

3 Jan. '85--By the god now, as Harold Chadwick would have said: this is a damn sight more like it. We arrived home from Dungeness in dusk yesterday, grateful to be off the icy roads--ll cars were in the ditch between Sequim Bay and the Hood Canal Bridge, and the Ford did a ~~skid~~ skid with me which had both C and me gulping--and as C took a shower I sat down with a drink and accumulated mail. Midway in the pile, a big white envelope from Nat'l Endowment for the Arts, and I thought oh hell, I missed on that, they're ~~xxx~~ sending me forms to try again next time. Huh uh. Inside was the ~~news of~~ \$20,000 news; I'm one of 49 prose writers to get a fellowship grant. I got up, made C a drink, went to bathroom door and asked if she was semi-presentable, she said close enough--pants and nothing more, turned out to be her definition--and I handed her the drink with one hand and the NEA letter with the other. The two of us have waited a lot of years for a toast of that sort.

Quarter to 11 now, C and I have just walked the n'hood and she's gone to take Frank to his urologist. Streets are still a glare of ice. Snow came Sat. the 29th, and travel hasn't been safe since. We delayed one day in going to Dungeness ~~xxx~~ to mark New Year's, and sure as hell wouldn't have gone at all if we'd known what the roads are. I have a few days to try to mull life into order--some tax decisions are needed pronto, with this NEA bonanza--and then have got to start writing, probably the NY Times Mag short piece. This morn I did call Liz with the news, and sent her the Scotch Heaven proposal. Asked if there's any news from her, she said well yes, her author Harriet Doerr has been nominated for NBCC fiction award--and has already won the ABAM for first novel. With Wm. Kennedy last year and this ~~xxx~~ lady this year, Liz is zooming nicely.

8 Jan.--The fever pace around here makes it hard for the diary to keep up. Today's mail brought NEA news of free Wang word processor for a year, which G had me snap up with a letter she mailed on her way to the grocery store. Frank Zoretich just called to say news of my NEA grant is in tomorrow's Weekly. Y'day brought a speaking invite to Seattle Public Library. Friday, copies of Oregonian's Northwest mag, with Eng Crk excerpt. And today, along with the NEA letter, batch of stupendous reviews that'd piled up at Ath'm. Meanwhile I'm trying to write the NYTM Timeweavers piece, and have been somewhat woozy from sinus trouble (verging toward a cold) starting in at the writing schedule again, and all that's been happening. So far, some year, this '85.

I no sooner finished typing the above than Liz called, asking "how does \$50,000 sound?" I said what, for the Eng Crk p'back rights? She said no, for the next book.

15 Jan.--It does go on. Sunday the 13th, as I was trying to figure how to divvy the NEA \$\$ between this year and next, I called Liz to find out the forthcoming royalties on Eng Crk. She didn't know yet, but said she hadn't accepted Tom's \$50,000 offer, what she'd like to do is wait for the Eng Crk paperback rights to be sold and if Penguin gets them, propose to Tom that he and Penguin make a combined bid for Sc Heaven rights. \$75,000-\$100,000 wd be the appropriate neighborhood there, she thinks. I said, hell, sure.

Y'day I did resume the Sc H writing schedule, though this morning my cold won. Went back to bed for more sleep, and think I will ease through the day reading, sorting, etc. It has been a hectic regimen around here for longer than I want to think about--the latest was that Frank came home with us Sat. and stayed till after supper Sun., easing into life after his prostate trim job--and my body seems to be saying so.

Jan.

17 ~~Feb.~~ --4 p.m. Thurs., and it feels like it's been a week. (C has ML King holiday tomorrow.) Got underway on Scotch Heaven again on Monday with 2 pp., my cold put me down on Tues., wrote 3 pp. Wed., and have edited and tinkered all day today. Slow gearing up, it always feels like, but I've thought there're some goodlooking sentences occasionally in this week's work.

C and I have both commented on the welcome dullness of this week. Just let us do what we do, world.

21 Jan. --Tough sonofabitch of a day. Gearing up into a book is rough, gearing up after a 3-day weekend is rough, and getting over a cold is rough; today was all three. Got the requisite pp. done, though.

Eng Crk reviews today in New Yorker and Montana Mag. I thought tightassd views of what fiction has to be had gone out of date with publication of Ulysses, but here's another one, for my benefit, in Montana.

24 Jan.--Holy H. Christ. I went to bed last night with this homesteader novel firmly named Scotch Heaven and this morning it wants to call itself Dancing at the Rascal Fair. Now to see if it does.

28 Jan.--Last week Eng. Crk got reviewed in N Yker and NYTBR without getting scalped either place. Wahoo.

1 Feb.--Phew. Have worked all week on the ms with intensity a lot like what usually goes into final draft. Now have abt 2 doz. consecutive pp., which C will read for 1st time tonight; they're not final stuff, not nearly yet, but they may be a leg up on it.

Snowed this morn, C walked to campus, I hunkered in until 3, when I went to the hill park. We both've had a good solid week of work.

5 Feb.--A morning of birds. Inch of snow last night (C walked to campus again) and the dead ferns beyond the garden have been shopped by chickadees, towhees, varied thrushes, sparrows. Meanwhile I'm having a brighter

Feb. 5 cont.--morning of my own (y'day was a bugger, as Mondays can be; didn't get the pp. done until mid-afternoon and then they were thin) and have done the ~~3~~ 3 pp., still have some tinkering time before lunch. Life has settled down a lot--the phone distinctly quiet, though it's the day after tomorrow the Eng Crk p'back rights will be sold--and I'm going along okay on this ms. C thought Dancing at the Rascal Fair a terrific title, and liked the pace and detail of the 1st 4 scenes. As ever, I can rewrite like a pro, but the 1st draft is stubborn to come into the typewriter.

Feb. 6--Snow sifting down. (9 a.m.) C has walked to campus again, I've just written 2 pp. of the freight wagon whiskey barrel being tapped. Plan to do 2 more pp. today--feeling fairly bright again.

Feb. 7--This day may be worth logging:

--woke up groggy and more sinus-ridden than I've been went in bathroom and discovered the sink drain had clogged. Battled that after b'fast, applying plunger and kettles of hot water while C showered.

--still felt ragged and groggy, decided to make a dump run, did. Stopped to buy NY Times and P-I and have coffee at Pioneer Pies, where service was glacial. Whole morning so far either in slow motion or a cog or two off.

--got home, managed to get thru to Wells Fargo in SF for IRA rates after trying all day y'day.

--started ~~stock~~ writing, about 9. Fairly slow going but have some stray grafs of ideas to use as kernels.

--few minutes ago, abt 9:45, Bob Stock of NYT Magazine called, said no go on The Timeweavers piece I tried for them; his bosses don't find it "intriguing enough to do something with." Told him OK, I ain't surprised, and this is the best kind of day to lay that news on me, with the Eng Crk rights being sold and a \$20,000 floor bid already.

7 Feb. cont.--12:55, Tom Stewart called, Penguin has Eng Crk for the floor bid. Said a lot of people love it, which speaks well for their judgment, but they're not game to put up the dough for it, which speaks ill for their judgment. Told him I'm unsurprised, and like Penguin. Other news: he and Amanda are expecting 2nd child at end of May, are looking for new aptmt. Exhausting, he says. Liz's mother is ill, Liz is in Fla. Tom has signed Chas. Johnson of UW, for bk of short stories and then a novel. I asked him how Lords of the Plain is doing, he said it hadn't advanced much, will need a big good review; says Max is in Paris, researching Chinese Communists. And that's about as much as either of us knew, agreeing we've to wait for Liz to get back to work.

11 Feb.--Mail today: green govt' check for \$18,200, the NEA dough.

14 Feb.--Rough day y'day, a half-headache that ~~got~~ grew and grew and that I know nothing to do about but put up with it until a night's sleep fixes it. Better today, though still a little rocky. Am going to head for the UW and the U Dist, see if easing off on the daily word schedule will perk me back up. Hadn't realized it, but counting the NYTM piece the 1st full wk of Jan., I've been writing or editing for 6 weeks in a row without a break.

21 Feb.--Did it. Liz called last night saying that given the outcome of the Eng Crk p'back rights--no bidding war erupted--she figures we ought to take Ath'm's offer and let them see if they can do something great with the next book's p'back rights. Sounded okay to me, I told her I'd call this morn abt how to split the advance, and abt 7:15--she said, you really meant morning--I did: \$10,000 on signing, \$25,000 next Jan., \$15,000 on ms acceptance. Told her the title has been slightly modified to Dancing at the Rascal Fair, she said it's a good one, she has some mss around she ought to send me for titling.

21 Feb. cont.--Either it's the buoyant effect of the contract or I just worked myself out of a slough, but the nasty patch I've been in the past week or more seems to be over. Have damn near thought my head off trying to decide how much plot ~~then fix it in place~~ and how many characters the first 2 ch.s of Dancing can stand, and this morning I'm pretty much doing what I should have, roughing out scenes and doing dialogue chunks on a tryout basis.

26 Feb.--Day of chainsaws, Floyd calling me abt 10 to ask if I wanted the tree trimming done today. Well, yes, I want it done, I just don't want the happening of it; but I told him to come ahead and here he and two helpers are. I can probably put the day to good use in desk chores.

Until this started, I still was whaling away at ch. 2 of Dancing, which grows and grows. It's beginning to look as if it may take me until spring break, and the Missoula trip, to get these 1st 2 chs. roughed.

Am still feeling okay, as noted above, though working harder than I'm comfortable with. After writing all day y'day, I tackled a few letters and was unnervingly bleary in the doing of them. I tell myself this is a matter of getting through the winter, and maybe it is.

Sunday we went to Sand Point for an hr or so walk, our 1st time in the park there. Previous Sunday, we went to Mt. Vernon and Jack Nisbet took us to see birds. Best sighting was right as we started across the Skagit Flats, still in Jack's car: marsh hawk close to the road, eating some small animal. Snowgeese were too far out to see much, but we enjoyed the time with Jack, took him to lunch in LaConnor, talked writing considerably. Other than that, we're not much sociable--a movie each of the past 2 Monday nights, Choose Me and Starman, liked 'em both.

Now lunch, amid the chainsaw symphony.

1 March--This I could do without. Evidently the afternoon of stacking firewood--Wed., after the tree pruning--made a hem'd pop out. Had it lanced y'day morning by Mike Stuart, who took out a double clot about the size of 2 marbles. So I sit as if atop a red-hot coal, and can't do much but sit. Hope to hell the weekend will simmer it down. Meanwhile, the writing progress is only so-so, still stubborn gaps in ch. 2 after, christ, a month of work on it. I suppose I'll take the next 2 weeks and try to coax this opening pair of chapters into a continuous narrative. And, aches and pains that I am, I could stand a steady productive mood. Could I ever.

13 March--Long, long day, and we're not done yet (4:10), with the rug cleaner still on his way. Made some progress Monday and today (favored myself y'day by going to UW library in the morning) on the 2nd ch., which is about as long and complicated as War and Peace. With luck I'll have a version hacked together by ~~me~~ Friday, C can have a look and I'll find out how this thing seems to somebody else.

A scare last Friday, when Medic 1 carted Ann McCartney off to the hospital with chest pains. Not a heart attack, it turned out, but a spasm, maybe stress, maybe diet. We went to Ann and Dick's for supper as scheduled Sunday night, had a good relaxing time despite Dick's report from the legislature. Bad news for C out of this session, Gardner raising no teachers' salaries except UW and WSU.

Montana Mag of History ~~of~~ came y'day, with my Home Again piece; reads pretty damn well.

On the hem'd front, so to speak, I am mending. First week was tough.

All in all, I'm trying, and so far succeeding, to keep a saner work schedule. Last week was rugged, day after day of scrupulous writing and the chapter still not finishing itself. The notion now is to wind down toward spring break and Missoula.

20 March--Wednesday already, of a week I'm supposed to pace myself through and flick some chores out of the way. So far, what I've gotten done--considerable--isn't any of what I intended; found myself sorting a file of letters from other writers when I went to break down the Mont. Mag of History article file y'day, for ex; wrote a few quick cover letters to people I'll send copies of the issue, then tried to provide Ted Hoagland some notions--mostly possible sources to ask--for his Penguin series of nature reprints. Dribs and dabs, and as ever I'm reminded how a workday piddles itself away in busyness when I'm not at the business of writing.

C read the rest of the ms to date on Sat. morning, thought the scene intro'ing Lucas was a helluva scene, liked the whole 2nd ch. I think I now have achieved critical mass--must be 20-25,000 words of the ms by now--and I well should have, having written steadily the past two months and with some pp. in the bank before that. Still plenty of problems--Rob isn't yet a sympathetic character, 2 major characters (Anna and Adair) yet to come--but the ms is seeming more workable.

Last night we went to supper at Mitchellis and then to Elliott Bay to hear Janet Campbell Hale read from her new novel The Jailing of Cecilia Capture. She's not a particularly good reader, nervous and maybe harrowed by reading what sounds like autobiographical fiction; I thought her writing had considerable repetition, and couldn't tell if it's deliberate and if it's more effective on the page. (Interestingly, Jim Welch's style sometimes sounds a lot better when he reads it--Death of Loney, I'm thinking of--than it does on the page. Janet's might too ~~if~~ if she'd get over nerves and get rolling, but I dunno.) She starts teaching at the UW in the fall, probably kiboshing for good any chance Jim will be back for his Seattle spring gigs. She said Random House persuaded her to change her title, The Down-Home Reservation Girl, to one of their suggestions, The Jailing of Cecilia Capture--which I hope she'll come to see is a true improvement.

20 March cont.--Sun. night Jack Gordon came for supper and to talk about his new free lance life, as therapist. Turned out he knows most of what I do about the topic, it'll be a matter having the iron butt and the brass nerves to stick with the unwaged life.

C and I spent almost all the daylight hrs of the weekend on yard work, grabbing advantage of this dry weather (I think it hasn't really rained yet in March). She has trimmed and pruned, we transplanted a few non-thrivers into the newly-cleared area where the juniper was, to see what they'll do; also put in there an experiment that interests me, a transplanted root-and-growth from the wild rhododendron on the hill above the house. I've transplanted strawberries, indeed have the garden looking like a planned and functioning plot, for the first time in a few years. Decided to try jump the season and put in a row of lettuce seeds, hoping they'll produce in the weeks before we go to Montana in June. Also put in Walla Walla onion slips, which so far the slugs have disdained.

So, there's progress on sundry fronts--tree pruning, rugs cleaned, landscaping--the past month or so, and C and I feel somewhat restored by it. Now to slope thru this week and head for Montana on Sunday.

27 March, Missoula--Midway, more or less, in this spring vacation week. It's a little after 10, skift of fresh snow, I'm in Sarah Crump's room with its view of slopes of Mts. Jumbo and Sentinel, C has gone uptown to mail postcards while the laundry is drying--a morning of truce in the whirl we get into here. I'm at about half-speed, partly because of ragged sleep after last night's dinner party here, partly because I just think it's time to slow down for a day.

We pulled in abt 7 p.m. Saturday, the trip eased by listening to tapes of Jyl Hoyt's Reflections in Montana series and by not-bad roads--Snoqualmie Pass with about 25 miles of snowpack, 4th of July Pass potholed and nasty but brief, Lookout Pass bare, snow squall at Lincoln. Juliette was here with a roast turkey waiting. Bill (Bevis) was in Calif. seeing his daughters, got back abt 2 y'day afternoon. In not necessarily this order, we have done, seen or heard: --I had lunch with Bill Farr #y'day, we talked homesteading mostly; he intends a photo book focusing on 3 Montana homestead areas. Bill is on sabbatical, trying to work on some medieval history; he said, though, that in looking up the address of the foremost journal in the field, published in Austria, he noticed its circulation--800. Says he'd like to continue teaching medieval, but wants his publishing to be more and more on Montana.

--I worked in the UMont archives part of y'day, looking through some of the Sherburne photo collection for details of the Two Medicine country. --C and I coincided at coffee break with Jyl Hoyt, who's begun--with the Yellowstone Valley as the theme--making tv documentaries as well as her radio ones. Said next year she's supposed to make 4 tv, 10 radio, a helluva amount of work.

27 March cont.--Y'day morn we went for b'fast at Wayne and Pamela Sourbeer's, south of Arlee. Wayne won a log house--the logs, that is--in a raffle and they've been finishing the place for the past several months. Wayne showed us about a dozen b-&-w photos he's done here in Montana, very good work. He would like to collaborate with me on a photo and text book, though I don't see when I'll ever have time to do more than a foreword.

--Mon. night we took Juliette to dinner at the Depot, went on for ice cream at Goldsmiths, then a movie, Ballad of Narayama, which was good but not a peacable evening of viewing.

--At dinner here last night, Bryan DiSalvatore and Dee McNamer, and friends of Bill's ~~xxx~~ who've moved here from Berkeley, Lou and Jill. As ever, much talk--Dee ~~xxx~~ is from Cut Bank, she and I got to expatiating on Hutterites; I dunno what the Berkleyans made of all this--and little concluded. As C said, most interesting thing she's heard since we've been here is that Rich Roeder quit~~x~~ MSU and is now ass't to the Lt. Gov. I did get to thank Bryan for his Denver Post review, which was a careful and thoughtful job. And speaking of reviews, Barbara Theroux at UM bookstore gave me Boston Globe review by Mark Muro, from 2 weeks or so ago; generally praising, but he liked Sky better ~~at~~ than Eng Crk. There's a mild strain of that going around, but luckily it's not epidemic. Bryan told me he was sure that as the book went along, Jick and Leona would have an affair; I told him it was something I'd thought of, but decided against--now that I think about it again, probably because it seemed too obvious.

And that's the way life goes here--dinner tonight at Annick's, on to Augusta and Helena tomorrow--so small wonder I feel like just propping up today.

2 April--Suddenly I seem to be in a struggle for writing time, a brawl of tasks I hope some diligent phone calls and a few more letters will handle. Spent y'day, our 1st working day since coming home from Montana on mail, dump run, photocopying, etc., and by day's end hadn't even gotten ~~to~~ here to the diary. Anyway, I do hope today will wrap up the Rascal Fair contract, which I ~~had~~ ^{have} to call Liz about over the lack of a map fee; plane ticket to Okla City which Holiday House sent me altho I hadn't confirmed to them I wanted it; telling Dean Krakel I can't make it to Wrangler award ceremony; und zo on.

Later: have been to U District, still don't feel fit for much but tinkering. Random stuff:

--30,000 printing for Penguin Eng Crk in Nov., good, good.

--March 22, amid mail was a piece I nearly ~~through~~ threw out as junk, noticed it was labeled Mailgram and thought what gimmick is this, opened it to the news that Eng Crk won Western Heritage award as best fiction, at the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Okla. City. Surprising and hilarious, given that I took a poke at cowboys whenever possible in the book; but gratifying too that they chose a non-shootemup. (Heartland got a film award a few yrs ago, so they're not all bad down there in Krakel land.)

--Next day, Rantala called: Eng Crk won the PNBA Award.

--Amid all the above, Carol's long-unseen ~~an~~ uncle, Tom Muller, appeared in town, homeward bound from company business in the Orient. As luck had it, he's entirely enjoyable, and a walking personification of what's happened to this country: an engineer, he sees and is considerably shaken by it that the US can't compete with the Far Eastern basic industries; that they're skilled too, and do jobs we no longer will.

4 April--Wrote today, though barely: one ms page. What it takes to get me back into gear I haven't figured out yet. It has been a week of distractions--my twitchy left eye, which a Gp Health medic treated y'day by giving me some drops to lubricate it; C's troubling situation on campus, with a distracting CP student in one class; the season of book awards and travel plans to be parsed--but still, the schedule ought to be tamed enough without all the musing and time I've put into it.

4 April cont.--Before I lose the details, I'd better put down the session in Helena a week ago tomorrow, meeting of the centennial anthology committee. Annick Smith deemed me a consultant, hoping I could come up with obscure literary gems from my library-prowling (sent her what stuff I could think of, as soon as we got home), so asked me, and C, to sit in on the session which began the selecting of the anthology pieces. Annick, the two of us, Mary Clearman Blew who'd driven the 4 hrs from Havre that morning, Bill Lang, Rich Roeder, Bill Kittredge and Bill Bevis. And Margaret Kingsland, observing for NEH; it occurred to me she may have been the most historically important person in the room, given how vigorous the Montana NEH has been. Met in the Coach House East, in a big bland room--"Senators' Suite," Kittredge noted the sign on the door as he came in, "all right." Beginning with Lewis and Clark, reading selections were proposed for a couple of hours steady. It was an education for us all, the sum of the group's familiarity with sources amounting to considerably more than anybody knew individually, except maybe Lang, who was a show to watch, calling names and publications and estimates of pages out of his head. As Roeder said to him at one point, "You sonofabitch, you've just named somebody I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF." A startling amount of work got done, the only snag occurring ~~when~~ when Roeder and Bevis got to debating the validity of Tough Trip Through Paradise, and even that didn't go on much too long. Fascinating to watch, a generation coming into its own; successors to Merriam and Joseph Kinsey Howard. Also, I had a sense of particular portions, civic personalities, of Montana being represented there too. Annick and Kittredge and Bevis with the energy and imagination of Missoula; Roeder, though he proclaims to have hated his career in Bozeman, the thorough man of MSU; Lang the Helena technician of history; Mary Blew of Lewistown and Havre, inward, a bit withdrawn, doing the job in the way she sees it. Interesting too to note how Kittredge every so often would nudge matters along; probably learned that as foreman on the Oregon ranch. All of it, a moment of Montana I'm glad to have seen.

April 4 cont.--Cleaning out my notebook, came across 2 items gleaned from Bill Farr when I had lunch with him in Missoula, always one of the most interesting events there (usually at the Missoula Club, cheeseburgers and beer). I asked if Tom Many Guns, whom he describes so wonderfully in foreword to Reservation Blackfeet, ever did acknowledge his existence (as collector of the pics that fascinated Many Guns). Bill said no, he'll pass Bill unblinkingly on the Browning street. But last time Bill saw him, Many Guns had short hair instead of his magnificent long braids; Bill asked someone else ~~who~~ how come, was told Many Guns' nephew got drunk and cut off one braid, so Tom cut off the other.

--Also, Bill said he'd been downhearted after running a letter in the Browning paper inviting corrections of names etc. for next edition of the book, and got not one letter back. Told this to one of his Browning sources, she said, well, you can't expect them to take the trouble to write to you if you're not going to take the trouble to come up here and ask them.

April 9--A week I'm trying to trudge through, to see C mend from her cold (no progress yet, this is the 6th day), to see if I can ease by without catching it from her, to see if my own unadmitted health niggle (a pulled muscle midway along right side of my rib cage, from spading up the spud patch a wk ago Sat.) will quit aching, to see if I can whack out 3 pp. of ms a day in this neither-here-nor-there week before speeches, awards, etc. Weather at least is great, 65 and sunny.

April 10--C's siege of cold goes on. She improved after supper, ~~last night~~ then spent much of last night coughing. She looked really washed-out this morning, but by the time to go teach she'd pulled herself together one more time. I yearn to have this behind us.

19 April--No small week. Spent Mon. thru Thurs. writing speech for Wash'n Library Ass'n, finishing abt 4:30 ~~xxxx~~ y'day. I still have some tinkering with it, re-listening and so on, but thank christ I have it under control, have gained today to assemble myself for the travel that begins tomorrow with Oklahoma City. C's brutal cold hangs on and on, now 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ weeks; apparently the cold has merged with reaction to pollen in the air. She has looked tough all week, but taught her classes since Tuesday.

Wed. was our 20th annvsy, and even though C was under the weather we went out ~~wt~~ for dinner with Frank, at Nieu Amsterdam. Mayor ^Royer's wife ^Rosann was at next table, Jerry Schot introduced us--I once signed a book for her at Kathrin Maloof's behest. Mrs. Mayor R. looks considerably like a younger Sophia Loren.

Catching ~~up~~ up: phone mostly has been blessedly quiet, but y'day Reed Beddow of Wash. Post Bk World called, to see if ~~ix~~ I'd review Larry McMurtry's big novel, Lonesome Dove. He read me the blurb which proclaims it the ~~long~~ long-awaited great Western novel--hell, maybe it even is--but I had to tell him I can't find time to tackle something like that. I also ribbed him that the last book he tried on me, Son of the Morning Star, dropped from sight and nobody ever heard of it again--there was a silence, then Reed burst out That's not true! Since I wasn't going to do the McM, he asked who I'd suggest--Page Stegner? I said that's one, maybe McGuane, maybe Max Apple.

The 11th, Kittredge and Annick were in town, Bill reading at Elliott Bay that night. I went, 30 or so of us there, including Bill's latest grandson a few weeks old--his daughter Karen now has lads named Zeke, Riley and Max. Bill read 34 Seasons of Winter, good, then a playful story, mock biog of the Lone Ranger, called The Phantom Silver. I liked it, liked the change from the blood-and-guts situations Bill's stories often hinge on. He said Carver rejected it for We Are Not in This Together, C'r likes realistic stuff. I told him Carver ain't God, and meant it; a story like that shows Bill's writing in a new light, shows he is more imaginative than simply being a Carveresque realist.

19 April cont.--Bill and Annick and Ann and Dave Statler came for lunch on Sat. the 13th, we had a rare chance to talk at some leisure. That night, Frank came and he and C and I went to Jean's for supper, then to the Mariners-Minneapolis game, Jean's idea. Seattle behind 7-4 at end of 8 innings, Jean and I thought C was looking weary--though I now realize that was one of her better nights recently--and we sort of wanted to get Frank to the car before the whole crowd swarmed out, so we left. And heard on the radio on the way home, the Mariners load the bases and Phil Bradley win the game with a 2-out grand slam. Further adventure the next morn: Frank stayed o' night with us, in the morn I heard him get up and go to the john, I went out and turned thermostat up, got back in bed for the house to warm up a bit; then in the inner room came a terrific crash, and Frank crying out Uhhh--Uhhh-Uhhh ~~me~~ almost like a crying child. I yelled Frank! and stormed in there without even having~~x~~ put my glasses on. He'd fallen while putting his pants on--socks on the wood floor--and though I went in there sure I'd find him amid a heart attack, his cries were pain from falling on his arthritic shoulder and elbow. C appeared just after ~~me~~ me--she'd been still asleep--and we got him to ~~stay~~ stay as he was, let the pain settle a bit; then I lifted him onto the bed, he got a robe on, came out for b'fast. Incredibly, nothing broken, and once the pain died down he felt just fine until y'day or so, when he reports his ribs are bit tender.

30 April--The day of the Wang. Freight truck brought the 5 boxes of it about 10 min. ago, 2:30, and I had the guy put it in the shop until we can dope out how to arrange things.

The diary has gone absolutely to hell, due to my spree week of travel and talks. Will try dab in entries this week, though I'm fretful about making the pp. pile up for Rascal Fair, too. Anyway, for now:

--Good news y'day, Gerry Howard of Viking/Penguin called me back about my notion of going to ABA in San Francisco, said thanks for the tip abt Winter in The Blood going out of print; he'd called Jim Welch's agent, she hadn't even known Harper & Row had let it go out, she called them and

30 April cont.--found that was the case, reverted the rights, and now Gerry has bid for the book and thinks he'll get it okay. Too damn good a book to languish that way, so I'm glad I did a bit there.

--Speaking last week went well: Wash. Library ass'n at SeaTac Red Lion night of the 19th, a full room (couple of hundred people, easy) at Western Wash. U. on the 22nd, another couple of hundred at Ore. State U. on the 24th, and 150-220 at Phi Beta Kappa lunch on the 26th.

--C seems finally to be getting over her cold, after nearly a month. I haven't come down with it, but have been a bit weary and bleary this week, doubtless because of last week's travel and scant sleep.

--HBJ royalties came, showing 5800 p'back Skys sold last fall and couple of thousand W Bros, great sales.

--Paul Bacon sent cover painting of English Creek, Jick on horseback, said we just owe him a meal whenever he gets West. When that came in the mail Fri. or Sat., the living room looked like kindergarten show-and-tell--the pair of Wrangler statuettes from Cowboy Hall of Fame here, PNBA award propped on couch, En Crk cover on fireplace mantel.

1 May--Mayday in more ways than one. Haven't even tried today to write, intending to start thinking my way back into Rascal Fair, and haven't managed that either. I suppose I'm logey from allergy, I suppose I'm tired from my recent pace, I suppose both of those. I can take tomorrow and the next day this sameway without the schedule getting grievous, but more than that and matters will turn grievous for Rascal Fair. Maybe C can come up with a stint of energy for the household, now that I'm winding down.

--At Oregon St. U on April 24, after I answered questions in Bill Robbins' 20th Century West class, the one black guy came up and grilled me about what he said was Montana reputation for racism. He'd never been there and I tried to tell him life is a little more complicated than that, ergo Rose and Taylor Gordon, but he didn't really want to hear. Next I went for the signing in the OSU bookstore, sundry ex-Montanans showed up, and about the 4th one was a shy coal-black kid who took his cap off and said, They tell me you're from Montana. Yeah, I said, are you?

1 May cont.--Oh yeah, he said proudly, I'm from Darby. Getting his degree in wildlife management. I asked him if ~~was~~ he intended to go back to Montana to work. Oh yeah, he said fervently.

--Smokey McAfee also showed up in the bookstore, an hr before his oral defense for Ph.D. in inorganic chemistry. He came to my talk that night, and when question period began, I said, "I have a question. Smokey, how did it go today?" When he raised his hands in prizefighter's clasp, I asked him to stand and told the audience about his day. What the hell, 2 of us from WSS with ph.d.s--one of every 500 persons, can Berkeley top that?

--Jan Bateman and her housemate Joyce took me to dinner at the Landing in Corvallis, good to see Jan again.

--I much liked and was impressed with the OSU faculty I had any chance to talk with, Bill Robbins, Bob Frank of English Dept., Lex Runciman (a Hugo student) teaching fiction. The one person I didn't click with, and I'm still not clear why, was William Appleman Williams. At the reception afterward, I had visited gamely as I could with everyone, then noticed a guy sitting on corner of table talking to Dick Brown; Bill Robbins said, have you met Bill Williams yet? I shook hands, telling him who I was, he said "I know who you are"--pleasantly enough, and maybe not dismissive, though close enough--and said next, let me finish this story to Dick. I've had this happen to me once before, when Merle Wells of Idaho Historical Society left me and Gary Bettis with our faces hanging out while he finished up a ~~its~~ letter he was writing, and while it may be a matter of concentration or whatever, I don't know how to respond to it, as I don't stand patiently worth a damn. So I simply went back to talking with Bill Robbins and forewent any further effort to talk to Williams, who is one of the historians I most admire. It's enough that I take away this scene: Williams still sitting on the table corner as Dick Brown leaves, musing out loud: "What a sweet man he is."

3 May--On what I hope is the brink of the next spate of Rascal Fair. After a ragged start to the week, trying to settle to typewriter work again after the travel and talk, doped with humidity and pollen, I've more or less got my citizenship back, been thinking and planing on the ms, lining out the writing territory for next week. I'm reasonably sanguine again. An abrupt wind-and-rain storm hit about supertime last night, and this morning the air felt scoured and crisp, so I went for a prompt walk of the neighborhood, came in and wrote the day's little quota, about a page and a half. Pieces of the ms sound pretty good. So far, I don't think this odd and rather reluctant book will embarrass my others; it could be more interesting than English Creek, which has done plenty fine in the world. I seem to need to remind myself of the old permanent lessons: every day, give the imagination some place to go; draw breath from the file cards.

8 May--The diary is languishing, a not-infallible-but-this-time-more-or-less-right sign the book ms is prospering. Monday of this week was rocky, but y'day and so far today--nearly lunch now--I've turned out the needed 3 pp. competently enough. Am not too thrilled with a 5-day-a-week writing schedule to make the requisite 15 pp., but whatever works.

News: Eng Crk is a finalist (of 3) for Western Writers Spur award for fiction--startling, as these are the shoot-em-up hard core and they never even nominated House of Sky, that year. Probably Eng Crk is not going to win, come June 27; WWA seems to have only one fiction category, which means I'm up against whatever may have been written by traditional members. But it's another score for Atheneum to like.

Phone call in the past hr from Putnam Barber of Wash. Centennial Commission, wanting me to be on committee with Nancy Pryor, Carstensen, Alex "cGregor, and David Stratton of WSU, to launch publication of a popular history of this state for 1989. I hemmed, though not too much, and just told him no; suggested Ruth Kirk as best choice, then maybe John Keeble, Jack Cady, Jim Heynen.

8 May cont.--For reasons not clear to me, I also went out for coffee this morn, meeting Peter Bowen at 'Hay's, at his request. He's been corresponding with me, or trying to; indeed asked me to read the ms of his forthcoming book, which I must have given him too polite a no on. I think I went this morn to see if I could discern talent in him, and I didn't find it, though if he's got this book coming out there must be a smidgin somewhere. He seems to be a hanger-on, ■ full of puppy-like enthusiasm--he does know a lot of people, I'm not being fair to him on such brisk appraisal--and my hunch is he may come to disaster on this novel, edited as it is by Bill Decker on a consulting-editor sort of basis. He and Bill seem to be on a good old boy bullshit kneedeep basis, and I'm not sure either of them is tending the store. But what the hell do I know, maybe publishing history is about to be made.

11 May--11:10, I've managed to more or less get the writing life back onto its feet today. The Wang knocked it flat, at the end of last week; repair rep was here a total of 5-6 hrs, across Thurs. and Fri., before the printer could be made to work (he had eventually to replace the entire print-head motor, taking the printer down to frame and electronic guts). Thus far, the wondrous time-saver has cost me at least one full day; for perversity's sake, I may try keep track of time lost as well as time gained, at least in the early history of this Wang. Anyway, I came out of Friday without having had any time for forethought about this week's chunk of ms, y'day morning was like being dropped into a moon crater and told to start a garden there; today, by hopping far ahead into the supposed course of the book I am making the pp. happen, though in no logical sequence.

One good omen of today: Carol Hill called, about uncertain prospect of her coming here ~~to~~ on behalf of her High Dancer, and she assured me, "You cannot write a bad book," meaning she deems me incapable of it. Don't I just wish.

14 May cont.--"I feel I'm in brave company here today. Up here with Sharon Bryan, whose life is the bold act of poetry. With this good man Bill Dwyer, fresh from victory on behalf of the Seattle library board and the freedom to read. With you librarians, who constantly ward off the assaults of groups that think they can control the eyes of everyone else. With all of you who believe in these brave speakers of truth called books. May our tribe prosper." This, pretty close, was my acceptance of my Governor's Writers Day award at St. Library in Olympia on the 11th. It turned out to be an exhilarating group: Delphine Haley, stalwart buddy from the dim mists of the Pac Search days; Dwyer, a First Amendment man who I think is a great figure in this state; Bill Cumming, artist of the Thirties, entirely himself in mostly purple except white jogging shoes; Bob Pyle, butterfly guy and ardent conservationist; and Sharon Bryan, UW poet we met at one of the spring parties of Jim and Lois Welch here, getting a prize for her own Salt Air and at Ripley's behest also accepting the posthumous honor to Dick Hugo. Sharon did magnificently, telling us the gusto with which Dick would have embraced this honor, then perfectly concluding with Dick's great last lines of Salt Water Story:

...We often see him
from shore or the deck of a ferry.
We can't tell him by craft. Some days
he passes by on a yacht, some days a tug.
He's young and, captain or deckhand,
he is the one who waves.

16 May--At Cowboy Hall of Fame awards banquet last month, I sat at table with Jose Cisneros, his wife and two daughters. He was very nervous about the ceremony and inevitably was the first to have to go up and get an award (for his art history of horsemen). At the mike he was so close to overcome I was afraid the crowd would think him drunk, but his words were wonderful, to this effect: "When the conquistadores went through the rimrock country of my Texas, they would stop and write into those rocks paso porque--They passed through here....My hope is that in that tradition of my people, my work on the walls of museums such as this can also say in a lapidary way, paso porque."

Here in reality, if that's what today is: I used the Wang this morning to enter fragments from file cards and compile 3 pp. of ostensible ms, though 'tis compiling rather than real writing. Mail brought Bevis's essay on Eng Crk in Mont. Mag of History, damn nice; insofar as I knew what I was up to in that book, Bill seems to savvy.

Glorious weather. This is the first day of summer temperature, the thermometer still 80 (@ 4:45). Bright blue sky, good air.

28 May--The San Francisco ABA is behind us, and C tells me it was a landmark like Carol Hill's championing of the Sky ms. I do believe she's right. Today I'm trying to sort out notes and impressions from those crammed ABA days and will dab at the diary as I do, but the main windfall seems to ~~have~~ have been the time we spent with the Viking Penguin staff. They proved to be ecstatic about Eng Crk, they seemed to like it that C and I are interested in and appreciate the nuts-and-bolts of bookselling, and better, we just plain damn liked them and their energy. May all us Penguins thrive.

29 May--Y'day went to note-taking on publishing people met in SF, and now ~~xxxx~~ a try at what happened there. C and I flew down the early afternoon of the 24th, hustled over to Moscone Center as soon as we'd est'd ourselves in a Viking Penguin room at the Ramada Renaissance. The convention hall was chaos, displays being erected, workmen wheeling stuff hither and thither. Amid it all at the Scribners/Atheneum area was a small guy in a gray suit, blithely standing over a cardboard box rolling up

29 May cont--posters: Allan Rabinowitz, el presidente his very self. We greeted him, saying we knew how much he liked the chaos of moving (as he really does; he'd told us at Tacoma PNBA he couldn't wait to move the Scribners enterprise, would do it frequently if he could). Then found the Viking Penguin area and there was Michael Jacobs, coat off and hefting boxes. Learned from Michael the Waldens signing he'd tried to set up fell thru, so I was a free man until Sunday morning. C and I left the publishing world to its work, walked from Moscone to the financial district and Schroeder's for supper. It's our one constant in SF, a beerhall that barely microscopically changes thru the years and the generations of Schroeders.

Sat. the 25th we made an early round of the exhibits and booths. Picked up a freebie of Ann Beattie's Love Always, which proves to be a heartless bummer; happened on ~~the~~ to the U Cal Press exhibit of Barry Moser's illustrations, where I was telling a sales person how hugely I admire Moser's work and he said, Barry's right over here. C and I talked with him for awhile, about how he supervises each step of the monotype printing, and the next day when she happened past again, he presented her with 4 lovely broadsides and galley sheets. Got back to the Penguin area, coincidentally in time to get one of the Penguin bookbags which were the hit of the convention; they gave away all 1500 that day, and everywhere you looked thereafter were Penguins. This was the start of our time with the Penguin staff, which was the high point of the convention: all in all, I met Dan Farley, marketing director; Brenda Marsh, Michael Jacobs' boss in sales; sales reps Louise Simon, Dave Nelson and Andy Weiner; editors Kathryn Court and Elisabeth Sifton; Pat Mulcahy, rights; Marcia Burch, publicity; Connie Sayre, ass't publisher; and Maureen Donnelly.

That afternoon C sacked out at the hotel, I came back to Moscone to spectate Susan Richman's press conference for Jonathan Coleman, author of Atheneum's At Mother's Request in the bizarre murder sweepstakes against Shana Alexander/Doubleday. Softball questions, by and large, at these and other press conferences I watched, but I did like the question a reporter put to Coleman: "Who finked?"

29 May cont.--That night we were taken to dinner at Cafe Americain by Michael Jacobs, along with his wife Lynn, Penguin marketing director Dan Farley, Midwest sales rep Dave Nelson, and Chronicle books rep Jack Jensen and his wife Kathleen. I ended up at one end of the table across from Dan and next to Michael, and an enchanted evening it was, getting to know these guys who make the book business work. Food was terrific, wine was terrific, life was terrific.

Next morn, 10-11, I was at the Penguin booth to shmooze with bookstore folks, as Michael said. A lot of people came by wanting Penguin bookbags, so I met quite a number by telling them the bags are all gone but Penguin plans to offer them to bookstores at cost, etc. Two women who run a bookstore in Wimetka told me my books do well there; I told them C and I had our wedding supper there, they said at Indian Trails, right? Someone from an Oakland store also reported well on my sales there, Barbara McKillip of Albany came by, I had her meet David Brewster the Penguin NW rep, and so it went. In the midst of it all ~~Frank~~ C and I met Elisabeth Sifton and Kathryn Court, talked to both to some length.

31 May, the brink of summer and who knows what all else. Bill Reeburgh arrived last night, embarking on sabbatical, and this morn I took him down to the U Book Store and then left him off at South Campus--he's to wend his own way to the airport and San Francisco. I do enjoy, admire and profit from Bill, though I have some trouble coping with his missionary zeal for word processing and computing. It is all just dandy for him, but my imminent problem in life is getting first draft out of my head.

I have spent the day so far (1:30) mostly at the word processor--my eyes well know it--working on the intro ~~of~~ for the Penguin edition of Scorpio Rising. Am doing some surprisingly lively lingo, I hope not at the cost of Rascal Fair.

Thankx God It's Friday. C and I have both functioned pretty well this week, I even got the NYT mountain shortie out of the house and wrote 1(!) page of ms, and we're ready for some weekend time.

31 May cont --More San Francisco. First day I went by various booths to say hello to NW sales reps we know, and at Simon & Schuster Michael Carley gravely gave me a reading copy of latest glitterati trash, Lucky by Jackie Collins, then almost as an ~~af~~ afterthought handed me an invitation to the S&S hospitality suite on top floor of the St. Francis hotel. C and I had time to kill before meeting the Penguin crowd at 8 for dinner, so we decided to look in on S&S. It was a throng, we found Michael and a drink, began talking with other S&S folks and shortly were looked up by Susan Kamil, who was at HBJ when Carol Hill showed the ms sample of Sky around that office, and Caroline Herder, who was working at the Tattered Cover in Denver when the Time review of Sky came out and remembers the excited ordering of a couple hundred copies. Then Susan said, here's someone you ought to meet and turned me around to Dan Green, S&S ~~pres~~ pres, who looked at my nametag and said, "oh! oh! Excuse me for being speechless, but I never expected to meet you here. I'm such a fan of ~~your~~ ~~house~~ This House of Sky. The portrayal of your father in there is just..." And so it went, even from as one of the Penguin people put it "the terrible Dan Green."

Sunday afternoon for education's sake I looked in on the press area and the 20-min. interviews of people with books to push. Came in for the last few minutes of Arthur Hailey, whose manner was like a Tory Cabinet minister's; next Gov. Lamm of Colorado and Megatraumas, who was veteran and efficient at answering; Peter Euberroth, doing a how-I-staged-the-Olympics book and exuding arrogance; and Chas. Schultz of Peanuts, amiable to the nth except on the question about Doonesbury and Bloom County, which nettled him just enough to say he thought the penguin is funny but he thinks anybody can make fun of whom-ever happens to be in the White House.

Carol Hill left a message for me at the Penguin booth, I phoned her Mon. morn ~~and~~ and C and I met her for lunch at the St. Francis. She is still the singular Carol Hill. The dining room she had in mind had a piano player thrumming away and she said,

31 May cont.--how about if we go some place less lugubrious? She knew of the Dutch Kitchen part of the St. F, where as it turned out I had terrific food, C's was pretty good, and Carol's was cruddy. She is flying high with Dancer, now that there are movie prospects, possibly with new 3-D special effects by the guy who effected Star Wars. She had vast trouble with the book at Holt--Wm Abrahams left there before pub'n, and the pr dept was from nowhere --but reviews have been very strong. So CHill is crackling along, a mind like no other.

3 June--1:35, C just arriving from school and I'm cleaning desk, notebook and maybe even the damn floor before I'm done.

1:45, C has been and gone, on her way to take Frank to Jim Lane to have his arthritic knee ~~xxx~~ doctored; she looks dispirited but determined, 2-3 hours of Frank and rushtime traffic plopped like this atop her workday.

Cavalcade of mail from NY today: \$9000 Rascal Fair advance from Liz, Vliet bio stuff from Penguin for the intro I'm doing on Scorpio Rising, bnd galley and blurb request for James Herndon's next book from Dan Green of Simon & Schuster. Good enough for one day.

Managed to squeeze out ~~xxx~~ 4 ms pp. of Rascal Fair today, mostly by blenderizing file cards thru the word processor. It ain't true text, but it is countable pp. Hit my first ribbon problem on the Wang printer, luckily just before lunch; ribbon wdn't move, so I put in a new one. Rae Ellen came y'day morning, familiarized herself a bit with the Wang, is ready to begin putting ms into it when she can make time in her schedule.

Not sure I've done an adequate job on the SF ABA, but I need to wrap it up and so here is list of people seen and/or met there and any stray incidents from notebook:

--Penguin: Dan Farley, Louise Simon, Andy Weiner, Michael Jacobs, Kathryn Court, Elisabeth Sifton (have since looked back into Pub Wkly article on her and realize she's Reinhold Niebuhr's daughter. She told C and me of having gone to a party once, and appalled at the pretentious chat, told someone later the people there seemed to think they were the intellectual lights; the friend responded, "Elisabeth, those were the intellectual lights. Kathryn Court, Maureen Donnolly, Pat Mulcahy,

3 June cont.--Marcia Burch, Connie Sayre, ^{Dave Nelson,} Brenda Marsh,
--Atheunum: Liv Blumer, Susan Richman, Miriam Marmur,
Rantala, Susan Ginzburg, Sharon Dynak, Allan Rabinowitz.
--Scribners: Michael Carley, Dan Green, Susan Kamil,
Carolyn Herder(?).

--others: writer James Herndon, at S&S hospitality suite; Kathy Robbins, passing thru Penguin booth, telling me how grand House of Sky was; Michael Romano, now of Cornell U. Press, at Random House booth visiting; Ted Lucia; Sue Skiles; Scott Walker and Tree Swenson of Graywolf; the great illustrator Barry Moser; Paul and Carla Pintarich, coinciding with us in an aisle while we were talking with Clarus Backes of Denver Post; Peter Soper and ~~Robert~~ Marilyn Martin Dahl; Roberta Dyker of Pac Pipeline, then another Pipeline quartet including Paige and C's ex-student Tom Person; David Gilbert of U. of Nebraska Press; Diane Wright of Ev. Herald outside the press area, immediately got quotes from me as to what I thought of the convention.

So it went.

5 June--Worst kind of weather for both C and me, humid. I spent y'day afternoon considerably depressed, for no reason I can find except the weather. Better today, but C now looks worn.

But I have written 4 pp. each day this week, will try my damndest to keep it up the next 2 days.

Phone call today from Doug Netter, movie guy who'd contacted Lynn Pleshette abt Eng Crk. Didn't quote vast intended budget to me, did no pissing and moaning about the option price--so far, an improvement over the others.

13 June--Whew, a day. Looked over 1st ch. of Rascal Fair to get it ready for Rae Ellen to Wang it, did some spiffing up of it, moved the bgnd on Lucas to later and thought of a way to justify it there. Came away heartened by these opening pp., which maybe are strange but they are ineffably themselves. Will try same on ch. 2 tomorrow.

13 June cont.--It's a heavy gray day, not quite raining, humid. Nonetheless C and I have troopered, she having graded a set of exams. We're contending with the Ford, our old standby NW Brake having changed hands recently and the new guy soaking us \$300 and doing shabby work--two lug nuts came ~~xxx~~ off left front wheel the other day when C took Frank to the doctor, and the newly redone brakes are soft. I groaned and took the Ford back to them y'day, they improved the brakes a bit but not enough, we've now taken it to Karl for general reassurance.

Otherwise, I finally roused myself to make the Montana phone calls to firm up our trip schedule, a chore I mope toward every ~~xxx~~ year at this time--I think I just have trouble piggybacking it onto all else I'm trying to do. Things pretty well clicked into place when I did that. And I finished the intro for the Penguin edition of Scorpio Rising, an odd assignment which came out of nowhere but which brought on the liveliest writing I've done in a while. We're pacing thru the end of the school year, 4 days until we head east to the West.

17 June--All but in the car for Montana. We'll leave tomorrow abt 9:30, for Pullman. Fairly civilized day of packing; virtually done now, 3:45, and Jean will feed us tamale pie for supper. Exquisite weather y'day and today, bright with a light breeze; thermometer is now getting the sun, reads 86. Beans began to come up y'day, a few have unkinked to a couple of inches by now.

Phone call a bit ago from Stacy Schiff, saying she much likes my Scorpio Rising intro--said it's an "incredibly energetic" piece of writing. Good enough.

Not a whole lot else to report; life has been sheer preparati on, recently.

28 June, Langs house at Clancy--1st diary entry of this Mont. trip, I guess, testifying to its busyness. For ex, it's now 9:30 a.m. and we've been up 5½ hrs; went into Helena this morn to do the dawn fire tower scene for Rascal Fair. Tom Palmer, feature writer for the Independent-Record, had arranged to meet us there, and so as I took notes and ~~x~~ C photographed, Tom took notes and photoed us. Mirrors of mirrors, this is getting to be.

Trip has gone exceedingly well, even my impatience with scheduling and logistics is mostly groundless this time. Considerable research loot from MHS library especially on the 26th when C spent the day helping me, winnowing Small Collections reminiscences of homesteaders for language and detail. We've coincided with Clyde Milner of Utah St., who has the MHS summer research fellowship, and he shared ~~x~~ his list of homestead remnsces compiled from the Small Collection folders, saving us much time.

Now I am 46 and a day. Took y'day off entirely for my birthday, we slept late and then went to Butte. Had a wonderful lunchtime in the M&M, a stiff Scotch each for a buck ~~x~~apiece and watching the M&M clientele--talk about lived-in faces--then crossing the room to the lunch counter, me for a fine pork chop sandwich, C for boiled tongue and spinach, damn good food. Silver haired guy sat next to me, we got to talking, he noticed my grain merc cap, asked "You're not Doig, are you?" I said back, which one?, going to let it go at that. But he said, the writer, and I confessed. Good thing I did, because he turned out to run the Silver Bow News Agency, is a wholesaler of Sky. After~~x~~ lunch we did the Butte walking tour--backwards along the map route--and headed home. Beautiful clear day with a little breeze; got hot here just before sundown, abt 85, but otherwise just comfortable.

This is the day of closing down shop in Helena; I'm going in to take Dave Walter to lunch at 1, then do last scraps of research, come back~~x~~ out here for C, then into town again to meet Rich Roeder for supper at the Windbag. Haven't time or energy for real recall, but will now do a quick day-by-day of this trip:

28 June cont.--We left for Pullman a little before 9:30 on June 18, drove thru 90+ heat from Vantage to Colfax, I was drooping considerably by the time we pulled in to Pullman. Restorative cold shower and drink, had a good Mexican meal at Alex's, walked campus at dusk.

--19th, at 8:30 I went with reporter Terry Lawhed and Idahoian photog to have my pic taken in wheatfield. Then talked to NW class taught by Sue Armitage and Dave Barber. Lunch with freelance historians Mary Reed and Greg Peterson. Mary led us to Moscow, where I talked to "sense of the land" class taught by Burbick and Swagerty. Signed books in UIdaho bookstore after, and amid that was tape-interviewed by WSU radio station and then interviewed by Lewiston Trib reporter. Among bookstore crowd, several ex-Montanans, including Gov. Sam Ford's daughter and my Valier social studies teacher, Miss Staley (I think) then. Back to Pullman, shower, dinner at Mandarin Wok with the various profs, Peter and Ruth, Bob Green of Bookpeople bookstore. Then my evening talk, capacity crowd of about 140. Finally, a drink at Peter and Ruth's.

--20th, Pullman to Helena by Lolo Pass, our first time over that route, fine clear day with almost no traffic. Got to Helena just after 4:30, Marianne already gone for the day, Rosie tried to find her so we cd get key from her, I thought to phone the # of the Langs' house-sitter, got his sister, who said house was unlocked, out we came, immediately followed in a cloud of dust by Marianne, handing us the key. Life settled down a bit after that.

Time out to make a phone call--to Craig Lesley's wife in Portland--to see if Craig or I won at the Spur ceremony in San Antone last night.

Answer: Craig won both! (Spur and Medicine Pipe for best first novel.) Told Kathy to pass congratulations, and I'll do Craig a postcard accusing him of literary oligopoly.

--21st, got started on research at MSH library. Had been there about 5 min., talking to Clyde Milner, when in came MHS director Bob Archibald, looking a little flustered and saying, I didn't know you were here--

28 June cont.--the governor wants you to call him. So I did call Schwinden, who was inviting us to supper that night instead of the next. At lunch I went alone to the Windbag, a bit worried after trying several times that morn to call C here at Langs and getting a ring but no answer; in came Milner, and with him a white-goateed gent who proved to be Donald Jackson, the Lewis and Clark scholar. I joined them for lunch, we all lamented book royalties and the chaos of the U. of Wyoming archives--standard western scholar chat, so far as I can tell--and when I couldn't get C again, I decided I had to come out and see what was what. The phone was the villain, nonworking. Next day, it took repairman most of day to track and ~~a~~ repair cable problem. So, we hit the Gov's Mansion abt 5:15, the Schwindens were by themselves, we had a couple of drinks, then Ted embarked on barbecuing steaks--his first of the season--and we retreated inside with Jean, to start eating the salad and other preparations by the veteran Mansion cook Elsie. Along came the steaks, more done than Ted wanted, as he'd got to talking about golf with the next door neighbor and they got away from him a bit. Good even so; we stayed on till a little after 9--at one point the Schwindens thought they'd have to go move the water on the lawn of the house they're renting to someone, but a neighbor took care of it--and we headed on home, marveling again at a state where the gov answers his own phone and gossips over the back fence.

Carol's notes: ~~Wednesday~~ err... Tuesday, July 2, 1985.

If this is Tuesday, it must be Bozeman.

It's 8:40 a.m. and Ivan is off talking with Merrill Burlingame, long-retired MSU history prof. Ivan tells me that Merrill arrived to teach here in the Fall of 1929 -- and Ivan isn't sure that was his first job!

So Ivan will no doubt ask about homestead info and centennial ideas and trivia, as he did yesterday in Dillon with Stan Davison, who at almost-75 is a decade younger than Burlingame. It is astonishing how much some of these people remember, and not only professor types, or maybe especially not professors, who think in theories as well as in details.

Mostly Ivan has done library research at the Montana Historical Society, Helena, during the 10 days we minded the Langs house. Lotsa stuff, to the point I could help out a bit in sifting the small collections for details from letters and such of homestead days. How the mice ate the onion crop, and how many gooseberries were put up, and the price of eggs and such. I continue to be amazed at the wealth of material available, and surprised that Ivan doesn't have more company in the kind of lit. he's writing. When he meets people working, as at the Historical Society, it's someone like Clyde Milner of Utah State, a Yale Ph.D. who comes up with a handy list of resources for Ivan, then in conversation, as we lay out our details, laughs and says that's what he's not looking for. He wants to find the patterns. All right, Clyde, but we're having all the fun, seems to me.

I'm not sure why I'm doing this, since it's not my habit, but I suppose I think that these incredible Montana trips deserve some inventorying, and while Ivan can get to some, he's so busy doing what he does that there are limits.

We are the beneficiaries of the most superb hospitality, starting this time with dinner ~~with~~ at the governor's Holiday Inn-like residence, but better food: Ted Schwinden barbecued steak, cook Elsie did the rest; wife Jean poured the drinks and even pulled out her childhood diary for Ivan to read -- it's full of references to the weather, over around Wolf Point, where she and Ted grew up and were the only students in their grade at a one-room schoolhouse.

As a fiscally conservative Democrat, he's probably the right guy for a state that's lost its copper mining at Butte, is in big trouble with agricultueal problems including drought and grasshoppers (on the Schwinden's very own place, too, this summer; that the governor doesn't flinch when he talks about that maybe says something about his equanimity). Schwinden was the only new Democratic governor elected when Reagan first won in 1980, and in '84 the state GOP gave him no real competition and he won re-election by 70%. He cares about the arts, and uses his own leftover campaign funds for handsome governors' awards each year, has a pretty good grasp of education (and ABD in history himself), but little money for it. Ivan and I perpetually wonder how people can afford working in Montana ed. or state government.

The Langs' hospitality consisted of turning over their ~~no~~ house to us until their return~~y~~ from biking in Austria, and a nice place it is. I read several books, including Braudel, James Herndon, and Carol Hill's new and almost hallucinogenic novel, "The Eleven Million Mile High Dancer."

Taking care of the dogs is less a pleasure, esp. on Ivan's Birthday, when Kooskia appears to have disappeared, fortunately to return several hours later after shading up against the heat. That's when I discovered that I appreciate her yelping as against her absence. I could just see us having to say to the Langs, "Glad you were having fun in Europe while we lost your dog."

Anyhoo, they came safely home, and we turned back their place intact, with Ivan having preserved Sue's garden against the ravages of the dry summer by constant watering.

And it is dry.

The Great Falls Tribune published a map showing everything east of the divide as subnormal precip., with much of it in actual drought conditions as of the end of June. This is the third yr., I believe, of subnormal rainfall, and the land now looks like August -- especially around Helena. The Bozeman area appears as a kind of oasis, with its hay crops and trees and water. But the Jefferson & Gallatin are more gravel than water.

Much enjoyed our visit to the Malone household, Kathy and daughters Wandy (14) and Molly (21) being personable in the extreme, and Mike very generous and interesting in his swirling way, which takes some getting used to. Wendy told me that he can watch tv, read a book, and listen to music from earphones all at the same time, and keep track of it all. He turns on the kitchen tv as soon as he gets there in the morning, turns on the car radio while starting the motor -- intriguing and baffling to this print-oriented mass media prof. No doubt he'd be reflective of the mainstream, except that he's an exceeding bright history prof who sops up everything, it seems.

One of Mike's generousities was to lend us his office on Tuesday when the Wyoming screenwriters arrived from Cody to discuss English Creek, having been dispatched by producer Doug Netter. They were just ahead of us, walking into the Overland Express, a good sign of efficiency. Ron Bishop, the older, ordered up iced tea, and Mark Spragg a beer, which he nursed along. Another good sign.

Bishop, a big, ruggedly handsome fellow perhaps in late 50s, has been a Marine, I think alluded to stuntman, has written for the New Yorker, and now has some kind of company which he says will merge with Netter's for the English Creek project. Mark, son of a Wyoming dude rancher educated at Yale, seems a protege. Both likeable and without obvious posturings. Both seems to know and like literature.

After lunch, we settled in at Mike's office and they gently explained the requirements of scripts, and the likely demands of studios. They outlined a kind of barbones start to the project, as expected. Get a script written, have director and stars rounded up by Netter, get the financial packaging and a major studio to distribute. Long way down the road, folks.

Ivan and I had discussed what they might want to do by way of change and simplification to English Creek. We (or at least I) had not thought of making Stanley Beath's father, a suggestion Ivan took with equanimity and allowed that it wouldn't be insurmountable to his trilogy.

We had thought they'd want to cut much -- including especially the Hebners and haying. But, for starters anyway, they didn't.

In this mutual sizing up that last almost three hours from the start of lunch, only they can know what they thought, but they should have a sense that Ivan is a pro who knows that a film is a separate creative product. Ivan made plain that he's willing for changes as long as they don't do violence to the spirit of the book and its people. And they seemed genuinely interested in his ideas.

They are a bit mechanical about motivation -- eg. what made Stanley return. What made him drink. Ron did say at one point that there's a kind of mathematical calculation in scriptwriting. And I suppose it's not good enough for the commercial studios that some people are simply addicted to drink, and that he came back because, as he tells Jick, he's been most everywhere else, and they're no better.

But OK.

Ivan called his ~~xxxxx~~ film agent, Lynn Rieshette, directly afterward, told her things were satisfactory and to try to get \$10,000 option money, even if some of it has to wait to be paid next year. He asked about retaining the title, and she said it couldn't be written into the contract, but something could be done about a based-on-the-book approach. From a writer's way of looking at it, a film is publicity for the written work -- if properly identified.

It would be fun to see English Creek become a good film, but I don't go around dwelling on it or counting on it. However, here's some real interest at the producer/scriptwriter level.

Carol's notes -- July 4, 1985 -- Great Falls

Ivan did a gratis reading of the new ms. for the Great Falls Public Library yesterday, at 12:15 in the garden forum. A record ~~was~~ 160 people turned out, listened to the start of Dancing, had Ivan sign books, reconvened for questions, despite the heat. As we drove from there to Holiday Village Alton's, one bank's thermometer read 95°, and according to the Tribune the day's high was 98, one degree less than the record breaker of Tuesday. More of same today, and no end in sight.

Last night at 6:20, driving to Hazel and Gene Bonnet's down the Black Eagle hill, I could feel the heat in my lungs -- scary.

As Ivan said by way of introduction at the library he has enough research now on the drought of 1919, and the rain can come any time. But there's no sign; more of same predicted, and we are hunkered in today at the Arnst house, while they're still on vacation, running the window air conditioner and sleeping in the cellar -- and not cooking.

This has been an enormously upbeat trip, and if the weather doesn't break I have a hunch that we'll skitter back to Puget Sound sometime soon. Ivan's research is done, except perhaps for one interview here in town, and so are his appearances. For my part, I'm vacationed, have gained 3 or 4 pounds, I think, and am feeling dandy after a seige of colds and flu-like bugs. This weather would burn it out!

It's possible to get some small feeling for how droughts must have affected, and still affect, people on the land. The tantalizing clouds of an evening at Bozeman, with no result. The 5-minute showers we've driven through a couple of times, but nothing of consequence. The air has been dry, and yesterday was the first time I felt uncomfortable -- nice for a tourist, unless the implications are understood.

A big pile of cloud to the northwest interested us last night, white and fluffy atop, not quite mushroom in shape. This morning's paper reported a considerable fire at Kings Hill, a surprising explanation.

5 July, Arnsts basement, Great Falls--Outside ~~ix~~ it is about 100 above with a brisk hot wind blowing, in this most searing Montana summer. C and I have simply holed up here the past 2 days, waiting for the Arnsts to get back from Bible camp near Kalispell, as they will any minute now. I'm a bit edgy and wanting to move on, but some try at diplomacy is in order here, the Arnsts have been so generous to us with this house. We've jettisoned plans to see some new parts of the state, such as the Missouri Breaks, and to do something with the Arnsts tomorrow; will simply pull out for Dupuyer in the morn before the worst heat hits. (On 10th Ave. S this morning at 9:45, a bank sign read 90 above.)

C and I have gotten out fairly early, this morning and yesterday, to walk the shaded streets of the old Gt. Falls neighborhoods before the heat. These suburban boxes on this bench simply sop up the heat; the family catercorner across the street has set up a table and chairs in their garage, seem to be living in there with their door up for the sake of some breeze.

About 10 this morning we went to Columbus Hospital to see Harold Chadwick's wife Maxine McGrew, who has been in 10 days or more with swollen arm and leg. Says she's been better the past two days. ~~Human~~ By her account, and I guess we'll see if for ourselves, Harold is getting forgetful--he's only 74. I've had some dread this time of seeing what time has done to Dupuyer people, and the news about Harold more than verifies that dread.

C has done a heroic job of taking over the diary for this trip; I'll by and large have to fill in whatever comes to me when we get home. Shd note, though, that the reading at the Gt. Falls public library--the 1st 2 scenes of Rascal--drew 160 people in this heat, and they seemed to like the material. To our amazement, among the crowd was Mary Clearman Blew, who'd come down from Havre with writing prof Bill Thackeray and a NMC music teacher. We had/ice tea at the Rainbow with them afterward, Mary in a sunny mood, saying she hasn't caught the longer rhythms of a novel while I said I'm stumped by the quickness of short stories.

Carol's notes on Norman Maclean

Seeley Lake, Montana. Monday, July 8, 1985

We headed west from Dupuyer at 7:40 a.m., stopped for coffee in Lincoln, and rolled into Norman's driveway right on time at 11:30 to find a modest log cabin with screened porch looking out on the lake. The outhouse down the drive features handcrafted seat covers that slide sideways!

Norman explained that he and his father had built the place in 1922. It's on land leased from the Forest Service, so subject to regulations, which he mentions while indignantly pointing at a mountainside clearcut across the lake. The Bob Marshall wilderness starts to the east, and he says there may be the greatest concentration of grizzlies in the country in there.

We were offered a drink -- Annick and Bill later told us that the noontime Bloody Mary is ritual -- and he fixed us first-rate vodka tonics before heading into Seeley Lake community for lunch. (And a round of beer.) By the time we drove him back around the lake it was going for 3 -- so a good visit. He offered that he's 82, and his face is somewhat more craggy, and he's perhaps somewhat heavier than when we first met him at the Who Owns the West conference in Missoula in May of 1979. He's sharp and sharp-witted, and while he occasionally can't recall a name from the past, he's right on the mark most of the time. (Remindful of Carstensen's remark about Commager: He's lost some of his marbles, but he still has more left than ~~most~~ the rest of us ever had.) Some observations:

On publishing. He doesn't have a publisher for the book-in-progress, is ticked off at U.Chicago Press, but has no time for NY publishers, either. Says he doesn't need the money, and feels his time is so limited at 82 that he doesn't want to divide his energies between writing and negotiating a contract. (He needs Liz to do the work for him, but I wasn't about to instruct him in the matter, since ^{his} mind is clearly made up!) I didn't have the nerve to ask when he's gonna be done, but he did offer that he's been reading parts of it, most lately during a distinguished professorship lecture at Stanford. He likes the feedback, and tries to do that three or four times a year. None of the writing folks we know have seen any part of it. Come on, Norman; leave it go.

On film-making: Annick and Bill took Norman to Sundance, and after years of harumphing at what weasels and worse the film crowd were, he came back beguiled. When we saw Annick a few

hours later, she said she had a \$5,000 check to get to him. So they've managed an option, ~~must~~ gotten some seed money from Redford's enterprise, and must find the finances if they're going to do A River Runs Through It. Norman was impressed with the skills of the film editors and said they ran Bill into burning the midnight oil with script suggestions. He now thinks it might be fun, in his old age, to cooperate in making a film. And he and Annick are neighbors in the Blackfoot River country, less than an hour apart. Given Norman's penchant for wanting things his way and no compromise, we'll see if even Annick and Bill's sweet reason will prevail. Bill said they'd been about two years in getting this far --but then no one else has managed even an option. No doubt we'll hear more of this sage.

On teaching: By the time he retired from the U. of Chicago, Norman had won the distinguished teaching award more than any other faculty member. He was interested in what and where I taught, and offered that a person is probably born with an addiction to teaching. "I'm not sure I want to hear that," I kidded him. He says he taught mostly poetry, and thinks most highly of Keats, grew up on Wordsworth. I gather his most popular course was Shakespeare, which he taught once a year. He's been retired a bunch of years by now, but has a lively interest in teaching and teachers. He also has a very positive opinion of women, is almost courtly, and surely Annick, who's an extraordinary person anyway, is benefitting from that. He made much of the fact that she's a city person (and a U. Chi. grad, though she never took a course from Norman), and there's no reason she should have been able to handle her homestead property as a widow with children to bring up. He's impressed -- and let's hope it helps the film project over the rough spots.

On Writing: Like Ivan, Norman writes in the mornings. He tries to establish a routine, but said he hadn't mastered it yet this year, was still settling in after being back only a few days from Sundance. Would like to hear him talk more about the craft of writing some time. I did finish off a roll of film with a few pictures of the two Scot writers. He's most personable and obliging, and generous with his time. A pussycat, as I told Ivan. But I've gotta admit that I wouldn't like to be in charge of making a film of A River... That brings up adjectives like formidable, and stubborn. I hope they're successful and that we get to see the film in, say, three years.

12 July--3:50 on a Friday, I'm feeling as if I've had a week. Indeed, 7 days ago we were in Gt. Falls in 101 heat with the 50+ mph wind blowing.

The 3 days we've been home have been glorious weather. So far, a Seattle drought means blue sky for the trees to be green against, 80ish warmth in the sun and instant comfortable cool in the shade. Have hacked away at chores, though to my horror the desk top is still a jumble; I'd hoped to start working on the ms with some efficiency next week, but every system in the place is yet clogged. I did get 3 new closet shelves into use, C painting them y'day, and that at least relieves some of the piles of books.

The mail has been plentiful but pleasant. Appreciative notes from Gretel Ehrlich and James Herndon for blurbs. Final advance check for German edition of Sky--started in deutschmarks, went into Swiss francs for handling by the continental agent, into pounds in Carol Smith's hands, finally into dollars for me, about \$500.

I'll try peck away at the diary in days ahead, but want now to add some of my notes to C's about Norman Maclean. His long narrow face has wrinkles both directions--a crosshatch. He walks from the waist down, upper part of his body not particularly involved. While fixing us drinks, he hummed. We talked about the Bob Marshall Wilderness, across Seeley Lake from his cabin, and I asked if he'd encountered Marshall in his FS days. He said no, but a famous forester had lived right next door there at the lake--Elers Koch. Said Koch wrote a novel, then shot himself. "And that was after one novel," Norman stressed to me with a wicked glint. I said, "You're trying to tell me I'm living on borrowed time?" Of Ross Toole, whom N once wrote a piece for in Montana Mag of History and was pissed off to see the captions in error, N said Ross did a lot of good things in his environmental preaching but "he was a sonofabitch, it was coming out his ears." The Tooles had been mainstays of Norman's father's church in Missoula; Norman reiterated something I'd just found out, that Ross's father ran the Anaconda Company's timber outfit over there.

17 July--Some great job of pecking into this diary; I glance up and 5 days have gone. Monday we chose to hike Dungeness, caught glorious weather, sunny with a cool breeze. C and I went to the lighthouse and back, 1 1/4 mi., no ill effects, pretty damn good. Y'day I reviewed the ms, got glum as I saw the needed work on 1st two chs.; C meanwhile had gone downtown in search of a table for the word processor, came home glum from fruitlessness of that: we weren't great company for each other. Today I worked over 1st 7 pp. of the ms in the Wang, made some progress, C is sunnier too.

I do have the feeling I've been working like a SOB and almost none of it has produced actual gain, growth of the ms. For all that we've both ~~been~~ been going at a gallop since we got home, I'm still trying to empty the Mont. notebook and do sorting and clipping. ~~Anyway~~ Anyway, here is an item I may as well put here as anywhere. At my reading at Gt Falls library, guy who introduced himself as Carl Field of Choteau--I knew the name--said he's John McTaggart's executor, and among McT's papers he's found the birth certificate which shows that McT was born illegitimate, in Glasgow (Scotland). I think he said McT was later adopted by whomever his mother married. I'm interested in the long effects of the past: in guys like McTaggart and C's dad perhaps carrying with them through life the storms of ~~that~~ skewed childhood.

C just came in with Publishers Wkly with news that Tom Stewart has been made pres and publisher of Atheneum. Full congrats, Tom. But are ye going to edit yet, too?

26 July--End, or at least beginning of the end, of vigorous week on the ms. Have hammered at it every day, trying to gain major chunks of revise with the word processor. The bedamned thing began wavering this morning, evidently not wanting to be on the extension cord I added when we removed C's second desk and put the Wang where we thought we wanted it. My eyes feel like hell, and I've got a stint of running the printer yet, but I've about whupped the week.

29 July--Hot days and long days. Except for going to Edmonds for brunch with Jean and Cindy, C and I worked all weekend--she painted the interior room, I all-but-built a table for the word processor. The table project turned out surprisingly handsome; long time since I did any real building, and while I'm still a wood butcher the sense of style ain't too bad.

Did some writing today, middling. May take tomorrow off to hike Dungeness, tides and weather permitting.

Language note from y'day: Thea Cochran knocked on the door at lunchtime, said her car battery was dead--"So could you jump me?" I for**g**ore, but did go over and start her car.

87 degrees now, 3 p.m.

5 Aug.--Whew. I'd just as lief have life let up on us a bit. Against my intentions I'm into this August week of ms work, hoping to get the first chapter finally under control, and as I gritted and sat down to work this morn the phone rang, it was Carelyn Reeburgh saying they're in Prince George on their way south to Calif. sabbatical and they could use a place to flop the next 2 nights. Given that the Schneiders rescheduled our invite to supper to Wed. night, this week is turning into wall-to-wall people and lots of luck to ch. 1. I will keep to a writing schedule, and if I can muster the energy will get the ch. to some point where I can walk away from it. But none of this is the way I wanted August to go.

After a muggy morning, bright fine weather. Last week I built the desk for the word processor--used it first today, just dandy--and C did sundry house improvements, including painting an end of the kitchen. Sat. morn I worked, another teeth-gritter; had Rae Ellen come for 3 hrs., she typed file cards of Mont. trip as I read the stuff from pocket notebook, then she began putting ch. 3 on processor. It gained me some schedule I badly needed, but I really am in need of two mutually antagonistic things, a finished first chapter and some time off.

13 Aug.--The Caper of the Stranded Alaskans. The truck trouble the Reeburghs encountered at Ft. George is as of this moment not solved, though it may--or may not be--in the next hour. A transmission woe led to ordering a gasket which didn't come until this morning--a full week after Bill took the truck in to the Dodge dealer on Aurora. Result, the Reeburghs are now about 6 days behind schedule and Bill is one antsy sabbaticaled prof. From our point of view, their stay hasn't been bad--space is a bit tight, but both C and I have managed to relax about that a bit the past few days--and Bill and Peter whaled into chores with me, the 3 of us replacing rotten gateposts at both ends of house y'day, and cutting down dead pines along front of house and dead madrona on hill today.

I had a fairly rough--strenuous--week of writing, last week. Got the 1st 40 pp. of 1st ch. realigned and smoothed passably, I think, and most of ch. 2. Not the uninterrupted run of ms I hoped to have by now, but close enough for me to stop and catch my breath a little.

August, though, evidently will freewheel if we let it, and maybe ~~even~~ even if we don't. Just had a call from Jim Kelly, who was in grade school in WSS when I was, offering to show me his movie he made in honor of his grandparents. The offer proved to be better than it sounded at first, as he teaches film-making in Toronto.

I went to Amadeus with Reeburghs last night, we all went to Gods Must Be Crazy a few nights ago; picknicked with them in Edmonds on Sunday, took them to lunch at Brusseau's today, Jean came for supper with them a few nights ago, the Schneiders and Frank last Wed. The full life, eh?

My mood is pretty good, though I'm ready for C and I to have some space and privacy. A bit apprehensive that middle of August is damn near ~~here~~ here and I don't have a number of office chores cleaned up, nor have C and I got to any painting projects besides the ones she did in late July-start of Aug.

21 Aug.--The respite I hoped August would be began this morning, when Linda and Eli left for the airport a little after 6. C is in the living room calmly reading newspapers, I'm puttering at study chores and may actually get to some leisure reading.

The Reeburghs left a week ago today, at 1 p.m. I came down with terrific soreness and stiffness in upper right area of my chest, consequence of the labors Bill and Peter and I did, and those began to fade just y'day. So when Linda and Eli arrived on Sunday, I likely was a bit grumpy or at least withdrawn, partly because I was feeling overvisited but mostly because I just felt like hell. I managed to loosen up, in both senses, and think I was doing okay by y'day. Eli turned out to be very likeable, to my relief, and Linda is thriving. We took them to Cafe De Paris last night; night before Schneiders came for supper--Linda and Eli had another invite, ~~xxx~~ but got here before the Schneiders left. So it has been a social merrygoround, and C proclaims herself blunked out on kitchen performances.

The NY Times meanwhile has been looming into my life. Last Thursday as C and I were trying to unstop a slowed-and-possibly-kaput toilet, phone rang, she got it and came for me, I groused "Who is it?"--it was Bob Harris of the Book Review. I ended up agreeing to look at The Tree of Life, by Hugh Nissensen; am somewhat tempted to do the review in diarylike form, but dunno yet. I've turned down everybody else on the face of the earth, in these review requests. Then Monday, I came back from interview in Issaquah--Cecelia Waltman, formerly of Valier, had some decent early memories for me--to phone message C took from Agnes Greenhall of the Sophisticated Travler supplement. What that little brush of contact turned out to be was the goddamn supplement dropping the careful quotation frame I'd built the article around, and requesting a new ending. I was truly ticked, particularly since they apparently did it sheerly because of space on the page; but y'day morning I soldiered and called in a revise.

4 Sept.--There went August. No sooner had C and I muscled our way through the painting of the kitchen, both hallways and the living room than the goddamn roof sprung a leak. Visions of the new paint job ruined sent us up to roller on a polymeric spread and when that ran out, Redy-Mix from Fred Meyers. But the replacement of the roof looms, one estimator coming yet today and two tomorrow, just as I'm trying to get focused back into writing. This house is going to be sharp when we get done with the summer's rehab--of which C has done well over half the work--but I am a bit weary from it, and dismayed to have to start a writing stint from a rut of weariness. A few days' good accomplishment may perk me up, the week we intend on the Oregon coast may, but something better do it.

First phone call of ~~f~~ autumn season, Kay Chapman of Idaho asking me to do a 2-week institute for master teachers next July; expenses, per diem, \$3000. Am I nuts for turning such things down and pounding away at these manuscripts? A week or so ago, a guy called from Helena wanting me to write some sort of centennial book and when I told him nope, he said, "Maybe ~~I~~ should put it this way, how much money would it take to change your mind?" I told him, no amount.

We did manage to hike Dungeness on Thurs. Aug. 22, then I wrote the NYTBR a review of Hugh Nissenson's novel-as-a-diary, "The Tree of Life." Having written one I now see why those reviews sound the way they do. I gigged N'son on leaving section out of his diarist's land entry of township and range, and because it took some explaining that single little omission elbowed considerable space in the review; I'm bothered about the judiciousness of that in a 700-word review, but on the other hand, N'son's error ~~was~~ is a basic one. In any case, I now have pieces coming out in the NY Times twice in Oct., little pennants with my name on ~~the breeze~~ in the breeze during a bookless season.

Actually not bookless. I keep forgetting the Penguin Eng Crk is on its way; Jean called today to report Pac Pipeline lists 4000 on order.

10 Sept.--A stalled day, after too much of a day y'day. Why I don't have the stamina to recuperate from a day and an evening out, I don't know, but I sure as hell don't. 9:30-3:30 y'day I spent at KING-TV in Annick Smith's committee meeting, as she and Ann Stadler try to frame proposal for NEH funding of 6-state centennial tv series. I wrote, between 7 and 9 y'day morn, a couple of perspective paragraphs that might be used in the proposal, but after the 1st couple of hrs, devoted to introductions (12-15 of us there) and reading of Annick's ~~proposal~~ prelim version of the proposal, it came to clear to me that what she and Ann needed was to hear the state NEH bureaucrats--from all the 6 states except S Dakota--tell them how things had to sound, or dare not sound, to have a chance with the NEH funding panel. I accordingly shut up and sat, and maybe it's the disparity of a head as busy as mine in ~~an~~ immobile body that does me in on such occasions. Left at 3:30, just about as the rest of the committee was getting underway for another 3 hrs or so, came home, Jean came for supper, and she and C and I went to the Nippon Kan theater where I was to ~~read~~ read 5 min. from Catcher in the Rye at the Coalition Against Censorship show. It wasn't something I wanted to do, but I'd turned them down 2 years in a row, and I devoutly believe in their work. The audience was sparse--likely 50-60--and the show was damn good, With John Gilbert, Ruben Serra, David Silverman and several others. It is a by-god honor to be on the same stage with John Gilbert. And Silverman is truly hilarious; you can see every muscle in him working, right up to the tiny ones in front of the ear, as he does his impersonations; he does physically what Tony Angell has told me effective sculpture must, exaggerate the form by 10%.

Well, given all that, why have I been so close to funk recently? The roof leak--I would rather deal with pirates than roofers--and the 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ^{hr} power outage last Fri. have put unexpected strains on the household just as I thought we were getting the place under control. Beyond that, I dunno, I dunno. I hope it's a case of 24-hr blues.

11 Sept.--Further on y'day: abt 4 in the afternoon I began to feel perfectly fine, and today has gone well. The stalled feeling, the physical ennui I wrote of, was much like jet lag.

Friday the 13th: take it as an auspice, that this is the day I'm trying to change the dry run of luck on the Dancing ms? The Wang screen came down with a case of the jumps y'day morning, and together with last Friday's electronic coma during the power outage and the eyestrain I feel from sessions of looking at the screen, it convinces ~~me~~ me to quit trying to straddle and make some work decisions. Which seem to be: get back to first-drafting at typewriter--i.e., my original, that cutting-and-pasting ain't a serious woe is still right--and then have Rae-Ellen put ms into the machine for me to revise in sessions of an hour or so at a time.

Also today, which is the last workday before we head to Oregon coast and thus the last one before C's Shoreline school year starts, I've been sorting file cards, refining their categories, etc. By and large I have the material for this book--christ, by now I ought to have, after the summers in Montana, trip to Scotland, interviews--and what's needed is system: use the stuff, produce pages, aim for a shapely 6-chapter total (about half the book) by New Year's.

20 Sept.--Good trip to Oregon. We hiked the Nehalem Bay beach every day Sun.-Thurs., plus a Cannon Beach hike one of those morns. Tented at Nehalem Bay the first and last nights, stayed at the Waves in C Beach in between, riding out Monday's 8 hrs of strong rain.

I've come home, though, with the latest health niggler, a swollen itchy left eye. Mike Stewart looked at it today, says it's either a staph infection or a cyst; treatment is much same in either case, some medication and a lot of hot packs. Have got to try to square myself up and ignore this insofar as possible.

Some invites on phone machine and in mail, most unexpected one from Rosann Royer to talk with a Tashkent writer next Wed. when the Russian sister city group visits Seattle.

prejudice

22 Sept.---11:15, listening to the Farm Aid concert. Shipwrecked in the eighties, as Kristofferson sang a bit ago. Foreigner just played, like Cat Stevens loose in an electronics center. So fine, so fine, in the words of Roy Blount's backup girls.

Friday at Pioneer bank in Edmonds, as I ~~expose~~ cashed in a certificate of deposit, the teller asked, did the FBI ever get in touch with you? I looked blank and said nope, why should they? Because, he said, we were being held up the last time you were in here. As I was the accounts desk that day, the teller writing me a check for a CD and getting me some cash as well, the holdup guy was at the farthest teller.

25 Sept.--The ms began to go, somewhat, today. The eye nastiness is better but still hindersome; improved focus in that left eye today--I went thru much of Monday with it blurred and grainy--and I'll try live with it this week to see how it trends.

On the ms, I continue to need a miracle week, better a miracle 10 days, that would jerk together a workable draft of an entire chapter. I'm going well on this Scotch Heaven chapter, it's shaping itself reasonably and sounds good at least in places, but it's going to take me beyond this week, and for all to christ I know maybe beyond next, to get it into a full draft.

C has been pacing herself thru the week-before-classes at Sh'line. Her medical checkup y'day was splendid. Now if she could trade in her flowing sinuses and I my swampy eye.

Reprise of summer, 70s this afternoon; almost too warm when I walked the park at 2:30.

1 Oct.--Decent ms progress today, full-fledged 4 pp. Have put them on the Wang, which means there's half an hour of printing out to be done somehow; the costs of time-saving.

Currently am feeling pretty good, the eyelid still swollen but not nearly as much. Am still soaking it with hot borax acid patches as much as I can, usually 3 times a day; it doesn't look as if the lump on the eyelid, the clogged gland, is gonna go away as hoped, though.

1 Oct. cont.--Social weekend. We took Frank to Fall City herb farm with us Sat. afternoon, then Jean came for supper. Sunday, hike with Damborgs on Burroughs Mtn., bald knob directly under n. slope of Mt. Rainier, then supper at their place. A terrifically scenic day, full sun, Rainier and its glaciers in wonderful detail.

Today brought Ansel Adams autobiog, via Fed Express from the Wash'n Post, for my review, and in the mail John Hawkes' Alaskan novel from Simon & Schuster, with heavy hint that a review would be nice. No ~~that~~ thanks on the latter, I think. Y'day brought the new Miss Manners from Ath'm and our copy of Field of Vision, hilariously inscribed by Wright Morris.

7 Oct.--Decent day of ms work, revamping the start of Angus's passion for Anna. Am feeling pretty good; 3:45 now, have just quit work on W Post Ansel Adams review, decent energy level today. Am concerned about C, who came home at 1, before embarking on an entire afternoon of doctoring her voice, looking damn done in for a Monday.

A main aggravation with us, though for some reason it didn't bother me much when I phoned today and found about it, is incessant delay by our would-be roofers. Supposed to show up this week, now it's next wk. I have dreaded working with these roofing SOB's and it's proceeding about as I dreaded.

C just came in, said her voice problem is much better, end of treatment in sight. So much the better.

Sat. afternoon, we fired up our power roller and painted 4 rooms of Ann McCartney's place. She has bad back, Dick was in Oly for committee meetings; painting their bedroom, with constant barriers of furniture standing ~~around~~ around, was a teetotal bastard, but got it done.

Fri. on my walk of n'hood, was attacked by a dog. Didn't quite manage to bite me but only because he couldn't figure out how. Shook me considerably, as I was walking along obliviously, thinking about the Ansel review, when the shithead came straight across the street for me.

14 Oct--Start of a week I've been monumentally dreading, The Time of the Roofers. Or Maybe Not of the Roofers, equally bad. 8:45 now, nobody in sight and no word, wet and blustery day; and a bank holiday--Columbus Day--which means I can't pay them the full specified 1/3 if the SOBs do show up. None of it is a help to the concentration, which has made me think I'd better try do little gizmo tasks, such as this and letters, whenever I can't make the ms perform.

We had a good weekend, Sat. a bright fine day of hiking Dungeness and y'day an orderly one of chores which helped the general state of this house. Frank made his weekend noon visit y'day, and it's becoming a full-time job keeping a straight face around him, in his new Dorothy situation. Y'day brought two new pronouncements, that he could see why unmarried people live together--think of the expnses it saves--a most welcome radical reversal from his rant to me a couple of years that all that was just adultery as far as he was concerned; and, this one making C's jaw drop, the mention that Dorothy is Catholic. She said to me afterward, this is all a 360 degree change in him, isn't it. I said no, more like 720 degrees. So, we keep our traps shut, careful not to tease him--enough of that seems to go on among the Madison House inmates, who by Frank's report and his example seem to behave about like 8th-graders--and exult that he's found someone to help fill the hours.

Friday, I contended with the gods. As usual They, New York Times chapter, won. Phone rang abt 11, when I was deep in ms writing, surprising me because I thought I had the answering machine on. Hello, this is Bob Harris of NYTBR, couple of things about your review. OK, I say, let me dig out my copy. Which to my mortification and befuddlement I couldn't find--the only time I can recall, that I've not been able to retrieve a piece with the editor on the line. Finally I said--wrong thing; should have told him a) I'll have to call back when I find it or b) let me get it up on the Wang--well, okay, just tell me the changes you have in mind. 6 or 8 of them, it turned out, excising livelier language down to duller in each case, and making a review I'm already not happy with even more of a mashed potato glop.

15 Oct.--A glum time y'day, after the diary entry and into the evening; problem with my left eyelid began bothering again, the eye tiring so bad I couldn't read. Hot-packed it before and after supper, went to bed before 8. Am going to have to call Mike Stewart's office this morn, find a firm routine for hot-packing the eye; if that doesn't do it, Mike has to scrape the clogged gland, inside the lid.

Also have to bolster myself and get through this patch of the roofing annoyance (no SOB's again y'day, latest solemn promise is to show up tomorrow) and of trying to get these first 6 chs. of Dancing to editable form. I hope this turns out to be a famous book, because if it doesn't it likely won't have been ^{worth} this amount of work.

16 Oct.--In the annals of tarrying, mark it: roofers arrived now, 9:45, and are committing commotion overhead.

17 Oct.--Holy H. Jesus, now the furnace blower isn't turning off, whooshing constant cold air. I'm going to need traffic control on the repairmen around here this morning.

21 Oct.--The nerve-wracking roofing is in what I hope to Christ is its last big phase. With luck, which is to say if the rain doesn't cut loose, they should have almost all the roof sealed into place by tonight. The ~~wakeend~~ weekend was a total bastard, rain howling down almost constantly and ~~monky~~ only $\frac{1}{4}$ of the roofing material sealed down, the rest of the roof diapered in plastic and felt sheeting. By Sunday morning there were leaks in the shop, along its outer wall to the carport, but we haven't found anything in the house proper. The contractor Bob Stout came over y'day morning after I'd phoned him about the shop leaks, and he swathed some more plastic up there. But he told me this morning, after I'd said we have no apparent leaks within house, he'd worried all last night, mostly about wind getting under the plastic and ripping it off.

So, this roofing nightmare may be dimming away, and none too soon. Have managed very little ms work during it, the commotion overhead just too much.

21 Oct.--cont.--C and I spent an insular weekend, keeping an eye on the roof situation. I read galleys of my intro to SCORPIO RISING, which seems fine to me--express-mailed them to Viking this morn. Thurs. or Fri. of ~~lx~~ last week I mailed my Ansel Adams review to Wash. Post. It's greatly better than my NYTBR one, which will be in next Sunday's R. Caught up on correspondence and some desk-cleaning, and had better do more of that this afternoon, simply forget ms work until these hammerers and thumpers climb off the top of my head.

24 Oct.--The roof is in place. The weather both gave us hell and gave us a break; after pounding down all weekend, the rain edged past us on Tuesday--stormed like fury as close as Aurora Ave., meanwhile clear enough here for the guys to get the last of the plys torched down. Been some mild tinkering since, but that essentially was victory. I tried to come up from the bends of the past week y'day, going down to walk Green Lake, buying us a splendid baby coho for supper. Did get some editing--on ch. 1, of course, the most-traveled part of any of my books--done the first few days of this week, and today I actually by god wrote some fresh stuff, started to give some shape and heft to the ch. about Adair.

Dale Johnson called from UMontana library today, seeing if I would give the Missoula library talk next spring. Told him it's the one year I don't foresee Montana, try me in '87. And it must have been Tuesday when Carol Orlach of UW extension courses called, said she now has the schedule for UW summer writers conference, am I still going to be able to do it? ~~For~~ Wait a minute, I said, my memory is that I told you I could be a "possibility" for fund-raising purposes but that I'm not a likely prospect to actually do it. And I ain't, I finally convinced her. Or maybe not finally.

C and I have been watching World Series, at least games 3, 4 and tonight, for 1st time in I don't know how many years. Mostly because it's something I can stand to do in the evening with this eye, but partly too because of this Cardinal team, a rabbit style we're taken with. Last night's suicide squeeze bunt by the 2nd-string catcher was worth the watching.

3 Nov.--A bend in the year, a turning toward completion. Last week's work on Dancing was the best I've had on this recalcitrant book. After all its reluctances, this ms seems to edit and revise beautifully. ~~W~~ I'll know more surely by end of next week, when I get the Barclay and McCaskill family b'grounds finally seamed in, but the first chapter is beginning to seem the best book opening I've done. Not that readers will necessarily agree, upon finding that the first character they meet is a dead horse.

Sunday midafternoon, I'm about to go up and ~~x~~ walk the park. C and I went to Green Lake this morn, first time in a while. By hunkering in y'day--I did laundry, cooked a soup, vacuumed, anything I thought survival needed; C tackled her midterm avalanche of papers to grade--we began toward getting things under control around here. Friday evening, when I was feeling spent from the week of writing and I had just dealt with the furnace repairman in unsuccessful try at getting us a simple thermostat that ~~it~~ will turn itself on at 5:30 every morn, I told C I was bothered that we're barely keeping our heads above water with our work, the household etc., while nothing extraordinary was going on in life; no slack available if something went wrong. I'd no sooner said so than phone rang, Frank was reporting stomach trouble. C got over to see him y'day, there's a chance it's stomach flu; there's also a chance it's ulcers or some such triggered by his arthritis medicine. Anyway, thank god big nights of sleep--9 or so hours for each of us--this weekend have revved us up enough.

Among today's twiddlings, I calculated my year's income, evidently complete now but for \$175 from Wash. Post for bk review: just under \$46,000. Nearly twice as much as ever before. The NEA fellowship was the bonanza I needed.

Nov. 6--2 p.m., the Wang printer is thundering them~~me~~ out right now, last 2 pp. of ch. 1 revise. Mighty sonofabitch it has been, it's at last done. Some chance of getting chs. 2 and 4 ready by end of tomorrow or Monday, which would put me halfway to finishing this 1st half of Dancing. And about time.

13 Nov.--The week of the eye. Y'day afternoon I finally had to have the inside of my left eyelid scraped, to get rid of the chalazion; hotpacking simply wasn't bringing down the lump in the lid, about size of eraser on pencil, so the eye couldn't blink properly, felt grainy, tired and unfocused. The operation Mike Stuart did was to numb the lid with novocaine, then put a clamp on the lid and roll it back off the eyeball, get in there and dig out the accumulated matter. The eyelid is naturally outraged at such treatment, and by lunchtime today a seep was coming down over the pupil which again put everything out of focus. I laid down for a couple of hours, and while the eye now--4 p.m.--is weary and a bit blurred, it's not the mess it was. I'm in hope that by the weekend I'll be seeing fairly normally and by a week or ten days from now this'll be only a bad memory. It's plagued my last two months.

For all how dismal the eye, and because of it the rest of me, has felt today, I wrote a little over 2 pp.

Phone call Sun. morn from Linda Miller, saying my Ansel Adams review was on p. 1 of Wash. Post Book World. Haven't seen it yet, but oh I will.

Night of the 7th we went to Tony Angell's show at Foster-White, then to supper with Tony, Noel and about a dozen others at Tlequepaque, a thundrously loud, ~~but~~ slow, but good Mexican place. C said it was one of the sights of a lifetime to see Tony at the head of the table, trying to be nonchalant while behind him the strolling trio of Mexican guitarists (put up to it by Noel) serenaded him with "Besame Mucho."

After a weekend when I didn't do much except try to nurse my eye and recuperate from finishing push on ch. 1, C and I went to Ebey's Landing on Mon., her Vets' Day holiday. Glorious clear brisk day, this corner of the earth at its most blue and beautiful.

Phone calls today, request to sign books at Waldenbks for Columbia Center opening, which I'll likely beg off from on account of time this eye is costing me, and offer to keynote the community college English teachers' confce next Oct., which I turned down as too close to bk deadline.

15 Nov.--Hope to christ I'm proven wrong, but the household seems to be heading for its annual holiday crash of health.

C has the guarded look and tickling throat that signal a cold coming in her. Hope to christ III that Frank's health holds steady for awhile, it was the strain of his bladder hospitalization that combined with flu to lay C so low last Xmas.

I meanwhile still have a swampy left eye that would like to be closed about 20 hours a day. Have spent the past 2 evenings on the ~~couch~~ couch with eyes closed, listening thru earplug to cassettes lent by Tony and Noel; Hound of Baskervilles, Conn. Yankee, good enjoyable stuff but I would like to be able to read again someday. The eye does recuperate day by day, though the real mark of progress will be when it stops blurring by midday--the seep from the eyelid drifts down over the pupil--and quits feeling so ~~over~~ tired and aggravated. As the rest of me evidently feels, too.

The eye has been about equally bad whether I work or don't, so I've worked the past 2 days, managing to write a couple of pp. of ch. 2 revise each day, and I'm now tantalizingly close to finishing that chapter. A strong day when my head had a little zip to it would do so; I wouldn't bet this is gonna be it.

20 Nov.--Rain and my eye kept us in for the weekend, and against my will I pecked at ch. 2 and finished it except for one scenery description. My eye came toward normal on Sunday and while ~~it's~~ the eyelid is still almost ~~twice~~ as big as the other and still has a small bump on it, the eye works almost as it should. I gritted as patiently as I could--probably not very, I'm not an easy patient--through the 5 days of eyeblur and ache, spending evenings on the couch listening to the cassettes. Which brought a surprise bonus today, when Duvall Hecht, pres of Books on Tape and a buddy of Liz Darhansoff, called me out of the blue and said from Liz's description he has the image of me with my white cane, lying bereft in a darkened room, and he'd like to send me a Book on Tape. I laughed and told him that like the superb agent she is, Liz had put 90% on top of the story, but ~~that~~ I'd love to have a tape. And so, evidently I will.

20 Nov. cont.--We seem to have bought a car. Last midweek C, and Frank a time or so, went looking at Hondas, Mazdas, a Saab. Prices were around \$14,000, and Thurs. night C told me she thought those were ridiculous, she didn't see she could bring herself to do it. I was in my eye mess, feeling awful and showing it and now irked at this--the prospect of not getting the Ford out of our life--besides, so I decided I'd be damned if I'd push us over the brink into buying, as we joke that I usually have to. Next afternoon she said she'd go look at Buicks, I told her forget it if she wanted to, she said no, she ~~wanted~~ wanted to see what was out there, I shrugged and shut up. End of the afternoon, she came home having bought a russet '85 Skyhawk, a bit under \$10,000 with the Ford as trade-in. I said dandy, and first laid eyes on it when we picked it up on Monday at Westlund's. We've had snow and ice ever since, so I haven't driven it yet; if this weather keeps on, this car will last a long long time.

C has been walking to the college, past 2 morns, and I've holed up working on ch. 4. I keep hoping for a big day that'll crystallize this ch., the shortest one so far; more likely, I'm going to have to tinker at it at least the rest of this week.

What else. Strange bird we found ourselves in with the Orians--Gordon is Tony Angell's collaborator on the blackbird book. C and I just before Tony's show bought 4 of the blackbird prints; he'd let us see them a year or two ago, and when I said we'd like dibs on a few, he said you got them, take some xeroxes and see how you like the finished stuff. Day or so after Tony's show and the big supper, call from Betty Orians, saying how stunned they were to find the print of male blackbirds courting in the bulrushes had got away from them, they'd naively supposed prints couldn't be requested from Tony until after the book was in production, would we now turn around and sell them the print? I told her I'd talk it over with C, both of us promptly decided we sure as hell didn't want to, and last Sat. I went through another long diplomatic phone call with Betty O., still trying to figure out to myself (a) why in the dozen or so years they worked together on the book Gordon wd never have said, hey, I like that print, could I... (b)

20 Nov. cont.--why out of over a hundred blackbird prints the Orians were so resolutely settled on the one we had bought fair and square and unknowing, and (c) why the hell I should be spending Saturday time telling her so.

25 Nov.--Snowbound. Or at least demobilized. Light snow this morning (10:30 now), not appreciably adding to the fall that began a week ago tomorrow, but we are hunkering in, C again walked to work--4th schoolday of that in a row--and I'm hunched over manuscript. There's also the unfortunate fact that I'm ~~ma~~ about half-asleep today, maybe consequence of y'day's headache I couldn't shake and a night of fitful sleep. Furnace comes on time and again in this 20 degree and below weather, and the old battery wall clock in the living room goes into a strange plaintive throatclearing--we keep forgetting to take the battery out of it before we go to bed, so midnight or so it wakes one of us ~~xxx~~ and we have to get up and do it.

We have made grocery runs, Saturday and y'day for the Thanksgiving turkey etc., in the new Buick and the front-wheel drive performs nobly. Took Jean a Sunday NYTimes while we were out y'day, she coffeed us up.

On the work front, C much liked the schoolhouse chapter she read for me on Friday. I'm heartened that ch. 5, which I've begun revising today, looks pretty good too, though with mucho work waiting; wish to hell I could have hit it running with three vigorous days before Th'giving, but it isn't happening.

Who knows whether this is worth noting or if anyone else even notices, but the past some weeks have brought what I think is a public disintegration of Garrison Keillor as a radio genius. Likely it's temporary--he's had the giddiest possible autumn, making over a million bucks on his book L. Wobegon Days and as he tells us endlessly on the show, fallen in love, besides having ridden one of these American celebrity surfs, face on Time (as far as I know, not People as I predicted)--but while his monologues remain pretty good the rest of the show wanders: Keillor 2 of past 3 weeks has sung the same Song of Solomon number, evidently to his beloved, with Seattle and Claremont College audiences that were at worst semi-mute and at best embarrassed; the definitive estimate from C is, self-indulgent, Garrison.

27 Nov.--Jesus H., more snow. 3-4 inches of it last night and it's still simpering down. We'll have to see if Thanksgiving's been kicked in the head.

I just called Rae-Ellen in Spokane, to try set up work by her and regain some ms ground next week. This morning I more or less decided to let go of my intention to ship in the complete first half of the ms, and instead ~~am~~ talking myself into sending instalments. Advantage wd be that ch. 1 I'm pretty sure is good, would stand impressively on its own; likely ch. 2 would too; ch. 3-4 would look okay together, with 4--the schoolhouse stuff--a good funny and I hope anticipatory brink. Then ~~is~~ 6 and 7, of Anna and Dair, together when I get them into presentable shape, which more and more looks like happening around the end of Jan. There's a general theory, anyhow, which I've felt much in need of this stub of a week. Have done some revising on ch. 5 and likely can get more done today, maybe even conclude the S. Fork dance scene, but am having real troughs of energy lag, particularly about this time of day, late morning, ~~which~~ when I ought to be muscling stuff to completion.

4 Dec.--Balmy day--49 now, at 4:10, and I was too warm in a not-heavy coat when I walked the n'hood--after our great snow. Sunday, 10 or more days after the snow first came, freezing rain started and changed to heavy plain rain during the night. I picked up Jean at airport from her Minnpls trip and the freeway was wet but unicy, while our streets still had some ice. Remarkable how much more difficult life got during the snow, the feeling of being cooped, not enough movement and exercise. Also, the snow made us tangle with C's dad, who blithely announced on Sat. he was going to drive over, in the face of my offer to come over to him and help him change the battery in his car; took both of us on the phone about 10 minutes to dissuade him. Monday too he talked about coming over ~~xxx~~ to the Aurora K Mart for a battery and on down to our place, and when I said we'd better check on the hill and our street, still icy and full of slush, he again gave me the tale of the day 50 yrs ago when he made his heroic drive thru snow from Pacanac Lake to work, and I ended up telling him snow wasn't the point, ice is, and all I was trying to do was keep him from ending up on his ass in the ditch.

4 Dec.--cont.--So with those flurries, snow and inlawly now behind, life has settled down. Decent day of revising, today, and Rae Ellen has run the revamped ch. 1 thru the Wang and now is starting on ch. 2. It at last begins to seem like a manuscript.

Thanksgiving: we missed the sparkle of Linda Sullivan, off in Europe, and Peter Rokas, snowed in to Idaho, but the day went niftily enough. In attendance: Ann and Dick, Phil and new wife Marion Biscay, Fayette Krause my Conservancy buddy, Frank Zoretich, ~~Et~~ C's dad, Jack Gordon who to our pleasure showed up with his first woman here since Peg--an attractive quiet social worker named Lesley--and for a little while, Dixie Johansen and her Norwegian Volvo mechanic boyfriend Odvar. The last two were hilarious, so unstrung about being on their way to L. Sammamish for dinner with Dix's stuffiest richest relatives--who've never met Odvar--that they dove into the champagne they brought and Odvar had two heaping helpings of dinner with us to fortify himself. What with that development and the general mood, this year's gang ate damn near all of a 11# turkey.

Not a lot happening otherwise, most of 2 weeks snow-quenched. Our new car performed nobly in snow and ice, front-wheel drive a revelation. I went to Gp Health y'day for Mike Stuart to take final look at my eye surgery, he's moderately happy with result, warned me though that the eyelid may not go any farther down toward normal--it's maybe twice the exposed skin of the other lid, noticeable if a person really looks, I guess.

9 Dec.--A day which has been going down the tube ever since 12:15 when I came around the corner from the n'hood walk I was taking to clear my head for the afternoon's work, and saw tail lights of the City Light repair truck backing out of our driveway. I managed to catch the guy and go in with him for the next round of the stove battle--C has been incensed with the repair job they did 3 weeks ago, and was primed to do battle with them when she could get home from the college at 2--and of course he found a burnt out bake element which had nothing to do with the earlier repair, of course we were in for another 50-some dollars, of course it ate an hour of my time dealing with him and more than that in distraction, of course and of course. C no sooner got

9 Dec. cont.--home, after the repair guy had gone, and I'd given her a damage estimate, when phone rang and it was a Wash. Times feature writer wanting to set up an interview with me. Not having a ready answer to a Moonie proposition like that, I said I'd call her tomorrow with an answer. (C and I talked quickly, more or less agreed it's a kind of reverse censorship not to be available to them, though I can't think of a circumstance under which I'd write for them. Immediately the mail came, with a fat envelope from the IRS. That has always meant big trouble, but at least this time it seems to mean minor--they've lost our last q'ly payment check.

I often have an energy dive this time of day anyway, and with the above attention-takers, it's being a considerable plunge just at the point where I need to deal with about an hour of desk chores. Maybe a shower and an orange will help.

11 Dec.--A pause in the ms today, as I try to regroup.

1st 2 chs. now are photocopied, ready for reading by Ann McCartney, Linda Bierds and C, before going off to Athenium in about a month. The next 2 chs. likely have another couple of weeks of work, which disappoints me. The next 2 beyond that likely have 3 or more weeks of work yet, which mildly alarms me. Knowing full well the grind of the year has me tired at this point of the calendar, even so I'm apprehensive about the pace of the work that I've been managing to do. Not easeful either that I suspect my eyelid problem may be coming back.

On a better note, I've been wanting to put down that at supper at Walkinshaw's last Fri. night we had good company--Dr. Bob Barnes and wife June, Jack DeYonge of P-I and his wife Sonia--but were most glad to be around one of our academic heroes, Bob Heilman. His letter defending Roethke against a legislator's notion that R was a nut case, which is in Seager's R bio, is marvelous. Also, time and again C and I have noticed Heilman at readings at the UW, sometimes even when hardly anyone from the so-called active Eng Dept. faculty is on hand.

11 Dec. cont.--The most affecting moment of the evening came late at the dinner table. Heilman had come alone and mentioned that when he came with his wife, he rarely was so prompt. None of us but Jean and Walt knew him, and so didn't know the situation, but there late in dinner Bob Barnes had some occasion to ask H, and he said his wife had passed away. "Oh, when?" asked Bob. "Two weeks ago," said Heilman softly and turned his head just a bit sideways, his lip just quivering. As Barnes said, he damn near cried himself, and so did I. Other than that instant, Heilman was witty, entertaining, adept; all in all, what a man of class he still is.

Heilman told of starting at teaching at LSU, and of being in the legislative galley the day in '35 when they heard what sounded like firecrackers, then seeing Huey Long's throng of camp followers rush back into the chamber and hide behind desks--Huey outside, assassinated. Bob Barnes told of being interviewed recently for the federal job of Ass't

Sec. of Health--he's on a high advisory committee to Dept. of HHS--and being told, "You realize, Dr. Barnes, the litmus test is whether you agree with the President's views on abortion." Barnes, who seems a helluva decent guy, was upset and disgusted, as he is generally with what he sees at HHS; says something like the top 9 posts are empty there, and the people he sees from the viewpoint of his advisory committee are pale, overworked, overweight, and often smell bad because of the hours in their clothes. He also said on his last plane trip to DC, Walter Mondale sat next to him; they talked DC history, Mt. Vernon and such, as the plane came in, and as they parted, Mondale told him: That's the trouble with this current administration, they don't know any of that history.

17 Dec.--3:40, Bob Franke the putative bathroom rebuilder is due at 4--our 3rd session with him, which says something about where the time goes--but meanwhile I'll dab here. Earlier (I'm just out of the shower, after C gave me a desperately needed haircut) I read quickly through these pp. of this year, and was appalled at how choppy and hectic life has been despite our efforts. It's clear that I'll need to severely shut down on outside stuff--articles, speeches--next year. So far I'm reasonably clear; 2

17 Dec. cont.--readings next March, and only a possible Wash. Post bk review and the intro to Tony Angell's Gilcrease show pending. I'll be a bit relieved, in fact, if the intro ~~is~~ for Tony falls through--sheerly on basis of time; the piece itself could be fun. By reining in, and by not going to Montana next summer, maybe life can parse a little more steadily around here.

Calculated the total of Dancing today, and it's right at 65,000 words. Less than I wanted at this point--I'd hoped for 75-90,000 words--but what I'm short is pretty exactly the lost or slowed work because of the eyelid problem. The hope in all this is that the pp. so far are most of the way toward finality; but until Liz, Tom and other readers see the sample I won't know that for sure, either.

Rae-Ellen did several stints of Wang work, finishing y'day with the Noon Creek ch. midway through the dance. We'll see, about March, whether the word processor is at last going to pay off in rapid revision.

Random stuff I haven't found time to say: I made the Readers Digest, at \$5 a word, but only for 10 words, sadly--a quote from Eng Crk about the plow-like McCaskill jawline, used in Pic'que Speech. Week ago Sunday, amid nominees for best books of the year in the Wash. Post

18 Dec.--bathroom guy showed up in mid-sentence y'day. To resume: Roger Kennedy of the Smithsonian chose as his best of '85 Winter Brothers. Also called me "the quirky bard of Puget Sound," good enough. The Post Bk World has its own sense of humor--ran the pic of me with George Eliot, Eudora Welty, Marguerite Duras...

Washington Times feature writer coming in half an hour. Meantime, I've finally whipped a bastardly little chore, getting tapes of speeches ready for copying for U. of Mont. which has ended up taking at least a day.

--another midline interruption, this time by the photog for the Washie Times person, saying she can't make it today so can we set up another time? Photogs and their gobbles of time are something I haven't come close to solving.

This morn I began by reading first few pp. of the new Dictionary of American Regional English, which may provide

18 Dec. cont.--fuel for the way I'm trying to use language in this trilogy. I seem to be done on ms for this year, written out, so will try get some thinking time between now and Jan. 6.

23 Dec.--Awful news today of the Pt. Angeles oil spill reaching Dungeness Spit, the toll on wintering wildfowl there. Tears came to my eyes as I took the P-I from the n'paper box abt 11 and I've cried a number of times since, my head full of 20 years of Dungeness scenes, the writing that has come to me there, the joyous miles C and I have walked and walked--the heartstabbing fact that it is our favorite spot in the world. And the Coast Guard commander said, of this 12th oil spill in the Strait or the Sound in the past 5 years, "pretty much business as usual." Unfortunately the sonofabitch is right.

acceptance speech for English Creek Western Heritage award, Nat'l Cowboy Hall of Fame, Oklahoma City, 20 April '85:

Tonight the Board of Trustees of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame has shown what an open-handed and neighborly place this really is, by conferring this Wrangler award on me, the son of a Montana sheep rancher.

I believe it says much about the actual West, the West that I'm trying to write about in English Creek and my next two novels of the McCaskill family trilogy, that besides being a sheepherder, my father at other times in his life was a cowboy. And a bronc rider. And a homestead kid. And a farmer. The community of the West--the embracing fact that ours is a big, dry, fragile, contentious part of the country which requires a lot of work to make a living from its land--is shown there in my father's several versions of being a Westerner. As my narrator said in English Creek about his father, "I suppose that runs against the usual notion of the West, of cow chousers and mutton conductors forever at odds with each other. But it all came down, so far as I could see, to what my father said whenever someone asked him how he was doing: "Just trying to stay level."

In now awarding me this prize for the best work of Western fiction, for a book with no war paint, no bugles, no stampedes, no bushwhackers, the Cowboy Hall of Fame has strengthened my conviction that the everyday Westerners, the people out here just trying to stay level, are well worth writing about. Thank you.

Clancy, Montana
June 28, 1985 - 10 a.m.

Dear Jean

I've just hung a load of laundry out to dry -- when I did that last week, a little later in the day -- the first ones up were almost dry by the time I got the last ones hung. Talk about a dry climate! It's been beautiful, as cold as 36 in early morning, as hot as 84 in early evening. No complaints from us tourists, but this land needs water. Drought conditions prevail over the eastern 2/3 of the state, and part of that is also beset by grasshoppers in great numbers, including the governor's own farm at Wolf Point in the northeast. He didn't seem upset, but then nothing seems to upset him much. Good thing, too, because these are hard times in Montana, with mining, agriculture and about everything else on the slide. Somehow people get along, but without many support services, apparently.

It's a great state to visit, though, and Ivan's been going gangbusters with the research at the Montana Historical Society. Found so much stuff that I went in and helped him on Wednesday, a chore I love to do. This time I got to cull what they call Small Collections -- letters, reminiscences and such from the homestead era, looking for detail: how much gooseberry jam put up, how many chickens raised and such. On one homestead in Chouteau County, the mice were eating all the onions in the garden....

We celebrated Ivan's birthday yesterday with a trip south to Butte -- of all places! Had a fine time, too, with lunch at the counter of a famous old working folks' cafe, the M&M, with poker and Keno in full swing at the back. I had boiled tongue and spinach, and mashed potatoes with gravy and corn, but I passed up the roll. Ivan had a pork chop sandwich with all the trimmings. And we got a nickel change from a 5 dollar bill!

The big pit is still visible, but slowly filling with water -- 400 feet of it so far -- since the mining has stopped and the pumps turned off. They say it will eventually fill to the top. The town has considerable old architecture, and the people's faces are wonderful, due to the ethnic communities. Many are Irish, and handsome.

En route home we bought T-bone steaks and corn, ~~xxxx~~ which we filed on Langs' back porch. Ivan pronounced it a successful birthday (though not an anonymous one. The guy at the next lunch stool read "Doig Bros. Grain Merc." off his hat and wondered if he was from the same family as the writer. Well, yea, I'm him, said Ivan. The guy turned out to be a book distributor!)

This morning we got up shortly after 4 a.m., so as to see the sunrise from the fire tower hill in Helena. He's gonna have a sunrise in all three books, he ~~xx~~ promises. Yawn. One to go. Fun, though, to see the landscape change, as you know from Ebey's Landing. Today a reporter from the Helena newspaper came along, took pix and notes and then continued the conversation over breakfast. It's routine by now that a special point of interest is how Ivan made the jump from journalism to independent writing. It takes a working wife, he tells 'em. Not any more it doesn't, I add.

Doug Netter, the film producer called a few days ago, to set up his two Wyoming script writers for a meeting while we're in Bozeman. That'll happen Tuesday, all very preliminary, of course. I still think Hollywood is a mirage in the California desert, but I'm interested in what they think they could do with English Creek. Netter's very nice to talk to (and says he was born in ~~Seattle~~ Seattle.) And Ivan said the younger scriptwriter comes across as a good guy, too, and went to a one-room school in Wyoming. So we'll see.

The speech and classes at WSU/Idaho went very well indeed, and there's just one more event on the schedule: a reading from the new ms. on July 3 at noon at the ~~the~~ Great Falls Public Library.

Thanks hugely for the note -- and, oh yes, addresses: Ivan says Dupuyer would be the best bet. July 6 thru 8 (we might be there longer but aren't sure.)

c/o Tom Chadwick
Dupuyer
Montana 59432

If you're training for Mt. Townsend the way we are, why we'll just sit at the bottom and eat!

Love,
Carol

ABA Convention Schedule

Friday, May 24

9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Registration. Moscone Center Exhibition Lobby. Special accommodation for early arrivals. Only exhibitors permitted in exhibit hall during setup time.

1 to 4:45 P.M. Children's Books: Sales, Service and Promotion Techniques. San Francisco Hilton. An afternoon of workshops sponsored by the American Booksellers Association-Children's Book Council Joint Committee. Advanced seminars are marked (A); beginning seminars, presenting an introduction to a topic, are designated (B).

1 P.M. What Does Young America Read—and Why—The Results of the BISG Study. San Francisco Hilton, Imperial Ballroom. Speakers: Mimi Kayden, Dutton Children's Books, New York, and co-chair of the ABA-CBC Joint Committee; Martin Levin, co-chair of the 1983 Consumer Reading Study, sponsored by the Book Industry Study Group; Judy Noyes, Chinook Bookshop, Colorado Springs, Colo., and co-chair of the ABA-CBC Joint Committee.

2:15 P.M. Four concurrent workshops.

1. The Working Mail: Newsletters, Catalogues, and Special Mailings (A). Continental Ballroom #5. Speakers: Louise Howton, The White Rabbit, La Jolla, Calif.; Gwynne Scholz, Trespassers William, Albuquerque.

2. How to Get Publishers to Work for You (B). California Room. Speakers: Frank Johnson, Harper & Row Publishers; Neal Porter, Scribners/Atheneum.

3. Selling Books to Teenagers (A). Continental Ballroom #4. Speaker: Judy Sarick, Children's Book Store, Toronto.

4. Writer to Reader: Introduction to Bookmaking and Publishing (B). Continental Parlors 1, 2 and 3. Speakers: Phyllis Fogelman, Dial Books; Betsy Gould, Bantam; Regina Hayes, Viking Kestrel/Puffin; Warren Wallerstein, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

3:45 P.M. Four concurrent workshops.

1. The Community Chest: Working with Community Agencies, Educational, Library and Other Groups (B). Continental Ballroom #4. Speaker: Sonya Blackman, A Clean Well Lighted Place for Books, Larkspur, Calif.

2. Dollars and Sense: Working Within a Budget (A). California Room. Speaker: Elliot Leonard, ABA consultant, Camarillo, Calif.

3. Thank You, See You Again: Being a Service-Oriented Bookstore (B). Continental Parlors 1, 2 and 3. Speakers: Judi Baxter, Judy's, Twin Falls, Idaho; Lori Benton and Jean Wilson, The Book Shop, Boise, Idaho; Cheryl Mae, Oregon State University Bookstore, Corvallis, Ore.

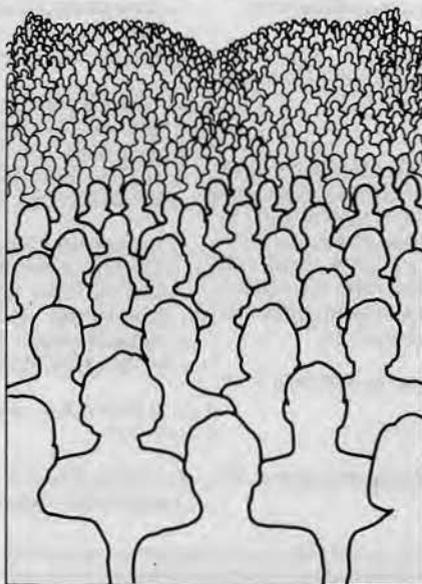
4. Literary Lions and Limelights: Author Appearances and Other Promotional and Publicity Events (A). Continental Ballroom #5. Speakers: Jan Bruton and Lynn Kelly, A Children's Place, Portland, Ore.; Susan Durrie and Susan Hamel, The Children's Corner, Spokane, Wash.; Nancy O'Connor, Rootabaga Bookery, Dallas.

7:30 P.M. An Evening with Children's Booksellers. Buffet dinner at Orient Express. Preceding reception hosted by Bantam Books. For tickets: Louise Howton, The White Rabbit, 7777 Girard Ave., La Jolla, Calif. 92037; (619) 454-3518. (Not an official ABA event)

Saturday, May 25

8 to 10 A.M. Children's Book and Author Breakfast. San Francisco Hilton, Continental Ballroom. Emcee: Robert Hale, Westwinds Bookshop, Duxbury, Mass. Speakers: Chris Van Allsburg (*The Polar Express*, Houghton Mifflin); Beverly Cleary (*Ramona Forever*,

ABA 1985



T O W A R D
A R E A D I N G
S O C I E T Y

Morrow); S. E. Hinton (*The Outsiders*, Dell). Presentation of the 1985 Lucile Mi-
cheels Pannell Award.

8 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Registration. Moscone Center Exhibition Lobby.

10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Trade Exhibit. Moscone Center. **Booksellers-Only Day.** There are 1310 booths and 204 small press booths.

11 A.M. to Noon. First-Timers Orientation. Moscone Center, Rooms 232-234. Moderator: Bernard Rath, ABA. Speakers: Melissa Mytinger, Cody's Books, Berkeley, Calif.; Gail See, The Bookcase, Wayzata, Minn.

3:30 to 5 P.M. The Beginning Bookseller. Moscone Center, Rooms 232-234. Moderator: Cyd Rosenberg, ABA. Speakers: Linda Harrison, Read Ink, Salt Lake City; Sharon Patchak-Layman, Magic Tree Bookstore, Oak Park, Ill.; Randolph Shaffner, Cyrano's Bookshop, Highlands, N.C.

5 to 7 P.M. NACS Book Committee Reception for NACS Members (by invitation only). Moscone Center, Rooms 236-238. Meeting hosted by NACSCORP for college store personnel.

Sunday, May 26

8 to 10 A.M. Book and Author Breakfast. San Francisco Hilton, Continental Ballroom. Emcee: Father Andrew Greeley (*Happy Are the Meek*, Warner). Speakers: Geraldine Ferraro (untitled, Bantam); Jonathan Kozol (*Illiterate America*, Doubleday).

9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Registration. Moscone Center Exhibition Lobby.

10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Trade Exhibit. Moscone Center.

11 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. Toward a Reading Society: Booksellers Can Help. Moscone Center, Rooms 220-226. Moderator: Gail See, The Bookcase, Wayzata, Minn. Speakers: Bette Fenton, B. Dalton Bookseller, Minneapolis; Jonathan Kozol (*Illiterate America*, Doubleday); Chuck Robinson, Village Books, Bellingham, Wash.; Nicky Salan, *Cover to Cover Books*, San Francisco.

1 to 2:30 P.M. Meetings. Three concurrent sessions at the Moscone Center.

1. Creative Selling and Pricing Techniques to Meet the Competition (Rooms 236-238). Moderator: Rhett Jackson, The Happy Bookseller, Columbia, S.C. Speakers: Larry Abramoff, Tatnuck Bookseller and Sons, Worcester, Mass.; David Didriksen, Book Corner, Boylston, Mass.; Pat Peterson, Barbara's Book Store, Chicago; Gary Hoover, Bookstop, Austin, Tex.

2. Selling Books for Children with Special Needs: A How-To (Rooms 232-234). Sponsored by the ABA-CBC Joint Committee. Moderator: Melanie Kroupa, Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. Speakers: Sonya Blackman, A Clean Well Lighted Place for Books, Larkspur, Calif.; Rusty Browder, Children's Book Shop, Brookline, Mass.; Elizabeth Haslam, Haslam's Book Store, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Gynne Scholz, Trespassers William, Albuquerque.

3. University Press Titles: How to Turn Their Sales Potential into Real Dollars (Rooms 228-230). Moderator: Dossier Hammond, UCLA Students' Store, Los Angeles. Speakers: Jim Clark, Univer-

sity of California Press, Berkeley; Gary Lawton, Harvard University Press; L. E. Mullabaum, Louisiana State University Press; Bill Rickman, Kroch's and Brentano's, Chicago; Leona Sherman, A Clean Well Lighted Place for Books, San Francisco; Joan Walther, Tattered Cover, Denver.

2:30 to 4:30 P.M. Annual Membership Meeting. Moscone Center, Rooms 220-226. Reports from the president, treasurer, executive director and counsel; amendment of the bylaws; report on the election of officers and directors; reports from committee chairpeople; new business. To vote at the meeting, members must obtain a voting card either at the ABA membership center (booth #2412) until one hour before the meeting, or at the entrance to the meeting room.

6:30 to 9:30 P.M. Cocktail Party and Buffet Dinner. St. Francis Hotel. Cocktail reception hosted by the Baker & Taylor Company.

Monday, May 27

8 to 10 A.M. Book and Author Breakfast. San Francisco Hilton, Continental Ballroom. Emcee: Charles Kuralt (*On the Road with Charles Kuralt*, Putnam). Speakers: Elmore Leonard (*Glitz*, Arbor House); John Naisbitt and Patricia Aburdene (coauthors, *Re-inventing the Corporation*, Warner). Presentation by ABA of the 1985 Charles Haslam International Scholarship. Presentation by Southeast Booksellers Association and Ingram Book Company of the 1985 Charles S. Haslam Award for Excellence in Bookselling.

9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Registration. Moscone Center Exhibition Lobby.

10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Trade Exhibit. Moscone Center.

11 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. Meetings. Four concurrent sessions at the Moscone Center.

Bookselling and Publishing Today: An Evaluation of Industry Leaders (Rooms 220-226). Co-sponsored by *Harper's*; to be published in the magazine as a "Forum." Moderator: Lewis Lapham, *Harper's*. Speakers: William Edwards, B. Dalton Bookseller, Minneapolis; Phyllis Grann, Putnam; Tom Peters (coauthor, *A Passion for Excellence*, Random House); Phillip Pfeffer, Ingram Book Co., Nashville; Jack Romanos, Simon & Schuster; Jack Shoemaker, North Point Press; Hillel Stavis, Wordsworth, Cambridge, Mass.

2. Special Events That Sell Children's Books (Rooms 236-238). Moderator: Jody Fickes, Adventures for Kids, Ventura, Calif. Speakers: Terry Rotenbacher, *The Story Hour*, Honolulu; Gwynne Scholz, Trespassers William, Albuquerque; Marcia Smith, Trespassers William, Santa Fe, N.M.; Betty Takeuchi, San Marino Toy & Book Shoppe, San Marino, Calif.

3. Specialization in the General Bookstore (Rooms 228-230). Moderator: Michael Fox, Stacey's Bookstore, San Francisco. Speakers: George de Ville, de Ville Books and Prints, New Orleans; H. G. Taylor, Webster's Books, Milwaukee; Roberta Tichenor, Annie Bloom's Books, Portland; Jean Wilson, Book Shop, Boise, Idaho.

4. Audio and Video: The Sight, Sound and Sales Explosion (Rooms 232-234). Moderator: Joel Turner, Under Cover Books & Records, Chagrin Falls, Ohio. Speakers: Steve Baum, Greetings and Readings, Towson, Md.; Laurie Flores, Children's Book & Music Center, Santa Monica, Calif.; Richard Fontaine, Ingram Video, Nashville; George Hodgkins, Waldenbooks, Stamford, Conn.

1:30 to 3 P.M. Meetings. Four concurrent sessions at the Moscone Center.

1. BOS: Where It Stands Today (Rooms 232-234). Moderator: Bernard Rath, ABA. Speakers: Tova Griffin, Courtyard Books, Tustin,

Convention Information

ABA Today: Closed-Circuit Television Coverage

Television coverage of the convention will be provided for the first time this year at convention sites on a closed-circuit system. *ABA Today* will be a daily one-hour program in co-anchor interview format featuring highlights of the convention, including ABA association news and interviews with authors and exhibitors. *ABA Today* (produced by Atwood Convention Broadcasting of Kansas City, Mo.) will be transmitted to four major convention hotels (St. Francis, Meridien, Hilton and Ramada Renaissance); in addition, it will run continuously at key locations in the Moscone Center during trade show hours. Daily air times at the hotels will be from 6-9 A.M., 5-7 P.M., and again from 10 P.M. until midnight; the first program will run at 10 P.M. on Saturday, May 25, and the last show will conclude at 9 A.M. on Tuesday, May 28. Advertising spots are available; existing video may be used, or Atwood will arrange to shoot the spot at cost. For information, contact Laurie Samuelson at (816) 931-8285.

Time Message Center

Time magazine, in conjunction with ABA and TEC Communications, will provide a computerized message service at Moscone Center. Five television monitors will inform conventioners of scheduled events and personal messages. The Message Center will be located in the entrance level lobby, booth #2; the number for phoning in messages during the convention is (415) 896-1004. Paid advertising announcements will also be accepted; contact Neil Kirk at TEC Communications in Washington, D. C., (202) 966-9821.

The Children's Book Exhibit

On display at booth #2900 will be the seventh annual exhibit organized by the American Booksellers Association/Children's Book Council Joint Committee in cooperation with The Publishers Book Exhibit. Under the banner "Children's Books Mean Business," 294 titles will be displayed in categories which will include: books for infants and toddlers, picture books (hardcover and paperback), fairy tales, folktales and legends, poetry, books for readers 8-12, books for young adults, and informational books in two age groups. This year the catalogue, available to convention-goers at the booth, will contain an introduction by ABA president Gail See and CBC president Margaret Frith on the topic of children's books and a literate society.

The Third Annual ABA Calendar Exhibit

Showcasing over 500 calendars for 1986, this exhibit (booth #3204) and accompanying catalogue will be organized in subject categories. The collection is organized for ABA by USA Book-Expo and The Publishers Book Exhibit.

Audio and Video Recordings of Meetings

Videotape recordings of selected educational sessions will be available for the first time this year, in addition to the audiotapes which have been offered at the past three conventions. Workshops to be videotaped are: *Bookselling & Publishing Today: An Evaluation by Industry Leaders*; *Financial Realities and Other Problems of the Growing Bookstore*; and *Easy and Effective Displays: A How-to*. Videotapes (all formats) will cost \$90; audio tapes will be \$10 if ordered at the convention, \$13 if ordered later. Both may be ordered immediately following the sessions.

Badges

Conventioners are asked to wear their badges at all times; no one will be admitted to ABA sessions or the trade show floor without one. For the first time this year, wholesalers will be distinguished as a group by badge color. Exhibitor badges are red; bookseller badges, blue; wholesaler badges, orange; press badges, green; all others are brown.

Registering Children

Children over age five who attend the convention must be registered. When attending meetings, parents are requested to seat children by them at the rear of the room.

Day Care Center

Located in room 256 of the Moscone Center, Temporary Tot Tending will provide child care by experienced, credentialed teachers. Children from infancy to age 10 are welcome. All-day rates during convention hours will be \$20 for ages 18 months to 10 years; \$25 for infants. Rates before or after convention hours or for parents needing only a few hours' service will be \$5 per hour or fraction thereof. Lunch and napping accommodations will be provided; parents leaving infants must provide diapers, formula, special food and change of clothes. For further information, contact T.T.T. at (415) 355-7377.

Transportation

Free shuttle bus service will be provided by ABA between all the official hotels and the Moscone Convention Center.

Press Facilities

Harriet Waterman (assisted by Pat Rose) will be in charge of the ABA Press Office in Room 270, Moscone Center, where information on autographing and press conferences will be available. Press conferences, scheduled every 20 minutes beginning on Saturday, will be held in Room 272.

Calif.; Quinson, Macmillan, New York; Jerry Rehm, T Book Merchant, Dallas.

2. *Financial Realities and Other Problems of the Growing Bookstore* (Rooms 220-226). Moderator: Bernard Kamaroff (*Small Time Operator*, Bell Springs). Speakers: Arnold Goldstein, attorney and author of small business titles; Paul Jaffe, Copperfield's, Sebastopol, Calif.; Michael Phillips (*Honest Business and The Seven Laws of Money*, Random House); Neal Sofman, A Clean Well Lighted Place for Books, San Francisco; Ralph Warner, Nolo Press.

3. *Selling Feminist Books: Attracting Customers and Increasing Sales* (Rooms 228-230). Moderator: Nancy Bereano, Firebrand Books, Ithaca, N.Y. Speakers: Helaine Harris, Daedalus Books, Washington, D.C.; Carole Horne, Harvard Book Store, Cambridge, Mass.; Carol Seajay, *Feminist Bookstore News*, San Francisco; Karen Umminger, Book Women, Austin, Tex.

4. *Newsletters, Direct Mail Pieces and Catalogues: Marketing Tools for Your Store* (Rooms 236-238). Moderator: Judy Noyes, Chinook Bookshop, Colorado Springs, Colo. Speakers: Kate Abbe, Printers Inc. Bookstore, Palo Alto, Calif.; Warren Cassell, Just Books, Greenwich, Conn.; Patrick De Freitas, Waking Owl Books, Salt Lake City; Louise Howton, The White Rabbit, La Jolla, Calif.; Dee Robinson, Village Books, Bellingham, Wash.

4 to 5:30 P.M. *Meetings*. Four concurrent sessions at the Moscone Center.

1. *Easy and Effective Displays: A How-To* (Rooms 220-226). Moderator: Lynne Jacobs, ABA. Speakers: Michael Coy, Bailey-Coy Books, Seattle; Robin Rogers, Books, Strings & Things, Blacksburg, Va.; Lonna Stephenson, Books 'n Things, Rolla, Mo.

2. *Guerilla Marketing for Booksellers* (Rooms 231-235). Moderator: Larry Sydes, Larry's Book Nook, Walnut Creek, Calif. Speaker: Jay Conrad Levinson (*Guerilla Marketing: How to Make Big Profits in Your Small Business*, Houghton Mifflin).

3. *Selling the New Breed of Travel Books* (Rooms 236-238). Moderator: Elaine Petrocelli, Lark Creek Books, Larkspur, Calif. Speakers: Dick Butler, Phileas Fogg's Books & Maps for the Traveler, Palo Alto; Judith Elkins, Easy Going, Berkeley; Harriet Greenberg, The Complete Traveler, New York; Joyce Knauer, Tattered Cover, Denver.

4. *Using a Gay/Lesbian Section to Increase Store Sales* (Rooms 232-234). Moderator: Sasha Alyson, Alyson, Boston. Speakers: Kim Browning, Dodds Book Shop, Long Beach, Calif.; Ed Deveraux, Unabridged Books, Chicago; John Eklund, Harry Schwartz Bookshop, Milwaukee; Debbie Shoss, The Bookshelf, Clarksville, Ind.

Tuesday, May 28

8:30 A.M. to 1 P.M. *Registration*. Moscone Center Exhibition Lobby.

9 A.M. to 2 P.M. *Trade Exhibit*. Moscone Convention Center.

11 A.M. to 5 P.M. *BOS Computer Applications Workshop*. Moscone Convention Center, Rooms 220-226. ABA will sponsor demonstrations of software designed for BOS users.

7 to 8 P.M. *Cocktail Reception*. San Francisco Hilton. Hosted by Ingram Book Company.

8 P.M. to 1 A.M. *ABA 85th Annual Anniversary Banquet*. San Francisco Hilton. Guest entertainer: Garrison Keillor (*Lake Wobegone Days*, Viking).

NCBA-Sponsored Events

The Northern California Booksellers Association is taking its role as host in San Francisco very seriously. NCBA has spared no effort to organize events that it hopes will serve as models for future regional association activities in conjunction with the national ABA conventions. Melissa Mytinger (Cody's Books, Berkeley, Calif.), spokesperson for the organization, remarked that "we would like to be able to show that these things can be done in any city." The activities and services planned are:

Convention Information Booth. NCBA has arranged to staff the information booth with local booksellers who are equally prepared to point the way to bathrooms and bus stops as to suggest restaurants and literary walks. The group has even designed the booth. "It doesn't look like a convention center," Mytinger says. "No gold drapery."

Hospitality Suite. Since space at Moscone Center is limited, NCBA has arranged to share a room with four other regional bookseller associations: Mid-Atlantic, New York Regional, Pacific Northwest and Southern California. (These four groups requested ABA meeting rooms, according to Mytinger.) Room #258-260 will be open Fri. 12-5; Sat.-Mon 9-5; Tues. 9-1.

The NCBA Booking Service. In early 1985 NCBA offered a service for publishers to set up author autographing sessions in Bay Area bookstores during the week of May 22-29. The intention of the program, according to Mytinger, is "to give the smaller stores a chance." To date, 30-40 publishers ("from the smallest to the largest," says Mytinger) and over 70 stores have joined the program. Among the authors scheduled to appear are Doug Adams (*Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* and *So Long*, and *Thanks for All the Fish*) and Gary Larson (of *The Far Side* books).

Booksellers in the Home. Organized by Nikki Salan of Cover to Cover Booksellers (San Francisco), this plan matches book people in the area with convention-goers who prefer to stay in a private home and meet local colleagues. "There has been tremendous response to this program," Mytinger reports. "In fact, we couldn't accommodate everyone." Around 40 Bay Area households have opened their doors; hosts include booksellers, publicists (from the Northern California Book Publicists Association) and, adds Mytinger, "even one ex-publisher." Guests have likewise come from all areas of the industry. Besides the personal contact, visitors will be given breakfast and a ride to the convention center every morning. "We'd like to see this at every ABA," says Mytinger.

Meetings of Progressive Booksellers. On Friday, May 24, there will be a party for the progressive book trade ("a self-selecting category," the open invitation is explained) at Modern Times Bookstore and Old Wives' Tales in San Francisco's Mission District. The stores, located across the street from each other at the corner of 21st and Valencia Sts., will be open from 8-10 P.M. On Sunday, May 26, from 5-7 P.M., there will be a meeting at Modern Times Bookstore to discuss "the formation of a national network of progressive booksellers," according to Michael Rosenthal, NCBA board member and owner of Modern Times. For more information about the party or meeting, contact Rosenthal at (415) 282-9246.

Bookstore Tour. On Monday, May 27, NCBA will sponsor two free tours to area bookstores. Led by local sales reps and Nancy Ringler, ad agent for *Bookline*, each 2½-hour tour will take visitors to five bookstores, where they will be treated to snacks and given mementos such as store T-shirts and posters. The morning tour will leave at 9:30 and go to the East Bay, stopping at Holmes Book Co. (Oakland); A Woman's Place (Oakland); Avenue Books (Berkeley); Cody's (plus a swift pass-by of Berkeley's bookseller's row on Telegraph Avenue); and Black Oak Books (Berkeley). The afternoon tour will leave at 2:30 and visit San Francisco shops, making stops at China Books (Mission District); Cover to Cover Booksellers (Noe Valley); Solar Lights (Marina); City Lights (North Beach); and A Clean Well Lighted Place for Books (City Center). Tour groups will be limited to 50. Mytinger notes that the tours have been overbooked and seats will be confirmed close to the convention dates. Reservations will be taken for any remaining seats at NCBA's hospitality suite in Moscone Center until 2 on Sunday, May 26.

Booklovers' Ball.

Bookpeople and Publishers Group West, in cooperation with NCBA and several co-sponsors (Carroll & Graf, Chronicle Books, Golden Turtle, Last Gasp, Western Book Distributors, and Whatever Publishing), will host a dance on Monday night from 8:30-1:30 at the Gift Center (8th and Brannan Sts.). Admission is free to all with convention badges. Music will be provided by the Zasu Pitts Memorial Orchestra, which Mytinger describes as "a 1950's motown and doo-wop band, just on the brink of national stardom." (Attested to by the fact that the band was on the March cover of *San Francisco* magazine.)

For more information about NCBA events, contact Melissa Mytinger at Cody's Books in Berkeley, (415) 845-9033, until Thursday, May 23; after this date, at the hospitality suite in Moscone Center.



Around the Booths Main Exhibitors

PW's preview of 1985 exhibitors includes four sections of alphabetical listings: the main body of exhibitors, Small Press Exhibitors and Foreign Exhibitors (arranged by country) with a separate list for British Exhibitors.

Every entry specifies booth number and, in most instances, the person in charge, as well as information about featured titles, products, services, author appearances, giveaways, promotions and special events.

The listings also highlight exhibitors' special discount offers—including, in a number of cases, free freight on convention orders. By using the PW listings for advanced planning, an astute bookseller can take optimum advantage of these offers to help defray ABA expenses.

Listings Compiled by Sonja Bolle and Allene Symons

A & W Publishers

See listing under Budget Book Service

AA Wonderland Records

Exhibiting independently for the first time under its trade name, this manufacturer of audio cassettes, records and books will display *Wonder Easy Readers*, a series of hardcover story books packaged with cassette recordings, and the cassette/book series *Parents Magazine*. Also shown will be the *Yes and No Books* from Lee Publishing, a set of activity books that "respond" to answers by means of specially treated paper and pens. In charge of booth #3752: Al Berger.

Abbeville

The highlight of this display will be volume one of the *Double Elephant Folio* of Audubon's *Birds of America* in a facsimile, 350-copy limited edition; complete set of 435 plates is available in four leatherbound volumes or unbound portfolios. Fall titles on exhibit will be: *Cellini* by Sir John Pope-Hennessy; *Out with the Stars: Hollywood Nightlife in the Golden Era*, a look inside the clubs of the 1930s and 1940s; *Colette: A Passion for Life*; *Olivier: The Complete Career*; *Halley's Comet: Memories of 1910*, a scrapbook of authentic memorabilia; *The Black Leather Jacket*, tracing the evolution of this garment; *Edward Hicks: Life and Art*; *The Rock Poster*, with images from the 1960s to the present; and *Masterpieces of Photography*, from the George Eastman House Collection. Posters will be distributed promoting these last three titles. In charge of booths #2948, 2950, 2952: Steven J. Pincus.

AB Bookman's Weekly

Free copies of *AB Bookman's Weekly* will be distributed, along with "out-of-print" window decals, counter cards and booksearch kits. There will also be demonstrations of comput-

erized out-of-print booksearch procedures for booksellers. *Bookman's Yearbook* and other special publications will be on display. In charge of booth #1532: Rebecca Myers.

Abingdon Press

This publisher of religious books and materials will highlight *Winning Through Integrity*, a guide for ethical business conduct; *Christmas at Grinder's Switch* by Minnie Pearl; *The Missing Link: Building Quality Time with Teens*; and *A Garden for the Groundhog* (for children 5-8) by Lorna Balian. Balian will be present to sign copies. Giveaways include Lorna Balian poster/calendars, *Winning Through Integrity* buttons and *Christmas at Grinder's Switch* bumper stickers. In charge of booths #1416, 1418, 1420: Shirley Morgan.

Harry N. Abrams

To promote three featured titles on the subject of the American West, Abrams will distribute posters and a limited supply of Western bandannas. Major titles include *In Person: Entertainers in the Spotlight*, an illustrated history of solo entertainers; *In the American West: Richard Avedon Photographs 1979-1984*, with a range of subjects including ranch workers, drifters and roustabouts; and *San Francisco*, with photographs by Morton Bebe and a collection of essays by Herb Caen, Herbert Gold and others. Bebe will autograph *San Francisco* posters; other poster giveaways include *In Person* and *Festival of India*.

Extra discount, dating offers to be announced at ABA. In charge of booths #2230-2236 (even): Donald Guerra.

Academic Industries

Carnival will be the theme at this booth, where the publisher and distributor will exhibit the new *American History Series*, along

with established series *Pocket Classics*, *Classics*, *Shakespeare* and *Biographies*. Also featured will be the "Lite Book" promotional/gift packages, consisting of six books per package. Samples of books and gift packages will be given away.

Discounts of up to 90% off cover price will be offered. In charge of booth #1034: Robin Owen.

Academy Chicago

Posters to promote *India Britannica* will be distributed to coordinate with the national tour of the Festival of India. Postcards with illustrations from *I Visit the Soviets: The Provincial Lady in Russia* (a new title in the *Provincial Lady* series) will be given away, also bookmarks promoting the paperback edition of *Kallia and Dimna: Selected Tales of the Bidpai*, a collection of ancient Indian tales. Other highlighted titles include *One for the Money*, a mystery by Dick Belsky, city editor of the *New York Post*.

One-free-for-10 offer on orders of selected titles placed at show. In charge of booths #1950, 1952, 1954: Jordan Miller.

Access Press

Publisher of the *Access Guides* series. Booth #3347.

Acropolis Books

A Washington Weekend for two (airfare and accommodations at the Watergate Hotel) will be the prize in a drawing to celebrate Acropolis's 25th anniversary and to promote *Washington: Portrait of a City*. The Bagels—Marilyn and Tom—will be present to sign *The Bagels' Bagel Book*, which will be promoted with free samples of bagels and condiments. Also on hand for signing will be Dr. William Fezler, author of *Breaking Free*, a book on how to end hopeless relationships. Other new books on display will be: *Your*

posters from the Cartland board game, Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine, and DC Heroes Role Playing Game. In charge of booth #2437: Will Niebling.

R.S. Means

Booth #2529

Medical Economics

Booth #1712

Melrose Publishing

Booth #1156

Merchandise Dynamics

This remainder dealer also publishes the line of Dandelion children's books. In charge of booths #3540-3545: Helen Gillies.

Merdyn Publishers Inc.

This first-time exhibitor publishes custom-created trade, technical and professional publications, primarily on computer-related subjects. In charge of booth #3540: Charles F. Durang.

Meredith Corp.

See listing under Better Homes and Gardens Books.

Merriam-Webster

This publisher of dictionaries and reference books will display *Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary*, plus perennial backlist titles: *Webster's Collegiate Thesaurus*, *Webster's Secretarial Handbook*, and *Webster's Instant Word Guide*. In charge of booths #2635, 2637: Ronald P. Cabey.

Merrimack Publishers' Circle

Merrimack will give away a free back-scratcher and a poster promoting *Down Under: To Glorify the Australian Lifesaver*. This marketer and distributor for several British publishers will display the following: *House and Garden Book of Romantic Rooms*; *Ireland*, Dervla Murphy writing about her own country; *Dear Editor: Letters to Time Magazine 1923-1984*; *Seurat*, a complete collection of works by the pointillist painter; and *Monarch: The Life and Times of Elizabeth II*, all from Salem House. Virago Press will launch the Virago Poets series with three titles; Bodley Head will publish Winston Graham's *Poldark's Cornwall* in paperback. From Chatto & Windus: *Quiet Heroines: Nurses of the Second World War*; Hogarth Press has reprints of Mary Shelley's *The Last Man* and H.G. Wells' *In the Days of the Comet* with new introductions by Brian Aldiss. Jonathan Cape is showing *Mao and the Men Against Him*; Sidgwick & Jackson presents *Arafat: Terrorist or Peacemaker?*; Quartet Press features *Every Day*, the biography of jazz vocalist Joe Williams; and the British Tourist Authority continues its *Tours By Tape* series with *Edinburgh*. In charge of booths #3353-3361 (odd): Steven Pollak.

Metacom

Metacom offers pre-recorded video cassettes priced under \$20 and audiocassettes including the following series: *Radio Ferrets*; *Self-Hypnosis/Subliminal Persuasion*; *Kinder Kolor*; *Mr. Men & Little Miss*; *The Learning Curve*; *Audio Library Classics*; and *Golden Age Radio Blockbusters*. In charge of booths #3632, 3634: James McCann.

Methuen

Featured titles include *Jane Austen: Feminism and Fiction*; *Simone de Beauvoir: A Feminist Mandarin*; *Cult Controversies*; *Landmarks of Modern British Drama*; *How to Write Critical Essays* and *Who Will Take Our Children?* on the evacuation of British children between 1939-1945.

The Chapman & Hall imprint of computer books will highlight *Computing Techniques for Robots*, *C' At a Glance* and *Apple IIC and 2E Assembly Language*.

Free freight on ABA orders; additional 2% discount of backlist orders of 15 or more. In charge of booth #3145: John von Knorring.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

A first-time exhibitor, the Metropolitan Museum publishes art books, catalogues of exhibitions and its collections, guides, scholarly books, gift books (including children's books), write-in books, cookbooks, and wall and engagement calendars. On display: *The American Wing in The Metropolitan Museum of Art*; *India: Art and Culture 1300-1900*; *The Princely Collections of Liechtenstein*; *Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Paintings in The Metropolitan Museum of Art*; as well as other titles. In charge of booth #1321: Linda Curley.

Michelin Guides and Maps

This importer and U.S. distributor of Michelin Travel Guides and Maps will display Red Guides, Green Guides, maps and will feature: *Red Guide to Europe, Main Cities*; *Green Guide to England, The West Country*; *Green Guide to Rome*; *Map of Ireland*; *North American Green Guides: Canada, New En-*

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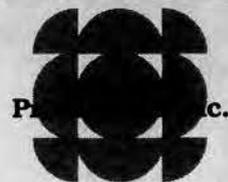
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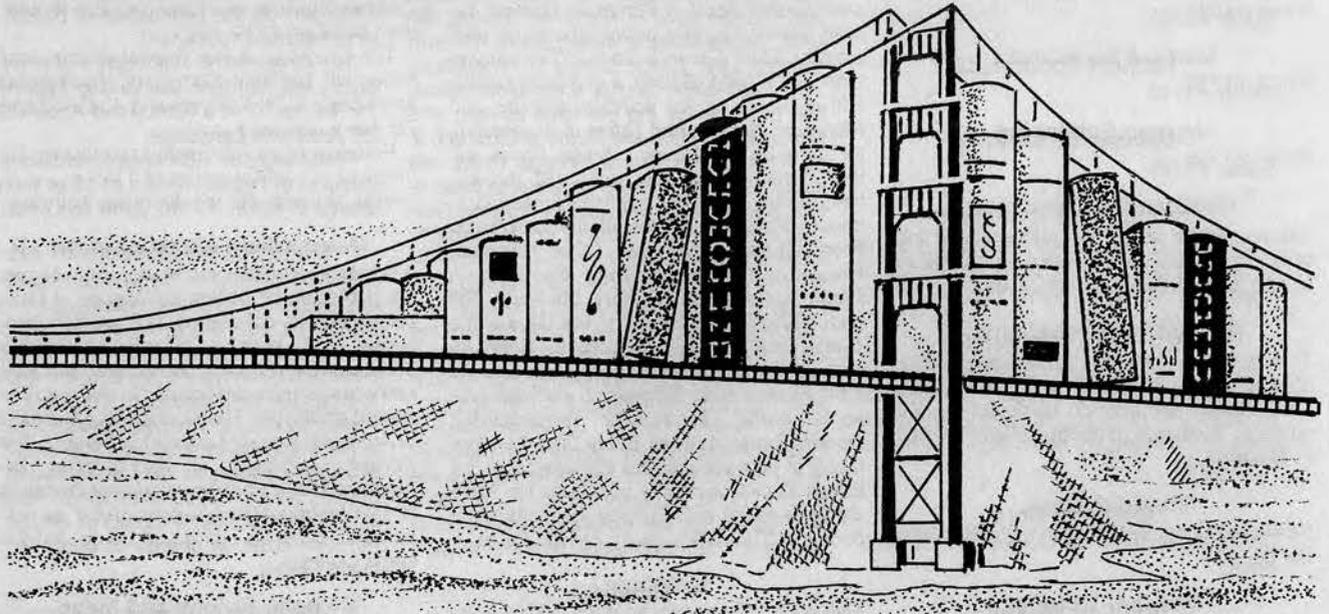
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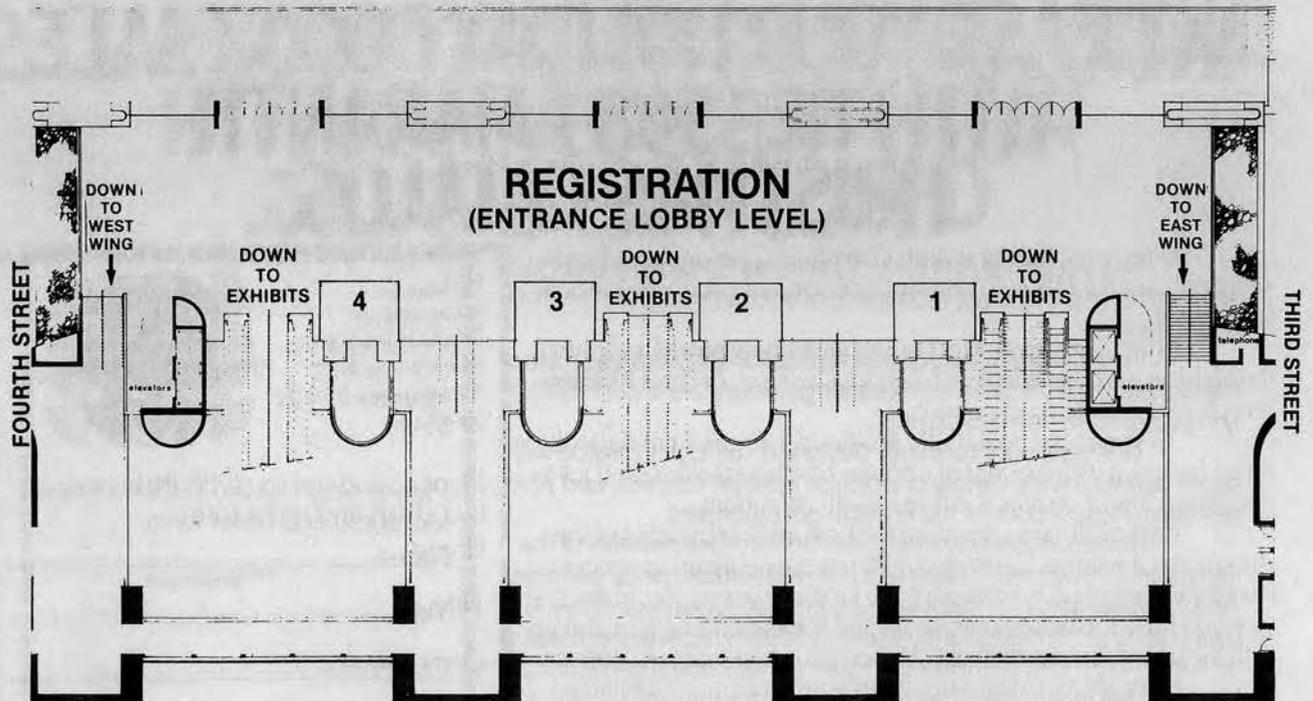
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Convention Floor Plan



ENTRANCE LOBBY

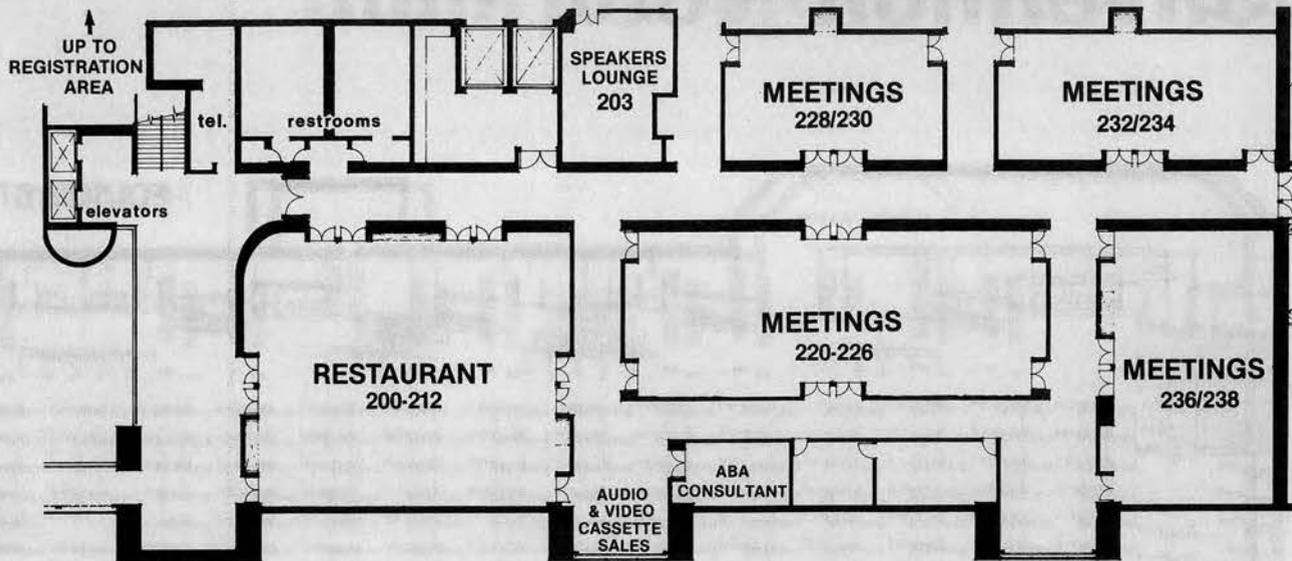
HOWARD STREET
SHUTTLE BUSES



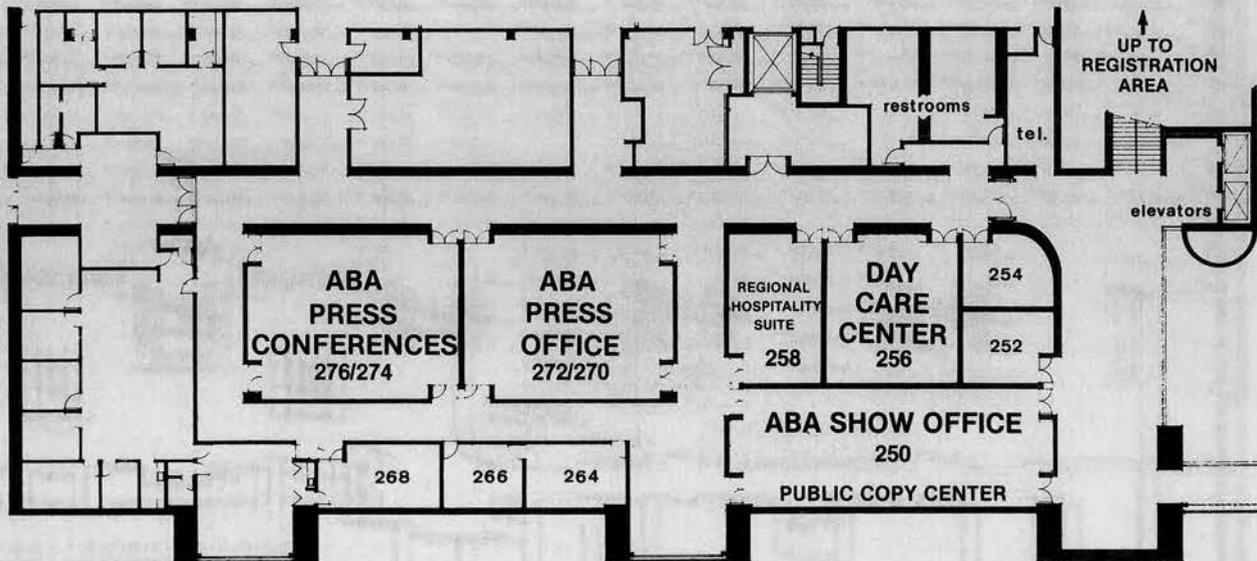
ENTRANCE LEVEL

- 1 — Tops Travel Service
- 2 — Time Message Center
- 3 — Booksellers Order Service
- 4 — Information

EAST WING MEETING ROOMS



WEST WING MEETING ROOMS



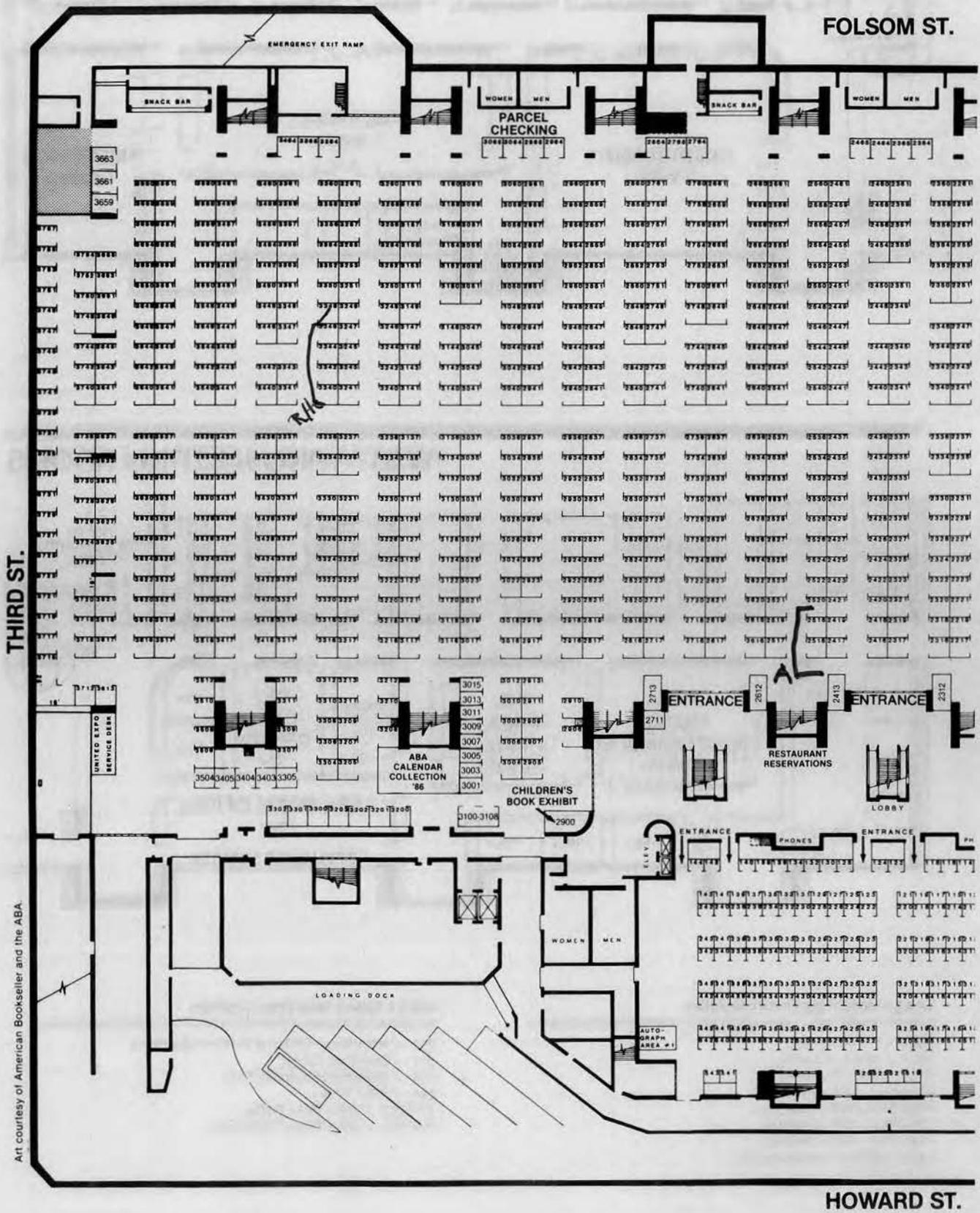
EAST WING MEETING ROOMS

200-212 — Restaurant
 203 — Speakers Lounge
 214 — ABA Consultant
 220-226 — ABA Meetings
 228/230 — ABA Meetings
 232/234 — ABA Meetings
 236/238 — ABA Meetings
 Audio & Video Cassette Sales

WEST WING MEETING ROOMS

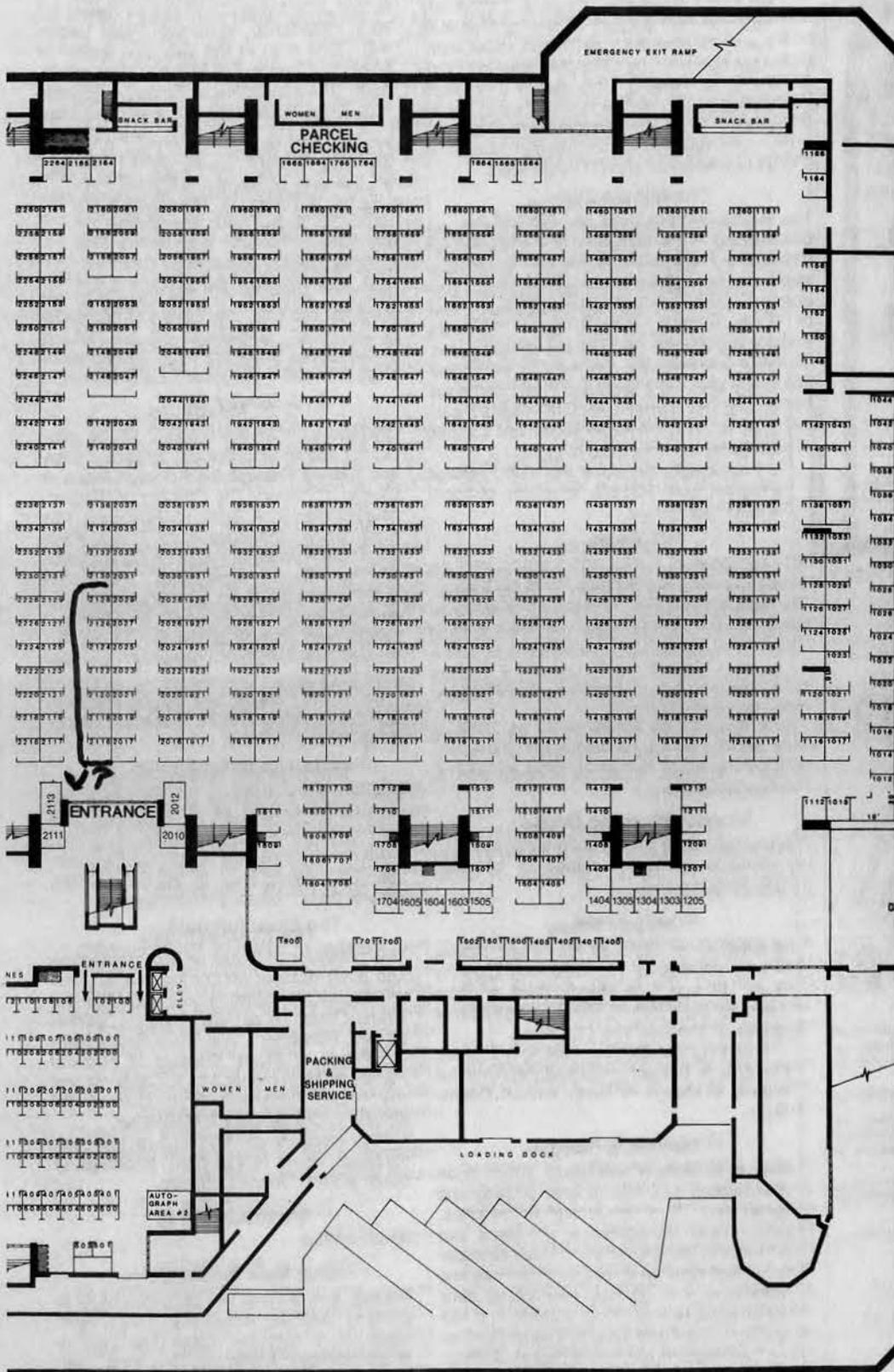
250 — ABA Show Office & Public Copy Center
 256 — Day Care Center
 258 — Regional Hospitality Suite
 264 — *ABA Today*
 270/272 — ABA Press Office
 274/276 — ABA Press Conferences

Convention Floor Plan



Art courtesy of American Bookseller and the ABA.

EXHIBIT AREA



- Loading Dock — Packing & Shipping Service
- Behind 1764-1865 — Parcel Checking Service
- Behind 2964-3065 — Parcel Checking Service
- 2010 — American Library Association
- 2012 — Association of American Publishers—AAP Information Center
- 2111 — Library of Congress
- 2113 — Book Industry Study Group
- 2312 — *American Bookseller Magazine*
- 2413 — ABA Membership Center
- 2612 — Reading Rainbow & Reading Rainbow Gazette
- 2711 — Media Coalition
- 2713 — Association of American Publishers—International Division
- 2900 — Children's Book Exhibit
- 3204 — ABA Calendar Collection '86

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gland, New York City. Giveaways will include: free posters and display units, T-shirts (with orders), key chains.

3% extra discount on all convention orders. 10% extra discount on orders of 10 or more copies of the *Red Guide to Europe* (plus 3% extra discount). In charge of booth #2849: Henry Dacier.

Mindbody Press

This publisher of books and cassette tapes will hold a drawing for one case of Mindbody books and will feature the following titles at its booth: *To Meet the Real Dragon*, about Japanese Buddhism by a Buddhist teacher; *Pregnancy As Healing, Volumes I & II* by Gayle Peterson who will be in attendance; *Evolutionary Journey* by Barbara Marx Hubbard.

50% discount on convention orders. In charge of booth #1411: Lewis Mehl.

The Mind's Eye

The Mind's Eye produces and markets audiocassettes in the categories of dramatized classics, old-time radio shows, music masterpieces, self-hypnosis and children's programs (Children's Dramatized Classics, Color Book Theatre, The Story Princess). Special exhibits will be three gift programs: *Tolkien's Cassette Gift Pack*, a reintroduction of last year's bestseller in branded wood boxes; *The Home Front (1938-1945)*, 8-cassette World War II Radio Series; and *Canned Laughter*, old-time radio humor.

Free freight on entire Fall Gift Package Program (until 7/31/85). In charge of booth #3531: Bob Evans.

MIT Press

MIT, publisher of books and journals, will feature: *Vaulting Ambition* by Philip Kitcher; *The Natural History of Primates*; *Artificial Intelligence: The Very Idea*; *Ada Lovelace and the Thinking Machine*, a biography by Dorothy Stein; *The Fatal Equilibrium*, a mystery by Marshall Jevons. MIT will also exhibit selected computer titles.

45% discount on orders of 20 or more trade backlist books, hardcover and paperback combined. In charge of booth #1518: Thomas McCorkle.

Monday Morning Books

This first-time exhibitor will show early learning resource books. In charge of booth #3104: Roberta Suid.

Moody Press

A publisher of Christian books and Bibles, Moody will display *The Discovery Bible* by Gary Hill and *The Moody Atlas of Bible Lands* by Barry Beitzel. Moody will give away copies of *The God You Can Know*.

Free freight and delayed billing with qualified orders. Special graduated discounts for orders. In charge of booth #1233: Dennis Getz.

Morgan & Morgan

Morgan & Morgan specializes in books on photography and related arts, printing and typography, Tarot cards and accessories, posters and reproductions, gift items and note cards, learning aids and teaching materials, book packaging, graphics services and processes, and printing. Highlighted titles will include: *How to Shoot a Movie and Video Story: The Technique of Pictorial Continuity*; *The Keepers of Light: A History & Working Guide to Early Photographic Processes*; *Psychic Tarot*; *Vietnam: The Battle Comes*

Home; The Art of Infrared Photography: A Comprehensive Guide to the Use of Black & White Infrared Film; *The New Zone System Manual*, a new edition of Minor White's 1961 classic; and *The Hole Thing: A Manual of Pinhole Photography*.

50% discount with order for 25 or more assorted books. In charge of booth #2543: Jennifer Morgan.

William Morrow

Author John Irving (*Cider House Rules*) will be in attendance, along with Peter Ueberroth, *Time* man of the year and author of *Made In America*. Fall featured titles will include: *Jealousy* by Nancy Friday; *A Remarkable Woman*, biography of Katharine Hepburn; *What Do You Really Want For Your Children?* by Wayne Dyer, *I Never Played the Game* by Howard Cosell; "And I Was There", the story of Naval intelligence from Pearl Harbor to Tokyo; *Dr. Weisenger's Anger Work-Out Book*; *Hello Everybody, I'm Lindsey Nelson*; *You and Your Baby's First Year*; *Taking Care of Business* by David Viscott M.D.; *Born To Win*, the struggle to win the Americas Cup; and *Love and Money* by Sylvia Porter. Giveaways will be Fielding Travel Books shopping bags. In charge of booths #1828-1836 (even): Larry Norton.

C. V. Mosby Co.

Giveaways at Mosby's booth will be clipboards and review copies. Highlighted titles are: *Getting Through the Adoption Maze*; *A Cluster of Poison: The Children of Woburn, Massachusetts*; *A Book on Hospices*; *The Body Shop: Introduction to Spare Parts Medicine*; *Premature Infants: A Different Beginning*; *Secret Ingredients*, information about what ingredients go into pills besides drugs; *Nursing: The Finest Art*, an illustrated history; and *Human Sexuality: Advice For These Times* by Sharon Goldsmith, who will be in the booth.

Convention offers: free freight; one-free-with-five on selected titles. In charge of booth #3533: Beverly Foley.

Motorbooks International

Motorbooks, a publisher of automotive and aviation books as well as wholesaler and mail-order distributor, will be displaying their new line of promotional books and a selection of bestselling titles. In charge of booths #3349, 3351: Patrick J. Anderson.

The Mountaineers

This publisher of books on mountaineering and other outdoor noncompetitive activities will display the following new titles: *Everest Grand Circle*, the narrative of an expedition on skis; *Kilimanjaro*, *The White Roof of Africa*; *Pages of Stone: Geology of National Parks and Monuments, Vol. 2, California and the Pacific Northwest*; *Cross-Country Ski Routes in Colorado's Elk Mountains*.

50% discount on ABA orders (15-book minimum, same or assorted). In charge of booth #3021: Donna DeShazo.

Mountain Press

Booth #3750

John Muir Publications

Posters and buttons will be given away to promote *Color Me Macho*, author Carl Franz' satire of the "color me" craze (Franz will be in attendance). Additional titles from Muir: *How To Keep Your Honda ATC Alive*; *Road & Track's Guide to Used Car Classics*; and