

1 Jan. '88--The year went out with a tremendous day, bright and fine, our new barometer rising and rising, and in late morning we headed for Ebey's Landing. A lovely hike there, all but windless and mountains in and out of the horizon schools of clouds--Mt. Baker with thin blue cloud streaks across it as if it had been pasted on the sky in strips, Pilchuck--the one Cascade peak we've been atop, on a hike years ago--standing tremendous over Everett, the Olympics in long irregular summitline with peaks seeming to hold the clouds up. Two red-tailed hawks circling and circling over the bluff and us. A few tugboats and barges; the Port Townsend ferry; a distant freighter coming in past Dungeness Spit. We had lunch of gorp and fruit at the top of the first rise of the bluff, and at the far end we actually flopped in the sun for a while, a grand gift to be able to do on Dec. 31. Home by about 4, C cooked roast beef for supper, we lazed by the fireplace for a while, went to bed early. The pair of us went out of '87, the dancing year of Rascal Fair, pretty damn content.

3 Jan--Mentioned in Dispatches this morning, NYTER version. In front-page review of Thos Flanagan's "Tenants of Time" George Garrett cites "a small, various and indomitable band of serious American writers who, from time to time, are still creating fiction out of history even while insisting on as much authenticity and accuracy as possible"--Mary Lee Settle, me, Stephen Becker, Fred Chappell and pre-eminently, he says, Shelby Foote.

The other Times, Seattle, also has a surprise in it today, Donn Fry's news note that Rascal Fair is back to press for another 5,000 copies, bringing it to 55,000. C brought that wondrous item home y'day forenoon in an early copy of the paper, and not until this morning did it dawn on me what Donn's likely source (since I didn't know anything about another 5 thou) was--PW's "Back to Press" column with, sure enough, that news but also with my wonderment now whether it's an actual printing or an end-of-year publicity announcement that tots up, more or less, the excess books over 50,000 that've been in the computer totals at Macmillan. I'll phone tomorrow to see.

3 Jan. cont.--Even as I type, C is rapping out postcards to the Macmillan sales reps about Dick Estell's forthcoming reading of Rascal Fair on Nat'l Public Radio. I'll need to talk to Susan or somebody, too, about how the word of that could be spread. Could do it myself, with xeroxed mailings, but I don't feel I have the time and stamina to tackle that and then new year of Maria at the same time.

Fine weather has continued, though ~~barom~~ barometer is dropping this morning. Y'day we hiked the waterfront path past the grain terminal, freighters head-on in Elliott Bay against the white and blue Olympics, a grain ship from Manila loading at the terminal, cloudless and more wonderfully, windless day. The day before that, we walked the marshfront path to Fosters Island; and maybe the day before that, we went around Green Lake; crisp energizing outings, all of them, tingling with winter and flocks of ducks.

5 Jan.--You can all but hear the brains grinding away around here, as C thinks through her cosmic new team-taught course and I resume with the Mariah ms. I've had back-to-back days of heavy work, an exceptionally good startup, but it is draining, and now at 3 I'm making myself quit and go in the living room and read. A note, though, that would horrify word-processing converts: I've done this resumption of Mariah by deliberately retyping the opening dozen or so pp. of the ms, to get the voice into my fingers.

7 Jan.--2 p.m., C has just come home, lunchless, from her superclass; after she has yogurt we'll go walk the park. I've finished the day's ms work, 3 fresh pp. as scheduled. An exceedingly steady week for me, so far; carpentering the early draft of the opening 2 chunks of Mariah, plus now beginning to add fresh pp. according to schedule. Life can't stay this steady, some commotion or another waiting around a calendar corner; but it's been heartening to find I can go along as I have today, doing the writing and also fielding the phone--Seattle Pacific U., can I come talk to students about writing? (yes, in April); a Dr. Thompson in Oak Harbor, can he quote from Winter Bros in a letter to the editor he wants to write

7 Jan cont.--against developers who are bulldozing in the wetlands of Whidbey Island? (yes, if he does not call me back to read his full epistle) Reid Beddow at the Wash'n Post, how about reviewing Jim Harrison's new novel about a Nebraska homesteader? (no, too close to Frank's knee operation etc., but how about if I try do a Rediscovery review of Sorrowless Times for him...). The accomplishing feeling may have something to do with the voice of this book; Jick's is a style I can mimic without too much strain, and the interesting angle this time around is to have the ms sound like him, a la English Creek, but a bit tauter, the plot to move along more crisply.

Dry weather continues--no rain this year yet. Sunshine, in fact, in the afternoons; positively warm y'day, when I took a midweek break and went to the U Dis for lunch and Thos Flanagan's Tenants of Time and chores such as going to the Oroweat bakery for otherwise-unfindable apple granola b'fast cereal. As I write this, I have laundry going; trying to shoulder chores before they get ahead of us in this busy winter quarter of C's.

8 Jan.--Toughest day, by far, of this week, as I sneezed and blew and felt generally logey. A lot of eyetime spent on the upper left corner note pinned above this typewriter: "Anybody can write on a good day." Anyway, I oozed whatever energy and idea I could find onto the ms, daylong, and I now have the first two sections of Mariah, about 6,000 words, in workable form, with the allotted 3 fresh pp. for today achieved amid it all. I'll settle.

Cold rain today. Januariness.

19 Jan.--The day of Frank's new knee, we hope. I picked him up a few minutes before 6 this morning at Madison House and got him established at Swedish Hospital; there should be word on his operation any time now. He was resolute enough this morn, though aching in every joint because he'd had to forgo all medication before the operation.

My mood is actually pretty good, now that we're into Frank's new knee try--any beginning is better than the waiting, I suppose. But last week went down an emotional sinkhole. It began before we were even out of bed on

19 Jan. cont.--Saturday; I'd turned on the furnace, then snuggled in with Carol in her bed to wait for the house to warm, when the bedside phone rang. I grumbled and answered it: Margaret Svec with the news that Pat Armstrong had died during the night. A bit later Margaret asked if I'd do a tribute to Pat at the memorial service and I automatically said "certainly", not at all realizing how emotionally straining it'd turn out to be. Then at noon, still Saturday, C and I listened, gulping, while a close friend told us--the first to hear, the first time he'd managed to speak it into words--his wife is leaving him after 22 years. Telling us broke him down into tears--thank goodness, as he later said an emotional dam came loose in him that way--and of course C and I had a couple of strained hours of trying to be of any help. (Hours too of being boggled. He found out her intention when he noticed ~~amcheck~~ in the checkbook a check to a lawyer, asked her what that was, and she looked around from the sewing machine and said, "I'm going to ask you for a divorce." The circumstances are so trite, I couldn't sell them as fiction: she's fallen for one of our friend's best friends, a guy I encountered briefly, years ago in my freelance magazine writing incarnation, and disliked, even disdained, immediately as a blue-sky merchant. Besides the 22 years of marriage, there are the pair's teenagers; C and I have not heard her side of it, but what a lot she is walking away from. Cf, indeed, she does so; as of now, she has moved out but not in with the b-s merchant.) The long and short of all this, in this household, was that the emotions of the weekend got to my eyelid; the left eyelid, with the healing incision from December, began to twitch, and then to inflame, blowing up into a chelayzion again. It put me deeply dismal by midweek, the eye problem even worse, after all the ministrations and effort since last July, than when it began. I managed to see Taplin at Gp Health, N'gate, on Wed. or Thurs.--had been unable to get thru to Gorman's nurse Sharon at main Gp H ophthalmology, where one of their doctors topped over and died at age 42, just before Xmas--and so began a regimen of soaking, using Erythromycin ointment on the lid, and upping my intake of Tetracycline

19 Jan. cont.--(the Tetra decision my own, and I'm sure against Taplin's inclinations;~~of~~ but it occurred to me Gorman has had me on the Tetra not just for its antibiotic action but because it thins the eyelid gland secretions) and trying to rest the eye as much as possible. By this past Sunday, the 17th, the twitching had let up, and seems to have gone away now; the eyelid is still swollen, a bit hot and grainy--chelayzioned, in a word--but greatly better than it was. A dark episode, though, because if indeed stress made the eyelid erupt, as seems to be the case, life just is not going to be without stress.

With breaking voice but managing to get through it, I did the tribute to Pat on Thurs. afternoon--copy of it is at the back of this diary. The woman pastor, Christine Morton, did a marvelous job with the service, evoking Pat for us.

What else. On the brighter side, we had dinner at Tom and Carrie Jones' on Sunday night, and came home with a White House Christmas card. Not from the Rayguns themselves, but from Tom, his signature under the scene he painted.

21 Jan.--By god, I may have cracked the back of the worst of the work on the buffalo range scene, by writing the transition into the flashback of Jick offering Riley the ranch. I need a good day of work tomorrow, not easy on a Friday of what has been a scampering week, to come up with pp. to get the trio off Red Sleep Mtn. and into Jick's Toussaint buffalo story.

Just past 11:15 now; C will shortly be home for lunch, and soon after that I'll head for Swedish Hospital to see Frank. He's been in a critical 24 hours, another stint of "cardiovascular event" that sent him into gibberish a couple of months ago; I walked into his room y'day, saw the glaze in his eyes, an actual dull filmy look, and thought, uh oh. Dr. Lane warns us that his circulatory system is fragile, but thinks Frank may come out of that today--he was somewhat clearerheaded by late afternoon y'day, Jim said.

22 Jan.--Hallegoddamnlujah, as I have just breathed aloud. 3:20, here in the depth of Friday afternoon, and I've just finished the draft of the Moiese section of Mariah. It keeps me on schedule despite the trials of last week, the eyelid, the memorial service, the marital split-up, and despite the afternoon visits I've made to Frank in Swedish Hospital this week. (C is just now home from him; he's much perkier, after having come thru Wednesday's cardiovascular "event" and yesterday's onset of pneumonia; his situation is still fragile, day to day, but at least this is a better day.)

Amid it all, good things have been happening. Today's mail brought word of a Pacific NW Booksellers Award for Rascal Fair, my fifth in a row. Liz called just after lunch to say the Mariah ~~contract~~ contract should reach me next week. And y'day Richard Green of Lynn Pleshette's Hollywood agency called to say he's goosed Silvest, if I have the putative film moguls' corporate name right, up to \$7500 (from \$5000) 1st-yr ~~moption~~ option and \$3500 (from \$2500) on 2nd year. He and I are agreed those figures are fine, but he's going to try do better yet on the purchase price (\$80,000, up from original \$75,000). Even though I've never yet made a nickel on movie rights, it's been worth it in hilarity to talk with Lynn and now Richard, down across the years; Richard said in his original call the Silvest guys are from San Rafael, and that therefore, being from that far north in California, they were bound to be more honest ~~thicker~~ than the people he deals with in LA. I laughed and asked him if there was some kind of a geographical divide there, on its north slope Californians got honest? Y'day, C had taken an earlier call from Richard and so had the gist of his message that he'd managed to up the \$\$, so I called him and asked if it was true he was tumbling money out those poor ~~northern~~ honest northern Californians. He said yeah, they're so easy up there, it's almost no fun.

27 Jan.--Midweek; past, really, at 3:35 on a Wednesday; and I'm somewhat weary from a past 3 days of doing income tax, talking to C's class (y'day), visiting Frank at Swedish Hospital this afternoon and y'day, plus getting back to work on the Mariah ms today. But there is good news, a Sea Runners movie deal evidently having been struck: \$7500 1st year option, \$3500 2nd year, \$80,000 purchase price on 1st day of principal shooting, 3 points of the producer's net. Of those figures, the \$7500 to be paid upon signing of the contract is, by overwhelming odds, likely the only \$\$ we'll ever see. But as Richard Green said on the phone y'day afternoon when I told him, let's just take it, "Some pocket money, huh?"

2 Feb.--Maybe, just maybe, this household is entering a less fraught time. Y'day morning I fetched Frank home from Swedish Hospital to Madison House--not with absolute dispatch, because when I got to the hospital at 10:30 the nurses knew nothing of him being ready to leave right then, Dr. Hanscom's OK to go home was contingent on Dr. Lane's OK, etc., all of which had to be resolved with phone calls and hurried last-minute nurse-counseling of Frank about how to behave at home in these recuperative weeks. I was a bit leery, because he looked so tuckered out, and for that matter ~~he~~ still had the goddamn hiccups that plagued him practically the whole hospital stay; but it still seemed the thing to do to get him out of the susceptible environment of hospital and launched into life again. So far so good; he called this morning to say he'd up to the dining room for breakfast, an adventure in mobility I hadn't figured he'd be ready for yet; said it doesn't work well to have meals brought to the room, he has to improvise an eating place and so on, but I think he mainly wanted to get up to the dining room and socialize tooth and nail.

I'm taking this week mostly to think about the Mariah ms. Today I wrote blue sheets of ideas and transitions, and sorted possible usable material from old Eng Crk binders. Phone has been quiet, thank god; news of last week was an overture for a Voice of America interview; arrival of Mariah contract to be signed; and Rascal Fair's re-emergence on S. Times bestseller list, #9, entirely unexpectedly.

7 Feb.--Dankest February. Both days of this weekend have been solidly overcast, chilly and damp, yet without real rain. I slogged thru some answering of accumulated mail but haven't had ambition for anything else.

Yet yesterday was a cardinal day. I signed and mailed off the contract for Mariah Montana, with its promised \$140,000 advance. Stood against what I made in the first many years of my writing, it is fabulous money; unless I'm missing some catch in how much Macmillan will withhold against returns on Rascal Fair (still nearly 50,000 out in the world, about 3500 in the warehouse), money is to rain on us in big globs in the next few months, about \$40,000 in Rascal Fair royalties and the first \$60,000 of Mariah.

Luckily, given the weekend's dip of weather and mine of energy, I proposed to C ~~that~~ when she came home Thurs. afternoon that we climb in the car and go see the Skagit snow geese. She's written in her diary of that glorious experience of being overflowed by maybe five thousand geese--at least an acre of them when ^{they} were alit and feeding.

C has just handled a phone call to Mary Regan, and instructs me to put in what strange occasions we get invited to just because I write books: Mary is having us to dinner with Archbishop Hunthausen on June 10. Carol to Mary: what do you call an archbishop on an occasion like this? Mary, wryly: You call him Archbishop, he's very informal.

8 Feb.--After a truly blobby day y'day, bedraggled by sinuses, today I wrote the needed 4 fresh pp. without undue struggle. Indeed, this afternoon I vacuumed this place and swept off the carport. C meanwhile is off on a horrific trip, taking Frank to Pill Hill to get the stitches out of his operation scar, at a time of day that'll likely sink them in traffic both directions.

Recent reading: in self-defense, I'm now on McMurtry's centennial novel, Texasville. The book is quite possibly an elaborate joke, with Duane's dog Shorty the only developed character in a cast of zillions. All the men are terminally dumb, all the women have the same smart mouth; remarkably, McM even gives Duane all but identical shrews at home (Minerva the maid) and at the office (Ruth the secretary). The book does rattle along, outrageous

8 Feb. cont.--shortcuts and all, and I suppose ~~inasmuch~~ what I ~~xxx~~ should take to heart from it is how short and approximate the attention span of readers is, in this tv/movie age which McM fully grasps. T'ville sold tons more than probably anything I'll ever write, yet I don't know if I could ever let so zipped-through-the-word-processor a manuscript go into print; McM, plainly, exuberantly did.

Before T'ville, I worked my way through Thos Flanagan's *The Tenants of Time*. And concluded, much to my surprise, because I'd liked *The Year of the French* a lot, that *Rascal Fair* is probably a better book, at least better fiction. I'm a bit dicey about how actual my own female characters turn out, but Flanagan's are straight from central casting, saintly wife, bohemian mistress, wise but lustful servant. Also, the central drama of the book turns out to involve the two least-seen of his quartet of major characters; also again, the one undamaged, well-nigh faultless character is the school-master, a little too pat a viewpoint for an English prof to take, I think. Disconcerting, this reaction to a writer, a personage, I've much admired, and who likely rides at the head of the troop of the kind of writing I've been trying to do; I remember that in reading *The Year of the French*, at the start of each chapter where Fl'n would change voice, maybe even venue, I'd reflexively think, Don't do that, that is going to be so much work.

16 Feb.--10 to 11, and I can call it good on today's decent regular spate of ms, 4 pp. worth. This, after yesterday's blotto mood when I ground along all day and only made a quota of pp. by dint of a scene I'd virtually written in notes on Friday. I suspect television brung on the bad day. Sunday night C and I wanted to see some of the Calgary Olympics and so we dragged out her dad's old color set; it turned out that we had to spend three hours to get the hour's worth of figure skating we wanted to see, and we were both strung out the next day. I thought maybe it was just the disruption of bedtime, but C, who's teaching from Neil

16 Feb. cont.--Postman's book this quarter, believes TV's discontinuity jangles us; ABC exacts a slew of commercials virtually between every figure skating performance. Certainly it's an electronic blizzard compared to our usual quiet measured evenings.

Strong week of writing last week, all of it first-draft, as this week's pp. also have to be. Then, hallelujah, I can immerse into rewriting and try to get the "End Toward Idaho" section into full draft either by the time we go to California for spring break or when I entrain for Montana.

Phone has been blessedly quiet. The only speaking request dangling loose is from Whitman College, which I maybe should try do but don't yet see how or when. Best news of last week was from Laura, activities director at Carol's dad's retirement home: she was called for jury duty, and when she looked around the waiting room, three different people were reading *Dancing at the Rascal Fair*.

18 Feb.--Done it. By dutiful hammering and scraping, I today came up with 5 fresh pp. to complete the first-drafting quota for this winter. From here till spring, maybe all the way to Havre, it's rewrite now.

24 Feb.--The temperature went up to sunny 60 today, my veg seeds coincidentally arrived from Territorial, and so I figured if we're having a droughty spring I may as well get out there and plant. Spent almost 2½ hrs, 12:30-3, putting in spinach and lettuce, transplanting strawbs, trimming raspberries. Will see if this makes a decent substitute for my usual mid-week try of taking a break to a U Dist lunch etc.

I've been making rewrite pp. pile up, between 5 and 8 a day, but haven't been solving the gaps that need fresh work. Will try get the Va. City scene done tomorrow, and the Butte one on Friday; that would leave the Toothless Ferries scene and Jick's Gros Ventre-Helena one to be done in the next 2 weeks, which at least sounds possible; that would give me the armature of the first section of *Mariah* by spring break, at least. As usual, not much room for slippage, though.

29 Feb.--To try to reproduce the phone call that just came, 2 o'clock:

--Ivan Doig? Is that how you pronounce it, Doig?

--Yeah, Doig.

--This is Anatole Broyard at the New York Times.

--Oh yeah, hi, Anatole.

--We want you to review a book for us.

--Oh gee. I don't think so. I'm writing my own next one, got manuscript all around me here.

--Everybody says that. We're going to have to get a whole new set of reviewers somewhere.

--Yeah, I imagine there's a lot of it going around.

--The Sunday Book Review is a good place to get your name noticed.

--Yeah, well. You want to tell me what this book is?

--Harry Crews' new novel.

--(Silence. Then:) Ah, I don't think so. I don't believe I get Harry's stuff.

--Nobody gets Harry's stuff, that's why we want you.

--No, really, I don't think I could do Harry justice.

--(Laugh) Well, I'm not going to do this one myself. When will you be done (with my book)? When will you be available?

--(Thinking out loud) Well, I'm writing all spring, and I'm going to Montana this summer for research. Next fall, I could be tried?

--I'll tell people here to lay off you until then. So long.

Of course I utterly missed the line I should have used: Harry's book's got freaks in it, right? I don't do freaks, Anatole.

7 March--Well, this is better. I'm just back from the post office, where I had our mail held during our Cannon Beach weekend, with a check for \$54,000. There were years, back there in the magazine freelance eon, when a check with two fewer zeroes would have looked good. This first potload of the Mariah Montana advance money--there're to be two more such checks, each for \$36,000 (Liz's 10% out of all these figures) at the start of '89 and '90--I've just now greeted Carol with, back from her trip of taking the garbage to the dump. It is more money, present and impending, than I probably ever thought I'd have as a writer; thank god I was able to persevere past the eyelid whimsams and get Rascal Fair into the word, 50,000 books worth, last fall.

We got home at the end of y'day afternoon from a Fri-Sun. trip to Cannon Beach. I read (from Rascal Fair, Angus meeting Anna) at the Coaster Theater there Sat. night, at John Buckley's behest in the winter arts series they've set up. Crowd of 80 or so, pretty good on a night of howling storm. And we both enjoyed seeing John function on the straight and narrow, the perfect host--he's been dry now for 4 yrs, he reports, and it's evident he has a kind of resident intellectual status among the town fathers and mothers, whom he and we joined for b'fast at the ordained big round table in the Fireside y'day morn. He's also doing well with the bookstore, grossing \$240,000 last year, he says. C and I got some beachwalking in, though not as much as we'd like, because of storm and wind, and did some looking around, to not much effect, for a place the Nelsons and us could go together on and buy. The busyness, jampacked really, of Cannon Beach on a March offseason weekend during a big storm made C cringe--too much like her Ocean Grove b'gnd, and any qualms she has makes me in turn come unstuck from having been reasoned into a vacation-home venture. We seem to have come out with the conclusions that we much prefer Manzanita over C Beach, though the north end of C Beach, across the river, might be okay in the unlikelihood anything comes available. There is a modern place, ideally sited across the st. from boundary of Nehalem St. Park, but for \$160,000, and the Nelsons, who are to put up 2/3 of the money, have said said \$100,000--i.e., \$65,000 from them--is as high as they want to go. Will now see what happens when Ann Nelson gets

7 March cont.--on the case down there with realtors--the one John Buckley recommended to us we couldn't get hold of--probably next month.

8 March--A day of true rain. I did manage to walk 4 laps of the park mid-morning. Otherwise, I've banged hard at the ms, trying to finish the Toothless Ferries sequence. C just came home from her dad's and I told her I hate to quit, I'm on p. 99. But it's 3:40 and I need fresh pp., so will wait until tomorrow to enjoy triple digits.

Phone ~~exit~~ conversation with Bill Lang last night, the upshot of it that I agreed to give a reading, along with Louise Erdrich and Michael Dorris, at the centennial symposium in Billings in June '89. Bill did not flinch when I said \$2500 or half what you're paying L&M, whichever is more; as I suspected, there's a positive advantage to negotiating after Michael has dynamited the way!

Driving to and from Cannon Beach, C and I listened to Books on Tape version of The Sea Runners; by damn, the book sounded good. I haven't read it for a few years, so it was greatly gratifying to hear how well it fit together, rhythms running, references back to earlier events dovetailed in, etc. At SPU next month I'll talk, and mostly take questions from, what I think is the first class (that I've been before) to read the book, and it ought to be interesting to hear what they think. I agree with C--I've always agreed on this, but felt the plot demanded it--that it's an incredibly daring infliction on the reader to kill off both the book's best talkers.

16 March--I've closed down the winter's writing, and am struggling to clear my desk--indeed, 3 of them--by the time we leave for Calif. on Friday morning. C read over the first 135 pp. of ms draft a night or two ago, and thought it fine, no big problems at this stage. Today I'm meeting Linda Bierds for lunch, while C closes down her

qtr of teaching, and will leave the same ms batch for Linda's perusal. I've had to blue-sheet some gaps in the ms--probably a week of writing would fill them in--but on the other hand I'm somewhat ahead of where I'd hoped to be in total # of draft pp. Declare victory and move on.

Sunday's NY Times had the 400-worder I wrote on

16 March--the E'burgh sheepdog trials. Another landmark: my first NYT piece to which they did not lay a pencil.

Also, I'm considerably entertained that the second sentence of that piece, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long in Times type, likely was the lengthiest and most curvaceous in the whole newspaper.

Weather is bright and cool, November-like. It's also more of the drought, so I've begun watering all the decorative plantings today and tomorrow, before we head out of here.

Something I should not get casual about is the continuing response from readers, a couple or three or four letters or calls each week. Y'day I phoned Tony Angell to say so long before we go, got only his phone machine, and so when the phone rang later and a suspiciously deep voice asked, "Is this Mr. Ivan Doig?" I said a skeptical "yeah" and just withheld saying, "nice try, Tony." But the voice went on that it was so-and-so from Kenosha, Wisconsin, who had just finished reading Sky with tears in his eyes.

He'd been born in Butte, misses Montana etc. Also, a letter wandered in here the other day with wild handwriting I thought I recognized, and finally did--Mike Kiernan, the Wash. Post reporter who interviewed me; letter had come to him from Denver, where ~~was~~ a woman had seen his piece run in the Denver Post, Mike in turn sent it on to NY but to Atheneum's old address, it got forwarded to Macmillan, Lois G. added a yellow slip saying somebody, not her!, opened it somewhere along the line, but here at last it was. And the Denver lady simply wondered if I'd come across her ancestors in my Montana snoopings.

Y'day I went up for an hour to the final day of C's Learning Community class, which she has team-taught this qtr with Diane Gould and Lloyd Keith and Jean Roden, and it was truly moving to see and hear the sense of confidence and achievement the students were showing. They take the point, as well as the 4 profs, that this is the way to educate; but administrators are going to blanch always at the expense it takes, C full-time and the other 3 most of their time on a class of a couple dozen students.

17 March--We head for California in the morning. Meanwhile, the phone rang about 9:15 this morning and the voice said, "This is Seymour Lawrence," wanting to take me to lunch.

I hemmed a bit, amidst chores and packing as I was, but decided to meet him for coffee at the Inn at the Market ~~where~~ where he's staying. He turns out to be much like a smaller brother of Dick ^{Hugo}, large mostly bald head, heavy across the middle and upper body. On the desk clerk's recommendation we headed off for Maximilian's, and on the steep downward street outside the Inn I noticed L unsteady on his feet--of course, he'd been shipboard in the South Pacific a couple of weeks, and must have been jetlagged as well; no sooner got him down that street at a tender pace than we were on the cobblestones alongside the Market, more rocky footing for him. Did get him to M'iam's finally, got a nice window seat. Couple of young women took the table next to us, with a baby; the baby shortly let out a minor howl, truly not much noise at all, and L apparently unconsciously muttered way under his breath, "Jesus!" He did some more flinching at the baby's ~~xxx~~ oral restlessness, but we got on with the conversation. A Seattle publisher named Steve Winn sent L, who goes by Sam, a copy of Sky, but I still don't see why Sam, who has only a dozen high-class literary types in his imprint stable, so automatically wants me; his bunch includes Vonnegut, Jayne Ann Phillips, Jim Harrison, Barry Hannah, McGuane, Thomas Berger, and did include Richard Brautigan. Told him I'm happy at the moment with Tom and Ath'm, he said fine, but things sometimes change; I agreed and said yup, that's why I was having coffee with him. Asked him what made Brautigan kill himself; Sam said B was drinking a lot, and felt he'd lost his audience. Trout Fishing in America sold 2 million copies, he said, and B's last couple of books sold 12-14,000 in h'back, good enough but not cult magnitude. He said B had told him when he went to Bolinas that he was writing, but it turned out he hadn't done a thing. Also said B gave McGuane his fly rod, with flowers tied onto it, when he left Montana; a final goodbye which McG ~~xxx~~ naturally didn't recognize for what it was. And reviews came up, when I told Sam he'd lucked out on the favorable Jonathan Yardley W. Post review of Jim Harrison's new book, as they'd first asked me to do it--even if I'd liked it, they're a helluva

17 March ~~cont.~~. --better off having Y'ley like it. That somehow led to Sam telling of Vonnegut being so upset, depressed really, about a pan of one of his recent books by the NYTBR that he called Sam and told him he wanted him never again to buy an ad for ~~his~~ V's books in the NYT. Sam said, Now wait a minute, we can't do that. And of Jayne Ann Phillips, he said she came up to him at the St. Lawrence writers' conference and asked if he published short stories, he said not if he could help it, why didn't she write a novel; but she persisted at him until he changed his mind, and Black Tickets (which he titled, he says, instead of her original, something like Heavenly Command) was the result. The one thing Sam said that does make me pine a little is that he handles the world rights for his writers and thus has Harrison being pub'd in 8 countries, McGuane in 6 or 7 etc. Ah, well. One thing about the pleasant enough meeting with Sam (whose daughter, former teacher of the deaf in Gt. Falls, is in audiology grad school at UW) is something that keeps surprising me in literary people, he's a controlled stutterer of some sort, occasionally would have to force a word. Out of my very limited contacts into the lit world, that's now Edward Hoagland, Geoff Wolff, Michael Arlen and now Sam, I think all of them people of eastern prep schools etc., who stutter to one degree or another. What went on in those upbringings?

Anyhoo, another good week for the home team here. The NYTM piece, Sam calling up, and Tom saying he's going to try to buy up the Sky and Winter Bros contracts from HBJ. And I even got a little work done, somewhere in there.

March 23--4:10 in 3rd floor corner room of the Olympia Motor Lodge in Pacific Grove, with bright sunshine and wind whooping in the trees, long whitecaps like surf everywhere on the ocean. Luckily we hiked at Pt. Lobos, from ~~Wah~~ Whalers Cove to south side of Cypress Grove, this morning before the wind began kicking up to this force. No whales seen today, though we saw a few y'day at Pt Lobos, from favorite viewpoint in the Cypress Grove looking south along the coast. It looks across a little cove to the point of land that stretches out toward Sea Lion Rocks, with a hump of ancient cross-hatched rock under the viewpoint; the water off the cove is the color of rich liquid mud (from the kelp beds in it) until it meets what looks like molten turquoise at the edge of where the surf boils white against the rocks of the point. With the long coast to Big Sur as backdrop the cove scene in itself is terrific--Carol says she knows of no better; and y'day ~~a~~ ten or so sea otters were amid the kelp there, floating on their backs or making slow ~~rolls~~ rolls in the water, while a heron stood atop something in the water, maybe a kelp bed itself, and was slowly rafted back and forth.

With that Point Lobos experience y'day, along with an afternoon stroll around Monterey's historic area, supper of Doo~~Bah~~'s barbecue ribs and slaw here in our room, ~~and~~ and then out to the movie Dark Eyes, a wonderful farce with Mastroianni and sundry Russians (an engaging guy in front of us kept saying to everybody he saw afterwards, "Wasn't that the best movie you ever saw?"), we had a helluva fine day.

Today got off a lot shakier, when I went to pay for breakfast at the usual ~~Brooks~~ Brooks Ranch downtown here and couldn't find my Visa card. There ensued a couple of hours of C and I looking everywhere, thinking thru all of y'day and where I might have dropped it--as I told her, it's the kind of futility I hate, not knowing by any logic or system where something has got to; it goes against my very nature--and finally phoning around to places where I'd been and, that failing, trying to figure out how to finance our trip home. If we phoned in my card as lost, that would cancel C's card, with its identical number, as well. I decided to go

March 23, Pac Grove, cont'd.--downtown to check with the bookstore in person, rather than by phone, because they have at least 2 cash registers and staffs there and I didn't want to fall between. No luck there, but I decided to walk on down the street and try the b'fast place, the Brooks Ranch, again. The veteran waitress who'd originally made what I thought was a thorough conscientious search this time went to ask the manager, who wasn't there ~~because~~ because of a bank errand, but in passing she asked into the kitchen, of the cook or a flunky, who said yeah, a card had been turned in last night, the mgr had it locked in his office. I came back in half an hour, there indeed was the missing card; I still don't know what happened, except that when I'd used the card there y'day morning there were a couple of distractions to the waitress and me, she having to dig out a new packet of credit slips to use and then after I'd signed and she handed me my copy of the slip, she remembered to ask me for a phone number, which I jotted on her copies; somewhere in that broken rhythm she didn't hand me back the card from the imprinting machine or I put it down to do the further writing. Anyway we got out out that by the skin of the cook's tongue, because if I hadn't come up with any hope there we'd have had to begun calling in cancellation of the card etc.

Other than that, we've swum right along on this trip. An easy enough drive to Ashland the first day, and a good dinner at Chateaulin*, impressive enough that we intend to repeat on our homeward trip. And Berkeley worked out well, Gramma's b&b room small and tilted but wonderfully handy--we didn't get back in the car until ready to leave B'ley for here, instead walking down Ashby to the Bart station for Sunday's trip into San Francisco, walking along Telegraph to supper at Larry Blake's, etc. We even managed good nights of entertainment in B'ley, not usually our strong point when we travel; excellent music in a kind of concert cabaret at Trinity Chapel, then poetry readings the next night at the hilariously ~~ex~~ crammed and crowded

March 23 cont.--Cafe Milano by Robert Pinsky and Heather McHugh (of the UW, though we don't know her). McH was maybe a bit daunted by the near combat conditions, noise of the ~~the~~ jammed cafe below seeping, no, surging up into the loft, and she made the mistake of sitting, which left her out of sight of nearly all of us. Pinsky on the other hand is a good dramatic reader, so ~~much~~ much so that C wondered if he's had training as an actor. Both made what seems to us a baffling bemuddling mistake, thinking out loud to the audience as they decide what poems to read instead of having the program crafted beforehand.

March 28--Got home from Calif. at the stroke of 4, Sat. afternoon the 26th. A good trip, a good vacation, yet I had something akin to jet lag y'day, droopy and logey. Came out of it a bit after lunch and a nap, but the way I tire out during driving days is a perplexity. We carefully did provide ourselves some diversion with Books on Tape, though The Wreck of the Mary Deare proved to be a good enough story told in really tedious ~~fashion~~ fashion; evidently adventure novels--for Hammond Innes is a large name in the genre, and this I think is his best known book--have the same formulaic woes as mysteries. And this morning I feel pretty good. But as to whether I feel as I've had a long rest and am now raring to go, unfortunately no. More like, business as usual.

For all that, such trips are a good idea. A day or so of funk on my part is a small enough price. The weather of our whole trip was blue and peerless, while it rained most of the week here in Seattle--hell, some snowflakes fell y'day. On ~~Thursday~~ Thursday, day after my last diary entry, we went to the Monterey Aquarium, and then to lunch at the southmost pier-restaurant on Cannery Row, which used to be something like Tia Maria's but now is El Torito; have always gone there for the marvelous view of Monterey Bay, often porpoises out in the water, while Carol has an annual sangria, but this time we decided to have lunch and, by god, the fiesta platter--sort of Mexican smorgasbord on a plate--was the best Mexican food of the trip, easily better than

March 28 cont.--our old but fading favorite, Consuelo's, and surprisingly even better than the Jardins in San Juan Batista. We had the bar to ourselves there at lunch, then when we went back for supper--identical--that same night, the place was jammed, young military folk and secretaries. Neither of us minded the crush and noise level--we must've been really vacationed by then--and so the El Torito food was one of the finds of the trip. At the other end of the exploring spectrum was my noticing of the movie *Shy People* at the Pac Grove 6-plex theatre, and we went because I'd read rave reviews of Barbara Hershey's performance. Indeed she was terrific, and the movie was monumentally awful, full of hillbilly behavior Al Capp would have been embarrassed to impose on L'il Abner.

Didn't get to this Berkeley moment in the earlier entry: Monday morning, as we were going down for b'fast at Gramma's b&b, we passed a sweaty guy in running shorts coming back to his room after jogging. He looked up, a goodlooking trim and slender man with black graying hair and a handsome beard, and asked, "Are you Ivan Doig?" I blinked, the only random possibility occurring to me was that he was one of the Gramma's staff who'd somehow come across my books and thus recognized my name on the guest register. But no, he said: "I'm Jim Doig." Professor of poli sci at Princeton, born and raised in Berkeley and back now to visit a son working on a chemistry Ph.D. there; he said his mother had sent him a copy of *Sky* on account of the name coincidence, and he's tumbled that we were there when the Gramma's desk people, not realizing that they had the cosmic coincidence of two Doigs signing in at their place on the same weekend, told him he had #10, our room. We visited on the run, Jim's family due to meet him for b'fast and C and I about to be on our way, but both of us liked him. He said as far as he knows, his family line is from Perth.

Next coincidence was on Sat., when I suggested to C that we make a lunch stop, even though it'd be a bit early, at the ^Hearthman Hotel in Portland. I got us lost driving in, and for christ's sake, again driving out, but at lunch itself, I looked over at the next table and there was the hotel mgr. Mary Arnstad, having b'fast with 4 or 5

March 28 cont.--others, including a black man who I at first wondered might be Bill Hilliard of the Oregonian. No, Mary said when she came over and sat with us after her table dispersed, he was Leontyne Price's brother, a retired general who now is her manager. Price had sung the night before, and Mary and her fellow, Fred Abbey, joined the Price party for drinks in the Heathman bar afterward and went on until 2 a.m.; Mary, who looked perfectly composed and in command as ever, said she'd been in the hotel, and in the same clothes, the past 72 hours. She was enthralled with Leontyne, whom she'd told now ranked with Rudolf Nureyev as the Heathman's favorite guest. Said Leontyne, in introducing her accompanist to her and Fred, hugged him and announced, "This is the only marriage that ever worked!" When C and I told Mary we'd been overnight in Ashland, she asked if we could guess her Ashland dream. I should've, having driven past it and marveling every time: the old Mark Antony hotel, repainted on the ^{out}inside but still a pit inside, she said; she'd love to restore it to life and classiness. Both of us get a real kick out of Mary; it's been one of the unexpected bonuses of my book life that the Heathman and its staff have cropped in--hell, I dislike 90% of the hotels I'm in, and usually the classier they are the more uneasy I feel, but when the chef gives Mary a copy of Rascal Fair for Christmas, yeah, I find that winning. C remarked that the day's Oregonian had a story about Bette Midler searching for new challenges in her career, very similar to what Mary was opining; something I'm going to have to think about, myself, these next few years as the Two Medicine trilogy gets done.

Speaking of which, the Sunday we were in Berkeley all 5 of my books were on the Seattle Times bestseller list. It must have been some re-ordering quirk, Pac Pipeline flooding the stores as their own resupply came in or something, but whoooo, is it nice.

Phone just now rang, Barbara Harper with the expected news that her mother Esther died last night. I think she was the oldest of Lucie's family, ill one way or another for decades; Barbara, who I believe is 5 years older than Carol, at last is free from running what amounted to a nursing home in her own home.

30 March--To try to catch up, in what already seems to have been a busy week, although it's only 10:30 Wed. morning. Minutes after Barbara Harper called on Monday, the phone rang again and it was Dan Harvey, director publicity at Harper & Row, asking if I'd come to the ABA in Anaheim to be at their authors' lunch for "carriage trade booksellers and reviewers." Alice McDermott, Susan Isaacs, Tony Hillerman, an Australian named Peter Carey, and me. I talked it over with Carol and we agree it's a great chance, a hugely heartening show of support for the Rascal Fair p'back, and we'll go in bib and tucker.

Y'day the phone invited me up to Bellingham, to talk to a creative writing seminar. I've wrestled with the calendar about it, because I like B'ham and WWU, but am going to have to say no for this spring. May ~~ix~~ suggest instead that the prof, Bill Keith, see if he can bring his class down to Gov's Writers Day in Olympia ~~max~~ and hear me and a couple of others.

Connected with Bevis y'day, who is coming out at the end of next week, with Juliette and one of his students, Van Zimmerman, for the Am Studies conference I'm to talk to; all three are to stay with us, which will mean some scooping out around here.

As for Mariah, I hadn't expected to resume on the ms until maybe today, but actually began pecking away at this stint of writing transitions as soon as I'd sorted the accumulated mail on Monday. I feel a long way from the peak of performance, kind of sleepy and automatic, actually, but I have to keep reminding myself that work done in this mood of my body is generally as good as any other I do.

1 April--As C pointed out, today is both April Fools' and Good Friday, Sunday will be Easter, rare coinciding; and for that matter, y'day was royalty-payment day at Macmillan, which ought to yield us something nice next week.

Phone call from Liz y'day, relaying offer from David Godine for me to do text in a fancy pic book of the US Forest Service. I gave it a quick surgical no, telling Liz I'm constantly fighting being too busy. Other news was that she too will be at the ABA in Anaheim, and she suggested not only that we get together but that I meet Lynn Pleshette, our movie agent. It all sounds good.

While the life of my books is zinging along, we're still

1 April cont.--facing household perplexity. Y'day afternoon I tackled the laundry, as I've been doing on Thursdays to try to keep the damn chore out of our weekends, while C took Frank for a checkup on his new knee (which turns out to be a great success) and some of his banking chores, and after she'd had an afternoon of that and I'd slogged my way thru the wash, the cleaners, fetching some lettuce seedlings, sorting mail and trying to answer a few dabs of it, and clipping newspapers, we both sat down at drink time and agreed, this is nuts. She says this quarter, which has her going at a killing pace only 4 days after our vacation, convinces her she'd better take a 2/3 load next spring as well as next fall, or maybe even take spring off entirely; for my part, I'm going to have to be at least as rigorous as I've been in saying no to extraneous requests on my time. It's highly noticeable that the business end of the books is escalating: the movie option on Sea Runners, if it ever does show up; Tom's plan to buy Sky and WBros from HBJ; Harper & Row's eagerness to have me promote the Rascal Fair p'back--all these take some time and thought. I meanwhile have the feeling that a lot of the mulling, the tinkering and dabbling around, that has produced so much of my work is beginning to get edged aside; all the interviewing of Montanans and immersing myself back into that country for the sake of the Mariah book, for instance, is yet to be done, and while this summer and next year will somehow take care of it, it's got to get some planning and concentration from me. Among the messages I keep tacked in the ~~subnote~~ cubbyhole of wall in front of this typewriter is one that somebody sent me years ago: "I pray that your writing will continue to be sufficiently successful that I will have access to it, but not so successful that your life will be hampered by fame." Fame or whatever you call it, but that is going to have to be the continuing prayer to be lived up to.

This is going to sound wildly gyrating, but before chores got the best of me y'day I had the sensation, maybe really for the first time on this book, of something I noted during the Rascal Fair labors, of the ms beginning to tremble to be great. I'd asked Ann McCartney and Linda Biersds to read over the Mariah ms thus far--Linda is still to be heard from, I told her to take plenty of time--and

1 April cont.--in scanning with Ann's comments in hand, looking over places where she thought the story dragged, I began taking notes for how to fix, and thinking, yeah, I see what to do ~~here~~, yeah, this can go, it needs a rich new sentence here, etc. Of course, before I can win the war of making this as good a book as can be, I face all the battles of first draft yet. This week helped some, in that I've feathered in several transitions that the End toward Idaho section has been lacking, but there are still 2 or 3 tricky ones I haven't had the heart yet to attack. Indeed, I'm beginning to wonder if I can be as brutal on myself in setting deadlines and making myself meet them as I've been all my life till now. Anyway, today feels like a necessary reorganizing day, and I'll see how things stand by the middle of this month, when I head off to Havre and Shelby for the material of the book's next section.

7 April--2:20; as a mark of how busy this week has been, I'm blithely sitting here awaiting a 3 o'clock interview by Mike Edwards of the Nat'l Geographic. He showed up Tues. night at my SPU talk, I guess on the basis of having fallen in love with Montana when he did a Geographic article on it. So, anyway, other than that, I've put together 3 speeches this week, written probably 15 letters, heard from Liz and the movie agent, Susan Richman is about to call, got a nomination for the Spur award for Rascal Fair, and so on.

Liz's news was tremendous, \$35 $\frac{1}{2}$ thousand in R Fair royalties on their way. She also asked if I wanted her to tweak Macmillan about the \$40,000 that the $\frac{1}{3}$ reserve they're withholding against returns adds up to this time, and after it dawned on me that she likely wouldn't be suggesting it if she didn't want to, I called her back the next day and told her to give it a try. Her basis is going to be that the p'back money due from Harper & Row is about equal to that reserve sum, so if ~~they have~~ Macmillan has that to bank on, why do they need such a fat reserve?

Conversation with the movie dickerer, Richard Green, had a zany twist, as phone talk with him and Lynn has tended to have, ~~down~~ across the years. His call caught me amid calculation of new postage on a book I was sending to somebody, and I was expecting to hear from Frank, who's having a rocky week of health, so between the two pre-

7 April cont.--occupations I just grabbed up the phone and said, Hello? The voice on the other end said, You didn't say, Hello, this is Ivan Doig! Of course this was Richard who'd been quite taken, bemused or something with my usual introduction, which I told him has saved hours of flummoxing as people otherwise respond to hello with, May I speak with Ivan Doig, I say, Speaking, they say, Oh, really, is this Ivan Doig? So, I explained to Richard he had caught me mulling the staggering rise of the postal book rate, and he said, Well, it's just in time then that we're going to get you these movie right megabucks. The megabucks aside, his call was about the Silvest guys' interest in how available I'm going to be as they moviemake. Richard and I hashed back and forth how to say politely that I don't want to be avbl at all until the project gets damn good and serious, and he came up with telling them that I can't be avbl right now but when the movie project has progressed sufficiently I'll do my best to make myself avbl. He said Silvest says

the guys they're working with, "two young writer-producers," are keen to get my ideas about adaptation of the book, which always floors me, because apparently no one anywhere in the erstwhile movie biz will take the point that I'm quite amenable to adaptation, that here they have an author who doesn't want to stick his nose in. C suggests that it's a general movie biz mood of getting everybody involved in as time-wasting a way as possible--Richard had a good phrase about it too, to the effect that "they'll gobble every minute of your day and night"--and I suppose that's it.

SPU: that talk, which I chose to do on Sea Runners, because Rose Reynoldson had used it in her lit class there, went dandy. Almost no one there but Rose and a few nervous faculty when C and I arrived about 10 to 7, but by the time we began it was a good crowd, probably 75+, and including

Karla Rickerson from the UW PNW Collection, Deb Easter from the old Pac S gang, and Bob Heilman, former head of UW English Dept., one of my heroes; also Elizabeth Simpson, who's doing her UW English dissertation on me and is diligently showing up whenever I get out in public--

7 April cont.--I've got to kid her that she's making me feel, with her Boswellian attendance, like Dr. Johnson, pompous and gouty; and her husband Henning from UW Scandinavian Dept. The best review I got was from Heilman, who came up afterward and said, "That was first-rate! Straight from the shoulder!" He is truly a kick, one of the most enjoyable people I've ever been around, and I lament that I haven't known him all these years we've been in Seattle. C had a good conversation with him while I signed books. He told her that (in comparison with my matter-of-fact performance) when he thought of all the people he'd introduced at the UW who were either ill-prepared or stuck on themselves or both...and shook his head. Also, and we both thought this hilarious, he told C he's writing a reminiscence of Cleanth Brooks's wife, who was like his own wife--when the prof husband would show her some academic piece he'd just written, she'd read it and say, "That's nice, dear." "And do you know," Bob added exuberantly, "it's surprising how helpful that was!"

April 12--Where to begin. With Dick Estell, why not, who called this morning in response to my request for his latest list of Radio Reader stations on NPR, and in the course of it said he's thinking about reading English Creek on the air now that he's done Rascal Fair. Can't count on this until it happens, of course, but one of his comments is very much in favor, that he found Rascal Fair so easy to read.

Friday the Harper & Row p'back cover of Rascal Fair came. Pretty good; they did use the original Paul Bacon ill'n, and put over it, in C's good description, an eye chart-style title, with its second line of "AT THE" strung out into approximately "A T T H E". But the title stands out across a bookstore, so good enough. It turns out my putative editor there--these trade p'backs mostly run on automatic pilot--is Hugh Van Dusen, which is interesting a couple of ways. I'd been hoping against hope not to get assigned to Ted Solotaroff, the lit'ry wunderman who I think has signally screwed up on the two writers out here

12 April cont.--whose work I know he's handled, letting John Keeble's fiction ramble too much (in Yellowfish, the Idaho rednecks and the out-of-nowhere biker; haven't read Broken Ground) ~~not~~ while not letting Jim Welch's prose loosen up (Jim Loney), and then when Jim came up with what proved to be one of the books of last year, Fools Crow, S'ff let it get away to Viking. All I want is somebody solid to tend the paperwork, and I think Van Dusen may do just fine. The second point about him is that I looked at his letter, reminded myself that he's Archie Satterfield's editor, and I'd have to give Archie a call and share the news. But then I thought, check it out, and sure enough, in my general introductory phone call to Van D y'day morn, telling him the cover is OK, I inquired and oh yeah, H&R turned down Archie's Northwest memoir. So I will need to tread lightly there. And the main news out of Van Dusen is that the p'back press run of Rascal Fair will be at least 50,000, maybe 60,000.

Th-Fri-Sat. nights, Bill Bevis and Juliette Crump stayed with us, and while there's a lot about that good visit I want to note down--they're terrific guests, bright and efficient in the early morning, and as they never alit back here during daylight hours for a meal, I told them they're truly cheap to board--it's already 3:45, of a day when I've worked hard and fairly successfully on filling in a big transition in Mariah's 1st section, I'm going to put down instead something I've been trying to find time for for a month. It's that sometime in March, probably around the start of the 4th week, marked 25 years since I stepped off the train in Ringling, home from the Air Force with two dollars in my pocket, both of them borrowed (from Warren Cordt during my Evanston ~~stop~~ stopover; I think I'd borrowed \$10 from him for meal money on the train). In this season when a \$56,000 check has already arrived and a \$36,600 one is due imminently, I'm hugely aware of the financial change in my life since Ringling. Am also trying not to think like a guy with his last \$2 in his pocket; I think I've talked myself around to going in with the Nelsons on a Cannon Beach place, if the right one can be found, for instance. Neither C nor I get any kick out of buying stuff for buying's sake, so we're probably never going to throw money around, but I'm at least trying to be aware it's there to spend if wanted.

19 April, aboard Amtrak--In the taiga country between Libby and Whitefish; this ain't Strelnikov's red train in the Zhivago scenes I love, but so far not bad, not bad. Tempered by the fact that we're about 1½ hrs late. I'm in a sleeper compartment, which has its own toilet (very airliney), this tiny table I can manage to type on by angling the Olivetti at x 45 degrees so the carriage clears the window, and a decent built-in chair. Sleeping wasn't great, with some sway and vibration--and thank god for earplugs, which took care of sundry little rattling noises--but again could have been worse.

When I came aboard y'day, 1st time on a train in 20 years, I was horsing my suitcase and backpack thru the narrow upstairs corridor looking for my compartment when I met up with a guy taking pics out the window to Puget Sound, glorious late afternoon, his considerable camera gear in the doorway of his compartment. We hello'd and I squeezed past looking for my compartment; wait a minute, he's in D and I'm looking for D. I started to say something and he beat me to it, explaining he'd temporarily taken over the c'ment as a base for his camera gear because he's shooting an assignment for the NY Times travel section. The hell, I say; what's your name? Chris Bennion, says he. I'm Ivan Doig, I say. The hell, says he. Chris at once asked if I minded him shooting me because everybody else on the train is a senior citizen. I laughed and said shoot away, and indeed across the next 3 hrs he took a spate of shots of me and UW student Genevieve Philips in the dining car, then he had me set up this typewriter and got shots of me at it and of the train attendant pulling down the upper berth to make up my bed. Chris seems a helluva nice guy; he was subbing for Doug Wilson, flu-struck, y'day by riding Seattle-~~Everett~~ Wenatchee, driving back to Seattle last night in rental car and Fed Expressing the ~~rolls~~ rolls of film to the Times. More usually he does photography for the Seattle Symphony and theatres; he's recently married, for the ~~1st~~ 1st time ever though he's not much younger than I am, to a woman named Tessa

19 April cont.—who does hospice work, is now in UW grad school. Neither of us knows what the hell the NYT is going to make of pics of a typical train traveler typing his novel as Stephens Pass and the Cascades fly by, but the real bonus for me is that Chris offered to help me with ~~plant~~ photog info for Mariah. Given that he's doing slower assignments than the herky-jerky life of newspaper photogs, I think I can pick him up on that. It turns out, incidentally, that the Times pays \$200 a day for work such as his.

The GF Trib has just been slipped under my door, so adjournment while I tune in to Montana by newsprint.

Chinook, 20 April—The adventurous literary life.

Y'day afternoon, as I was out amid the pegs that mark where Chief Joseph's tepees stood at the Bear Paw surrender site, I had the nagging feeling of something wrong. Trying to handle both camera and notebook and donning and doffing coat layers on a warm day in a ripping wind, I felt through my pockets again for probably the half dozentime to be sure I had wallet, both sets of keys, etc.—then it hit me that I had two sets of keys, all right, but one of them was for this Chinook motel room and the other was for the Skyhawk back home in Seattle. Goddamn, I thought to myself, I must have left the keys of my rented Pontiac in the trunk lock when I was trying to assemble gear to hike around the surrender site. As I was already spooked by leaving the car conspicuously empty beside a road leading to a Reservation—a sitting duck if there ever was one—I hustled back to retrieve the key situation. Which proved not that simple: there the keys lay, in the driver's seat in the locked car. I tried the Skyhawk's keys in the vain hope they might fit, and it was in vain. The Chief Joseph site is 15 miles from ~~a~~ Chinook, which is 25 miles from Havre and a locksmith or whatever; the nearest ranches were 2 miles in either direction, and it was late in the afternoon. Since I couldn't feel any more stupid than I did (though what had happened

20 ~~June~~ April--was a series of little distractions that added up to the major mislaying of keys: the site is Snake Creek, which indeed is twisty but did it also mean rattlesnakes?; the wind ~~was~~ was raising such hell that it caused me to unlock the car an extra time and pull out another jacket, and I also had to put on my wind goggles, which cut off the lower part of my vision so that I literally overlooked the keys on the seat as I cast a ~~last~~ last glance inside) I took a lot of deep breaths, went back and photo'd and took notes on the surrender site, considerably discombobulated, then came back, wrapped my hands in my wool shirt, picked up a rock the size of my head and smashed the small rear-door window. Now I'm about to head back to Havre, for a confessional at the one-woman Budget rental office and probably a recordly expensive one-day rental.

21 April, Shelby--A gray, can't-quite-rain day, and with the winter's dead ~~tan~~ tan grass and this leaden sky Shelby looks like the place cited in the saying, maybe this ain't the end of the world but you can see it from here. I'm all but atop the site of why I came here, the unlikely champoinship fight of '23; the Arena Motel, little pastel green units, is just across the street from this room in the Quality Inn and it is supposed to be Dempsey-Gibbons ground zero. Have had great hospitality here, abrupt reversal from self-inflicted window-smashing. Theo Bartschi, a 77-year-old woman who retired last year from running the First State Bank of Shelby, picked me up in her white Cadillac and tooted me ~~me~~ around town, into the Tap Room bar where the bell (at least purportedly) used to signal the rounds of the fight is mounted above the cash register; to some viewpoints, which means any place high enough to see the Sweetgrass Hills dunelike on the northern horizon; and then thru the Marias Museum, in a considerable house a local oilman gave, to see not only the fight memorabilia but stray troves such as a big barbwire collection, maybe a hundred or so types.

21 April cont.--A pair of panoramic fight pics, which museum volunteer Mabel Inverson (who kindly came and opened up the museum for us) let me take down from above a doorway and ponder over, provided good detail, the crowd with handkerchiefs draped over the backs of their necks to protect against the sun, for ex. Also, there is no substitute, although I hate to admit it in the face of the locked-out-car situation I got myself into at the Chief Joseph site, for seeing and feeling these places. Last night, for instance, I went next door to the Dixie Bar and Lounge and Supper Club for a ribeye steak, and was flabbergasted to find the place full of Hutterites; a team of pitchmen for "probiotics," which sounds like a bacterial dose against shipping fever in cows and hogs (though the pitch is that these ~~pitchmen~~ "probiotics" crowd out the sick-making bacteria), was buying dinner for the 50 or so Huts-- "you swine people" as the cowboy-hatted main spokesman affectionately called them. (With equal affection he calls his product "our bug.") These must have been Huts from all around, as the drawing ~~for~~ for a belt buckle was won by John Kleinsasser of the Kingsbury colony down by Dupuyer, and of course there ensued some confusion as to which K'sasser, John, John S.?

I'll not get a chance here to do full justice to y'day's hostess and guide, Theo Bartschi. But briefly, she's very much in the mold of Norma Ashby, a thousand percent enthusiastic for her town, openly talking about her fondness for doing public relations. Which is not simple or automatic in these struggling small communities: Theo mentioned all the funerals she went to during her years as head of the bank, and pointed out to me the IGA foodstore where she shops (as against the chainstore Buttreys) because the grocer is her bank customer. She also told me that when Gt Falls was getting its first Russell art auction underway, Norma ~~was~~ got in touch with Theo for a list "of everybody in Shelby with enough money to buy a painting" so they could be invited.

22 April, SeaTac airport--And so I am back from if not a snake-bit trip definitely a tick-bit one. When I began putting on my clothes this morning, a little after 5 in the Rainbow ~~Hotel~~ Hotel in Gt. Falls, I discovered a sage tick fastened onto my left shin. I grabbed a book of hotel matches and tried to make him pull out of my flesh by holding a hot matchhead against him--paper matches don't work as well for that as old wooden sulphur matches--but am not sure if I got his proboscis or whatever the hell it is out of the bite; as soon as I got here I called nurse Jerry at ~~the~~ Gp Health, and a doc will look at the bite this afternoon. Meantime, I'll have the news for Carol that I'll have to undress in the shop and leave all my clothes and baggage there, until everything gets washed; my shoes, blue jeans, rainjacket, who knows what all, must have picked up the little bastards at the Chief Joseph site; I picked another one off the back of my neck on the plane flight this morning. So far, ~~and~~ and I hope this is all, it's been a five-tick trip to the High Line.

A little before 11 now, an hour before C can get here and fetch me. I've set up shop in a phone stall, and it actually works not bad as a typing space. So, to catch up a bit with memorable Montana:

Last night's talk went well, a capacity crowd of probably close to 200. The slide projector worked okay, and I mastered the talk and picture sequence pretty well, though I maybe mistakenly let in an unrehearsed part by showing some late-arriving pics of the GF smelter stack as example of a cultural geography signature. The Englers came, and Antoinette Dempsey, a fair number of old people and a promising number of younger ones, mostly women in book clubs. The GF library has impressed me all the while I've been working on these books, but the moving force there is leaving--Richard Gercken has taken a job in Masillon, Ohio, after yrs and yrs of dire GF budgets. I'll miss him a lot; as I told the crowd last night, Richard's introductions are the elocutionary eqvlnt of a 5-alarm fire. He's devoted the past 20 yrs

22 April cont.--to Montana, 10 as humanities lib'n at the U. of Montana, 10 in GF, and he says it utterly breaks his heart to leave; he told me he has a bookcase at home of entirely Montana books and he can't even look at it these days without wanting to cry. Meanwhile his wife is crying, he says, and his daughter is going to have to make this move just before her senior year in high school. Not easy, no way. Unless Montana's economy ever becomes firmer, I wonder whether any of us, those of us who can't look ahead to a family inheritance, can stay in Montana more than about 20 years.

Y'day at about this time, the saga was of driving the 90 miles from Shelby to Gt Falls thru snow squalls in a car with a window out. My emergency patch in Chinook--naturally when I got back to town after having had to smash the window, the hardware stores etc. were closed, no plastic sheeting to be had--was a turkey roasting bag affixed over the hole with freezer tape, and while it had held just fine for the previous day's drive from Chinook to Shelby, y'day there was a 20 mph wind, and that and freeway speed made the turkey patch buck and billow and before long some spans of tape began snapping. I had to stop twice, in biting squally weather, to prop up the tape situation; the second time I did so many crisscrosses that the patch held. The Havre Buick dealer's estimate on replacing the window (of course it had to be ordered) was \$125, and I'm afraid there'll be further labor to getting the door to work right, glass shards probably down in its mechanism; all in all, possible \$200 rock I put through that window.

Had dinner with the Arnsts last night at the Rainbow. To my astonishment (and theirs)--I spent about half of this Montana trip being astonished--when we met in the dining room at 6 we were gaily assured that the Ink Spots were about to begin the music. My god, I said to Wayne and Genise, night life gets underway early in Gt. Falls. Fortunately the ballyhooed entertainment didn't show up until we were just finishing, or it'd have been cacaphony

April 22 cont.--all thru supper. The visiting with the Arnsts was mostly general, family reports etc., to the point where I forgot to mention a couple of things I'd intended, such as asking them for a recommend of anybody who might rent us a W'bago. (It turned out, in my Bago hunting y'day afternoon, that the big GF dealership, McCollum's, no longer rents them out. I went to a couple of service stations that do, but it looks more and more like our Bago future is probably in Billings.)

When this trip wasn't being harrowing--the last little fillip was the lowest overcast I've ~~was~~ ever flown to this airport in; we just came out of it as the runway appeared about half a mile ahead--I suppose it was successful enough. Won't entirely know until I began writing the Chief Joseph and Shelby scenes, but with all ~~the~~ I've invested in them this week I'll have mucho incentive.

27 April--Am trying to get a couple thousand words ahead of the game, by writing during what I had scheduled as a general week of thinking and choring. Monday I did 3 quick pp. of the Hutterites in a supper club, which I lucked onto in Shelby, and today I've done a p. on the Chief Joseph surrender site. Counted pp. of rough draft of this second ch. of Mariah today, and I have almost 50, though they're scattered and spotty, and that total includes 17 of Jick's ranch visit that I've pretty well determined to move from the 1st ch. into this one. If I can write steadily thru May, I can get the ~~pp~~ appxly 100 pp. of critical mass needed for this 2nd section of Mariah.

Met Linda Blerds for coffee and talk X y'day at the College Inn, a ~~place~~ meeting place we're both growing fond of for, in my phrase, its reliable mediocrity. She'd read ch. 1 of Mariah for me, generally liked it a lot--more so than I do at this point--and made a few really valuable suggestions. She doesn't do a lot to my mss, but the weak spots that she sees aren't ones that I've seen, nor C nor Tom Stewart necessarily single out, at this stage of the writing. As Linda awaits galleys of her Holt book of poems, she's had her 1st rejection by Alice Quinn, who's succeeded Howard Moss at The

27 April cont.--New Yorker, but with a fulsome letter asking Linda not to be at all discouraged and to please send her poems just as ever.

Also saw the friend whose wife left him. He's doing as well as can be expected, but as he says, every time he thinks life is settling down a new footing goes out from under him. The latest is that his father is near death, and his teenagers evidently are going to choose to live with their mother.

I have thought of this as a fairly quiet week, yet there's been some request on my time or some other incursion every day. Y'day's was a letter from a woman who'll split my wood for me if I'll talk to her about writing as we achieve the woodpile. Very Thoreauvian, but no. Willamette Writers' request for an August banquet speech today, which I'm about to phone and turn down, in the elusive name of the intended sanctity of besieged August. Monday night I was photographed, here at the keyboard, ~~met~~ by Marc Gaede of El Chacon Press in Calif. for a book of Western photos etc. that Bud Guthrie has done text for. I hate to give up evening time to anything of the sort, but actually I had much the easy end of Gaede. He told me the tale of taking Bud and Carol Guthrie out to the Marias Massacre site in his camper, thereupon getting the truck thoroughly stuck, while Bud had only a half-hour supply left in his portable oxygen tank. G. says he ran and ran until he found an AF crew at a missile site, usually no one above ground at those, and talked the officer into hurrying Bud home in the AF pickup. Again, ~~in~~ a situation so ironic I wouldn't dast write it as fiction: Bud in Fair Land, Fair Land having used the Marias Massacre for the death of Dick Summers, his protagonist and quite possibly his historical alter ego, and damn near being done in there himself by Gaede's mudhole.

6 May--End of a week of simple soldiering at the keyboard and lectern which has brought C and me out reasonably okay. I didn't manage to note it in here, but last Friday I put in a near-killing day, producing 4 all but ready to print pp. of Beth betting Mac and Stanley at the Shelby prizefight. That production took some of the strain off this week, and in turn I've felt liberated enough to tackle various scenes in the second chapter and see what would result. So far so good, as I now have enough pp.--critical mass--to begin tinkering and revising the chapter into some kind of continuity.

What else. I just sort of routinely was on KUOW Wed. afternoon, being interviewed by Marcia Alvar, who is very spiffy at it, in toutdom of the Radio Reader about to begin Rascal Fair, indeed tonight. KUOW is a comically frenetic place to a literary hermit such as me, like a half-hour visit to Italy. We interviewees are guided thru a corridor labyrinth--I've been going thru it for almost 10 years now and still ~~am~~ don't savvy it--to a small office shared by, I think, Marcia Alvar and Paula Wissel. Y'day I was deposited there, with a woman waiting in the other chair--who turned out to be Beverly Maxwell, sister-in-law of Alex of Shoreline, who's a prof'l literary escort, in this case for Dayton Duncan. As I sat down to review some notes, and for that matter Rascal Fair, feeling rusty at this since last autumn, she did some visiting with me, and then in the doorway appeared Cliff Little(?), one of the music hosts, who said he'd always wanted to meet me, liked Sea Runners, we're approximate neighbors (he's in Richmond Beach), and so on. As I chat with Cliff, the station manager sticks his head around the doorframe, says he's always wanted to meet me etc., so I figure what the hell, and get up and stand in the hallway and visit with them. Out of the studio pops Dayton Duncan, whom Bev. M. must put on a 4:30 plane--it's now 3:30+--and we trade fast hellos and handshakes, but he stops long enough to say he always quotes me, although where he spied it I dunno, on a writer's first necessity being a working wife. Duncan goes, and zip, into the studio darts a young woman with news copy in her hand. Zip, she's back out, stops long enough to tell me, loved Sea Runners, and is gone

6 May cont.--again. That was Kathy Cody, identifies Cliff. Here comes another woman, being shepherded into the office; she does pr for an art gallery, is clutching a yellow pad of notes she obviously wants desperately to look over, back out into the hallway I go with Cliff and mgr. Marcia Alvar is heard reading the news, then music begins, studio door flies open, it's Marcia, fetching me, in we have to go and get settled and learn the mike etc. before the music stops. And for all that, the interview sounded pretty damn good.

17 May--The diary gap reflectx reality; slogging work on the Mariah ms, and spring weariness. Last week was real quarry labor on the opening pp. of the 2nd section. I moved pp. and grafs and sentences around and around, trying for pace in a scene of Jick ruminating along English Creek, taking out more and more until I finally, Friday, came up with a version that'll do for now--it still reads stiff, but at least is reasonably proportioned. Despite that maximum labor, I did emerge from the week with the scheduled 15 pp. edited. Am doing the same this week, on big set piece of the Gros Ventre centennial committee, though I likely can't achieve the continuity I got last week.

Life reels along. Tomorrow night at Carstensens we begin a 4-day spate of socializing, giddy (and probably debilitating) for us. One reason for my tiredness is last Sunday, when I went to clean out the woodhouse for the year's cord of wood to be delivered and found rot in the floorboards of one section. I patched fairly crudely, or at least not for the ages, and even so it was an entire afternoon of gutwork. To top it off, Ann McC was bringing Norm by for us to meet, and I liked him almost not at all. I hope it was my afternoon rather than Norm, but I dunno.

24 May--The first patio literary effort of the year, and I may be rushing the season; it's going to be a contest between the slight but definite breeze that says May and the sun that says warmer than that.

Unexpectedly I'm in a good mood, after a humid groggy day y'day. I figured this week would be a real struggle, trying to get 15 pp. after last week's busyness and before scurrying off to the ABA, but have done 4 pp. without great strain both days, so I'm over the hump.

Where to start, in catching up. The book biz, of course. A bit ago I called Susan Richman to get the exact time of the Macmillan shindig she wants me at in Anaheim, in order to set up an interview time for Jeff Guinn of the Ft. Worth Star-Telegram, and in the course of conversation with her I learned that Dan Harvey is no longer the Harper & Row director of publicity, though

Susan and I both talked to him within the past week. She wondered if I knew what was up, ~~but~~

I said no but I'd sure ask a lot of innocent-eyed questions of the H&R folks and let her know if I came up with anything. There was a similar now-you-see-him, now-you-don't case told of at our dinner at the Sopers' on Sat. night, Michael Brasky fired from Pac Pipeline after long tenure, maybe from the start, as buyer there. Meanwhile Craig Lesley is in search of a new editor after his left Houghton M'lin to become a psychologist; Craig said the way things were going he might be the guy's 1st patient. Meanwhile again, Linda Bierds had a letter from Marion Wood at Holt telling of impressed reactions from Bruno Quinson and Greg Hamlin, new publisher and marketing director there, after she made it known in the

sales meeting that I'd had something to do with bringing Linda's poems to her attention--a year ago, Bruno and Greg honchoing C and me through the Washington ABA when they still were at Mac'n. I know I'm not as bulletproof as I feel, just now--probably a lot of the literary shine will go off

24 May cont.--when it's generally realized that I don't have another "big" book in the wings after Mariah and want to do a couple of shorter things instead, but honest to god, we've got quite a bit of money, a lot of contacts among publishers, and some momentum until Rascal Fair at last plays out at the bookstore counters.

Last week was social as all hell, rare for us. Wed. night, at the Carstensens' on the occasion of David Hawke passing through town. D. and I turn out to now share the same editor at Harper & Row, Hugh Van Dusen. For all the chitchat and historical forays that occur in a C'sen evening, I think David and I were both most taken with Jeannette's remembrance, from her growing up days, that Ernest Hemingway's mother was so heavy she weighted down the car on her side when Dr. H'way drove around town.

Thurs., Governor's Writers Day, my 4th award under 3 govs. Bill Holm, who ~~as~~ has 5, cited to me the pic in a display case there at the State Library of him, slim and young and crewcut, getting an award from Dan Evans; I in turn cited the pic of me, 7 or so years ago, getting one from Spellman and looking about as Gabby Haysish as I do now--told Bill I'd evidently never had a literary youth as he did. All went well at the day; the Gardners both go through the occasion with a good deal of grace, and I got a kick out of informing Jean Gardner and Bill Holm, each of whom had told me separately but had never connected the info to one another, that they share Roundup, Montana, as a birthplace. Jean, in a frank nod to age that C admired, told us later that she was born there in '38, Bill's family came to Seattle in '37. Greatly enjoyed the time with Bill, one of my heroes; I think he's probably the most significant scholar of this time in this state, and he manages to do it, as I told C, without having to seem a great genius; Bill has an innate, common sense kind of wonderfulness about him.

May 24 cont.--Others we mingled with in Olympia:
~~Ranunk~~ Father Schaumberg from Gonzaga, who I
guess must be German but also is prototypically
Irish chatty and funny. Walking from the Gov's
High Tea to the awards ceremony, he fell in step
with me and Jack Cady, companioning Carol Orlock,
and turned the talk to publishers, difficulty of
getting the attention of the East Coast: he said
in the Catholic Church those of them out here
call it NCWC--Nothing Counts West of Chicago.
Asked me if I knew it had taken 150 years to get
a westerner named a saint, which, no, I didn't.
Phyllis Collier, shy but evidently a poet of
talent--winner of an NEA along with Linda Bierds
this year--who pleased me by saying she likes
The Sea Runners best of my books. Ann Rule, who
followed me in the afternoon Authors' Forum--
good audience of around 150 for that--and was
hilarious, greatly more funny than I ever thought
anybody could be on that topic, in telling of her
career of writing about killers, mostly serial
psycopaths. Surprise to both C and me, Ann
included in her talk a plug for the Pac NW Writers
Conference and a "don't give up, you can do it
too" pep talk; C said she thought to herself,
huh uh, you better have Ann's world-class hutzpah
or Ivan's talent if you're really going to try
do it. On that last score, whatever my ability
is, we were both mightily startled to hear, amid
the citation the Gov read before my award, the
judges' opinion that I am considered the best
writer in this state. (Carver, Robbins, Keeble,
Wagoner, Gallagher, eat your hearts out.) Struck
C and me as a strangely assertive statement to be
made on an occasion before dozens of other writers
and I'd give a nickel to know where that exact
language came from and why--epaulettes for my
having persevered through to 5 books, or what?

31 May--Back in real life, after ABAland next to Disneyland. A chill rainy day here, with Carol in abrupt immersion back into class and such medical facts of life as Frank's hemorrhoids, while I'm taking today to sort through the rich 3 days in Anaheim.

Sat. the 28th, we flew nonstop in⁺ Orange County airport, a hilariously although probably also potentially treacherously busy little dab of runways and terminal where the planes stop out on the tarmac, stairs are rolled up to the door, passengers are~~told~~ told to follow the white lines on the tarmac--as indeed we did, right out onto the street and quickly into a taxi. \$29 later, we were at the Inn at the Park, just behind the Hilton from the convention center.

Our room naturally was not ready--about 11:15--so we stowed baggage with the bell captain and headed for the convention, as I wanted to do booth-visiting before our scheduled schmoozing got underway in earnest the next 2 days. Before that, though, made sure to do "hi, we're here" stops at Macmillan and Harper & Row booths, and a damn good thing

C and I do the details, because at H&R we first met pub'r Bill Shinker, and after some general conversation he said, So we'll see you at supper tonight, won't we? I said that was the first we'd heard about it--Dan Harvey, the H&R publicity director, quit just before the convention and though everything else he'd set up for me came off just fine, the word on supper got lost somewhere. Anyway, sure, you bet C and I would like to have dinner with you, Bill, and to skip ahead to that, it turned out to be, in either C's or Liz's phrase, the CEO treatment: besides Bill, the main dinner partner was George Craig, the Scot from Collins who was sent over from Glasgow to lop heads at H&R after Rupert Murdoch and Collins bought H&R. George is a square-built black-haired veteran exec who once worked for Honeywell and I think did a similar shape-up-the-bloody-Yanks job for H'well when it bought a GE subsidiary.

As we waited and waited to get underway from the Hilton toward supper--the garage couldn't find exec editor Lorraine Shanley's rented car--George told us there were 2 ways of looking at what had happened at H&R, that "we collapsed the pyramid or that we got rid of the bureaucracy. Either case, in one day H&R went from 13 vice-presidents

31 May cont.--to 3. We were getting the survivors' side of the tale, of course, from the people we were around in the course of the convention, but they plainly felt energized, and I think in a lot of ways relieved, at the decimation of the old management and the balm of new money that Collins and Rupert M. have put in, thus far. The sociology of that H&R takeover interests me a lot--the same thing may happen any minute at Macmillan--because as I gather it, the veteran and respected staff of editors (Solataroff, Van Dusen, Canfield Jr. et al) has been left in place, thus far, and the same seemed to be true of the sales staff, while everybody they'd been reporting to got obliterated. In short, how to keep the troops loyally marching while the officers are taken out and shot. People are going to seep away, as Dan Harvey did; I asked the new marketing director, Steve Magnuson, what happened to Harvey, and he said first of all, H. resented his--Steve's--coming, he'd wanted that title for himself, and also H. believed the company was turning too commercial; like a number of H&R employees H. had bonuses in stock which went up when the takeover came, and so also could afford to quit, and did. Also, Lorraine Shanley was brought in from the Quality Paperback Club to be editor-in-chief, and George Craig made some remark to me about her having a big job, her hands full, or some such; I would think some of those editors are going to migrate.

Getting to dinner, at Prego's in Irvine, was a considerable misadventure of outlanders trying to grope through the LA freeways. Bill Shinker was gamely driving with a map in one hand and the dome light on, but after two or three missed or wrong turns, we were about an hour and a half doing the half-hour trip. Prego's turned out to be tony and jammed, to no small extent with publishing people--the 1st person Bill saw in the bar was Joni Evans, and about the 1st people C and I saw were the Elliott Bay gang; when we eventually got seated we were in the booth next to the El Bayers, and Bill grandly bought them a couple of the same bottles of wine we were having. From a business viewpoint, the main moment of the evening was George Craig advising me, in essence, that my back list is too scattered, as of course it is, across 3 publishers.

31 May cont.--Tom Stewart may manage to do something about that, or it became increasingly evident as the brains of George and Bill could be heard to be clicking, H&R may do something about that. When I reported to Liz the next day, she indeed favors H&R, which I ll have to talk to her about because the possibility of a re-issue of Sky in h'back has to be factored into all that. Immediate business aside, I got talk with Joseph Montebello, creative director for H&R, which means not only art director but interior decoration of the offices, the ABA booths, etc. J. is remarkable looking, about 5'6" and slender and with a marvelous cloud of hair arrayed out the sides and back of his head. He is also the Beau Brummel of H&R, in gorgeous tailored suits; when dessert came, J picked and explained he has an entire wardrobe of--I guess not Bill Blass, but some name designed--suits based on a weight of 150# and the warnful memory that in college he had a size 16 neck. And on the other side of me was Robert Jones, marketing mgr., which he translated to C as being the go-between, maybe the interpreter, between the editors and the sales people. R. too is short and slim, but with close-cropped black hair, and a quiet academic mien which he brought with him from ~~the~~ an English dept. job at Hobart. Evidently he was Bill Shinker's main ass't when Bill was running the H&R p'backs before becoming publisher of everything, and is still in place as some sort of right-hand man to Bill. C was next to Lorraine Shanley, who was considerably distracted and perhaps like a lot of editors doesn't cotton to the commercial zip of the ABA; at the lit'ry lunch y'day, Lorraine was about to go home and for the 1st time she was relaxed and smiling.

And Bill Shinker; 6'3", round pleasant face and some kind of rimless glasses, a short not very full beard on his boy's face. Everyone seems high on him, not just for his abilities and the go-go he's been putting into H&R but as a nice guy. I liked him a lot, we seemed comfortable together, and I think he appreciated how patient C and I were in the long march of mishaps in getting to dinner.

31 May cont.--Sunday began with b'fast on the balcony of Scott Manning's 5th floor Hilton room, facing the ersatz Matterhorn (Bill Shinker's phrase) of Disneyland. Scott has a good idea, which I should keep in mind for future, in holding room service b'fast meetings to avoid the crowd problems of eating out. Scott, Nancy ~~Angel~~ Wiese and Mary Angel were on hand, we talked of what I can do to promote p'back of Rascal Fair this fall--notes on a card in H&R file.

Met Liz at 11, with Lynn Pleshette and Richard Green, the movie agents I've talked with by phone for years, in tow. They were in midst of a round of appointments--stars of the big morning b'fast were Wm Kennedy and Clyde Edgerton, both Liz's writers--so we agreed to meet again at 3:30 at Algonquin booth (Edgerton's publisher) and go for a drink. Liz was late, and Lynn and Richard were later, so I talked with Liz a bit about Heart Earth essays, and more briefly about Left-^H-Handed Rainbow. She obviously prefers for me to do the essays next, more familiar material to my readers.

She's no doubt right, and there's every chance Rainbow could be my bad-idea book that writers succumb to (Faulkner, The Fable), but there's also the possibility that I can write it to prance right along, much as Sea Runners did. We agreed we'll simply see what I feel like doing next. She also urged me to take some time off, and seemed as startled as she ever gets when I told her, yeah, I'm already planning to take off the 1st 6 months of '91.

The agents were as funny in person as on the phone, particularly when they literally negotiated with each other about whether Lynn would drive Richard home into LA or let him fend for himself. Lynn and Liz turn out to be best friends since they were 14-yr-old kids on Long Island; they apparently have been having the same arguments, jokes and discussions the 30+ years since. Lynn is tiny and graying--Liz is trimmer and younger-looking every time we see her--and they'd been discussing what they'd be like if Lynn had been taller and Liz shorter: Lynn's decision was that Liz would be nastier and she'd be nicer.

The Sea Runners option news out of this was precisely as might be expected: the contract is in the proverbial mail. Which of course obstinately refuses to arrive today--it's

31 May cont.--now past 2, and I'd like a look at the contract to see about photocopying, getting it to Marshall to look over, etc. Richard said Silvest has had endless little changes, meanwhile sending him a photocopy of the check to prove the money exists!--"incredibly tacky," Richard summed that up.

The agents headed home to Lynn's thru IAland traffic, and we suited up and went to the Macmillan hospitality suite atop the Marriott. Had a drink and chatted with Jon Rantala. The talk of NW booksellers is the firing of Michael Brasky, as buyer for Pac Pipeline; Rantala, as probably one of the most senior Scribner's/Macmillan employees, had it on his mind what a shock that would be to a guy. We then met the new Macmillan pub'r, Barry Lippman, though we'd crossed paths with him briefly last year in D.C.; he turns out to be a Missoula MFA, under Kittredge, in early '70s. As I guess behooves somebody who set out to be a writer, Lippman seems to honor the literary word, and C thought his intro'y remarks at the dinner that night were noticeably warmer to Ishmael Reed and me than to Larry Speakes, Ovid Demaris et al. Noticeable too that Barry sat at same table with C and me, though because of visiting with booksellers we didn't get to talk much with him. But he did manage to ask me how Kittredge was doing, and I managed to say pretty good.

The dinner was at a marina place, Cano's, in Newport Beach, so at 6:45 the Macmillan troops boarded a Fun Bus, nice rainbow colors inside, and away we went, with Susan and Sharon Dynak and Harry McCullough coming down the aisle pouring champagne for all. C and I talked with Bill Rosen, who moved into job of publisher of Mac'n hardbacks and Collier trade p'backs when Barry ascended into publisher of all trade books. Then at the Cano's banquet room, Tom intro'd us to Ishmael Reed, who he's reprinting 7 books of. Ishmael is burly, big-chested, talks in a quick way that's hard to catch amid restaurant chatter, but C and I--and for that matter, Tom--thought he was a ~~very pleasant~~ perfectly pleasant guy. We didn't meet Speakes that night, though we did the next day when we crossed paths as Susan was shepherding him; he's plumper than he was as the Prez's mouthpiece, and when I asked him how he was liking the ABA

31 May cont.--he said something like he was still trying to take in how large it is; I told him, yeah, it's a big convention but on the other hand, 22,000 people is a small town and the publishing people all know each other. Which is true; at what was one of the biggest, most crowded ABAs ever, C and I constantly crossed paths with people we knew, and kept coinciding amid the thousands with those we were there to see, such as Susan at that moment. Back to the dinner, Molly Cook of Skagit Bay Books was the NW invited bookseller (by Rantala, bless his soul; of everyone he could have asked, he chose a small-store owner), and across from me was the Macmillan lower Midwest rep Larry Epps of Columbia, MO, and on my other side Gerry someone who runs a North Hollywood bookstore. Susan was at the end next to C, distracted as she watched and mulled the details of the dinner--C at one point heard her discuss something with her restaurant counterpart and say, "That would be tacky." All in all, the dinner gave us a chance to visit with the Mac'n sales force again, and on the bus back I sat next to Tom. Asked him what his lead book this fall is, he said a Seve Ballesteros golf book, automatic 40-50,000 seller. Admitted the fall fiction list is weak, said next year looks terrific both spring and winter.

1 June--A thunderstorm, rare here, has just gone through. The first clap of thunder rolled and rolled, much longer than I had remembered from Montana and Illinois storms.

This morning's NYT says Macmillan is splitting into 2 companies, to try to thwart the Bass takeover bid. It'll mean a lot of debt load for Mac'n; all the more reason for me to be keeping in touch with other folks at the ABA.

Monday, Memorial Day in Anaheim, began with b'fast interview by Jeff Guinn of the Ft. Worth Star-Telegram, who I think it is not too much to say is adoring of my work. I don't quite know how to respond, except to try to simmer folks down, when I get the Great Writer treatment; Jeff was hugely apologetic even about asking my age. For some reason, maybe Jeff, I have a fan club at the Star-Tel; he said 2 other reporters listened in on extensions when he called my phone machine, and the ag reporter as a joke routinely sticks the Rascal Fair coinage "earthskin"

1 June cont.--into his stories and his editor Jim Fuquay routinely has to take it out.

Next, a great moment. C and I went on over to the convention, I took her by Doubleday to meet Linda Stormes there, now of that sales staff but formerly the Mac'n sales rep who nearly shoeleathered me to death on the pavements of Manhattan Island last fall; and we accidentally met Bill Shinker's wife, Susan Molodow(?), also of D'day. Then C and I headed our separate ways, to my not-very-distant chagrin. For I headed to the Mac'n booth to say good morning there, and as I chatted with Tom Stewart for a minute, Clarus Backes of Denver came up and said, "Wallace Stegner would like to meet you." He went across the aisle and brought over Stegner, to whom I said, "Yeah, I guess I can stand to meet this guy." We talked for the next 45 minutes, planted there amid the convention swirl, in what Tom later told me were fascinating rhythms that he'd never hear in the East: Stegner asking of Carstensen, "Is his wife still alive?" and my answering, "No, Mary's dead but he married a widow he knew from their Ellensburg days," and Stegner being reminded, "My wife and I came up to Ellensburg for Carsty's wedding!" and my asking, "What, is that when you were starting out in the Midwest?" and Stegner, "No, I was down in Salt Lake then...." Stegner is my height, although I'd thought him taller from his photos, and at almost 80 was the probably the fittest person there in the teeming convention booth; he looks much more like a vigorous 70. He had on a nice light blue sportcoat, tieless--a navy blue polo shirt or whatever they are, pullover with a couple of buttons at the neck--and patterned slacks, I think checked; nicely trigged out, in short. Good stand of wavy gray hair, rugged square-cut face, bifocals in either horn rims like mine or what used to be called tortoise shells; I don't know what western genes account for the two of us standing there in don't-give-a-damn heavyframe glasses. Much of our conversation was trying to brainstorm with Clarus, Tom chipping in, about other writers born in the West early in this century who could be included in the book. Clare is doing with Stegner, Guthrie, Frank Waters, Clyde Rice. But as we stood there patient as farmers--at least

1 June cont.--Wallace was absolutely rooted, while I occasionally flexed my right leg against an end table to ward off the concrete floor's effect on my back--pub'g folk ebbed and flowed around us, Bonnie of Mac'n marketing sidling up to me and bashfully asking if I could introduce her to Stegner, an idol; and Tom gallantly heading off to fetch Liv Blumer from the Warner booth, for a bit of reunion about the days when she was at Doubleday and he was a D'day author; somebody from a Kentucky bookstore patiently waiting to meet me, apparently unconcerned whoever Wallace was; Clare's son Joe taking pics periodically. As to any sum of our conversation:

--Stegner quite promptly asked me if Richard Ford was going to become a part of the Missoula writing group, and I teetered a hand this way and that and said, "Not proven."

--Both of us touted Clarus into thinking, or rather rethinking, about Wright Morris as a possible westerner for his book; C had been dubious because of Wright's Nebraska boyhood, but Wallace pointed out that Wright's home area was west of the 100th meridian.

--Talking with Liv about D'day and its takeover by Bertelsmann, Stegner recited the story of the three Germans who founded B'mann after WWII, and at some other point he remarked much the same to someone else, and it occurred to me that it was a set piece such as I've also heard Bud Guthrie say--about working with George Stevens on Shane, for instance, suggesting to Stevens the funeral scene on the hill etc. As both Wallace and Bud are very fluent talkers and in their eighth decade have more marbles than I probably do here approaching my 49th birthday, ~~looks~~ it also occurred to me that if I make it that far I'll probably be reciting set pieces too.

--Stegner is quick. In the B'mann shoptalk, Liv I think said something about them doing good in reviving moribund D'day and Wallace said, "They're doing well, too."

--Finally, a point about perceptions, or impressions we get and more or less accept from others. Carstensen has never made a lot of having been Stegner's college roommate at Iowa State, though in reference to Wolf Willow or some such he will say "Wally," and I had the distinct impression that in mutual careers in and about the West they'd kept in

1 June cont.--touch, crossed paths occasionally, and so on. But when I mentioned to Stegner that we'd just had dinner a few weeks ago with Vernon, he was keenly interested but also calculated out loud, "Gosh, it must be 50 years since I saw Carsty." Similarly, when Bill Bevis was out here last month, he was properly and understandably basking in Stegner's favorable report to the UW Press on Bill's Montana writers ms. Stegner's version, though, goes this way. "Gosh, there are a lot of writers in Missoula. There's somebody there trying to write about them. He's an outlander, but he seems serious about it." I provide Bevis's name and Stegner says "Yes, I read his manuscript for the U. of Washington Press. I told them they'd be making a mistake not to publish it, but they'd also be making a mistake to publish it the way it is."

So, a moment that I thought would not now come, C and I having missed the Stegners in Los Altos Hills a year ago spring when they were in Italy. It's never been nationally appreciated--Wallace said he and Wright Morris used to sit around and argue about which of them was most neglected--what a combination of thinker, scholar and writer he's been. Right now, there's no one in sight to replace him; I lack the passion and energy and breadth about the west to take on the conservation issues etc. that he has.

One more mite of remembered conversation. In talking about the 5,000-word piece he's to do for Clarus's book, he joked that he's already written that topic 17 times. I asked him if he'd put in Great Falls this time, and he said probably not, his main memory of the family's short time in GF is humiliation, I think ~~xxxxxx~~ his word was. Said he started junior high there wearing elkskin shoes, evidently moccasin-like, from the Canadian homestead, and his mother put him in a sweater with an orange band around the middle, so that he looked like whatever breed of hog it is that's striped around the body that way. The urban kids of GF didn't go for that, huh? I asked, and he said, They sure didn't.

On to what we ostensibly went to the ABA for, the Harper & Row "literary luncheon." By way, why not, of the PW photog Helen, whom Plimpton bopped with a book at last year's function involving me. One more time she

1 June cont.--had to herd writers together, this year nobody seigniorally obstreperous: Tony Hillerman, Susan Isaacs, Peter Carey, Alice McDermott, me. I've read only Alice's This Time and peeked into the others, but enough to know that all of us can write, so it was a good we-do-what-we-do gathering as Helen posed us holding posters of our respective books. Alice is short, Irish pretty and mucho pregnant, due in August; liked her at once.

120 people at the lunch, and the authors didn't get shared around fully, each of us at a table for 8 and then off to another table at dessert. I sat with booksellers from Pittsburgh, Long Island, Friday Harbor, Denver, and Charlottesville. Highlight of the lunch was when I glanced up and saw someone on the other side of the closed front door of the restaurant (Pavia, in the Hilton), peering in and waving; through the frosted glass, it looked astoundingly like C's former Shoreline colleague Fred Olson, and as I tried to fathom, it only slowly dawned on me,

nope, that ain't Fred, that's Bill Shinker, president & publisher of Harper & Row and he's locked out. By then a waiter was rescuing Bill, who'd gone out to the restroom before his luncheon remarks. Which were very nicely done; he's got a style of honesty and competence about him. C during lunch luckily sat with Joseph Montebello and two book critics, Dan Cryer of Newsday and Bill Robertson of the Miami Herald. She there collected maybe the funniest tale of the lunch; having seen the Wash'n Post's alarming book mailroom, she asked the n'paper guys how they handle the opening of all ~~those~~ those book parcels, and Bill R said there's an L. Ron Hubbard fan on the Herald TV staff whom he's worked a deal with--he gets the Hubbard books for opening all the book mail; "Is that creative?" Bill asked H&R creative director Joe M'bello, and it sure as hell is.

This ABA stint needs about one more stint, of random items. To close for now, though, Xy'day's event of the Sea Runners movie contract coming in the mail. It's full of utterly reprehensible legalese, which amounts to if a dog craps anywhere in the world and somebody steps in it, it's the writer's fault. But we'll have Marshall give it the lawyerly eye and then try this would-be movie foray; I'm largely banking on them not making the movie and just forking over the option \$\$.

3 June--Sun is out at last this week, at 3 on Friday afternoon. C is taking Frank to a Bellevue dr. for hem'oids, I'm trying to finish up ABA notes, though I feel like I've been pummeled all over with rolled-up wet towels. Just the general weariness of this time of year; I did get the week's needed 10 pp. done, shooting sitting duck pp. wherever I could find them, and can see my way to next week's 10, too.

Y'day I took time to phone in to Weidenfeld & Nicolson and advised John Herman that while I likely can't find time to blurb Glendon Swarthout's new novel The Homesman, I thought he'd better check the opening line of the book, a homestead description which in the bound galley reads "SE2, Section 10, Township 8, Range 4E"—pointing out that there ought to be a fraction, likely " $\frac{1}{4}$ ", instead of the 2, and that a Township needs an N or S after it.

ABA: people I came across more or less at random: Pat Mulcahy, who bought English Creek for Penguin and now is at Vintage; David Godine, whom I went by to express regrets that I can't do text for his Forest Svce pic book...he turns out to be a demon kayaker of some kind, has done a route along some Siberian archipelago, and thus he likes Sea Runners among my books...Godine is surprisingly young-looking, though surely in his 40's, short, rather dapper...he has an incredibly keen eye for good books, among his rackful of handsome reprints was my longtime favorite, Marion Engle's Bear; John Erickson, at Texas Monthly Press signing his children's book...last saw him at Western Writers shindig in Boulder, my god, '79?; Noel Young at Capra, another noble striver among small presses...says he's not been able to make a go of that interesting back-to-back format of works-in-progress of 2 writers within one set of covers; Brenda Peterson, on hand to be at Graywolf booth for her new novel; Michael Brasky, I guess in some "consulting" capacity at Pac Pipeline after Vito canned him...a dissenting voice I heard amid the shock at Michael's firing was a P'line person who said at least maybe they wouldn't always be running out of my books now; Marilyn Martin, who was hired in Feb. to do P'line's trade p'back buying and now in the wake of Michael evidently is buyer of everything..

3 June cont.--Undoubtedly it's a quick cold plunge for Marilyn, but my hunch is she'll do just dandy in the job...

The second time I ran across Marilyn on the convention floor, she said without preamble, "I think this is going to be a terrific year! There's a new Louise Erdrich, a new Alison Lurie..."; at the Holt booth the pre-pub p'back of Louise's Tracks was a hot item...Early on C and I stopped there to say howdy and quick congrats to Bruno Quinson and Greg Hamlin, who were honchos at Macmillan at last year's ABA...as Ted Lucia, Holt sales rep we've chummed with for yrs and yrs, "Things are really shaking here." Indeed the change in management had Ted shook, moreso than I've ever seen before...also the interesting angle that the departed Seaver was Louise and Michael's editor...Finally, maybe fittingly, at the loony little ~~Amherst~~ Orange County airport I groggily headed outside to walk some air into myself and who was sitting in the lobby with his nose in one of a pile of books but Tom Stewart. So I ended up

spending the most time with him of the whole convention in the airport. Told him the general schedule, of wanting to get some ms to him next spring but meantime to go ahead and write the armature of the whole book; he said, sure. The man has never bugged me a bit about any schedule. We mostly bs'ed about the ABA, which is not a favorite convention of Tom's, as he says he really doesn't have enough work there to keep from being bored; in contrast Frankfurt, constant dickering of rights, he loves. Talk somehow turned to his ass't Margaret Talcott, who Tom says is peerless for him--she knows exactly when to go ahead and do something herself, and when she ought to ask him. Tom said, The woman has no fear either: at last month's Institute of Arts and Letters ceremony she walked right up to John Updike and said, Hi, I'm Margaret Talcott, I spend my summers in Ipswich--Tom said Updike was charmed.

One last note scrap, part ABA, part not. Raymond Carver, who read at the ABA in spite of rigors of his struggle against lung cancer. In the interviews attending his newly published story collection Carver keeps saying, as anybody ever does, that he feels he can fight it and beat it; it'll be a hell of a note if the cancer does get him now--though what he's going through is sadly reminiscent

3 June cont.--to me of Dick Hugo's end--because it turns out he's just 50, instead of the some years older I'd assumed he is.

9 June--Found I had enough pp. cached ahead, mostly the Shelby fight material I managed in a week-ending burst of strength some time ago, to make the 200 pp. goal without having to process 10 pp. this week. Thank goodness, because even without having to do the usual 10 pp. I've been working tooth and nail this week and am barely in sight of being able to get ready for Montana.

Interrupted this to solve one of the weirder chores we've had, getting the passenger-side windshield wiper arm replaced on the Skyhawk. 2, 3 weeks ago C was a good samaritan and put the Skyhawk thru a car wash, carefully positioning the wipers upright as I'd shown her because one of the rollers controlling a drying machine mashes right over that wiper if it's down in the "off" position--goddamned if ~~the~~ some of the washing apparatus didn't catch the wiper and tear it off. Anyway, it had to be ordered from factory and in about a 35-minute siege at Westlund Buick, my least favorite enterprise, we got a new wiper.

13 June--3 days from Montana now, and probably I should be more frenetic than I am. We slept in this morning, until almost 7:30, and by the time breakfast got breakfasted, the NY Times got read, a cup of coffee got sipped, it was heading for 9 o'clock when I got here to the desk. We're in bright lovely weather, all weekend and again today, so I went up and walked the park before the day gets hot. All in all, I've culled some file card entries from my pocket notebook and done a little vague thinking about the Mariah ms and the trip.

Shd note something that pleases me mightily, though maybe I'll have cause to regret it: we have a coyote family, probably bitch and three pups, on the hill right behind the house. About a week ago I dimly saw, from here at the typewriter, through the branches of the big white pine about 50' from here, little figures lolloping along and I figured they were young raccoons. But Saturday I

13 June cont.--glanced out the sliding door window and in the upper terrace part of Lee Cochrane's back yard were a pair of coyote pups, frolicking right at the edge of the trees but out in plain sight. After a bit I circled out through the patio side of the house, went to the back fence and stood, and in a minute a coyote pup took a step beyond the big blackberry tangle, saw me, and stepped right back out of sight. This morning as I went up to the park to walk, an adult coyote trotted across the viaduct in front of me.

--Montana seems to have begun. Phone just rang, it was Juliette Crump asking if we can swing by Pike Place Market to diLaurenti's and pick up bocce balls for Bill Bevis's birthday.

The main note, which I'd better get to before something else happens, is that we had dinner with Archbishop Hunthausen, last Friday night. Months and months ago Mary and Pat Ragen set this up, a kind of repeat of the Montana expatriate gathering they did several years ago--Pat and his sister Ann from Townsend originally, Dr. Jim Lane from Three Forks; this time the other couples were not ex-Montanans, across the street neighbors John somebody who teaches marketing at UW business school and his wife Margo who runs Pacific Desserts, and contractor Dick Hedreen and his wife Betty. Our main man, of course, ~~is~~ was Hunthausen of Anaconda and Carroll College. He turns out to be an inch or two shorter than I am--C said that because of his moral stature she expected him to be 6'8" instead of a foot shorter--with gray hair about halfway back on his head; not only not dressed like an archbishop, he noticed as we sat down to dinner he'd forgotten to put on his white clerical collar--I told him I figured he was being incognito. C's phrase for him was a sweet man; after he left, everyone at the table remarked what a nice guy he is, thought as Jim ~~James~~ Lane put in with a grin, probably speaking for all the Catholics there, "of course we don't always agree with him." Talking with him, I found that he'd circuit-ridden into the WSS and Ringling churches; has been into the Bob Marshall Wilderness three times on fishing trips. More than that, he's had his effect on me, through my high school coach Jerry McCarthy. Jerry, another

13 June cont.--Anaconda kid, went to college at Carroll in Helena just before H'hausen's presidency there--H'n was ass't dean of discipline, and told of telling Jerry to get in his room and shut up, one night when Jerry came in drunk, or the priests would kick him out and end his college career right then. Jerry did tone down; went on to coaching and teaching career, and was an influence on me in my senior year at Valier, nudging me toward the best college I could think of. He also gave me a remarkable vote of confidence, though it likely was also desperation on his part; I missed the 1st week or two of football practice, before school actually began, because I was working on a ranch, probably ~~Maxx~~ the Hoyt and Knox place up on the Canadian line, but the first day of school Jerry came by and said, You're our fullback. He couldn't have known anything of it then, but ~~x~~ he came to recognize and probably encourage my doggedness. Anyway, back to the Archbishop, who said those years ('57-'62) as president of Carroll were the happiest of his life; at 60ish he doesn't look particularly athletic but evidently is, as he wistfully said he hopes to take a sabbatical, his first ever, in the next year or so, and one of the things he wants to do is ski; he's a self-described downhill "bomber," though he modestly added that he can only ski all-out for two days any more instead of three. As skiing was about as likely as polo in my growing up, I asked him how in the world he learned to sky; said one of the Anaconda civic clubs sponsored a winter carnival, which included bringing in world-class skiers, and building ski jumps--he ski-jumped for years before he ever downhillled. Well, the talk went that way, more chat than talk, ~~x~~--can't remember what discussion of family foibles brought it up, but he said one of his mother's sayings was that they shouldn't wear their ~~over shoes in the house~~ overshoes in the house because it was bad for their eyes--and so it was a missed chance to ask one of the historic figures of this era what I really wanted to, such as what happens when you're called to the Vatican and raked over the coals. But I don't have the heart to ~~gild~~ grill the man on his night off, and maybe another time will come around.

15 June--Packing for Montana, and after a spate of chores this morning I'm more sanguine than usual about the obnoxious logistics of getting ready for a trip. We've had a few days of slack, since C finished with school last Fri. and also needn't leave until 10 or so tomorrow morning, and that all seems to the good.

22 June, Miles City KOA, Whew, the traveling life. I had just got up abt 5:30 this morning when the Miles City police knocked on the Southwind door and gave us Jean's message that Frank is hospitalized with ~~men~~ chest pains. Meanwhile we have to get this rig to the local Cadillac dealer when he opens at 8 this morning to see if he can fix the apparent ignition problem that caused the ~~men~~ engine to cut out y'day after we were five miles down the Colstrip road in 100+ heat.

6 July--"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven;

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time ~~mf~~ to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace;

...I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion..."

A week ago today at graveside, we buried Frank to the words of Ecclesiastes, the first four verses read by Carol, the next four by me, then the final line by her. We were in Billings when Jean Roden phoned from Evergreen Hospital about 2:30 a.m. to tell us that he was in last heavy breathing. We speeded up our intention to head west that morning and were in Butte by about 8, where C called from a pay phone in the M&M and was told he'd died soon after Jean called. By noon the next day we were home, and have been handling the aftermath ever

6 July cont.--since. Ann McCartney came by to pick up a lamp we were giving her out of Frank's furniture and remarked, I guess out of the supposed steps of grief she's taught in her death-and-dying course, that it was all happening too fast, wasn't it. We looked at her and said, no, it wasn't. One way or another, Carol and I have had 24 years of coping with ailing or dying parents--it was the summer of '64 when I went back to Ringling for a visit and found that Dad was afflicted with what we learned was emphysema--and Frank's life had become a series of hospitalizations, two, three, four times a year, as one part of the body after another broke down. His circulatory system was frail, so there was the constant danger of stroke; the damage to his heart in this last attack was so severe that he'd likely have had to go into a nursing home. Given all that, and ~~more~~ the mutual penchant of C and me to slog away at the afterdeath chores, get them done and carry on with life, the sooner we could put the grievous details behind us the better.

12 July--An enormous lot has not found its way into this diary these past weeks. To try to rev it up toward normal again:

The phantasmal movie option for the Sea Runners at last has happened, with the arrival of a \$6750 check--\$7500 with Liz and Lynn's agency deducted--on 7/7. Why, it took only about 6 months to do the deal; I think Lynn/Richard/Liz so far have made about a nickel an hour negotiating with Filmvest/Pacific Rim for me. And now, lightning twice: phone message y'day from Jim Sadwith, an actual functioning scriptwriter, trying again to lay hands on This House of Sky. Liz says she'll try get the rights back from HBJ, on the elementary basis that they've had the agenting power for 10 years and nothing's happened. That's so simple a strategy it never occurred to me. Whatever comes of this, I'm the possible beneficiary of the scriptwriter's strike, evidently, as Sadwith seems to have gone ahead and written a script for Sky, during downtime.

12 July cont.--We've just had a social spree, out on Sunday to Linda Bierds' cottage on Camano Island--and treated to dinner by Linda, after hiking the Skagit wildfowl range, in comp for giving her the Mullers' classy set of folding chairs and Frank's unclassy but usable hi fi--and then last night to supper at Jack Gordon's. The deal there was that Jack's sister Jill, who is going for an MFA in writing at Pitt, has been visiting him and said she wanted to meet me. Leslie Carson, who through Jack has become one of our Thanksgiving regulars, came too, with her report of a romance ms titled Apache Fever being looked at at Avon. Salmon dinner provided by Jack, then Peter Rockas and his new lady, Kathy from Seafirst Bank, came for dessert. Jack-Peter-Leslie and Phil DiMeco ~~have~~ amount to an ~~amazingly~~ utterly inordinate number of social workers in our total of friends but they and ~~Oh~~ and I find each other mutually hilarious, and so it went last night as Peter and Jack mock-fretted, or maybe not so mock, about whether all these writers around them are eyeing them as characters.

Writing, ah, writing. Last week was sheer dredgework, the needed 10 pp. done but not amounting to much. This week I've reeled off 4 pp. of what seems pretty good stuff, about the rest area scene and the motorcyclist zooming up to ask for a light, both y'day and today. So it goes, if I can just make some of this facility happen on the more essential parts of the Mariah plot.

Y'day afternoon C and I did the heroic chore of tearing down the oldest bank of fl'c't lights in the shop and putting up floodlights that don't flicker and blink maddeningly. There are still chores, in the shop and the yard and all around, probably every afternoon this week, but we keep telling ourselves we are making progress.

19 July--Spectacular weather, 4 days straight of cloudless blue, wonderful air with no noticeable humidity. Surely it's significant how much better I feel, and how much better I function because I feel better, in weather like this.

I'm now down to 17 pp. to go, to reach the summer's goal of 250 total pp. of ms, what I hope will be critical mass for this' book.

Besides the writing, C and I have been whaling away at the chores of betterment of the property. Last weekend's only half worked, a bright idea of mine that didn't pan out. Alex and Andrew Smith did such a good snug job of furniture moving when we had to clean out Frank's apt. that I thought, hell, why not have them replace the fence between the road and our patio, they're working as carpenter's helpers and it's carpentry, the job needs somebody strong, healthy and will, and they're all of that--indeed, they're at the age where they're downright bulletproof--and so I bought posts, 2x4s etc. and fetched the twins out for a Saturday of fence-building. Plenty went wrong on both sides--for my part, I see now I got them in over their heads in turning them loose on the project, which I figured could be done by just copying the old fence as common-sensically as possible--but the long and short of it is that they hit obstacle after obstacle, mostly in the matter of already existing and all-but-impossible-to-remove concrete holes to set the posts in; the middle hole skewed its post way out of line, the boys cobbled rather wildly rather than asking me what I wanted done to deal with the skew, and the result is a kind of higgledypiggledy fence that until the wood weathers is the ~~most~~ glaring item that is the first thing seen in any glance at this place. I fretted my way thru Sat., C fretted hers through Sunday as we did some repairs on the supposed repairs, and now we've mostly got it out of our systems and regard that experiment as a minor scholarship fund for Andrew and Alex.

And last night was as terrific as the weekend was fraught, first listening to Ann Richards, Demo keynoter, hilariously mince up Bush-Reagan-and-the-gang in broadest Waco accent, then to the movie Babette's Feast, winsome and wonderful, and

19 July cont.--with it still daylight at 9 p.m., down to Ivar's Salmon House for a drink in the somnolent bar while watching dusk come over Lake Union.

Last Thursday, after the day's writing in the morning and with house chores behind and ahead of us, as I headed off to the UW to talk to Roger Simpson's summer class of teachers who're becoming high school newspaper advisers I told C I feel as I'm leading about 3 lives lately. Am over that a bit this week, but will feel sprightlier yet when we get at least one more major chore, repainting our bedroom, out of the way.

22 July--Something rare last night, political joy as we watched Dukakis eat the Republicans' lunch in his acceptance speech. Neither C nor I have understood the rap on him that he's dull--Christ, since when isn't it interesting to see somebody setting about to actually run this goddamn country?--and last night showed that he can craft a speech, can keep rising to the occasion in the near-endless process of running for President. The whole final convention night was crafted, Dukakis's entrance to the Neil Diamond song "Coming to America" in essence a commercial and a damn good one; Barbara Jordan intoning for Bentsen, Jennifer Holiday leading the whole place in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Ann Richards carefully framed over Dukakis's left shoulder in that final singalong on the stage. The "Morning in America" Republicans who got Reagan elected on that song and a shoeshine must have blanched, watching.

So, are we onto something, after 8 years of being presided over by an ignoramus? It has been fascinating to watch Russia, Gorbachev trying to be the ice ax in that frozen society, the 19th Party Congress going out to the Russians on tv like a strange wild new anthem. While we're meanwhile in the ~~m~~ comatose hand of a Politburo as they were before Gorbachev--Reagan doddering, Bush an apparatchik in over his head. On the evidence--Reagan--this country maybe doesn't want to be governed, just humored. We'll see now, between here and November.

C and I see almost no tv and maybe we're overly dumbfounded when we do, but the networks ~~have~~ coverage

22 July cont.--of the Demo convention seemed hapless. On CBS, Rather ~~at~~ at times wasn't even minimally fluent, uhs pocking every sentence. Jennings on ABC is good, but he had at his side a David Brinkley who ought to be pastured out; Brinkley's supposed commentary was usually vapid or downright mysterious--one night he kept asking Jennings and George Will if this convention marked the end for white males in politics--or silly or wrong--in the roll call, not all that long after Cecil Andrus cited Idaho as the home of potatoes, Maryland cited its crabcakes and Brinkley leaped in to say that was the first touting of food; on the speculation that Jackson might come into the hall the night his name was put into nomination, ol' Uncle Davy said that'd never happened before so far as he knew, and Jennings had to point out Reagan did it in '80--and once even decrepit, when his clip-mike fell off and Jennings had to tuck it back on him like a napkin on a baby. At this year's ABA I passed Brinkley in the aisles and not having seen him on TV for years thought he looked like a ghost of himself but figured what the hell do I know about his competence; now ~~it's~~ it's on the record what he's declined into. Not that the general run of so-called reporting etc. from the tv types was much better; they kept being astounded that the convention wasn't flying apart, that Dukakis could run things, not put people to sleep, etc. On the basis of what we saw, as distinct from the yammering we heard, the tv folks are goddamn lucky Dukakis isn't president of a network.

26 July--A day of relief, 4 pp. written this morning, leaving only a couple to be done tomorrow to fill the summer's allotment of 50 fresh pp. This after a very tough day y'day, when I managed 2 pp. despite feeling almost overpoweringly weary. Have told C I'd like not to have any social stuff on our calendar for the 1st week of August, to see if I can get rested and revved again. I suppose, I hope, this tiredness comes not just from the writing but from the chores of the past 2 weekends, rebuilding fence and this past weekend Floyd here trimming trees, plus the afternoons of gatework etc. of last week.

Barbara Harper is visiting, came Sat. and leaves tomorrow. A good quiet houseguest; I know C is hoping this can be a

26 July cont.--peaceful interlude for Barbara, after the hard final time of her mother Esther's death after years and years as an invalid. The two of them shopped at Nordstrom's y'day, are at Pike Place Market now; haven't had opportunity to check with C, but I think this may be a welcome enough diversion for her too, someone to be around besides me with my eternal deadlines.

Sunday night, for C's birthday ~~we~~ the three of us drove up ~~to~~ to Laconnor for dinner at the Black Swan; sturgeon for me, terrific stir-fry for each of them. I had thought I was being inventive about some way to celebrate, until the waitress asked C if she hadn't been there a year ago for her birthday.

Turned down request to review Edward Abbey's new novel for USA Today. What I've agreed to do, and hope to hold as the boundaries of what I will do this fall, is a Chi Trib review and a Rediscovery piece for the Wash. Post.

28 July--With y'day's short scene of Mariah handling a barroom wolf by telling him he's the type who'd show up in a ready-to-go tuxedo--a 10-gallon hat and a hard-on-- I finished the summer's 50 pp. I now have 50,000 words of this novel drafted and should be able to begin tinkering it into coherence in Sept.

Meanwhile, let August come. We've stayed clear of social commitments for the next 10 days, and intend to follow our whims as to what we do or don't do. C almost visibly began to mend y'day afternoon relaxing and reading on the patio, and I need quite a lot of easeful repair myself.

Today we went down to Marshall's law office and met with Judee King, the paralegal who's handling the probate of Frank's estate for us. She seems to be superb. After, we took Marsh to lunch at Pike Place Market--a rare lunch outside in Seattle, at Copacabana.

Perhaps fittingly, I keep forgetting to note my moment of anonymous fame in last Sunday's NY Times. In the Travel section piece on rail travel, there I am, unnamed, in the dining car of the Empire Building, in Chris Bannion's April pic of me.

4 August--Magnificent start of August. The warm blue heart of summer, no rain and damn few clouds the past 3 weeks, temperature usually in high 70s or low 80s, the barometer steady as a road sign on 30. The past 3 mornings, my first decreed vacation from making words for Mariah, I've dressed in my schlumpiest workclothes, taken a cup of coffee in a thermal cup, gone to the carport and sat in the Mullers' old plastic weave folding chair with my feet up on my portable shop table, watching the morning light come onto the bullseyes of spider webs in the front trees and rhodies and listening to Ian Tyson western songs on tape. Gradually I'd begin woodworking, replaying the Tyson songs I like best--Navajo Rug, Springtime--and then phasing into c-&-w station KMPS; this is the summer of K.D. Laing's "I'm Down to My Last Cigarette," with the snap and finality of a classic, and so craft has been in the air all around me as I've peacefully woodbutchered a sawhorse into being. We've also moved some rhodies,

scraggly elsewhere on the property, to the patio fence where we hope sun and care might revive them. And I've potted at the vegetable garden and flaked out on the patio with a book whenever I've felt like it. At last finished the Nadolny novel whose title I was living up to, The Discovery of Slowness, a singular piece of work. Am re-reading Craig Wesley's Winterkill, which I liked the first time around for Craig's lovely unfussy prose, and this time it seems to me a book that reads better than it's written--i.e., sum is greater than its parts, even though the parts are good and sometimes terrific; a valuable trait for Craig to have--Orwell had it too.

This isn't a pleasant toll of the bell to have to echo here amid my diary of blissful leisure, but today Ray Carver is being buried in Port Angeles. Died of the lung cancer on Tuesday. C and I met him and Tess only once,

~~met~~ in the hallway gathering of Jim and Lois Welch and Kittredge and Annick before the poetry night at the Richard Hugo colloquium. Ray seemed very shy, ill at ease in having to meet people. Thank heaven he did get some years of financial ease and recognition--the Straus

4 Aug. cont.--award the past 5 years etc.--because he's the second hard-living outside talent we've lost off this end of the country far too soon, Hugo at 57 and Carver 50. Carver must have been something like Hugo to know, half-magical and half-aggravating. The real zoom in his career happened in the past decade, while we've known Kittredge and Annick who were close friends of his, and I remember Kittredge showing up here after a session with a writing class at Eastern Washington U. and saying that after he'd finished, a long-haired guy at the back of the class got up and began raving about how great Carver is; Bill said that was the fame indicator right there, you've got it made when they rear up in Cheney and begin tooting for you. Also, at Annick's ranch up the Blackfoot, she had a tottery gray-muzzled old dog, far the eldest of a barking trio which met visitors, that was always introduced as The Dog That Bit Ray Carver. (Evidently a meaningful bite, too--grabbing him on the thigh, as I remember the story.) Have heard Kittredge and Richard Ford mutually recount stories of hunting with Carver, tales of what I guess must have been clumsiness and a sort of blotto obliviousness to realities such as the back seat of the car filling up with junkfood containers he was tossing there--doubtless this was during his real drinking period--and I thought at the time, what a lag or gap between perceptions, those memories of a graceless boozing buddy while the matchless quiet incantation in his stories were making him a literary hero.

Social notes: a terrific evening at Bob and Dee Simmons', last Sat., with Tony and Nancy McKay and Tony's twins. The Simmons's place a block or so from Tony's is an acre of terrific forest, the weather was idyllic, the supper was first-rate and we were all feeling buoyed, both by the lift of ~~Bob's~~ political fortunes with Dukakis and somewhat by the white wine we nipped away at. I'd been lukewarm about Bob Simmons the couple of times we were around him at Tony's, suspecting I was seeing the TV personality's knack for buttering himself thin but as wide as need be, but there on his home ground with the labor and craft of householding all around and with just the few of us gassing back and forth, I enjoyed him a lot. Two prize stories

4 Aug. cont.--out of Bob's TV lore (not the least of his qualities is that he's at least as skeptical of TV as the rest of us): Shirley Hudson, co-host of whatever KING's Good Morningish show used to be, interviewing an actor in town in his Annie role of FDR, and after he'd shown how he conveyed Roosevelt with tone, tilt of the head and cigarette holder etc, Hudson brightly bubbled: "Now would you get up and show us that famous FDR strut?" And on the Today show, Mariette Hartley (as Bob remembers it) was filling in, interviewing Lewis Lapham about the time it seemed Harper's magazine would go under, and she asked about who wrote for the magazine. Lapham, probably in his here's-the-history-of-the-world-according-to-me persona, began responding that Harper's history of writers was rich, Walt Whitman had written for it, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Woodrow Wilson had once been its political columnist...racing the clock, Hartley broke in, "Now what's going to happen to these people?"

The other social note, of note: y'day just after we'd both napped, I was changing into woodworking clothes and had one shoe on and one off when the doorbell rang, I hobbled to the shop door and looked out, and there was Dick Howe of Boulder, Colorado, whom Carol went with before me. He was, as he'd told me he'd be, in Boulder last fall, up here for a convention of people such as him who've lost their larynx to cancer. For the life of me I could not think of his name, so said I'd finish getting a shoe on, round up C and meet him at the front door. Circled through the house, I told her--as she ~~said~~ said later, to have somebody turn up out of the past that way is startling--and we got Dick in and visited for an hour or so before he headed on to see Fort Lawton where he shipped out during the Korean War. I was fascinated by this out-of-nowhere crossing of historical wires, though I'm afraid Carol got the jolt.

Something ahead which could be nifty: Susan Richman called the other night to see if I want to read at the Miami Book Fair the weekend before Thanksgiving, with Mary Lee Settle. C came up with the plan that she can take off the 3 days before Th'giving, which would give us time to see the Florida Keys.

4 Aug. cont.--11 a.m., we're soon to go to Edmonds for lunch. But apropos of the Carver part of this entry that I wrote earlier this morning, about half an hour ago the phone rang, Marleen Blessing at The Weekly looking for someone who knew Carver and his work to write an appreciation for next week's issue. I told her I don't qualify, in either knowing him or all that much of his work; she hasn't been able to reach Ford, Kittredge is on the road somewhere, Lois Welch veered her away from Jim--I suggested she try Gary Fisketjoh, who as I savvy it became Carver's editor on the last book. Helluwan assignment for Marleen, widow of Dick Blessing who also went, far too early, to cancer.

15 Aug.--A day of heavy air, and heavy going, as I'm reluctantly trying to tackle some of the accumulation of desk and phone chores. The main call to be made, in half an hour or so, now that I'm somewhat less groggy than at the onset of the morning, is to HBJ about screenwriter Jim Sadwith's negotiation to option This House of Sky.

It's a tricky damn decision, because the money up front is paltry--\$1500, maybe \$2000--but Sadwith has a good track record in getting his scripts made. I talked with Lynn Pleshette on Friday, going over with her what the HBJ rights person Clair Roberts had told me on the phone, and consequently I'm going to tell Clair to go ahead and take the paltry, but with some sweetening from Sadwith of the \$\$ down the line if the movie or tv version gets made. If agreement ever is reached on the dollars, then there's the kind of negotiation I hate but absolutely must stick to, in this instance--that I won't indemnify Sadwith and the movie makers against suits arising out of any shown version. A costly lawsuit could ruin C and me, and it's just not worth the risk to see Sky come onto a screen of some sort.

Half of my intended month of vacation is gone now, and I'm afraid the second half of it looks chore-specked.

Maybe this week can swallow the worst of what's left of summer tasks--~~the moment~~ painting our bedroom, for instance--and next week can be some lazy civility again. We deliberately laid low from socializing until this past weekend; I think I saw C writing her diary entry of our San Juan Islands visits

15 Aug. cont.--to Tony Angell's cabin and the Walkinshaws' wonderful new place, plus having Tom and Carrie Jones here for hamburgers last night. First, Tom and Carrie: he brought transparencies of the paintings he'll take to the NAWA show in Denver, the Coquille lighthouse and a study of asters somewhat in the lineage of our November ^{Maple} painting by Tom, and I think the 3rd entry is his '87 White House piece that was done for the Reagans' Xmas card. His career seems to be thriving; on the other hand, they've been audited by the IRS, on what they say is an IRS policy of increasing audits of small businesses, and that struck a note of dread with me.

The San Juan sojourning: It had its moments of hilarity, such as the Lopez I. ferry dock when C and I, and Tony and Nancy McKay were going on to the Walkinshaws' place on San Juan I.--incessant intricately detailed p.a. directions from the dock crew, instructing bicyclists to cluster in the parking lot until they were told to cross the road for boarding, while we walk-on passengers were to cross the road now and form up in the area behind the waiting area but not in the waiting area, until the walk-on passengers in the waiting area got aboard their imminent ferry to Shaw and Orcas--all of this spilling out while the ferry schedule kept slipping until the 9:40 Shaw-Orcas ferry was actually leaving at 10:10~~x~~ when our 10:10 San Juan ferry was supposed to be, the four of us giggling and adlibbing mock announcements about 9:40 passengers should now be departing at 10:10, the 10:10 passengers should not be aboard the 10:10 departure... At the cabin above McArdle Bay on Friday, we largely lazed, ate, talked. Tony conked out for what he announced as a brief nap, but turned out to be--to the relief of my achy body, nagged in various places by fencebuilding chores etc. of this summer--most of an afternoon of doze for all of us. But later Tony did take us over a few miles east of his cabin to Goose Point, to see if Bill Holm was around, and gloriously he was. That turned out to be a moment of historic resonance: Bill, one of my heroes in his role as scholar of NW coastal Indian art and much else of this region's history, there on a sunny open point of shore where one of Vancouver's ships anchored

15 Aug. cont.--and where one of Malaspina's captains described the point in details still recognizable now a couple of hundred years later; even further, Bill bought the point in 1963 from the descendants of the former Hudson's Bay Co. shepherd who homesteaded it in 1872. So to see Bill and Tony, current Northwest scholarship and art incarnate on that sun-tawny piece of historical earth... We got Bill to show us his abuilding portfolio of paintings, and the latest is a terrific piece, of Eastern Washington Indians, man and woman, ~~on~~ horseback in celebration regalia, the man's horse wearing a stunning red head-hood much like a medieval knight's horse might have; it'll possibly be a centennial poster for the Burke Museum next year.

At the W'shaw's, incredible food--fresh baked oysters which C and I and Nancy and Walt picked at the u-pick-em bay across from the W'shaw's point of land on San Juan at Roche Harbor, followed by an enormous shrimp salad--and the pleasure of the singular Walt and Jean. C remarked what a naturally classy guy Walt is--standing in patient gentlemanly style, out of the way but available to help, behind Nancy as she undertook the messy job of hosing the muck off our oyster trove, and then during lunch when everyone else said white wine and Nancy amended from red and said white would be fine for her too, here came Walt with a freshly opened bottle of each. Jean continues to be a miracle of energy, trooping us up Mount Dallas to see the summit land she bought, talking a mile a minute while unfazedly walking up the quite considerable sidling slope, the rest of us straggling off behind while Tony kept up with her with I think a bit of effort. During lunch she remarked to me she'd been too late with her intention to film something with Ray Carver, hadn't she--she mailed the letter the day he died--and promptly was asking me what I thought of his writing, would it last, etc. I trust Jean enough that I try to be open with her on damn near anything, so I said I dislike Carver's minimalist imitators but he himself was a genuine magical article, the way he was able to make language do so much more than it appeared to be doing; that I hadn't much liked his poetry, and indeed think that as invaluable as he and Tess Gallagher must have been to each other in their decade together, it always seemed

15 Aug. cont.--to me a bad idea that a short-story writer as superb as him took to emulating her in poetry and a poet as good as she is took to emulating him in writing short stories. Anyway, a sparkling Saturday, both on the water of the Strait beyond the W'ahaw windows and in their elegantly simple new living-lightly-on-the-land domicile.

What else. Mustered myself just before lunch and called Clair Roberts at HBJ with instructions that I'm game to take Jim Sadwith's \$1500 for 1st year option of Sky, though I'd like her to try for \$2000; would settle for \$2500 for second year; and if he's frantic for a 3rd year, that'll have to be \$10,000--any of this option \$ not to be chargeable against eventual purchase price. Also told her that I'll have to my own--Marsh's--lawyerly input against the standard indemnity clause.

C meanwhile is out shopping for a car, the Montana journey through drought having convinced us we must have an air-conditioned ~~new~~ vehicle for the western travel ahead of us the next 2-3 years.

23 Aug.--It's just now 8:50, this morning, and I'm already set up at the elderly brown card table on the patio, perfect cool breeze while the evergreens on the hill are sunlit green and the sky utterly blue. A day for dawdling along; have already watered the strawberries and stringbeans, the lawn is next, I walked 4 laps of the hill park just at sunrise (6:20ish), I'll maybe write a letter to Craig Lesley and/or Linda Miller, at some point maybe muster enough initiative to replace our despised old gilt-gaudy door chime with a new one. (Prices are wildly perplexing: this summer I bought a power saw, which seems to me a formidable piece of equipment, for the same price of \$39.95 that the inconsequential door chime cost.)

C and I are both feeling thriving, figuring we've crossed the watershed of the summer's chores. Thriving maybe barely says it, as we spent yesterday evening some of the most languorous enchanted lovemaking of our marriage, thrilled

23 Aug. cont.--with each other. One of the Ian Tyson songs I've been listening to this summer begins "Never hit 17 when you're playing against the dealer," and we've been in exactly that make-your-own-kind of blackjack luck recently, major house chores persevered through (the major one I'd been dreading, repainting our slummy bedroom and the louvered closet doors, we did Fri.-Sat.-Sun.) and done better than we could have hired them done, a new car in the offing (tomorrow) and Ginny Bennett writing C a to-be-~~xxxxx~~cashed series of 6 \$400 checks y'day for Frank's low-mileaged but temperamental old Chevy. There've even been pleasures that oughtn't to have been, such as the two of us being awakened about 3 a.m. a couple of nights ago to the chorus of the coyotes that've moved into the neighborhood this summer; that ~~yp~~ yipping was exciting, elemental, instead of annoying.

Out in the wider world, negotiations go on and on over the Sky movie rights, Clair Roberts of HBJ at least consulting with me now on the points of haggling. Years ago Lynne Pleshette said to me there's a lot of whining goes on in the movie business, and that's been borne out here, as I heard from Jim Sadwith earlier in the summer about HBJ's inadequacies and now I hear from Clair about ~~xxxxxx~~ Sadwith's tightwad offerings. ~~xxxx~~ The latest is S wanting the right to make Sky as a TV movie if it doesn't go as a feature film, with drastically less money offered--a ceiling of \$50,000 instead of \$175-200,000. Friday I told Clair to press for the same ceiling, either kind of movie; as it'd be contingent on the size of the TV film budget, I don't see why the hell the ceiling shouldn't go be sizable if the budget proves to be, and there're also fewer chances for subsidiary incomes on a tv film. I think quite literally there're tens of thousands of dollars of negotiating time being spent, on both sides, over matters of sometimes \$500.

Aug. 23 cont.--On the pleasanter side, letter came a few days ago from my NU grad school colleague, Sam Levene, politely wondering about film rights available. Sam's ~~new~~ long been a CBC producer, and so I'm going to answer him with both care and ~~en~~ enthusiasm.

And now on with this day, which is supposed to hit a record temperature of 92.

27 Aug.--9:25, five minutes from leaving for Camano and a weekend at Linda Bierds' cabin with her and Syd. Another good bright day.

Any more, even when life isn't busy it's busy enough. Y'day, came three speaking invitations; only one I think I'll take is Elliott Bay Bookstore. Day before, a note from Donn Fry wanting me to review Louise Erdrich's new book for Seattle Times. Something I guess I ought to do--hell, I've already even read the book--but I do dread these small projects, reviews for Chi Trib, W'n Post already. This

August, fine in many ways, is showing me that however much time I ideally want off, it's a lot more than a month.

1 Sept.--So it is September, with a strong summer of house ~~work~~ work done and now my seasonal descent of feeling pecked to death by ducks, i.e. the non-book chores that accumulate in spite of me. I've already done two this week, the Seattle Times review of Louise Erdrich's new book and y'day's splicing together of a speech for the Salt Lake booksellers' gathering, and I'm going to have to press ahead today and tomorrow with the Re-Discovery piece for the Wash'n Post, and next week on the Chi Trib review and the Denver booksellers' speech. For all that I realize these are good tactical pieces of work, putting me in front of a couple of million newspaper readers and big coveys of bookstore people, I can't manage to think of them as real life, real writing, any more. Also, whatever else this August off has proven, it shows that I'd like to have a longer period off.

Fine bright weekend with Linda and Syd, the 27th-8th, with us staying overnight in the downstairs quarters of Linda's Camano I. summerhouse. We arrived about 11 Sat. morn, promptly went down off the bluff and dug 80 clams on the low-tide flat in front of Linda's place, then headed up to

1 Sept. cont.--Deception Pass for the hike Linda and Syd had planned. Dinner at the Black Swan--our treat, in celebration of Syd's contract from Cornell U. Press for her Katherine Mansfield book--and then an evening of talk; Sunday, a mild hike along the Camano beach, with the arthritic basset Tallulah (the oldest 8-year-old dog in the world, we agreed) creeping along far behind, then the clams for lunch, and C and I headed home. Linda and Syd are both good to be around, and there are bonuses that we even agree about specific writers, unable to stand Bobbi Ann Mason's work and sold on Alice Munro's.

In this dry bright summer the garden prospers--beans galore right now, and terrific strawberries for breakfast every other morning.

Sept. 12--A run of exquisite weather, now in its 3d full day--bright blue, unhumid, a bit of breeze, 70s. Am at card table on the patio for 2d afternoon in a row, tuning up by going through Mariah file cards. I actually began work again on the ms on Sat., to Carol's considerable startlement--perfect weather, and a weekend and I was announcing I felt like doing a couple hrs of ms work?--but my excuse, if any, is that we'd been on the Olympic Peninsula the 2 days before, a kind of Thurs-Fri. early weekend, and as I didn't see any signs of us squaring ourselves away to take advantage of the Sat. Morning weather I figured I'd use the terrific mood I was in to relaunch into the book. So far, I am damn pleased about the revision of the 1st 6-8 pp., i.e. most of the opening scene; think it's now livelier and more visual, and Jick's lingo has more snap to it. Enough momentum, indeed, that I've told C I'll get up an hour earlier tomorrow--4:30, that is--and knock off at 9 so we can go to Ebey's Landing, if she'll get our gear ready.

The Peninsula trip was a case of lucking out, plus a little common sense and weather sense. On Thursday, with the Olympics clear, we headed first thing for Hurricane Ridge. Whenever we're up there--surprisingly infrequent, maybe because of the chancy weather--we ~~always~~ always agree it's one of the places we like best in the world. Stayed that night

Sept. 12 cont.--at the Hill Haus motel in Pt. Angeles, which is getting so pricey I have to grit a bit--\$70--but which still has a view we get a great kick out of, Ediz Hook and the harbor with freighters moored, the Victoria ferry Coho ~~was~~ pottering in and out, more ship traffic passing in the Strait. Big meal at the Bushwhacker--C talked me into prime rib & salmon combo while she ordered clams, so we had a fine feed--and then to see the movie Who Framed Roger Rabbit?, inexplicably the box-office hit of this summer. Friday morn was foggy but the stuff lifted by the time we got to Dungeness Spit, and we had an x hour's hike out in rare windless weather and then flopped in the sun. With the tide coming in, onward we went to Pt. Townsend, accidentally coinciding with the Wooden Boat Festival. Besides the beautifully crafted wooden boats, an attraction was Jim Whittaker, evidently one of the boat enthusiasts; C and I agreed that we've seen Wh. so many times, plus pictures of him etc., that we don't know whether we've ever actually met him or it just seems that way.

Before this lovely turn of weather, I spent the ~~last~~ 1st half of last week wondering what the hell I was going to do with the novel Shine Hawk, which I'd agreed to do for the Chicago Trib but which seemed to me elementally clumsy in a lot of ways and gratuitously horrific--the plot, so to speak, involved hauling a putrefying body around ~~last~~ south Georgia in the back of a pickup--most of the rest of the time. What I ~~ended~~ ended up doing was calling Diane Donovan at the Trib and asking if she really wanted to expend space on such a book; when I gave her the news about the pickupload of body, she asked, "Do you have a window you can throw that book out of?"

Mail just came, with welcome surprise of \$505 royalty check from Books on Tape; the \$ is quarterly from BOT, and while it can't be counted on to last, it's come in from there with startling steadiness. Over the weekend we got our own latest BOT, a mock-book type of cassette holder which had Winter Bros in it. Weekend also brought 25 p'backs of Rascal Fair, and on Sunday the Harper & Row ad ran in the Seattle Times; to my amazement Rascal Fair was #6 on the hardback bestseller list that day.

23 Sept.--Damn, but things are busy. A couple of days ago C came home from the college, read the same letters I'd just gone through in my half-daze of immersion in writing, and she said, what a terrific batch of mail! I realized she was right--a note of compliment from Reid Beddow at the Wash'n Post on the Sorrowless/Times piece I did for him, invitation from WSU to think toward a Pettyjohn Lecture for them, a fan letter or two; possibly even the \$500+ check from Books On Tape, an unexpectedly steady quarterly royalty, was in there. So when I can manage to pull my head out of white space enough to appreciate life, it's registering fine.

Last week--wk of the 12th--was the best re-start of a book ms I think I've ever had; revised the 1st 36 pp. of the Mariah ms, damn near twice what I'd ordinarily try to do. This week has been tougher, slower, more ragged and more nagged by phone and other chores, yet I've redone 29 pp., too. I don't know how this autumn will continue to go after I start traveling for the R Fair p'back--I leave for Denver a week from about this very minute--but if I can continue to crack out the major sections of ch. 1 this way, I should have a goodly chunk of ms, maybe 175-200 pp., ready for Tom Stewart to see early in the new year.

We're even socializing mildly this week, Sopers coming for supper tonight and Linda Biersds and Syd here last Tues. C and I are finding L & S terrific company, bright, funny, companionable. There was also a moment we both marked, just after we'd finished supper when Linda cast a look toward the living room where I had the bound galley of her book of poems lying around, after having done a blurb for it, and she asked, is that...? Surprised, I said, well, yeah, you've seen it, haven't you? No, she had not, and so I said, well, hell, borrow this one, thrusting it on her, and as C said later, how terrific it is to see someone just genuinely overjoyed about having done a book.

Another surprise of the week was that I phoned the Auburn rec dept. coordinator who's invited me to do a reading to kick off their writers conference at the end of next month, kicking to her about the indemnity clauses in the city contract she sent--it read to me, and Marshall

23 Sept. cont.--Nelson agreed when I took the time and trouble to run it past his legal wizardry, as if I was going to be the one responsible if the night of the reading turned into a Cocanut Grove fire. Damned if the city of Auburn didn't blink, sending me a new contract without the indemnity crap.

28 Sept.--In the book Solitude that C and I have both just read--maybe one of the integral books of my life; or at least it validates a lot of my prejudices toward hanging onto my time--there's the phrase, "the inauthentic life." I think or at least hope that's what I'm resisting by turning down the spate of requests that've just come--to talk in the UW history dept's centennial series, to write an essay for the Wash'n State Library's centennial book, to have supper with a book club in Spokane, to be on the Museum of the Rockies' high-class advisory board, to be honored(?) at a UW lunch by Sri Chinmoy followers and be lifted by one hand by Sri his very self. All those I think have been in the past 5 mail days.

Maybe naysaying is good for the writing in more ways than one, because I've had another plenty good enough week, 3rd in a row, and am in decent shape, in terms of pace, to go to Denver Fri-Sun. for the Intermtn Booksellers shindig. Tomorrow is a preparation day for that, but with 80 pp. revised in Sept., where I'd hoped for 50, I can stand to veer away and prep.

Jean Roden sent home with C the latest Pac Pipeline list, which shows Winter Bros #8 and Sky #9 on the trade p'back bestsellers. What's going on with WBros that it keeps popping onto that list I dunno, but it's nice. We're listening to the Bks On Tape version nightly, and I guess I am surprised at obsessive energy I put into that book.

If we can keep it up, this household is focusing on some good main events of this fall, such as a Florida trip coincident with the Miami Book Fair invit'n got for me by Susan Richman. Called down there today, so C can start laying plans to come along, and the deal is on. Not long after, Liz called to say she wants not to remind Tom Stewart about his notion of fetching Sky and WBros from HBJ, because the Macmillan situation is so murky with the buy out-buy up-what's up ~~six~~ confusion. I said OK--

28 Sept.--for the millionth time I was glad I gritted on ~~stuck~~ through last year's eye woe and got Rascal Fair into print then instead of now; we are all those royalties and \$60,000 of the Mariah advance to the good right now because that book got out a year ago--but if we don't want to go hinting around Tom, how about hinting around Bill Shinker of Harper & Row? Liz says she ~~has~~ sees Bill Sh. a lot, will try him when he gets back from Frankfurt fair.

30 Sept.--In a little under an hour I head for the airport and Denver. Have had a surprisingly busy morning--it's now 9:50--getting ready, even though I by and large went through my 10-min. talk and some other trip stuff y'day late afternoon.

Lunch with Donn Fry y'day; book talk and convstn from him about revisiting Tanzania where he was a Peace Corps teacher 22 years ago; he found the country depressing, almost a 4th World country now.

I'm coming to savvy why the Indian tribes consider the coyote magical. These evenings we've been listening to the Bks On Tape version of Winter Brothers, and as I haven't re-read the book for quite a while, I'd forgotten my wish in there to trade some of the touristy cats that keep frequenting our yard for more interesting species, such as foxes or coyotes. I've noted earlier in this summer's diary, I think, the coyote families that've appeared in this suburb, and I've been seeing a coyote often on my daybreak walks of the sidehill park, when he reluctantly leaves a lookout perch at the top of the set of stairs at the western side of the park. Y'day I went up about 6:40, just as the big sprinkling system quit on the baseball field, and so I walked through arcs of water on the path. First time around, no coyote at the usual site. As I began my second time around, I saw my ~~xxx~~ footsteps ahead of me, leading out of the far side of the arc of wetness, but coming toward me--i.e., had been made just after I made those first footprints--were pawprints down the ~~xxx~~ path that casually vanished off into dryness. Coyote the trickster, verily.

Oct. 1 - Denver, or rather some neighborhood of tech-glitz which could be anywhere. A strange country this is, entranced with its systematized trivia. When the plane pulled up to the gate at Stapleton y'day, everyone got to their feet, hefting their baggage, and stood in the aisle waiting - and waited, as 5 min. ^{passed} ~~past~~ and then towards 10. Until finally an announcement came to please watch our step getting off, it'd be a little lower than usual. It was maybe 3-4" lower than usual, and that little misfit of the chute against the door was what had left a planeload of people standing in captivity. Got here to the Sheraton, needing to eat at 5 o'clock to be ready for my reading at Bloomsbury before, but the only one of the Sheraton's 3 eateries that was open that early was the so-called Deli, where as I ate a roast beef sandwich & salad I found messy little packets accumulating all around me - the mayonnaise mess, butter packet papers, cream containers, the salad dressing remainder, the salt packet - all this while I saved away with flimsy plastic knife & fork. I keep wondering, how in god's name can we have this "convenience" society based on petro-products?

Oct. 1 cont. - On the niftier side here, there's the Great Plains sky. East from this hotel the plains are straight as a ruler across the horizon, with long streaks of cloud above them and a band of blue sky between. Sunrise this morning as I was going out to breakfast, red-amber clouds all across that end of the sky.

The business of this trip seems to be going OK so far. Maybe 20 people at the Bloomsbury reading last night, but in this beginning period of what they hope will be a steady reading series, it was all they had room for. Sold a dozen or so books. In 45 min., Carlene Baches picks me up here & takes me to Colo. Springs for a signing at Chinook before there. Last night I was in the hands of the local Harper & Row rep John Zeck, along with his wife Belva & Pat Jones of H & R Co (former Chicago sales rep) & Gabriel Barridas, LA sales rep who also covers New Mexico etc. After Bloomsbury, went to reception at Tattered Cover, which all these book people seem to think is the best store in the nation. & mingled, talked with Bill Preston of Gordon's, the Tattered owners Joyce & John Knaus, Pat Soden of BW Press, Richard Golden of Lonely Planet Press - who had the news that Scott Walker of Greywolf

Oct. 1 cont. - married Noah Adams' asst
producer who got so thoroughly lost a yr
ago trying to get us to Gail See's Wayzata
store - & Jacques Reix of Ft. Collins
Unstore, Pres. of this Bluebird group, &
its exec director Lisa Knudsen.

4 Oct.--2 p.m. and I've finished 6 pp. of Maria revision today; this ms continues to clean itself up well.

The weekend trip to Denver clicked, too. My 10-min. talk to Mtns and Plains Booksellers--crowd of 400--Sat. night seemed to be liked, possibly because ~~ix~~ I stayed within my time allotment and thus seemed blessedly brief. The final speaker, Wally Famous Amos, did double duty, speaking for literacy as well as plugging his own book, and a lot of folks were looking pretty glazed by then, probably me among them. I, thank god, had the middle slot, after Steve Coonts and Gretel Ehrlich and before Isabel Huggan and Wally. Gretel's husband Press Stephens was with her, 1st time I'd met him, and I got a kick out of talking with him during dinner and a drink after. He's tall, lanky, an original Georgian who grew up mostly in Latin America with a traveling business exec father; runs pack trips, one string into the Tetons from Dubois and one himself into Yellowstone Park. Press was in there during the fires this summer, on the east side of the Divide where the Divide's stony summit makes a colossal natural firebreak; Gretel and Ted Hoagland were with him on one trip, doing a joint piece for Sports Ill'd. Press is trying organic ranching, is mulling a plan to market organically grown beef to his packstring dude customers, also is studying Savery's notions of organic grazing. As for Gretel, she seems to be thriving, working on essays etc. now that Heart Mountain is in print. Gonna be interesting to see how that book goes. The portion she read to the banquet Sat. night, her hero kills a dry doe antelope, cuts out its heart and takes it, past the messhall smell of beef heart cooking, inside his coat next to his own heart and presents it to his Japanese beloved in the Heart Mtn. detention camp. I worry sometimes that I'm not subtle enough, but in actuality I'm probably too damn dumb to realize how much obviousness can be got away with in writing. This same past weekend, the novel Shine Hawk that I talked the Chi Trib out of having me do, because I thought it was so rankly amateurish and overblown, was lauded as Faulknerian in the Seattle Times and shared the front p. of NYTBR with Louise Erdrich. Does it help any that I know when I don't get it?

4 Oct.--On the Denver trip I did signings at Bloomsbury and then at Chinook in Colo. Springs, not to much effect in total books sold but evidently to the gratitude of the bookstore owners. As I told C, there's a brand of booksellers in Colorado--Jacques Rieux in Ft. Collins, the Noyeses at Chinook, maybe John and Margaret Lake at Bloomsbury--who are more self-consciously bookish, i.e. elegantly dedicated to being first-class booksellers, than the more natural enthusiasts we're around here in the NW. Makes me think there could be a strong set of signings to be done for Mariah, if I can work it so those stores can show their customer strengths.

"Elegantly" in the last graf has a barb on it for me too. After my 10 min. history of book dedications at the Sat. banquet, Jacques Rieux, current prez of those booksellers, told me it was "knowledge elegantly imparted."

Anyway, I am hugely thankful I got in and out of Denver without a blizzard and consequent air hazard, ~~at~~ a la that Continental crash the night I left there a year ago. This deregulated airlines situation doesn't get any less spooky; C and I may reluctantly face the prospect of flying Eastern, beset with labor problems, to the Miami Book Fair.

In the is-this-a-great-country-or-what? category: on my flight home from Denver I sat next to a 40ish Southeast Asian woman. At meal(?)time down the aisle came a 40ish Continental stewardess proclaiming in a heavily Hispanic accent the choice between lasagna and barbecue. When she got to us, the Asian lady responded, "chee-kin." The Hispanic stew looked expectantly at me, as spouse, interpreter, something, and indeed I tried, telling the Asian lady: "No chicken. Beef or..." then couldn't figure out how to classify lasagna. Anyway she hurriedly chose beef, as I did, and I wonder if she found it as dreadful as I did.

6 Oct.--Summary of last night's tv veep debate, by Balt. Sun political writer: Dan Quayle didn't drool.

Gawd, the ~~Re~~publicans. Where do they get these people?

Decent progress on Mariah ms again today; have hit 100 pp.--20,000 words--and can take tomorrow as a thinking day. Other books doing well by themselves in the world: Sky, WBros and Sea Runners all on Pac Pipeline literary p'back bestseller list; Pipeline has 400 W Bros on order, 800 Eng Crk on order, 3400 Rascal Fair on hand. Just have been invited to Evergreen St. College to talk to class using Sea Runners.

Call from Linda Miller on message machine this after'n: "Kathy Robbins just called and wants to read my novel. I'm so excited I can't say anything else. Thank you very much."

11 Oct.--This is an intermediate week, with the Salt Lake trip looming in the wee hours of Thurs. morning and with me in a kind of disjointed mood y'day and out-of-the-house stuff today--watching photog Chris Bennion for a couple hrs this morn, as I try to learn something for Mariah's newspaper photog occupation--and chores and packing tomorrow. In short, a feeling of not getting on with the main stuff, the writing, this week. Should be able to do some focusing and I hope some more of the chainsaw-quick reshaping of the ms in the final 2 weeks of this month.

Had a truly glorious hike Sat., our more or less annual Oct. outing with Mark and Lou Damborg. For the sake of cutting short any mulling or debate about okay-where-we-gonna-go, I'd said let's just go to Mt. Baker and then we can take you to the Rhododendron for supper. Fog and drizzle as we left here, and indeed for the 1st couple hrs of driving, until we came to about the Sumas road on the Baker highway--then suddenly everything was brilliant sunshine, and our next choice, Gold Run Pass across the Nooksack Valley north from Baker, was a hike done in summer heat. Total of 4 miles, 1800' climb, it was up enough for all of us, indeed the final $\frac{1}{4}$ mi. or so is the steepest part of all, but once in the saddle of the pass, Mt. Baker and Shuksan gleam in one direction and Towhio and another peak whose name I've lost looming in the north

11 Oct. cont.--in southwesternish purplish colors. A leisurely lunch in ~~the~~ the pass, pleased with ourselves and mellowed by the bottle of wine Mark gallantly lugged up, and then down, with me setting the pace because I was feeling so good and loose-limbed about doing some mountain hiking again. At the ^Rhod'n, true to our customary attempt to take people somewhere that we've really liked, ~~now~~ C and I had dandy food--lamb stew and roast duck--while Mark and Lou's wasn't up to ours.

I trust I'm not being spoiled by this one year when I'm making ~~real~~ money, but \$7500 kind of casually came in last week, \$200 from Wash. Post and \$7300+ from Ath'm royalties, mostly R Fair p'back \$\$.

Oct. 13 - 6 a.m., somewhere in the black above the Cascades, heading for Salt Lake City. Ideally smooth travel, so far; got to the Delta gate just as they announced boarding, & as I have seat 30c, back against kitchen bulkhead, I was sent directly aboard. Plane has 30-40 people thinly scattered around.

Spent y'day on chores, answering the most piquant fan letters, general paper-shuffling. Day before was useful, watching Chris Bannion do a 2-hr shoot of aspiring actress (currently U. of Puget Sound arts bureaucrat) Laura McCann; picked up various moves & lingo from Chris. Also Linda Foss y'day brought back the 1st 3 dozen pp. of revised Mariah ms that I'm having her underline in colored code - verbs, exclamations, prepositional phrases etc. - in effort to "get the ticks off" - day, "in Flannery O'Connor's great phrase, somewhat ahead of time. This hasn't been much of a week on the ms, though I did get some progress on Butte segment on Monday.

OK, what I'd hoped for ~~is~~ is happening on eastern horizon, an emberline of sunrise. Long stridgy clouds above an orange crack of dawn.

Oct. 13 cont. - These trips of this autumn, when I'm ostensibly & / or that matter damn actually writing the next book, are a new element in life. The booksellers' regional conclaves plainly are too valuable to pass up - at least Denver was; we'll see about this one - and the timing is good, giving me next year off & a possibility of being invited back. But they do take time & energy; thank god Rascal Fair made us enough \$ that C can cut back to $\frac{2}{3}$ teaching load - even so, there are times when we're as busy as we can stand to be. Also, these trips prove out the old lesson, plan ahead; I wrote both these talks a couple of months ago & now have had to only brush them up in tape-recorded rehearsal; it'd be hell if I suddenly had to conjure speeches in midst of a full-tilt writing schedule.

Phone call a day or so ago from Craig Hesley, saying his ms is in copy editing - Stick Indians & Water Devils, title, which C & I are afraid sounds a little anthropological, but maybe it'll work. Some day, Linda Birds called to say she'd received 1st copy of her book of poems. Damn, but I am proud of what little I had to do with that book finding a nat'l publisher.

Oct. 13 cont. - About 40 min. out of Salt Lake now, a few bumps in flight. Shd note that y'day afternoon Betsy Burton did a phone interview with me over SL radio station KALL, which went very well. C commented, in listening to my rehearsal of my "western ingredients" speech last night, how polished that is getting, down thru. years. Maybe I'm either getting veteran at some of this or turning glib.

19 Oct.--Grueling week on the ms, which has refused to take fire in the Toothless Ferries section; slaved away at it Mon. and Tues., and it's going to need another complete go-through, maybe two. Today for the sake of piling up pp. I went ahead to Jick's discovery of Isaac's letters, and while it's taken me all day until now--3:45--I did 7 pretty decent pages of revise there. The office is getting too clogged--thank god the phone and mail have been sparse this week--and so I intend to finish the week's pp. quota tomorrow and take Friday for sorting and getting file cards into gear.

Weather and health are both tough this time of year; Carol has a scratchy throat, and quite a loss of voice. Says she doesn't feel too bad.

Lunch y'day, annually, with Fayette ~~Krause~~ Krause. We chomped over old grad school buddies, whom Fay has kept in touch with more than I have, or at least they're a slightly different group from Carstensen's '69 gang of western historians. As Fayette named off guy after guy who doesn't have a tenured job or is out of history entirely, I realized what a crippled generation ours is.

The Salt Lake trip last Thurs-Sat. can be summed up as, everything I could do myself went just dandy and everything else consistently went half-assed. Crowning blow was when Betsy Burton didn't show up after my Waking Owl

19 Oct. cont.--signing to take me to airport as she'd offered. She cd well have had a family crisis--carries a beeper because her child has seizures--but whatever happened, I waited 15 min., edgily getting toward an hr before takeoff, knowing it was a 20-30 min. ride to the airport and needing to get lunch before boarding the plane because the flight would be foodless, and then one of the Waking Owl clerks drove me instead. I didn't hit it to the same extent in Denver, though there were a awkwardnesses of getting places there too, but Salt Lake reminded me of some of what I hit last year on the book trail, that now my mere presence skews people, they get lost while driving me somewhere because they're taking the chance to either talk to or listen to me, they offer to do things for me which aren't really ~~known~~ handy or maybe ~~in~~ even in their capacity to do, etc. I honest to christ am trying to roll with the flow as much as I can, but I'm going to have to keep aware that there're only two ways to keep an efficient set of logistics, do it myself by taxi etc. or be squired around by somebody professional like Earlene Backus.

25 Oct.--More or less a day off, as I hit the 150 pp. goal targeted for Friday on Tuesday instead and am trying to use a bit of the extra time to regroup. It's getting to seem a considerable stint of work, and November looms as damn busy, readings etc. besides the writing.

Came home from U District lunch to find C applying ice to a bee sting, of all damn things. Happened in her office, the bee getting her on a knuckle of the little finger.

Politics are at their most depressing since, well, 4 years ago and I suppose 4 years before that.

Phone just rang, abt 2:30; Liz with the news that Tom Stewart is leaving Macmillan. She says it's gotten intolerable there, the uncertainty in the tug of war between Maxwell and the leveraged buyout. Asked her where Tom is going, she said nowhere yet--Harper & Row is a possibility, "we re working on that," and as she pointed out, that would certainly simplify my life if that's how this turned out.

26 Oct. cont.--C and I have just talked over Liz's news, and maybe we're too sanguine, but we're not upset over this turn of events; Macmillan has been undergoing such a convulsion, much reminiscent of HBJ before Carol Hill left, that I may be better off elsewhere. The pair of main items, as I see, that could be worrisome: loss of Susan Richman's pr genius in handling my next book, and the problem of finding both a good publisher and a good editor--Harper & Row for instance is a hot publishing house right now, but I rather wonder about the staff of editors. If I end up on the loose and H&R is interested, ought I ask for Lorraine Shanley as editor? I'm certainly spoiled as hell on this score, having had eds-in-chief as my editors thus far.

Whatever eventuates, I agreed with Liz's strategy to sit tight at least until the 1st of the year, giving us some time to see where Tom alights, etc. She says she's read my Mariah contract every which way and can see no assignment clause in it, meaning Mac'n can't assign me to another publisher, and she also got into the contract the stipulation that I'm to be published under the Atheneum imprint--so there wd seem to be ways out even if, as we all assume, the Mac'n trade dept gets sold off to help finance this nutty buyout stuff. This could, in fact, be energizing for me; the pile of ms pp. I'm accumulating may be our ticket to a new publisher.

9 Nov.--Again the country elects not a President but a national goofy uncle. To have first Reagan and now Bush--and in the offing, the bunny in the headlights, Dan Quayle--I suppose shows that this nation doesn't really want to be governed, just jollied along. The irony is that this election may be a tragedy for Bush as well as the rest of us; he has a Senate majority leader in Dole who despises him, and Bentsen as Senate finance chairman, and Democrats in control of both Houses and tons of governships and state legislatures; he was able to have Baker swipe the election for him with media cleverness, but governing is another matter. Or does governing count, any more. It was said of

9 Nov. cont.--Dukakis that he has an "eat your peas" approach, which seems to me just about what the country needs if it's going to compete with the Japanese at all.

Incident from y'day: phone rang, about 5 p.m., someone asking to check whether they had my mailing address right. Distracted by the bit of writing I'd come to the desk to do, I gave most of the address before thinking to ask, who is this? Falcon Press, I was told, Bill Schneider wants to write me a letter. Tell him to think twice, I said. But I suppose inevitably he won't, and so I'm in for pissing and moaning or outright insult from a guy who's annoyed at me because I found out he swiped a graf from Sky and two from English Creek to use as captions in his \$29.95 coffee table pic book Montana On My Mind--no copyright acknowledgment, no permission, no permission fees. I seem to be making about an enemy per year in the book business; Jean Wilson's grudge last year because I didn't show up to sign at her Boise bookstore even though I'd never agreed to and thus no date was ever set, and now this whatsamatter-with-a-free-lunch entrepreneur in Helena. About a minimum rate of enemies, given how many people I come into contact with any more, I suppose, but it's startling how much time and aggravation goes into even these few.

Today's nasty news was a phone machine message I haven't had the heart to answer yet: Earlene Backes saying Clare died 2½ weeks ago--which wd have been just after I was in Denver and she escorted me to Colo. Springs. She wants to talk to me about his book of interviews with Western writers of the Stegner-Guthrie generation; I suppose, though I hope not, wanting me to take it on.

Brighter news, finally: good weekend for C and me, out in the wild weather of the Olympia Peninsula for the first time in a long while. Both agreed we'd forgotten how much that rough end of the continent means to us. We started off in Olympia on Friday, where I spoke to Evergreen classes reading *S_ea Runners* and *Sky*--went okay, though I was ~~surprised~~ surprised to find that even Evergreen freshmen are really freshmen--and after a terrific dinner at Gardner's and overnight at the Gov House hotel, on Sat. we headed on to Quinault and a mild

Nov. 9 cont.--rainforest walk there, decided to hole up for the night in Forks and did brief walks at Rialto that evening and the next morning. The stormy coast was wonderful, especially in the morning, when patches of rainbow, truly like stray colored scraps, appeared against the next ~~week~~ rainfront moving in, and spume was flying, spinning into the air above the huge Rialto driftlogs and kiting into the parking lot; at the same time, the morning sun was lighting a snag tree, virtually spotlighting it, just north of the parking lot. As C and I said, understandable that the Indians thought nature was full of signs. Mucho rain while we slept in Forks, but throughout the trip we missed the big winds that had conked out the electricity in the LaPush area etc.

Nov. 14--Evidently we head for Miami on Fri. morn. The plane tix, which underwent every delay C and I could imagine, and then some--such as last Friday's hassle about the Miami BookFair's travel agency not being to book us because our travel agency here still showed up in Eastern's computer as having the booking, even though our agency had long ago canceled that for us because it had to be handled thru Miami etc.--arrived by Express Mail at supertime last night, Sunday. C finally out figured, though I probably never would have, that we pair of hyperefficient Norte Americano types got caught in a difference of cultural time senses...the Miami end of things was operating on manana and we didn't tumble because everyone I talked with still has a NY Jewish voice. Anyway, with a bit of luck--which of course this episode has conspicuously lacked so far--we'll get a taste of a different part of the country and a week of sunbreak.

As noted last week, Clare Buckes died in Denver, and Earlene's subsequent phone call said it was of a cerebral hem'age, though he also had cancer, in remission at the time. He'd told her to call me if anything happened to him before he got his book done. I had to talk around my heart in my mouth, but I did tell Earlene I couldn't take on writing the introduction for her, what with my situation of having just lost my editor, needing to spruce up my own ms for whatever happens next, etc.

Nov. 14 cont.--Tough to be efficiently cold-eyed where the death of a friend, and a good friend of books, is involved; but it utterly seemed to me a situation where my participation would really amount to a fillip rather than anything lastingly significant; the names of Stegner, Guthrie, et al. will have to carry that book in the stores, not 1500 words by me. I suggested to Earlene she consider Dick Etulain, to put a scholarly imprimatur on the work.

Last Thurs. night, a terrific evening at Elliott Bay. I read from "the selected works"--the fence-jumping scene of W Bros, Angus finding the N. Fork from R Fair and 1st scene of Mariah ms--about as well as I'm able. Good crowd, overflowing out into the coffee shop. And people stood on line and bought books for about an hour. Rick Simonson told the Harper rep Jackson Fairley they'd done a business of 300 of my books--hope to Christ that was so.

Y'day the Pac Pipeline open house, where I've signed books I dunno how many times, 4, 5, 6. It is old home week with the sales reps--Jon Rantala now bullish on Mac'n's future with Maxwell, Ted Lucia asking how's he supposed to make a living ~~if~~ now that he's lost Louise Erdrich as well as me, John Dally newly back from Chicago and Norton to be Viking rep, Pat Soden with 1st copy of the Mont. Cent'l Anthology and me in ~~it~~ it in a woodcut that makes me appear noble as all hell.

Nov. 16--Life is probably going to be disjointed now until after Florida, and indeed maybe till the end of the year; today, despite being in a rather nice drifty writing--or at least revising--mood, after an hour or so of carpentry on the Mariah ms I had to lug it off to Copy Mart so as to have a copy to stash while we're gone. Wanted to note, though, that the Elliott Bay crowd the other night, like the jammed Waking Owl crowd in Salt Lake, was not the same crowd as last year; younger, with more women (who buy most of the country's fiction). Good omen.

And quickly, last night at the Weekly shindig in celebration of its centennial mugbook; C and I were startled by the number of people we knew, mostly accounted for by the same Pac Pipeline staff we'd

Nov. 16 cont.--seen on Sunday. Sopers also there, and a bonus, Dick^Nelson, giving us a chance to visit with him and I hope renew a friendship that flagged after he and Ann split up. Also met Keith Murray of Western Wash'n, whose history work I've admired. And coincided with Murray Morgan, whose memory must be prodigious: he offhandedly told me Kathleen Merryman of the News Trib much appreciated the thanks letter I'd done to the paper last fall. The party motif was hats--I in my Alb'que Stetson and C in her "driving" cap--and Murray had on a NW coastal Indian woven pyramidal hat, Nootka he said; it needs a bit of moisture to keep it preserved, so Murray wears it out into the rain every morning to fetch his newspaper.

So, some good people at the party, but as for the Weekly itself and Brewster, it still seemed to C and me amateur night; he's hashed together this book from mostly ~~already~~ already existing Wkly pieces, the work done, as it's ever been done there, by overqualified young women at probably awful wages.

No sooner got home last night than Craig Lesley called, wondering what we thought about Houghton's wish to change the title of his next novel from Stick Indians and Water Spirits to River Song. C and I both told him to go along, River Song sounds dandy. He said Marilyn Martin Dahl of Pac Pipeline had told him Stick Indians etc. sounded like something pub'd by the U. of Oklahoma, and I said, that's a real vote for change, Marilyn's opinion.

Today, so far--and I haven't even begun to make the phone calls I need to--I've heard from Looking Glass bookstore in P'land about my OHS weekend signing for them, and Lois Welch inviting C and me for LaPush weekend with her and Jim, Bevises, Statlers, Kittredge and Annick, when the whole troop of Montana anthologizers hit town the second weekend in Dec.; between calls came Fed Express packet, Seymour Lawrence sending me ms of Rick Bass's OIL NOTES for a blurb.

Nov. 18 - Abroad - Eastern flight to Atlanta
of then Miami. Rodens joined us to airport,
Joan's cousin Ethel coincidentally
arriving about as we took off. Carol
has just assured me I'm on vacation now,
with 4 hrs on an airplane yet to come, &
Miami flight beyond that, & I'm not convinced.

Hadn't expected to, but I spent past 2
mornings spiffing up Marian ms, pleasant
kind of writing, reading thru and changing a word
or a line as needed. The 1st section is begin-
ning to take on texture now. Must move on
to big set piece of centennial committee
meeting when we get back from this; would
like to be done with ms to end of that
scene by Xmas, but it'll be tough - Montanans,
Lang & possibly Welches, will be coming, plus
Spokane-Portland trip. Not to mention some
time & thought I'm going to have to spend
after Dec. 1 with Liz, deciding what we're
going to do with this ms. Tom Stewart
hasn't alit anywhere yet, and I'm not sure
I want to wait any too damn long for him to;
in a sense Liz is closer to Tom than I am,
their NY proximity, & I think I want
fairly soon to have somebody, whether or not it's
Tom, or somebody elsewhere, or somebody at
Macmillan, ready to start championing Marian.
Tom's been terrific on past 3 books & I'm
sorry as hell he may not be my editor from

Nov. 18 cont - here on. But he's evidently off into a new life, possibly not going back to publishing right away - he told me a couple of weeks ago he'd know within abt 2 weeks if he was going right into another job or whether it'd take a while - and so maybe I'm headed anew too.

Nov. 20 - 22nd floor of Hyatt Regency, with balcony door open and a warm muggy wind outside. This is a paradisiacal climate? Weather aside - & at least it isn't raining - things have gone well enough here at the Miami Book Fair. Business first: we met Barry Hippieman, publisher of Macmillan, for a drink here in hotel before supper, and he made it plain that if I'll stay with Macmillan I can have my pick of editors - Robt Stewart, Scribner's head who's temporarily running Athenaeum, or whoever Barry gets to run Ath'm after 1st of year - he says he wants to get a strong fiction editor, though it sounds, too, as if Tom Stewart may be replaced with an editor-in-chief rather than a publisher. or, Barry said he himself is willing to edit me. & told him he'd do well to pass all this along to Lin, whom I harken to a lot, & whose main & maybe only contact at Macmillan has been Tom.

Nov. 20 cont. - Barry's view of Tom is
decidedly different from hers or mine; he said
Tom made it known about a year ago he
was looking to leave, consequently books have
not been offered to Ath'm. & after he asked
me what my relationship had been with Tom
& I honestly said I thought Tom did a
bang-up job of line-editing on Rascal Fair
& had championed my books very well,
Barry said usefully he was sorry to hear
that, as other reports he's had are of writers
not happy with Tom, of slippage in pub'g.
schedules, etc. Barry said Tom maybe is
someone who likes editing & didn't take to
administration involved in being a publisher,
which is true - Tom told Carol Hill & me
that at Wash'n ABA; that doesn't prove
Tom wasn't doing his job for Ath'm, though,
& Tom's version of trying to work within
Mac'm this past year probably is wildly
different from Barry's. In any case, Tom
is gone - jumped or pushed - & hasn't alit
elsewhere, so Liz & I are going to have to
decide about Macmillan. Barry says that
Maxwell, literally minutes after - /all of
old order - i.e., Ned ~~Evans~~ Evans - in
company auditorium said his primary
concern was writers, agents, books - this
despite /fact, if I heard Barry right, general
books division is only a \$40 millions

Nov. 20 cont. - piece in . \$ 3 billion takeover by Maxwell. Barry says Maxwell is proclaiming his desire to be a book publisher, talking of co-publishing between Macmillan & his British ~~the~~ ^{group} companies, McDonald - Futura - Orbis... well, we'll see. More imminently, C & I figure Barry has about 2 years - usual honeymoon after a takeover or buyout or merger - to get Macmillan shaped up; he wants to bring total list down from about 320 or 340 to 250 (Ath'm did 80 bks this yr, he said), although it sounds as if it's not clear yet - may be in the next few months - whether that's what Maxwell wants or whether he wants to expand list.

As to B&K Fair, extensible reason for being here, & felt I did my reading well to a not very responsive audience; R Fair laugh lines didn't produce much, but afterward a number of people told me how much they'd liked it. Go figure. Might have been one of those audiences, such as I s'times get at universities, ~~where~~ that behaves as it thinks it should in presence of Literature.

Noel Perrin & I shared program - we flipped a coin, he won with call of heads and read first, as I'd also have chosen to do, but actually & probably benefited from being second; audience was more settled & I think my more histrionic

Nov. 20 cont. - reading style seemed all more lively after Noel's professorish demeanor (Dartmouth English Dept.). He was in an interesting situation y'day: he's going to marry Ann Lindbergh, & so Anne Morrow Lindbergh supposedly was at our reading. She'd told Noel & her daughter - it's not clear in Noel's telling with what seriousness she said it - that she doesn't approve of 2nd marriages. Noel says he & Ann then pointed ^{out} no problem, this was the 3rd for each of them. I raised an eyebrow & congratulated him on logic of that response. Anyway, from my own pt of view, bookstore people involved in bringing me here, such as Mitch Kaplan, heard me & pronounced themselves pleased, so I'm content enough. C & I heard Howard Newman, very fine in his work-play, & Dan Jenkins & George V. Higgins, surprisingly sophomoric poseurs - particularly in Higgins' case, any questions from audience was treated only as a chance for H. to make some smarter's retort.

He's an interesting case of a helluva good writer - in Eddie Coyne particularly - who's gone to just churning it out; he said he never plots out a book beforehand, & Outlaws almost shamefully showed that. Similarly, opening scene he read

Nov. 20 cont. - y'day of his latest,
Wonderful Years², goes on at least twice
too long in . subject - verb - object
inventorying of . setting - . tile work, .
wicker furniture on - ~~the~~ tilework, .
wrought-iron stand behind . wicker furniture
on . etc.

Nov. 21 - An. Hyatt, wanting to go to the
airport & home, having junked our Key West
plans because Tropical Storm Keith is setting
off Cancun. At worst it could hit . Keys, at best
it'd probably be squally weather to our whole
point in going down there was to have been
outside, seeing . Keys ecology & walking . town.
I'm considerably bothered - I'm still not much
of a traveler, hate midstream changes of plan
and the logistical rejigging & hanging around
they entail - but will get over it once we're
on the plane, I suppose; I hope. Neither
of us wants to hang around Miami waiting
to see what . hurricane will do - /or . 3rd
day in a row it's muggy & windy - and it
seems too far up to St. Augustine, . one
other place besides . Keys we're interested in
seeing; so . right decision likely is to give
up & head home. Still hard to swallow,
though.

Spent y'day at . Book Fair & . bonus of
day was meeting Dorothy Abbott, former

Nov. 21 cont. - head of Florida NEA's, but as of 6 weeks ago - asst head of NEA's lit're program, who invited Harold Brodkey & me to apply for NEA \$20,000 grants. We both said, well, we'd had one, she said she didn't think that mattered, limit is 3 in a lifetime. Since she maintained that she wanted to send us applications, I fished out my business card & said, Here's Harold's card, just send his \$ to that address. Brodkey said, oh ho, you think I won't write my name on there, & proceeded to jot name & address under my printed version - a considerable heap-sake for Dorothy, if nothing else.

Mitch Kaplan had just steered Brodkey over to meet us, where Barry Lippman had just introduced Dorothy Abbott to us - in this considerably serendipitous chain of events, she had come \$ (as C & I had) to hear Ellen Douglas & Vicki Covington read because she's been a specialist in Southern lit're, had met Barry because Ellen D. is an Ath'm author etc. - & Brodkey proved to be affable & personable, not at all what I'd expected from interviews & articles about his endless writing of his life long novel, the strain of going public for sake of this story collection just published; seemed to me a good trouper, kidding Mitch

Nov. 21 cont. - Kaplan, dark-bearded & with ^{thick} a head of hair, how surprising it was to be around somebody who liked books & had that much hair. I pointed out that with Mitch there, 3 of us averaged out - Brodkey has a close-trimmed gray beard & not much hair, also close-trimmed: a good-looking guy, though, probably 6' or so. When I introduced Barry in general melee of meeting, Brodkey said, Excuse me, but didn't you just get bought? Barry affirmed about Maxwell, Brodkey said he himself keeps getting bought by Sy Newhouse - Knopf, New Yorker.

I said, And he gives you a cost-of-living bump upwards in income every time ~~he~~ he does, right? Brodkey said, oh, sure.

Brodkey's reading was interesting, particularly because I've been skeptical about his intensively detailed moment-by-moment work. He read in a good workmanlike way, in a white shirt, tieless, having left his tan jacket in his chair, with a good sense of microphone; section was mostly of boy (narrator) being "given" \$6,000 to buy his mother a car - C thought she heard B'key say boy is 4-years-old, which if so seems to both of us at least twice too young for plausibility - and finished a finale of his book of stories, narrator seeing an angel in Harvard yard.

Nov. 21 cont. - I don't get . angel scene; it's one B'key is using to contemplate . inadequacies of language to capture . truly exalted, but I don't see why . angel is necessary to that. . rest of what he read, though, sounded fine - admirably Protestant, as his introducer had said. In contrast, Paul West's stuff was baffling - as to why it's worthwhile to pile language up that way & never bother to advance . story; unlike Brookley's, West's doesn't really intensify emotion or understanding as it goes - & C & I finally sneaked out.

Preceding Brookley & West - who had an audience of about 65 - both Ellen Douglas & Vicki Covington read well, Douglas very well, before an even smaller audience. Both are unabashedly using Southern - women - as - storytellers as . motive forces of their work; Covington, a 1st novelist living in Alabama, in her mid-30's, after her book excerpt read a brief essay abt being a New South writer, still cognizant of being in lineage of Southern women who can say to a friend on a deathbed, Oh, don't forget to give me your recipe for angel biscuits before you die.

Earlier in . day, we went to . paired readings of Patricia Highsmith & J. P. Donleavy. Both were intro'd by a FSU English prof as being best known for their

Nov. 21 cont. - early works, Strangers on a Train & Ginger Man, but that they shouldn't be - which only underscores point. H'smith went 1st & read, abt 45-min's worth, her story of nice waste shenanigans; good enough story idea but without much grace of structure & even less of language. She also began with something that I find infuriating, thumbing noisily through pages of book in peering search of what she's going to read - for Christ's sake, as a writer has she never heard of a bookmark? Donleavy, nattily dressed in light-colored suit with matching tie & handkerchief, with some grace read a shortened version because she'd taken so long - 2 selections each from Balthazar B., one whose title I can't call up, & Ginger Man. & yes, final page of Ginger Man was far & away his best language of day. question period was unintentionally

hilarious - C. told me, see how easy you get off with your audience? One question prompted Donleavy to say that in imagining a venereal plague to perplex one of his characters some years ago, he'd inadvertently precast AIDS. H'smith, in her Englishy mildly dotty aunty way - both these folks were born & raised in US - said in a mattering ^{manner} ~~way~~, you mean in terms of.

Nov. 21 cont. - immune system breaking down & all? D'vy made some inconclusive answer, & so she asked him again in other words, & he had to retreat to saying he'd only thought up a disease with unpredictable results or some such.

29 Nov.--Called Liz a little after 8:30 this morning, the decision on what to do about a publisher for Mariah not willing to wait, despite my inclination to postpone it toward week's end so that I can get in some writing days first. After thinking on it last night and talking it over with Carol, I passed along to Liz that I conclude I'm not much concerned about getting an editing editor, someone who'll do close line-editing etc., but figure instead we need to concentrate on finding somebody muscular for the book within the publishing house. So, I said, if we stay at Macmillan I think we ought to try get the current contract's guaranteed 1st printing of 30,000 and \$40,000 promo money doubled, on the argument that Tom had built the sales of my past 3 books, doubling the sales each time, and with him gone we need guarantee of effort toward nat'l bestsellerdom that he'd have tried. If we switch to Harper & Row, let's do it for something commensurate. Also said if we stay with Mac'n, my inclination is to take Barry Lippman up on his offer to be my editor himself. Liz doesn't know Barry, but says she'll call him now and get together, to ~~know~~ sound him out on all this and try for a sense of what'll happen if we try to leave Mac'n. She said she didn't think I wanted a protracted legal battle, I said I sure as hell don't, that ~~but~~ in the face of that I'd prefer just to let this book take its course at Mac'n and bail out for the next book.

Passed along to her Bruno Quinson's "happy Thanksgiving" message to me, found she's much unimpressed with Bruno; told her too about Seymour Lawrence's overtures, she said yeah, and Jack Shoemaker (at North Point) also would love to publish me. I said North Point is terrific in its book production, the qualm ~~is~~ there is distribution.

Nov. 29 cont.--Anyway, the main news is that we've begun the process now, of sorting out what we can get on Mariah's behalf. As C pointed out, a real opportunity, in its way; I dislike the frayed edges of (awful goddamn word but I can't think of any other apt one) relationships with people I've worked with--Susan Richman, Jon Rantala, Tom--but decisions have to be made for the book and ~~themselves~~ the ones yet to come.

Footnote: Liz and I originally were on the phone y'day about the small audio deal DeWitt Daggett wants to make with us on Sky, and I pissed and moaned to her that I didn't like the 10% royalty in DeWitt's offer, since I get that from Books on Tape for not doing anything and in this case I'd have to do the reading (taping), inevitably will get involved in the abridgement, and so on. Liz said dubiously, well, these guys never like to go above that royalty, but she'd see... Phone rang not long later, DeWitt going on to me about logistics of doing the taping just as if everything was settled, I broke in to be sure he and Liz were agreed on 15% royalty. Well, no, he hadn't heard that from her. So I made the case to him, and damned if he didn't say, OK. After our Mariah session on the phone this morning, Liz said she'd heard from DeWitt that he's sending a new contract, "I guess you guys worked that out." "Yeah," I said, "15%." "I taught you everything you know," says Liz.

2 Dec.--Hectic morning, writing and getting ready for Spokane if the everloving fog lifts, but to get this down: Liz called after meeting with Barry Lippman this morn, told him that besides press run & pr \$\$\$ guarantees we want an editor-out clause on him and a non-assignment clause in case Maxwell sells the trade dept. Barry is to take that to Kevin Maxwell. Probably we can't get an answer until after 1st of the year, with Mac'n sales conference coming up and then the holidays, but Liz told B. we've got to know before we take any more advance \$\$\$ in mid-Jan. Told her, good work, as I think this puts it to them.

5 Dec.--An exhilarating, no, hell, giddy conclusion to this unanticipated bookselling year with bang-up signings in Spokane last Fri. night, Portland on Sat. noon and y'day a total sellout of my books at the Oregon Historical Society's annual cattle call by halfway through the afternoon. Along with it went a by-God perfect weekend for C and me in Portland, ensconced in a best room at the Heathman Hotel thru the enthusiasm of mgr Mary Arnstad, beautiful sunny weather both days, terrific meals at the Heathman and its B. Moloch deli, and the bonus of a matinee performance of the Peking Opera, one of the best things we've ever seen. Got home last night a couple of hrs earlier than expected because of selling out of OHS books, and so I'm feeling good--now if ever, I suppose--on this day I'd set aside for recuperation. Said to C last night, it now seems there aren't any marginal booksignings any more, at least at the known stores I schedule for myself.

Met a helluva bunch of people, starting Thursday noon at the spanking new Brentano's in Westlake Mall--to my astonishment, even that was a dandy signing, after years of wan Walden's signings; persevering thru the wanness even has paid off, as the booksellers I did those patient unproductive appearances for are now handpicked pros (Lloyd Adalist, Abby, Judine, Jennifer) running this new goldmine Brentano's. As ever, many ex-Montanans. 1st customers at B'no's, a young couple from Helena, newly out here to make a living, they said. At Ling Gls, 3 sisters in at least their 70's whose parents had homesteaded way over east in Montana. At OHS, ex-wife Sonia of WSS banker Mike Grove. On and on they show up, those of us Montana's torn-away children.

Details of the signings: the new Westlake Mall stores, which opened abt mid*Oct., have been doing phenomenal business--why I don't know; they~~xxx~~ seem to me pretty much like any other glitzy stores; Brentano's is the exception, truly a very intelligent and classy bookstore--and as I had my head down into signing, I heard an oh so familiar voice, Marshall Nelson's: he was squiring Ann on a shopping tour for her (probably 45th) birthday; they ~~know~~ hadn't even known I was going to be there. In that same vein, I set off toward ~~xx~~ Copacabana at Pike Place Mkt for lunch, met up with Fayette Krause on the st; then got to C'bana

5 Dec. cont--and there was Harriet Bullitt at a corner table, though I didn't intrude on her convstn.

--Spokane, there was a line waiting at Auntie's bookstore and cafe when I arrived 15 min. ~~mf~~ early; standing room only, well over a hundred people, when I read later that night. Signed books steadily for an hr and a half, then Chris O'Harra kept me signing up stock as we chatted while waiting for time to go to the airport. The one sticky part of that trip was the fog hide-and-seek, Spokane airport having been closed the couple of days before I got there, a heart-tripping p.a. announcement as I was about to get aboard the small Horizon plane to Portland that if P'land was fogged in we'd have to fly on to Redmond, Oregon, and when we alit in P'land--under perfectly starspecked sky--the terminal was teeming with people and waiting buses because Seafac was closed.

--My 1st, maybe last?, limousine treatment; talking with Mary Arnstad by phone at the Heathman, I'd asked if the hotel had airport service, since they seem to have everything else a person can dream of, she said no, but her concierge cd arrange limo service for about the same as the taxi fare from the airport to dntn P'land. I thought back to some of the ground transportation woes I've had on this fall's trips and said OK. Then of course I got off the plane and no limo driver; Horizon had sent him to the wrong gate in the wrong concourse, his paging of me I didn't hear because I was on the phone to the Heathman, and not until I at last was on my way, cussing, toward the melee around the taxis did I see a black stretch limo; tapped on the window, startling the driver who was desperately on the phone to the Heathman asking what he oughta do now, and so we at last coincided. Once in the ridiculously ostentatious vehicle, the trip to the hotel did go quickly. What I hadn't been prepared for, though, was the gawks and comments--no idea whether they were gibes or admirations, likely some of both--from kids teeming on the sidewalks of P'land's main drag, Broadway. Also don't know if I could be seen thru the limo's darkened windows or not; surely it wd have intensified the kids' rancor and/or curiosity to see my Gabby Hayes-like mug looking wryly out at them.

7 Dec.--Whew, these are big days, and there's no sign they're going to get smaller until we're on the road to California, 10 or more days from now. Am writing hard on the ~~xx~~ centennial committee meeting scene, which like the rodeo in English Creek is a big recalcitrant--or as Tollie Zane said over the rodeo p.a. system, recalcitrant--set piece that eventually may end up good just because of all the effort going into it.

Did want to put down, before I lose it from Miami, a reaction to Noel Perrin. He's a good writer, sometimes a very good one, and was pleasant enough to be around before our joint reading, but C and I both thought him a brittle Ivy League personality. Which was underscored when he told the audience how he chooses a "Rediscovery" book for the Wash. Post and ultimately an anthology of those columns: he asks his colleagues on the Dartmouth English faculty and if no more than 2 of them have heard of a book, it's lost enough for a "rediscovery." That reminded me of the story of the scriptwriter ~~the~~ Herman Manciewicz sitting through his first preview screening alongside movie mogul Harry Cohn. Cohn squirmed during the movie, and so told M'cz it wasn't any good, he could always tell by the seat of his pants like that. M'cz said just imagine, the whole moviegoing world wired up to Harry Cohn's ass. Gotta say, I'd just as soon have that as the whole book world wired up to the Dartmouth English faculty's frontal lobes.

8 Dec.--No knowing whether anything will come of this, but today I mailed a letter to DeWitt Daggett of Audio Press in Colorado saying I'd be game to be the reader of cassette version of A River Runs Through It, if I can have a contract separate from any deal he has with Norman Maclean, etc. I may be loony to be dealing this much with DeWitt--we're evidently going to do an abridged version of Sky early in the new year--as his is a small outfit, but it somehow feels like a right idea.

This is dead day for C, before exams tomorrow, so she's ~~laundrying~~ laundrying and otherwise choring away. I've just had the best writing morning of the week, putting together the GV centennial committee in action. Company starts tomorrow, Bill Lang here for the Montana

Dec. 8 cont.--anthology shindig at Elliott Bay; possibly Jim and Lois Welch will stay with us Monday night, we'll see. Then by the end of next week it's Xmas stuff, and we'll probably tropistically head off to Monterey.

To resume details of last weekend's big signings: we invited Craig Lesley and Kathy Stavakis to supper at the Heathman on Rupert Murdoch's money Sat. night, and as ever had a helluva good time with the two of them, our closest friends now among writers. Craig had called us a few weeks ago wanting our opinion of Houghton's wish to change his novel title from Stick Indians and Water Devils, to River Song. C and I both at once said do it, River Song is terrific, we're surprised somebody hasn't used it already. Apparently Marc Jaffe, who's taken an interest in Craig's work, is behind the title change suggestion, even though he's not Craig's editor. At the Heathman Craig delivered us a ms of R Song for me to blurb; I'm going to save it for the week after Xmas for pleasant reading. Craig and I again were put side by side at the OHS signing, as I got them to do last year, and it makes that long stint immensely better. The two of us go back and forth between serious book talk--Craig is the one other writer I'm around who takes as deep an interest in, and works as hard at, selling the goddamn books as I do--and banter and teasing. Credit to both of us, we shut it off whenever a buying customer shows up, each letting the other guy do that bit of business and/or visiting without distraction. One interesting moment of that afternoon: Rick Steber from central Oregon to deliver to Craig an article he'd written, Craig thanked him and said a student of his from Central Or. had just handed him a copy, I said, what, are you famous again? Craig said no, Rick wrote a piece about my (Craig's) dad, and ~~handed~~ gave me the copy Rick had just given him. Before long Craig's mother Hazel came by, I was effusive with her briefly, and off she went to the Xmas revels out in the Park Blocks, saying she'd be back with cookies for us. Quick as she left, Craig said Don't mention that article to my mom, will you. Told me his dad is a tender topic with her, he pulled out on her when Craig was 6 months old. Indeed, it'd been my impression Craig's dad had

Dec. 8 cont.--died when Craig was small. But as Rick's article makes clear, Bill Lesley is living in an old trailer in Monument, drinking beer out of a measuring cup. Must ask Craig eventually if he ever wants to write what must be quite a family story.

In case I don't get back to this before it fades, the other literary triumph lately was Linda Bierds' reading at Elliott Bay on Mon. night, to mark publication of *The Stillness, the Dancing*. People kept coming and coming, twice I got up to help Syd and others set up more chairs, until the room was full. Square-shouldered, high-hipped, in a long-sleeved blouse between pink and cream, Linda read well, 3 new poems and the rest from the book. One of the new ones, on the death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, seems to me one of her very best yet. We read together a week from tonight in the U Bk Store's new series, and while there're a bunch of logistical and time constraints to be worked within, we could have a lot of fun and be pretty damn good, too.

12 Dec.--A crowded season, when I seem constantly busy and never getting much worthwhile done. This morning I did 3 character portraits for Riley's column abt the Gros Ventre cent'l committee meeting--Vietnamese refugee family, old woman who took in wash during the Depression, town's 40ish funhog lawyer--but haven't managed to tackle how to insert Mariah and her photography into the section. Anyway, some of what's been happening:

--Bill Lang showed up Friday afternoon--with NY Times stringer photog Mike Leary from Ev. Herald; Bill'd been talked to by Tim Egan for article on significance of centennial--and we fed him crockpot turkey soup and then went to Elliott Bay for the evening celebration of the Montana centennial anthology *The Last Best Place*. (Lang told C and me the story of the titling. The committee had been stumped for a title, Bevis the only guy with a persistent idea--*Headwaters*--and the rest of them kept telling him it sounded like a hydrology text. At Chico Hot Springs, after a day of thrashing around for a title,

12 Dec. cont.--they all were outside having a drink, watching the evening, mountains wonderfully silhouetted, talking about how great a moment like that was, when Kittredge said, "Yeah, Hugo said one time this"--Montana--"is the last best place." Lang says he and a couple of others at once whooped That's it! That's the title! and began pummeling Kittredge, Annick hugging him so hard she spilled her drink on him, while Kittredge kept saying "What, what. Huh? What'd I say?" Monumentally fitting, that the title of what's going to be a western classic should half-accidentally come out of Kittredge's literary warehouse of a head.) At Elliott Bay, before what grew to be a capacity crowd out into the coffee shop, the 5 committee members read--Jim Welch and Rich Roeder didn't make it to Seattle--and I thought damn generously included me and Madeline DeFrees as readers. Everyone did well, Madeline having the best line of the night: "When I went to Montana, I was a nun. And when I left Montana, I wasn't." I read the portrait part of Kate and Walter Badgett from House of Sky, which the audience thought pretty hilarious. Bevis, bless him, closed the evening by reading Hugo's poem Glen Uig, those final words "and could if we had to eat stone and go on."

--Lang left mid-morning on Sat., and about 12:30 Mary Clearman Blew came from her aunt's in Bellevue for a cup of coffee and visit. Mary has in her a singularly valuable Montana viewpoint, woman's-eye of my generation --we were born the same year--and from my general background; while some of her fiction is quite good, it may take essays to bring her views out with full force, such as the one, near-legendary already among Lang-Bevis-Kittredge and the other good heads who first heard her deliver it at a Montana Myths conference a few years ago, about her rage at her father for dying as he did: without telling the family, drove way to hell and gone--roughly from Lewistown to somewhere down around Billings, I think--and laid down and died by the river there, deliberately irrevocably alone. She said she'd like me to read it, and I gingerly said I would.

28 Dec.--Home, and at the desk, which are all too synonymous, but I'm feeling good after the 9 days away on the Monterey Peninsula trip. The accumulated mail not only was untroublesome but downright pleasant--its most melodic note a letter from John Graves, in lovely coincidence awaiting us just after we'd listened to the first half of his Goodbye to a River on Bks on Tape on our drive home from Calif. and I'd kept saying to myself, jesus, this is really written; I've never done enough of a textual dig into Graves' writing to be sure, but my hunch is that he handles the language the way I've always aspired to.

Speaking of language handling: night of the 15th, just before C and I headed south for Xmas, Linda Bierds and I did a doubleheader of reading in the U Book Store's new series, held in the Espresso Roma coffeehouse on the Ave. Carol had the inspired idea that Linda and I ought to read a bit of each other's work, give the audience different voices at work, and while I groaned my way thru rehearsing into the tape recorder the day or so before, the night was worth it all. We managed to get the U Book Store folks to record it--indeed, between us Linda and I managed to get them to do quite one hell of a bunch of professional touches they hadn't really thought through as they learn their way into this series; asked if we could get by with a throat mike as Colleen McElroy had in their opener of the series, we both said hell no; Linda and Syd had gone to that reading of Colleen's and watched her try to cope with the bare high-stool format, which bookstore people tend to think is arty and dramatic but is utter woe for most readers, and so we stipulated a lectern, which Linda cd provide, and I talked Lee Soper, who'd volunteered to introduce me, into intro'ing Linda as well. And yup, it paid off, God still is in the details; Linda read very well and I read probably as well as I'm capable of yet (and I am working on it; Olivier-- "The third spear carrier on the left should act as though the entire play is about the third spear carrier on the left"), deciding to do a dramatic reading--i.e., emphases and pauses scored on the typescript--of my two of Linda's poems, Klipsan Stallions and Child in the Wagon. Great close of my autumn book season.

28 Dec. cont.--At 8:20 now, C and I are just back from taking a break to walk the park at sunrise; the weather is crisp--35 degrees--and clear, the kind of morning when the Olympics turn rose with first light. Also a big hawk perched in the bald tree in the park, blandly ignoring a smaller hawk who showed up and squawked at him briefly.

C put the details of the California trip into her diary; I'll simply set down my impression, gathered from eaves-dropping onto the adjoining tables at meals etc., of the incredible narcissism and self-absorption in Californians. Prime among them, a young couple at The Fishwife, she a few months pregnant, talking to a couple at another table about exercise, dancercize, whatever the hell; the young woman commented that changing from one dancercize regimen to another "confuses your body"; ~~then~~ they told the other couple they'd found out about the pregnancy with a home test-kit, been surprised--wow!--and when the middle-aged woman of the other couple remarked that their lives would change with the coming of the baby, the young husband said, we think it'll be fun.

31 Dec.--I hope fittingly we're ending this major year by patting things into place. I've worked on finances and taxes the past couple of days while C found time to read and think about her winter team-taught course with Diane Gould, and she's mildly shopping at Marshall's now as I've been dabbling into an '89 calendar, looking at Montana centennial events and jotting in which ones we possibly want to take in. There's a continuing stubborn load of paper-work--I no sooner had gruded my way through my year-end Def. Ben. pension plan report and a recalculation of est. taxes because that pension contribution turned out to be considerably less than the 50% of net income it'd been the years until now, than Marshall Nelson reminded me we still need to redo our will. But I've had some decent writing ideas this week--one for an amplification of the Mariah buffalo refuge scene, a smaller one for scene of Jick in Bago in Montanian parking lot, and possibly a major one, alternative life for my folks and me had we stayed in Arizona, for Heart Earth. Am not as keen as I could be about the day-by-day writing schedule looming up again already--at least it seems like already--day after

31 Dec. cont.--tomorrow, but I suppose I never am as whetted as I ought to be about rough drafting. I have to pretty much bring Mariah's 2nd chapter into full draft in the 1st 3 weeks of Jan., then smooth it the rest of winter quarter; indeed, I'd like to smooth both chs. 1 and 2 by spring break.

Before we head to Edmonds for yr-ending celebratory lunch and chores such as buying a new calendar, a few oddments from recently:

--Just before we went to Calif., I was interviewed by David Lamb ~~from him~~ of the LA Times for his Seattle profile piece, less because of my intrinsic worth as interviewee than the fact that we have a mutual friend in Larry Schneider who sicced Lamb in my direction. Lamb was pleasant enough, and it'll be interesting to see the story, but C and I were surprised that as big a name reporter as he is--the LA Timesman in Africa a number of years--didn't seem a keener interviewer; we both thought he broke in too much, I suppose in encouragement or trying to have me amplify, but with the effect of not picking up anything original I might have to say. Couldn't get him interested in notion of tribalism continuing along this coast--fact that we live in house of similar shape to Indian longhouses, for instance, or the thoughtful playfulness of coastal art--or, really, much of anything that might have to do with Dick Brown's raincoast theory. His list of interviewees, such as Emmett Watson on Lesser Seattle, sounded like a roundup of the usual suspects, too, and I imagine I fit in that category as well. David may turn out a dynamite piece, I hope he does, but that afternoon underscored what an impressive interviewer Pete Gerner of the Chi Trib really was.

--I can't find that I made an entry about my Dec. 9 lunch with Carstensen at the Faculty Club. We were jawing as usual, when Vernon looked up and said, There's Odegard, shall we see if we can get him? I said it was up to him, and damned if Charles O. his very self didn't promptly sit down with us--he and Vernon go back a long way, to V's pres'cy of faculty senate during O's UW pres'cy in the 60's time of troubles; I think they maybe worked together during the incident V once told me about,

31 Dec. cont.--when there seemed to be a flashpoint day of students and Seattle cops impending, but it was slightly defused when the cops laden with riot gear filled their bus downtown and then found the busload was so heavy it couldn't make it up the hill out of downtown. Anyway, Odegaard to my surprise not only knew who the hell I am, but at once said he'd just seen my stuff in some big book someone had put together--the Montana centennial anthology, of course, which was news to Carstensen. Got Ø'd to talking ~~at~~ a bit about his family background, which was mainly Chicago--his family moved up and up, n'hood by n'hood, it sounded like, south or west side to Rogers Park and then I think to Glencoe. Said his parents or g'parents I can't recall which, 1st settled in n'hood of Scotchmen, who turned the Norwegian Odegards into Presbyterians. Funniest and for that matter most incisive crack of the day from Odegaard, who seemed to me as sharp as he was dapper (3-piece suit with matching vest and handsome tie and pocket h'chief), was after I asked him what he's up to currently, he told me he's working on raising foundation funds for professional development of Med School types, i.e. broadening doctors' horizons, getting them out of ruts--he there stopped, cast a gaze around the Faculty Club and said, "There are a lot of ruts in this room."

The year in sum? One sum, certainly, was my astounding \$135,000+ gross income, maybe more than I'll ever make again. Good signs for the books, too, in the Western Lit Ass'n plenary session on House of Sky, in the crowds that showed up for my signings and readings this fall, in the noticeable fact of younger customers. Have to keep reminding myself that the situation still isn't good at Macmillan, but elsewhere--including here at home, and in C's job, with her 2/3 load giving her more breathing space in life--we're doing pretty damn good.

In Celebration of the Life

of

PATRICIA F. L. ARMSTRONG

May 5, 1920 ----- January 9, 1988



I claim my good now. I do not dwell on negative ideas. The faults of others do not concern me. Instead I make my own progress and correct my own shortcomings.

I picture my good until it comes to pass. I am free from all erroneous belief. I dwell in the safety of thought. My life becomes more spiritual and benefits all thereby.

My work is productive and I am happy in it.

My consciousness expands leaving limitation behind.

Only mind is real.

Mind transforms all substance. Mind invents all life.

- Patricia Armstrong

One day in the wind
I yielded myself like a pliant green bough.
One day in the sun
I melted into gold
And was transmuted into a beam of light.
One day the beach sand
Covered me until I was of it, not in it,
And suddenly, on a mountain,
I leapt with the spring cascade
And awakened the roots of avalanche lilies.

Do you think, my friend, that you are anything less?
Is a brain-thought unlike the suffusion of a breeze,
Or your blood different from the tree-sap
Filtering through me?
In you I am perpetual morning
Unfolding toward the noon of my fulfillment.
And you, the transformer,
May become, in your own way, transformed.

- Margaret Svec

In Celebration of the Life

of

PATRICIA F. L. ARMSTRONG

May 5, 1920 -- January 9, 1988

Broadview Community United Church of Christ

January 14, 1988

The Reverend Christine E. Morton, Officiating

Lois Hall Peterson, Organist

Tribute by Ivan Doig

There will be a reception following the
service downstairs in the Fellowship Hall.
This will give you an opportunity to greet
Margaret and each other.

29 NOV '83

"Overcome evil with Good,
and falsehood with truth,
and hatred with love"



I met her
in 1965 and
talked with
her.

I have always
remembered
her with
love and
admiration
and
respect.

(From Pat's
illustrated diary)

Richmond Beach
Farewell at Dusk
October 6, 1988

For Connie

The tide was in,
With waves gently nudging the shore
As we lifted our burden to the water's edge.
No coffin this, no sarcophagus,
Though it carried the unconsumed of one we loved.
I saw you almost vanish from sight in your kayak,
Where in the Sound's clear depths
A white cloud rose
As you surrendered the sweet cargo.

On shore I wept,
Remembering that twenty years ago
She swam here on a mountain-viewing Christmas day.
Now, the mountains hid behind harsh clouds
That the sun dared pierce,
Blazing a path of light across the water.

On shore I wept, paying the price of love,
Grateful for her,
Grateful for you,
For the blind promise in the sky's blinding eye.
Clouds were the closing lids
Conferring night and peace.

- Margaret Svec
October 7, 1988

(Pat Armstrong tribute)

In a way, Pat was my friend before I ever met her.

That is to say, her chosen neighborhood of life was the same as my own--books, libraries, words and facts, and what they can be made to do--and I felt at home with her at once, and from then on. I can still hear her quick "yes, yes!" as she would take the point of what was just being said and already was surrounding it with delight or further thought, almost before it had been uttered. Her mind was a kind of chamber of chain lightning--quick and bright, and apt to go unexpected directions. I think that I was never around Pat but that I learned something--and I'm utterly sure I always laughed whenever I was with her. And many a time when I wasn't. A few years ago, when the University Book Store put signs with authors' names on them in that long rear window facing the parking lot, by some stroke of luck or alphabet my name was the one right next to the back door of the store, while people like Barbara Tuchman were ^(gesture) ~~farther~~ farther down the alley. Pretty quick, in the mail came a postcard, which looked for all the world like a real postcard, showing

that sign with my name on it, and an anonymously typed admiring message about how wonderful it must feel to be so eminent as to be seen from the parking lot. I gaped over ~~that~~ for a full minute before my mind formed the logical word, Pat.

Or, there was this. You maybe can see it well enough to recognize it as a drawing of the White House--a pretty good one, too. Well, this also came to me from the hand of Pat, sometime in late 1978 or early '79, and the dialogue (indicate) is as follows: (read)

Pat is in all the acknowledgments of my books, for a couple of big reasons. The first was that she was that most valuable friend a writer can have--an honest eye. Whenever I asked Pat to look over a piece of manuscript for me, I could count on her not just for the easy role of friend, telling me what she liked, but for the hard true part--telling me what she did not like, what passages needed more labor and love. The other reason her name graces the back pages of my books is that I occasionally would hire a piece of research from her--she was a peerless

researcher, from her time at the UW library. While I was writing Dancing at the Rascal Fair, I merrily called her on the phone and asked if she'd do me some quick research on the influenza epidemic of World War One. She listened for a bit as I told her the kind of details I needed and finally she said, "I guess I might as well--I've got the flu." Flu-ridden she may have been, but in a day or so I had from her exactly the research I needed--as ever, her supple mind had found facts and details that would leap directly into my writing. Chain lightning.

There was one drawback to hiring Pat. She was all but impossible to pay. Not the least of my tributes to Pat Armstrong is that it was always more work to pay her than it was to get the work out of her. I finally took to reimbursing her with books, or in more desperate cases, putting the cash in an envelope and mailing it to her with the message, keep this or I can't hire you any more.

~~Pat~~ Pat had yet one more role in my life. Somewhat reluctantly, because she had put that part of her life very much behind her, she was my ambassador from the mysterious East--New York City.

Some of her New York-born dispatches to me were simply small graces from her upbringing there--the fact, for example, that whenever she sent to me, by way of my wife Carol and her college mailbox, something she thought I'd like to see--an issue of The New York Review of Books, or a newspaper article, or just a note of something she had noticed--it invariably arrived with Pat's handwritten acknowledgment on it, "by favor of Carol." Far beyond that, though, time and again Pat enriched me with some incident from her time upon Manhattan Island. She saw Judith Anderson in her legendary performance in Robinson Jeffers' "Medea", for instance--Pat said the intensity of that performance still burned in her memory. And one day as we walked along the banks of Hood Canal, she remarked about having seen Marlon Brando at the start of his Broadway career. In "A Streetcar Named Desire," I asked. Yes, but before that, too--as a squeaky juvenile in "I Remember Mama."

Right to the end, she was my New York reference desk. A few months ago, just before I left to go to New York on book business, not having a Manhattan map at hand I called Pat

to ask how far she thought it was from the hotel where I'd be staying, to a place where I had an important appointment. Pat at once walked me through the Upper East Side of New York in her mind, all the while wishing aloud to me that she could do better. And a couple days later when I actually arrived at that hotel, the clerk handed me a waiting piece of mail. It was, of course, a Manhattan map, from Pat.

At a time like this, with a blink I realize that I knew Pat for almost twenty years. It doesn't seem that long, ^{and} ~~but~~ now I realize it wasn't nearly long enough. In his book, The Immense Journey, Loren Eiseley wrote from his lifetime of watching nature a line of advice to those of us in humankind: "In the days of the frost, seek a minor sun." Here, now, in this time of frost that is her death, the sunglow we have today is our memory of Pat.

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"L
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WHY are you
in here
reading

THIS HOUSE OF SKY for the third time upside down" ?

"It's the fourth time and it's not upside down. I purposely reversed the dust jacket but you're the only one who's ever noticed, sir".

"Are we two the only readers in this whole house"?

" Yes, of course!..... Will the Queen knight Mr. Doig"?

"My dear child! Mr. Doig is not English"!

"What a silly excuse"!

" Goodnight, Amy".

"Goodnight, Mr. Brzezinski".



Pacific
Northwest
Booksellers
Association

March 28, 1988

Dear Ivan,

Just a note to let you know that the reception for the winners of the 1988 Book Awards will be held at the Davidson Galleries, 313 Occidental Av. S. in Seattle April 16 from 7 to 9 p.m.

Yes, indeed, your guests will be welcome and we will just note it on the reservations list at the door (no charge, of course). It should be a festive evening and a chance for you to catch up with your many friends in the book business.

Cordially,

Kris Molesworth

*Cindy Heidmann, chair of com. '88
Marilyn outgoing Pres*

I have a couple of things tonight to thank you booksellers for, here in this good literary company of Nick and Carol and Richard and Bill and Bill. On a wall of the room where I write, I put ^{up} items I like. Up there currently is the Pacific Pipeline bestseller list that appeared in the Seattle Times on March 20, with Dancing at the Rascal Fair on the hardback bestseller list and my other 4 books all on the literary paperback list. So, that's definitely a moment you have my thanks for. Although you'll maybe notice, as I did, that the quintuple bestselling happened during a season when I was not in your stores doing signings. It gives us a whole new strategy--the drawing power of my absence.

The second moment of time I have to thank you for is an entire decade of support for my words. In 1978, This House of Sky was published. The PNBA award for that first book of mine has been on my wall with the signature of the president at that time, Marilyn Martin. How fine it is, now, to take home tonight's award with Marilyn's second generation of signature.

(from Marilyn's second administration.)

18 April '88

Dear Kris--

I managed to visit with Carl a bit the other night, but with you running things I didn't manage to adequately say thanks for the good work. The occasion itself, the notification process, the handsome awards, all were very fine.

If you're going to be at the Anaheim ABA, come cross paths with Carol and me there, hmm? Harper & Row is bringing me for the Rascal Fair paperback, and so I'll be around that booth and/or the Macmillan one considerably on Sunday and Monday of the convention.

all best,

Governor's Writers Day award remarks, May ¹⁹~~10~~, '88

In 1875 here in Olympia, the government of Washington Territory issued a guidebook to encourage immigration into this green corner of the American land. That guidebook told the world such facts as the remarkable tranquility of Puget Sound--"storms are unknown to it"--and the omnipresence of coal fields--"Washington has been appropriately termed, 'The Pennsylvania of the Pacific'--and the very little known information that the Cascade Mountains were inhabited by bighorn sheep that, "in jumping from a high place he alights on his horns, none the worse for the leap." The guidebook also included an admonition to newcomers that luckily has proved to have the same degree of accuracy: "Literary men and loiterers are not wanted, and had better keep away."

This occasion today for Washington's literary men and women, this event which the State Library^{+ governor's office} and the Friends of the Washington State Library made such exertions to keep alive ~~and~~ through parlous fiscal times, this day is our state's testimony that literature now is wanted, and in the yet-unfolding story of this state, cannot be kept away.

Governor's Writers Day, May 19, 1988

Governor's Comments - 7:00 p.m.

Ivan Doig, Seattle, Dancing at the Rascal Fair.

Doig is recognized by many as the outstanding Washington state author. His has done a great job of sharing Montana and the Pacific Northwest with the rest of the country; in fact, you may have heard chapters from DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR recently on the nationally-syndicated "Radio Reader" with Dick Estelle. Although his works are set in the past, the jury recognizes his use of contemporary techniques in the way he handles time elements and integrates story lines. He does a lot of research to guarantee the authenticity of events, making the past come alive through believable characters. Mr. Doig is also a prominent library supporter who has donated much of his time to support libraries and their activities.