book hard, with prospects of luck. We traded HBJ gossip--my (abbreviated) story of how I got the ms to Carol Hill, her tale that at the sales meeting after the blood-letting at HBJ this spring, J'vich a time or two turned to Carol Hill in evident hope she'd get up to say something to back up his preachments that everything was going to be just dandy--and she simply smiled coolly and declined. M'n also said she thinks CH has a real nose for hot books; I told her I fervently hope so.

Other news: the first review, from Pub Wkly, is in, and is okay--not super, but okay. Begins by calling SKY "a poetic and moving memoir" which evokes a rich sense of place, then goes to very straightforward recounting of story line. So, it's not the great proclaiming review SKY may need--Mulherin kept saying what's needed is to have me touted as the new Western voice who's been waited for--but is a first hurdle safely passed. Rhoda read me the review Thurs. when I called; talked briefly to CH, she wondered if there was any more about the LIFE prospects. Said ad quote results are slow, because of summer vacations, but thinks there's still plenty of time. Like Jan Mason's idea of sending galleys to Jane Howard, said she knows JH.

Busy week, lightened ~~to~~ by taking off y'day when C and I walked Interlaken Blvd to Volunteer Park, had Salmon lunch on waterfront, bought shrimp at Pike Pl for salad supper after I saw M'n. A good day. In the work week, I've written many SKY letters, appended ps about LIFE to the letters Billee typed for me, done the excerpts for the Billings Gaz, been out for another half day of chores around town. Tonight we meet Clint and Kathleen for supper and then to tennis match K has tickets for. Ann and Marsh here on Wed. night, we told them of the Mont. trip and went with them to see their new house, which is huge, twice the size of ours. ~~Desk~~ My desk remains a disaster, though I feel I'm getting considerable done.

Aug. 1--While C and I were out amidst chores today, we went to Salmon House for lunch, and I told her the time passes very strangely this summer, somehow ripping along in busyness yet seeming to move not much at all. It's been only 7 weeks since her summer vacation began, for instance, yet what a hell of a lot seems to have happened.

What happened today is among the best of all: came home to find the first copy of SKY. It is gorgeous, an old-fashioned quality job. I am pleased, but curiously unrelated. May be because I'm somewhat distracted, having bought a new watch--belated b'day gift--while we're out, and am not sure I made wise choice in the expensive Seiko I picked out. Be that as it may, the book looks terrific; C has just headed to the patio with it, truly ecstatic with the quality production job.

Day before y'day, the mail yielded application form for a Guggenheim, sent me at the suggestion of Edward Hoagland. That was a boon out of the blue, as I intend to tell Hoagland when I send him an autogd copy of SKY. Also a good letter that day from bookseller in Havre, inviting me to autograph there. Sometime last week, the news was the Pub Wkly review, which I thought wasn't great but was pretty good; had lunch with Archie S'field last Monday, and he thought it really very good.

Have seen various friends recently: dinner with Clint and Kathleen on the 22nd, then to Cascades-LA tennis matches on K's auction-bought tickets. Turned out to be more than 3 hrs of tennis--Cascades won, something like 31 sets to 22. Night of Monday the 24th, C's b'day, Linda, Liz and Jack Gordon came for hamburger supper. Telling them of possbty of Gt. Falls TV appearance, Linda said I'd once told her I'd never do that. Hell of it is, she's likely right, tho I think what I probably said was that I couldn't see myself doing that, in one of those what-if musing conversations. She also remarked that C, as a hostess, knows how to make about 4 things, all made exceedingly well, which was so outrageous I nearly choked, thinking of the steady diet of spaghetti we've had on the rare occasions Linda has fed us. Linda is a true original, the one friend we have who can be counted on to say exactly what she thinks. She, Liz and Jack are all in midst of house-buying; real estate has replaced politics as conversation these days.

Aug. 1 cont.-- Frank Z and Linda S invited us for supper the 28th, and we in turn brought them up to look at our excess furniture on Sunday. They took a batch of it--4 chairs, including G'ma's platform rocker. C mnhwl has been resuscitating the bathroom and cleaning out guest room, and the house is beginning to unclog.

I've kept at letters, mostly to promote SKY in Mont. Y'day sorted pics, to go to n'papers with stories about SKY. Think I am getting all bases covered on SKY promo, but need a stock-taking day to think it over and be sure.

Have been running hard--14 full laps y'day--and losing much weight, up until today's lunch at Salmon House. Weather has continued bright, tho with morning fog past 2 days. Saturday, chored around the household, including making a planting plot at west end of yard where grass had overgrown greatly.

Recent reading: Max Perkins biog, not particularly deft but full of quoted material between P and his writers. Thumbed thru Thorn Birds then other night, surprised at how inept it is; reminder of why writers like me are prone to mutter, Jesus I can do that good.

In midst of above graf, Archie called, we gossiped for about 20 minutes. Told him about the G'heim windfall letter, possbty of using it on Swan research. He had told me at lunch he's thinking of trying for G'heim, so the way the material arrived to me is a double blessing, making it plain I'm not aping his plans. He's also waiting word from Alaska Airlines about doing their 50-yr biog for them; thinks they've been scared off by his asking a reasonable salary for the job.

Aug. 4--Change in routine y'day which only convinced me that I'd better stick to writing. Hearing on Shorewood Hills development was held at county courthouse, and while Dave Daly and Dick Lankford spoke on the erosion problem, I was the only one to question the number of lots in the plat, and their size. I also was the only one to bring the developer, Jim Sinclair from the end of this block, to his feet; otherwise, sundry hired guns handled it for him. Mild argument among his surveyor, Chanoweth, me and the hearing examiner on lot sizes compared with Innis Arden. I felt at best ~~xxxxx~~ half-
ept; it already was costing me a day of work to go down and face the ~~xxxxx~~ lineup licking their lips over the development, which probably involves more than \$12 million, and I simply don't have the arguing expertise aloud, nor the arrogance, to do well.

Aug. 4, cont'd, 3:40 pm--Ah, and the really revealing and ironic detail of the hearing: early on, a balding, expensively tailored lawyer whom I had figured as the Boeings' hired gun revealed himself instead to be Pendleton Miller, lawyer for the Highlands and the Seattle Golf Club. He began by saying he was surprised there'd been no EIS filed--I take it, an implicit threat there--then complained that the H'lands and golf people hadn't heard anything of the dev't ~~xxx~~ until reading of it in last Sun'd paper. Then came the powerful envtl ~~xxxx~~ point he had come to argue: the golf course is watered out of Boeing Creek, and if hillside runoff is increased, the watering apparatus will be clogged. Much respect given to all this, the examiner leaving the hearing open to get whatever agreement can be worked out betn Highlands and devlpr into the record. If the hillsides are indeed prevented from eroding, it'll be because of the Highland golfers.

Have spent most of day transcribing notebook entries. We meet Frank and Lucie's plane at 6. Jean came for lunch the other day, and in showing her the first copy of SKY, discovered how convinced C is that her folks aren't going to like some of the stuff in the book; said she doesn't want them to see it while they're here, would rather that they get sent a copy after they're back in NJ. I of course had my apprehensions some time ago, which I told C about, but I didn't realize she felt them so strongly. My hunch, and hope, is that SKY will simply become something not talked about among the 4 of us--that my success, if any, gets accepted and the book itself ignored. Much dislike the situation, and can see, say, that SKY isn't something F & L can gladly show friends to brag about, but I see nothing to do about it, except frankly warn them that they won't like some of the material, and we'll have to agree to disagree about the need for it in print.

Aug. 11--Have managed a fairly busy week, though of the variety that it's hard to see precisely what's been accomplished. Today, I did pull out the G'heim file, begin thinking about the project summary needed for it, and its bearing on Winter Light. Also spend much time trying to think thru promotion of SKY, and to work away at the details of it.

Y'day had lunch with Harriet and Alice, and in effect cut the bridge to Pac S. Harriet showed as much remorse as I've ever seen out of her--which wasn't much, a quick mock grimace, biting of her lower lip. But in fairness, she was in a state y'day, which evidently had nothing to do with me, that I found considerably worrisome--so distracted and logey I began to wonder if she was sedated, or extremely depressed, or what. I wonder now if she is a well woman. But maybe she is; she was willing to talk business a bit back in Alice's office, and said with some sorrow, "I don't suppose you want to talk about any assignments, then?" I said no, that magazine writing seems to have become such a dead end that I'm intending to do only what spins off from books, or a few national pieces a year, if they present themselves, for the publicity of it. Told her it was difficult for me to do, since I'd wanted to be a mag writer since I was 18, and had been one, one way or another, since I was 20. She and Alice seemed genuinely thrilled for me about SKY--I showed them the jacket--and I think H is not ungenerous in hoping I do well; but she evidently won't contribute a dollar more in article fees toward that end. After she'd gone to her office, I asked Alice how things are, she said about as ever, the magazine gets bigger and better and the edit'l staff--her and Elly--stays the same size. Said one problem is the perpetual ~~lying~~ hieing off after new projects, such as the film festival.

We had lunch at the Kalinka near Pike Place, newly opened 6 or 7 Russian sailors were at one table, had been there all morn and showed no signs of leaving. We were joined by the guy who runs Plants Alive mag--somebody Marston--and two of the women on his staff. Told them about the Life coverage, which interested them, especially the woman who does PL's promo and publicity.

Aug. 14--10 a.m., have been on phone much of morn. Called Jan Mason at LIFE to ask if she'd be one of my G'heim references; she said she would. Also gave me the news that the reunion story is likely to be tamped down to 7 pp. or so--which given the number of reunions may mean mostly the group family shots. Also a chance it may be held over to the second issue--1st issue to be on stands Sept. 25. So, the editorial flummoxing which always was a prospect seems to be happening; I had thought it might not, given the amount of time and money being spent, but shouldn't have deluded myself. Surprisingly, I'm not much bothered by the stepped-down prospects of the story (maybe when the house empties again and I have quiet time to think I will be bothered).

Called Rhoda immediately afterward, was relieved to have her volunteer the news that HBJ pub'y dept al ready had called Life, been given the word (but in somewhat more hopeful tones than I got from Jan, I thought). Real news is that SKY's advance sales into the bookstores is 3314, which Rhoda says they consider good and which is about twice what I would have expected, inasmuch as the only review to date is Pub Wkly.

Last night, I went to AEJ convention buffet at HUB, using C's ticket from her reg'n fee, and looked up Larry Schneider and Bill Chamberlin. Also saw, briefly, Bill Ames, Roger Simpson, and Don Pember--and was interviewed by Billee Lewis for her reporting class on why I chose not to be a Journalism prof. Larry S as ever has many projects in the air, driven by wishes to be doing something besides what he is; Bill C as ever is hopeful about his future at NC Carolina. In general, and C commented the same, coming home steaming after the jargon of the evening session she attended, the j'm profs seem a pretty seedy lot.

Night before that, C and I went to U Tower to say hello to Ralph and Kathryn Johnson. Ralph now is edit'l writer with Toledo Blade after hitting the tenure shoals at SIU. He has changed barely a whit in appearance in 14 years; found I still like him a lot, tho our relationship is a bit more tentative than in the Decatur days. One thing I find, perhaps as result of all the remembering for SKY, is that I have a clearer chrono'l ~~XXXXX~~ memory than most of my friends--Ralph, for instance, unable to place just where I was in the gamut of people he worked with in Decatur, just as Karl Krueger no longer could remember where I fit into his Rotarian years.

Aug. 22, 5 p.m.--Diary has crumbled recently under pressure of SKY promo work, sundry company, etc. Have been noting the promo steps in separate notebook; they're beging to fill pages. Things continue to go well with SKY. Y'day came the Kirkus review from HBJ; Rhoda said it was a rave, but I didn't credit that fully until I saw it. At the end of last week was the news that Time intends a review. NY newspaper strike continues, which is a bind on HBJ's intention of a full-page Book Review ad and a possible review.

Rodens coming for dinner at 6:30 tonight; Frank & Lucie leave early afternoon on the 25th. Their visit has gone OK except for Lucie's intermittent sniping--oftenest at Frank, considerable at Carol, occasionally at me. Carol has been nipping back at her when she gets too outrageous, which whether it helps or not at least makes the situation more interesting. What seems to have happened ~~that~~ is that Lucie has become enough of a Valium junkie that it suppresses the top layer of civility--i.e., the facility to think before blurting something nagful. Or so my baffled diagnosis goes.

Genise and Tana Arnst, Gene and Hazel Bonnet were here the 18th-20th; all of us went to the Mariners-Yankees game the night of 18th, and I went with them the next night. M's won 2d game, 3-1, on a 3-hitter; lost the 1st 6-1 after seven innings of pretty decent baseball. KGB Chicken from San Diego was at both games, and I thought he was terrific--hilarious, with great talent for spontaneous routines. The 19th, I toured the folks around the city--the locks, the Vol. Park conservatory, Seattle Center for lunch, Antique World, and finally the Breadline for a beer and some supper--in a marathon day. Tana has taken to me, ever since I threw big rocks to splash into Fish Creek for her and Toni, and I spent much of her stay as surrogate father, holding her at the ball games, etc. Frank and Lucie quite charmed by her, Lucie in particular.

--Took the opportunity last night, after showing Frank & Lucie the Kirkus review, to warn them about the profanity and few sex scenes in SKY. They took it in fast stride, Frank scarcely letting me finish before he said, Yeah, well, and was off onto some tack of his own.

13th-16th, Carol attended the AEJ convention at UW. I took Ralph Johnson to lunch at the Hindquarter on the 15th; think we found that we enjoyed each other considerably, even if we hadn't seen one another in 14 years. Ralph invited me to Toledo if I make Midwest stopover this fall. Next noon, C and I met Bill and Jeannie Chamberlin for lunch at the Cont'l. Bill thinks he's doing well at NCarolina. Bless

Aug. 22 cont.--him; my overwhelming impression of what portion of the AEJ I was around, and heard about from C, was vast relief that I didn't become a j'm prof. C said at one point what a seedy lot the AEJ profs are, by and large.

Have run the past 2 days, but didn't today. Feeling fat again, though I doubt if I'm above 147-8; can't find time to both run and sauna, given the complicated logistics of visitors in the house.

Aug. 30--Rainy, chill day, after two nice ones in which C and I did colossal amount of outside choring. Discovered that dampwood termites, and probably ants as well, were beginning to infest rotten wood in garden steps and landscpg trim; hauled it, and other rotten chunks from woodpile along side of the shop, out of here in 4 Buick-loads. Pulling out garden lawn steps left gaping holes, which meant it was logical time to break up that portion of lawn and reseed; I pickaxed and raked it into shape. Y'day we also replaced the trim pieces which bulkhead at that ~~low~~ end of the landscaping, and readied the gate area for graveling.

Gravel truck came, dumped $\frac{1}{2}$ in driveway, which we managed to spread most of ~~the~~ y'day; other $\frac{1}{2}$ awaits shoveling into the gate area. Also, removed the woodpile along the shop y'day morn by sorting out anything that might attract the termites, and putting the rest in the woodshed.

This morn, wrote HBJ letters, and we're going out to lunch with Archie and to do downtown chores this afternoon. C says she's stiff after manual labor of past two days, and has touch of cramps as well, but claims she's okay.

Frank and Lucie left last Friday, the 25th, for Calif. Day before, Carol went to Seattle Center at 6:15 a.m. to stand in line for Tut tickets for us. She was home with them before 9. We went about noon, walked right in to the exhibit. Very fine to see the artwork; we remembered some of it from the London version, and F & L both seemed to enjoy it as well. Crowds inside not really as heavy as I had expected; display cases could be approached from all 4 sides, and occasionally we had to wait a minute or two before getting up close, but the flow was good. Went to Sunday's for lunch afterward, something of a semi-success with Frank; Carol had taken him and Lucie to Boondock's a couple of days before because it has the vastest menu in town, and he'd still managed to order

Aug. 30--cont.-- an omelette in which the cheese was "stringy". The finickiness of F & L -- Frank on food, Lucie on any kind of housekeeping -- is a considerable stress during their visits. The worse stress came up again this time, too, tho: Carol had to make a run with Frank to the emgcy room of U Hospital, early evening of the Tut day, for what proved to be some hemhrral bleeding. On one of their visits, she made a pair of runs when Frank was hit with angina; thank god that's under control with his medication.

Went to John and Jean's for a drink late Sunday afternoon after they put Lisa on the plane for Wisconsin; John was changing oil in Mercedes in his driveway, Jean was painting the garage.

Monday night, were invited to supper by Schneiders, at their temporarily rented place next door to their own house. Larry has a sabbatical, will spend the fall in African seminar at UCLA and then may be back up here. He seems in good mood, tho as always wondering about what direction to take in life. Much interested in Sky, urging me to consider a more knowledgable agent than Ann because of the growing financial stake I have in my work. Told him I mull it sometimes, and will have to talk it over with her, but so far the advantages of not having to watch an agent across the distance of a continent have been well worth it to me.

Last night, we went to Capitol Hill for dinner and to go to Harvard Exit for Key Largo. Had a drink at the Broadway, looked at the menu and decided we'd eat there, sat around for 10-15 min. on the promise they were going to seat us promptly, then walked out. Went to the Deluxe tavern, where we hadn't been since it was remodeled, walked in to find that it was "hat night" -- drinks 50¢ for anybody wearing a hat. Place was full of wild hats -- Wellington should have seen it -- and more to the point, it was full of a guy at the next table who alternated between talking in a shout and singing in a shout. A minute or so after we sat down, the guy at table behind ours went to waitress and complained it simmered down the shouter only slightly. After a bit, a streetwalker who was a caricature of ~~the~~ the trade -- buxom, in a dress that looked more like a black slip, red-haired -- came in and sat in lap of a friend at table next to the shouter's. She'd been there about 3 minutes when she took exception to something the shouter said to another woman at her table; she picked up a scotch and water and tossed it, glass and all, at the shouter. Terrific crash

Aug. 30 cont.-- of glass and ice, chairs scraping back and tipping over as she tried to stalk out huffily and as the shouter charged hot after her. He caught her just outside, at corner of the intersection, and grabbed and slapped her; she got the worst of it, but gave him a lick or two with swings of her purse. A smaller black --the shouter was tall and sturdy--and a guy on the street broke it up after a couple of minutes. I'd told Carol after the first minute or so of the shouter that it reminded me of being back in Dupuyer or some other Montana bar, and sure enough. Helluva lot more interesting than all the Perrier sippers at ~~the~~ the Broadway, certainly.

Current reading: Brower's *The Starship and the Canoe*, which I like quite a bit. Recently read *Families*, by Jane Howard, on recommend of Jan Mason; some good material, but thin. Howard quotes too much to try get intellectual and historical content in. Also, have reread *True Grit*, and skimmed biog of Willa Cather; read *My Antonia* a few weeks ago. Curious problem, perhaps simply nerves during C's folks' visit, of being restless and discontented with reading choices recently. Think it may be some anxiety toward wanting to start the next book.

The summer's nearly gone--leaves beginning to come down in earnest in today's wind--and it's been ~~xx~~ a singular one. Have had the continual sensation that there'll never be another time in my life quite like this: the waiting for SKY's pub'n, the retooling of myself from magazine writer toward writer of books, the accumulating feeling of accomplishment which C seems to share, thank god. SKY likely is not going to be a worldbeater of a seller; NY paper strike and the "literary" tag on the book may hold it back a lot, in fact. But there seems a good chance it will set me up as a hardback writer--and I'm beginning to have a hunch, thinking ahead to *Winter Light*, that maybe I can do a pretty damn good job of that.

Something left over in the memory from the Bonnets' visit: I noticed in Gene the capacity, which I'd previously noticed in Harold Chadwick, to be genuinely enthused about the success of younger men. Gene's mention of Wayne and Denis in their jobs, and his interest in my writing, brought it to mind. It is no small generosity, for an aging person to think well of someone much younger; it occurs to me now that both Dad and G'ma could do so, would surprise me often

Aug. 30 cont.--during my Montana trips with their enthus'm for Bernie Lucas or Spike Short or John Musgrove, most of whom, ironically, were still stuck in my mind as snooty kids. This may be another of the western-nesses I like.

John remarked, after he and Jean were here ~~for~~ for dinner while Frank and Lucie were visiting, that Frank doesn't seem much impressed with my writing way of life. That's not strictly true; his conclusion was drawn from the usual dinner conversation--it's actually annual, in the conjunction of the Rodens and Mullers during the Mullers' visits-- of New Jersey and insurance, by Frank, and my being content to let him talk, since it's what makes him happy. Also, I'm willing to bet that Frank likely touts me, in absentia, to his friends as egregiously as he touts them to me in his talk. But John does have a point in that there's very little deference to accomplishments by Carol or me, from either F or L, on such occasions. A cultural difference, perhaps, and again I find the West's version more open and generous.

Sept. 9--The hallmark of the past few days has been that whenever I pick up the phone, the mouthpiece grip still is warm from its last handling. It has been an astounding period, beginning around noon on Wed. the 6th, when John called--into our new message machine; I was at a drugstore buying envelopes to mail books in--to pass the word from Pat Kelley that I had a rave review in Time. Bob Kelley had gone down to a newsstand in Edmonds about 9:30 that morn, picked up a Time and came across the review and--irony--the Brian Lanker pic of me. He was much excited--for a guy who's never met me face-to-face he's been damn interested in the book--and wanted to phone me at once. Pat wouldn't let him: "No, he's writing at this time of day." So he put the review in the mail to me, Pat mentioned it to John when she called trying to reach Jean about something, and poor Bob, the earliest begetter of the news, at last phoned me about 8 that night, in quite a gracious and perceptive call.

So, I had heard from John about an hour before Carol Hill called, just after 1. She was hugely enthused, said the review quoted me at unprecedented length, read me the unquoted chunks, told me I deserved it all. Also in the conversation made the half-joke that Jovanovich had asked her if they have me under contract for my next book.

Carol and Jean had been shopping at Pike Place. When they got back to Jean's, John told them, C came home, began

Sept. 9 cont.--phoning around to find copies of TIME, had 3 set aside for her at U Book Store, went and got 'em. Fred Olson was to drop by that evening with negs for more publicity pics of me. I called John and Jean to come over for a drink ~~when Fred arrived~~; J&J and Fred arrived about the same time from their separate directions, I told Fred what was going on, they came in and there was the odd silent scene of the three of them each reading the ~~review~~ pages in Time while I sat blinking at them. J&J stayed for trout supper, Fred very reluctantly and tardily went home to his son's birthday party.

Great difficulty in getting to sleep that night, but felt okay the next morn even so. Had C get 100 copies of review, in her handsomely laid-out edited version, at Copy Mart, drop off negs at Price's for more pics. I mailed reviews and worked on Montana letters and the like all day, until we walked Green Lake in late afternoon.

Forgot to mention of Wed. afternoon: we were scheduled to go up to Shoreline audio lab to transcribe SKY interview segments onto cassette for me to send to Nat'l Public Radio, and did so even after news of the review. New young technician named David, 2nd day on job, juggled hookups and equipment, while I had to fish out the wanted segments by guesswork listening--the counter on the lab equipment didn't tally at all with the one on the Wollensak--and in about hr and a half we had it done.

Y'day, sat down first thing and did more mailings of review, to people in Montana, alumni pub'ns, etc.--about 2 dozen, as fast as I could type. C mailed them for me pronto when the post office opened. She'd also done the mailing chores, either then or day before, of sending off copies of SKY I autographed to Tom Brokaw of Today show and Steve Bell of Gd Morning, America. Mid-morning, I wrote cover letter to Susan Stamberg of Nat'l Public Radio, to go with the cassette of interviews and autographed SKY. It went faster than reckoned, and by 10 we had time to go up to track and run. By just after 11:30, we were at Juan Miguel's for lunch--had called Clint to see if he could meet us, and incredibly, he was there ahead of us. He asked me how I was, I grinned and fished out a Time review for him.

After lunch, headed for Miller & Mungo, to sign their copies of SKY as Peter Miller had asked. On the street met Delphine Haley, who'd seen Pac S's review copy of SKY, thought the cover spectacular. Talked with her 15 min. or

Sept. 9 cont.--so, discovered she shares my discontents with Pac S, is specifically ticked off at penurious job done in illustrating her new books on whales. Went on to M&M, Miller wasn't there, we headed for UW for small chores and then home.

Clint had told us he's met a new woman--at a disco in Sacramento, and I'm not sure the eyes of both C and I didn't involuntarily roll up into our eyelids at that--and wondered if he could come by with her. We said sure, and about 9, Clint arrived with her--Tia Gemmill--and Jack and Liz. Remarkable outpouring of greeting to me from Liz--since she shares some sheep ranching background, she feels quite a kinship to the book. Jack brought 2 bottles of champagne. We drank and talked for next 3 hours. I am trying to be careful to get other people talking on other topics than SKY, thinking it healthy not to dwell on it 100%; god knows, it dominates enough anyway. When they left, C turned to me and said, "My god, Tia is another Kathleen!" Which, I had to admit, is about right, though we refined ~~the~~ it to the opinion that Tia seems to have fewer brains and an even less substantive past than Kathleen, whom we have learned to like a bit. It seems to us Clint is picking types who are the exact opposite of Linda, with her quick, formidable intelligence.

Among the phone calls y'day were Malcolm Doig of Cherry Valley, Ill., near Rockford, an outdoor advtsg guy who saw the Time review and wondered if we're related; Archie Satterfield, who had been told about the review by Zoretich, ~~was~~ said he was pleasantly astonished at the total lack of any snideness in a Time review (same point made by Bob Kelley, who said in the old days a second writer would be assigned if the first one hadn't been snide enough, and by Carstensen, who called Thurs. night and didn't even say hello, just asked "Do you know this fellow Trippett?"); and by Jan Bateman--Margaret had spotted the review for her. Jan seemed genuinely thrilled for me; she said she'd passed the news to a much-respected friend down there ~~and~~ by saying we all have mentors, and C and I began being hers many years ago.

--a point from Archie: he speculates that the SKY cover may be from a personal painting by Paul Bacon; said he thinks Bacon did the JAWS illustration.

Sept. 9 cont.-- C asked me at supper last night if I have a feel for where this is heading. Helluva pertinent question, and while I have some gut feel about the momentum of SKY, I don't have any clear predictions. We did sort out these conclusions: that given the NY newspaper strike, just as publishers are issuing their fall books, the review in Time, with 4.5 million circulation, is near priceless. That SKY evidently already--20 days short of publication date--has achieved the basic I wanted: establish me sufficiently as a writer to give me clout among publishers for whatever future books I want to do. That I shouldn't be in hurry to sign next contract with HBJ--try put it off until NY trip in Nov.--but that it would be best to get advance money in this calendar yr. That the real value of the Time review may be among booksellers, catching their attention and getting them to push Sky.

Told C that I also feel the Time review was somewhat grander than the book deserves; one of Trippett's longest quotes was from the "rote moments" section on memory which, C and I agree, is where the book comes closest to pretentiousness. I'm astonished that all 4 reviews so far simply have accepted, without comment, the prism pieces on memory. C said that it may be

Sept. 14--Interrupted myself in mid-sentence above, haven't managed to open the diary until now, which speaks for how busy a time this is. Have spent the day mostly on G'heim application, which I am edgy about because this is the most distracting time I could possibly be working on it. Did make progress today, finding a quote lead for the project description, some form for it, and I think a lead for my career description. I may be making a grievous mistake in not trying to tap help from David Wagoner, Roger Sale, Annie Dillard, but if I read Hoagland right, it's going to matter most who the judges are, rather than the references. Anyway, I'll survive without the G'heim, if that's the way it goes.

Am tired--walk around Green Lake did produce some ideas and wording for the application, which I've just forced onto paper--and can only put down a few bare details of what the Time review has meant: impressed looks from people, such as booksellers, I meet now; at least two comments, apparently unironic (from Peggy O and Irene Layman) about me being a millionaire now; interviewers asking me what writers have influenced me.

Sept. 25--How remarkable a time this has been. Last mid-week, Wed. or Thurs., a letter came from Ainsley congratulating me, and mentioning a review of Sky in the ChiTrib. When I found it at the UW library, the review proved to be pairing of Sky and John Fischer's From the High Plains--much to the detriment of Fischer, whose work I much admired all the years ago when he was column-writing in Harper's. Sky got elevated to the league of Son of Middle Border, Wolf Willow and Stop-Time, Fischer got called "addled." Most impressive review, however, remains Robert Kirsch's in the LA Times, A line near the end of his stuns me with its rightness each time I read it: "In our arrogant worship of the new forms we sometimes forget that the treasures of memory and the linkage of the young with the old are the ingredients of saga." Kirsch evidently is one of the dozen or so top critics to whom Carol Hill wrote on Sky's behalf, and the result is a near-miracle of a review.

Have been hearing from friend after friend--Bob Boynton, Ralph Johnson, Ainsley, a remarkably impressed letter from Carstensen, phone calls from Ackerman and Bill Tidyman--and been getting phone calls from strangers such as a river guide in Idaho and Paul Pintarich of the Oreg'n, simply to tell me how moved they were by SKY. Ann McCartney told me she first cried on p. 5, which I told her was a national record that probably would stand. Linda remarked--after her initial phone call y'day to report a call from Jan which scared the socks off us, until it emerged that Margaret and Jan's friends on the scene evidently know what's going on-- that she was about to read the final 40 pp., and that the book had been just beautiful. Said she's been composing letters of praise to me in her head all week, which is remarkable from my bluntest friend. C and I had dinner at Linda's a weekend ago, and when she started questioning me about Winter Light, I sighed and said, only half-joking, that I had just defended Sky to the world for six years and for a few weeks at least would be damned if I'd do the same for WL--to trust me, the book would work. Linda took it in great spirit, said someone in SeaFirst currency dealing told her the worst fate was to be known as a counter-indicator--someone who sells, so

Sept. 25 cont.--everyone then buys because the c-i is bound to be wrong. Laughed and told her she wasn't quite in that category with me yet.

Other socializing: Daheims were here night of the 15th, learned Dave had gone to Hollywood this summer and managed to get himself an agent. There's still a chance he may hit it big. Last Thurs, we went to Ann and Phil's for Ann's birthday; also there were Dixie Canfield and Ann's friend Mary Ann, a dental technician at Sh'line. Smallest gathering of the sort I've ever been at at Ann's, and the best. Some things about Ann set my teeth on edge--her emotional swings, and her penchant for planning us into events --but in fairness I'm overreacting on all this: she's been a helluva good friend to us, and an exemplary human being, pulling herself together in life to an extent I wouldn't have thought possible some years ago. Also, Carol points out that I have the same penchant for planning ahead--on yellow pads and scheds, the only diffce being it all involves only me--and that the speech people at Sh'line, and Ann in particular, have responded quickest and most generously to Sky: Ann had a copy, already had read well into it, Louise Douglas had a couple--Ann had a second copy as b'day gift for her dad--Dixie had a copy, and the bunch of them had bought a copy for Morry Hendrickson as gift during his hospital recuperation. Which is all wonderfully generous.

Friday, I had lunch with Den Peters, talked writing, generally enjoyed Den, probably the most widely read and interestingly-talented of C's Sh'line colleagues.

C began fall quarter this morn, a few minutes ago; a marvelous break has been that she ~~now~~ doesn't have to teach English, for the 1st time ever, and that gives her only two sets of class prep'ns, mass media and semantics. Has brightened her outlook on the college greatly; on the other hand, negotiating sessions resume this week.

Sept. 26--Some reactions to SKY, or rather the Time review, in past few weeks: Marsh reports that Cam DeVore read it and said, typically, not that he'd like to read the book but that he'd like to meet me. Alongside the review on M's office bulletin board, one of his buddies wrote: "Another one of Nelson's starving artist clients." Carstensen wrote a somewhat flabbergasted letter of praise. Dorothy Bestor told C that she had held my book in her hand at Carstensen's the night before, and wanted to meet me.

Oct. 4--Belated catching-up on the regional booksellers meet at end of last week. I continue full-time on SKY promo, tho am heartily sick of the flow of letters I've put out in past months. Other than that, it's all golden. CH wrote that she's resubmitting SKY to Bk of the Month, hoping they'll take it as alternate; odds are still against it, but better by far than before the Time review. When I met Mike Romano, HBJ sales director, he told me ads will go into newspapers in Boston, Wash. DC and LA, and I learned from Mont. booksellers they're being offered co-op radio advtsg--HBJ paying 75%. Archie came out with the ultimate review in Sunday's P-I, with hilarious lead about Sky being so good the critics are lining up to lick my boots; also did sidebar on the jacket art, a surprising and deft piece of ~~work~~ reviewing.

Booksellers meet, at Wn Plaza, was a throng--more than 600 booksellers registered, about 180 pub'rs with displays. Kathy Mulherin called about 9:30, when I had begun to wonder when in hell I would hear from her; typically, she had everything in hand, asked if I could come down pretty soon, I went within about an hour. Found her at HBJ table, which fortunately was in 1st row as you turned right into the Plaza ballroom: the place was a maze of pub'rs tables, with some stuck into back rooms. I take it the placement was a tribute to K's buddyship with the booksellers' brass, because she told me HBJ had been late registering. I began signing books, and booksellers began to filter past the table; K had brought 100 copies, with admonition from her boss, Romano, that she'd damn well better be able to get rid of 'em. Patricia Holt of Pub'rs Wkly came by, questioned me a bit about being a writer at this end of the country; I gave her a Sky.

Oct. 4 cont.--Met Karlann Coughlin of Books West in Kalispell, and one of her staff; said they'd already sold 8 copies of SKY, and the store in Whitefish already was doing radio ads; heard from someone that Karlann later touted SKY in one of the panel sessions she was in on. Believe Archie did the same in his panel.

--In midst of writing above, Carol Hill called, to say they'd put SKY out to reprinters. None of mass market p'backs are interested--"they all say it's magnificently written, but they don't see a commercial prospect." The lone offer on trade paperback side is from Dutton, for \$4000, and $7\frac{1}{2}\%$ royalty. CH said the choices are to take it, or for HBJ to do its own trade p'back, in Harvest line. Asked her what her instincts are, she said I shd make decision on money basis, but elements to consider are that my $\frac{1}{2}$ of Dutton advance wd be applied against HBJ h'back advance, (thru either trad'l pub'g practice or some reading of the contract I can't wrinkle out) and that my share of Dutton royalties would be $3\frac{3}{4}\%$, against 6% on Harvest. Asked her probable size and date of Harvest run, she guessed 10-15,000, likely in spring of '80 if SKY sells well into next year, fall of '79 if it doesn't. Then she said if it's a matter of me needing a few thousand dollars, they ought to be able to arrange that, which seems to me the real sweetener in the deal. Told her I'd have to call Ann, talk it over, get back to her so she can give Dutton decision this afternoon.

Ann at once said she likes the Harvest line, surprising me with her faml'rty, evidently from HBJ catalog packet and looking around bookstores; said she thought we ought to stick with CH. Told her that was my instinct, too.

Added argle seems to me that it's better to have HBJ pushing h'back sales to the ultimate before bringing out its own p'back, rather than having another house's p'bks cut into ~~the~~ h'back sales. Also, HBJ has marketed SKY pretty well so far. Further, CH pointed out they're still free to offer mass market rights again if SKY becomes best-seller; I'll see if she wants to make the Harvest arrgmt contingent on possbty of offering ~~trade~~ trade p'bk rights again, too.

Oct. 4 cont.--CH also reported that she'd recvd a "paean" of a letter from Ray Billington about SKY; said she'd pass along a copy. Also, of the B of M resubmission, she grumbled that it's a Club book if she ever saw one.

--From Ann Nelson, when I called her: Marsh had dinner last night with Jim King of S. Times, wondered aloud why the Times hadn't yet had review of SKY when P-I, Chi Trib, LA Times, Time all had. King said, you mean we haven't? Asked name of book, wrote it down--which Marsh says is reputed to be the sign that he's genuinely raise hell about something, when he writes it down. Marsh was here the other night to have me sign a couple of books bought by a sec'y, and I'd told him that, from encountering an embarrassed Larry Rumley at the booksellers meet, I figured he'd realized he's missed the boat on Sky, but is so inept he doesn't know what to do about it. Will be interesting to see what happens now; if Rumley does get in touch, I must try keep poker-face and say I know that working with his distant deadlines--4 wks, I think it is--handicaps him, which it genuinely does.

Back to the booksellers: Kathy Mulherin, HBJ sales rep, is flame-red-haired, freckled, Irish, and tough and rough. She also is on almost a family basis with an astounding number of the region's booksellers, ~~and~~ many of them women of her age--mid-30s--or younger. KM, who's been seeing a shrink for 5 yrs and who admits openly to all kinds of guilt complexes and to having a mouth like a corn cob as well, was dandling a baby borrowed from a friend when Pat Holt of Pub Wkly came by. In Joycean stream of consciousness--is it the Irishness?--KM began saying jeez, she ought to have a kid, she's getting to the point where she'll have to forget it if she doesn't, and promptly included Holt in a how-about-you colloquy? Pat, a good-looking blond, protested that she has a few years yet, then said what the pair of them needed was not a man but a donor, mock-broadly nudged me and asked what I was doing tonight. I grinned and said the only apptmt I had was with my wife, who was going to come down for lunch and beat the hell out of the both of them.

Kathy and her friend Alison Gregorson of U of Utah bkstore and I met Carol at Annique's for lunch, and as we arrived K was amid some lurid story she'd been telling Alison and me about a weird-but-Clark-Gableish guy she'd had an affair with. C said later she blanched at the

Oct. 4 cont.--prospect of Kathy's language echoing thru Annique's, which is one of the genteeler restaurants anywhere. The luck which so far has attended every turn of Sky held; Annique couldn't find a place for the 4 of us in the dining room, so apologetically seated us in the bar, which was quiet and perfect. The food was excelnt, snowed both KM and Alison, who went back the next day on her own.

C came back to the book show with me briefly, then went to Sh'line for negotiating session. I hadn't been there long, sitting atop the HBJ table with feet on chair seat in style which seemed most comfortable for my back, when a short gent edged thru the traffic, blinked in surprise at me, then said, "Oh, Mr. Doig!" Kathy's boss, Mike Romano, whom she had described to me as looking exactly like a frog, didn't look that bad, but did prove to be very New York, very Italian, very volatile. Within the first 10 minutes, he was recounting to me some blow-up he'd had with a pair of HBJ trade editors, having trampled them for not being prepared enough in presntn of their books. Carol Hill evidently had to mediate, which must have made her day. For my part, I noticed that Romano seemed to prefer to be called Michael--referring to himself that way--so I took considerable care to call him Mike. At the end of the afternoon, he invited me to dinner, I begged off, and instead we had a drink at TraderX Vic's. The high point there was when I casually said something about Stuart Harris having become the new head of pub'ty, and a pained look went over R's face, like Marceau's instant changes. He asked if I knew Harris, I laughed and said I didn't know anybody but Carol Hill, he looked relieved. He then asked if C and I could have dinner with him the next night, wondered if I knew of a good Japanese restaurant, because R is a cooking hobbyist--once made his living as a chef-- and had lived in Japan for a few years, in and out of the Navy during Korea. I said I thought we could find something. Came home and called Bob Kapp of Far Eastern studies, who had once mentioned some place he thought was super, where he and Mary K and 2 others had dropped about \$100. He told me it was Asuka, at the Freeway Park, and I made resvtns in Romano's name. When we walked in about 9, after the booksellers reception hour--more on that to come--

Oct. 4 cont.--I told him the resvtns were in his name, and it was his ball game. He looked pleasantly surprised, and from then on was in heaven, advising us on our ordering, explaining the good to us, questioning the Japanese waitress, exclaiming over the cordless table cooker on which shabu-shabu was cooked: in all his cheffing, he'd never seen one. While Kathy ate and drank and mellowed--soon had calmed to the point where she spoke up only to announce she had a good buzz on--Mike talked about his background, which was varied and interesting: 2nd gen'n NY Italian, Navy during Korea, Tulane after that, some jobs in acting and the chef's stint for a rich family in Denver not so many years ago, sales jobs with 7 pub's, the longest one 7 yrs at Scribner's. He and KM have both been at HBJ 4 yrs this coming spring. KM said the next morning the restaurant had been a dynamite idea; Mike was still so mellow when she drove him to the airport the next morn that he said he loved her work and would try get her a raise.

The second day of the booksellers, I was to sign books at 10:30, and as Mike and I moved boxes of books to the table to be ready, we saw that Willard Espy, who had the previous $\frac{1}{2}$ hr stint, still had a long line of folks, and was signing at roughly the pace of: "Jones. Let's see now, is that J-O-N-E-S? Ah yes, let's see now..." as he began to fill the entire flyleaf. Kathy, who loves a crisis, decided we'd simply take over the other end of the table. A very aged, very frail woman was stationed there, in front of her knitwork, or whatever, which must have been featured in a book. In about 2 minutes, K had another table commandeered across the lobby, the little old lady scooped over there, and me in place signing books. There was a genuine crowd; we gave away about 60 books in 45 minutes. At one point early on, Romano was agitatedly urging the people to line up so they wouldn't block the doorway to the exhibits; he left for some reason, and Kathy in turn harangued everybody to loosen up, spread around the table in less formal fashion. The signing proved easier than I expected: everyone wore name tags, I worked out a standard phrase--"a remembrance from my house of sky to yours"--and while signing fairly rapidly, still managed to talk a bit to each person.

Oct. 4 cont.--After the signing, I wandered the exhibit tables, found myself recognized with surprising freqcy, met a number of books reps--Harlan Kessel of UCal Press, to whom I touted Mark Wyman's book; a friendly bearded guy named Dick Sweeter, rep for Indiana U and several other presses, who said he'd recently been to Montana and somebody described Sky to him as the Coming into the Country of Montana. Came onto Merle Dowd, in a far corner, introduced myself and sat and talked a bit. Merle has astonishingly good line of books, what with the city guides and now a new Dave Beck book, which will be plugged on Gd Morning, America. Archie wandered by, and I asked what he was doing for lunch; he said he was about to suggest it to me. We went downstairs, approply to the Library Room, had buffet sandwich, courtesy of Arch's P-I expense account. Gossiped for about an hour, Archie reporting he seems to be on the outs with Dan Levant, who no longer sends him Madrona books and does his pub'ty by working the Watson column; Arch says he's baffled, tho he knows Dan considers him an Ozark hick. Said he's also scorned, or at least downgraded, by Ellegood of UW Press. Arch also surprised me by saying Sam whatsisname, the p-I mag editor who moved on to US, had tried to dislodge Archie and the other culture folk and start fresh; said his specific trouble with Sam seemed to be over Bob Peterson's Seattle Discovered book, P'son being an old LIFE sidekick for Sam. Arch gave it lukewarm treatment--it's a lazy, self-indulgent book which Zoretich, as a working photog, positively raged against, pointing out there aren't any people in it except Peterson's buddies at the Weekly--and Sam wanted to write a sidebar "explng" the book, until Arch pointed out it seemed odd to have to do a separate piece to explain a book.

Anyway, after an easy lunch--C thought it entirely typical that with a convention full of important book people, Archie and I would seek each other out and go off by ourselves--I went over to Walden's on Westlake, signed their stack of books, and went home. C's negotiations were recessed for the weekend, so she was free to come to the reception with me, before we were to meet Romano and Kathy for dinner. We got there about 7:30, found the place so deserted we couldn't even be sure that was the site; booksellers seem to be the undrinkingest convtnrs we've ever been around.

Oct. 4 cont.--Eventually people began to straggle in. C and I got ginger ale to have a protective glass in our hands, sat down for the sake of my back, and pretty quickly a good-looking mustached young man came up and said, Are you Ivan Doig? We're Gary and Susan, and we've come from Whitefish to have you sign ~~you~~ our book.

Susan (Bissell) runs the Book Shoppe in Whitefish with a partner, and Gary, whose last name begins with Z, is a real estate appraiser. Told them to sit down and have a drink, and we talked for a while. Susan is a very pretty sunshine blond--the pair of them made a picturebook couple--and they turned out to be on their way to Sequim to see Susan's brother; had tried to time their arrival for the reception to find me. Susan said the HBJ co-op radio ad is their first--she's been in business 3-4 yrs.

They moved on for Sequim, John Pollock of the Mtnrs came by. He had intro'd himself earlier in the day while I wandered past the Mtnrs table, I liked him and was impressed as ever with the Mtnrs pub'g program, of which he's now full-time director. He quickly brought over Mtnrs pres Jim Sanford (?) and pub committee member Donna de Shazo. Donna promptly got under the skin of Archie, who had arrived and was sitting with us, by saying maybe they could count on something better than Joel Connolly's reviews if the Mtnrs decided to reissue Arch's Yukon book; Arch turned to Dan Rivera, beside him, and said in what C caught as joking-manner-that-was-not-a-joke, You better shut that woman up. Arch got an apology from her the next day. About in the midst of this, Pat Holt came by for me for Pub Wkly pic she was setting up, steered me off toward Ron Nessen. As she went to try round up other authors, I found myself with a short, dignified, grandmotherly lady, who I figured was Glenra Finley or some other local children's author. I said, are we to share a picture? She said, I don't know, have you written a boookkk? I told her who I was, said I was sorry but I didn't recognize her: she said, "I'm M.M. Kaye!" Told her I'd seen the big ad push for The Far Pavilions, she asked something about whether I knew Injuh, I said only through the works of Paul Scott.

Oct. 4 cont.--"Oh," she said, "what a waste"--meaning Scott's death, not my reading of him (I think)--"there are so many we could have spared better." The pic was set up with me at right end of small crescent of authors, Nessen at left, in middle Thomas Sanchez of Rabbit Boss, looking terrific in 3-piece cord suit, M.M. Kaye somewhr down around my left elbow, a tall handsome guy on her other side. After the Pub Wkly photog shot, in what seemed pretty haphazard style, I studied the guy and said, Are you Jim Houston, and he was. Asked him over to meet C, we talked a bit. I told him I thought the quotes from him in Pub Wkly interview about the West were very fine--he looked at me askance until he saw I was dead serious, then talked a bit about the interview, and his recent career. He's about 5 yrs older than I am, hit it big with the "Farewell to Manzanar" TV adaptn from his wife's book, has big novel called Continental Drift coming out with Knopf, antho called California Heartland coming out with Capra. Educ'l to talk to, as he's a few years ahead of me in this process: said it used to be nobody would return his calls, now projects simply line up. He teaches a fiction course at Santa Cruz, said he thinks regional work--i.e., making and maintaining our rep'ns as regional writers--is the only defense against NY blind-eyed pub'g. He told Noel Young of Capra he thought they could get NEA Small Press grant for Heartland, and they did, \$2500, which much interested me.

Sat. night, took John and Jean to dinner at City Loan Pavilion, as more-or-less pub'n day celebrn, then went to Rep to hear Edward Albee, who talked very well, evidently without notes. Best story was of making cultural tour in Japan under State Dept. auspices, being belatedly met by Japanese businessman who was to introduce him somewhere and being asked, "Who are you?"--which Albee deadpanned that he didn't know how to take, whether it was a Zen question or what... He also spoke for the ~~premise~~ premise that what differentiates man from other animals is capacity for metaphor. That may be right, but I've also heard that the key difference is that man cooks his food.

Spokane, Oct. 9--KHQ appearance this morn; I led off show with nearly 10 minutes, which went in a blur. Deni Yamuchi, the co-host, had thoroughly read the book, said she would ask me about the capture of western language in the book, which I expected--had suggested in letter to Cal Fankhauser, who normally hosts the show--and then surprised me by saying she also wanted to talk about the instant decision points of my life, the Hoots, why I didn't seem to feel lonely as a child but showed signs of it in later life, and about Dad treating me as a tiny adult. I blinked and said, sure. As it turned out, there was barely time to touch even one or two of those. Her co-host, Bob Briley, chipped in early questions, also persisted in talking to me as I was trying to narrate the pics sequence: would have been infinitely better off with Deni alone.

Anyway, it turned out with Deni leading off about the language, and why I wrote the book, which I did answer with points about richness of population mix and telling the story of my family since hmstdg 90 yrs ago; Briley asked about ruggedness of the life, and the weather, which I didn't do well with; also asked me about living in urban setting now, which I did even worse with, and should have answered just very briefly; then the 3½ minutes of pics, which looked good, tho with Briley's qns I did not have time to comment on each one; then Deni on Dad's raising of me, and I did get in points of the 9 saloons.

All in all, not thrilled with my performance, but maybe the pics carried it. Must keep answers to inconseq'l qns, such as urban life, brief, or ~~xxxxxxxx~~ turn the topic with the answer. Even tho I expected it, astounding how much is packed into these shows: my lead 9 mins., then a filmed feature on arthritis, then a neon sculptor, Lyn Davis of EWN U, then

Oct. 9 cont.--a filmed Paul Harvey commntry (defending osteopaths), then a final few mins. of Briley talking with pr gal from Lung Ass'n.

Points of comfort: studio couches were overstuffed, not really built to sit on; I sat back with one arm on the couch back and one on the couch arm, at best a compromise sprawl; couldn't cross legs because of low table in front of me. Wore shortsleeved blue turtlnk, and became aware my wrists were hanging naked out of sportscoat; cuffs a better idea. I likely was too serious, should try grin more.

Went to the Crescent, learned from Helen Nelson that, as I expected, her books weren't on hand yet; said I'd stop by at noon, see if they came in; if not, could plan to stop on way home on Sunday. As I was leaving book dept, the clerk answered the phone and said it was for me. Since no one knew I was there, I was astonished, took receiver to hear a guy intro himself as Charles Dudley, and say he'd watched the show, thought we had much in common, he having grown up in rural Okla. Then said he had caused the oil crisis, or rather his family had, because 40 yrs ago the big oil companies struck on their land, then thru lawyers-- "maybe a thousand of 'em on their side"-- did the family out of it all. Some confused talk about taxation he wants Proxmire to introduce, including long citation from Cong'l Record, then on to his desire to write a novel about the oil companies, with the plot somehow including Arab students striking against OPEC. Then to the point: he has the notes, wants a writer to write it for him. Asked if we could meet for lunch, I rapidly said I was leaving instanter for Missoula; asked if I was intrstd, told him I don't, and can't, write on behalf of other people; he deflated, said nobody believes him anyway, and trailed off.

Went on to Spokesman-Review to see if a review copy of SKY had been sent, and to leave one of my own if it hadn't. Nobody much around.

Oct. 9 cont.--and embarrassed recptnt asked me to wait for Jack Johnson, the Sunday mag editor, who was somewhere in bldg. I asked for a Sunday paper to kill time with--the S-R had been sold out when I arrived at Holiday Inn last night--turned to the books page, found a shortened, but still damned good, version of Bob Kirsch's LA Times review. Grinned, put it in my briefcase, and left.

Oct. 11, Gt. Falls-- 5 pm, back at Arnst's' after most of day at Book & Gift. Jack Henderson sold out of Sky by noon--35 copies--and in an hr or so after lunch sold out an additnl 10 copies he'd received by mail from Dean Vaux Vaupel at Havre. We began sending people to Tiffany's to buy copies, bring them back for signing; by 3:30, Tiffany's sold out their 30. All in all, with the 10 books Readers World had left, sold about 85 on basis of autographing. H'son said he ~~had~~ wished he'd ordered 75; Karn Klesh at Tiffany's said she'd ordered 30 copies over her book manager's protests, told her to put 'em on table by the door, and it worked; she'll order another batch. Told both her and H'son I'd gladly inscribe any they wanted to send me by mail. Both said they think the book will sell well for Xmas; Readers World mgr told me they expect to sell at least 100 all told.

--Day ended with all booksellers evidently happy, and Klesh and R World mollified for me having appeared at Book & Gift instead of their places: they sold their books without having had to do the trouble of advertising. I expended my extra 6 copies at R World y'day on arrival in town, when I went by to see if they wanted me to sign any copies. Major error was in not bringing 25-40 extra copies of my own.

--Many copies sold to Valier area people. Hazel Bonnet greeted me y'day with 4 or 5 copies to be signed; Jim Sheble came today, bought 4-5; the Buck Palins arrived, bought two for their kids, two more for Valier folks. Most of

Oct. 11 cont.--Henderson's stock sold, in fact by phone, y'day and after the "Today" show-- I recognized names of Snortlunds, of Florence Parmelee buying for Larry Habets. Daryle Swanson's sister came in, bought for Daryle and Pam. Tony Widhalm came by, and Bernard Christiaens; Dewey Swank, with his Title 1 honcho, Kent, who bought two copies; and so on. Oh, yes: Paul and Olive Bruner were on hand when I arrived, stayed and visited most of an hour. Others: Isabel (McCurry) and her son or grandson; Les Christison and wife; mother of Barbara Fields, who briefly was a classmate at Valier; Clarence Hagen, former Bitterroot rancher who said Alec Doig once worked for him.

--"Today in Montana" show went exceedingly well, Norma leading off by having me read passages from the book--the title graf, the descriptions of Smith R. Valley, and of Dad and G'ma; then asking me about how people can capture their own pasts; then about how much money an author makes from a book--she said she'd never had any other author willing to talk about it, and I'd told her beforehand I'd gladly give the royalty figures--then a bit about the Life story. Last week, she'd given Sky probably an even better plug by having it reviewed by Hazeljean Foreman (she and husband formerly ran Book and Gift, now have the bkstore at Apgar), who read portions of it for about 10 minutes.

By coincidence, the others on the show with me were school employees--Kent, who works under Dewey, and the woman who does a monthly school report. As I waited to go on, the woman called up to the set, asking if I was a friend of Dewey's? Told her I was a classmate of his, could I let it go at that? She and Kent roared at the distinction, said it was a good idea.

Oct. 11 cont.--Last night, to Norma Ashby's for dinner. Also there: Norma's husband, disconegly named Shirley--tall, rancherly figure in boots, tho Wayne told me he's a banker of some sort; Scotty and Charlotte James, Scotty the executor of the Tribune; M^{rs} Jean Foreman, who had reviewed Sky on Norma's show last week; and Norma's mother, Ella Mehmke. Evening went well enough, though Shirley obviously doesn't quite know what to make of Norma's "literary" friends; Charlotte James is a tough-looking aging peroxide blonde, who however had some good pointed stories about Highline ranching; Scotty I liked better and better as the evening went, finding him low-keyed and Rotarianish but with a pretty good mind. He had read Sky and seemed much impressed, said he's read it in a single evening; after supper, he and Norma talked with me for an hour or so about the book, the researching and writing of it. Norma is a born enthusiast--chairperson of every available local orgzn at one time or another, I would guess--very forward, in a grinning-at-herself sort of way; she is an enormous asset to have on the side of the book.

Oct. 17--This enormous year surges on. The Mont. trip went more than perfectly, ~~y'day~~ and y'day, my first day home, came the remarkably good review and display in the Everett Herald and a bonus I hadn't thought would happen, the New Yorker review.

Most amazing to me, out of the Mont. trip, was how widely Sky seems to be liked--by wind-worn ranch people and the Missoula literati as well. Julie Golding had asked if she could give a wine-and-cheese party the evening of the book store appearance, for me to meet the Missoula writers. I hesitated and said I wasn't much for literary lionhood; she said none of them are either, that any lionizing they get or do is in NY rather than on their home turf, where they're down-home. I said okay, and it turned out she was absolutely right. First of the

Oct. 17 cont.--writers to arrive was Richard Hugo, whom we hadn't expected; his wife, Ripley Schemm, had said they already were invited to another party. But Hugo came in proclaiming that Ripley had said he must meet the Doigs, and she had gone to handle the other party on her own. I thanked him for coming, and he shook his head and said, "thank you for a lovely book." I had been apprehensive about Hugo, having heard he was in the drunken-poet tradition of Roethke, and it turned out the exact reverse: he sipped two scotches across 3 hours, and impressed the hell out of me with his deferential handling of his--more-than-earned--local role of literary duke. He listened seriously to anything anyone else had to say, answered with some thoughtfulness whatever was asked of him--and from a student or two from the UM's Masters of Fine Arts program, a few questions were pretty sophomoric--and was positively open-handed about other people's work. I heard him praising to Madeline DeFrees, the UM's other faculty poet, a poem she had left on his desk to be looked at, and a couple times more during the evening he gave Sky his same shake of the head and "it's a lovely book." What I liked best from him, tho, was his response when I began asking him about the Skye stint of work which Ripley had told us a bit about at the bookstore that afternoon. He said, as if he was talking clinically about some other poet, that the Skye work is gentler than his early work, has less violence; I prodded him on where the poems wd show up, he squinted into his cigarette smoke and toted up: one had been in the New Yorker, another was due (indeed, it's in y'day's issue, with their review of Sky), a couple others had been bought by Atlantic--"so I've been peddling them around pretty good," he said as if summing up tomato sales at a roadside stand.

Oct. 17 cont.--Physically, Hugo has even more dimension than I'd expected from the pics I remember seeing of him. He is my height or a little less, and both burly and fat--well over 200 pounds, a considerable roundness beneath ~~burly~~ hefty shoulders and a considerable head. He's pretty far gone toward bald, and his face is quite a lot like Roethke's pics. He was promptly awarded one of--the biggest and best of--Julie's 3 folding chairs; he evidently has a game leg, which I didn't figure out ~~was~~ as temporary ailment or what. For a considerable while, the living room scene was Hugo at one side of the room in his director-type chair, Carol on a lesser chair near him, me at the opposite side of room on my chair, for the sake of my bad back, and about ten of the UM students and writers sprawled on the floor around us. I was eerily reminded of Faulkner's letter to Cowley, saying that at a recent party in Hollywood he gradually noticed that he was being intently listened to by younger men seated on the floor around him, one of them named Isherwood. Thank god this evening didn't get that serious--one of Missoula's several virtues is its low-keyedness--and I was relieved that there was no literary-analysis questioning, either to Hugo about his poems or to me about Sky. But out of curiosity, from our own short stint on Sky, I asked Hugo what his work schedule had been there. He said he was able to do a 4-5 hour stretch of writing, and quite a lot of reading--claimed he ordinarily doesn't read much--and have some pub life.

Another of the UM faculty writers who came early was William Kittredge, who teaches fiction and has two books coming out. K had come by the bookstore, I passed along greetings from James Houston of Santa Cruz, whom I'd met at the booksellers meeting, and K pretty promptly told me he greatly admired Sky. Said he'd had it in mind to do such a book about his upbringing in eastern Oregon--he later told Carol that among his reactions to Sky was the jealousy

Oct. 17 cont.--that I'd written his book. K is a good-looking, square-built man--a bigger version of John Buckley of the Sh'ln faculty--dressed in blue jeans, cord jacket. Like everyone else among the UM writer-teachers but one--the slim Bill Bevis--K has too much belly, but he's a fairly striking figure. As we talked, he told me he'd gone to Ringling, WSS, Sixteen--ostensibly to see the WSS railroad, as possbty for the film course he teaches, but evidently to see the country of Sky as well. Earlier, Ripley Schemm told me she had gone to the Home Cafe in Dupuyer--she and Hugo have a cabin west of Choteau--and there found Tommy Chad. Indeed, she had talked with him, and showed him his name in print in my book--a moment which dazzles me with its emotion and poignancy, the poet Ripley opening the book, in her oh so gentle manner, for the burly Tom. Ripley reported that Tom spoke proudly of Carol and me--he said that C was "just...beautiful"--and after some thought he proclaimed to her that C and I are both in the same line of work--"as if," she said, "it was an exceptionally clever thing to have done." A remarkable, remarkable scene, which I must try deal with at greater length. Anyway, one of the astounding results of Sky is this kind of pilgrimage--Kittredge off to Sixteen, Ripley to the Home Cafe, guys my age such as Paul Pintarich and Robert Gish--and Kittredge--saying that Sky inspires them on to the books they've had in mind.

Oct. 19--Left off the previous entry to go have lunch with Linda and Carol at Elliott Bay Fish, and do sundry chores. Went to Walt Carr's Elliott Bay Books, and as I stood waiting to talk to Walt a woman came up and asked if I was me. She was Kathy Raff, who has reviewed Sky for Pac S in December; with her was her mother from Missoula. K said she liked the book but found it challenging, tried to live up to it in her review.

about

Oct. 19 cont.--Kathy was curious the Wkly review she asked if Hank Shaw wasn't really Tom Robbins I said, huh? She pointed out that the Cowgirls heroine is named Sissy Hankshaw; I agreed that sounded suspicious, but assured her I'd met Hank Shaw and he was a young man from Illinois. Kathy recently was editor of Puget Soundings--she wiped out Jean Withers there on the Dorothy Bullitt story Jean tried to do--and likely is quite a competent writer; Elly McCarthy, who has a good eye for words, had said on the phone she liked Kathy's review of Sky. It'll be the first legitimate book review in Pac S -- 1000 words, and a pic--and inaugurates the new notion of a substantial lead review and fewer, better short reviews. K said Harriet had asked her to be book review editor--on Harriet's evident principle that her monied friends automatically have magazine talent; that works incredibly more often than I can believe, but also goes awry once in awhile with a Pat B*geon--but K told me it sounds to her like a thankless job, and if she's to do some writing for Pac S she'd like it to be on stories that interest her.

Went on to the U Bk Store, picked up the copy of Jim Houston's Cont'l Drift which Marilyn Martin had nabbed for me at the booksellers meet, bought copy of Crumley's Last Good Kiss. As I was waiting for cashier, Lee Soper came up, asked me to sign a Sky for his daughter, Anne, of Hunter Books. First time I'd met him, tho we'd talked on phone the previous day, when I called to tell him Pac S would be reviewing the book in Dec. issue the UBS co-op ad will appear in. Soper has book competence written all over him, picked up the books I was buying while I signed Anne's book, out of the habit of seeing what's selling, I suppose; he has a knowing, slightly askance glance.

Went on--tho this entry is beginning to sound like Madeline DeFrees's hilarious poem on the Amish women, "went down...went down..."--anyway, went on to Arbur Books to see if they had Skys

Oct. 19 cont.--to be signed, they had 5 or 6, had sold out of their initial 6. As I was signing, a young guy turned to me and asked, are you Mr.

Doig? What the hell is all this instant recognition of my not particularly recognizable face, I wondered. But it turned out to be Denny McAfee, Frances's son; remarkably, C and I had seen a number of slides of him and his family when we were at Dave and Nellie's a few weeks ago. Dave had remembered how much he and Denny fought; without prompting, Denny now told me how he remembered that he and Dave had fought all the time.

Back to the Montana trip: when C flew into Missoula last Sat. morn, she brought with her the news that the U. of Wyoming is asking for my papers, both on Sky and my journalism. Among the writers they list there are Jack Schaefer, Dorothy Johnson and Mildred Walker. When I gave her Ripley's Missoulian review to read, she said

is that Mildred Walker Schemm's daughter? I said I sure as hell had no idea, but that turned out to be the case. C had worked with Mildred

W Schemm at Wells; the visiting between C and Ripley in the Fine Print hurt our cause not at all.

We were competing with the U of Mont. Homecoming--Julie Golding had warned me of that when we were agreeing on a date, but we could see nothing to be done about it--so when I picked C up at the airport about 10:30, we arrived back downtown to the H'coming parade. It was terrific in the anything-goes tradition of the Dupuyer centennial parade--genuine floats, high school marching bands, classic Chevy club, Appaloosa and Morgan horse clubs, kids with red wagons and

shovels to serve as pooper scoopers. Spotted Norma Ashby near the TV gear, doing sidewalk interviews; found a chance to introduce C to her. Went back to the Fine Print, Julie asked if we wanted some lunch; she and a friend named Steve Eberhart, a math Ph.D. candidate and constant customer of the store, went with us to Alice's, one of the slowest--and best--sandwich shops

Oct. 19 cont.--we've encountered. I then went to the car, changed shirts in the car in dntn Missoula, and went back to the Fine Print for the 1-4 signing. Julie is ambitious as hell with signings; she recently had H.G. Merriam, the 90-ish dean of Missoula's literary colony--he was one of Dorothy Johnson's teachers, and she's in her 70's--and this coming Sunday she'll have xx Ross Toole and Wm Farr, who've done a book of historic Montana photos; first Sat. in Nov., she's having all the detective writers at once, in what should be a hilarious session: Rick De Marinis for Cinder, Jim Crumley for Last Good Kiss, Bill Kittredge for The Van Gogh Field, as well as the Great American Detectives collection he and Steve Krauser have done for NAL.

Be that as it may, Julie had no more than half a dozen or so phone-ordered copies awaiting me, compared with 25 or so in both Gt. Falls and Billings, and for the first 20 minutes nobody came in. But then the flow started, and went perfectly; she had 60 copies available, and by 4 o'clock all but two were gone; I inscribed them for eventual use, and by 5 o'clock both of them were gone. Afternoon had begun when I walked in at 1 and Julie said I had just had a call from Bessie K. Monroe, a 90-yr-old writer at Hamilton and a lady she prized; I called her back at once, found she was midway thru the book and wanted to praise me for it. In the course of the afternoon, Ripley and her daughter Melissa, a 4-H girl winsomely reminiscent of R herself in one of her "Rules" poems, came in and bought 4-5 books. I inscribed one to her and Hugo, a couple to friends, and then she said she wanted one to send to friends on Skye, where she and Hugo lived last year while she studied Gaelic and he wrote. Gleefully I wrote the dream inscription: "A remembrance from my house of sky to the good people of the Isle of Skye." Later, along came a guy with a low-slung belly and a been-everywhere face; he was Jim Crumley, whose Last Good Kiss had been touted to me by Archie S. and Marilyn Martin of U Bk Store.

Oct. 19 cont.--Evidently he too has a ferocious reputation--I think there's been a Rolling Stone piece recently which makes him out to be a sort of Kerouac, perpetually on the road--but here he was on line for my book, generous and amply civil. I told him he'd co-opted one of the last great titles with The Last Good Kiss--and inscribed his book that way--and asked him what he's at work on now. The screenplay, he said, and he's 10 days behind, finds it boring. He may be something of a brooder--there's more a feel of smolder about him than any of the other Missoula writers I met--but I've since been reading LG Kiss and find it a pretty damn good, workmanlike, entertaining genre job; it's his third novel in not all that many years, so he must be coping with himself and producing.

Kittredge came in too, and I'm most at ease with him of the writing group, tho--I must be uncritical and bland as hell--I liked 'em all and thought we got along remarkably. K said he wants to write his own Sky about growing up in eastern Oregon--asked him if he's^{sf} from Harney County, that colossal empty place, and he said no, he's from the adjoining county, Lake. He has the same quality I like about Archie, a positive inability to keep from enthusing about a book he likes--I think, and hope, I have some of that; maybe it comes of our ruralness--and at least half a dozen times, in the course of talking with him in the bookstore and at the party, he broke out with how much he likes Sky. Finally he said, "what can I say? Goddamn!" I told him I ought to have that on the jacket of the next one: "Goddamn!"--Bill Kittredge.

And Madeline DeFrees came in, tho I didn't know her name or work; Julie had told me about the others, and I knew of Hugo and Crumley on my own. She emerged, at the party that night and in the light of the poems of hers I've since read, to be maybe the most interesting of the bunch: 36 years a nun, Sister Mary Gilbert, and

Oct. 19 cont.--now a late 50ish, handsome lady in a perfectly-tailored pant-suit, ~~xxxx~~ cohort of Hugo in the UMont MFA program and pretty much able to hold her own with him. She, in fact, had the best story of the party. In '66, both she and Hugo were honored at the Gov's Writers Day at Olympia, and tho she wasn't supposed to ride in a car alone with a man, to save the wearying bus ride back from Olympia to Seattle she accepted Hugo's offer of a lift. H was coming out of a love affair just then, brooding on it, and M was thinking out loud about the prospect of leaving the nun's life; she said at least there was the prospect that her order would do away with the wearing of the habit. H turned his head to her and said: "You mean if a woman decided she didn't love you, she could simply tell you she was a nun?"

Also from Madeline: I had told Hugo I'd recently come across his master's thesis in the UW stacks--he said such a fact was blackmail, and Madeline said we ought to get posters made of those embarrassing early poems and anonymously put them up around campus.

A non-writer, but probably the most sophisticated academic there, was Bill Bevis, a slim, bearded Cal Ph.D. who came to UMont from Williams 4-5 yrs ago. He teaches the Mont. lit course--starts it with Shakespre, Caliban cast up on new land, I think, goes on to Leo Marx's Machine in the Garden, and then into the Montana writers--or rather, begins with Cooper's The Prairie, then Tough Trip Thru Paradise and at last on to Guthrie, Dorothy Johnson--whose work he doesn't much like--Hugo and so on. It sounds like one hell of a course. B said in his 1st quarter at Mont., he had a class at his home one night, with Kittredge scheduled to come in and talk about fiction to them. K didn't show, didn't show; at last there was

Oct. 19 cont.--a ruckus out on the lawn, evbody looked out to see Kittredge--and as Bevis recalls, Crumley and somebody else--coming in with a case of beer under each arm. K burst in the door, looked around at the astonished student faces, and growled, What is this, a fuckin' soiree?

Bevis is married to ~~Julia~~ ^{Julie} Crump, who teaches dance at UM, striking woman who came to the party in a tux outfit with vast white corsage.

Forgot to mention: before party, C and Julie and I were invited to dinner by Steve Eberhart. J drove us to one of the shagnasty parts of Missoula we met Steve's housemate Bryan Spellman and a woman named Vaun, who worked for the city-county library. S & B were cooking up a Mexican dinner--tamales, rice, etc.; B inexplicably is a Scottis folk dance enthusiast, has a group going in Missoula. I think he and Steve had met on Skye.

Hugo excused himself from the party about 11--he'd had 2 sedate scotches by then, I'd had the real brainbuster Julie initially fixed me and two carefully sedate ones I made myself after that; all in all, a calm enough evening. People in the kitchen were taking a couple of pro forma puffs of pot, but it didn't seem to affect anybody much. Nobody got really wasted--I don't know whether I'm a dampening influence or what, but the behavior of the two-fisted Missoula literary crowd seemed to me pretty damned gentlemanly compared to the old bar days in Ringling, WSS and the Ranger in Dupuyer.

Oct. 23--Oddly quiet day: C is home, down with a cold, and I've scheduled today and tomorrow as time to tinker. This morn finished reading A River Runs Through it, thought it truly superb. I had avoided reading it during work on Sky--~~Ann~~ had Ann read a copy to make sure I wasn't duplicating style or story, she assured me I wasn't--and it comes now as a wonderful reward. Archie recently had a doleful letter from Maclean, perhaps a cry of age.

We were deliberately social last week, and deliberately nonsocial this week. C and I had lunch with Linda on Tues. C said L assured her we seem unchanged by Sky's success, which amused me, Linda being both impressed by my eccentrically phlegmatic style and our most lifestylish current friend. That night, J&J came for a drink, to hear about Mont.; next night, Ann and Phil, ditto. Phil also had triumphed over a superior on his job by successfully challenging a vindictive job report, so we celebrated that, too. Friday night to Nelsons, found Ann in a throes of laryngitis, Marsh just having come out of it--suspect it may be where C picked up whatever she has. Sat. night to Olsons--also the Daheims, and Amy, and it was a helluva good party. Fred and Dave got in a dinner discussion about Thomas Merton and Zen. Earlier, Fred had argued to me that ideally I wouldn't have to be out promoting--commercializing--my book. I agreed, but said I didn't know when that hadn't been the case; told him if I didn't care about how it sold, I might as well leave my name off it--like not developing a photo. He said ideally there are times when you don't have to develop the photo, you know when you snap that it's fine, went on from there to tout the Eastern--Zen--sense of things, offered haiku as example of working within limitations to heighten art. I told him I think haiku is glib, which C said flabbergasted him; I argued a bit that the limitation of possibilities by form is not necessarily a heightening of art, but it sure as hell is automatically a limiting of possibilities, and therefore has its own built-in glib excuse for lack of further achievement. Anyway, a good time. Amy has managed to buy a condominium, in a month should be moved and the nervousness we all have about her being the only person in her aptmt bldg ~~ended~~ ended.

Oct. 23 cont.--Clint, Frannie and Gabe came y'day afternoon, and I think that ends the social calendar until Amy comes after work on Wed., to talk with me about the Shln TV interview she's to do of me the next day.

--Random details of Sky's effect: Wendy Onouye said to Jean that she brags to people of having sold her Volvo to the Doigs. When I was in the Shln library last week, C had her media class there and asked if I was avbl for interview by Jon Nordahl; Pat Kelley provided her office for it, and while we were in there, C heard Magdalena explaining to a student that I was a famous writer. Frank and Linda half-joked to us that they now tell people "this is Bessie Ringer's chair," the rocking armchair we gave them. Ann~~e~~ Saling called last night, said after my reviews she didn't know why I would care what she thought of the book, but she thought it was great, particularly the verbs, which are a passion of hers. Call the night before from Mary Winters, desc~~dt~~ of the Winters family of the Basin, who had spotted my name on the S. Times best-seller list.

--A poignant moment I need to record from Billings. Into Hart-Albins came Thelma Rader, who is Sheri Doig's mother, and Sheri's sister Carol, a tall blond beauty. Thelma bought 4-5~~1~~ books, had me sign them to various members of her family, then said the last one was for her. I looked at her steadily and said, Do you mind if I inscribe it in the memory of you and Red, for the friendship you two had with my father? She choked up--the unspoken fact of Red's suicide wailing between us--and said she thought it would be wonderful. I hope now that was the right thing, to put that reminder into the book.

--In Missoula, into Julie's store came a 50ish woman and her daughter, who was pushing a baby in a stroller. The woman announced she had come from Superior, where she'd been on the library board for 25 years, to buy my book for Xmas presents. She and the daughter debated over who in the family "read," then began: "This one is for Ted...This one is for Ned..."and bought five instant books. They then looked over the Mont. writers shelf, exclaimed to one another as they found familiar books in paperback or other new edition, bought a couple or three of those books, then consulted each other about family and friends~~y~~ they might have missed, came back for two more Skys. I told them their 7 surely was the new national record.

Oct. 23 cont.--Tinkered a bit this morn with file card entries for Winter, think I got down some useful plans and insights for the book, which evidently is going to be even less descriptably than Sky.

One quandary solved itself last week, thru the nobility of Ann (and probably Marsh). She called to ask whether I really wanted--or needed--her as agent for Winter. I'd been pondering the ~~various~~ very question myself, but didn't want to seem to dump her. She affirmed that she'd like to continue to handle my magazine work, which she's comfortable with, but considers it rather a fluke that she was able to agent Sky. I thought it over, and when we went over for dinner Friday night told her indeed I think I don't need her for Winter, because it seems a different situation from Sky: either Carol Hill will want me badly enough to offer a decent contract, which I can handle myself, with prepping help from Authors Guild, or we'll be so far apart I'll have to go out and get a hired gun from among NY agent possbties. So there we stand--I'll tackle CHill myself, on the NY trip 2 wks from now, and see what happens/

--Passage of time has been unusual this year. Since life with Sky is so busy, time does indeed seem to go quickly, but on the other hand so much happens that the year seems enormous. It's unreal, for instance, that it's just now 10 months ago that I deposited the ms on Carol Hill's desk.

Nov. 11--Catching up on the NY trip: left Sunday morn, the 5th, came back a day early, night of Thurs. the 9th. The main point was to talk contract with Carol Hill, and that was done on Wed. When I came to HBJ for 1 o'clock apptnt--as last time, the receptionist had never heard of me, even though SKY has happened since then; receptionists are a useful force for humility in this world--I was met by Laura Schneider and Stuart Harris, who explained that Carol was in a meeting with J'vich. We were to go on to El Caminetto, a few blocks up the street (just past Double-day), and she'd meet us there. Neither Laura nor Stuart were what I expected: had thought Laura would be a cool blonde in her late thirties, she's instead probably in her late 20's and has a kind of small-town cheerleader look, attractive enough to rate notice but not truly beautiful. Stuart I had imagined--and C tells me she figured the same--

Nov. 11 cont.--to be a stilted patrician WASP. His letters read that way, and his job before HBJ was at Harper & Row, which I always think of as Cass Canfield personified. But Stuart instead is like a smallish Jewish Teddy Roosevelt--a TR mustache and teeth--and while quite mannered and interesting, isn't haughty. I remember that when Mike Romano was here for the booksellers' meet, a flash of dismay went across his face when I asked something about Stuart; I can imagine that they're a volatile mix, both about the same height (5'4"-6"), Stuart not as excitable as Mike but with a kind of ironic, slightly mocking air of insistence. Also, their depts., sales and advertising, are natural antagonists, I suppose.

The table wasn't quite ready at the restaurant, so we started a drink at the bar, were joined in a minute by Carol Hill; told that the table wouldn't be ready for a few minutes, she glanced around the place, which had probably 2 dozen tables, and said probably the set of 4 women at a nearby table would be going. Within about a minute and a half, they got up, which impressed the hell out of Stuart as well as me.

Carol is a bit thinner than when I met her last Xmas, and has aged more than a year, as Romano and Mulherin had said about her; her face is more drawn, taut, around the eyes than I had remembered, perhaps because of a different hairdo. But she still looks good, about a notch and a half from being movie star beautiful. She's very high-strung--makes Linda Miller seem downright calm--but not nervous: simply crackling with energy. (Indeed, the best descptn I heard of her was from Rhoda Schlamm, who said Carol is "electric"). She talks extensively and dramatically--and admits it with a laugh--but when Stuart and Laura withdrew at about 2:20 so we could talk contract, she focused very intently, we did business with great efficiency and economy, and in the course of about 45 minutes traded a lot of information. I thought of it later, as a joke, but there's great accuracy to it: if I can continue to get together with her for about a half hour of business every year, we can probably go on turning out books endlessly.

The contract bargaining went like a dream, and totally against my fretting attempts to sum up the book efficiently ~~from HBJ~~ in my own head and notes for the meeting with Carol. Pretty promptly at lunch--I think just after we sat down, and Stuart proposed a toast to SKY--Stuart asked if I was

Nov. 11 cont.--writing another one, and barely after I said I was, he asked ~~when~~ if I was about done with it. Carol and I, as editor and writer on one side of the table against the ad-publicity technicians Stuart and ^{Laura} ~~Harris~~ on the other, laughed simultaneously at the what-have-you-done-for-me-lately quality of the question. I did some explng of Winter Light, reciting some history about Swan--Stuart at least was impressed with description of the diaries--and admitted it would be another hard book to describe or categorize. Carol at once said my work doesn't fit descptn or categzn; then, and later as well, I got the clear signal that she doesn't really give a damn what I write, so long as I write--which is a bedazzling break for me, not having to crunch away perpetually at descriptions of what it is I want to do. Anyway, when Laura and Stuart had gone--Carol had remarked near the end of the food ~~that~~ sometime before I left she had to get me to sign a contract; I said sure, when?; Stuart at once said he and Laura would withdraw and leave us to it--Carol asked me what I thought I wanted on this book. I said--this is quite an exact quote--"I've reached the point in this business where I have to make some sort of living out of it. Also, there'll be a couple of thousand dollars of travel research. So I'd like 15 grand." She nodded and said, "Okay," not resignedly but in an oddly kind way as if she were on my side--as in a sense I suppose she is, her inclinations as an editor over her responsibilities as publisher. Then I said that for tax purposes, I'd like about 2/3 of it up front, this year; we worked on that for about 2 minutes, Carol saying she'd give me \$9000 on signing, \$3000 on completion of 100 pages, \$3000 on finished ms. Then I said I'd like a better break on trade paperback rates, because I think this book might have a future there; she asked what I wanted, I said an early step-up to 8%; she said they hate to give 8%, but how about if they gave me 7½% from the start? I immediately said, sure. And that was it; or not quite it, because then I thought to say that in light of the takeover rumors, I'd much like a clause saying if she left, I could go with her. She said J'vich never would go for that, but on the other hand, would let me go if I ever wrote him to say I was ~~not~~ unhappy with HBJ. I pressed her on that, asking if that really was so, if his approach to publishing still was that gentlemanly; she said if I was John Jakes or some other

Nov. 11 cont.--money-churning bonanza of an author, it wouldn't be the case, but as a "literary" (my italics) writer, yes it was so. She said of the takeover rumors that

J'vich tells her he does not intend to sell the company, and indeed neither Carol, nor Rhoda nor anyone else I met around HBJ, can imagine J'vich getting out of trade pub'g, even by retiring. Which is not to say a takeover won't happen, and even that J'vich himself would get bounced, let alone Carol, but I think Winter Light will be a SKY-like seller--a book of reputation but not enormous sales possibilities--which indeed might baffle a truly corporate pub'r into shedding it; since I'll have \$9000 pocketed, which is almost what I had hoped to get as the entire advance, I feel I can afford the risk of not having a no-takeover clause. We'll see whether I'm deluded about this.

Carol also said she has no intentions ~~now~~ of leaving HBJ, not wanting to go on to a Simon & Schuster or Doubleday, which I suppose would be the next logical step for her. She also thinks J'vich can't afford to fire her any time soon, add another bloodletting to last spring's, and certainly her promotions this year--editor-in-chief, publisher, vp--argue for her. She added that she thinks a book like SKY could get lost on a larger house's list, a point which long since has occurred to C and me. As to her job, she says she spends too much time in meetings--she, Stuart, ~~and~~ Rhoda are all free to say that J'vich is a man of great whim--but figures that for the money she's getting, and the decisions she supposed to be making, it goes with the territory. Her feel for decisions, incidentally--quick, definite ones--is getting to be a bit of a legend around HBJ. That point, and the intensity with which she focuses on a topic when she gets to it, reassure me somewhat that despite how busy she is with executive tasks, she will pay attention to mess such as mine.

Asked her some other points: how imminent is another printing of SKY, for ex. She said they're exceedingly careful before going into new printings, because of the appalling total of books HBJ had to swallow a few years ago in the Kathy Robbins regime--I think the Authors Guild Bulletin had the figure that it was a million remainders. But Romano monitors the matter--which was good news to me, as I more and more think he knows what he's doing, and he

Nov. 11 cont.--may be open to nudge from Mulherin--and if SKY's sales hold up for a few more weeks, they'll be at the printing point. (I mentioned the point to Romano himself, and sounded out Rhoda about how promptly printings are done; she said it goes pretty efficiently, she didn't think I have any worries about books not being available.) For all that, it's one of these logistical matters that I won't feel easy about until I actually see books in the stores.) Asked her about HBJ financial health, she told me the JOVE paperback line was being sold--news just then going out to stockholders--because it somehow had managed to lose money despite the Jakes bestsellers. Said the total of general books probably would be cut down from around 150 a year to around 125, the indiscriminate signing had been a plague in the past. (My guess is ~~that~~ the Robbins record is a boon to Carol, giving her something to look good against, even as a newcomer to the executive level.) She also said that it was the self-congrat'ry series of Pub Wkly ads which triggered J'vich's firings.

We talked until 5 after 3--she was supposed to have a 3 o'clock meeting with J'vich--and back at the building, as I was waiting to go on to Stuart Harris's office, she and J'vich came thru the hallway. She introduced us: J'vich is not as imposing as I had thought, his face surprisingly boyish. He asked if I already was at work on another book, I said yes, we'd talked about it at lunch; he said immediate work was the right formula, before the reviewers got a person down. He mentioned, jokingly, the Saul Maloff pan in the NY Times--which I thought was entirely deserved--and said something about how he was working on his next book despite it, and then led somehow into a story about Montana, the punch line of which was that Howard Mumford Jones had once told him about having a vision in an empty lot in Missoula. I said there wasn't much else to do in Missoula, we all chuckled, and he and Carol swept on to their meeting.

Talked with Stuart briefly--he was curious about how I'd signed with Carol, told him about turndowns elsewhere, her contract offer on ms sample--and he gave me photocopy of the NYTBR ad scheduled for Nov. 19, and proof of the New Yorker ad; also got the reviews file for me in case there were any I hadn't seen, and there were 3-4, including the fulsome one from Phila. Inquirer and the less favorable one in the Houston Chronicle.

Nov. 11 cont.--Went on to meet Rhoda, for the first time, and she is much as I had pictured her from phone voice--tall, rather lanky, low-key and deferential, black-haired. She had pics ~~for~~ all over her desk for new book on the "London Yankees"--expatriate Am'cn writers in London. Talked for a few minutes, asked her to lunch the next day.

She took me on to Irene Skolnick, who having been an agent herself at once was curious about the contract talk with Carol. Told her the advance, she grimed and nodded and said, "You did good." She told me of the BOMC possibility, which involves BOMC doing a test mailing offer to 150,000 readers in the West, with SKY as one of 4 books; if that produces sufficient interest, they'll take it as an alternate. She said it's the 3d time she's tried SKY on them--it's also at Readers Digest for 3d time--and she warned them HBJ not might have enough books printed if they waited to take it; BOMC said it'd do its own reprinting in that case. Asked her about movie prospects, she named off the places she's been in touch with--readers at all the major studios. She said she feels it has better Tv prospects than movie. It also turned out she'd tried the New Yorker for second serial rights on SKY, got an impressed and praising letter from ~~Editor~~ Daniel Mencku(?) saying they avoid reminiscences. Skolnick seems to me very capable; since meeting her, I've rethought the automatic urge to hang on to first rights in the contract for Winter Light and now think I'll ask to have her do some first rights work, Ann doing some as well; Skolnick could do better at our problem spots--Am Heritage, Smithsonian, Atlantic--while Ann and I can do better at Harper's, maybe Audubon, and regionally.

Irene introduced me to a number of the office people, Rhoda intro'd me to more--Thel ^{NO} Morris, who also works with Carol; in the elevator we encountered George Vay, ass't sales director, who warmly grabbed my hand, told me he'd bled for SKY in the sales staff's effort for the 15,000 printing, had me sign his book. Rhoda took me up to say hello to Romano, who at once asked me what I was doing for lunch the next day; with Rhoda standing there, I said I had an appointment, which I think won me about a million points with her. Romano asked me about the Canadian promotion prospect we'd talked about, I told him I hadn't heard back from Norman Adams, Mike got on the phone as I was leaving his office (it turned out the mail strike had buried my,

letter

Nov. 11 cont.--

to Adams. I was interested that Mike looked more at home in an office than anybody else I met at HBJ--much more impressive than at the booksellers meet, where he simply looks like a little plump Italian fellow from NY.

Rushed from HBJ--after meeting Mike's assistant Audrey Himmelstein, who handled the Montana sales; she has classic Bronx voice, I asked how she got along on the phone with the Montanans, she said she'd been there and just mentioned the places she'd been--to meet Bill Donnell at the Algonquin at 5. He had a corner table in the bar when I arrived, and he was astonishingly unchanged in the 12 years since I'd seen him--hair longer, curly on top of his head, but still looking young, and as incredibly pleasant as ever. We talked for an hour, mostly about his yr and a half career as a producer; he's had one painful bomb--Night of Tribades, which despite Max Von Sydow and Bibi Andersson lasted only 3 weeks--and one break-even, An Almost Perfect Person. Says he'll give it another year or so, then probably have to get a real job. His details on the financing of plays--posting 2 weeks' performance bond for entire case, for instance, and similar bonds for all the technicians, a guarantee to theater, etc--appalled me, made writing sound easy. But Bill said he's one of the few young producers on the scene, so he thinks it's worth a try as a career.

--other HBJ notes: Carol Hill said she liked the noise level of El Caminetto--indeed, she seemed to draw energy from it--and told a couple of stories of business lunches. When she was hired as senior editor, J'vich fairly soon invited her to lunch to meet Diana Trilling, whose collected essays they were about to publish. Carol commented that she can't drink at lunch (Laura Schneider and Rhoda both said the same of themselves, separately; I found it hilarious that I can pretty casually outdrink such prof'l lunchers, tho I'd hate to try against a big-timer such as Tom Watkins, of whom more to come) but J'vich is famous for having his private stock of superb champagne, so she had some, and pretty promptly she and Trilling were both giggly and were trading jokes about Fear of Flying. J'vich was mortified at their unladylike behavior, eventually stood up and told them so, announced he was going to the men's room, and was gone for about half an hour before deigning to rejoin them. She also told about having been at a place

Nov. 11 cont.--on a day when it began to rain, and she was without a coat. The maitre 'd called a busboy, sent him down the street to buy an umbrella, and gave her the umbrella,

Met Rhoda for lunch on the 9th at the Sitar, a place she recommended near the UN, on 1st between 48th and 49th. When I met her the day before, she was in a college-like sweater and skirt. Now she'd had her hair done, had on a suit and some classy glasses, and looked downright editorial. Acted it, too, to my pleasure, since with Carol so busy I'm inevitably going to have to work thru Rhoda on much of Winter Light. She had a message from Romano about the Canadian promotion prospects--I'm curious whether she told him she was going to lunch with me; I give her points if she did--and a couple of contract details from Carol, such as what the title of the book will be. I told her Carol had agreed to 7½% on paperback, she said yes, Carol had told her that, which verified for me the carrying power of Carol's memory. Had an excellent tandoori dish called chicken tikka--I bought--and I told her some of what I intend with Winter Light. Asked her if I was assured that I'd be working with Carol and her on the ms, she said yes. She wondered about how Carol and I had worked on SKY, which I think she didn't see until nearly the galley stage; told her about the ms sample, and that my early drafts are usually miles short of the finished version, which I think she tucked into memory. She's a remarkable contrast to Carol--very quiet and cool, against Carol's intensity--and they seem to think highly of each other--each separately praised the other to me. Carol hired her directly for the job of assisting her, when Carol was a senior editor, about a year and a half ago. I am comfortable working with her, tho will be glad when ~~her~~ she has a broader grasp of the pub'g process; she's good at as much as she does, and workg under Carol she'll inevitably learn more aspects. Within 2-3 years she could be a highly capable senior editor.

--Rhoda said HBJ will be adding another senior editor soon; have recently added Peggy Brooks, whom she says is first-rate. Evidently this is the process of Carol building her own staff.

Nov. 11 cont.-- Non-HBJ part of the trip. I stayed at the Hotel Tudor, found for me by HBJ--Rhoda, mostly, I suppose--when I couldn't get anywhere with an hour or so of phoning on my own, the week before the trip. Hotel was about 2 blocks from UN, very well situated to HBJ and my other targets; not particularly luxurious, more like a 2nd-rate version of the Sylvia, but at least clean and reasonably well-run. Main bind was waiting for one of the 2 elevators which served the entire hotel of, I suppose, a couple of hundred rooms. Had found eating places the ~~evening~~ evening I arrived--Au Natural, on 3d at about 38th, and the Bagel Nosh, on the same block. Had breakfasts--\$1.07 for 2 scrambled eggs, medical snifter of orange juice, coffee, and the real prize, a big buttered raisin bagel--at the Nosh, and either dinners or a snack of frozen yogurt with walnuts after play-going, at ~~and Nosh~~ Au Nat. Bought morning papers at a storefront place called Number One, just across the st. NY Times and Daily News came out of the 88-day strike the Mon. morn after I arrived, so I looked for them in Number One. None in sight, I shrugged and bought a Wall St. Journal. A customer, evidently a regular, came in behind me, asked when the Times and News would arrive. The dealer said, "How could I know?" New Workish obtrusive pause, as if ignoring the other guy's existence in the universe. "When they get here." Another pause. Finally: "The radio said they'd be late."

Made myself sit down the first morn and do the phoning needed for appointments--check in at HBJ with Rhoda, at Audubon, at Harper's, and then the call to Am. Heritage, determined to get either a decision or the Metlklä pics out of Tom Watkins. Surprisingly, he asked if I'd like to have lunch. I said okay, met him at his "regular place"--lord, he even has a "regular" corner table--called Fiddlers Green, across the st. south of Rockefeller Center. W turned out to be a slightly younger replica of Don Brazier of Seattle Times, with a full roundish beard pretty nearly gone from black to gray, and about 40 pounds too much rotundity; he's heavier-framed than I am, but no taller. W had seen the Time review, read SKY, been impressed--and, it dawned on me, probably somewhat jealous; he mentioned a book of his in which he had tried to do something similar. We gossiped for awhile; I told him of LIFE's expensive family reunion pic, he told me what a shmuck he thought

Nov. 11 cont.--Ezra Bowen had been as head of Am. Heritage books (said when he met him, Bowen within 30 seconds had managed to drop comment that Elizabeth Drinker Bowen was his mother). We eventually ordered steaks; W meanwhile kept his glass busy, downing 3 gin and tonics and 2 glasses of red wine--without discernable detriment. Eventually he said, "Well, Ivan, I can't put this off any longer. We're not NOT interested in Metlakatla, but the damn pictures have been lost." I said, "Well, Tom, I know they have." Why he had let the matter stagger on, I still don't know, but we agreed on \$250 reimbursement to Ann and me. I had told him some about Winter Light, he said as we were about to leave that Am Heritage would like a look at ms chunks, I said ok, I'd have Ann Nelson provide them. "If she still wants to work with me," he said. "I don't know if she will" I said, "she's plenty pissed off at you at the moment." An acknowledging silence, and we left it at that. I intend now that Irene Skolnick do any dealing with him, and I'll furnish her Watkins's direct phone # so she can nag the bejesus out of him.

Session at Audubon the next day was much quikker, with me sketching for Les Line some notion of the book. Line too turned out to be very fat, almost as plump as Ackerman, and pale, but he must get around, as he'd been in Alaska the day before. He hadn't read SKY, but had noted the ad for it in previous week's New Yorker, which I didn't know about.

At Harper's on Thursday, ~~xxx~~ spent about 45 min. with Suzanne Mantell, who turns out to be small, dark, intense: rivets on you while you talk. She works in book-piled office--Harper's quarters not very sumptuous, but at least they're not jailed behind locked door--bulletproof glass as Audubon is. Useful session with Mantell, talking about American land policy--she's running a 16-page piece in Jan.--and learning that she's been to Olympic Peninsula, is interested in the vanishing of the Makah language; promising opening for a Winter Light excerpt.

Had my run-in with cab drivers just before going to Harper's. Vacating the hotel, I was moving my baggage to the East Side air terminal. Told the 1st cabbie outside the hotel door where I wanted to go, he quickly looked away and said he only went to the airport. Told him I knew damned well that was against taxi regulations; he just sat

Nov. 11 cont.--looking away. Went to the next cab, was greeted with "Wha' airport yuh goin' to?" Told him no airport, the East Side terminal. "No, what airport yuh goin' to?" Exasperated, I told him my flight wasn't until that night, I was simply stashing baggage, I knew it wasn't much of a cab ride but I'd tip him a couple of bucks to take me the few blocks (it was actually only 3-4). He turned away in disgust, I turned away in fury to a 3d cab, who might have taken me but was trying to figure out what another prospective far^e was saying in fractured English. I lurched off toward 2nd Avenue, garment bag and briefcase in one hand and suitcase in the other--and the instant I turned, a cab cut about 3 lanes of traffic when the light turned green and pulled up in front of me. I asked, "Will you take me to the East Side terminal? These other bastards won't." He said, "I know, I saw the whole thing. Get in, I don't work that way." Gave him \$2 for the 95¢ ride.

The cabbie hassle--or hustle--begins on arrival at JFK now. On line for the Carey bus in to the East Side Terminal I was approached by 5 different guys who bellied up and demanded, ~~What~~ "Wha' hotel yuh goin' to?"--gypsy cabbies who were filling their private cars with people at \$10-\$12 for the ride. They do a business--the wait for the bus was 45 minutes, and only 6 or 8 of us out of about 25 stuck it thru until the bus came.

Nov. 14--5:20 a.m.: C and I both have been awake nearly an hour, C claiming it's because we're afraid we'll starve to death in our beds. Last night was the Seattle Rep benefit held by Frederick & Nelson, and while the hors d' supper was good, it evidently wasn't ribsticking.

The shindig was remarkably unliterary: of the dozen books I sold, 8 were from prior orders to F&N. Roger Sale and Archie both told me that's the way the night side of this benefit goes, people come to see and be seen and the real book-buying comes today. It better.

I'm situated in the master bedroom, between Sale and Bill Speidel, with Bill Holm at the south window. Roger S turned out to be different than expected, not the overbearing or pretentious air I'd been warned of, nor the bulky build his photos suggested. He's perfectly civil, interesting; was still selling his Seattle book, because

Nov. 14 cont.-- Harvard Press hadn't managed to get his new book on fairy tales to F&N in time.

On the other side of me, Bill Speidel also is ~~fr~~ civil enough. He seems a truly battered specimen; I think he's only in his early 60's, but looks and moves 10 years older than that.

Met Dan Levant's wife Sarah, whom C has known thru her ECI group: an instantly likable, knowable lady. She's been at NW Pub'g, is being let go along with rest of the book dept., so will do pubcty for Madrona. Also met Susan Pelzer of The Reader, a striking blonde; said she's now on payroll as production ~~manager~~ manager, just as a way to have her on the payroll full-time of the Wkly. And Bill Arnold of the P-I, who said Shadowland is now somewhere over 30,000 in sales, has been out since July; said it started from the movie end--his agent sold the movie rights, then sold McGraw-Hill on doing the book.

More on the NY trip: a couple of harrowing times, the first on the morn I was to go to HBJ for lunch, when I was brushing my teeth and off popped my capped front tooth and began bouncing around the sink like the marble on a roulette wheel. I somehow plunged my hand over the drain before the tooth made it there, managed to stick the cap back over the snaggle, and then sat down with the shakes, at what a fearsome mess I had narrowly missed: the snag is so sensitive and reprehensible I somehow would have had to try find an instant dentist in midtown Manhattan.

The other moment came at the airport baggage check-in, when after checking my suitcase I was directed to a passenger rep who would rework the cost of my ticket, since I was going home on a regular flight instead of night flt as planned. He pointed out to me the suitcase had been checked to Chicago--the mid-point of the night flight--instead of Seattle. I went back immediately, and the woman who had done the checking not 5 minutes before had no memory of me whatsoever. It took a couple of tries to explain to her--I was sagging badly after the hassle of getting to the airport--and when she tried to retrieve the bag, it already had gone aboard the plane and couldn't be pulled off because of new security regulations. What was really bothersome: I had carefully packed the cover painting of SKY, newly bought from Paul Bacon, into the suitcase because the painting was too large to fit my

Nov. 14 cont.--briefcase or any other easy method of carrying on the plane, and I had thought since ~~my~~ the flt I now was taking was non-stop, there'd be no chance for the suitcase to get lost. The baggage ~~man~~ woman tapped out a computer message, and tried to reassure me the bag would meet me in Seattle, but it wasn't until midway thru a second scotch that I remembered the name-and-address tag on the suitcase and began to relax. Indeed, the flight the bag was on landed just minutes ahead of mine, and the bag came onto the carousel just as I walked in to look for it.

Should note that the takeover rumor was that 20th C Fox was buying HBJ. The HBJ stock shot up nearly 6 points, to about 33, the Friday before I left. I called Mulherin to see what she knew, and she hadn't heard anything about it. Called Norm Klauder at Merrill Lynch ~~wherein~~ on Mon. morn in NY, he asked me to hold the phone while he tried to look it up, it shortly dawned on me his research consisted of leafing thru the Wall St. Jnl which I had just read at b'fast. Asked Rhoda when I talked with her on the phone Mon. morn, she'd been away at end of previous week and knew nothing. Decided I'd just wait to see what was said at lunch with CH on Wed., it came out fairly promptly there.

Story from CH, about how literary a house HBJ is: soon after she came over from Morrow, she signed the Berkowitz's How to Take Charge of Your Own Life, and at the sales presentation of the book, was astounded to hear the HBJ sales people complaining that the best-selling B'witzs' stuff wasn't really literature.

Other news from y'day: went to Gp Health Dental to have the tooth cap recemented, it turned out to be a 45-min session which left me drenched with sweat. As the dentist was flossing out excess cement, he popped the cap off again and had to start entirely damned over.

Nov. 17--Transcription of Carol's notes made for me while I was on NY trip, Nov. 5-9:

--John's mother has written a nice note to you--if you can just nudge it from John, who mumbled at Jean because it says things about Preston.

--Pat Vessie, acting on impulse, bought a copy of SKY for her dr., James J. Lane Jr. She had remembered he was from Montana. Turns out he's from somewhere "a few miles" from where the book is set (?), and says he had a Doig for a Teacher. Elsie?

--Sara Hart came and found me Mon. morning, all smiley because you donated copy of SKY bought \$35 at the auction.

--Dick Boggio of our counseling staff called me early Tues. morning, to report he'd read SKY and didn't know you had so much in common. His family owned a ranch near Red Lodge, had several hundred sheep, and he spent summers traveling with a shearing crew. He'll probably catch up with you on Nov. 20.

--Jerry Magellisen called to report that your interview wd be aired Nov. 6 and 8 on channel 3 (Lynnwood). Then it'd go on to cable stations in Bellevue--in a couple wks--and to Tacoma and Seattle, at dates unspecified.

--Lady from Rep benefit called for Mr. Dog. I said you were straight on everything except Tues. lunch schedule. All authors go to lunch at noon at Peter Donnelly's "down the street."...she had noticed New Yorker ad.

--Thurs. pm: John says you'd better be careful. At this rate you may make it up to the minimum wage.

Nov. 17, 3:50: am close to clearing off the desk, at last, and the Shoreline signing party on Monday is the last promo on the immediate horizon. Significantly, today I created a WINTER LIGHT file, and began thinking about where to move the SKY and mag files to.

Ran 2 miles this afternoon, for the first time in couple of weeks: very cold weather, then rain, stopped me all week until now. Am up to 148-9 pounds.

Most of this week has been promo, of one kind or another. Was at F&N benefit for the Rep from 10-7 on Tuesday, sold about 50 books. I was stationed in the master bedroom of the borrowed house, between Roger Sale and Bill Speidel. A day of that was interesting. Sale is a real working mind; asked me where the line of pull divides in Montana, between those of us who come to Seattle and those who go to Mnpls.

Nov. 17 cont.--Said he'd been asked to make a speech, was interested in the topic; it developed that the speech was that very evening, and he was going to do it extemp.

We talked some about Norman Maclean, whom Sale touted highly in NY Review, and about novelist Thos Savage, who he thinks is greatly neglected. All in all, we seemed to get along okay, and I at least was much interested in him.

Bill Speidel, on the other hand, is something of a grandfatherly pirate. All day long, as anyone approached his table and looked at any of his books, he would say, "it's an entertaining book." Indeed, I overheard him saying to one of the SRO go-for ladies that he'd looked at the first few pp. of mine, found it too personal and painful, he tried to entertain in his writing. Yet when another go-for asked if we wanted a drink, Bill at once annced he was an AAer--so go figure. One of the real trials of the day ~~to~~ was to listen to Bill recite the extent of re-writing that went into the Doc Maynard book--which Archie and others tell me is so full of overdone cuteness it all but curls up and purrs. On the back of the coin, it couldn't have been easy for Bill, either, to see me as a young whippersnapper selling books like crazy.

Managed to have lunch with Archie--the 50 or so writers went in 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hr shifts--at Peter Donnelly's house, which seemed to be furnished in black, like a high-class coal mine. Talked about my NY trip and his interminable agent troubles--the last one won't return his stuff, and he's probably going to have to go to law against her. Also, in the midst of our talk, he suddenly looked up and said he'd trade all his books for one like SKY. I was much moved. Also said he only hoped his health holds, as he counts the years of the kids' schooling, until he can get freer to tackle what he wants.

Among the authors I met were John McCallum of Tacoma, who has just done the Dave Beck book for Merle Dowd; gabby guy I didn't much like, but he was generous about SKY, and Arch said his is the one Teamsters' book that really looks at

Beck, the two new national ones barely mention him. Norma Macrae, who had some kind of diabetics cookbook. When C and I met her, she at once launched into story of struggle she's having with Pac S about cookbook she's doing for them: she wants to call it The Sprouted Mushroom, they want The Mushroom and Beansprout Cookbook, so she's gathered "market research"--cornered 100 or so people somewhere,

Nov. 17 cont.--asked which title they preferred (talk about a Hobson's choice), said it came 100-1 against Pac S and she was going to battle them with that data. I thought of that confrontn and laughed inside. John Hinterberger, whom I much liked--seemed funny, friendly. Victor Steinbrueck, gentlemanly, a civic asset. Ray Collins, a national asset; his wife Juanita had instructed him to bring home a SKY, which I inscribed to the two of them, and Cecil and Dipstick, as first citizens of the NW; Ray in turn inscribed an "Everything's Great in '78" for me to the effect he someday hoped to write as good as me. Collins is truly remarkable, a gifted writer in the Cecil strip--I'd give a lot for his rejig of "Success, you is a sweetheart" into "Success, you is a Swede tart"--and a scholar of the history of comics, yet he has a sweet openness that's almost farmboyish.

Rebecca, who was sitting next to the guy, reported that the fellow who had a sailing book entirely sold out and went home early. Useful humility for us literateurs. Archie said Rebecca had told him that when SKY arrived at the Weekly, it got passed around, person after person sniffing "Montana?" at it, until it reached Hank Shaw. I'm playing the one social game I've ever knowingly done--not introducing myself to David Brewster, out of curiosity to see if he ever feels compelled to meet me. The answer probably is, no.

Yesterday at 4, went to UW to answer qns for writing class taught by Dorothy Bestor and Elizabeth Case. Qns were quite good: what are my optimum working conditions, how do I gather material, when did I decide to write the book. Liked Dorothy, a very take-charge lady. Then went to U Tower bar, where C and I met Lou and Mark Damborg; had a drink, then supper at Contnl. First time we'd seen them since late spring of '77, just before they went to Wn, DC; found them absolutely unchanged, toney and self-mocking about it as ever.

Nov. 21--Great god, what an outsize year this continues to be. Yesterday, in aftermath of biggest snowstorm in years, I sold 82 of 85 books at Shoreline signing party, came home to Rhoda's message on the answering machine that BOMC is picking up SKY as alternate. Details yet to be learned; just tried (7:15) to reach Rhoda, without luck.

Weather is remarkably frigid: 26 at the moment, C has just hiked off to the college, as we did y'day morn. We found about 20 trees--alders--across the road between the large curves on the hill, a terrific tangle. Snow began a bit on ~~Sat~~ Sat. afternoon, still wasn't sticking by bedtime; Sun. morn, there was almost six inches. We were admiring it extravagantly until we saw that the easternmost birch at the office end of the house was bent down entirely across the woodshed. Hurriedly dressed and went out to dislodge as much snow as we could from it; think we may have saved the tree, tho it's still leaning a lot. Had breakfast and went back out to shake snow off other trees, bushes. Amazingly, nothing was broken off except one alder limb which fell across the back gate.

Ann McC came by on cross-country skis mid-afternoon--she's been using our bathroom as a pit stop as she trains to run a marathon next week--and just as she was leaving the power went off. Stayed off from 3 to 7; C and I stoked up the fireplace, heated soup for supper on the coals, talked. I found again that I'm uncomfortable without lights, so attuned to reading and ~~xxx~~ writing I'm not much good at just sitting, particularly in a downed house.

We didn't even attempt the cars on Mon. morn, which was just as well because of the hill tangle. Walked up with C in time for her 8:30 class, checked in at bkstore, found all was ready for the 9-1 signing. Pretty promptly at 9, Bob Force and the woman-of-all-trades from the PUB skidded down the sidewalk with cart of coffee and cookies. Ans Schot and ~~M~~ the cashier, Mrs. Mattson, bought copies of SKY, and Dick Boggio walked in the door as the first genuine customer. Very little let-up from then on, with some hilarious moments. Wayne ^{Mc}Guire, the straightest-arrow dress on the campus, showed up in jeans and flannel shirt--more in honor of the storm than Montana,

Nov. 21 cont.--I gathered. Dick White and Vi Jurgich came in--Georgia had pointedly called the admin bldg to say I'd made it--and Dick bought a copy for his wife, chatted for a while, left, then promptly was back, saying he needed another one. Vi bought a couple of copies, later brought over George Douglas' sec, Alice Smith, who bought a couple. Bob Love and Don McVay came in early, hands in pockets and grinning like schoolboys. Ron Bell came later, as, to my astonishment, did George Douglas. Marilyn Rabura bought 4 copies, Diane Dailey 5. Kathrin Maloof drove up from Laurelhurst, had me sign 4; got a chance to talk at length with Kathrin, who fascinates me with her openness and quality. She said she is wondering what to do in life--in fact, recently the idea came to her that if anything ever happened to John, she might return to Germany, the first time she's ever thought that. There is a kind of melancholy in K, strange and at odds with her strong mind and great capabilities. Her career perhaps ended when she did not get tenure at UW, in the years before they did not dare kick out women so casually. A remarkable woman, whose persona I have felt as a force field ever since the day C brought her home to lunch several years ago. Y'day I talked her into staying around until C and Jean arrived, so they could have lunch with her.

Others who came by: students Rochelle Hindman and Jaimie Egg of the Ebbside. Amy and Dave Daheim came in straight from their bus from Queen Anne, Dave wondering as ever about the progress of the book. Amy bought 5 books; the one for her I inscribed in gratitude for the magnificence of her friendship and the quality of her person. Howard and Barbara Vogel came by early; Marilyn Ridge of the sec'l pool came down to get one for herself and one for Merlyn Talbot. All the bookstore staff bought at least one.

C and I walked home about 1:45. C's ECI group was to meet here, and she had to decide whether to go ahead or see if they would cancel. Dorothy Bestor had qualms about the roads--or Arthur had them--so that pretty well decided for postponement, until Dec. 4. Hilarious phone message from Dorothy, as she voices her qualms, runs out of recorder time, dials again and continues with aplomb. Dorothy B for president, I say.

Dec. 13--The diary has truly slud, for no particular reason I'm aware of. Considerable has happened--the worst the news on weekend after Th'gving that Peg has cancer, the best I suppose that the Winter contract is signed and sent and I'm shifting over from Sky promo to the next year of writing. Some apprehension on that, as I have set myself to write 90-100,000 words in 12 months, some 65,000 of them in the next three, and I do not have as much research done into Swan's diaries, and frontier history, as I had intended. But "step off assuredly into the blank of your mind," I read from Richard Wilbur recently; I must try to maintain the "assuredly."

Made what I hope was a stride away from magazine writerdom by y'day turning down an easy \$300 Chevron assignment, travel piece on Seattle. And, as I finished the PNW Writers Conference speech (for Feb.) last week and then the editing for Roy Silen on Double Planet, I have nothing looming except Winter Light--precisely the spot I want to be in, I suppose. I seem to be freed from wanting to write for Pac S; would like to place some segments from Winter there, but I think out of sight is truly out of mind with Harriet.

Have had the uneasy feeling about this year that I really haven't written very much, that too long a span has passed. As best I can tally it, tho, there has been some work, just not in book ms form:

--Maturity on Hiway 89	--Pac S: Ft. Canby
--USFS editing	Columbia dams
--NYT on Astoria	sasquatch conf.
--SKY excerpts	Beaver
--SKY galley reading	Or. Orchardists
--G'heim application	P. Puget
--PNWC speech	Medicine Line
--Double Planet editing	Woody Guthrie

The unease, I think, is that none of the above, except the Sky galley work and the G'heim application, has anything to do with work of the ~~ext~~ quality of Sky--and quality is what I had better damn well concentrate on.

Anyway, what a freewheeling, what-the-hell-will-happen-next year. There never will be a time in my life again like the success of Sky; Carol has thought it enormous fun, and for both those rewards, I prize the time.

Dec. 13 cont.--Unusual cold of this winter goes on, 27 degrees and frost this morn. Y'day was much the same, the hill very slick with frost. I went to UW library, mostly just to be in motion, ~~bring~~ brought back several books, including Winfield Townley Scott's notebook, which I read last night and was taken with. In the library, encountered Saum of the history dept. He said just y'day he'd been touted onto Sky by a former Chi Daily News man he corresponds with--dawned on me later it is Donald Zochert, who did early review of Sky. Am amused by the change in my status with the UW history folk--they've always been a bit nonplussed about having produced a free-lance writer, but now they find the creature really is an Author. Saum, for instance, said I must stop by sometime.

Saw Marilyn Martin in U Bk Store for a minute, asked how many copies total of Sky she's sold, she fished it up and said, 200. She's also just got the last 60 copies from Baker & Taylor, and she figures that's it, the last she can lay her hands on before Xmas.

On the weekend, we went to LaPush, lvg Friday afternoon and getting home mid-afternoon on Sunday. Hiked Rialto to Ellen Creek, were over-careful, backed off even from log-walking across. A good interlude.

Monday night the 4th, Carol's ECI group met here, I talked with them about book promo afterwards. 16 came, a good group.

Have made the entry in promo notebook about BOMC selection of SKY, but not here. Word came from Rhoda I think just before Thkgvng, Irene Skolnick called on Nov. 27 with details. It's good news, though mostly for publicity rather than \$\$\$, at least to start with.

I don't seem to have made Thanksgiving entry, though I wrote a bit about it to Mark Wyman. The relationships are so tangled by now that I didn't much want to have the traditional gathering here at our place; it seemed to involve either too much sorting, or a couple of prospects I didn't want people to have to put up with in my house: Jack Gordon meeting Peg's new man for the first time, and Linda bringing Stan, in the face of her pasts with Clint and, as it turned out, Liz. Also, I hadn't much liked Peg's Paul the once I met him--thought him flannel-shirt stuffy--and Stan didn't sound like any

Dec. 13 cont.--terrific bargain either. Clint had wondered about having the dinner at the Federal Ave. house, which I thought sounded fine: let him sort it all out. Linda pointed out--quite pointedly--that Clint had practically no dishes in the house. That didn't sound unsoivable to me either, but C truly has liked having the Thanksgiving gatherings here, and so wanted to try it again. I grumbled that we had gone on with the Institute too long, too--a superfluous grumble; if C wants to have a social tradition or two, I ought to shut up and let her. Anyway, as it turned out, the day went well enough. Paul still seemed a bit stiff, but he was at a helluva disadvantage, amid so many of Jack's friends; Jack said from his point of view it went okay. Linda did not bring Stan, evidently because they'd broken up the previous week; it turned out that any game-playing was done by Liz, who brought a new friend named Jan for the first hour or so. As C said, Linda is smart enough to handle that blindfolded, and so indeed Linda didn't show up for the first hour--arriving just as Jan was going out the door.

Anyway, the presence of Liz, and the throat-clearing request by Clint that Kay Okimoto come if she wanted, as he had more or less promised when he thought he was having the shindig, breached Carol's good humor a bit. Mine was considerably more breached when Jack edged up to me in the middle of dinner and told me the toilet was plugged. Truly it was, everybody used the back bushes for an hour or so until the Roto-Rooter man arrived, at double overtime--\$80, with me having to help him (and with one scotch more in me than I was comfortable with) run the cable machine he used to augur out the system. All in all, not entirely my idea of a relaxing holiday. Yet I take C's point--and I hope she wasn't blasted away from it by this year--that Thanksgiving is a kind of "family" gathering of those of us who have been friends a long time. The problem is going to be to judge whether the day can continue to work as it has.

Recent reading: skim of Montaigne; Daniel Martin, which I liked but wished was better, given the enormous effort Fowles must have put into a book of that size; In Patagonia; re-read of Levels of the Game (at LaPush); am now on Beckett Pigg.

Dec. 24--Y'day a major day. Wrote reasonably well in the morning, after preceding 2 tough days of starting the winter book, and about 2 pm began to think through the plan of the book, plan where I will be at certain times, to give the book motion--pace--and mood. A helluva help.

Roughed the Day 1 lead of 300 or so words on the 21st; roughed 1000 words on 22d, same on 23d, so the schedule isn't bad; tomorrow must try edit the results into the first two days of the book. Should note that initial 2 days were damn grim. House is very empty without C--I find nothing to do with myself except write, which has its limit of hours, and read, which also has to have limits. That is part of it, but the gearing-up itself is just damn hard; the weight that this is going to be the schedule for the next year. Mood much improved y'day, when I got much done, and today, when I totaled up less but achieved some good touches in the musing, half-dreamy mood that sometimes happens.

Besides writing, have been reading Swan's NW Coast. Will try finish it this evening, before going across to 'Lankfords' open house to mooch supper. C and I were invited to Linda's for Xmas Eve dinner, then I was invited alone when C went to NJ, but I turned it down. Linda acted a bit like I had crapped on a christmas tree until I explained I didn't feel I could afford the distraction, this early in this ~~project~~ particular book; when I told her I replay evenings in my mind, she said she does the same, and understands.

This was a pretty day, which didn't help the writing mood; went down to the Rancher for coffee and an English muffin about 10:30, just to get into the outside.

C called from NJ night before last; all is well, she and folks had been to Eelmans.

The diary gap is considerable; diary evidently will suffer much, again, as I book-write. Night of 14th, we dropped in at Madrona Press Xmas party; found ourselves enmeshed with a pushy salesman named Fred Myers. He denounced unions categorically to us, which neither of us minds very much, but seemed ready to go on to every other viewpoint he has. Finally steered away from him. Also saw Rebecca Earnest, there with house rebuilder Gary Torgeson, and Peter Miller of Miller & Mungo.

Dec. 24 cont.--Sat. the 16th was some sort of social record for us. Noon, we went to Woodinville, for lunch with Gordon and Sherri Doig, at home of Marvin and Ann Case. With Gordon were WSS banker Mike Grove, and Gordon's hired help, John and Diane Philips; they were all out here for the Seahawks game the next day. In late afternoon, Bill Kittredge and Annick Smith, and Bill's daughter and son-in-law, came for a drink and talk. At about 6:30, C and I went to Nelsons' annual lawyers party.

Y'day's mail brought signed Winter contract from HBJ, note from Rhoda saying Sky's sales now are 15,600. Early last week came reviews from Wash. Post, marvelous; El Paso Times, favorable but ponderous and semi-ept; and Indnpls Star, favorable but absolutely inept review of novel titled This Great House of Sky. Best news was letter from Dick Estelle, the Radio Reader over PBS stations, asking permission to do Sky.

Dec. 25--Another promising day on the book. Reworked the Day 2 material, introducing Swan and bringing him to the Strait, and I think fleshed most of it out fairly well. Y'day, Day 1 was reworked to the point where I'm willing to let ~~it~~ it set for awhile. All in all, I have about 4500 words, half of them strung semi-competently as the opening of the book, ~~back~~ to show for these first five days.

Another good bright day. 1:45 now, am intending to knock off soon--my Christmas celebration--and walk around Green Lake before going to Rodens, then to airport for Carol. Jean and Cindy came by briefly last night with Xmas gifts and holiday bread for my breakfast. About 6:30, I went across to Lankfords' open house, mooched enough for supper. Spent much time taking with Dave Daly, whom I can't decide whether I rather like or would prefer to see sealed up in one of his mausoleums. Much cemetery talk--Dave telling me about a scandal he's been trying to bring to the state's attention, finally seems to have managed; also told me Seattle was one of the most avid early cities for cremation, in 1890's. Noticed how truly Irish Dave is beginning to look now that he's putting on weight; a Behanish, ruining face.

D.c. 25 cont.--Yet one of the things he told me--and with Dave, you promptly hear about everything from his business to his hemorrhoids--is that he and Lou have just gone through some est-type of life evaluation. While I'm not sure he has the moxie to do much about it, he does seem to be questioning his life a bit.

Lankfords have a truly astonishing tree, 21 feet, just short of their barrel ceiling. Think I would rather like Dick if I spent more time with him; certainly he's nobody's fool. Ditto Joanie, who has her own brand of smarts but has an overly mobile, histrionic face in front of them.

Current reading: finished the immense Becket bio, found myself much impressed with Becket's life. Have been reading Swan's NW Coast--another accomplishment of these five days--and finished it last night. Read Thos Savage's Power of the Dog about a week ago, on Roger Sale's advice; it is remarkable, if not quite accomplished. Also have read Rick de Marinis's Cinder, like his style; Tillie Olsen's Silences, which is not quite a book but a worthwhile effort to get that least-writing of valuable writers into print. Am momentarily stumped what to read next; fear the Snow Leopard, for keeping my brain at work. Maybe Gorki's Childhood, lent from Den Peters, which has wonderful start.

Current weight is bad news, surely about 150, though I ran most days last week; did not manage to take a sauna any time, which is the difference.

Now, shower time. Christmas time.

Dec. 27--Snow began to spit at about daybreak--before 8--but day cleared off to sunshine and cold wind. When I came home from UW ms about 1:30, immediately went out to run the n'hood because of storm over the Olympics, in otherwise clear sky. As I ran the top of the hill and saw which way the whitecaps were breaking on the Sound, discovered the storm was heading south along the mtns, not coming across.

Satisfactory day at UW; made the decision to have the entire transcribed portion of Swan's diaries--some 660 pp., about 4 yrs worth--photocopied, along with his typescript of Qn Ch trip. Took a coffee break at the Hub, surprisingly was joined by Saum, who I crossed paths with a few weeks ago, too. He evidently was on campus to do some last library research before going to read a paper at ANA in San Francisco. He is either impressed or bemused by me since the success of Sky, largely because he corresponds with Donald Zochert, the Chicago writer who did one of the earliest and best reviews of Sky, and Z touted me to him. Saum I take to be a man who knows he's in a damn dull business, and is none too scintling a personality himself; but the more I'm around him, the more openings in his stuffiness I see. Told him I was working a bit on Swan--"Doing a piece on his Qn Ch trip for Pac S, then we'll see what else might develop"--and he got interested. Had just told me he disagrees with Norman Clark's descptn of Swan in NW Coast foreword--thinks it's too generous in depicting Swan as refugee from eastern society, and in not showing how much a con man he was--and I think it's not a bad point. But Saum either hasn't been into the Swan diaries, was asking me about their extent, etc. Anyway, by the time we had spent 15 min. at coffee and walked back to library together, he had told me that the history dept. is now making its 3d stab at finding a replacement for C'n, that of the dept's 4 committees 3 are looking for "musical chairs" replacements of untenured young profs with other untenured young profs, and concluded by announcing--quite formal, much as I understand the continental custom to be--that I should call him Lou, and he, me, Ivan. More useful, he offered to talk sometime about Swan, having delivered a speech or two about him.

Dec. 27--cont.--Christmas went well enough, C's plane arriving on time. We were back at Rodens' for our belated Xmas dinner by about 7. That gathering was rather a swirl, a dozen of us--the 4 Rodens, C and I, the full Dewell family, 17-yr-old Laura to 87-yr-old Dabby. Dabby is quite alert; repeats herself consdibly, but can follow a line of convstn perfectly well; as a teetotaling vegetarian, she was undoubtedly the healthies one of us all. One Xmas tradition I could have done without was Cindy and Alice's piano duets, which roared on for the 1st hour I was there, before leaving to get C, and resumed some after dinner--reminds me I truly do lead a secluded life, hours of silence to the extent that casual music startles me--but it's their Xmas, after all.

Worked steadily at rewrite of Day 2 y'day, after fairly ~~work~~ quickly coming up with a Xmas Day entry I rather like, and so was able to try the first 20 pp--Days 1-3--on Carol last night. She thinks it's surprisingly good for this early. So do ~~it~~ I.

We got around to unwrapping presents last night--Boxing Day. C gave me a good terrycloth bathrobe, a Jimmy Buffet record, and the cup I'd asked for to use at UW design school coffee shop during Winter resch. I gave her a manicure set and a blue turtleneck, having intended to buy her several--she wears them day-to-day in classroom--but was unable to come up with more.

Her trip to NJ evidently went okay, but wasn't simple; rooming house she stayed in had a most-of-the-night pot party going on under her room one night, and her final night was such a rainstorm she stayed all night in the retirement home--Phyl Post's room was vacant--rather than chance it.

Phone call this afternoon from Joanne Schaler, wife of Rob Schaler the mountaineer, in admiration of Sky; she's from Roundup, and was snowed by the book. Asked to meet us sometime. On the one hand, I'm bemused by this new inclination of people to meet me; on the other, I wouldn't mind the chance to talk with Rob about the K-2 expeditions he's been on.

(Note: carbon copies of Carol's letters to her parents, and an occasional one from me to them, in '78 letters file provide a periodic version of our doings.)

SKY promo, '78

mid-May, began research for memoes to HBJ about bookstore promo and advertising in Mont-Ida-Wyo and in Seattle. Mailed the first on 22 May, the next on 27 May. Rhoda Schlamm thought they looked excellent.

Had lunch sometime earlier in month with Archie Satterfield, to ask his promo advise. Said it is worthwhile to have pub'n day event, prob'l at U Book Store; said Frederick & Nelson prefers autgraph party after book has been out a while. I wrote to Leroy Soper at U Book Store 25 May.

--On May 9, CH reported ~~that~~ sales meeting info that SKY printing would be 10,000, with full-page NYTBR ad or 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pagers--\$5-6000 which shoots the nat'l ad budget unless the book can get good quotes. Salesmen said it's a "literary" book for general taste, they'll need strong quotes and reviews to sell it. CH says they'll work hard for quotes--Jovanovich himself said they should. I provided a further list of writers to be solicited when I sent in 1st promo memo above.

--Week of May 23, Pat Vessie did much library work for me; paid her \$50 for what was meant to be part of a day, she went right on researching on her own. Steered me to very useful material about Western libraries, regional reviewers, and associations.

--Got ad rates for Pac S, thinking of Xmas issue ad.

May 27-30: ABA meet in Atlanta; HBJ has posters of SKY and prominent display of jacket

June 8: met Peter Miller at Miller & Mungo (intro'd by Rebecca Earnest); he advised word-of-mouth among booksellers.

June 8: drafted letter to Mont. booksellers

June 9: checked with Jane Estes about LIFE possbty, she said it's still a "maybe"

--week of June 5, wrote letters and prepared galleys to send to Kay's Bookmark; Miller & Mungo; Geo. Tweney; and Rosanne Cohn at View Northwest. Will mail on the 10th.

--6 June, called Jane Reis at Pac S for her promo advice. Main thing: make sure the book is in the stores before embarking on promo appearances.

--7 June, lunch with Rebecca Earnest; info about the Weekly's ~~sump~~ Reader; will get ad rates from her as well.

(Aug. 2, updating from diary and letters;)

--23 June: called Rhoda at HBJ, was told that HBJ is sending out 20 galleys for ad quotes.

--July 8: family reunion, covered by LIFE team of Jan Mason and Brian Lanker.

--July 10-14: visits to booksellers and newspapers in Bozeman, Billings, Gt. Falls, Helena and Missoula; met Norma Ashby of KRTV, Today in Montana.

--July 17: Daniel Laskin of HORIZON called for review info for Sept. issue.

--July 18: sent SKY galleys to all Mont. wholesalers and to selected booksellers such as Julie Golding in Missoula.

--21 July: talked for hr. with Kathy Mulherin, HBJ sales rep; she reported U Book Store not interested in autogph party, but F&N and Hunters in Bellevue prob'ly are. She told me about ABA regional meeting here Sept. 27-30, said we should do something

--20 July: wrote CHill about prospects of Montana tour, media coverage. 19-22, edited excerpts for Billings Gazette Sun. feature, Tales of the Old West; thruout week, typed onto bookstore letters done by Billee a red-ink p.s. about LIFE coverage--about 90 letters' worth.

--24 July: C and I did assembly-line mailing of the 90 letters, ~~to~~ with "Time Since" sample of SKY and cover-ordering info I made up, to booksellers in Mont., Idaho and Wyoming.

--26 July: delivered SKY galleys to Walt Carr at Elliott Bay books, mailed set to Susan Pelzer at Wkly. Had lunch with Archie, asked him about regional advtsg: he suggested Wkly, gave me name of KOIN talk host and Western Writers of Am reviewer.

--31 July: selected album photos to go to Mont. papers, about 2 dozen pics which took most of a day.

--1 Aug. wrote SKY letters, with sample, to n. Mont. drugstores. Also have written Leland Case to ask about Westerners reviewer.

7 Aug.: picked up pics from Price and UW Prod Svces; UW did most of the histcl pics, in about 3 days and cheaply.

9 Aug.: wrote captions for pics and adapted WSS rodeo material for GF Trib.

8 Aug.: filled out author's qnre for HBJ pub'ty dept., wrote letter to Laura Schneider providing list of Mont. review sources I'll send books and material to; also listed 7 profs and others who ought to get copies.

10 Aug: passed to Laura Schneider info from Leland Case about Westerners reviews: winnowed to names/addresses of Wner reviewers in Chi, LA, Denver, St. L, San Diego.

14 Aug: --called HBJ ~~FOR~~ for Hoagland and Hjortsberg addresses, learned from Rhoda the SKY advance sales to bkstores now is 3314. Asked her for list of HBJ standard reviewers.

--called Jan Mason at LIFE abt G'heim reference, learned the reunion story may be scaled down, and possibly delayed an issue: but still scheduled.

--called Susan Pelzer at The Reader to ask if they'll do regional ABA special; she said probably an enlarged issue for Sept. 20, to be distributed at ABA reg'n table. Said she's liked as much of SKY as she's managed to read between trips out of town; hasn't assigned to reviewer yet. I suggested Jack Brenner, she said he'd be good but has just done two for her. Said she would have the book reviewed for Sept. 20 issue. Learned from her that she'd heard of SKY before I sent galleys--from Peter Miller of Miller & Mungo.

--wrote and mailed items about SKY's pub'n to ASJA Newsletter and Authors Guild Bulletin.

--wrote letter and sent SKY sample to Innisfree Books in Cannon Beach.

--letter from Mike Olsen last week, reported that when he took material I'd sent to Los Artesanos bkstore in LVegas, Diane Stein already had ordered SKY on basis of Pub Wkly, and the fact that since HBJ publishes so little on the West, she thought this must be a good one.

--called S. Times, John Haigh confirmed that SKY excerpt is to run Sept. 17.

--called Ann Saling, winkled from her Annie Dillard's address for copy of the book.

--culled tapes for excerpts to try at All Things Considered.

16 Aug: called K Mulherin to ask about ABA prospects; she said there is \$ for a coop ad, prob'ly with F&N, where she wants to set up a signing party. Told her 3300 sales figures from HBJ, she said that isn't so hot for a 15000 printing, then thought and said ~~maybe~~ probably all the booksellers are like her, running behind because of rejigging of the list after the purge. Said she wished I could come to SF for promo, there might be outside chance if books begins to sell. Said she's heard, thru booksellers: 1) a guy who operates a roving distbshp out of Boise was given galleys by his mother, who'd been given ~~her~~ them by Kathy; liked it, is touting SKY in his rounds; 2) bookseller here told "somebody named Connolly"--undoubtedly Joel or Dolly--who said they wanted to pass along copy to Annie Dillard. I told K I already had wanged her address for that, she said that's good.

--returned call Frank took y'day, to Emmett Watson's gofer, Carol: said she'd heard about SKY and the Life angle from a couple of people; told her I'd get back to her when I have more detailed info.

17 Aug: worked in UW archives on Swan papers; gathered addresses for K Mulherin to send copies to Clark Spence, Michael Malone, Alan Nourse, Frank Herbert. Letter from Mark Wyman, suggesting a copy to Richard Etulain at Idaho St.

18 Aug: Rhoda called, with several items: CHill came out of sales meeting to tell her posters will be done for the West --said it had been "touch and go whether they'd do that"; HBJ is working on heavy, i.e. wide-spread, reviewing, apparently deciding the book will fare well; Virginia Kirkus review was a "rave"; there'll be a phone campaign to bookstores in Mont.; and the new pubcity mgr. Stuart Harris, who came over from Harper & Row, knows Annie Dillard and said he'd get a copy to her.

--I sent Dillard's B'ham address to Rhoda, along with suggestion that Harris send copies to Peter M'thsen, and to Dean Cole's Nwn Reviewing Stand. Also, I sent copy of galleys to Dillard today, with cover letter mentioning Ann Saling; mailed 1st class so it'll be returned if address is no longer good.

18 Aug cont.: wrote piece to send with pic to NU alum news. Forgot to note that on the 15th, I dropped off galleys, pic and cover letter at UW alum news for Bille Lewis, who is interning there.

19 Aug: Y'day, Rhoda called to say the pub'n date has been set back to Sept. 28, to allow more time for reviews and ad quotes; possibly some effect of NY newspaper strike, too; that there'll be a full-page NYT ad; CHill has sent personal letters to 10 or 12 top reviewers, to say this is a book HBJ thought they might like for their personal libraries; and that 100 posters for Western bookstores will be made avbl thru the sales dept. R also asked me to try whatever I could for a comment from Annie Dillard, who seldom gives them.

--Minutes later, call from Doreen Della Rosario in HBJ publicity, to say TIME needs a pic of me, to go with the SKY review they're scheduling; Alice George of Time to call.

--Went to U Book Store, to try find out about how SKY could get into Xmas catalog; Soper on vacation, Mchdsg Mgr Bruce Manger busy with a security alert, so I gave up to come home and try by phone. Reached Manger by phone that afternoon, learned the catalog is long since set--"they begin on it in Feb."; it's pub'd by Scribners, with UBS doing its own cover. Manger said. Manger said UBS has good luck with co-op ads in the Daily, which cost \$2.90 an inch, run 20-25 inches for total of \$60-\$75.

--I wrote CH to tout regional ads in The Reader for ABA convention distribution; Pac S for Xmas; the Daily, as above; and in Helena and Billings, as the Montana places least susceptible to other methods. Also said I'd tentvly aim NY trip for early ~~xxx~~ Nov., when CH will be back from European trip.

--Wrote Rhoda with copy of CH letter, asked her for 4-6 posters, and to let me know if posters are to be distbtd some way besides automtclly with book orders, ~~xxx~~ or I'll provide list of specific Mont. stores which ought to get them.

--Wrote KMulherin, passing along news of Time prospect and Kirkus review, since I sometimes seem to have more info than she gets; sent her copy of "End of Hunt" adaptn to appear in S. Times, so she can judge whether it's fit to be reproduced for ABA passing out; and sent 17 addressed

19 Aug cont.--shipping order forms for gratis copies of SKY to writers, profs and media folks who might talk it up. Asked her if there's any angle to ~~work~~ worked with the coincidence that SKY's new pub'n date falls within the regional ABA meet.

--Called Susan Pelzer at The Reader to ask if there's any excerpt possbty; she said no, they're already set with something--my guess is Ernest Gann's autobiog. That'll likely mean SKY won't get p. 1 review position; the only real loss of the day.

--Called Brian Lanker at Reg-Guard to see if he has pics I can refer the TIME person, Alice George, to; he said everything is in NY, but he'd call Jan Mason about it. Am curious about how these invisible crosscurrents may work: will contact between Time and Life staffers boost SKY at one place or another, or downgrade it at Time because Life likely isn't making as much of the reunion story as originally intended, or does it make any diffce at all? I'm probably better off not knowing.

--Mailed release, pic, HBJ flyer and cover letter to NU Alumnis News, with mention of Horizon and Time reviews. Aug. 19: just now wrote L. Anderson at Times Mag, to amend Sept. 18 pub'n date to the week after.

21 Aug: wrote Bruce Manger at U Bk Store about S. Times excerpt; wrote releases for Choteau and Conrad weeklies. Called Jeanne Metzger at E_v. Herald about possible excerpt; she's interested, and will do interview as well. Am to send her review copy. Found photos and wrote her this afternoon. This morn, wrote cover letter with pics to Helena I-R, and mailed. Wrote artist Paul Bacon to ask about buying SKY cover art.

22 Aug--photocopied Kirkus review, enclosed it in letters to Gary Bettis, asking him to be G'heim refce; to Holden, asking him to let me know when his freebie SKY arrives, as a check on HBJ distbn; and to Jeanne Metzger with possible excerpt.

--Wrote Edward Hoagland and Wm Hjortsberg thanks letters, asked Hoagland to be G'heim refce.

--reworked SKY promo files, made up new list of things to be done.

23 Aug: first thing this morn went to UW for list of book rvrs from The Working Press. Then wrote promo pieces for Mont. papers:

--Glacier Reporter	Cut Bank Pioneer Press
Mont. Wool Grower	Meagher County News
" Farmer Stockman	Livingston Enterprise
Hungry Horse News	Townsend Star

--learned tonight there's chance of mail strike, so readied review copies, ~~which~~ out of my author's consgmt which came today, to mail in morn to GF, Billings, B'man and Missoula papers, and Norma Ashby at KRTV. I had coincidentally written cover letters for all of the above, and for the SKY n'paper excerpts, today.

--wrote prime booksellers in Billings and Gt. Falls to advise them I'd mailed excerpts to papers.

--wrote Bear Paw Books in Havre to ask advice on promo at Havre News.

29 Aug: call from Irene Skolnick of HBJ reprint rights, to report that she's had no luck interesting mass p'back houses in SKY but is talking to Dutton about doing a trade p'back. Dutton wanted to know where serial rights have appeared, and what I'm doing next. Outlined Winter Light plans for S. She wondered if we'd tried New West for SKY, I told her no; she said she'd be glad to talk with Ann, about any questions. Also asked if we'd had any movie contacts, told her we don't have that kind of expertise.

Called Ann, reported S convstn and my feeling that some of this was beginning to fall between stools and she ought to call S; she agreed.

30 Aug: wrote S fuller descptn of Winter Light, plus info about possbty of SKY being used as Wn history text. Wrote Stuart Harris, new HBJ director of promo, with gist of Montana tour, asked if HBJ would pay; passed along Archie's suggstn of Bub Beechwood show in P'land, and said rev copies are slow getting out here. Sent Bill Tidyman copy of Kirkus rev featuring his mother's quote.

2 Sept: Hank Shaw came, did 2-hr interview as bkgnd for his review in The Reader. C and I had lunch with Archie Satterfield on the 31st; note came from him highly praising SKY.

3 Sept: wrote CHill to pass along Lorian Hemingway material suggested by Archie, and to ask her if HBJ is handling any movie possibilities, as Ann and I assumed they would. Wrote Archie note of thanks, agreed to meet for interview later in month, provide him a pic. (Had phoned Fred Olson day or so earlier to get negs for further pics for promo.)

5 Sept: wrote cover letter and left copy of SKY for Milt Hughs, producer of Seattle Today.

--wrote Dorothy Lough at Hart-Albins in Billings about possible Oct. 12 autograph'g date there.

--wrote thanks to Gary Bettis for agreeing to be G'heim refce.

--In afternoon, phone call from Norma Ashby at KRTV in Gt. Falls, jokingly asking if I've won the Pulitzer yet. She likes the book hugely, asked if I can come for live appearance on her show on Wed., Oct. 11; I said OK. Said I should get a copy to Tom Brokaw of TODAY show, I said I'd been mulling it.

--Few minutes later, Diane Wright of Bellevue Journal-American called to set up interview on Oct. 13.

--Earlier, I'd called Marge Lopic of Hunter's in Bellevue, as requested by Kathy Mulherin, about doing a stint in the author's lounge during the regional ABA meeting. Chose 11 a.m. on Friday, Sept. 29.

--Wrote Julie Golding in Missoula about auto'g date there on Sat. after "Today in Mont."

6 Sept: Called Marge Lopic again, to ask best timing on J-A interview. She amended my ABA time to 10:30 Fri., because the other author slated at 11 is going to show movies. (Lopic said she and Joan Halprin are 2-person committee.)

6 Sept: CHill just called, with news of rave review in Time. John Roden had called an hour earlier, after Pat Kelley called with news that she'd just opened hers.

On other topics, CH said:

--Stuart Harris will be in touch with me about Mont. trip. HBJ isn't too enthused about it, but would like to keep me happy, she said; said she wishes there were more books to be sold there. Told her I need the practice, if nothing else.

--Asked her if NYTimes strike is really hurtful, she said she thinks not much, so far, "which only shows how bad a job they've been doing" with books. Said she's heard rumors it'll be settled in next 10 days. Asked if she still intends NYT advtsg for SKY, she said yes, they have \$5000 budgeted.

--Said Jovanovich asked her if they have contract for my next book, she said no, but they have option. Wondered if I'm ready to talk contract, I said I figured I'd wait until I saw her in Nov., but supposed I could do it sooner.

--Said she's in touch with Walter Clemons of Newsweek, called him again today and told him to read SKY tonight.

--Other work today; letter to Jack Henderson at Book and Gift in Gt. Falls.

--2nd ASJA release to Tom Mahoney.

**Sent autographed copies, with cover letters, to Tom Brokaw at NBC and Steve Bell at ABC.

--Called UBkstore, Frederick & Nelson, Elliott Bay and Miller & Mungo to see if SKY is in stock. It's not, except for 4 copies Peter Miller received this morn. Called wholesaler, Ingrams; not in there either, though 250 on order. At C's suggestion, called CHill to tell her. She said she was glad to know--had asked the distribn man and he'd told her the books are out everywhere--said she'd get to him. Asked her how advances are by now, she said 7-8000, "about average" out of 15,000. Also said she thought she'd now get another decision out of Book of the Month Club--I take it, a yes or no on her second try at them--on basis of Time review.

--Went to Shoreline with C, technician taped segments onto cassette for us, to send to Nat. Public Radio.

Sept. 6 cont: when I called U Bookstore, I spoke with Marilyn Martin. She said she'd had a letter from a friend, Carlos Knapf (I think), who had worked at HBJ, I think was in charge of mailing out galleys, and he implored her to get U Bookstore to do well by the book, which he praised fulsomely, something like "a trove of love." Kept my cool and didn't tell her it didn't seem to get the book into the store on time.

C

Sept. 7: pasted up Time review for photocopying, has gone to Copy Mart to get 100 copies; also is having some pics of me made at Price's, and mailing book to Steve Bell.

--called Bearpaw Books in Havre, tentatively set apprc on Oct. 12.

--called Hart-Albins in Billings, set apprc on Oct. 13.

--called Kathy Mulherin; she dug through her unopened mail to her copy of Time, read review while I was on phone. Told her of lack of books here and the Havre bookseller's complaint, she checked her microfiche and said it's not critical yet, this is the week the books ought to be arriving places from HBJ warehouse. Said she'd get to work on wholesalers, call me on Monday.

--sent copies of TIME review to Larry Anderson at S. Times and David Smith at Billings Gazette.

Sept. 8: sent off copies of TIME review to about 2 dozen people, friends or people in Mont. who helped with the research, and some of the family, such as Anna and Wally. Sent 2 or 3 copies in each envelope, as multipliers.

--wrote cover letter and description of interviews tape, sent with inscribed copy of SKY to Susan Stamberg at National Public Radio.

--stopped by Miller & Mungo to sign copies as Peter Miller asked a few days ago; he wasn't there, but I left copies of the Time review.

--stopped at UW library for xeroxes of Swan's diary sample, Nat'l Public Radio address.

--returned calls to Den Peters and Archie S'field about TIME review.

Sept. 11: Sent out another spate of the Time review.
--called Jane Reis for advice about Spokane TV, she provided info on KHQ "Kaleidoscope" show.
--called Larry Anderson to doublecheck date of Times excerpt, he said it's the 17th.
--sent Mulherin copy of Time review to show her Carol's lay-out job, ask if it could be useful at ABA; sent her my last 2 shipping order forms, for Terry Feig and for Diane Johnson of UC Davis.
--Stuart Harris letter about Mont. trip arrived; he doesn't want to spend HBJ \$ on it, I talked it over with C and decided, since I can do it fairly cheaply myself, not to press him into it. Spent much of afternoon on letter to H, telling him my steps on behalf of SKY.
--Den Peters called, with idea that I should get in touch with Marcie Horn of Bob Walsh's new agency; she can handle promo, etc. Told him I'd think on it, get back to him.
--Wayne Arnst's prints of me arrived, look very fine; wrote him thanks, some info about my Mont. trip.

Sept. 12: sending Time reviews to Tom Jobson, Ackerman, the Breslins; have now gone through the first 100, will go out for 50 more this morn.
--wrote Gerald Keenan of Western Writers ROUNDUP, telling him to nudge HBJ for review copy if it hasn't come; enc. a Time review.
--wrote thanks to Frank Trippett of Time.
--wrote John Willard of Billings Westerners to see if he has copy to review, or I should get him one.
--wrote "Kaleidoscope" show in Spokane about possible appearance on Oct. 9, en route to Mont.
--Laura Schneider of HBJ publicity called, said she'd been in touch with Milt Hughs of Seattle Today, he wants me to call him.
--called Hughs, made apptmt to see him 11:30 tomorrow
--wrote Jack Henderson of Book and Gift in Gt. Falls to confirm store appearance date.
--wrote Victor Scheffer asking him to be G'heim refce.
--cleaned desk entirely, filing all promo cards and notes in folders; worked out schedule of out-of-house chores tomorrow, which includes Bellevue J-A interview.

Sept. 13: Y'day's mail included note from Jeanne Metzger at Ev Herald saying she'll take excerpt from SKY, do interview-review as well.

--This morn, thought about angles for Seattle Today, which my heart isn't really in, came up with use of old album pics for what they can tell of the past. Milt Hughs mildly interested, wants to see more pics.

--Stopped by Pac \$ to sign Alice's book, talked with Elly and Alice, found that they're revamping the bk reviews dept. and intend a lengthier lead review now, plan to do SKY there; Harriet says she'll ask Kathy Raff, former Montanan, to write it. Showed Alice the Montana blowups I'd just shown Hughs, she took the 4 cowboys pic in to Paula, came back to say ~~the review~~ it'd go well with review. Took Alice to lunch.

--Stopped by P-i to drop SKY pub'rs correspdcce file with Archie; he wasn't at desk, simply dropped it for him.

--Went to Bellevue J-A for interview by Diane Wright, arts and entertainment editor. Seemed to go well. She said she intends to try get interview into Sat's paper, to beat the Seattle papers, and follow with review.

--Stopped by Hunter's books, met Marge Lopic, who seems very enthused about SKY, seems to be spreading the word for it--said she'd told Richard Hugo about it, when she called to see if he could speak at ABA regional. She intro'd me to store staff--Rick, Gerri, and Ann Soper, daughter of UBkstore's Lee Soper; Marge said Ann was the one who spotted the Time review and brought it in. Store still has no copies of book, said she's pestering Ingrams for them; said Ingrams chronically underorders--the 250 complement of SKY won't be nearly enough--mostly because of its controls from Nashville. Marge had heard that JK Gill's has copies.

Sept. 14: Took most of day to work on G'heim applicn.

--Called Laura Shmeider of HBJ pub'ty, told her where we stand with KING; told her about Dick Estelle on NPR, suggested review copy or some contact with Patricia Holt, Pub Wkly west coast editor.

--wrote preceede and afterword for Ev. Herald excerpt, mailed it.

--wrote Mulherin about bookseller's word-of-mouth.

--item about Time review in Walt Evans column in tonight's S. Times.

21 Sept: Have fallen behind in making these entries, and will have to do several from memory.

--18th, Monday, word from HBJ about LA Times review, took portion of afternoon to find it, finally at UW. Did further newspaper releases to Montana, more work on G'heim application.

--19th: interviewed by Archie Satterfield for P-I.

--20th: finished writing G'heim application, Carol arrngd typing of Statement of Plans, I typed my career descptn. Called Rhoda to see if anything is new--not much is, except CH delaying her trip to Oct. 15--and Jan Mason, to confirm that the Life story is a washout. Wrote letters of thanks to Kirsch at LA Times, Pinterich at the Oreg'n, Hank Shaw at Wkly. Sorted pics for KING-TV.

--When Archie was here, asked him to take packet of reviews to Emmett Watson, as W's go-for Carol had asked.

21 Sept, afternoon: dropped pics at KING. Went to dntn bookstores. Bill Doell at Frederick & Nelson on vacation, his ass't looked up microfiche and discovered Ingram's still doesn't have its 250 copies; couldn't decipher whether Doell even had put order in to HBJ. At the Bon, clerk said she thought they'd be getting SKY in--had a phone request or two for it y'day. Walden's at Westlake had stack of ten, of which I bought 2 because I'm so desperately low on promo copies. Watson's at the Market had never heard of the book, despite The Reader with its cover line sitting next to the clerk.

--In today's mail, invite from Cal Fankhauser at KHQ to be on Spokane Today; CHill note, with copy of Kirsch's typed copy of LA Times review, which he'd sent her; and letter from Ainsley, in which he mentions I had a glowing review in the Tribune and omits to send it along.

--Marilyn Ridge finished G'heim typing, to my relief; will mail tomorrow and at last be rid of it.

22Sept: dropped negs at UW Prod'n Svce to get fam album pics for Spokane TV. Mailed Fankhauser rev copy.

--xeroxed G'heim application, at last mailed it and copy of SKY.

--made copies of Chi Trib review, sent to Mike Olsen, Carstensen, Archie S.

--wrote thanks for reviews to D. Zochert of Booklist, Gish for Chi Trib, Jane Estes for LIFE item in E. Watson. LA Times review and Kirsch essay to Mark Wyman.

--wrote Rhoda asking Thos. Keneally's address.

Sept. 25--Made Mont. trip files. Went to Ev. Herald for interview by Jeanne Metzger. Then to U Book Store to show Marilyn Martin the HBJ TIME blow-up, which she promptly put in window. Picked up Mont. pics at UW prod'n svces.

26 Sept: wrote thanks to Theresa B'ham for review, sent her review, B'man Chron and The Wkly to CHill; wrote Steve Bell thanks, told him about Brian Lanker pics. Did some calling to try figure out wholesale supply sitn for places such as Meagher County News, then called Carol Zehntner to give her HBJ direct order info. Called Karn Klesh at Tiffany's to tell her I'd be autographing at Book & Gift instead, but would try sign her books, if that'd help. Made Mont. trip resvtns.

27 Sept: returned from Green Lake walk, message to call Larry Rumley at S. Times about pic to run with review; R wants something to run with standard 1-col review--1"x3", I think; said Lucile McDonald thinks it "a fine book", "said he regretted not rev'g it himself but he's so busy "it would delay it too much." As is, he's laying it out for Oct. 22.

--Kay of Kay's Bookmark called, to say she now has SKY in stock, and in the window; said she got hers from Ingrams, which had been the holdup.

--chose pics and did captions to send KHM, Spokane.

Oct. 2: wrote Rhoda a list of first serial right sales; wrote Mike Romano with Mont. itinerary; wrote Norman Adams saying I'm avbl for Vancouver promo; postcards to Julie Golding, Jack Henderson, Dorothy Lough to advise that HBJ co-op radio advtsg is avbl; wrote Annsts with my Mont. schedule; mailed books to 5 people, bought 24 mailers. Returned call to Barbara McDonald of King County Arts Commission, who wanted me to be juror for prose grant proposals.

Oct. 6--wrote CH, asking to see her on NY trip Nov. 7 or 8; made plane resvtns; called Pat Vessie, asked her to start research on travelers' diaries and Metis. Returned call to David Shore of LA (213)476-5933, who turned out to be motion pic cameraman, mostly shooting commercials, who loved SKY, was wondering about movie prospects. Told him pub'r is agenting in that respect, he said he himself is "little more than a technician," but he'd passed SKY to a friend who's more savvy about movie deals.

--called Carolyn Colvin at Pac S about ad deadline for Xmas issue, discovered it's the Mon I get back. Carol is to research possbty of ~~x~~ co-op ad with U Bk Store or Hunters, while I'm away.

Oct. 16--Called Rhoda, ordered 20 more books; latest sales figures are Oct. 9, 8506 "part-sales." Had her transfer me to Audrey Himmelstein, in Mike Romano's sales dept; told her of book's success in Montana, asked her to expedite Mont. orders.

--Called Georgia Evitts, who had told C she wanted to do autograph party at Sh'ln bkstr. We set Nov. 20, 9-1; I am to bring Time ad.

--New Yorker review appeared in Oct. 16 issue; Ev. Herald review and excerpt appeared y'day. SKY broke onto S. Times best-seller list as #5, will make it to #1 in Oct. 29 listing.

--C set up Pac S co-op ad with U Bk Store while I was away; called Carolyn Colvin to check, found UBS is taking $\frac{1}{2}$ page; under a deal Sid made, they get special rate, \$30 more than 1/6 p. Kathy Raff is to review the book in the same issue.

Oct. 17--Inscribed books at Kay's Bookmark, Arbur and Elliott Bay.

Oct. 18--wrote about Mont. trip to Romano and Mulherin, told them Ingrams is something of a bottleneck. Wrote Laura Schneider about Western Heritage award. Went to Edmonds Book Shop, promised them a Time poster. Called Marge Lopic to see if she wants a signing party, she said she does, will think about a date.

Oct. 19-20: wrote NY mag editors, planned trip. On 20th, had lunch with Archie, he told me about Gig Harbor bookshop, Old Bookaroos; took Time poster to Betty Morrow's bookstore in Edmonds, left reviews with Edmonds paper.

Oct. 25, '78--Took 1st part of week off, to relax and think about Winter. 2:45 this afternoon, Amy came and we talked about questions for the Sh'ln Tv interview. Earlier, went to Pac S lunch, left 4 cowboys pic for ill'n with their review. UW Alumnus came with Billee Lewis's review. Chuck LeWarne called to tell me Gedosch had spotted Sky review on edit page of Wash. Star, will send it to me.

Oct. 26--Shln TV show this afternoon, 13 min. of interview by Amy. Went very well, exceedingly nice graphics by Jerry M's staff, Amy very good as qner, with her animated personality. Will write thanks to staff thru Fran Glowers.

--Christian Science Monitor, and HBJ ad, both turned up, from the library and one of C's students. Also surprisingly decent interview done by Ebbtide. Shd write thanks, via Dave.

--Frederick & Nelson 1/2p. ad in P-I, for tomorrow's signing party.

--Called Sylvia Tacker of PNW Writers Confce about speaking invite Feb. 24, learned fee \$300, gave tentv yes.

27 Oct.--Frederick & Nelson signing party, 12-2; sold about 30 books while I was there, another 6 or 8 by phone order; Bill Doell and staff thought it was good, tho I found it much slower than Montana stores. Went by Waldens afterward to sign books, found they were out. F&N, incidentally, now has sold 72 of initial 100, again, Doell thinks that's very good. Signed the remaining 28 for him.

30 Oct.--Order of 20 books came from HBJ, air frt; tk 2 weeks from day of order, with a "send immediately" injunction from Rhoda to warehouse.

--Sending comp copies to Anna Beetem, the Morgans, Tom Holden; also answered mail, okaying speech to PN Writers Conf in Feb., stalling U of Wyo on request for my papers.

--Lucile McDonald review ran in Seattle Times on Sun., quoted nicely. SKY took over as #1 on S. Times list.

--In today's mail, good review from Denver Post, and terrific one from Wash'n Star.

12 Nov.--Returned phone call of Suzanne Wright Satterlge (772-4796), formerly of WSS, who wanted to get autographed copies of SKY; told her to do it thru Bill Doell, who could have me sign them during the F&N Rep benefit.

14 Nov.--The above was truly worthwhile: at Rep party last night, I signed 6 books she ordered.

14 Nov.: summary of HBJ visit, Nov. 8:

--main contract points with Carol Hill are \$15,000 advance, \$9000 on signing, \$3000 on compln of 100 pp by June 30 '79, remainder on compln of ms by end of '79.

--7½% straight royalty on any HBJ p'back.

--CH mentioned willingness to go to 60-40 split at high level of p'back sales; moot in light of HBJ's sale of Jove?

--maps: we agreed I'd have to provide roughs. (Get an understanding on this, warranty, and J'vich willingness to let me buy out of contract if unhappy, in letter to CH.

--provide CH a description of Winter Light for file.

14 Nov. cont.: from Laura Schneider--I'm invited to speak to ALA in Dallas in June. She didn't have details; I called y'day for them, missed her, left word with Doreen to have her call me tomorrow. Went to Shln y'day to look up last yr's ALA, found it had 11,500 regstn, ran for a week. Must ask Lanna if there's a spkr's fee.

--from Irene Skolnick: SKY is back to BOMC for third time, they're to do a test mailing of 4 bks--SKY, some sort of western atlas, a Calif. shores book, and one to be chosen--to 150,000 customers in the West; if response is okay, they'll take SKY as alternate. She warned them she might not have copies avbl if they delay, BOMC said it would do its own reprinting if need be.

--Won't auction p'back rights again, but will try them around in the spring. She said the people at Dutton liked SKY immensely, tho she cdn't get them to put up more money; she thought they might even breach etqtte by writing me direct to say how much they liked the book, a step she sees toward raiding me from HBJ.

--SKY also has gone to R Digest for 3d time.

--she sent to New Yorker on 2nd serial rights basis, got a praising turndown from Daniel Menek (?), who said they avoid reminiscences.

--asked her about movie rights, she named off studios she'd sent to, said she thinks it has better chance with TV.

--Discovered that Carol Hill, Laura Schneider, Stuart Harris are impressed with how hard I've been selling the book, particularly with response at signing parties. CH said she was in charge of one for George Plimpton once at which he sold only 15 books, and those by grabbing passing women and charming them into it.

--when Stuart Harris dug out file of SKY reviews for me, discovered he didn't have some I'd sent to Rhoda and/or Laura: best to send dup copies direct to him.

14 Nov. cont.: Y'day called Emmett Watson's ass't Carol with news of NYT ad, sales figures, Shln signing party, Jean's story about "4th floor: lingerie, hats, Ivan Doig" --called MJB to talk with Irene Skolnick abt handling 1st rights, got her ass't Amanda (Irene out with flu), gave her the gist and asked her to have Irene call me on Wed.

--called to talk to Laura Schneider about Dallas ALA, she was out, got her ass't Doreen, asked her to have L call me on Wed. Also asked her to check whether Smith'n had been sent review copy, if not send one to Ed Thompson; asked her to send Green Immigrants to Carstensen.

--wrote thanks to reviewers at Phila. Inquirer and Chn Sci Monitor.

--Sat. the 11th, on way home from ferry trip to pensla, stopped at Edmonds Bk Store, signed copies for the Morrums. Betty had wangled them thru her old store in Illinois, Ingrams and Baker & Taylor still out.

17th Nov, summary of past few days:

--13th, 6-9, C and I went to F&N's SRO "meet the authors" Turned out to be a social crowd, SRO middling fat cats who wandered thru and bought damn few books. (Roger Sale and Archie both vouched that was the way it went other yrs, the real book-selling taking place the next day.) Sold 4 SKYs directly, 8 more by phone orders to F&N.

--14th, 10-7, at the SRO, sold about 50 books, signed 40 extras for F&N. Business came in spurts.

--15th, called Mulherin to see if she wanted to nudge Marge Lopic abt signing party; gave news of Winter contract; told her Ingrams still a bottleneck, now Baker & Taylor also out of SKY, asked her about nudging Romano for next printing, she said she'd call him.

--called Rhoda about 1st rights clause in Winter contract, she had latest SKY sales figures: 12,200.

--Irene Skolnick called me back about 1st rights on Winter, we agreed she'd handle a major share.

--wrote SRO thanks to Bill Doell of F&N, the Hiatts for use of their house.

--wrote prospectus for Winter.

--16th, send Winter prospectus to CHill, Irene S., Rhoda,

17 Nov. cont.: On the 16th, answered qns for Dorothy Bestor's writing class, 4-5; possibly worth 8-10 sales of SKY.

--This morn, wrote cover letter to Stuart Harris, sent him Winter prospectus.

--Forgot to note: on 13th, called E Watson's Carol with news of next contract, NYT ad, Jean's story about "4th flr--lingerie, hats, IvanDoig".

--Y'day phoned Marilyn Martin at U Bk Store to see if she has ample supply of SKY, advise her the 1st printing is running out; she said she's sold 100, has another 100, and an order in for another 75 or so, and may do more.

--Just now called Hart-Albins in Billings, which was out of SKY for a few days but just got a big shipment; Rdrs World in GFalls, which has been out since day after my signing party 5 weeks ago; Phillips in Bozeman, which still has books in stock. Then called Ingrams, to double-check Betty Morrow's info that the logjam there is broken; found that it isn't, they have 1090 on order but not on hand; frt shipment due today might bring them.

--Sent copies of SKY to Maureen Stapleton, after seeing in "The Gin Game" how much she looks like G'ma, and to Alice and Bob Cromie, whose address I came across in Wn Writers mem'p list Archie loaned me.

--Sent Winter prospectus to Mulherin.

--On Wed. 15th, learned from Pat Vessie she rec'd the freebie from mailing label list I did for Mulherin: very slow.

18 Nov.: call from Chris Sharp, about Oregon PBS plans for series on NW writers: 15 ¹/₂ hr shows, he says. Said an interview with me wd take a couple of hrs, I agreed if it cd be mid- or late-afternoon; said it likely wd be in Jan. Told him I have family pics.

20 Nov: Shoreline Bkstore signing party, 9-1: sold 82 of 85 books, much to Georgia Evitts' relief and pleasure. Party nicely done, with coffee and cookies, good placemt of table and books near entrance.

--Also, news of BOMC, which Rhoda put on answering machine. Details to be learned this morn.

--SKY still was on StTimes best-seller list y'day, tho I haven't seen a paper to know its position.

Dec. 12: catching up--

Dec. 2, went to Kay's, Elliott Bay and B. Bailey to sign books for them. B. Bailey had no copies, except one that Mollee was keeping for herself; phoned Barbara Bailey on the 4th to see if she wanted loan of dozen copies of mine, she said she did; C dropped them off the next day.

--Dec. 6 (I think), Sky review in UW Daily; Pac S review by Kathey Raff appeared about the same time.

--Dec. 10, Sky went off S. Times best-seller list for 1st time in couple of months.

--Dec. 4, spoke to C's ECI group about book promo.

--Dec. 11, at request of Mulherin, called Dennis Kent of Bon, who told her he'd like me to sign bks in Missoula; told him it'd have to be before Xmas, and he'd have to pay my way; he said Bon normally has its own plane, but doesn't at moment. Doubt anything will come of it.

Dec. 13: came across note from Bksellers Conventn indicating student film-maker Chris Sharp, who's to do series on NW writers, is from Willamette U., rather than Mt. Hood CC as I'd thought.

21 Feb. '79: Before I lose the memory, invites from Rocky Mtn library groups--Sheridan Friends of the Lib, Gt. Falls Public, Valier, Mont. Lib Ass'n at Bozeman--have all been for dates late March thru early May. Centered on Nat'l Library Week, I think in April. Might be worth doing in '80--coupled with reading at U. of Mont.--with Winter forthcoming that fall.

9 March: this morn called Dee Clarke of Nat'l Public Radio's "All Things Considered". She phoned y'day-- C took call--about my being intvwed by Noah Adams for a weekend show. Intvw to be done in KUOW studio.

--This is evidently result of sending in book to NPR last Oct. Casette I sent then hasn't come to Clarke's attention, tho.

--Other payoffs of books sent around then: Mick Stephen of Helena wrote in Jan. that Tom Brokaw of Today show had given Sky a good plug, evidently on Jan. 15 (nobody I know, or at HBJ, saw it). At Christopher Awards ceremony on Feb. 23, Maureen Stapleton came up to Carol Hill and said she'd been meaning to call me about Sky-- from the copy I sent her after seeing Gin Game.

31 March: on Thurs. the 29th, 9-~~8~~:30 in KUOW studio, I did interview by Noah Adams of NPR. He had me read chunks of the book, nearly 15 min. worth, then had a few questions, mostly about how I gathered the material and whether I was bothered by not being able to get exact tones of voice down on paper. Day before, when A called to confirm, I asked how he'd come across the book. Said he saw ~~me~~ it on the coffee table of a friend whose reading tastes agree with his. So much for my diligence in sending in a book and cassette last fall.

--Fri. the 30th, went back to KUOW for interview by Barbara bernhard. Talked with me nearly an hour, a good interview, I think; B is very prof'l, let me talk once I got underway.

--Also on these two days, Priscilla Mverill of UW Alum News got info from me for profile for their next issue, focussing on NBA nomntn and my work on Winter. A bonus of Billee's working there.

--Went by UBk Store on 29th to deliver PNBA acceptance speech to Marilyn Martin; she and Lee Soper asked me to sign books for their NBA nominees table. Signed about 40.

28 July: letter from Carol Smith today that she has offer of 500~~m~~ pounds advance from Sidgwick & Jackson for Sky.

--Called HBJ Harvest editor Margo Mabie on the 26th, was told Sky p'back will be pub'd in Jan. or Feb. Print run not set yet; she said it could be 10,000.

Oct. 3--reading at Highline Community College, noon today, from Winter ms. \$200.

--Radio Reader began on SKY, on KUOW, Sept. 24. Missed hearing the first week, when we were in Victoria and on the coast. After 8 days, he's now about 1/3 thru.

--Word from CSmith Agency last week that Sedgwick & Jackson agreed to drop 2 clauses bothering me; I signed and sent contract \$ 28.

13 Nov. '78

Dear Tom--
Holder

Some quick lines, to tell you I did survive the New York trip. There was at least one moment, when I was struggling out of my hotel with all my luggage and had an appointment with an editor at Harper's in half an hour and no cabbie would take me as a fare because I wasn't going on the lucrative airport run, when the survival instincts were pretty badly overloaded. But then a cab darted out of Second Avenue traffic, cut about three lanes to screech to a stop in front of me, and the driver said, "Get in. I saw the whole thing with those bastards. I'll take you wherever you want." New York seems pretty much like that to me, all extremes, no middle ground.

The negotiating of the next book contract went really well. I asked for an advance of \$15,000, the publisher said okay, and that was that. Which is a far cry from messing around with magazine articles for a few hundred bucks, I'm glad to say.

Saw three plays, which is my main news to you. First was "Da", which won 4 Tonies, including one for Barnard Hughes in the lead role. It's your basic lovable Irish reprobate play (and role), and I thought the thing never did manage to come to a coherent end, just sort of ghosted off in the promise of a continuation of all we'd just seen. I mean, it wasn't an atrocious evening, but I kept saying, "this won everything?" There's also the point that even a middling mezzanine seat such as mine now costs at least \$13.

Next night, saw "Deathtrap", a spoof of "Sleuth" which stars the British actor John Wood, and the moment Wood banged his first line off the rear of the house, it was evident that this was a different night. Wood has worked primarily with the Royal Shakespeare; also has been on Broadway in "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," and "Travesties." A delight to watch, and he does one of the greatest bits of stage business I've ever seen. He's murdered (stabbed) at the end, while sitting in a desk chair and talking on the phone, and as he falls he hurls the phone over a rafter, where it dangles like a body on a scaffold. Neato, I say.

Then to the "Gin Game," with E.G. Marshall and Maureen Stapleton: very, very fine, especially Stapleton. Much of it is agonizing even while it's funny--it's set in a retirement home, and just this year Carol's parents have gone into one in New Jersey, so a lot of the play hit home at me damned hard. But how lovely to watch acting of that caliber, and Wood's.

So, I am back, unmugged, unpocketpicked, unraped, and back to work: some book huckstering this very night, when Carol and I go to a meet-the-authors shindig done for the benefit of the Seattle Repertory. It is an odd part of writing--so is the contract-clause work I'll be doing the rest of this week--but before long I can be back at the typewriter full-time again. Hope all is well with you--you sounded like goddamn Superman on the phone.

13 Nov. '78

Dear Frank and Lucie--

At the Shoreline library a minute ago, one of the librarians jokingly commiserated with me about having to leave warm New York for frigid Seattle--which indeed is the case. This is our 4th straight day of cold, clear weather; it's now 10:05, and the grass and ferns on the back hillside are still frosted. Friday, my first day home, had an astonishing clarity: the Olympic Mountains, the outlines of buildings, everything stood out in the crisp air. Carol and I went out for lunch, and for a walk along the waterfront; it was almost unreal to be amid the colors of that day after the grime of New York.

As I said very briefly on the phone, the contract negotiation with Carol Hill went wonderfully. It was hardly even a negotiation at all, in fact. When I showed up at Harcourt at 1 on Wednesday, I was met by Stuart Harris, the director of advertising, and Laura Schneider, the publicity director who works for Stuart. They explained that Carol Hill (it would simplify my life a lot if her name was anything but Carol!) was in a meeting with Jovanovich, as she is much of the time these days, because of her sundry ~~new~~ promotions, but she would join us at lunch in a few minutes. We went a couple of blocks up Third Avenue to an Italian restaurant called El Caminetto, and Carol Hill did arrive promptly. Lunch was more visiting ~~me~~ than business until we'd finished eating, when Carol Hill said she had to get me to agree to a contract sometime before I left. I said, sure, when do you want to do it? Stuart Harris at once said, "Well, Laura and I will withdraw and leave you to it," and they left, and for about the next 40 minutes--until Carol had to go to another meeting with Jovanovich--the two of us talked. Actually, the contract talk took less than five minutes of that. Carol asked what I thought I wanted. That was the reverse of the way I expected things to go--figuring that she'd make an offer, which I'd have to try raise--so I said, "Well, I'm getting to the point in this business where I'd like to make some kind of living out of it. Also, there'll be a couple of thousand dollars of research expense on the next book. So, I'd like \$15,000." She nodded and said, "Okay."

Better yet, we agreed that I would get \$9,000 on signing, then \$3,000 when I turn in the first 100 pp. of manuscript at the end of next June, then the final \$3,000 on completion of the book at the end of '79. Publishers hardly ever will give a writer more than half of the advance upon signing the contract, and usually the second half isn't paid until completion of the manuscript. I also told her I wanted a better break on the paperback rights of the next book, in the event that Harcourt would publish the paperback itself instead of selling the ~~rights~~ rights to another publisher, and so I got a royalty of 7½% instead of the 6% I have for SKY.

As to the takeover rumors which have been bouncing Harcourt's stock around--last week's rumor was that 20th Century Fox was buying the company--Carol Hill said Jovanovich keeps telling her he doesn't intend to sell. And now, even if something does happen, I'll have enough advance money on the ~~next~~ next book not to worry all that much.

As for the real Carol, she looked awfully good to me on my arrival home. She seems to be entirely over her cold, and finds life much simpler without all the Shoreline negotiating. Tonight she's coming with me to the Frederick & Nelson benefit buffet, the start of this big book-signing shindig they do for the Seattle Repertory Theater. Tonight's session is 6-9, and tomorrow I--and about 50 other regional authors--will spend 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. at the house lent for the occasion, while people supposedly troop through and buy books. It should be an experience.

New York certainly was, or at least a few anguished moments were really memorable. The morning I was to go to Harcourt to talk contract, I was busily brushing my teeth, and off popped the cap on one of my front teeth and began bouncing around the wash basin, merrily heading for the drain. By some miracle I got my hand down over the drain hole before the cap reached it. I would have been in an awful fix if I hadn't saved it, because the capped tooth is just a snaggle, looking terrible and is so tender I don't think I could have stood a day without a cap on it. But I did retrieve the thing, stuck it back in place, have been carefully eating on the opposite side of my mouth, and it has stayed; I have an appointment at 1:30 this afternoon at Group Health to get it affixed "permanently" again.

Another appointment is for the Volvo, which has started to make an alarming clatter. It's likely the fan clutch; the last 2 or 3 servicing invoices, which we inherited from the previous owner, have notations that it's going to need work, and the noise seems to come from around the fan.

Later: since writing the above, I've been off to the Volvo dealer, following the AAA tow truck which came for it. Supposedly the problem is the fan clutch, it's to cost about \$75 parts and labor, and we're supposed to get the car by 3 this afternoon, which is infinitely speedier than we can usually get repairs done on a car.

And that's about it from here. I'll get a photocopy of the Phila. Inquirer review of SKY, and anything else of interest, to tuck in with this before mailing. Hope you're both doing okay, though we know the skin ailment must be an awful nuisance, Lucie.

love

p.s. You two are somewhat over-modest to your friends: we've had a couple of notes, I think from the Eelmans and Marie, thanking us for the copy of SKY, as if we were the donors rather than you. Take the credit due you.

21 May '78

Dear Tom--

Holden

If I don't get down to it promptly here, the occasional letter to you is going to occasion itself on into the summer, much later than I intended. You have not been out of my more-than-occasional thoughts, however. I am curious about your Ph.D. prospects, about what you may work out with Blotner--and about how you are, how life is for you these days. My chronically unkept promise to the legion of friends in the Midwest is to come calling sometime; I am wondering now whether it might work out in Oct. or Nov., in conjunction with a New York trip I may make (more on that anon). Anyway, the phone ~~lines~~ lines do reach this far west; give a call if the urge ever strikes.

Carol is grimly grading one of the school year's final set of papers, I am trying to gear up to write the one more magazine article that's due--it's a customary hard spot in the year for us, and we both look forward to escaping into a few weeks of travel. We intend to head for California on June 12, going promptly to Yosemite in hopes of beating the tourist crush, then ambling to Monterey and San Francisco. It's been a year of vast effort for both of us. I don't recall whether I told you on the phone that Carol has been tooth-and-nail into a salary-grid battle at her college; as a result of her efforts, she's been "rewarded" by being named to the union's negotiating committee, which probably is going to mean further months of whipsawing. And I find that in the past dozen months, I've written not only the last 3/4 of a 100,000-word book, but about ten magazine pieces as well. Time for some time in the sun, we think.

In late March, we were visited for 3 days by Jerry Ackerman and family--wife Carol, a super-lady in personality as well as dimension (5'10" or so, maybe 160 #) and three delightful kids, none of whom look much like each other or like their parents. Jer has improved about 1100 per cent since college days; he still has that incredible amiability, and with it now shows much diligence and talent. He seems to be doing very well as energy/environment writer for the Boston Globe, which is one of the best half-dozen newspapers in the country; can't remember if I told you that Jer is out at this end of the country on a six-month fellowship at Stanford, one of only four recipients nation-wide. The best word for our visit is simply "pleasant": we swapped news of our work, did amazingly little NU talking, and I trekked Jer and family around Seattle for two full days of touristy sightseeing. A good time.

Before I forget to mention it: have been reading what seems to me an exceedingly interesting biography, Angus Wilson's THE STRANGE RIDE OF RUDYARD KIPLING. I'm not enough of a biography expert to say for sure, but it strikes me as an example of an interesting synthesis between someone like Blotner, doing terrifically detailed writing on the author's life, and the approach which concentrates only on the guy's work. Also have been reading some Knut Hamsun lately (GROWTH OF THE SOIL and PAN), and a lot of ~~another~~ other magpie choices.

In my own erstwhile literary career, I am trying to gear myself up to ideas about how to sell the damn book, now that it's written. More than written, in fact--actually in page form. Forgive any of this updating I may have told you before, but the status is that publication date will be Sept. 18; the title, arrived at in a few frantic days' fumbling here at my desk and at Harcourt Brace, is THIS HOUSE OF SKY: Landscapes of a Western Mind (the title is 95% mine, the subtitle is my editor's); 314 pp., selling for \$9.95. According to a letter which arrived so late on Friday that I didn't have a chance to phone to NY to double-check, the print run will be 15,000 copies. I'd earlier been told it would be 10,000, which was good; but 15,000 is excellent--i.e., about 3 times what a book usually gets in its 1st printing, especially a book by a "first" author. And there's the promise of either a full-page ad in the NY Times Book Review, or 2 half-pagers. Then reality begins to set in: the Harcourt Brace sales people tell my editor that they think they can sell the book, but because it's so "literary", much will depend on how well it's reviewed, and how good the promotional quotes from other authors turn out to be. (We're in this process now of sending out page proofs to other writers for quotes--a new kind of roulette which rather fascinates me.)

And there's been at least one heart-stopping episode with the book. About six weeks ago, 9:30 one night I had an anguished call from my agent, who had flipped open her copy of Newsweek to a Business section story saying that Wm. Jovanovich had purged the top editorial level at Harcourt Brace--fired his editor-in-chief and her top 5 or 6 people. With extreme trepidation, the next morn I direct-dialed to the number of my editor, Carol Hill, wondering whether I had lost my book's vital ally. Indeed she still was on the job, told me things still were functioning and on schedule. Then she paused and said: "And I've been named the new editor-in-chief." In what already is an incredible streak of luck on this book, that was a true jackpot.

Enough on that score. Suffice to say I'm trying to peer ahead to see how to keep my life normal--if nobody buys the goddamn book, it'll be all too normal--and to get underway on the next book. If possible, I'd like to set it (and do the draft manuscript) entirely within this next winter. But that's another story, in more ways than one. Meantime, I'm a bit tired, and more than a bit speculative--and pretty damned well off, all in all. Hoping you are the same, I remain etc....

p.s. Oh, about that NY trip: it might be a month or so after pub'n of the book, to keep in touch at Harcourt and call on other editors; if I do it, I might try hopscotching across the country, overnight with you, on to Chi, etc.