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Jan. 4--In what has been a rather staggy start to the year, today's news is damned firming: Rhoda called to say that this Sunday's NYTimes will carry a favorable review of Sky, by Wright Morris. She said he picks up an angle no one else has, the role of women in the west. She also said the final sales figure for '78 is 15,800.

This has been a rather bumpy week of writing; I was under the weather on Tuesday, better y'day, still better today, but bothered and a bit worried about an uncomfortable feeling under my right arm. Can find nothing visibly wrong, but it doesn't feel right. Since I'm scheduled for a physical on the 12th, I'm letting it go until then. Tuesday's blahs, whatever they were, consisted of vague aches and drain of energy. Managed pretty much to sleep it off.

C seems pleased with her first 3 days of class, coming home cheerful all the time.

Jan. 11--Decent day of writing, about 1000 wds on the nose, some 600 of it a lively descptn of Swan's 1st wks of school at Neah Bay.

C and I intend to go to Pen'la ~~tomorrow~~ tomorrow afternoon, for Alava trip on Saturday. Mon., I drove to Neah Bay, stayed overnight at Coho Motel at Sekiu--couldn't find anybody running the one decent-looking motel at N Bay. Tues. morn, when I intended to go back to N Bay, a terrific sleet storm came along the coast. I headed back to Seattle before the roads shut down.

Y'day was another sizable day of writing, about 1600 wds, though as so often with me it was in bits and pieces instead of sustained narrative. Carol says its ok, I've always written in splotches.

Have run the past two days, saunaed today; weighed 151, the 5 # too much I eat myself into during tension of writing.

C wrote up her sabbtcl applicn. We have Dolphin Sq. resvtn for April.

Took prelim look at income taxes last Sunday, found we're ok for '78, but need to do some thinking for this year, when my income shoots up. In fact, with the \$9000 advance check, I've already made about as much as I've ever made in any year of my life.

Jan. 19--Unusually strong days of writing y'day and day before; Y'day, I roughed about 2200 words, mostly from Swan's 1864-66 diary, in morning, and rewrote a couple of key pages from earlier in the ms that afternoon. Day before, spent the morn at UW in diary research, roughed 1000 words that afternoon.

Shakier today, a periodic attack of the qualms, which have been unusually absent so far on this ms. I suppose it's occurred to me how unlikely this book sounds when I try to describe it to anyone (but so did Sky). More specifically, I think the key I hit on at one point y'day--to use the NYT quote about me being a stranger to my own generation--is unnerving, because it has to be done very right or will be ~~xxx~~ self-conscious. Also must get a better feel for the timing of this book--whether all the research and writing ahead indeed can be done by the end of this year. Plan to take most of the last wk of this month, after the Mt. Rainier stay, to look at rewriting, check some sources and get a grip of this.

Carol has had triumphs lately, approval of her request for leave this spring, and evidently an assured sabbtcl, by dint of being one of the 4 1/3 applicants for 5 1/3 sabbtcls. It's another of her shrewd bits of timing--her first sabbtcl was the last of the "easy" ones to obtain.

30 Jan.--Surprises y'day. Letter came saying Sky has won a Christopher Award, which I'm a bit amused and astonished about. It had seemed to me there are parts of Sky which are not only unreligious, but anti-religious. Not nearly so unexpected was the news that Paul Bacon's cover has won the prize of the Society of Illustrators. I am not clear yet whether this is the prize for best of all book covers of '78, but it sounds as if it is. This morn, I'm shipping the cover art back to Harris Lewine on loan for this show, and evidently some touring afterward.

Work on Winter book continues pretty well; have re-written to the red-checkmark stage 17 pp. in last two days of work. Title of the moment seems to be: Winter Brothers--a season at the edge of America; and I like it a lot.

31 Jan: Continued good progress on Winter--I am remarkably sanguine, perhaps in love (momentarily) with the journal format. Have edited into near-submissable form another 22 pages the past three days, making nearly 6500 words in that form. Haven't counted, but hope I have 20,000 or so more in rough. Additionally, I have been out and around--to Shilshole the past two morns--enough to make daily entries for the book, continue the sense of motion. Tomorrow morn, to Ebey's Landing, with Jean as chauffeur. Prime reason I went to Shilshole this morn was to cover myself, with a month-ending bit to write about, in case of bad weather, but weather looks promising.

Last night, went to Wash. Plaza at 5:30 to meet Dick Ketchum, editor of Country Journal, for a drink. He had phoned, asking to meet me; has bought 2d serial rights to the Frances Tidyman segment of Sky. He is tall, tweedy, Eastern but in the affable, downplaying way I like; he is extending his circulation (now 200,000) westward, and much of the convstn consisted of me answering his questions. Gave me 2 issues of CJ, it looks quite good. His wife, Barbara, joined us after a bit; she looks very Eastern and brittle, isn't quite that bad, and maybe was simply a little surprised by me--~~bearded~~ bearded, in red cord shirt--because she's only been west once before, and I think that to Calif.

Carol is nursing a cold, which luckily improves as she goes thru the morning.

More good mail y'day: rave review for Sky in Sunday SF Chronicle.

I am feeling good--in an achieving kind of mood--though a bit tired from this pace. Some tiredness isn't too bad a thing, in terms of productivity; there is a kind of musing, tired mood which is pretty good for editing, I find.

1 Feb.--A long day, began at 4:45; Jean came at 5:15, we caught the 6 ferry at Mukilteo, were at Ebey's Landing at 7 for daybreak. Brilliantly lovely morning, good material for Winter.

Caught the 10:40 ferry back, I hopped in the car here at home, went to P-I for lunch with Archie. Found him much disgruntled, talking of leaving the paper and trying it on his own as contract writer, for underwritten books, etc. Barry Anderson has told him he makes a guaranteed \$44,000 at such stuff; Arch ~~xxx~~ says he himself now has a base of about \$10,000 in royalties. He may or may not be talking himself into leaving--the arts staff is being reshuffled March 1, all the section editors are losing their fiefdoms. He also said he and Joyce are looking at houses across the lake--unspoken, but I'd guess that would ease the school situation, the kids going to public schools instead of Lakeside.

Went on to B. Bailey Books to claim back the dozen Skys I'd loaned them, found they had only 8 (and two on their shelves) to give me. Am beginning to send copies to overseas agents--so far, UK, and Australia, and Ann has written further letters to Denmark and a NY-based agent for Japan.

Feb. 8--Pace seems to have caught up with me, 1000 wds on Tues. and a tiny dab of editing on Monday and today are the only ms work this week. Y'day, was at the UW all morn, picking letters from Swan-Baird corrsdpc for photocopying off micfilm. Anyway, quite weary, and some drooping of spirits, tho less today than other days I did count up progress so far, and as of today it's about 26,000 words written, with about 6500 in the red-check marked (ready for typist's 1st draft) stage. In short, I'm 5000 or so words short of where I hoped to be, but considerably ahead in the nearly-ready material, which balances it out a bit. Must aim for 30,000 words in the six weeks beginning on Monday; if that's accomplished, the year's schedule on the book should work, even with the British trip.

I suppose I've been feeling not really crisp about decisions and banging away at the schedule. Have tried to catch up on a lot of sleep, haven't really managed well.

Feb. 8 cont.--When I look at it realistically, I have no current gripes. The winter book seems very promising, response to Sky continues good, I'm feeling okay-- simply lacking stamina. Told C I could use an adrenalin transplant from any of our energy-burning female friends.

Last night, called Margery Windso~~x~~ of Sheridan Friends of Library and finally told her no on speaking invite there. Today, wrote the Montana Library Ass'n explng I'll be in Britain at the time they want me; previously turned down Gt. Falls and Valier invites, and today told Jean to turn down a Whitman College feeler for me. I may be too recalcitrant or short-sighted about this, but I don't feel I have the energy to spare; it's hard enough to apply it to Winter day after day.

Weather has warmed, 51 today, some wind. Current reading is Karl's biog of Joseph Conrad, which seems to me a monumental book entirely wrongheaded in places, and pretty often in the first 40 or so pages.

Caught up on mail today.

Oh, other recent reading was Winter Wheat, by Mildred Walker, Ripley Schemm's mother, and the shock of recognition of ranch life went thru me pretty often in the reading. Ought to write her and say so.

Sat., we went to Pt. Townsend, thru snowstorm, for sake of Winter. Carol is over last week's cold. News from her folks is not good, Frank's painful sciatica drags on and on.

Last night, went to Harvard Exit, to see The Killing, a good edgy caper pic of 20-25 years ago. Sterling Hayden looked astonishingly like John Roden.

Feb. 9--An improving mood, and feel of being rested, today. Went back to bed after b'fast, slept or dozed until nearly 9; it's now 11:40, have done nothing but read a New Yorker piece and leaf back thru diaries. Last night, Kathy Mulherin came for dinner, brought Marilyn Martin of U Book Store with her. K is such a workaholic she didn't finish her last bkstore call until about 7, then wrote up orders in our living room while ~~talking~~ talking with us; we ate about 8:15. K is full of conspiracy theories about what will happen with HBJ--she may be right on one or another, I noticed the stock had shot up 3 points, to 40, again on Wed.--

Feb. 9 cont.--and she reminded me of what I know but had set out of mind during Winter work, that it'll be something of a miracle if all remains stable at HBJ until Winter can get into print in late '80. The vaster likelihood is that the firm will be bought out, and I'll have either to adjust to new regime or try take Winter elsewhere, preferably wherever CH might go.

Kathy and Marilyn had looked up the UBk Store's computer record on Sky, found the sales total there is 435, incredible. Since there's an automatic HBJ ~~xxx~~ co-op ad policy for sellers of a certain level, they intend some more local advtsng for Sky--Marilyn asked for copies of its national reviews, which I'm mailing her today.

Feb. 19--Pres' Day holiday for C, she spent it tinkering at desk and around house. We spent the weekend at Willapa Bay for winter book, I wrote 3 pp on that today and 2 more on Qn Ch narrative. Am making steady wordage, but in thinking about the project, this late afternoon, am appalled at how much is left to be done, especially research. Have been contemplating trip to Smith'n, which I had about talked myself out of, now am talking myself into again.

Worried about war possbty--we got news of China's invasion of VNam when we bought y'day Sunday Oreg'n at Long Beach at breakfast--yet I can't let it dom'nte thoughts. Just isn't a helluva lot to be done about it, I suppose.

Feb. 21--Went to Pac S lunch today, in all likelihood my last one. Am not really sure why I went, out of some mild instinct of diplomacy, but found it a real watershed meeting. Alice is quitting as m.e., Ellie is taking over. Talked with Alice a few minutes after, she said she simply had burned out. Which is much what happened with Rebecca. But the other news--told me by Frank; it was not mentioned at the meeting--is that Jennifer Sprague killed herself last weekend. It is stunning; I didn't know her that well, and liked her just slightly more than mildly--she was edgy and talky--but god, she wasn't even 30, and was bright and had talent. Alice said afterward it was something no one, including her parents and beau, had expected.

Feb. 21 cont.--Another note is that Russ Mohney now is off the masthead, having taken pr job with United Way of Tacoma. The order changeth. Harriet meanwhile sails blithely along, and is able to do it; another generation of editors--Ellie is strong enough to do the workload for a good while, I would think, but may be too independent to last--and of writers, who already are appearing, will carry the magazine.

Sat with Frank, he said he's had a few tough recent months for money but it's easing a bit now, with prospect of some state script work of some sort; took a job for a couple of nights as temporary worker, a la Kelly girl, and emptied trash at a hospital or somewhere. He's beginning to be bothered by ephemerality of mag work, which I'm glad to see happening; the earlier it sets in, the better for him as a writer, I'm coming to believe.

Should do some general catching up. It's 4 pm, I wrote the allotted 1000 wds this morn--have been in Swan's Queen Charlottes narrative with much quoting, the wordage has piled up--then went to Pac S, to AAA for maps, to Pac Science Center for eclipse-watching gizmos (they were sold out), and to scrap dealer with trunk of newspapers. We decided, a week or 10 days ago, we will go ahead with the British trip this spring; the tax outlook is that there's only a difference of \$1400 whether Carol works spring quarter or we make the trip, so we figure we may as well do it. Also, it will be an enforced vacation for me, and a hugely-deserved one for C.

Have seen friends a bit recently. Friday the 16th, met Clint and his latest, Elizabeth, at Cont'l for supper, then we all went to The Great Train Robbery, which was marvelous. Elizabeth is buying the Millers' house, but not moving in from her Snohomish estate until after school is out; evidently Clint will get to stay on until then. At least until then, as he's making a real pitch for her. She is somewhere in early 40's, pleasant, of a social type stuck somewhere in the 1950's--C and I marvel at how much she is like a Northwestern sorority girl of that time--and evidently amply rich. We wish Clint well with her;

Feb. 21 cont.--C thinks he has 50-50 chance of marrying her, I say 40-60, the kicker being whether when it comes down to it, a society lady will marry an insurance agent. I find the situation technically fascinating--that is, how is Clint able to keep her from meeting his past circle of friends, all of whom are younger and shaggier than Elizabeth would be used to?

The previous Saturday, 10th, we went to Linda's for dinner, and met her latest, Stan Harbaugh, also of Seafirst. He proved better than I had expected, since Linda had commented that Stan talks even more than she does, which I found a daunting prospect. He is huge--tall, that is, with doorframe shoulders--and has a blasting ha-ha-ha laugh, but is bright, often funny. He has a queer edge of violent imagism in his talk--Clint had mentioned that, But I think I would have noticed it anyway--which probably is no more than that.

Self-assessment at moment: a bit tired, particularly of the traveling for Winter--Pt. Townsend and Steilacoom likely are ahead in the next few days--but seem to be doing well with the writing. The British trip ought to be a great break, though we're both a bit edgy about the continual strikes there.

Feb. 26--Eclipse this morning; entirely cloudy, but at 8:18 totality, it darkened deep as late evening.

Saturday night the 24th, spoke to Pac NW Writers Conference, was surprisingly (to me) well received. Linda was there, and said she gave me an A; either she's getting unexpectedly mellow or the speech was pretty good. We took Ann and Marsh--rather, bought tickets and met them there. Linda came with Stan; also on hand was Craig Martin of NU days, who'd won a poetry contest of the PNWC last year. I was intro'd by Sylvia Tacker, a pleasant mid-50ish woman; also talked some with Amos Wood, group's pres and author of some Mtner books. The PNWC people are surprisingly old, all wanting to make some prof'l appearance in print, I gather. Wood said, tho, that about $\frac{1}{2}$ the 250 capacity audience weren't members--evidently came specifely for me. Ken Twichell's daughter Peggy and son-in-law Steve Lee were there, fun to meet them.

March 14--research trip to Victoria the past 2 days. Came home late y'day afternoon to first considerable disappointment in a while: turned down for G'heim. Not surprising, I suppose, but I'd begun to think I had a decent shot at it because of Hoagland. I may have flubbed the application by not seeking out big names to endorse me, the problem being that I didn't know any such at the time. Met Dick Hugo 2 weeks after sending in the application, ~~xx~~ for ex.

Other turndown recently was from British agent Innes, Rose of John Farquharson; says he doesn't think Sky will "travel."

Call from Marilyn Martin of U Bk Store last Friday, to say I'm one of 5 award winners chosen by Pac NW Bksellers. Others: Vonda McIntyre, Barry Lopez, Blaine Johnson, special award to Richard Hugo.

March 16: Archie just called (now 9:55), saying congrtlns on the book award. I said what, the Pac NW Bksellers? He said no, ~~how~~ haven't you heard? You've been nomnted for a National Book Award.

He'd just received the stuff in the mail. Told me it's the Contemporary Thought category--I interrupted to guess that Garry Wills is in it, and the automatic winner--he said no, Wills' book is in history. Then read me the judges--Michael Arlen, Kenneth Clark, Joyce Carol Gates--and the other nominees: Kenneth Boulding, Alfred Kazin, Peter Matthiessen, Meyer Shapiro. The Snow Leopard wd seem to me an automatic winner.

My feelings: a boost, tremendous boost. Not so much joy, though there's some, but simply a shot of energy. Have been mewling around the past few days, caught between editing a chunk of Winter and keeping my day-by-day work on it, with sundry chores intruding. Spent time this morn, in fact, making a timetable of the chores I'm going to do the rest of today. No more mewling. Am to pick up some photocopies from C in a few minutes; will write the names of the 5 nominees on a slip and ask her what they have in common.

LEAVE APPLICATION

Areas of study and research:

Comparative mass media systems

Research at the British Museum related to international communications systems.

Study at the International Press Institute.

Study of the British media, including taping of programs.

IPI - World Press Freedom Review of 1978

Inquire about research & publications available.

London Secretariat: City University, 280 St. John St.

Phone: 01-251 2525/6

Tuesday, April 3, 1979

If London is not coming apart, it's at least doing a good imitation. At 4:30 p.m. of our first day in London I can report:

- An air traffic controller's 24-hour workload which kept us on the ground in Seattle for two hours, then re-routed us along the French coastlines for another 2-hour flight extension.

- An immigration strike that had us standing in the passport line for 2 hours on arrival.

- No customs inspection at all. We've ~~seen~~ read today that 300 flights were cancelled at Heathrow - about $\frac{1}{3}$ of usual total. Also, more may lie in store at Easter.

In due course, we arrived at Dolphin G. for an 11 p.m. English breakfast, and a subsequent stop at the pub for halves of better at 24p. each. All very pleasant.

We slept surprisingly well for the first night of jangled systems, then set out by underground this morning to shop for theatre tickets

We had changed trains at ~~the~~ Green Park, looked for the 2nd stop at Leicester Square, and didn't quite make it.

- Next item: the explanation was a traffic control signal out of whack. We sat, and perspired and I found myself with a prime case of claustrophobia. It took half an hour to inch to the station. No more underground today.

- We walked to the National Theater, knowing that there was a strike of stage technicians in progress and picked up info for the few last-stage receipts available. Did the same at Royal Festival Hall and noted the dirty and neglected appearance of the complex, much of which was new when we were in town in 1972-3.

- Next door, at Waterloo station, inquired of British Rail service to Edinburgh. A mess, their men inform us. A granite tunnel collapsed in Scotland, killing a

couple of workmen; it will take
at least 4 months to fix and since
it's in Scotland, probably more.
So folks are being hauled
by bus from point to point en
route - a very unsatisfactory
affair, we are told. Alternate
possibilities: London to Glasgow,
then Glasgow - Edinburgh. Or
start at Cardiff & work north.
Or fly - if one could depend
on the planes.

Despite it all, the man
seen came out after lunch,
and we had a pleasant stroll
back over Westminster Bridge,
enjoying surely one of the
finest historical viewpoints
extant. Then by bus to Sloan
Square, for more theater tickets.

We shall eat in tonight,
drink cider, read, watch
TV and plan ahead - if such
is possible in contemporary
Britain.

April 3 cont. -

- In the Heathrow tie-up, we began to stand in line halfway along the fourth coil of the back-&-forth serpentine of waiting arrivées. There probably were more than 500 of us on line; from 3 to 5 (at the very last) officials were examining passports, in an area set up for about 3 dozen passport desks. Remarkable patience & decent humor among the waiting throng.

PROFESSIONAL LOG - BRITAIN

April 1 and 2, 1979 - In transit from Seattle to London. The time change eats up 9 hours, and "Industrial action" cost us 6 more, in addition to the ^{much} flight time of about 9 hours.

April 3 - London

Examined a cross section of the London morning papers - The Guardian, The Daily Telegraph, Daily Mail, Daily Star, and The Sun. Noted especially the start of the British parliamentary election, and the problems resulting from the industrial action of civil servants which delayed our arrival.

Bought magazines for future reading.

Bought Evening Standard.

TV news

BBC radio features more pop music. I've seen he has read that's a result of competition from ITV radio, which was about to start as we left Britain in 1972-3.

Friday, April 6

This day dawned cold and raw, and gained rain by mid-afternoon. We left about 11, after clothes and food shopping, on our neighborhood bus 24, which provides us with a scenic ride past Parliament, then Trafalgar Square, en route this time to a Sales Literary agency, where, in tiny office on the 7th floor, Joan reclaimed a copy of SKP previously sent. They work only through N.Y. agents, it seems. Then into several bookstores and an underground ride to the National Theatre for drinks and a little lunch after a staff meeting broke up. We were unable to get tickets for the limited productions being done during the strike, but were told that we probably can get in next week by showing up before certain time.

We walked back, over a windy Thames, to the National Gallery, home of the country's collection of great traditional art, but

not much to our library except
for the Dutch masters. I needed
them to the Tate, only a few
minutes walk from Dolphin
Square, where we thoroughly
enjoyed viewing the collection
of French Impressionists and
contemporaries.

Home for a brief collapse
before tackling a dinner
of lamb chops + £1.28 for 2
of no more than medium size -
breast, peas + celery, rice +
half a small tomato each.

Shopping, then foraging about
in the mini Dutch store make
me appreciate QFC + that Dutch
Arden kitchen.

Off by underground route
and a performance of the
American import, Alvin
Krein. The British audience
turned out enthusiastic over
Fats Waller's song. I wouldn't
choose it over last night's
Cloud 9, but it was fun.

and so to the local pub for
a half of bitter, before returning home.

Tuesday, April 10

4:40 - About 10 min. ago, Carol Smith called, to say she thinks Sky "wonderful" & wants to take it on for me. Said she tried to call first thing when she got to the office this morn - C & I already were out - & would have called me from home last night if she'd had the phone # with her. Said her ass't also read the book last night, also thought it "wonderful."

Asked if there's any Bn. publisher I've dreamed of being published by, or for some other reason wanted her to try. I nearly said Macmillan, simply because I know of it as one of the biggest & oldest firms, but said insted that I didn't, I wanted to leave it up to her expertise. She then said she wants to start with Macmillan, because of its prestige, etc, & the strong paperback tie-in there with Pan books. Wants to submit it right away, so the editor there can read Sky over Easter, & to press him before the NBA decision. I said sure, & it seems to me good strategy.

Met Carol S yesterday as a result of turn-downs at 2 bigger agencies, Fairg'son & Ed Victor. The Victor response was particularly indolent - they have tie-ins with 5 NY agencies, & don't want to take on

single clients. I asked if it made any difference that Spy has been nominated for the NBA, & was told, ~~that~~ politely, that it didn't, really, & the "tie-in with 5 NY agencies" was repeated to me.

I next went to the London phone book, looked down the list of agents, & said to C, "here's one named Carol Smith. I think I'll call her." I was making a half-joke, but also choosing on the basis that she was the only woman listed among the 39 agencies in the yellow-pp. (Checking now, I see I overlooked 2-3 other women's names.) CS's ass't came on the phone, I explained to her that I was seeking an agent, she said they handle almost entirely commercial fiction. I was heading for another oh-so-polite turn-down when I said the book has been nominated for a Nat'l Book Award. She said something, then there was a pause & she asked: "Is that this year?" Told again that it was, she said "Hold on a moment, please" & I called to C, "I've got their attention." Indeed I did; she came back on the line to ask if I could see CS at 11 the next day (the 9th).

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April 10 cont. - Should add to preceding story that early in the phone conversation with CS's ass't, she asked me how I'd heard of their agency. I said I had democratically picked them out of the phone book, which seemed to mystify her further.

Meeting with CS y'day morn: the agency is on John St., near the Br. Museum & Dickens' house. 40 or so enterprises share a rowhouse, & a receptant/switchboard woman channels the clientele for them all. I read an early edition of the Eve's Standard in the dim hallway for 5 min. or so before CS's secretary opened a door into the hall & asked me to come in. She took me in to CS's office, a large high-ceilinged room with one wall of shelves & fireplace, the novels she's handled standing face-out on the shelves. CS is blonde, probably dyed, mid-thirties, a bit brittle-seeming in the British style. But she did begin by having me tell her about Spy, and seemed to stay determinedly quiet as I sketched its record since publication. She was plainly more interested in what I'd told her ass't about the intended novel; I told her bare details about it - set in 1890-1920, etc -

and she broke in to say that she imagined Carol Hill had told me that sort of book ~~is~~ is "spot on" as to what's selling right now. CS has just handled some big 3-genetnl novel for a Calif'nia writer - I can't recall title or author. She talked on a bit about the virtues of Thorn Birds, thru which I tried to keep a poker-face. It led up to the point that she is trying to handle US as well as Br. rights for her clients, & would prefer to do so on my novel. I had only got slightly into explanation of ~~me~~ the arrangement with Ann, & so simply left the situation there, that I have a US agent & will have to talk over any matters with her. We then talked over the logistics of getting back in touch over the next few days, with Good Friday closing off the week early, I left her two copies of Sky & the Time-Wash. Post - NY Times reviews & BMOC flyer, & said goodbye.

Details: CS charges standard 10% for Br. representn. For both US/Britain, 15% or at least, 15% for US, & I didn't think to get clear whether any separate Br. % is involved.

April 10 cont. —

- CS has had 2 million-\$ deals in the past 6 months. Most of her authors I don't recognize - she said beforehand I wouldn't, because many of them are young writers, or first-novelists - but I did recognize by-line of Michael ^{evanshaw} Mayhew (a Texan, I think) & Peter Straub, whose Ghost Story is being heavily promo'd by Coward McC. CS handled the book, said ~~Straub~~ it's brought \$700,000 p'back rights & \$300,000 movie rights.

- CS worked in NY publishing for a couple of years, & ^{here} was with AP Wall - "the oldest lit. agency in the world" - handling mostly fiction. Says she left because APW kept saying fiction is a declining market, while they continue to make their money off works of H.G. Wells etc. Started her agency 3 years ago. She, the ass't & the go-for are the staff; CS said she made them work through Xmas week, even though the heat had been turned off in the bldg., & they got an enormous lot done - "no phones ringing". It undoubtedly was the most impressive thing she could have told me.

CS also has a journalism agency, which she co-founded & co-owns (someone else, also named Carol, runs it): London Syndication. Now has 64 writers, provides their free-lance stuff to newspapers & mags here & in Europe.

- Her lit agency also handles transln rights. She asked about that today - just asking, not pushing - & I said I'd have to see how Ann's progress has been. She said they liked to handle all-or-none, but I think that could be negotiated.

- She came on much less hard today after reading Sky; no mention of handling the US rights on the novel, for instance. Also said to forget what she'd told me about Thorn Birds - she doesn't have any advice I need to know as a writer.

- Said she'd like to take me to lunch & talk further if I don't go to NY for N.Y.A.; I agreed we could probably do so. Will call her on the 24th, if it comes to that.

Friday, Apr 6: wrote Jan Morris to ask about p'back rights to Coronation Everest. Have tried repeatedly, without luck, to find copy in 2d-hand bookstores.

Tuesday, April 10

First stop: International Press Institute, housed at City University, looked over their publications and chose 4 - the cost of which had to be transported from Swiss francs and so turned out high: £ 8.00.

Walked from there down to the museum of the City of London, which is pleasant and well done, as Amy told us. Display, drawing & artefacts span pre-history to present, with a presentation of the great London fire of 1666 in a mini theatre, complete with clouds, "flames" and cuttings from Pepys diary.

The Lord Mayor's coach also on display.

We intended to take the underground back to Dolphin Square, but noticed an announcement being chalked up, advising of delays due to industrial action.

No thanks! So walked toward a bus, past St. Pauls and saw an intersection closed off, and the front of a car being

inspected. Is this London or Belfast?
Directed to Tayles on my home,
where I looked over journals
books lent brought home. The
IP material looks much more relevant.

We both felt we'd had a day
by the time we got home,
but nap time had hardly
started before literary agent
Carol Smith called, thoroughly
pleased with Spy, as I can't
not explain. That was
followed after supper by Tom
Resenthal of Secker, who is
especially interested in my
forthcoming novel. So a good
day for the author.

Out to Tom Stoppard's
Night and Day at the Phoenix -
a thoroughly pleasant theatre.
The set + staging - and acting -
were first-rate, but it's
far from Stoppard's best play.
It has good lines to be sure,
but is neither as funny nor
as intellectually interesting
as R+C or Junkies. There's a
glab of ruminating about media

dropped in on Africa, and
on a mining engineering, who
doesn't seem to make any
difference in the plot, and his
wife - Diana Figg!

Perhaps Stoppard is writing
too much?

Wednesday, April 11

Our mtd, who turns out to be
Irish, told me this morning of lost
stuff with wash thru tomorrow, then
dave off through Tuesday! "It's the
union rules," she half apologized.

In late morning Ivan went
off to the Society of Authors, while
I managed an expensive £7.50 + out-rip
haircut at Robert Spain. They do good
work. Then Ivan and I met for
lunch at The King's Head + 8 Bells
on Chelmswell. Much quieter than
the weekend, but still a good
lunch table.

Off shopping at Liberty after
that, where I splurged £25 on
3 ties, and £1.75 for a keyring,
and finally a stop at British
Rail, Regent St., for tickets to

Edinburgh. It's \$29.50 per person,
round trip, 2nd class + \$45 p.
for a seat reservation.

Home again by bus, noting how
much time is spent, almost
ground, traveling about the city.
Time for a vacation.

April 12 - Yesterday noon, session with ^{Douglas} ~~David~~ Meacham of Society of Authors. Said he knows Carol Smith well, thinks highly ~~and~~ of her, once hired her as an asst when he was an agent. Said not every book is right for her, but she's energetic, doing well with her agency, & "thinks transatlantically."

- on Public Lending Right: no provision for foreign authors, - govt arguing it would want reciprocal arrangements with other countries.

- M. said take-overs are not as rampant here as they have been in US, altho Hutchinson recently was bought by London Weekend TV.

- M. a bit surprised that I asked for pamphlet on contracts, saying Br. authors are more inclined to leave all that to agents.

- M. said 10% is standard Br. agent's fee - up to 20% for translations; transln rights often handled from here.

- It's not customary here for signed agreement between author & agent.

Late afternoon of April 10, phone call from Tom Rosenthal of Secker & Warburg, saying we can't meet because he's just back in town from a trip & about to go off for Easter with his family. But said if I write a novel about the mtn west, he will be "riveted"

with fascination "to see it. Said he once wrote a New Statesman piece on The Big Sky as a forgotten classic.

- R oozes Dr. charm, came on the line saying "You don't know me, but you should."

Visit to Wintersgill, Monday April 9: D is now syndication mgr for Guardian, handling the ~~the~~ Wash. Post - LA Times wire - editing stories & overseeing their distrib'n to client papers here. He's doing much free lancing, including 2 books on antiques since we last saw him. Mary has been teaching, until birth of Patrick 8 wks ago. They've put Owen's name on list for the Westminster School, one of the 9 "Clarendon" private schools - D explained that Clarendon Reports 9 top schools of 1869 still are the top 9. Little was said of politics, but D confirmed Carol's guess that they'll be voting Tory - fed up with the statism that forces them, for instance, to turn to private schools instead of the comprehensives: Labor gov't has done away with the independent schools which used to be in-between.

Good Friday, April 13, 1979

It's 3:10 p.m. and we're watching
Alie Mc Cawen do St. Mark's Chapel
over ITV. He uses the King James
version - what else? Simple set of
sand + bells in one direction, a table
at the other, and curtains which
can be used for Temple doors + walls.

Mc Cawen is our intermediate
entertainment on this National
holiday. We took the underground to
Baker St. late morning, walked
past Tussauds and a half-black
line to plush £2-10 apiece (£1-10
for children) to go through the wax
museum. We aimed for lunch at
the Raw Deal, but found it closed
for the long weekend. Pubs
seemed generally open, so we found
a neighborhood spot, ordered Bitter
and ash about a sixth. Pizza! And
not bad, either. And so a pleasant
walk through Regent's Park, and then
a bus home.

April 14 - Catching up: called Carol Smith on Thurs. about her request to see me for business lunch; we set Mon., April 23, 1 p.m. at The Sovereign, 17 Hatford.

- Friday 13th, I called HBT to give them April 22-3 Heathrow address & phone.

- Pemlico library, abt 3 blocks from here, has been a real advantage; used it a number of times to look up pub'g info.

THE ELECTION - Fri, Apr. 13

- Considerable comment in the press about the extra-long campaign - leaving us to wonder what they think about U.S. campaigns. The party manifestos have been issued, but not much else will be done until after the long Easter holiday...

- For some reason a woman heads the Tories - but most of the comment on the subject is sexist, and I am reminded how much class & sex distinction exists in Britain.

- The polls are not in agreement except that all say the Tories are ahead. Gallup currently says by 10%. The pop papers have taken up for the Tories; even ~~Don~~ many will vote Tory. We are puzzled as to how the reader can get, as I have put it, any Broder-like commentary here. What we have seen in newspapers and magazines is openly biased and/or busy being clever.

April 16 -

- Pleasant, untaxing train trip from London to E'dburgh - 10 a.m. - 3:35 p.m., on time. Stayed the night at Enos's guest house, off Haymarket.

April 17 - Research at Register House & E'dburgh Central Library. Found family birth & marriage data, looked at 1871 census records from their area, tho did not find family in an hr or so of looking. Decided time was better spent in afternoon at Scottish Library of E'dburgh Central. Found useful volume of emigration news items from Annandale paper, 1857-1907. prowled bookstores near library & bought 2d hand book on folk customs.

April 18 - Long, useful day of research in Nat'l Library. Found detailed material abt Panbride area, where we'll go tomorrow; also Glasgow Herald of May, 1888, for details of Carthaginian's sailing date.

April 20 - Walked Monkie Burn, did resch at Carnoustie public library; day before, drove area around Panmure Mount. Stayed at Arbroath last night, Dundee tonight. Drove to Glen Esk in early afternoon.

April 21 - Back to E'burgh from Dundee,
overnight at the Georgian again.

April 22 - Train, E'burgh to London.
Caught 9:10, dropping C & baggage
at station & then leaving car at Herts.
Changed trains @ Newcastle, luckily got
seats; train thereafter overcrowded, people
standing. Arrived Kings Cross soon after 4;
at Heathrow just after 5:30. Difficulty
finding Holiday Inn bus, arrived H1 abt
6:30.

April 23 - Into London this morning, arriving at Dolphin Sq. abt 10:45 to pick up mail; C. stopped at Liberty's; we met Carol Smith for lunch at The Sovereign at 1. CS talked about her proj'l bond - 8 yrs at AP Watt, a yr or 2 as sec to pub'n of Basic Books in NY, a yr as reader for HBM (here in London). She talked of plans for NY office, & frequent trips to LA. Said Macmillan has turned down Sky, with kind words, but she still is confident for book. Talked about her list of writers, which is abt 40 & includes Stephen King & Peter Straub - she said she's pleased to have me as literary light amid her commercial novelists.

Carol's impressions of CS: she has requisite agent's style in pointing up her successes; her inexperience p'haps balanced out by her willingness to learn & to tackle pub's & movie worlds.

We talked briefly about film rights, & told her sit'n of Watson assets supposedly showing Sky to S. Kramer for 5% of advance, told her it's OK for her to go ahead on same basis - p'haps shd reiterate by letter.

I'm to call her tonight after hearing abt NBA - she said she thought it best to wait for that decision before trying Sky elsewhere.

April 25, Oxford - Weather seems improved this
morn, we intend to visit Chipping Camden.

Catching up: found I was more depressed than
expected at loss of NBA on Mon. night, but also
found worst of mood lasted an hour or so.
I'd been doubtful that I would win, but
there was element that Syd was a nominee
purely because of itself and not because of
any reputation of mine, so there was the
chance it could win on those terms. The
despondency of loss came from being so close
to winning - given uncertainties of writing,
I may never come so close again. Rationally,
I knew full well that nomination alone
meant an enormous lot, & I have a hunch as
well that life will be smoother & more
productive without NBA... but still, sense
of loss...

4:45 phone call hadn't come thru by 6:45 -
we were in room at Heather Hobday Inn
awaiting it - so I placed a call to Rhoda, &
got news. I no sooner hung up than Carol
Smith called, relaying Rhoda's call to her.
No sooner hung up from that than phone
rang again - Jan Morris, from Wales, saying
I could do what I wish toward a p'back of
Coronation Circuit.

(over)

Jan said book had very small play in America - Br. pub'n sold 1000 copies to Dutton. Jan has p'back rights herself.

- C & I looked unsuccessfully for copies 1 Cor's Ev at Blackwell's & Thornton's y'day afternoon. Will try other booksellers this afternoon.

- y'day I called John Hynes of Antioch College; he arranged to meet us here at White House guest house tonight.

May 3, home--Schedule of final week in England:

--April 24, rented Godfrey-Davis car at Heathrow, drove to Oxford thru Henley, stayed that night and next at White House View guesthouse.

--April 25: to Chipping Camden in the morning; met Michael and Joan Lynch that evening, went to The Trout pub, then to their home.

A-26th, Stratford, saw Merry Wives of Windson. Stayed until past noon the next day.

--27th, at Seymour House hotel in Ch Camden; traffic noise of streetside room proved severe. That and foul weather sent us back to Oxford and the Wh House View for the next night. Heard the Tallis Scholars sing medieval hymns in Merton College Chapel; astonishing acoustics.

--29th, drove from Oxford, thru Henley, to H'row. Called Pan Am from Post House direct phone, found the plane delayed from 2:30 to 4. Decided to go to Windson for lunch; town was overrun with tourists, hectic. Flight at last left about 5:20, after radio repair while we were all aboard. Arrived Seattle about 6:30 p.m.--
9½ hrs later?

Favourites from last time

Red Lion Pub, Duke of York St. @ St. James Sq.

Design Centre, near Piccadilly

Some Inns of Britain - BTA

- from Amy: new museum near Guildhall
- : 11 Group HQ, Uxbridge
- (get directions from Phyl Henning, 724-0862)

~~Excuse~~ for coffee break

RAF museum at Hendon 205-2266

Mon-Sat 10-6 Sun 2-6 - closed Sat & Friday

Royal College of Organists & other bldgs in Albert Hall

Candyl: b & b @ Coniston House, 11 Dyring St.

Fishguard: The Bistros, rest n't b & b?

Edinburgh: Farm House for meals

- Mrs. Butler's b & b

- Register House for census records

Ullapool: Caledonian Hotel (new wing)

Beaulieu: Priory Hotel

Portree: Mrs. Kemp's 646 (no heat)

Bath: Villa Magdala

Passport #s: Ven, K 644 602
Carol, K 644 603

TO DO ON ARRIVAL

✓ Make reservations for flight to NY

Inquire about British Rail schedule to Edinburgh

~~Postcards~~ promptly to Mullers, Rodens

Typewriter rental: 1973 - 1 mo. for \$4

Kontad Ltd.

Erika portable

Best street index: London Street by Street

HAIRCUT: JEAN PIERRE at Robt-Spain
12 OLD BROMPTON Rd SW7
589 8376 / 3858

April 15 - end of London stay

£ 81.31

\$ 84

Travellers checks all accounted for.

Pick up by 6 p.m. Apr 23

78

LONDON—NEW YORK

Elizabethan



DEPART London, Heathrow Airport, Terminal 3 (Minimum check-in time BA Concorde & First class 45 mins, Economy 60 mins)

ARRIVE New York, J F Kennedy International Airport. British Airways-Air Canada Terminal

Frequency	Aircraft	Dep	Arr	Via	T.	Transfer Times	Flight	Aircraft	Class & Catering
Daily(a) ex We Fr	X 0915	0900(y)	non-stop		APR. 24		BA173	SSC	R X
Daily	1100	1335(y)	non-stop				BA175	747	FYK X
Daily	X 1115	1000(y)	non-stop				BA171	SSC	R X
Daily	1500	1735(b)	non-stop				BA177	747 (b)	FYK X
		(y)							
Daily	1800	2050(y)	non-stop				BA179	EQV	FYK X

(a) Not 2 Aug-22 Aug.

(b) 15 minutes later on certain days (EQV).

(y) One hour earlier until 28 Apr

N.B. CONNECTION TO NEWARK WITH BA175

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Dep J F Kennedy 1515, Arr Newark 1542

No charge to FY passengers

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£ 479 each one way

ADDRESSES

Michael and Joan

(John M.) Lynch

38 Sandfield Rd

Headington, 91. London

Oxford

Kathleen's brother, who

teaches creative writing

for Antioch, at Oxford.

Oxford 61761

Sue Emmett

137 Salisbury Road

Moseley, Birmingham 13

B&B, south of London

E.V. Penrose

Rucklands

(0323) 842328

225 London Rd.

Hailsham, E. Sussex

Tom and Megan Jones

Esgerholiw

Felingwm

Dyfed SA 32 7P

Britain

TRAVELERS CHECKS cashed

Number	\$	Date and Place
RD-89-492-520 thru 524	500	4/9 London
HG 91-430-500	50	4/17 Edinburgh
" " " 501	50	4/19 "
RG 54-261-271	100	4/19 "
RH 91-854-778	100	4/23, London
RH 91 854 779	100	4/26, Oxford
" " " 780	100	4/27, Stratford

\$1,000 TOTAL cashed in Britain

BALANCE: 4/30
\$2640

Number Date and Place

20	4/17	London	20	4/17	London
20	4/17	London	20	4/17	London
20	4/17	London	20	4/17	London
20	4/17	London	20	4/17	London
20	4/17	London	20	4/17	London
20	4/17	London	20	4/17	London
20	4/17	London	20	4/17	London
20	4/17	London	20	4/17	London
20	4/17	London	20	4/17	London
20	4/17	London	20	4/17	London

Balance: 4/30
\$2000

3/31 Peoples Bank balance

\$936.81

Sunday

8

Pay Dolphin Sp.

9

11 - Screen seen
agent

141
BBC

10

11

12

13

14

Modena's
birthday

3-17V

Colindale RA#

7-Theatre

Good Friday

7:30-National
Theatre

PM - Phoenix
Stoppard

8:15-Don Wiggall
Guardian front
entrance

7:30 - Boulton
Concert

15

EASTER

16

Leave for
Edinburgh

17

18

Car rental

20

21

22

23

Arrive Holiday

Sun - Mother's

Carol Smith - 1pm,

The Sovereign

17 Hertford

6pm - Comedienne

MON.

SUN.

TUES.

APRIL

WED

THURS.

FRI

SAT

March 17--~~Box~~ 9:35: I am deeply, deeply moved. I have just re-read the final portion of Sky, of the deaths, and enormous emotion flows.

Have not~~yet~~ yet managed to reach Carol Hill at her home, will try again shortly. Last night, a good impromptu party for a couple of hours: John and Jean, Amy, Ann and Phil, Fred Olson, Ann and Marsh and kids. The close, marvelous friends.

May 2--Have not been able to get down to resumption of Winter, tho I know the logical starting point--rewrite of the Mt. Rainier days--so will use the diary as one further excuse. Others today have been the reading of 1st 2 days of ms, timing it out into tape recorder for Missoula appearance next week; some loafing reading; and a couple of dommed attempts to nap. Had hoped by last night that jet lag was over, but I woke up at 4 this morn.

We arrived home about 6:30 Sunday night, the 29th. Flight was about 2 hrs late, having made up nearly an hr in the air, evidently, because we were 3 hrs delayed at Heathrow. Or did Daylight Savings account for other hr? Jean met us at the airport. Because we flew in daylight all the way, the flight was odd and distended; also, I sat next to a couple returning from Greece, where they both had been treated for cancer by a probable quack.

Wendy had the mail sorted into neat piles which covered the financial affairs desk, and I spent much of past two days on it. Nothing earth-shaking, though a continuing flow of letters in praise of Sky. Also, y'day's mail shd be noted: it included a note from Jan Mason at LIFE and the NYT story on NBA, implying M'ssen was upset winner over Schapiro and me; note from Jan Morris giving go-ahead on Coronation Everest; and notice of admission to P.E.N., with footnote from Edward Hoagland commiserating about G'heim but saying hardly anybody gets one the 1st try.

Grandest item to come home to: 1st royalties of Sky, \$17,897; with advance and Ann's cut subtracted, \$12,000 for the bank account.

Having come home a couple of weeks early, felt I could afford to be talked into Kittredge's "Who Owns the West?" conference at Missoula, May 9-12. Wangled for Carol to go, too: Bill also offered \$500 fee, as well as transp'tn and lodging. He says he has Guthrie and Maclean coming,

May 2 cont.--which did most to persuade me. It'll be a rare chance--given their age, perhaps a last chance--to meet them. Guthrie may be too far gone into the bottle, but I'm particularly keen to meet Maclean. His "River" is a western masterpiece.

Went to the track y'day, surprised myself by running 8 laps without much trouble, and weighing in at 148, a good 5# less than I would have bet. Feel flabby as hell, though.

May 4--Phone call y'day from Pat Vessie, with her story of trying to find out from the Seattle Times whether I had won the NBA on award day. She was switched to Larry Rumley, who came on the line with a slow, slow "helllo?" P: Can you tell me who won the Nat'l Book Awards? R; (pause) I can tell you who was nominated. P: I know that, I just want to know who won. R: (pause) Nooo, I don't have that here. P: Well, can you call the wire room and find out? R: (in evident surprise) Welll, I guess I could. (Put her on hold for an eon.) R: (at last) Welll, no, they don't have anything yet. P, ~~xxxx~~ sarcastically: Thanks for all your effort. R: That's all right. It's probably something I should know about.

Am taking the morning on chores, then will meet Archie for lunch, and do some banking--with royalties and excess trav checks, \$13,000 into savings--and on to U Bk Store and UW. Ann and Marsh and kids coming for dinner tonight.

Find myself sheepish that I haven't yet got underway on Winter again, but this seems to be a necessary set of skakedown days. Have expended much energy on mail, phone, etc., and wonder if it's right to do so. It seems to go with the territory, and perhaps is a necessary veer from more serious work. But I can't seem to count it as efficient.

On the other hand, I think my mood is coming around toward the book again. Reading the first 2 days into tape rec as practice for Missoula was a help; also looked over 1st day this morn. Roger Whitlock did a useful piece in The Weekly's Reader, on Maclean's River. Said he had been reading Thos. Savage, me, and Maclean, and in some ways River is the best of the excellent trio. I found that smarted a bit, but likely is right. River seems to be

May 4 cont.--the kind of book that elevates us all who work at writing, particularly writing about the west, and there's the advantage ~~ix~~ that Maclean is of an older generation, he will not dominate all the writing life of me and others of my age. We can say, here is a masterwork, without any backdrop of literary politics to complicate matters. Anyway, out of Whitlock's piece and the coming visit to Missoula, I have begun to think competitively, to rev up for making Winter a good one. It's going to mean keeping my concentration; even with what little I'm doing in the way of speeches (1, so far) and travel (Missoula, Dallas-Boulder) I sense how easy it gets to become a reputation rather than a writer. Prospect would have been much more severe in that respect had I won the NBA; it may prove better for my work that I didn't.

Have agreed --along these same lines--to provide Susan Pelzer with a piece for The Reader's issue in which she'll try to lure ads at the ABA. She wanted me to review the Pushcart Prizes and Oxt. Henry short stories. I resisted, pleading the time eaten up by Missoula trip, talked her instead into the book dedications piece. It has the advantage for me of using already-written material--shd have to spend no more than half-day on it--and of cooperatg with her this once.

May 7--Bright afternoon; now (4p.m) am about to quit desk, saw some of the wood ~~fx~~ of wind-ripped branches from last fall, run around the n'hood. Have spent a middling day of rewrite on Winter. Called Phyllis Goldblatt of NYT travel page this morn to say I couldn't take on Oly Pen~~a~~ travel piece for her, she wondered about possible excerpt from Winter to go with the piece they expect from a Sequim writer. Provided a good excuse for me to rework Cape Flattery material, with a copy to her. Also have been at work on the Mt. Rainier material, which is surprisingly stubborn. It may need more ideas, less descptn.

Am beginning to be asked pretty regularly to do things. Today, calls from Ellie M&C wondering about the UMont conference--if I might write anything for Pac S--and from Wanda Peterson about the Edmonds lecture series, which I said I might do next March if I could talk a bit, read from Winter ms, and take questions.

May 7 cont.--Some socializing over the weekend. Ann and Marsh and kids here for supper Friday night. A good time--Carol had baked a king salmon--and kids on fine behavior. Saturday, Boat Day, was cold and rainy, so we stayed home. I had dodged our invite from Lankfords to spend the day on their boat--it would have meant being aboard from 9 to 6, which is several times too much. Also, I felt up to my limit of socializing.

Sunday, to Amy's for champagne brunch--I determinedly took Guinness, and stuck to it. Us, Rodens, Trudy and Howard. In midst of showing us pics of Leonard--who died about 2 weeks ago--and telling us some story, Amy broke into tears, but went on with story and came out of it. John and Jean meantime had the death of Dabby on their minds. Given these odds, it was a good enough gathering.

May 13 --4:10; home a couple of hours ago from "Who Owns the West" ~~xx~~ conference in Missoula. Quick details, before I run out of steam for the day:

--Start with the end, last night's readings by Jim Welch and Norman Maclean. Jim read from the novel coming out this fall, The Death of Jim Loney--2nd sectn, where Loney confronts his father in trailer house. He read well, and the scene is well crafted, particularly in details, but I kept wishing his ear for talk was better. The dialogue often seemed to me just off the mark. Meeting Welch--he and Lois came to Bevis's for a couple of drinks our first night there, then they threw the conference-ending party at their house last night, a fine one--was one of the true bonuses of the trip. He seems a generous man, and I think a good one; also, C and I were struck with the similarities between us and the Welches--Lois also is an English prof, while Jim like me does nothing but write.

Maclean's turn next. He is about 5'6", with a long, lined face, which in profile looks a bit like an elongated version of the Indian on the nickel. He wore a brown suit coat, a cross-hatched or striped tie of some other color(s), and old-fashioned wide-legged trousers of a slightly lighter brown than the coat. Was the only one of us to wear a tie throughout the confce--in fact, wore pretty much that same outfit: the effect was a kind of thrifty nattiness. The Scotchness coming through, maybe. After the mike was adjusted for him and he looked thru his typed remarks for a moment, he looked out at us and in one quick complete motion with one hand put ~~xx~~ his glasses on--the lifetime-learned gesture of a professor, maybe. He then read what he ~~xx~~ regards as his blueprint for "River"--he says his "stories," but at least tacitly accepts that "River" is the real accomplishment--and while it may not have been news to the lit're profs in the audience, I was transfixed by his saying that the story is meant to be a kind of manual of fly fishing, from the basic 4-count motion early on to the climax of his brother fishing superbly as M and his father watch. Hearing that, whether it is hindsight or he truly structured the story that way--my bet is that he did work it out beforehand; he has not been a lit prof all his life

May 13 cont.--without reason--made the Missoula trip worthwhile for me, even without the other rewards of it. I have been mulling the story of the three Swedes escaping ~~from~~ from Sitka, and had concluded that if I do anything with it, it ought to be about novella length--about the size of "River." M's explanation of development of story is a helluva help.

M then read the portion of "River" about his brother making his special casts, to the admiration of the man and woman who happen along, and the episode of the brother and Indian woman being in jail, ending with the material about brother's keepers, I think with the exact line "It will not let us go." He said it illustrated the use of incident--earlier he had said the single great obligation of a story is to be a story--and of the interplay (not his word) of beauty, darkness and everyday reality. (The superb fishing of ~~Paul~~ Paul as beauty; the jail scene as Paul's dark side; and the admiring man and woman who happen by to see ~~Paul~~ Paul cast, as everyday reality) Before reading the specific excerpt, M had read a summary of the book, done for a previous speech at Bozeman, and that summary ends with the loveliest set of words of the whole conference, that after Paul's murder, M and his family knew for certain out of the entire matter that Paul "was beautiful, and dead, and we had not helped."

May 15--Asked Carol to do notes of her impressions of Maclean and Guthrie, will insert them after this page and pick up my ~~own~~ words after them. Worth noting that when Archie Satterfield called about 11 this morn to ask about the conference, I quoted to him the above words of Maclean, and he said they ought to be cut into marble someplace.

NORMAN MACLEAN: Ivan and some of the others thought he might be crusty, but he seemed shy. Bill Kittredge had trouble making arrangements with him, but then after he'd declined a panel assignment, offered to do something else. "Would you like me to speak at lunch?" He attended regularly, sat quietly, seemed genuinely pleased when anyone approached him to talk. On the first day, when we got to discussing reviewers, he and Ross Toole thought most didn't know what they were doing. Toole complained that they "generally review the book you didn't write."

The final night Maclean and I got into conversation at Welches' drainboard, where I shouldered my way to fetch Ivan a scotch and water. Maclean, angling in from the dining room, got there at the same time, picked up an oversize jug of scotch when he learned what I was after, and with a slightly shaky hand poured nearly to the brim of the plastic half-glass. Only in his walk and in that slight quiver does he show his 76/77 years. A weathered face and a high forehead set off a shock of hardly gray hair. I would guess him a full decade younger.

Standing there at the ice bucket I complimented him on his evening's reading. He read a careful explanation of what he'd tried to do in A River Runs Through It. A progression, for one thing, of how to fly fish, and a "blueprint," as he called it, of such brainy calculation that I saw Ivan both delighted and surprised. Grasping for the best compliment, I told Maclean that though Ivan is a diligent studier of form, A River was so good as story that he hadn't fully analyzed what Maclean was doing structurally. Maclean said he didn't think any reader would realize all of what he was trying to do, then added: "I write notes to my wife." Pause. "She's been dead for many years, but I write her the notes because only she would understand them."

I hope Maclean can do other things equal to A River. I wonder if he can. I imagine he wonders.

A.B. GUTHRIE JR. A compact man with a large forehead and hair combed over the bald spot at the back, in the old way. He does look like that old metaphor, parchment, but despite the apparent frailty of body, mentally he seemed never to miss a beat. He instantly commanded all the nuance on ~~exposed~~ the panels where he participated, and he gave a wonderfully indignant introduction about eastern establishment publishing.

Ripley Hugo told Ivan that Guthrie is a good man who realizes his limitations. He read from his latest novel, where the dying old man and his dying old dog struggle through the snow to the local school auditorium, and where he makes one last impassioned plea for freedom of expression. I rather liked the old man and the dog, but the speech sounded wooden and the plot stereotyped. Bad stuff, but it was possible, all right, to see the good man behind it. Probably he should have gone back to newspapering after writing The Big Sky.

We had been told by booksellers that he sometimes ~~is~~ does not turn up, and that sometimes he turns up drunk. No sign of that. He looked and sounded sober, arrived at his own sessions on time, and attended a number of others, accompanied by his much younger wife, and a daughter either of theirs or hers.

They live in a cabin, back toward the mountains from Choteau, and not far from the Hugo's weekend cabin, except that the Guthries live there full-time, I gather. And he's fighting an environmentalist suit which he said had cost him \$4,000 so far. It's as if he invented the Big Sky country, and he aims to protect it.

May 15, cont.--Scattered details of the Missoula confce, the best I can manage because of plunge into Winter now that I've returned to the typewriter:

--Was introduced on the third day's panel, the one on Indian rights, by John Vance, U. of Toledo law prof and former member of Indian Claims Commission, for my portrait of Rankin and his contempt for the land. Vance and former UM faculty member ^{Walter} Charles Brown, who once was married into the Rankin family, both later told me Rankin incidents I'd never heard--of the family's Chn Science beliefs, and of hearing Rankin tell some younger member of the family that he ought not argue, God was speaking to him thru Rankin. And Vance, I think it was, reported someone, perhaps Louise Galt, as once saying Rankin was such a keen stockman he could recognize one of his cows anywhere--when of course any Montana rancher could spot a Rankin cow at once because of its wretched condition.

--Vance was interesting, somewhat too anecdotal but has been around a lot. Would be good fun to have a drink with, I judge.

--Was on the native Americans panel with Annick, who'd produced a nice film about the Indian leader Johnny Arlee, and three Indians. I began by saying I had been wondering since Kittridge put me on the panel whether there was some burctc regulation and I was there as the token Scotchman; or whether this was some elaborate revenge for when my Valier team beat Browning 48-0. Then said that as I tried to do some writing that morn, came across words of my own which forced me to try connect myself and my past: read the graf about Trudy's Indian portraits staring out at me. Said that I had started out in the situation where my family didn't much like Indians; on the resvtn and along Two Medicine we had learned we just didn't like the idea of Indians, while Indians one by one turned out to be not such a bad proposition. Then said that I thought the wall of portraits reprstd the opposite idea of Indians, an uncritical infatuation, and the one of the grouping that interested me was the gentle pipe-smoker in the oval frame--who interested me as a person.

May 15 cont.--Said of course I could never know exactly who he was as a person, "but Jim Welch might know, or Scott Momaday, and I might find out thru their pages, their books--through their writings which cleave down the middle between these extremes of the idea of Indians, of being entirely awful or entirely glamorous. Winter* in the Blood and House Made of Dawn should perpetually instruct me in my own writing, that when I come across Indians in history or my own past, I must try damned hard to always say, well, here's a person who interests me, this is what seems to be known about him--and by the way, he's an Indian and I'm a Scotchman writing about him."

That likely was the deftest thing I had to say during the confce, and it turned out to have nothing to do with the panel, which became mau-mau theatre by Bearhead Swaney of the Flathead tribe. He's good at it, so it was interesting to watch. Kittredge told me at Welch's party that Bearhead said to him afterwards he had learned a couple of things from honkies--one of them--during the panel, which surprised me. Bearhead is an interesting figure, evidently with an earned reputation as an envmntl protector; he perhaps has dead-ended himself at showmanship--which he's excellent at--rather than mastering other tactics.

--Saturday, the last day, my reading went well, tho Bevis finally said he thought I'd read a bit too much and a bit too fast; think he's right. Stumbled once on the panel, when John Badgley said, in essence, that writers complain too much about financial trouble, they're like the farmers who always say they're going out of business. That infuriated me, and as I started to make my reply, Badgley threw me off balance by asking when in history writers had ever been paid enough, and why shouldn't they be like priests? ~~As~~ Lacking panel smarts, I tried to answer those lures--my good manners sell me out at such times--and ended up by saying something like I didn't want to have to be a holy dedicatee of writing, I wanted to make a living at it. Anyway, it was only a skirmish, and I think I won the big battle--the reading--okay.

May 15 cont.--The first night's readings, by Madeline Defrees and Richard Hugo, were excellent. Hugo, as revealed by the reading and Annick's hour film of him, is a consummate natural actor; have been reading The Triggering Town, and this is backed up in a section in which he tells what imaginary stances he takes as he writes poems.

Hugo left early in the confce to do readings in the East, including one at West Point. When Carol and I first said hello to him this time--he happened into Kittredge's office as we were hanging around there Wed. morn--I joked to him about his going to WPoint, every boy's dream. He said Yeah, grinned and gave me a nice little Cub Scoutish salute.

Madeline is in some ways the most interesting of the Missoula writers, to me. You can see her mind working as she talks to you. She gave the background of some of the poems she read, and ~~and~~ how nimble and seeking a mind it is. She's off to UMass at Amherst for next year, and probably beyond that if the tenure can be solved. Since her writing is not rooted in the West, and she is somewhat under Hugo's shadow at UM--both points cited to me by Bill Bevis--the move could be a useful one to her, her first achieved job on her own. I will miss her mischief if she stays, tho.

--Guthrie: not much to add to C's portrait, except that his wife Carol said they have two--she underscored them with her voice--copies of Sky in their house. Both she and Bud were immensely nicer to me than they had any obligation to be. They missed my reading, because they had an unrevised schedule which showed only the time of the following panel, and G apologized greatly to me afterward.

One thing that pleased me, of that day's panel, was my chance to say, in comment on some question from the audience, the importance of tradition: that it had meant much to me ~~that Bud~~ when I was growing up that Bud Guthrie, from Montana like me, had written The Big Sky, and won a Pulitzer for The Way West. G said, watching from the audience, a flash of delight went across G's face when he heard that, and I hope it did.

May 15 cont.--I also got the chance, by rather pulling it in from left field, to say probably my most carefully crafted words of the conference, which I'd written as notes for that panel, and never got fully to use: that "nobody who reads can even look up into the air~~xxx~~ in Montana without having Bud Guthrie's Big Sky imprint itself on the inside of his forehead, and that nobody of any imagination at all can wet a line in a Montana trout stream without seeing in the shadow on the water Norman's Maclean's brother making his cast"--that those words are a kind of dominion.

--Two other quotes recalled from Maclean. Said his father wanted to bring him up as a tough guy, his mother to bring him up as a flower girl. Result was he grew up to be a tough flower girl. Also said he's a lifelong, incurable teacher; that in the instant another fisherman fishes past him in a stream, he thinks:
C-.

Will try continue with Missoula notes tomorrow, on the historians we met there. Should say of the writing on Winter at the moment that I am in a ~~mean~~ mood of heavy work--7:30 to 4:40 so far today, with an hr out this morn to buy veg plants.

--Phone call y'day from State Library in Olympia, saying I'm one of the award winners at Thurs' ceremony. Asked Jean and UW librarians if they cd pick up award for me, none could, so Carol is going.

--Also, call from Burien library asking me to speak. I said I'd rather read and take questions; they are to meet Monday to mull my proposed (by me) \$200 fee.

May 22--Have been putting in all effort on Winter ms. Carol read the 35 pp. I've reworked, and I'll drop them at the Alum office for Billee tomorrow. Have slaved at getting the words to sound right, and look right, on paper, but it took C's reading to point out the profusion of dashes I've been using. Just went thru the ms again and lopped out dashes wherever I cd.

Before I lose these, ~~xxx~~ other details from Missoula. The historians we met, and had dinner with the 2nd night, were Duane ("Hamp") Hampton; Bill Farr, UW phd.; and Dave Emmons, like Hamp a Colorado phd under Athearn. Farr especially is hugely impressed with Sky.

Bill Bevis reported this convstn that went on before Bud Guthrie and Dorothy Johnson began their readings. Dorothy has a shaking affliction, and said something about it as she shuffled her ms or something. Guthrie said, Oh, hell, Dorothy, you're just shaking because I slept with you last night. Dorothy: Oh ~~h~~ no you didn't. Guthrie: You mean you don't even remember? Dorothy: Well, I wouldn't remember it even if you had...

May 30: Another story from Bevis. He was on the committee for the conference, and said they began with half hour or so of trying to come up with name for the conference, like Trans-Mississippi Modes of Thought and the like. Kittredge hadn't said a word until finally there was a pause. He looked up at the rest of them and said just: "Who owns the west." And that was clearly the needed title.

June 2, 2:15--Have been rereading diary for Sky stuff, after light but useful morn of work on Winter. Came to entry of Feb. 16 '78, when it at ~~last~~ last became clear to me Sky was a strong book. I have been curious about when Winter will reach some stage of recognition of that sort. 2 of the past 3 weeks--the 1st one on returning from Missoula, and this week--have seemed to me exceptionally good writing weeks, yet Winter isn't far enough along that I can be sure how really good it is. Also, Billee has been delayed in typing of rewritten 1st 35 pp., because of flood in her apt., so I haven't had the chance to re-read that chunk as I'd hoped to this weekend.

June 2 cont.--In any event, the ms feel^s promising, and I simply yearn for the time when I will have a complete draft and can tune it into final shape. I have the impression that work such as I've done recently is farther along than Sky was at same point in sked, but on the other hand I thought the 1st 2 days of Winter were in pretty good shape before Missoula, then came home and rewrote them for a week.

Noticeable in the diary how much healthier I seem to feel, more so than at almost any time I dip into in the past. A good measure of that must be mental; the success of Sky surely has been a powerful tonic for me. I still feel, however, that the cumulative exertions of magazine work--and the looming question of finishing Sky--must have been a greater drain than I would admit; also, it's certain that the dustiness of this house, given the open cold-air vents into the crawl space, accounts for much allergy.

So, I have felt strong recently, and in fact am deliberately laying back a bit on the pace for Winter so as not to burn myself up. Workdays have been long; mid-week, began getting up about 5:30 and going for walk around n'hood before b'fast, to get awake and under way; go on the ms from 7 to 11-11:30; either lunch, or jog at Shoreline; begin on ms again at 1, go to 5 or after. But quit y'day about 4, today am calling it good about now: will sit on patio--weather has been bright, warm--and re-read Sky reviews, just for sheer goddamn pleasure of it.

June 6: oddments of notoriety. Called Maria Modugno at HBJ y'day about Dallas-Boulder trip, the long-distance operator said, Oh, you're the writer; he had heard me at the Pac NW Writers Confce, says ~~max~~ his parents are English teachers. Also, at least 2 letters have reported I'm being~~x~~ quoted from pulpits. Gad.

June 20--11:15, instant of immense satisfaction: have just finished numbering the 1st 110 pp. of Winter Brothers ms, ready to send to HBJ. Given how weary I've been in the past few weeks of writing--took a 3-day weekend last weekend to get up the stamina to finish the ms chunk--I feel elated, relieved. Good or no, the pages stand in an inch-high pile and can be got out of the house.

July 1--Am putting away material from Dallas-Boulder trip, and will make quick notes from WWA roster about people I met in Boulder:

Leon Metz, almost movie-star handsome, has been bk ed of El Paso paper but is becoming ass't to the mayor; told him I'd never encountered such a quantum leap in power before.

C.L. (Leland) Sonnichsen, Western scholar, who reviewed Sky on assignment from Leon; elderly but still vigorous, maybe the best scholar in the org'n.

Steve Overholser, who invited me; 35, awkwardly built, but bright and capable; has read much. Said he dropped out of 3 colleges, spent time "finding himself" before writing the first of his 4 novels a few years ago.

Wayne Overholser, his father, a grandee of Westerns with 100 in print. Very pleasant, and is a taller replica of C's dad. Wayne and his wife said they've read Sky aloud to one another.

Mel Marshall, who I talked with at length on my final night there and again at breakfast; had gone up to him to relay that Archie S had praised Sierra Summer to me, he was delighted and began talking. He's been a radio writer and also a station owner, in Arcata and Crescent City. Must be in mid-70's, with stooped back and min'tre white Dean Acheson mustache, but gets by on 4 hours sleep, and was just getting wound up when I gave out abt 11 pm. Has done 40 books, many how-to's, but Sierra Summer is his favorite, the ultimate one he worked hard over.

Sonia Levitin, the ather HBJ author, small, pleasant, 45ish from LA area. Traded writing gossip with her for a couple of hours, she seemed to me a thoroughgoing pro. Bob McCaig of Gt. Falls, longtime writer who doesn't seem to do any now. Very genial, very praising of Sky; worth looking up when in Gt. Falls.

July 1 cont.--People met ~~wich~~ in Dallas: breakfast, Jean Sherman, ass't director of school libraries in Detroit, and Barbara someone of ALA Booklist. Lunch, Hazel Furman of Texas Women's U. in Denton; Bob Smith, Cuyahoga Public Library; Roy Miller of Brooklyn Public. Dinner, Jerry Stevens of Westchester, NY; Lei Roberts of Winchester, Mass; Ray Barber of Drexel. Jean came to drinks before dinner, luckily skipped dinner, which went on till about 11.

HBJ people at Dallas: Romano; Maria Modugno; Barbara Lucas, ed-in-chief of children's books; Anna Bier, her ass't; Emily Howard, new head of inst'l marketing; Maria Modugno; and Charles Hensley, HBJ Swm bk salesman.

Also met: Mel Rosenberg, coordinator of Young Adult Svces for LA Public Library, fan of Sky. And was given advance copy of Viston Quest by Mark McCrackin, Maria's counterpart at Viking.

July 6--End of the week, almost--3 pm--and little accomplished today. Considerable lassitude, perhaps because of muggy, logey weather. Also am constrained by the amount of work yet to be done on Winter. Six solid months of it ~~was~~ ahead, and already I feel I've done a great amount. This is skewed, because ~~now~~ it won't have nearly the work into it that Sky did. I think I am fretful that I'm going to have to put in another forced march as I did in the final months on Sky, and wondering if I have the same level of determination and drive. This is not a particularly realistic fear; I have the time to achieve the book by year's end simply by steady pacing, and I also know some things, technically, which I didn't know to do for Sky.

Spent 3 days this week in UW Manuscripts, reading S's diaries. A tiring job. Am beginning to feel like an old hand in NW history, tho: y'day in the diaries, I found Swan coming to Seattle to talk to McGilvra, and hearing a story about Father Duncan during a Sitka trip. I may eventually write about everybody who lived on this coast in the 19th century, at this rate.

July 6--cont.--C and I both worked on the 4th: she outlined her language lectures for the UW com course for next week, ~~xxxx~~ stuff new and not particularly tasteful to her, and I outlined Winter on file cards, fitting S's chronology more exactly onto the form of the book. Now if I only had the SOB of a book into draft, and could rewrite...

Night of the 4th, we went out to eat; City Loan and Brasserie were closed, so we ended up at McRory's, which has good booze but is not great shakes for eating. Spend about a third of your time responding to busboy and waiter, as they perpetually bring or take away things, fluff napkin into your lap. For all that hovering, service isn't prompt or attentive--worst of both worlds.

Both of us are spending a hard-working summer, though I have to exclude days like this one from my record. I feel quite distanced from the world just now, with its gas lines, Carter floundering, economy wheezing. Should try get back to the diary soon and write some of that.

July 11--But not today. Am just home from the UW, by bus, after another day of diary reading. Simply want to enter, before they get away from me entirely, some items from last week.

--Saw Kathy Mulherin last Thurs. morn. She'd met someone at ABA who told her it's a common Wall St rumor that Josephson is trying to take over HBJ, evidently for itself rather than as front for someone else. The word is that if J'n does takeover, it'll swing HBJ into the trend of providing books as vehicles for movies and TV.

--Dinner at Levants last Friday night. Dan continues to scuffle along as independent publisher, doing what seems to me a pretty decent job of it.

--Dinner at Dewell's the Friday before, where we met Norman Clark and his wife. Much liked him, found him pleasant, interesting.

July 11 cont.--Last Sunday, went to wedding of Clint and Elizabeth, at Gerrards' home next to rose garden park on Qn Anne. Max, Mary Jane and Patty Miller came in from Des Moines; we both enjoy Max greatly. Wedding was fairly simple stand-up ceremony in the living room, followed by dinner for all assembled. Others there: Myron Ogden; Peg Corley; Elizabeth's brother Scotty McEachern and wife; E's lawyer, Chris Yung; and a couple of E's friends I never got straight.

--Wrote for the first two days of this week, and produced 10 pp as per schedule. Feeling better about Winter, during that stint.

July 17--Entirely unproductive and wan day, perhaps because I've slept poorly because of our hot weather; perhaps a reluctance to begin grappling the next big chunk of the book into place. Mail brought good news from Carol Hill, however: says she and Rhoda have read Winter chunk "with enormous pleasure," knows I'll be developing it as I did Sky, and so is ordering me up my \$3000. No comments at this point, she adds, except that "the spirit is there and I admire it very much."

Y'day was no great writing day either, though I got done an allotted 5 pp., mostly quotes. Sunday was a semi-workday on the house, as we discussed projects such as converting the fireplace. Saturday, I had the hangover of my life, aftermath of party at Dahems' the night before: evidently effects of kirchwasser ~~minex~~ liquor, which I'd been sipping as we talked at the table after dinner? Felt okay going home, drove without trouble, but the next day had a headache that wouldn't quit.

Other than that, the Dahems party was okay. Dave was getting ready to go to LA this week to flog movie scripts, so his spirits were high. Maxine and Denzil, Fred and Rosemary also there.

July 28--4:35 on a Saturday, but will invent the time for quick diary entries. Main news is today's, Carol Smith's letter that Sidgwick & Jackson have offered 500 pounds for UK rights to Sky. Since I'd thought there was less than 50-50 chance of placing rights there, given the British publishing industry's problems and Sky's literariness, this sounds grand to me. Carol Smith is paying off in a hurry.

Struggling day of writing y'day--rather a struggling week, in fact. Am hoping for a breakthrough week, in which the 100 pp. chunk I'm on now will get kicked into shape. No particular reason why this shouldn't happen, given that life is going well. CHill is unworried enough to have provided the second chunk of advance, which came Thursday. Rhoda did put up a few small warning signals in her cover letter, saying the lead seems to her too oblique and the storyline a bit too loose, but neither is news to me.

Also on Thursday, C and I went to City Loan Pavilion to lunch with Jerry Lubenow, San Francisco bureau chief for Newsweek. He's at work on a "new regionalism" story, East Vs. West; has been reading Sky, probably because of rave review it got in the Chronicle, and called me lastx week to ask if we could talk. We spent 2 hours with him, gave general comments about westernness; won't be particularly surprised if nothing I said ends up in the piece. Jerry had been traveling all week--Butte, Helena, Portland next--and was to talk with Susan Pelzer, Bruce Chapman and Philip Sherburne after me. He's likable; has been in SF 11 yrs; remarkable looking man, with aftermath of some disaster--car crash, fire, or maybe Korean War, as Carol guessed--in many parts of his body: right thumb missing, an under-jawline scar many inches long, a reconstructed ear.

Last night, the Shnneiders came for supper. They're in town to see if they can sell there house. Are asking \$82,000; I remember thinking a summer or two ago that the \$53,000 or so it was evaluated at then seemed to me a staggering price. All four of them seem thriving; Larry becomes dept chman at Fresno this fall, Eliz has taken a real estate course to see if she wants to dabble.

July 28--cont.--Other social news, catching up from last week. We accidentally strung together more consecutive nights of socializing than we've done for some time--and more than either of us can really take. Night of Thurs. the 19th, Ann and Marsh called from new Don the B'Gomers they'd just spotted, and we joined them for a couple of drinks. Clint and Elizabeth came to dinner the next night. I am interested to see how we--or at least I--will take to Elizabeth. She has been so accustomed to so much family money that some things about her set my teeth on edge in the way Harriet Bullitt does. But we'll see. The next night, Saturday, we went to the Ridgemont to see Manhattan, encountered John and Kathrin Maloof, went home with them for a drink. Next night, the 22nd, birthday dinner for Jean here, altho Lisa did most of the cooking and brought it with her.

Other book news, too. Called Margo Mabie, the new Harvest editor, and learned that Sky will be out in Jan. or Feb. A highly praising review showed up in Montana Mag of History. And Carol last night was thumbing thru the UW English dept's catalog of fall courses and found that Sky is being used in a Pac NW lit course.

July 29--Fine bright day; we went to ~~the~~ waterfrontx at 10:30, walked south and over through Pioneer Square, had salmon lunch, walked on up to Pier 70 and back. Now, at 3:40, I've just written letter to Joyce Carol Oates to ask if she'll be a G'heim reference.

Linda came for dinner last night. She looks okay; is on anti-depressant pills. I'm a little baffled by my responses to her these days. She mentioned that except for not knowing anybody who's doing it with 17-year-olds, much else about Woody Allen's "Manhattan" she found true to life. Indeed, my impression is that Linda--and in his way Clint--have turned into "Manhattan"-like people, with the turmoil of relationships, the intensities of new interests (in Linda's case) such as ice skating, dance lessons, lord knows what all. They simply are becoming--have become--big-city people, in the course

of Seattle's growth in that direction, while I become more and more a suburban recluse. I like to think I don't give a damn how other people run their lives, yet I can't help but be bothered by a distance coming between me and such long and good friends. I should not let it, I suppose. Yet I really don't give a good goddamn about many of the things that fill their lives these days. It may be just phase on both our parts: aftermath of that marriage splitting up, my immersion in the past with Winter Brothers.

Aug. 4--The diary is staggering, and will stagger, in this heavy burst of work. Today, Saturday, will put in a nearly full day on Winter; may work a few hours tomorrow; will read diaries at the archives next week. The material is going reasonably well, I hope approaching the point of critical mass where it ceases to be mostly rough-drafting and becomes mostly revising. Wednesday afternoon, I think it was, after going to UW with C and reading diaries in the morn, I began going thru pocket notebooks, typing entries onto file cards. Added probably 200-250 cards to what I already had. Thursday and yesterday, have been muscling the narrative line. I now pretty largely have the days of Swan's Port Townsend life marked out and begun. In two weeks of writing, 13-21st of this month, I hope to get those days entirely first-drafted--a day a day will be the pace--and then the way is open into the Queen Chs narrative and full revision.

Spent time on Monday and Tuesday thinking over a Qn Chs trip, could not make it come out worthwhile. Impossibly difficult and costly to retrace Swan's canoe route around the islands; have decided that if I need to talk to sources in Qn Chs--not entirely certain, since the focus is so tightly on Swan 100 yrs ago--I'll go up later this year. Pat and Bob Kelley very helpful in sharing their material from Bob's Smith'n assignment to shoot totem pics. Went to there their place in Edmonds at 3 Monday afternoon, spent a couple of hours (and a couple of drinks).

Aug. 4 cont.--Thursday the 2nd, Noah Adams of Nat'l Public Radio called. His producer wants him to do piece on declining role of editors, he says he's not sure there's a story there, wondered what I think. Told him about CHill's value to me in spotting the ms sample, making the book good-looking, getting the ad money. He left it that if he goes with the story, he'll likely get back to me for phone interview.

Y'day, call from Barbara Tucker in Missoula, wanting permission to use a piece of Sky in the All-Montana Catalogue her group--Small Business Associates?--is putting together. Sounded okay to me; after thinking it over, I called her back and suggested she do the calling to HBJ, rather than me. She said that hasn't worked too well for them, but she'd do it. Told her if there's a snag, call me again. She said how much she liked the book, that it was honest and non-sexist.

Weather has been bright and lovely, hard to ignore in trying to keep heavy writing schedule. But C is busy with last few weeks of UW--is banging her last term paper, ambitious assessment of Margaret Atwood's technique, right now--and we know we're both best at this sort of schedule. Past two weeks, I have lost a day each week to blahs, but feel stronger now. For encouragement, have put on the wall a quote from Stegner from LA Times C brought. Says a Faulknerian saga of the West is possible: "The stuff all sits there. ...What it takes is a burning enthusiasm for someone to go in and get it."

Winter is turning out to be a more recalcitrant book than I had thought, but also with some richer possibilities. So far it's not a monster, though if I let it it could be. But not today, anyway.

Aug. 20--Not much of a writing day, but I did useful work on Winter on Sat., so I don't feel great loss. I've been editing some of the days of the first 100 pp., and much of the material looks pretty good. Think I will give a batch of 50 pp. or so to a typist.

The writing of the days in the middle of the book goes harder. There's much describing and history to be done, yet each day has to encapsulate some given timespan of Swan's, or some theme of his life then. I need pretty badly to get 4 or 5 of these days into nearly-done shape this week. Today's try, on the dawn at Ebey's Landing, didn't click, even though I have good raw material and a decent first page or two. But the Point No Point day, which I had been stymied on a number of times, suddenly shaped up on Saturday. I had a sneezing spell this morn, and some energy drain; also put in quite a heavy week of work last week. So, some or all of that may account for the slowness of today.

C finished the grading for ~~her~~ course by Friday supertime, is now attacking housework. Sat. night, we went to Princess M'rite to pick up Ann and Phil, returning from 2-week bicycling trip thru San Juans and Vancouver I.

Sept. 6--C went with me to UW today, to help with Swan research. About 11, fire alarm went off in Suzallo--a loud buzz which none of us readily identified as alarm--and shortly Karyl Winn came out of her office, ascertained that it was fire alarm, and told us to grab the Swan ten boxes and follow her out of the library. Much liked her priorities. We went out to plaza with her and two of her helpers, put the boxes on a bench--likely the first time they diaries have been out of library in nearly 80 years--~~xx~~ and in abt 10 minutes, all was clear and we carried the boxes back inside.

Oct. 3--Read from Day 2 of Winter ms today at noon at Highline CC, in their Honors Colloquoy series. Audience of about 100, much more than I expected. Good response. Met George Tweney, the book collector; Shirley Gordon, Highline pres; Joan Fedor (Fee-door) ~~hx~~ of the Honors program invited me.

Winter seems to be coming together--wrote 5 pp. and edited nearly 15 yesterday. Have about 75 pp. to write this month, roughly the same to edit.

Just back--4:10--from running Sh'line track, and ~~first~~ first sauna in months. Brought me down to 150, though it's very flabby. I do feel better, more settled and confident, after having gutted through the past 2 months of work. They were the hump, the middle third of the ms which is the bastard. I still have editing, smoothing, finishing to do on that portion, while the material before and after is much more fully developed--which must say much on that point of difficulty.

Frank and Lucie were here from Aug. 20-Sept. 20, a week or ten days longer than is sane. I'm certain that Lucie was bored and ready to go home after 2 weeks--she not very diplomatically said something pretty much like that. Frank, however, can't be blamed for not wanting to go back to that retirement room any sooner than he has to.

While they were here, in fact the night of Sept. 8, the weird traffic encounter happened: coming home from the Mariners game, the drunk driver with no arms--Ken South--lurched his car through a stop sign and into the path of the Buick. I nearly got the Buick stopped, would have except for rainy pavement which skidded it the last 10 or 20 feet; the Buick got a canted parking light and slight dent in bumper, S's car got a mangled fender, grill and hood. I didn't much like what followed--the legal work by S's lawyer so he would get an admintve punishment rather than license suspension which could have cost him his job with City Light--but I have the best possible luck in

Oct. 3 cont.--having Marshall in the car with us. As S and I climbed out and were looking at our cars, my first words to him were: "My lawyer has gone to call the cops."

Week of Sept. 23, C and I set off for Victoria and the Wn coast. Beautiful weather in Vic'a the 24th-25th--we left the car in Pt A, went across on Coho as foot passengers. Did~~x~~ supplementary work in BC Archives, mostly on Swan's companions in Qn Ch trip, Deans and Edinso, and went thru the historic pics in Ethnology Division of museum. A good pair of days. The coast didn't work out as well, rain making us hole up at LaPush and then head home on the 27th. But we had good hikes on Dungeness Spit coming and going; the place is almost spiritual to us.

The 15th of Sept., took Linda Miller and Stan Harbaugh for farewell dinner at City Loan, Linda off to DC as pr person for FNMA and Stan following to job-hunt. I'm glad for Linda; she has outgrown Seattle. I feel uneasy that our friendship with her--rather, probably just mine--has cracked a bit in the past couple of years: my stay-at-home-in-my-head style not having much to offer her in the social moving and shaking she's been doing, I suppose. I think what I dislike most is that I haven't managed to tell her how valued a friend she's been, and that I'm aware we've somehow slipped from touch but ought to start over.

Realtor Virginia Brown came y'day to estimate what our proposed addition to the back of the house would add to the place's value. She said she'd value it at \$89,500 now, \$115,000 then.

Oct. 16--9:30, Radio Reader just ended, atx the point of Dad urging me to get a scholarship to spite Cox. Listening these past $2\frac{1}{2}$ weeks--missed the first week, our Victoria and coast trip--I come out of the reading each morning moved and impressed by Sky. It fits together remarkably: a mention of some sort will reappear, be resolved, later. A woven book, I suppose. Now to weave Winter. C read the reworked first 24 days on Saturday, was much impressed, and I think I can improve that portion another 5 or 10%. I spent Sat. at UW, in Swan-Smithsonian microfilm. Grim work--some of the Sm'n copybook letters are the fuzziest I've ever encountered--but got what I needed.

One odd note, which we finally broke this morning by going out to a movie (Muppets) last night: most of the ~~past~~ past week, I've been waking up earlier and earlier. Between 4:30 and 5, most mornings. Sunday, I was up before 5. Yet I haven't really felt sleepless or dragged out; main consequence is that the day gets enormously long by mid-afternoon. Y'day I forced myself to go up to the college, run and sauna; while running, I solved the snags in the day's work--how to pace and extrapolate the N Bay diary for 1865 in Days 25-7, and to point up Swan's entries about Katy's death.

C came home y'day to tell of extraordinary performance by Pease in history lecture. He had been showing a WWII documentary, and said that to point up what the portrayed warfare meant to the men shown, one of them was a 19-yr-old infantryman, fought ~~in~~ at Arnheim, was wounded, etc. Pease happened to know quite a lot about that young man, he said, "for I am he." C finds Pease absolutely superb, which I'm glad of; I thought the earth of him the once or twice I was lucky enough to TA for him.

Oct. 28--4:15 Sunday, have spent past few hrs on low-intensity work on Winter. Rejigged some of Days 3, ~~and~~ 4 and 5, retyped the last two. I have something like a low-grade cold or more likely middle-grade sinus problem, yet feel fairly good this afternoon. Some of the past week, I was pretty weary, a bit behind on Winter and slogging hard at it. Will see how it shapes this coming week, when I should write four or so sizable Days. One distraction may be a court appearance on Thurs., to testify in case of Ken South pulling in front of me--DWI and maybe some other charge. Marsh, who like me (and Laird and Carol's dad) has been subpoenaed, has some hopes it won't come to trial.

Friday night, we went to dinner at Samuelsons', so they could introduce us to Terry and "ancy Fischer, young couple who've been living at Prince Rupert and fishing Alaskan waters. Terry is an old-fashioned adventurer, has been to India (via Africa) and South America; now is at UW Marine Institute, hoping to learn how fish bureaucrats think.

Thursday night, went to Richard Hugo poetry reading. Very big crowd, overflowed the original room and made for a move to the biggest auditorium in Kane. Hugo was good, the Skye poems quite playful and fine. Was startled, sitting high in audience beforehand, to have Dick wave merrily to C and me; he is a man who knows his way around audiences. Went to party afterwards given for him by some of the UW English grad students; it was stiff as hell and after some talk with Dick Blessing, C's prof last summer, and brief chat with Hugo, we left. Considered that the gang in Missoula would have done it a helluva lot better.

At the reading, I had to hang around the platform afterward trying to find out where the party was to be--Bill Matthews of Eng dept, whom Hugo had written to invite C and me to get together somehow, either was generally inefficient or specfclly inefficient to me as an outsider--and various people came up to me as author of Sky. Two students from NW Lit class asked me to come talk, and I told them they'd have to arrange it.

Oct. 28 cont.--Progress on house, but slow. Have had the trees topped, at last have a bid to put electric panels into 3 rooms, especially the study. Had lunch with Marsh and tax lawyer Mitch Olejko, Mitch and Ann Northrup will work on our tax outlook, emphasis on some sort of pension plan for me, I guess. Last Sunday--or Sat.?--I spent half a day making rough estimate of taxes, found them not so harrowing as I had thought, because of amount of business travel this year.

Reading this weekend: Grendel by John Gardner, which I thought splendid.

Nov. 1--Abt 4 pp. written today, intro'g Haidas and their art, and by now--4:05--it feels like a very long day. Have had a cold since the weekend, apparently pulling out of it now. Y'day, felt so little like writing that I went to UW with C, studied Swan's diaries and handwriting for those to-be-written chunks. In the reading room with me were a Ph.D-candidate fellow and a woman in her 50's, both taking notes in longhand while I whaled away at the typewriter, and I had the feeling they didn't appreciate me. But just as I got up to go to lunch, the woman came back in from the ms office, eyes lit up, and said: "They've just told me that you're Mr. Doig who wrote"--I automatically waited to hear House of Sky--"that article on Victor Smith!" She is Marian Parks, writing a master's thesis for College of Claremont on Smith, and my old American West article is the fullest rendition she has so far. I asked her to lunch, tried to recall anything out of McGilvra research which might help her--it all seems an eon ago, and when I got home and looked at the Smith article, I concluded I'm now several hundred percent better as a writer--and said I'd dig out anything in the article file which looked useful. She's a former exec sec or something, a capable-seeming lady who reminded me a bit of Amy.

Nov. 13--Very quick Sky notes, which I will try expand on tomorrow or soon. Kathy Mulherin, thru town on HBJ selling trip last week, called to say the bound galleys of Sky are now listed at \$60 among collectors. Last night, went to Carstensens to meet Dave Hawke of CUNY, here to give a Lewis & Clark lecture; Vernon met him by saying there was one book he had to read, (mine); Dave said okay, but had V heard of the one he had been touted on in NY as the best western book of the last decade? He pulled out the notepad where he'd written the title--on recommend of one of his former editors, Wm Decker, now of Viking--and it too was Sky. And Jeannette's daughter Ellen reported that King Co library system where she works has 46 copies.

The past week or so, I think I have got atop of Winter Bros--though if the Qn Chs material I wrote earlier doesn't hold up on re-reading, I could still flop on my ass. Took Friday off--Carol cut her classes, and we walked part of Burke-Gilman trail--then worked thru the weekend and Vets' Day y'day. Have got much of the troublesome early White Tribe stuff under control at last. Big task, which I've done wrong by leaving it until now (maybe), is the Mt Rainier ruminations on the west. Perhaps 3 days on that next week may solve it. Today went to UW, read S's 1898 diary, which is a wrenching one of aging. Came home mid-afternoon, sorted file cards. I've likely ~~overdone~~ overdone the cards on this book; must have 3500 or so, more than twice Sky's.

HBJ fall catalogue came today; full-page ad featuring p'back of Sky. Lovely.

Nov. 22--Thanksgiving, which for I think the first time we are spending alone (tho we went to Ann McCartney's for b'fast). Partly because of Winter scheduling--I wanted space to go to Qn Chs if possible, which it hasn't proved to be--but mostly because of turmoil among the friends we've traditionally had here: Clint now married to Elizabeth, Linda moved to DC, the various temporary mates each of them had now scattered to the wind, Jack Gordon and Peg separated, and both fallen out of touch with us this year, which I g regret, because it looks like I've turned fancy-writer-who's-forgot-his-friends. Anyway, turmoil. C hasn't seemed to mind this alone holiday, saying it was time to let all that settle down anyway; she bought salmon at the Market, we'll have a helluva feed by ourselves.

I've been terrifically weary at times from work on Winter, and bothered by a major miscue I've made, leaving a "hinge" day--set in Forbes' cabin at Mt. Rrr--to be written now, instead of written earlier and reworked now. Today I think I finally did a rough~~x~~ I can live with, scaling down and scaling down what I had hoped to do with that Day. It may be that with that Day roughed--will study the situation fresh in the morning, it's 4 pm now--I have all the ms written except for the week or so about Swan's late years, which I'm purposely leaving until ~~last~~ last. Have been re-reading for crx and minor changes, the past several days, and after tomorrow can re-read for substance. Am at a very bad point now to judge the book. It has some very fine pieces in it, but whether it can take on the entire tone I want, the way Sky did, I don't yet know.

There was the news this week from Carol Hill that she's going on leave at HBJ after 1st of year. I won't entirely know what that means until I see her in a month, but even if she is on her way out at HBJ, it is a good time, for me, to have it happen: while I still have Sky's reputation, and not yet whatever adverse reaction there may be to Winter.

Dec. 2--Took y'day, Saturday, off, and we drove to Port Gamble, Poulsbo and Winslow to get~~ta~~ out of house; rained much of the time, but a relaxing time even so. Came home to a letter from Carol Smith saying she'd learned Carol Hill is leaving HBJ, and asking ok to interfere for me to find out what's going on. This is a follow-on to CH's letter of a few weeks ago saying she's going on working leave. Sat down with C this morn, we talked over possible strategies, and decided the best thing would be for me to pluck CH's home phone number off the tape I made of the Nat'l Book Award flurry of calls from HBJ, call her and ask what's what. She seemed happy I had, said rumors are rampant, that she's been fired, going to Crown, going to Simon & Schuster, but that she's indeed going on "Technically a year's leave of absence". Will be in the office about a day a week, Jan. thru March, p'haps less often after that, and then is supposed to return. Jovanovich says he's going to handle the admin've stuff himself--which sounds to me as if it could be either catastrophic, or logical elimination of the ~~ex~~ middle person, in that he's always kept his fingers into everything no matter who he's put nominally in charge--and CH says she's glad to give up the admin and concentrate on editing. Says she has 8 books, mentioned John Jakes as one of her authors, and of course me.

So, I've just written CSmith, politely putting her off until New Year. CHill said on the phone, "she's very aggressive, isn't she?" which is almost an understatement. CSmith seems useful as a bargaining cannon I can wheel in when I want to; the trick will be to keep her from wheeling herself in before I'm ready.

CHill also said trade publishing is in big trouble, too many books and too many returns, and there's upheaval as pub'rs try to figure out what to do. Said besides her and Digby Diehl at Abrams, the ed-in-charge at Harper & Row has just gone. One more indication that I must find time after holidays to think, work with C on some decisions toward what looks like a bad time ahead for this country.

Dec. 11--Am in final throes of Winter, and throes is the apt word. Finished the ending sections, the final half dozen or so days, about 10:30-11 on Friday, the 7th. C read them, thought they were terrific; seemed to like them better than anything else in the ms, which is saying quite a lot, and exuberant that I'd managed to end the thing with logic and maybe some beauty. Took the material to Marilyn and Merlyn at Sh'line for typing, just now have been to campus to get back ~~the~~ the last of it. But I still have considerable tinkering, probably all the rest of this week and maybe thru the weekend, on the ms; the Qn Charlottes section is not up ~~to~~ the level of the rest, for ex, and there are a few short sections to be put into final draft.

Tried to describe the feeling of finishing to C, and said it was a sort of overall buzz~~m~~, not apprehension but like that in totality; a heightened sense, though not really in an exhilarated way. Also, I have been very bone-weary; slept much of the past weekend, long naps in afternoon and full nights; Sunday, did nothing but reread Grapes of Wrath. By y'day I had recuperated, felt considerable energy and did a strong day of inserting into ms; this morning I was blotto again, bleary and weary for the first couple of hours after getting up. Now, a little after ten and with some campus coffee in me, I at least am functioning. Intend to make some notes about the writing of the ms, then go on to do more tinkering.

Dec. 16--Sunday, 4 pm. This weekend as last, have slept the afternoons, 2-3 hrs. Still a glazed feeling, sense of ~~having~~ having to lift one foot in front of other. Last week was the final slog of reworking on Winter, and it was sizable revision, more than I wanted to do at this stage: about 70 ms pp., the Qn Chs trip, got revised: trimmed, added to, moved around. Did most of that on Wed. and Thurs.; reworked something earlier in the ms earlier in the week, though I can't remember what. (Now I do: simply insertions, mostly in first third of book.) The typists, Marilyn and Merlyn of the Shoreline humanities pool, did terrific work; fast and accurate.

So y'day I sat down to read the ms, found I'm too close to be able to tell much about it, settled for skimming; I'll likely do another stint tonight or tomorrow. I've begun making notecards on the writing of the book, for use in C's idea of doing a short book called Watching a Writer at Work. But I still have the impresssion this book turned into a kind of blizzard of work; that I struggled with it pretty constantly, by calendar and yellow pad and binder and files and utlimately, by day-by-day file cards for the 90 days of text, to control the material. Which may turn out to have been no bad thing, since it kept me focused on the book, perpetually figuring where something would fit, should be done. Also, I've come out with an entire large binder full of unused material, which I don't think was the case with Sky; the unused is sketchy, scraps, mostly personal anecdotes I wasn't able to swatch in. Most of the idea material I think did get used. On the other hand, I think there's much idea stuff on the file cards that didn't get used, and a vast amount of phrasing.

So, this strange book is done, and now to see how it reads in Carol Hill's hands. I honest to god don't know if she's going to find it as good as it is strange, or just strange.

Dec. 30--Small snafu this morning. We woke about 5:30, still on East Coast time, and after b'fast I suggested we walk somewhere for the sunrise--the morning was mild. The walk, along the marsh ~~tax~~ trail to Fosters Island, was very fine, Portage Bay full of ducks and Canada geese, but just before we got there the hot light of the Buick came on. Trying to limp it home about 8:30, the car began to miss at the 115th exit. Managed to get it to the Mark-It parking lot at Aurora, went across to Mr. T's for coffee-and, and to think it over; then we walked home in light rain, and about 11 drove back in Volvo with a couple jugs of water and brought the Buick home. Evidently a blown hose; since the windshield leaks in the corner over the steering wheel, the ~~Buick~~ Buick was a sad case by the time we got it home. First new yr's resolution is to ~~get~~ have work done on it.

This 2nd day home--we arrived at SeaTac a little after 6 the night of the 28th--am feeling more normal, after buffeting of travel. Considerable to be done; y'day I winnowed books, made the periodic rearrangement of shelves of them. Today (it's now 2:10), haven't done a helluva lot, tho I hope to make notes on NY trip, and attempt some yr's end diarying.

Notes on meeting with Carol Hill, Dec. 21: lunch with her at Russian Tea Room, next to Carnegie Hall. CH looked good, perhaps buoyed by the day being her first away from office on her "sabbatical". Said her arrangement with J'vich is that she's to have this year of working at home, continuing to handle 8 or so writers--she named John Jakes, Art Hoppe, a woman runner, an academic who's written abt ethnicity, Michael Malone, and, if he doesn't decide to follow Tom Stewart to Athenaeum, Bill Hjorstberg--and then come back, evdly as a senior editor. She did say something to the *effect, who knows what can happen in a year. But for now, she says--and makes considerable sense to me--that she thinks the individually-owned publishers

*quote from pocket notebook: "After a year, who knows?"

Dec. 30--may weather the economic situation, and do a better job of books, than the ~~xxxxxx~~ conglomerated firms; Random House, she says, has been on auction block for 2½ years. Said it's hard times for trade publishers: Dutton nearly went broke at some point this year; Harper & Row has just lost its publisher or ed-in-chief, evidently will cut its list greatly--she says Harper halved its list a few yrs ago, and it still was so large nobody noticed; Knopf is tied to Random House's fortunes. She still thinks Simon & Schuster is a factory; says Little, Brown and Houghton Mifflin are doing okay. Says J'vich still is committed to trade books; nobody, including her, can imagine him giving them up. But the HBJ list, 110 this year, likely will come down to 60, maybe 40. Her view is that all publishing is crazy, and J'vich simply happens to be crazy in his own way (my paraphrase). She said of her year and half as ed-in-chief that the constant meetings, perpetual massaging of egos, drove her up the wall; also that J'vich loves to have things in turmoil--when she first took on the job, he would have her phoned out of business lunches to rush back to office on some world-ending emergency. But she says J'vich is also a very funny-humorous--man. He tells her, contrary to what Rhoda said the rest of the office expects, that he won't be appointing a new editor-in-chief.

CH says she wants to get back to some writing of her own, a novel and perhaps a Passages-like book. Told me she lives near Wash'n Square, with "Jerry"--not clear whether or not he is husband--who has an 11-year-old who comes on weekends.

Described Sea Runners to her, she liked the idea and title, said as an editor she has a quibble: any love interest? She made no move to talk contract, nor did I, only saying, after she'd commented that I'd written Winter Brothers rapidly, that I wanted a lot more time for this next one. I left it that I'd do her a prospectus on Sea Runners. I'm to phone her later this week ~~xxxxxx~~ for her response to Winter Brothers.

All in all, our annual half-hour business session, stretched this time across a couple-hour lunch. I perhaps did not talk enough business, either about

Dec. 30 cont--Winter Brothers or Sea Runners, but there is considerable reason to await her reaction to WB before getting into most of that. I did get a current estimate of where she stands in HBJ; it satisfies me fairly well--I may as well proceed with HBJ, which has done okay by me so far, until something dire enough happens that I plainly should uncouple--and if our experience in titling Sky is any indication, I can work okay with her on the phone. Specifically on Winter Brothers, she asked if there's anything I wanted her to watch for, I told her pace. Also told her I like the ending, think it came together well.

CH said if ever she's ed-in-chief anywhere again, she thinks she'd have to be a lot tougher; that the only way to get things done is say, this is it, I don't want any questions. Made it plain there's no love lost between her and Romano, which I had already divined from casual comments from R'o. Said one of the first things she did was end the practice of taking attendance, SOP at HBJ for years, on the principle that they were all reasonable adults; then found that Romano--she didn't single him out as the only one--wouldn't be on hand, off to business ~~xxx~~ in Buffalo or somewhere, or, she implied, just off. Her comments about him came up because I told her somebody might enlighten him that she wasn't leaving HBJ: when I'd told him the previous day I was going to hand in Winter ms to her, he'd said: "Who you gonna give it to? She's resigned." CH said it maybe was wishful thinking.

Conclusions, such as they are: Sit tight with HBJ for the moment. Odds are no more than even that CH will be with HBJ a year, 18 months from now; I can't believe J'vich won't get intrigued with someone new for ed-in-chief. But if CH likes Winter Bros at all, I'll go ahead with Sea Runners prospectus, try for all possible money up front; and if she ~~leaves~~ leaves HBJ before it's pub'd, make a decision then.

Dec. 31--The time goes, and the diary lags. Spent much of y'day afternoon and nearly all morn in income taxes, figuring out whether charitable contributions should be done this year or next. I've vastly overpaid the estimated tax this year, tho there is the excuse that trying to guess how much I'll make out of writing in a given year is chancier than roulette.

Weather cleared this afternoon, some sun, and we raked leaves and branches from yard and driveway, then I ran around n'hood, for the first time in more than 2 weeks. Feel very fat, after NY and Williamsburg.

Some stray NY thoughts. I'm in a mood to try divine some oughts and oughtn'ts of a writing life, and ~~this~~ one item I'm sure of is that I ought to stay clear as possible of the NY scene, or its counterpart in LA, or even here, if it comes to that. Night of the 20th, we were invited to dinner by Bill Decker, who had been Dave Hawke's editor on one book, at Viking I think. I brought it on, by writing Dave and inviting him to bring Bill along for a drink while C and I were in NY. Because of weather, Dave did not come into the city, so my motive of meeting Bill--he's published a recent novel with Little, Brown, and I want to broaden my contacts a bit beyond HBJ, given the perpetual chanciness there--worked out unimpeded. From a prof'l point of view, Bill--former editor at 3 houses, and of some good books--was well worth meeting. Personally was another matter. He is as ~~egregious~~ egregious a name-dropper as I've been around: Wally Stegner, Jackie Onassis, Nancy Hanks, and some others I've forgot, in one evening. He's also become an urban ex-cowhand; to my astonishment, led me into what he said must be "the only tack room in NY," where he has a saddle mounted on a sawhorse or something, walls covered with quirts, bridles, I dunno what the hell all. He evidently spent ranch time in northern Arizona, and has traveled the west, and published some western writers, such as the working cowboy who wrote whatever book the movie Pocket Money was made from. But I read his own recent

Dec. 31 cont.--novel, The Hold-Outs, on the plane home, and it's dreadful: clanky and over-obvious all the way.

Anyway, the point, not to belabor a guy who gave us a free supper, is that Bill has turned into a bull-shitter, his stories over scotch considerably better than anything he puts on paper. He knows considerably less about the west than he thinks he does, and that is a real warning to me. For Son of House of Sky, I had better be certain to sop up Montana fresh. The biog of Steinbeck makes it clear that he did his homework --rather, his fieldwork--for Grapes of Wrath.

The Deckers live just off Wash'n Square, in a fine large apartment which reminded me of Evanston versions. Ann Decker, C and I both liked very much; a lanky lady who now works in ed'l fund-raising. I rather imagine that her being married to Bill speaks more highly of him than I've granted; he undoubtedly has considerable ~~sick~~ editing ability--Ernest Gaines' Miss Jane Pitman was one of his books--once the layer of ~~xx~~ bs and perhaps too much booze over too many years is scraped thru.

(Note: carbon copies of Carol's letters to her parents, and an occasional one from me to them, in the '79 letters file provide a periodic version of our doings.)