

6 Jan. '90--The first time I have written this nonagerian numeral of the new decade. And that says how busy the week was, my head down in ch. 2 of Mariah to feather in the last missing pieces, the road scenes to Shelby and to Havre and Riley's twilight-of-the-rancher piece. That last, I'd dreaded for months--not dreaded, really, but felt too played out to shoulder Riley's last major piece of rhetoric, which has to be a terrific one--and so I was bowled over with surprise Friday morning to find I'd ^{already} done a decent lead (the rancher's hatline of divided mind) and could carpenter the piece fairly readily from there on. C has been reading the entire mammoth ch. 2, which I have yet to do, and finding only small wordchoice nits in it. I still have polishing to do on that chapter and the final 2, ~~into Mariah~~ but in terms of utterly fresh spinningg-stuff-up-from-my-guts, I think there's only about one day more of that, some bits of fill-in on Riley short pieces in ch. 3. The rest will be patting into shape, probably 3 or 4 weeks' worth. Then the maternity wait until Mariah is in the bookstores.

We had a fine New Year's Eve and ditto Day, by going up to Molly and Phil Cook's bed-and-breakfast place at Padilla Bay. I told Phil we'd gladly pay extra if he'd do supper for us as well as b'fast the next day, he said naw, just bring some wine to share with Molly. And so we did and had his first-rate curried chicken and mucho talk--Phil, whom we didn't really know when Molly was running the Lacornor bookstore, turns out to be both a sensational cook and a good raconteur, and Molly now is back in the book biz by working at Mary Scott's in Mt. Vernon and commensurately up on book talk and gossip--and the brief drama of the Cooks' college son Bo piling Molly's car nose-first into a Skagit ditch on his way to a ~~new~~ date in Blaine. (Luckily neither Bo nor the car really marred.) Next morning before Phil's sumptuous 9 o'clock breakfast, C and I walked the Padilla Bay Interp Center's trails, at one point watching nine bald eagles over us in a single gyre. Pretty damn magnificent start to the year, the decade, we agreed.

27 Jan. '90--This is Saturday; mid-afternoon on Thurs. the 25th I came out of the study and told Carol I was essentially done with the Mariah ms. Had been revising, polishing, whispering words onto its skin ever since the turn of the year, and ch. 3 at last came alive in this final go-through, while the short ~~short~~ final ch. clicked even better than my original hunch while writing it said it would. I spent y'day scanning the first 2 chs. to put in basic compositor directions--where to indent, where to have small caps--and having woke up around 3:30 a.m. as I've been doing, I had the first ch. ready at the Copy Mart door when the place opened at 8:30. Ch. 2 can be photocopied on Monday; C right now is going through the last two chs. in one more reading for small things, and either Mon. or Tues. that remainder can get copied--Wed. the 31st looks like mailing day to NY and the future.

Literally, I'm now at the point cliched in the song: the first day(s) of the rest of my life. C and I both recognize that the completion of this trilogy--particularly with Mariah, which seems to both of us sharp and fine--I have a body of work done. I intend a bunch more; this morning right after breakfast I was incorrigibly jotting notes of stuff I'd thought of for the opening scene of the Fort Peck novel Bucking the Sun which, god help me, could be the third or so book down the line of whatever I write next. But I no longer have to pound myself against the anvil of the Two Medicine trilogy, nor exert myself half to death in the constituency-tending of bookstores, appearances, writing reviews, whatever, as I needed to until Rascal Fair. There's considerable of what Anthony Storr called "the inauthentic life" I can shun now, if I can master the time, the schedule, the guts that go into shunning.

With her better sense of occasion, C suggested on Thursday we celebrate with supper at the Wok; both came up with notion of seeing whether Linda Bierds and Sydney Kaplan could join us on exceeding short notice. They couldn't--party that night for Syd's son Fred going off to Italy--but about the time on Thursday I was finishing Mariah, Linda was opening her mail to news she's rec'd an Ingram-Merrill \$10,000 to ~~write~~ support her poetry. The four of us celebrate that and Mariah this Wed. at Bella Luna.

27 Jan. cont.--The weather is really whooping today, sheets of rain, gusts. C and I will probably go somewhere maybe a museum, maybe lunch out. I'm mildly trying some desk cleaning this morning. One mark of Mariah has been the build-up of paper around here--eleven boxes of file cards along the semi-desk here to the right of my typewriter, ms photocopies and Montana His'l Society research stuff and the slide sorter utterly covering the financial affairs desktop, and deepest of all, file cards and Great Falls Trib clippings and ms rough draft and raw material flooding the Lois Welch Memorial Folding Table set up at right angle to the finc'l aff'rs desk for months now. Systems have reached clog--file cabinets, bookshelves, storage closets--and I'm going to have to winnow away at it all in the months ahead. In the words of Jick, could be highly interesting to have time to do some of this.

30 Jan.--So is this the book I've been looking for? Mariah seems to click and zing, in the final go-through I gave it during the weathered-in weekend; C has said all along this is the best read I've ever written, and by now it looks that way to me. Now to see if it translates beyond the walls of this household.

Photocopied ch. 2-3 y'day, one at each Copy Mart on Aurora N., having done ch. 1 last week and the short ch. 4 Sat. afternoon in the U District while we were at the movie Enemies: A Love Story. 1st thing this morn I express mailed ms copy apiece to Lee Goerner and Liz Darhansoff, then a couple of hrs later sent one to Barry Lippman, as a maybe not so subtle hint that I want all the attention Macmillan can give, for this book. Called Lee to tell him ms on its way, he said he was glad, then said he'd intended to call me (this was y'day) too; gist was, he (and he says Barry and art director Wendy Bass) would rather not have Paul Bacon do this cover, feeling his work isn't as "strong" as they'd like for Mariah. I took this in in silence, I guess, because Lee hastily said "nobody's going to make you do anything you don't want to do," but could he send me portfolios of 3 other possible cover artists just to look at? I said sure, I'd

30 Jan. cont.--be willing to look and think it over; although I kept my tone as neutral as possible, I already was thinking it over and concluding it's not a bad sign to have Macmillan wanting to try something new on this book. This morn as I got out of the car after mailing Barry's ms copy in Edmonds, Fed Express truck pulled up, the art portfolio, and an artist named Walker was purely right--his two stats were a car and a trailer house, both remarkably precise without being hyper-real and with intriguing perspectives. I set them up on the ~~dinning~~ dining room window sill to greet C when she got home for lunch, she too said oh yeah, that one, about Walker. I called Lee right after lunch, obviously startling him a bit by saying sure, Walker looks terrific, do Walker; after a rap I typed up my general cover notion--Jick (identified only by brim of his Stetson) watching Mariah in Bago ~~xx~~ sideview mirror as she takes a picture--and details of characters for artist to work from, and midway thru typing this the Fed Express guy came and took it off for NY again.

2 Feb.--Went for a walk abt 8:40 this morning, figuring it was getting toward lunchtime in NY and there wouldn't be much chance of hearing from Macmillan, but came back from the wildly blowy weather of the hill park to 2 messages on phone machine; one was Mac'n art director Wendy Bass saying she'd been trying to reach me, but the other one, the first one, was ~~★~~ what counted: "This is Lee Goerner, calling to say what a zammo book. I finished it at 3:30 this morning and restrained myself until now to call and say congratulations." And, good news atop good news, he added that he's putting through the check, i.e. the final 40 grand.

Made myself a cup of ersatz, then sat down and called Lee. He was on another long-distance call, so I had him switch me to Wendy Bass in the meantime. She was a little tentative, maybe not sure how demanding I'd be about the specific rearview mirror idea I'd sent her as cover suggestion, but I told her as long as it's daring and dramatic, I'm open to other cover idea. I told her I do want Mariah on the cover, does she agree? and she said she does, but she also wanted me to know how taken she is with Jick, who reminded her of her own father.

2 Feb. cont.-- I said I'd had that reaction from another reader (Linda Bierds) and if that meant Jick had to figure prominently on the cover too, I'm amenable. She said the chosen cover artist, Jeffrey Walker, would take the next couple of weeks to read the ms, and I said okay, let me tell you the general schedule outlook the sales force and I have, and will put to Lee, that a Sept. pub'n date is infinitely preferable out here west of the Mississippi. Then as Lee signaled her he was ready to talk to me (I subsequently kidded him that he could write a 500,000-selling management technique book with that, about how to walk around the office signaling phone orchestration--~~xxx~~ technology-free management, lose weight as you do) I told Wendy I'm pleased with her skill and acuity in choosing Walker as the cover artist, and she at last relaxed and seemed pleased.

Lee came on saying his hat is off to me, for wrapping up the trilogy as skillfully as this book does and for "a damn good book" in its own right. Said what he likes about it is that there's nothing predictable about it, except its fullness, the nice way it's woven. Said his editorial suggestions are so small as to be embarrassing-- I told him, Jesus, better that than so massive as to be embarrassing--a couple of sections he thinks may be a little long, which he mentioned to Liz and agreed to hold off opinion on until she finishes reading and sees if she singles out the same ones. Which at least in theory is dandy with me; C and I talked about necessity of having this book--any of my books--read for pace. Other business: Lee goes into a meeting this afternoon with Barry, mktg directon Bonnie Ammer, Harry McCullough of sales force, and the immortal Susan Richman and says he'll tell them how good the book is. He intends readers' copies for ABA, which is a pleasant surprise as I figured I'd have to push him for some manner of ABA presence of the book. And he said I'll share being at the ABA and on the fall list with Isabel Allende, who'll have a book of stories. That news is maybe not so good, as I think she's been enough of a bestseller that she's likely to lead the list and promo efforts rather than me; on the other hand, I think our constituencies of readers don't overlap.

2 Feb. cont.--So, some week, this. What I intended to sit down and write about exultantly was y'day's news, C's sabbatical for next winter and the Southwest. She picked off the last quarter available--a total of 17 quarters are awarded and she's pretty sure they went in 3s and 2s except for hers--and thus saves us a bunch of money, continuation of her pension fund contrib'ns and health coverage etc. Funny scene ~~at~~ y'day lunch at Bella Luna, where Marshall Nelson and I were meeting, mostly because Marsh just wanted to chat about the Mariah ms but also to go over the legal review of the ms he'd done for me; soon here came Ann Nelson with her friend Rena, at another table; and soon here came C, at yet another table, to talk with Diane Gould and Barb Roberts about their offer from Houghton Mifflin to do a textbook. Marsh had the grandly goofy idea to order a round of Shirley Temples sent to Ann and Rena's table.

As ever, I'm not sure I'm emotionally adequate to celebrate today's Mariah news as colossally as it deserves. Have been sitting around fairly quietly (partly nursing a painful neck, which seems to be better today with the Ibuprofen ~~xxx~~ muscle relaxant I began on y'day) reading Mayakovsky's letters to Lili Brik and, last night, A Month in the Country, and fixing up file boxes and folders for books/possible books to come--Heart Earth, Bucking the Sun, The Left-Handed Rainbow; may even set one up on possibility of a fullscale crafting of the Rascal Fair children's story The King's Remembrancer--which makes for pleasantly thoughtful stints at the desk. Given that we've had the rainiest January in the quarter-century we've ~~lived~~ lived on Puget Sound, and these first days of Feb. have been another storm moving in, reasonably pleasant hunkering is about the best I know to do. Although I do believe I'll go buy us salmon for supper; not quite unbounded giddiness, but mine own.

12 Feb.--Occasional wan sun this morning, the first 'shine in I don't know how long. Nearly constant roil of weather since the first of the year; sizable welcome snowpack in the mountains, some gray wear on the nerves among our friends and once in a while us. I had a considerable crash of energy, mostly physical although a mental lassitude went along with it, last Thursday or so, after a couple of days of dogwork of checking facts in the Mariah ms and making the few small changes in the ms suggested by Lee; napped on the sofa after supper, got up about 9 and went to bed, slept again right through until morning. Have had some other nights of 8-9 hrs sleep, evidently the body catching up after the long haul of ms work. As of yesterday and today, I'm finally beginning to feel pretty good, the 6-month-long backache virtually gone and the base-of-the-skull neck pain whenever I bent over seems to be going. It's utterly evident I dare not pound myself at the work as ruthlessly any more as I did on the trilogy. Nor, really, is it necessary. Even if Mariah flops, the forthcoming final \$40,000 of the advance (f'coming by way of some outback bank in Missouri used by Macmillan~~xxx~~ to gain some days of float on the money, natch) probably makes C and me a millionaire, if the value of this house and our pension holdings are totted in.

So I am back in the usefully rummaging mood I was just after the Mariah ms went to NY, looking at files and filecards toward future books. I must keep in mind how much writing capital I've accumulated around here; skimming back into my Air Force letters and notebooks this morning to set up files toward possible Left-Handed Rainbow short novel, I found that almost-thirty-year-old stuff rife with funny language--my note of an Oklahoman in my flight, for ex, who called everybody "hoss" and only used "horse" as plural for prostitutes, as in "Look at them horse walking the street."

Spent another quiet weekend--have been weathered in by most of them since the first of the year--with a Sat. break to the RV show at the Kingdome so I could check out Winnebago configuration for the Mariah ms, and then lunch at Ray's Boathouse. Y'day we got out maps of the Southwest and California and did some

12 Feb. cont.--mild mulling ahead about those possible trips. On the business side, things have been going calmly and nicely too. Liz called on the afternoon of Sunday the 14th and said, "This book of yours is a wonder." (One of the side benefits of the book biz is the schticks the New Yorkers come up with, Lee and Liz both borrowing lingo from Mariah to praise Mariah this way.) And \$1600+ came in from Books On Tape and Audio Press, royalties which are the nearest thing ~~close~~ to free money I've ever had.

14 Feb.--The calm before the. . . All day the sky has been gradually dimming, the air cold and the plants stiff and seeming to tremble, as the Alberta Express approaches from the north; 4" of snow tonight, maybe, and the radio forecasts and general mood of preparation (C roasted us a turkey y'day, I've stacked firewood maximally around the fireplace) makes it seem as if big weather is descending.

I have been sorting, sorting. The Lois Welch 7-foot folding table is still heaped with Mariah makings, but not as deep as it was. Have thrown away a lot of GF Trib clippings etc. More to the point, I hope--

--first snowflakes falling now, 4:05 pm; C is out in the world yet, at a Gpr Health exam and then is to do a dab of food shopping on her way home, so I hope she makes the commute from the U District expeditiously.

--More to the point abt the sorting I'm doing, as I have trouble believing maintenance of this kind has any ~~xx~~ value unless it produces something, I've been accumulating file cards from Mariah into the boxes for future books, I hope with some good results; the file of "minor characters" has much good stuff in it for the cast of the Fort Peck novel, Bucking the Sun, for ex.

17 Feb.--Snow day. The vaunted storm from the north didn't produce anything except cold until last night, when 6 or 8 " fell. Now, 2 p.m., the temp is up to about 40 and the snow stacked on branches in the tops of the birches is thawing free, plummeting down and dislodging other branchloads, little avalanche curtains falling all the time. C and I bundled up pretty quick after b'fast and went to the park, to walk in the fresh snow there before kids mobbed it with sleds. Turned out we needn't have hurried; when we finished about 8:30, still not a kid in sight. As C said, "Not in my day!"

Had to cancel out of our Prez Weekend plans at Dungeness, but once the amt of snow and the icy roads made the decision clear, neither of us minded much. Made a great gain in the household instead by taking down the Lois Welch Memorial Table--~~in~~ after I'd used it to repot lettuce and spinach seedlings I've begun under a heat bulb, with what success we shall see--and improving the ambience of the study about 200% with the new spaciousness. Get this place pared down a little from its overburden of writing slag and it doesn't look too bad.

20 Feb.--Hunkered in at home though we were, the holiday weekend was a pleasant one, C notably reluctant to go back to ~~xxx~~ the college today. She got much of her spring qtr material and schedule into shape, spent some good thinking time.

I spent much of the weekend carefully going through Stegner's biog of DeVoto. This isn't going to sound humble, but in a way it is--I'm frankly trying to take a look at what may be involved if, as is actuarially probable and professionally possible, I'm going to be the next chairman of the board of Western letters. I'm not nearly the bulldozer of achievement both DeVoto and Stegner were--comparatively, more like a wheelbarrow--and seem, so far, less willing to deal in big thumping ideas; besides, Stegner's ideas on western aridity are fundamentals that I don't think need any improving; utter major truths. Yet I plainly am going to be asked to talk in public fairly regularly, and so would do well to have some clear thoughts on the West as it looks to me. (Although some things just need re-saying every damn generation; not 48 hours after I worked over the printout of Penn State prof Greg Morris's

20 Feb.--interview with me, making the point that Montana's centennial cattle drive hoopla revved up the cowboy myth, I found in Stegner's bio that DeV said much the same kind of thing 40 or so years ago. Ditto Stegner's emphasis on work and perseverance. So, where I ought to point myself is in the direction of my strength in comparison with their capacities--and that direction is surely fiction and the Sky or WBros memoiristic rumination. DeVoto, for all his passion, couldn't write fiction worth--in a thoroughly western phrase--sour owl shit. Stegner is immensely better, yet not nearly the master in fiction that he is in non-fiction. Both of them actually taught the stuff, but maybe precisely because they were both clinicians about fiction, my novels I think have richer characters and a more achieved language--maybe what Stegner calls ventriloquism--than theirs, and evidently my books have outsold any of theirs.

26 Feb.--Can't remember by now what broke the diarying on the 20th, maybe the Emerald City Lawn duo coming to clean up some of the back hillbank, maybe Stephanie Smith returning letter files she'd organized for me. There're tons of organizational chores around here, and y'day afternoon, amid a generally pleasant weekend of outdoor work--the first dry warm weekend we've had since I don't know when--I got considerably daunted by thinking ahead to the tree-cutting we want done at the edge of the hill, the rejigging of that behind-the-house area, the fencing that's going to need replacing, the woodhouse that's going to need rebuilding. C tells me to throw money at it all, we can afford it now, and I guess we'll hurl dollars pretty fervently this year, but I'm not a very keen foreman any more, if I ever was--precisely at the time when I've got to get used to hiving jobs off to hired folk instead of shouldering them myself. (The woodshed, C and I maybe can build ourselves, this summer; the rest is a matter of matter of hiring muscle in here to move biomass.) I guess I'll rise to the occasions, but it'll take some self-hoisting.

Decent progress on Mariah, in her wending way toward becoming an actual book, as I have to remind myself in toting up these weeks. David Lindroth's sketch of the

26 Feb. cont.--map of the Bago's travels came, nice and whimsical, and as I've been doing in this era of quick parcel delivery, I dived right into looking over the map and making my fine-tuning suggestions when Federal Express brought it about 10 a.m., called Lee Goerner's assistant Lee Smith to have a Fed Express pickup at 3, and got it out of the house then and back at Macmillan the next morning. Partly out of this lickety-split attitude we've all been taking toward work on the *Mariah* ms, Lee G. called and said he'd had an all-out meeting with production people and they think they can do Sept. publication of the book instead of Oct. That would simplify life considerably for me, besides helping the book's chances by being in the stores that much earlier, as it ought to mean C could help me with the Montana bookstore tour. Lee's other piece of news is that he'd like to do, and is having cost estimate made, either a boxed h'back edition of the trilogy or a boxed version of *Mariah*, maybe edition of 300, which I would sign the sheets for. It sounds swank, and of course I'm for anything which would bring more royalties in, although as C reacted, how come Macmillan would think this worth the effort? I doubt ~~whether he would~~ Lee would ~~not~~ figure my ego needs this--hope he wouldn't--and so I trust it's connected with his budgeting, some way to cadge a little more income onto Atheneum's ledger.

2 March--Some week, and as the chainsaws roar around me it ain't over yet. Besides doing the income tax and my pension plan financial report, being declared healthy in a general physical by Steve Taplin, choring away at the desk today during Floyd's tree-cutting (7 or 8 off the slope immediately behind the house, including an '80-'90' spruce and an almost equally major double-trunked white pine), this was the week the Doigs probably reached a million \$ in total worth--final \$36,000 of the Mariah advance arrived in the mail, putting us over \$800,000 in investments-pension funds-etc. and this house now worth a likely \$200,000. All of this in a week of shatteringly beautiful weather which had me wondering why the hell I chose this week to slog through taxes and other chores; utterly missed the best morning of the season to go to the Skagit and birdwatch, for instance. But C tells me we're making strides, here on the property and elsewhere in our life.

12 March--Coyote against a frosty field, this morning at the hill park, with dawn light on the snowy Olympic Mtns behind him.

Been interesting, this past week. Clearing the two overwhelming trees and handful of smaller ones off the bank behind the house, plus the sun-seeking pruning of limbs outside the dining room and lopping the tops of the birches, has changed the outlook considerably around here--as C says, now we have a hobby, a project. Both worked outside, Carol doing small pruning, me trans-planting raspberry plants onto the hill and working on the veg garden, virtually all weekend, and she's just now gone out, this more or less sunny Monday mid-afternoon, to do a bit more and I'll follow soon. We've even put our minds together for what may at last solve the too-small extra bedroom problem--I suggested putting in a bay window to expand at least the feel of that room, C suggested cutting a door into it from the study to make it a reading & storage alcove. A real hell of a lot needs to be done around here, starting with rebuilding the woodshed (so the firewood can go in it, so the place where the firewood sits can have dirt hauled in on it for future veg garden, so the fence beside that site can be built, etc.) which I'm trying to get a

12 March cont.--carpenter to come out and estimate, but by summer's end, and I hope surely by year's end, we ought to have this place spiffed up a lot.

Life meanwhile is doing fine. As C pointed out, things must be going okay for me--one day a coffee mug (ABA giveaway preview, I guess) comes from Penguin with me listed among the Contemporary American Fiction writers on it, the next day comes the bio entry putting me from Who's Who in the West into Who's Who in America; and as I pointed out to her, I barely noticed because I was thinking about ~~interlocking~~ raspberry plants. Also a greatly hopeful sign on the Mariah ms Friday night, when the phone rang about 5:15, it was a woman identifying herself as Zoe Kharpertian in Montclair, NJ, hired to copy-edit Mariah and of all unprecedented things, calling me up with questions instead of consuming vast time by flagging them in the margins with stick-ons. Talked with her about 40 min., resolving a lot of usages, and I hope, hope, hope making the handling of the copy-edited ms easier, because it all has to be done next weekend before we head to Dungeness for spring break. Back beyond that at the start of last week Chris Bennion came and took pics all one afternoon, coming up with an excellent mug shot I can use as publicity photo the next few years. Still a helluva bunch of logistical tending to be done, particularly this week--gob of phone calls to make tomorrow--but I suppose C is right in saying I'm running a fair-sized business here.

26 March--The copy-editing of Mariah did turn out well--a light but sensible and deft going-over by Zoe--and even so it was $3\frac{1}{2}$ grueling days, from the 14th until Fed Express picked up the ms just before 2 on Sat. the 17th, to get thru the pp. again. In time I'll think it was worth it, as that was the last crack at improving the ms fairly simply, i.e. without worrying about type-setting errors in any of my alterations, but it is always one of the marathons of getting a book done; C read pt. 2 for me or it'd have taken another day, day and a half, besides. I found some places to simplify a bit, others to rev up the dialogue a little; the 4-inch-high

26 March cont.--stack of typed pages still never seems quite like a book at this point, so I look forward as ever to Mariah's real emergence, in type when galley proofs come in May.

Along with the copy-edited ms, we whaled a lot else in this household into reasonable shape before heading to the Olympic Peninsula for vacation, another of those periods when I remind myself I'd hoped never to labor this hard again. The Oly week did an immense amount of relaxing heal, on both of us. We slept gobs, both at night and napping in our favored cottage, the "chicken coop," at Juan de Fuca, and got in good long hikes on Dungeness Spit in splendid windless weather besides; also a brilliant windless day at Rialto Beach when we moved on west to the coast, and a decent enough day even in the Hoh rain forest. Came home Friday mid-day, when the weather had deteriorated and we both felt improved enough, and spent considerable weekend time working on the cleared patch on the hill behind the house, putting in a potato patch, pulling omnipresent blackberry roots, pecking away at the monumental woodpile from the felled trees. Sunny again today, and after lunch and a nap I at least, and maybe G, likely will put in another stint up there.

Spent the morning mulling through cards and files on my possible Cuban missile crisis short novel, The Left-Handed Rainbow, and found again how zingy the lingo and details are, sitting there waiting, lo, these almost 30 years. It's been my intention to noodle away at the accumulated book ideas, through this spring and maybe summer, and see how they develop. Already regret I agreed to give Bozeman speech Mike Malone asked me to, on April 20, as it'll take next week and maybe the one beyond to write the damned thing, and even the favor to Mike probably ~~doesn't~~ doesn't count for much now that he's probably on his way to becoming president at Missoula. There is a rhythm of work-but-not-overwork to be caught, if I can just fend the schedule clear enough.

31 March--Weeks that don't seem that prepossessing while they're happening are in fact fairly consequential these days; on Tues. the 27th I dealt with the artist's cover sketch for Mariah (Macmillan art director Wendy Bass and I agreeing the scene needs a much closer and more menacing buffalo jousting with the Bago, and to Wendy's surprise, my insistence that the artist, Jeffrey Walker, forgo exact details of the side of the Winnebago--compartments, electrical outlet etc.--if need be to emphasize his surreal sweep of line and color; have him push his art, get as much edge as possible into it, I told her) and on Wed. the 28th I came around to Lee Goerner's wish to take the Harper & Row floor bid for Mariah p'back rights, \$60,000. Lee argues that the floor won't necessarily become the final bid--I'd misremembered the Rascal Fair auction, where indeed Penguin floor didn't come anywhere close to Harper's winning bid; with Sea Runners and English Creek, though, the floor had been all we got--and that Penguin won't necessarily be scared off, other publishers may well be players in the auction, \$60,000 ain't bad in a down book market, and so on. Pretty good argument by Lee, in fact, but I still feel right about having been stubborn for a couple of weeks, to let both Lee and Harper's know I have considerable money in mind for my stuff these days and to see if Book of the Month lightning might strike in the meantime, after a first "good reading" there. (One more time, no BOMC bolt has happened.) Also did some tinkering, although probably not enough, with the Left-Handed Rainbow notes and lead; hadn't intended to at this early date, but after supper last night when C and I were talking in front of the fireplace, I went and got the first two roughrafts of Rainbow and read them to her, and she thought they were a knockout, though we both know Rainbow would be a greatly different book than any of my others.

Sunny weather through the week until yesterday, so each afternoon I went to the backyard clearcut and split big rounds of wood--some at least 2 feet in diameter--with sledgehammer and wedges. Hadn't been sure if I could handle wood of that size--the Sitka spruce we had taken down was about a 90-foot-high tree and the double-trunked white pine beside it was nearly as big--and had visions of

31 March cont--getting a fortune in wedges frozen into an eternal block, but so far I've been able to segment angled pieces off the periphery of the big chunks and then split the core. The woodsplitting is a matter of pecking away, some each day, suited to my way of going about things, and as a bonus, both C and I have noticed feeling better since we've been putting in work on the hill clearing.

And then there was the sight of the week, any week: Tuesday morning, got up a little after 4 and went to the Skagit for sunrise; saw heron, owl, hawks, considerable birds but no snow geese. Headed for Lacomor to have breakfast at the Lighthouse, then drove back the same route through the Skagit fields to kill a little time and let the morning rush hour clear before I headed home, decided to go down the Blake's Resort side road, and right there at the turn an entire field was white and moving: I figured the snow geese feeding there, just across the ditch from the road and while wary not really excitable, must have been at least ten thousand--a flock a good hundred yards long and the same in depth back into the field, and a goose on at least each square yard. Several had, to my surprise, bands on their necks (rather than on the legs), red collars about 1 inches high with big white letters and numbers for wildfowl authorities to track their migration pattern, which gave the birds a kind of antic party look.

9 April--My mood was supposed to improve this week, having grunted my way through the writing of the Bozeman speech --last week--that it turned out I didn't have any zest for doing, and maybe in fits and starts it will. Came back about 9 this morning from hauling newspapers out of the house and getting a new bio copied at Copy Mart, to find treecutters next door at either the Joyners or the Walker/Muir's beyond them (both places were involved, it turned out), and coupled with a day of chainsawing and chippering at the Dillings', 2 houses in the other direction, last week, C and I wonder if we've set off a plague of chainsawing with our backyard project. Trees are really tribal concerns in n'hoods like this; I was jangled about inflicting on the n'hood what turned out to be nearly 3 days of Floyd's chainsawing, not to mention

9 April cont.--the clearcutting rawness of the newly de-treed backyard itself, and at least 3 neighbors came by with some level of curiosity or concern (prime among them Jean Muir), and I in turn was heartsick this morning to see the big madronas coming down as the neighbors tried just what we had, to get some sun down into the property. I hope to Christ we all now can revert to letting things grow.

Considerably social weekend for us, Sat. dinner at Tom and Carrie Jones' and a Sunday sojourn to the Boeing Museum of Flight with Linda Biers and Sydney Kaplan. More anon about the Jones evening, which I'd like to think thru on paper a little bit, but quickly on the Linda-Syd excursion, as they prove to be our least complicated and maybe most enjoyable or at least reliably enjoyable friends at the moment: went to Chinook's at Salmon Bay first, where Linda ordered a salmoncake-3 scrambled eggs-fried spuds meal which I'd eyed but been daunted by--there is no

out-eating Linda, at least by a puny guy like me who only outweighs her by 40 pounds--and we were hostessed by C's former student Ruby DeLuna, doing some work now at KUOW and some Sunday earning at Chinook's. Then southward down old 99--Linda grew up on Magnolia, so it's a rare chance to be squired around by a more or less original Seattleite--to try find the museum by dead reckoning (instead of freeway directions), which we neatly enough did. Spent nearly 2 hrs in what really is a handsome museum; all 4 of us liking the sense of wood in the Red Barn portion, and we'll see whether Linda doesn't get a poem out of Sydney's observation therein, that maritime woodworkers turned from boats to planes, often making somewhat similar pieces, there in Bill Boeing's start of all this. Then, back at their place, C and I--OK, mostly I--asked to see Linda's out-back studio where she writes, which she thought she'd already shown us before.

But no, so we got to see what is a converted shed, slightly L-shaped with her oak rolltop desk facing east in the foot of the L with windows to north and south, and a longer lower bank of windows along the east side of the stem of the L, looking into the patio/garden at the back of their house. On the wall Linda has framed the letter from '84

9 April cont.--when Howard Moss took the first of her poems for the New Yorker (it was "Pearl"), telling her they were so extraordinary he had trouble choosing. She writes on the back of scrap pages of 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x11 paper, extras of her poetry class syllabus and the like, until she gets a poem ready enough to type; usually throws away the draft pages, which may be several versions (this is handwritten, in pen) of a single graf. Tries to work 9 to 3, a quiet enough time in the neighborhood there. All quite orderly, and out of that desk and studio and scrap paper come some of the damndest sparks of genius I've ever read.

13 April--Friday the 13th it may darkly be, but finally a less fragmented day for me, thank god. C has been hearing me grumble about all the bits and pieces my ostensibly self-regulated life has consisted of recently (and will again next week, when I write Susan Richman a story-behind-Mariah page for her promo effort, finish my few minutes' prepared remarks on--for Christ's sake--Burton K. Wheeler and also rehearse the speech for the Wheeler Center event in Bozeman, and then we make the 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -day trip to Bozeman), despite all the no-saying I do to the world's requests, and this morning's past 3 hours of tinkering at the Heart Earth lead and analyzing Alice Munro's skills of compression at last feel more authentically like what I ought to be doing. Of course, any minute now Federal Express may bring the revised Mariah map for me to look over and phone Lee Goerner about, but at least the majority of the morning has clicked.

Y'day brought a mint copy of Wallace Stegner's Collected Stories, with my blurb singular on the back cover, bemusing me. Why not one of S's skyrocket Stanford students--Keseey, or especially McMurtry?--whose word might carry more commercial weight back there? C thinks I'm there because the honest effort of my wording struck Stegner and his editor Sam Vaughan right, i.e. I'm saying there on the jacket that these may not be the greatest stories ever but you can see a craftsman improving himself across the years in them. Anyway, I'm tickled to be there, and a little intrigued by the circle of fate this makes, me the student

13 April cont.--of Carstensen showing up there as endorser of Carstensen's own student-days roommate Stegner.

Reprise of last Saturday night, as I'd wanted to with the evering fresher in mind but couldn't manage to get to: I suppose my processes of apprehension really are like a homesteader digging up a goddamn stump, but it's taken me 3 or 4 shared social occasions to realize how ~~our~~ artist friends--Tony Angell, and in this instance Tom Jones--comply with their patrons, collectors of their work. (What artists are up against, really, though maybe Tony and Tom don't see it that way.) In short, I'd better be aware, and accept, that when we're invited it's often because of a hey-I-bet-you'd-like-to-meet-Ivan-Doig impulse; albeit a genuine impulse, but one that doesn't particularly make for common footing between me and the collector/friends. This sprang to mind again Sat. night when we got to Tom and Carrie's at 6 as invited, and the other guests--Steve and Helen Ellis--(a) didn't show up until past 7 and (b) Steve pulled a car-phone practical joke by phoning Tom a few minutes before they arrived and telling him they just were leaving home at Monroe then. Inasmuch as C and I don't get the point of practical joking--I actively dislike it, hate to see anybody else made a butt of, and undoubtedly had myself in mind when I described Riley in Mariah as hating to be made a sap of--this got us off to a pretty tepid start with Steve Ellis, but luckily he improved considerably once we were past that posturing. (He's a corporate lawyer, and either makes or inherited a bundle of money, as he and Helen have just moved to fancy 10-acre place formerly owned by children's book guy Steve Cosgrove, who the time I met him at a Seattle Rep book benefit had about as many pretensions as one person could hold. Steve undoubtedly has genuine fervor for Tom's art, may even be genuine about appreciation of my books he kept reiterating, though he mystifyingly linked my stuff with what was plainly the latest thing he was reading, Malan's My Traitor Heart(?) about S. Africa. He writes poetry, I think mostly in sonnet form, and if I'd really rise to the mettle of these occasions, I'd have asked him

13 April cont.--me wondering how much there is--has to be-- of this to life, me earnestly colliding with practical jokes. Know your audience, guys. How much insight does it take to know I don't like to be jerked around?

17 April--A rainy mild day, couple of thousand miles and now 25 years since the chilly rainy April 17th Carol and I were married in Evanston. Propitiously (at least it will be if we like the looks of it) the cover art for Mariah is to arrive this morning, in the next hour by FedEx, and C said last night she hadn't expected all this splendid book life; told her I hadn't expected I was marrying a professor, and she said that's funny, she'd expected she was marrying one. We've deferred silver anniversary gifts to each other--a claspless gold chain she'd like, and whatever I can think up that I vaguely want (though she did surprise me this morning with gift of a new birdwatching book)--simply because we haven't wanted to expend time shopping. A fitting celebration tonight, though, in dinner with Ann and Marshall Nelson, who were in at the launch of this blessed marriage.

And tomorrow we go to Bozeman. I'm feeling gamier about the trip, a whole hell of a lot gamier than I was during the writing of the speech a couple of weeks ago, and there's certainly one fascinating element: our inviter, host, and buddy, Mike Malone, this spring leapt the psyche gulf between the Bozeman and Missoula campuses and applied for the U. of Montana presidency--only to get a real whack alongside the head: he didn't even make the cut to the final six candidates. In telling us Mike had applied, Bill Lang said Mike has never tried for anything he hasn't gotten, so the Malone household mood ought to be highly interesting. Turning down Mike, committed as he's been to Montana (though he doesn't have much reason to be any more), seems incredible to me; the precise malady at the U. of Montana has been out-of-staters trooping through the presidency just long enough to gather credentials, then they're gone to bigger places.

What else. Have pecked away at the lead of Heart Earth, the first four sentences, really, for more than a week now. They are definitely improved sentences, though if they're the right ones to open the book isn't certain yet. This morning I broke past the lead with

17 April cont.--some sentences about the cooling between Wally and me, which I think puts me in the territory of doing a page or so a day when I get back to ms work after Bozeman. And on the social front, Linda Sullivan and Buff Wainwright were here Sat. night for our determined inauguration of the hamburger-grilling season and for what Linda called "free second-guessing" of our hill tree-clearing project. I asked Buff, systems editor at the Seattle Times (evidently in charge of everything from computers to furniture to archives), how the Times celebrated its Pulitzer for coverage of the Exxon Valdez oilspill and he said, "Cheap champagne." Admitted he couldn't help but watch a little warily as the champagne-dousings spilled over onto the fax machine. A nice moment he reported: David Boardman, one of the editors on what became the prize-winning coverage, came up to Buff and thanked him for hiring him. (Buff must have been news editor at the time, some years ago; said he used to remind Alex McLeod, the managing editor, that Alex had been against hiring David; Buff said he put David's name at the ~~first of many~~ top of the list of possible hires for three months in a row, until Alex acquiesced.)

23 April--A vast week behind us now, the only glitch in it that Carol caught a cold on the Montana plane trip. She soldiered off out of here to class saying she at least feels better than she did y'day; 1st cold or flu among us in a couple of years, and as she said, it doesn't do to begin thinking you're bulletproof.

All else, copacetic. The Mariah cover when it came last Tuesday--at 10:29 $\frac{1}{2}$ that morning, the closest that Federal Express delivery has or ever can cut its 10:30 delivery deadline--proved to be terrific, a zingy scene of Mariah her very self atop the Bago as the Moiese buffalo bull charges. Have aligned the previous 5 books and this cover on the slanting readerboard of the computer desk and this is plainly about the second best cover I've ever had, behind the classic Sky cover and in the same league as Paul Bacon's Sea Runners cover. Seeing the coverwork lined up that way made me think, fond as I am of the English Creek and RFair covers, that we might have done well to switch to livelier

23 April cont.--storytelling covers of this mode ~~for~~ when those books were done.

With the exception that we don't seem to have the time or tolerance for shopping to get gifts for each other, our anniversary passed off in dandy style--a phone call to Ben and Jeanne Baldwin, our best man and matron, to thank them for their all-out remembering of the Evanston event (they sent both a dish and a computerized fact sheet of how things have changed), and then dinner at the Wok with Ann and Marshall Nelson, who also were in at our launch. Claiming to be striving for supreme tackiness, the Nelsons gave us what is actually a nice little music box that plays the anniversary waltz.

The Bozeman trip was in shirtsleeve weather, Montana at its most beguiling. We had most of Thursday to ourselves and decided to drive to Ennis, splendid variety of views on that route. Later that afternoon I gave remarks (3 file cards' worth) at dedication of the Burton K. Wheeler reading room in MSU archives/special collections.

1 May--Just turned down NY Times Travel section invit'n to do a back p. essay, on Montana or the Cascades; told Janet Bjorko (sp?) I'd let her know if I ever get to feeling essayistic, but I don't show any signs of it right now.

Since last entry, good news on Mariah is that I get to do a reading at the ABA (political jockeying for the reading slots is pretty fierce, so this is another I owe to Susan Richman), and Susan also intends to throw "a little lunch" for reviewers to meet me and Isabel~~ine~~ Allende.

On the social front, we met the Walkinshaws for dinner at the Wok last Thurs., classy people we don't see enough of. Main news is that Jean has larded an NEA grant to do TV doc'y on Ray Carver's life, with aid of Tess Gallagher. Annick Smith, who knew Carver, is going to drop her teeth when she hears Jean got this plum instead of Annick thinking of it, but C and I blithely told Jean what we could of Kittredge and Annick as sources on Carver's life. It may be that I didn't sound as enthused for Jean's sake as I wanted to, as there are the funny-looking gaps in my appreciation of

1 May cont.--Carver that I ^{don't} care a hell of a lot for short stories (and in fact I had to tell her I don't think much of Carver's poetry and wish he'd put that effort into his proven mastery, prose) and that I deliberately didn't make any effort to meet or visit him, believing--I still do--he didn't need any more people in his life detracting from his worktime, but I actually do think it's terrific she's getting to do the piece. Plainly Carver's distinctive style is going to last--it's already had its effect on a generation of writers--and I don't feel horned out of my own field by his eminence; it's actually probably made life easier for me, not having to tussle with that kind of fame.

Speaking of which, more or less: a belated catch-up on the Bozeman trip, which to a considerable extent consisted of MSU trying to woo money out of Burton K. Wheeler's offspring. (May be a thankless effort, as the first of them to die--John Wheeler--left MSU out of his will, and indeed left his estate open to such tax inroads that his heirs in all likelihood aren't going to be persuadable either to share with MSU.) I did the talk as a favor to Mike Malone, and the performance went well enough, with the bonus of meeting Dick Lamm and, more interesting to both C and me, Bill Yellowtail, state senator from Wyola. But considerable of my social effort went toward staying pleasant toward various ducal or duchessly Wheelers--the exceptions were Ed's daughter Kendall, blond Washington socialite who seems to have staked out her role as the family madcap and is at least spirited enough at it to be interesting, and John's widow Helene of Pasadena, a nice lady trying to cope in the aftermath of a husband who ran all the financial affairs and managed to mess them up--while turning aside invitations to the family compound at Lake McDonald. It might be useful to the writing to be around monied folk now and then, but I just don't like the notion of being captured as a social trophy.

3 May--Convolutions of the book biz: after titanic effort by the Macmillan art director Wendy Bass to get the Bago-and-buffalo cover for Mariah and amending it to suit Lee and me, all three of us ultimately happy with it, the Mac'n upper echelon--i.e., Barry Lippman the publisher his very self, Bonnie Amer the marketing director, Harry McCullough the sales director, and ~~was~~ Lee put it, "even our friend Susan Richman," all chimed in that the cover was pretty but not major enough, evidently not literary-looking enough. So today came the alternative cover, a golden-glow sunset photo of ridgelines and darkened grassy foreground, in essence a billboard for the title and my name. It twitches the heart considerably to turn down the beautiful Jeffrey Walker piece of art, but damn it, ~~thanx to marketing~~ I can see the marketing mandarins' point, though I'm going to accept the alternate cover with the proviso that they better back this up with "major" push of the book.

Been some day, with the this-or-that staring spells at the two covers, phone calls with DeWitt setting up Audio Press taping of English Creek excerpt next month, Arnie the carpenter ambling in unannounced to mull the woodshed project, Pete Steen calling to see if I could offer any advice on a topic for a paper at USFS centennial conf'ce, and someway amidst it all, I still refined enough sentences to finish a version of the opening scene of Heart Earth.

Journalism of our time, headline in the tabloid Star in the grocery store y'day: MISTRESS MARIA TWO-TIMES DONALD (i.e., Trump) with subhead after lying her head off on TV!

8 May--This must be an attainment of some sort: y'day three book covers--new p'back edition of English Creek and Sea Runners, and the more "epic" version of Mariah--came into this house.

14 May--Rocky start to the week, with a queasy and gassy feeling all day, maybe from particularly potent fresh broccoli last night. Mostly have pecked away at chores--bought a wheelbarrow, as I likely should have done 15 years ago when we started on this property--and did manage some mulling on Heart Earth this morning, although as ever what I really need are words on paper instead of in the air of the brain.

Quite a lot of what I'm doing lately is assemblage, or considering and disposing--some of it necessary but none of it ever seeming particularly substantial. Last week did bring news that the logbooks of the destroyer Ault do exist in the National Archives, possibly adding to material for Heart Earth, and a woman in Nashua, MT, referred me to her father-in-law in a Glasgow rest home as possible source on Fort Peck for Bucking the Sun; for that matter, today's mail alone brought DeWitt Daggett's competent packet of jacket copy, contract etc. for our RIDING THE TWO cassette project next month, and surprisingly word of a sample translation of an opening portion of Winter Brothers by the Frenchman who wants to try it on a French publisher. Here on the home ground, Arnie Franke is carpentering the woodshed into wonderful rehabilitation, Carol and I have set the posts and nailed the rails for the stub fence up the hill to conceal Peris's Mount Trashmore of lawn clippings etc. next door, and I'm trying to tweeze 16 bundles of grapestake fencing out of the Issaquah cedar lumberyard which for about the third workday in a row has failed to deliver them. So, maybe it's adding up, in spite of my impression that days seep past without anything happening that ought to happen.

Landmark of sorts: Patty Limerick called a bit ago, as she said, for once not to bug me with something but to bug Carol. Wants C to be on steering committee for 10-yr Encyclopedia of Western Culture project.

Reminds me, I had lunch with John Finley of UW History Dept. last Thursday; he's heading up the Dept's new Center for NW History--the new western historian, Richard White, didn't want to run it so John stepped in--and is trying to make an interesting pry on the UW Press and the Sick (the beer family) endowment that was set up to fund

14 May cont.--western history books at the Press and then public lectures drawn from the books. As John recounted, there've been only 4 books in I guess twenty-some years, so he's trying the tack of funding ~~lecture~~ lectures first which would then be published by the Press. ~~And~~ Neat idea, I told him, but I'm not game to be published by the UW ~~Press~~ Press; I put it that I frankly have bigger financial fish to fry, but there's also the point that I just do not want the delays and hassle of academic publication, at least not right now. My reaction pretty well stymies John's notion of having me do a series of lectures--possibly at \$5,000 apiece--on writing and the West. We agreed I'd get in touch if I feel the great urge to do lecture/essays, but...

21 May--This Monday seems to start a countdown, toward the Las Vegas ABA, toward Mariah galleys (although some investigation by Lee Smith this morning showed they won't reach me until probably May 30), toward the sundry carpentry projects (woodshed, fence, and new study alcove doorway) being done. It begins to feel like everything-that-rises-is-converging, from here to the end of June (WHA talk to be written, DeWitt coming to do our Riding the Two taping).

Thurs. night the 17th, David Wagoner and I inaugurated the new Shoreline Community Center with readings. David, like his poetry, seemed quiet and good-souled; said in the few minutes beforehand that we managed to talk that both his wife and their newly-adopted infant ~~are~~ were home ill and he was worried about them. Audience of at least 300, and my own reading--title section from Sky, Joseph battlefield scene from Mariah--went well, although not as bang on the button as I'd hoped; in rehearsing, I somehow put on the tape the best reading I've ever done of the Sky section, considerably better than I came up with for DeWitt's Audio Press version, but because the mike had been changed from its ideal position (inevitably) that I'd worked out beforehand I had to lean over the podium toward the mike so that I couldn't comfortably read the pp. and thus lost the rhythm I was trying to catch. C'est la vie; I open in Vegas in 2 weeks and heaven only knows what the reading conditions will be there.

11 June--Life has been rocketing past, but here's the flare from Thursday, the 7th: about 11 that morning, the phone rang and Liz came on in an afar voice, then another echo-ey voice which turned out to be Richard Greene in Los Angeles. I asked if we were threeway transcontinental, and when they chimed that we were I told them we sounded damn near interstellar. Both Liz and Richard were excited, the first time I can remember her sounding so since she finished reading Dancing at the Rascal Fair and first time I'd ever hit it in seen-everything-wacko-moviedom-can-do Richard: news was, Pacific Rim is buying the Sea Runners film rights, a \$72,500 phone call, this one. We're all not going to finally believe it until the check is in the bank, but the deal seems actual. Three weeks or so ago Richard called me to pass word that Pac Rim wondered if we'd go for a 3rd year of option, and incredibly enough maybe my take-it-or-leave-it response of \$10,000 minimum and Richard tossing in additions to the purchase price and points made Pac Rim think, the hell with it, might as well just buy. Richard said when the Pac Rim guy called and said they'd decided to exercise the option, Richard automatically said well, okay, as long as the terms I told you, \$10,000 for another year and--not until the Pac Rimster repeated as if to a kindergartener, "I said, we've decided to exercise the option" did Richard grasp that this was the whole deal completed, seventytwo-five worth.

Beyond that there was the ABA, triumphant as far ~~wax~~ as I could tell. I want to make fuller notes after today gets out of the way--so far today, I'm going to call Montana bookstores all morning to set up Sept. signing schedule, C and I go to lunch with Jean Roden, Craig Lesley arrives about the time we get home, NY freelance photog Miriam Barkley is to shoot me about the time Craig gets here, and C and I and Craig are meeting Linda Bierds and Sydney Kaplan at the Wok for supper--but I do want to get down the cast of characters of probably the significant event for Mariah and me, lunch with book review editors. Those who came: Nina King of Wash'n Post and David Streitfeld who does the terrific backpage column in Book World, Jack Miles of LA Times, George Christian ~~and~~ of Houston Chronicle and Nancy Pate of Orlando Sentinel (both of whom

11 June cont.--earlier interviewed me), Bill ^Robertson of Miami Herald, Liz ? of Houston Post, Ruth Coghlan of Detroit News, Larry Swindell of Fort Worth Star-Telegram, Don Q'brian(?) of Atlanta Constitution.

4 July--The check was in the mail, the money is in the bank. The Sea Runners movie option \$65,250 awaited us in the mailbox when we got ~~home~~ home from the Skagit the day after my birthday. Bemusing, that the 8.57% annual interest on that sum will bring more than my annual income was in my first years as a writer. Who knows how long or whether they'll keep up, ~~the~~ but odd jags of money are happening; tomorrow, through not much doing of my own, will be a \$450 day, from the Sky world-rights permission I'm going to grant John Board for his anthology on influential teachers and the fee for reading at the Seattle Art Museum.

The void in the diary since Las Vegas has partly been because of our assault on chores of the house and property. Carol and I finished off the fencing last Fri.-Sat.-Sun., the last two panels between us and Lee Cochran and the two between us and the ~~Myones~~ Joyners' lawntrash pile, and so the backyard at last is handsomely and unrottedly sided; did the baseboards of the renewed guest room, an excruciating job of cutting and fitting that I hate but which always produces a terrific improvement in a room; and I've since completed splitting kindling and filling that last bit of the woodhouse, cleaned up last traces of the woodpile that's been on the garden-site-to-be, and hauled the lumber pile down off the hill, preparatory to one last brutal half-day of getting it stowed into the shop and under the house. The shop is at least semi-cleaned up, and can really be put into good working order by a couple more hours of concentration, and I'm not too far off from being able to build a few bookshelves and sort--

C just tapped on the glass door, calling my attention to the coyote going across the backyard bench of land about 75 feet from this typewriter. Coyotes have actually been even closer a number of times this summer; as C and I took a break from fencing last week and were sitting in the shade at the north end of the house, two coyote pups wandered out onto the hill at the base of

4 July cont.--the big madrona and flopped down in the sunshine, ears up and radar-ing around at every sound but not paying us much mind as we sat unmoving about 60 feet from them.

--Sorting excess books out of here, I was about to say. For all the effort we've put into the place these past months, I'm still only on the verge of shaping up this office, unclogging it from the near-paralysis of stuff piled onto closet shelves.

And as to what I most should be doing--thinking, reading, writing--I have to begin setting aside time for on some daily basis. I am holding off projects which would take time away from the books-to-be--y'day turned down Sarah Ferrill of NYTimes Sophisticated Traveler, wanting me to do 1500 words (for 1500 dollars, surprisingly) on NW oysters for an "Autumn Feasting" issue, and last week I pretty much told Dave Stratton of WSU history dept. I won't do a \$4000 Pettyjohn lecture for him and even told John Findley I'm just going to have to see whether I can move, eventually, on his \$50,000 offer of a UW set of lectures and publication by UW Press--but the next step is to get the brain into gear on those bigger pieces of work. Despite my stringency I still face a week of writing the WHA talk--ironically, not only is that performance for no fee, but we or Macmillan even have to pay the way to Reno--which I just am going to have to do, even if in a funk, yet this month. So, the schedule continues to be more a battle than I want it to be, but the attendant successes are dandy thus far this year. Haven't even noted here that DeWitt and I figure our making of the abridged English Creek audio cassette turned out better than the Sky one, and we're both bemused that we seem still to be in the running to do the River Runs Through It cassette we've had in mind for a couple of years but can't get permission action on.

11 July--The summit of summer, today and the past two days, beautiful blue weather. C is watering the front of the property, the watering chore exasperating to both of us

because it wants full attention, resists being anything you can do while doing something else as well. I've spent an hour or so at the desk and maybe should do more, but likely am going to give in to the lure of the weather and find something to do outside. I've only done miniscule work on any writing, though I may have solved the start of the second graf of Heart Earth by mulling that one sentence for about two days. Either this is a recuperative season or I just go lazy.

21 July--End of the second week of this flawless weather. C is watering the front and side yards, preparatory to our going to Dungeness for the next couple of days for her birthday. Unusual amount of gadding for us: y'day we went up to Darrington to join Jean and Walt Walkinshaw, who were camped there to take in the Bluegrass Music Festival. Spent a good afternoon and evening with them--the best music was in little pickup groups or rehearsals, down along the river or in the campground, rather than onstage--and as Carol said, she always feels like an improved human being for having been around the Walkinshaws; they are magnificent at setting their own course through life.

Moments of the bluegrass music: Down along the river, where we went to soak our feet and watch people splash and cool off (one couple sitting in bathing suits contentedly in the ~~fx~~ lawn chairs thigh-deep in the middle of the river), a pickup group of musicians were playing just for the fun of it among themselves in a shady spot on the gravel bank, a middle-aged woman guitar player ~~wick~~ singing a version of "Help Me Make It Through the Night" far better than Kristofferson's own. And the group rehearsing near the W'shaws' campsite; in chorus or duets, the chesty lantern-jawed steel guitar player ~~worm~~ would step forward toward the tall geezerly bass player and put his chin out toward him, only a couple of feet away, in oddly intimate style, almost like a prelude to a kiss. And the youngest guy in the group, 30ish with a mop of hair, the mandolin player, sang "It's Been A Lonesome Day" in a high back-of-the-throat voice and style that surely goes back far into the Appalachian past.

31 July--One of those days when I feel like I'm running in a swamp, which may turn into one of those weeks when I feel like I'm. . . Have pegged away most of the day at the WHA speech, and if I stay super-diligent I may get it done by nightfall Friday. Am not even sure at this point that any of my notion of spinning-off UW speech series ideas from this one is going to work, though maybe things will become more apparent in the craft portion of the talk.

I really would be swamped if I took on what's being run past me these days. Today, told David Nicholson of Wash. Post ^{Book} World sorry, can't review the new McMurtry novel for him; week or so ago, it was Katy Roberts, an editor at the NY Times Magazine, sorry, I can't do a piece for you on Seattle's unwelcome boomtime; in between, a note to Tom Watkins at Wilderness magazine that sorry, I'm already imbedded in next book(s), not in an article mode. Meanwhile trivia piles up around me, while I'm trying to compensate at least a little bit in the household for Carol's ailing neck. I have got to figure out how to either farm out or throw out some of the accumulated tasks around here; as I apprehensively told C at lunch, this is probably the least busy time the rest of this year.

6 Aug.--It required a boots-first whumping down, instead of the deft cat-like twist I'd hoped for, but I think I have landed on my feet; the last of the summer's nagging tasks, the Western History speech, is done. Took all of last week, bulling away at it day after day at the keyboard, but by Friday noon I had the sucker on tape for C and me to listen to. She took me to Ray's Boathouse for lunch to celebrate--a jeweled summer day when we could comfortably eat on the outside deck at Ray's, the Sound blue and busy with boats, sunstruck customers barely able to eat for exulting to one another what a terrific day it was--and said that night, grinning back on breakfast with our own-grown strawberries and raspberries, the lunch of king salmon, the supper of charcoal grilled hamburgers with our own salad makings and garden beans, these may have been 3 of the best meals of our life.

Aug. 6 cont.--While I was in dogged pursuit of the WHA speech, a fine number presented itself last week: 40,000. Mariah has that many advance orders from bookstores, considerably beyond what Rascal Fair had at this point, hallelujah. Even Lee Goerner is letting himself be seen to be pleasantly surprised, verging toward the enthusiastic he told C, in an early-week phone conversation while I was at the UW dredging up stuff to use in the WHA talk (none of which I ended up using, making me even owl about the perversity of this speaking obligation), that he'd noticed on the computer a one-day jump of 4,000 in Mariah orders and figured oh, that's nice, must be Gordon's or some other wholesaler, but took a closer look and saw it was small orders from all around the country, 3s and 5s in Coral Gables and Little Rock and so on. I called him back on Thurs. afternoon to ask, okey-dokey then, how many Mariahs you going to print in first press-run, and ~~xxxx~~ Lee said 45,000, on the basis that more books are being handled by wholesalers these days, i.e. in theory at least only a day or so away from bookstores instead of 3 wks away in the publisher's warehouse. That sounds good enough to me for now, though I wonder if there might not be another ratchet-notch upward waiting in discount-store orders from this area--Penny Clark at Costco has not yet got back to Jon Rantala about what she wants for her 56 stores, for instance. Anyway, the Macmillan sales staff so far has done a lot better with this book than the previous ones, and the autumn bookstore season is tapping into place; it's almost daily, ~~xxx~~ about 4 p.m. NY time, when the phone machine ingests: "Hi-Ivan-this-is-Susan-give-me-a-call-you-know-the-number-212-702-6757-bye" and I shortly do call Susan Richman, publicity virtuoso, one more time.

A loss of last week was Norman Maclean, although given how badly old age was eroding him--and according to reports I had, Norman all too well knew his own failing functions--it could be said it was time for death. Coincidentally, that very day--think it must have been Aug. 2--the Western Lit're Q'ly came in which a Boise State prof named Helen Lojek I think pretty accurately nails Norman for the underlying macho myth--the Blackfoot River as so rugged it daunted Meriwether Lewis (!), flyfishing as the ultimate manly pursuit, Paul Maclean as ultimate fisherman--

Aug. 6 cont.--beneath A River Runs Through It and although she didn't quite know what to do with it, because you have to end up saying that what's in one sense wrong with a book is what makes it so terrific, she does put in the point that "one reason (Paul's death) will not erode--for writer or reader--is that Maclean fails to analyze the inadequacy of the western myth as a pattern for his brother's life." That's right, Norman just steamed on through, goddamn the torpedoes. How connected this is I don't know, but one of his great virtues as a person was his honesty about being mean. He was selective, maybe capricious, about it, and most of the time we were around him was just dandy; but when he felt something deserved rancor, he gave it all he had. I remember during our Seeley Lake visit to him in '85, he told us, either in effect or maybe in so many words, that being ornery--with would-be movie types, for example--was the one power he had in old age. I always figured he'd eventually manage to get pissed off at me if I was around him enough (I wasn't), maybe even over the fact that I was (as he teased me about a couple of times) "prolific," and I wasn't surprised when the moviemaking lovefeast between him and Kittredge and Annick blew up, I think from Norman's fuse. But I always figured too that was a main value of Norman to the rest of us, show us that passion, even if it has to be wrongheaded now and then, can go on into age. I see him yet at Seeley Lake, humming as he fixes us a noon drink, pottering through the kitchen of that cabin in his penguinly walk, mortal and eternal.

13 Aug.--The Mariah cover came in the mail this morning; deeper, richer colors than the stat version of last spring. I think it looks lordly, and this afternoon will call Werdy Bass and sing praise to her. Later this week, the actual book.

The first overcast weather in a while, after a hot weekend (even though it's never too bad in this valley and this house). C has been out looking at cars, as we try to solve road needs for the next some years, now that GM has killed off Skyhawks and made replacement parts a dicey situation. C called to inquire about adding air-conditioning to the '85 Skyhawk, if we decided we wanted it for the Arizona trip, and was told no go, those parts are no longer made; and the '88 gray 'hawk, now 3 years old and with only 18,000 miles, is already showing signs of muffler woe and a bit

13 Aug. cont.--of occasional distemper when it starts, besides the fact of my 6 months of aching back after our Montana travels in it in summer of '89. This morning she came up with idea of renting a car for the Montana-Jackson Hole book tour, to try out a possible model before buying; she just now came in and said the Honda Accord looks like the ~~xxx~~ champ.

At this point of the summer, August about to go over the hill and the flat-out book season beyond it, I've been nagged by the amount yet to be done, or that won't get done. But maybe the real essentials have: last week I evidently decided that I will do Heart Earth and Bucking the Sun as my next two books, likely in that order, and put aside thoughts of Left-Handed Rainbow, the UW speech series offer, and all else, really, to concentrate on those two strongest ideas. It took a day with a yellow pad, totting up pros and cons, possible schedules, and looking over the sample leads I've written, to decide, but now it feels as if the die is cast. Maybe apropos, of this slogging and/or

diligence, C said after looking over her job-hunting file from when we came to Seattle and files of mine on ~~book~~ The Rotarian and Decatur days, that it's utterly evident we didn't arrive here just out of nowhere: we've slogged our way out of a lot of past.

Later (1:45): Whooee, the book biz. Lee Goerner just called to say the ISBN stamp broke in the production process, meaning there'll be 22,000 books available as of Wed. but the remaining 23,000 not until next Monday. We're both so relieved the breakdown came at 22,000 instead of, say, 22 that we were a bit giddy; the saving news in this is that the early shipments from the bindery to the bookstores in the West can still be made.

Aug. 15--Mariah Montana's birth day, God bless. Half of the press run is being manufactured today and so begins the ineluctable season of bookstores, reviews, airports. I hope there's going to be some pleasure or at least stimulation in this Sept. through Nov. haul, the sixth time I've gone crusading with my inscripting pen. Each book stint has been different, but at least this one will not have Rascal Fair's odd crosscurrent of financial fret--those 50,000+ copies out in the world but markedly fewer being sold at my booksignings than did at English Creek's--because the money for Mariah is already ~~in~~ deposited in the bank; Mariah will have to sell 49,255 ~~copies~~ for me to ever earn another nickel beyond the advance, and in the harsh practicality of Macmillan's policy of 1/3 reserve against returns, this book would need to reach 75,000 copies-into-the-stores to produce any money on the first royalty statement of '91.

WAHOO (I guess)! Which is a direct quote, my report to Carol after the phone call from Lee Goerner just a minute ago. He had in his very hand a copy of Mariah and has expressed some copies to us; assured me my name got spelled right (said he once did a book by Grief ^{AI} Marcus in which the misspelling of Grief ^{AI} got past "twelve of us," onto the cover, the spine, etc.), the map came out okay, he checked p. 120 while we were talking and said the flag art is okay--I told him jeez, this is getting too easy, I'm going to have to come up with new typographical challenges. Guardedly exultant is probably the best description of the mood at either end of the phone; Lee said these books-in-hand mean the shipments to Montana etc. for the booksigning tour are being made today as per schedule, but-take-along-my-batch-of-bookplates-so-as-to-have-SOMETHING-to-sign-JUST-IN-CASE, while I'm medium reassured by his assurance that the book doesn't have any dropped signatures or other fatal flaws but won't utterly believe it until I go through one page-by-page myself.

Thus beginneth Mariah, and endeth my 1980's, the decade of the trilogy. Even if Mariah flops (and the signs aren't at all in that direction; Lee G. and others at Mac'n keep saying my gosh, we have these 40,000 orders for the book and nothing's really happened yet--no advertising's been run, no big reviews, no bookstore touring) I believe these

Aug. 15 cont.--three novels have come out better than I ever expected; English Creek pretty much on target as what I'd hoped it'd be, but Rascal Fair much more grandly wrought than I'd figured such a devilish-to-research piece of work could be made to be, and now, if Mariah holds up under re-read, a more fluid story and resonating set of characters than I'd anticipated for the centennial book. Not incidentally, in terms of professional peace of mind, these three books have elevated me from the \$25,000-advance-per-book category to possibly eight or ten times that for Heart Earth. I suppose I have overworked and underenjoyed through the near-decade of work on the trilogy but as I've thought to tell myself periodically, the time would go anyway and so it might as well go into the writing.

Without my fully thinking about it, I have been keeping a fairly intricate schedule this summer, too. Just 24 hours ago I finished the one-page synopsis of Heart Earth for Liz's use in negotiating that contract, in the months ahead; and what was it, the week before last when I made myself buckle down and dispose of the writing of the WHA speech, which would be three times as hard to work on now that the phones of August ~~know~~ are ringing-in the book season.

Weather and coyote report: some clouds today, the air a bit heavier, but last evening was ~~xxxx~~ gorgeous, a peacock-like spread of high small clouds when we walked the park and ultimately went to the Edmonds waterfront, to escape the noise of Lee Cochrane's rented woodchipper next door. (Third 'chipper of the summer! C notes indignantly.) Y'day morning when I walked the park, a coyote stepped out of the parking lot rosebush patch no more than 60 feet in front~~of~~ of me, watched me, sidled along the bowl of the softball field below me as I walked that hundred yards, disappeared over the bank to the soccer field, reappeared in interest when the blond from across the street came with her little white Westie, Stewart (hilariously oblivious to the keen attention from the carnivore not 75 feet away) and trailed across the outfield between her and me. The Seattle Times the night before had a piece about a biologist studying (sub)urban

Aug. 15 cont.--coyote~~s~~ and told of his bafflement at watching one cavort tamely in the parking lot at Blue Cross, beyond the top of the ridge from our park; oh, the Blue Cross watchman came along and told him, that's Nancy, she shares my ham sandwich every night. El coyote in the park y'day morning verily had the look of ham sandwich expectation, all right.

17 Aug.--Carol claims the windchimes at the patio end of the house now ~~will~~ trill out, "Tri-lo-gy, tri-lo-gy." Two copies of Mariah arrived by Airborne Express today at a quarter to noon (55 minutes later, the Audio Press Riding the Two tape arrived by UPS from DeWitt in Colorado) and we have both been grinningly dabbing in and out of the books ever since. It's handsomer on the page than I expected--the page proofs turn out to have been somewhat reduced in the photocopying--and in fact is probably my bestlooking book since Sky.

Meanwhile, the world: a few minutes ago at 3:30 p.m., a low-flying plane roared over as we sat on the patio, C got up to peer through the trees and reported it's a Boeing AWACS plane with the spooky electronic saucer in front of the tail--heading for Whidbey Naval Air Station, ultimately Saudi Arabia/Iraq? C said she also heard unusual amount of plane activity during the night which she figured was military.

21 Aug.--Mariah in the bookstores. 300 copies arrived by Roadway Express at Rimrock Waldenbooks in Billings today, and Barb Theroux's 100 copies in Missoula; evidently one week from bindery to bookstores. Miraculous. Who would have ever thought it.

Aug. 29--The way life is going: I intended to spend an hour or so at my desk this morning and move on to household chores, and now, at past 10:30, I've so far ^{talked} with Lee Goerner, reading me the Library Journal review of Mariah and generally schmoozing; Norma Ashby, enthusiastic (to my surprise and relief) about the book and reporting that Hastings Video & Book is advertising it on a marquee and selling copies like crazy in Gt Falls; and Alex Tizon, Seattle Times Pacific Magazine reporter, asking me for comment on Barry Lopez's work for a profile he'd writing.

Y'day the Mariah press kit came, very fulsome, showy with the book cover on the folder.

And since I wrote that last sentence, mgr of a Reno Waldenbooks called to, AT LAST, pin down what should be the last of that flappiest of logistics, my stopover at the WHA convention. Y'day or day before I got on the phone with Susan Richman to suggest I fly to Reno the night before my talk, cutting things fine from the Black Oak reading/signing to hustle to the San Francisco airport, which horrified her--"But Ivan, Black Oak is our biggest event!" She had a point, so I agreed to take a United commuter flight the next morning but warned Susan we'd better ticket me on that right away; she said okay, let me get my travel agent Bonnie Tobias on the line with us. There followed about a half hour of angle-playing, schedule conniving and repartee which I could barely keep up with--Bonnie Tobias has a New York "have I got a deal for you" mouth ten times brassier than Susan can ever be; at one point, Bonnie was convincing me to go along with ticketing gimmick she'd come up with and Susan broke in and said, "Bonnie, get off the line, I want to talk to Ivan without you" and Bonnie with no asperity promptly did. The gimmick evidently is going to be to buy me bargain round-trip tickets and have me throw away--i.e., no show--the return halves, say on the Reno-Minneapolis part of the trip. In the immortal words of Bonnie, "Susan, I'm going to show you, I can save you so much money..."

7 Sept., Lewistown, 4:15 a.m.:--Yesterday was a mighty one. After breakfast at the Snow White Cafe we left here a bit before 7 and at 9:30 pulled into Hazel and Dick Gibson's ranch in the breaks of the Lower Musselshell, 45 mi. northeast of Winnetka--which itself is an outpost of nowhere. (Characteristically, we figure--people out here must do it in mental self-defense--Hazel's phone directions to me radically underestimated the road distance but was exactly right about the driving time.) The place is on Blood Creek, down what Hazel said on the phone is a big hill and a neighbor we got directions from repeated is a real big hill and indeed is a hellacious curving road atop ribs of badland with dropoffs of hundreds of feet, and they live in a big mobile home Dick maneuvered in by Caterpillar because a truck with the m home on it couldn't fit around the curves. It seemed entirely fitting, emblematic even, that Dick and Hazel between them--she's going on 73, he's 72--don't have a gram of fat on them, pared down to life in that country. Hazel is short, not quite tiny, probably close to my mother's size; a wrinkled, rivuleted face with large steady eyes and a surprising sizable snub nose. Dick is 5'7 or 8, with what by rights ought to be a cadaverous bone structure--his eyes sit way back inside crags, almost caves, of brow and socket, and his temples are so concave you could put a thumb in there--but actually makes him nine-tenths handsome. Both of them were born in that country and in '58 they came for good--or until age and Hazel's wracking cough eventually forces them into Jordan--to Hazel's folks' place (the family name was Winter) there on Blood Creek. The old folks had hauled water to cattle by go-devil from the Musselshell River (and for drinking water, melted ice they'd put up the winter before) but after a couple of years of that, Dick put in 12 miles of ~~pw~~ pipe, up Blood Creek--5 miles of it carrying water from the Musselshell up and 7 miles bringing some down the nearly-dry creek, to supply a line of stock tanks. The Gibsons operate in damn near Australian outback conditions; the ranch is 1423 acres, but with another

7 Sept. cont.--16 sections (i.e., another 10,000+ acres, making as Dick says "about half a township), all to run 140 head of cattle. One school section they lease will carry only 4 cows, and then not quite--31 animal units, across ~~the~~ 8 months; "it's all like this," Dick made up-and-down motions with his hands to show how the land stands on end.

It's a country where you need to be alert to a hell of a lot--the road in, which can kill you in a hundred places, rattlesnakes in the yard, ~~and~~ and when the Gibsons stepped outside with us as we made to leave, Hazel instantly looked west to the expanse of prairie grass and said, "Smoke." Dick said yeah, he thought he'd been smelling some--by now he'd looked thoroughly at the horizon, and declared it was just general smoky haze, not a prairie fire coming down on us. Evidently you never can figure you've seen everything that country can do; Dick was driving out with his young granddaughter when she insisted she'd seen a bear, and though he figured she'd just spotted a stump, he decided to back up to take a look--and a grizzly reared onto its hind legs to look back at them.

7 a.m. now, resuming this after breakfast, ~~when~~ which we managed after blithely going downtown to the Snow White on basis of y'day's assurance that they open at 5, found the place still dark at 5:15, and so we walked around town until it got itself underway. Sunlight is hitting the bale stacks in the field next to this Super 8 motel, with bright egg of a moon above them.

After getting ourselves to Blood Creek and back without mishap, y'day's real adventure began when we walked into this motel room again about 3:15, hot and bedraggled but with me determined to hustle out and try to interview Marcus Matovich, the other person besides Hazel I particularly wanted to see in this area, and ~~was~~ noticing at once that the Fort Peck file folder I'd carefully left on the corner of this desk for quick finding when we got back was gone. We looked all through our gear for it, though I was dead sure I'd left ~~it~~ it "safely" on the desk, then went down to tackle the front desk about what I was sure had happened--the maid threw it away. No, she wouldn't do that, the woman on duty told me, they're specifically instructed

7 Sept. cont.--not to touch stuff ~~by~~ that's ~~lying~~ lying around like that. Nonetheless, said I, it's gone, she must have thrown it away and while I don't mean to be sharp about it, this is important stuff that's missing. That got the desk clerk a little more focused--she at first said she didn't know who the maid even was today and couldn't find out--and after I then steamed off to try do the Matovich interview freehand, Carol persevered to the point of going to the dumpster out back--the desk lady by now providing her with rubber gloves and apologizing that she couldn't leave the desk to help--and going through garbage bags. As she sorted, she came to the flower lei I bought her at the farmer's market in Missoula the other night and thought, eureka! Indeed the file was in that bag; I evidently put the Lewistown newspaper atop the file and the maid ~~xxx~~ chucked the file along with it without noticing. One more literary adventure for C in Travels With Ivan.

Meanwhile the Matovich interview was exceeding my best expectations, Marcus telling me with a good deal of detail and, I think, precision about the alfalfa seed business on the land drowned out by Fort Peck dam. At 78, Marcus looks ~~not~~ more than 65--his wife Ruby, though she shows her age more, is as trim as the Gibsons were--and has a full head of white hair sweeping back from a face so tanned he looks a bit Indian (the family actually was from Yugoslavia). A good-looking guy, with one raffish touch I've never seen before: about a third of a front tooth is chipped off evenly, so that when he smiles there's that surprising unexpected little gap winsomely there, like a dimple in his ~~mouth~~ mouth. Marcus is a history buff and as C observed after we went back there ~~last~~ last night so she could see his old roundup pictures (plus as it turned out, one end of his garage full of buffalo skulls found on their ranch, coincidentally next to the Gibsons'), he plainly was glad to have an audience for his enthusiasm. And oh yes, one other distinguishing feature: a still-healing scar down his neck, from recent carotid surgery in what has been a ~~50~~ 5-year struggle with circulatory problems since he had a heart attack.

Sept. 10, Jackson, Wyoming--Carol just looked outside our bedroom window here at Nancy Effinger's--at a few min. before 5--and reported the thermometer shows 86 in the shade. Doesn't feel nearly that hot, thanks to a healthy breeze.

In half an hour we head to town for supper with Nancy at the Sweetwater and then my reading at her Teton County Library, second and last event of this good Jackson stay.

Sold about 50 Mariahs at Steve Ashkey's Valley Bookstore Sat. afternoon, a good steady flow of customers instead of the boom-or-bust pace of 3 years ago. With the 150 sold in Billings at the Rimrock Waldenbooks on Friday, we're perking along well on the book tour; Steve, for instance, now has sold 78 of his first order of 100 Mariahs--a terrific pace for the 1st weekend after Labor Day.

Got up a little before 4:30 this morn, and by 6 we were at the Cathedral Rocks turnout watching elk graze past--including a bull with colossal spread of antlers--and morning light come onto the Tetons. This has been quite a wonderful stay, brilliant Indian summer weather and a chance to hike (String Lake y'day, up along Leigh Lake and a look at the Moose Ponds today) as well as to laze around and nap. A respite that was needed, as Carol's back had stiffened up drastically from the driving by the time we got here. Ironically, my bum back, which was the reason this trip was so excruciatingly arranged for her to share the driving, has been hunky-dory.

Sept. 13, Bozeman, 6:45 a.m.--The day goes downhill after dawn. I'm just back from a 45-minute walk from the Malones' to a small stand of aspens ~~and~~ alongside the road west into town, where the trees frame the Bridger Mtns. Another glorious-looking day--utterly clear sky, with a ~~quarter~~ quarter-moon and a jillion stars--in this remarkable Indian summer trip.

Great successes y'day: sold all but 2 of the Mariahs the Country Bookshelf had--which means they've now sold 172 copies--and by fax came Wendy Smith's Chicago Sun-Times review savvying the book perfectly, and by phone in the bookstore came Lee Goerner's news that Mariah is on the San Francisco Chronicle bestseller list.

Sept. 13 cont.--Kate ~~Malone~~ Malone has just brought me down a potent-looking cup of coffee, kidding me that I'm awfully particular--when I got up at 5 and plugged in the coffeemaker she'd so carefully set up, pure water perled through and I left her a note saying I don't like to criticize her coffee but it seemed to lack, well, coffee.

In a few minutes I'm heading off to breakfast with Denis Bonnet, my one chance at visiting with him in this hectic schedule. Then it's a phone interview with the Spokane Spokesman-Review, then an hour's booksigning at MSU, then on to Helena and overnight with Dave Walter.

What a bookstore is the Country Bookshelf, run with madonnah-like aplomb by Mary Jane DiSanti. Will try to get down some particulars, later this morning, on the signing throng, but maybe the quintessential detail is that when Mary Jane saw she might run short of Mariahs, she sent ~~her~~ Thalia off to B. Daltons to buy 20 copies--at full price!--and thus came out almost exactly even on the total of books we sold.

Sept. 15--Helena, at the Walters' dining room table. Waiting to see today's chapter in Mariah's life, after marvelous signing y'day in Gt Falls, some 200 copies sold, not counting the p'backs of the other books. The crowd was truly sweetly cooperative, most of those who stood on line--for some time--writing out the names for inscriptions, and in an epidemic of ~~my~~ helpfulness they even began ~~spring~~ putting the front flap into the title page to aid me in the signing logistics. A number of ex-Valier and Dupuyer people came--Hammers, Hazel Bonnet, Larry Lindseth, Rita Morris, others--plus a goodlooking young Doig woman, Christy I think, who must be a grand-niece of Walt Doig, having me sign one up to her father who bears old D.L.'s name, David Lawson Doig; plus my favorite ex-USFS folks, George Engler & wife Laurene, plus a lot of little old ladies you just wanted to hug and bless. No kooks, nobody bothersome--though Carol lured off a wannabee writer or two--and indeed except for the crazy lady who, miraculously, was the last person to show up at the Billings signing, these have been mellow signings. Oh, yes, the case of Aunt Elsie. In Bozeman at the ~~MSU~~ MSU bookstore--where we ended up

Sept. 15 cont.--selling a stunning 125 copies in an hour's signing--I was sitting in Mary Kessner's office just before beginning, Mary telling me Elsie had been on the phone with her for about an hour with the gist of it being that she probably couldn't make ~~it~~ it in to the signing and me recounting to Mary the dead-accurate description by Carol that Elsie is a witch, and no sooner was the word "withh" out of my mouth than from outside the office we hear, "Yoo hoo, is that that relative of mine?" I went out, shook hands with Elsie and Wendell, told them I had to start signing books but could visit briefly afterwards; as I've had Jick say, that bounced off her like a berry off a buffalo, and she trailed me to the signing table yakking madly, was momentarily--~~about~~ about a nanosecond's worth--stunned into silence when she saw a line of about 20 people waiting for me, and was herded off to the cookie end of the table by Mary Kessner. That worked for 5 minutes, until Elsie barged into the front of the line telling me she's had a ~~letter~~ letter from Anna and she had to tell me about it; I gritted--out, "Elsie, I can't talk to you now," and after a couple of more blurts from her, when I sternly said "Scoot!"--surely to God the only time I've ever used that as an imperative verb--damned if she didn't leave. The people on line got a charge out of the episode, though they wouldn't have if I hadn't chucked her so promptly; somebody down the line yelled out, "Why doesn't she buy a book?"

Still on the topic of boss ladies, this one fortunately on my side instead of under my skin, Norma Ashby did yet another KRTV interview of me--only her second one this year, ~~back~~ in what is supposed to be her retirement--and as if the TV camera's red light clacked her on, did a brilliantly smooth job of hectoring everybbody in the viewing audience to read my stuff. We then had ~~a~~ lunch with Norma and her husband Shirley, retired banker who looks like a cowpoke, and had supper with Wayne and Genise Arnst as a mini-way to catch up on them, good people that they are.

Sept. 17 cont.—when Carol asked him if he was glad to be back in Montana after New Mexico and ~~Illinois~~ Illinois ~~signing~~ stints, roared "By God, yes, I'm not moving again until they plant me!") and Ray Doig taking pics, and amid it all, Dave Doig's daughter Penny and her husband Chris, from Dillon; Edith Brekke, and Pat Austin who grew up in the Sixteen country—all trooped in, plus Rich Roeder, Father Blasko from Carroll College English Dept., local writer Joan Bishop, etc. Judy Flanders as ever was a sketch. This time she was just barely managing to talk after a week of flu she picked up in Juneau, and so was simultaneously physically miserable and deliriously happy, sweeping through the bookstore looking like Maggie Smith's kid sister.

Details of signings inevitably get away from me—with a fresh person cropping up every minute or half-minute, the signing sessions are about as nonconsecutive and mind-altering as MTV—but from the notebook and memory, a few more bits: in the long line at the MSU bookstore (longest yet, of these stores), a young woman introducing me to her 3-month-old daughter Mariah in her back-babypack; at Great Falls, night of my reading/signing at Cascade County Historical Society, the blond youngish nothing-daunted English teacher from Simms who uses Sky, Last Best ~~Place~~ ^{was} Place, Fools Crow etc in her class, and again brought her, as she did 3 years ago, her prize young writer, Joe (whose last name I wish hadn't escaped me), with the news that she's entered his poetry in a contest; the what-the-hell-now? ambience of that Cascade His'l Society signing, as two sourpuss (and maybe fuming) women handled the booksales—C guessed that they'd probably been frogmarched by Norma Ashby into working that night; an 80ish woman named Betty Alt who said she'd ~~was~~ taught in one-room schools (Dupuyer among them) in much the fashion of Angus McCaskill in Rascal Fair; another woman of the same vintage who'd been born on a homestead near The Knees in the Fort Benton country, who when she was telling me about that life was astonished that I didn't know ~~that~~ ^{the farm} "a Watkins man"—peddler of liniments etc. to homesteaders it turned out to be—and turned to Norma Ashby and exclaimed, "Norma, he doesn't know what a Watkins man was!"—which, it dawned on me and maybe

Sept. 17 cont.—on Norma, Norma is the modern equivalent of with her Mary Kay Cosmetics merchandising.

Ah, and the infinitude of Montana coincidences. When we pulled in to the Hensley Motel in Choteau night before last, Margaret Austin greeted us not only with the Cronkite Ghetto Suite but a note from the woman in Room 9 to whom Margaret had merrily blabbed that I was going to be on the premises. I really must be mellow on this trip, because I ~~did~~ didn't even have any impulse to throttle Margaret but just wearily began thinking how to make a polite-but-let's-don't-get-involved-here foray to Room 9. The lady, Janet Miller, turned out to be very nice, as did her Benicia, ~~Ex~~ Calif. daughter Frances and son-in-law Don, and were graciously sympathetic when I explained that I needed solitude with Carol instead of supper with them. Anyway, during that chat in their room I was telling them where we'd been on this trip, and idly asked Janet if she knew where Cat Creek was. She sure did: she went to grade school there, with Hazel's husband Dick Gibson.

All in all, things could hardly have gone better on this trip so far. Kalispell may be slow going at the 2 signings there because of the dispirited economy, and Missoula is pretty sure to be blase about me, but we could have a zammo night at Auntie's in Spokane. Even if we don't, this trip has already sold about 950 Mariah's by hand, and virtually all the stores will soon be re-ordering, possibly to the tune of another thousand or two by Christmas...maybe as many as 4,000 books launched through these Montana stores, and it's still 11 days to Publication Day and the national push.

1 Oct.--A major weekend. Mariah got through the NY Times Book Review with minimal but also non-lethal notice, and reaped big good reviews in the LA Times and Washington Post (Halfway through that sentence, phone rang and it was Liz Darhansoff, exulting over the Post review, teasingly asking me if Susan Dodd, the reviewer, is my sister, aunt, what.) The one regional booksellers' shindig I'm going to, PNBA, also was taken care of, last night, when I led off the roster of speakers--Jim Welch, Tess Gallagher and Barry Lopez after me--and I think, I think, pulling off the "timeweavers" story from the '85 Oregon Historical Society booksigning as a performance. Carol tells me I clearly was the only one who had rehearsed, and I stayed within my 15-min. time slot; we duly noted that Barry Lopez, who was eloquent and generous (citing Tess for carrying on Ray Carver's aura, citing me for my ~~the~~ Mariah dedication to Stegner) in much of his talk, nonetheless spoke for 33 min. at the end of an already l-o-o-n-g dinner. First time I'd met Barry, just briefly before the speaking, and he's obviously an ever-active mind, interested in a lot, and processing it through talk; I glanced over my shoulder at Jim Welch at about the half-hour point of Barry's talk and was met with Jim's slight little lift-of-the-eyebrows smile. All in all, the booksellers got quite a ~~the~~ shot of writers and seemed pleased; all four of us earlier whizzed through signings of freebie books, 75 Mariahs in my case gone in half an hour.

Last week was a bruising one, literally. Coming home on Greenwood early Friday afternoon after a satellite interview by Noah Adams and sundry chores, I was rearended by a bearded & late 20ish guy named Chris Helgeland whose excuse was, "I missed my brake--twice!" I had braked and was very nearly stopped, behind a woman making a left turn in front of me, and could see Helgeland's Camaro-like outfit zooming down on me from behind; I managed to spurt the Skyhawk--the gray, newer one--into motion just enough so he didn't ^{ram} me entirely standing still and yet managed to stand on the brakes and not ram on into the turning car in front of me, while the yoyo behind me, young and athletic, was managing to miss his brake pedal twice, for christ's sake. My neck and shoulders took such a hell of a snap--and an instant headache ~~kick~~ came on--that I drove

1 Oct. cont.--myself over to Group Health at Northgate to be looked at, a process that dragged over a couple of hours. But I've come out of it miraculously, ~~because~~ because the examining doctor's (Knight's) warning was that the pain could last a couple of weeks and inflammation etc. long beyond that, and I've only felt ~~rocky to the next~~ rocky the rest of Friday, slept and rested on Saturday, felt almost okay y'day and seem fine today. Insurance paperwork and damage estimates loom, which pisses me off in an already crammed season, but I'm at least pleased that the yoyo's Camaro-clone was much more bunged up than the Skyhawk, its grill gone and hood crumpled etc.

The week before that was largely an exercise of patience and fortitude in National Public Radio interviews, four of them to get two on the air, maybe. First, Jyl Hoyt and her new husband, concluding their honeymoon, came for lunch and to do Jyl's Morning Edition arts-segment interview of me, last Sunday. Tuesday, I was on KUOW's afternoon show with Ross Reynolds, the studio procedure--such as dumping me to wait in a room where volunteers were stuffing envelopes and bombarded me with questions and conversation as I tried to focus toward the interview--p-re-t-t-y shaggy but the show went fine. Wednesday morning--I should've brought my sleeping bag--I was back to KUOW for 9:30 satellite uplink, to be interviewed by Noah Adams for All Things Considered. Noah didn't make it to the uplink until 18 minutes into the half-hour of satellite time, explaining things were a little wild at NPR, the producer of the great hit Civil War series (Ken Burns) beamingly being interviewed in one studio and some government potentate from Bulgaria in another, but nothing daunted, Noah sailed into our session--until he decided we had just better admit to daunted, and try again another day--"You spent a lot of time on this book," he said, "and I want to do this right." Onward to Friday morning, uplink try #2, which began with me again presenting myself to assistant engineer Sue, who blanched and said, "This morning? But I just did an NPR uplink, at 8:30." Told her all I knew was that I'd been standing right beside her in the studio on Wednesday when Noah said we'd try again at 9:30 on Friday, his office had confirmed the next day with my publisher, and here I was, so hadn't we better go get into the studio and find out what's what? Once there, I told her I'd set up the mike-and-reading-stand arrangement myself--after the Wednesday dry-run I at least knew how

1 Oct. cont.--I wanted things arranged so I could spread a few notes etc.--while she checked things out with NPR. They knew nothing about any uplink. Sue moaned. I told her I was pretty sure Noah was determined to do something this morning, so what was the backup, a tape sync? It was, and as that's her preferred setup, easier to do, I guess, she went in to prepare for that. Nothing of any kind eventuated for a while, then came word from Noah to hold tight, they were getting matters together in D.C. At 15 min. into any uplink half-hour again, Sue nervously called back to see what was going to happen, was startled to get Noah his very self who told her it's indeed going to be an uplink, not a tape sync (which is not his preference, cumbersome from his technical point of view, evidently). And indeed pretty quick here is the voice of Noah into my fuzzy yellow earphones, saying we're going to do it now--I broke in, "Until the hour?" (i.e., the next 11 or so minutes) "or what?" No, beyond to 14 min. past the hour, he said, which indeed was a comfortable amount of time, and he proceeded to ask me stuff about research methods etc. which had nothing to do with ~~what~~ what he'd had in mind on Wednesday, a focus on the Shelby fight scene as a way to give the flavor of the book. So it goes, sausage as she is made, but probably the eventual air version, if and when it ever gets on, will sound just fine.

Oh yes, and the final line: phone call from Jyl Hoyt after Wednesday's futile uplink, sighing that Noah had bigfooted her interview.

4 Oct.--Conversation of the morning: called Bill Kittredge in Missoula to make sure I was remembering right a great line from one of his short stories, a ranch hand saying "All you can own is what you do." Bill: "Oh God...I dunno, you got me." Me: "It's a piece about east of the mountains, the ranch hand is involved with the woman who owns the place...I heard you read it, where the hell--yeah, at Elliott Bay." Bill: "Yeah, yeah, right, 'Balancing the Water!'" Me: "Yeah, that's it. Have I got it right, 'All you can own is what you do'?" Bill: "Sounds okay...I guess I could look it up...naw, go ahead and use it that way." Me: "Bill, you always were a demon for research."

4 Oct. cont.--As Carol gleefully pointed out to me this morning, ~~and~~ two weeks from today Mariah's paperback ~~rights~~ rights get auctioned. Ingoddamnevitably, it takes place on my busiest day of the entire fall, amid wall-to-wall bookstore-and-interview stuff in San Francisco, but I suppose that adds to the excitement. (In all honesty, it's got to be better than three years ago, when I was fending my way through a medical benefit booksigning in Eugene, sullen doctors who'd been pressganged into the event by their wives of the auxiliary munging around and being snide, while Harper was blowing Penguin out of the water for the Rascal Fair p'back; I remember taking in the horserace-like report, by that Saratoga devotee Tom Stewart, over a phone on the basement stairwell while waving away some overbearing medico.) Dan Frank of Penguin is all but broadcasting that he intends to give Harper a run for its money for Mariah, and Cathy Fox told me on the phone y'day that her strategy is to try get one more bidder, at least, into the race, such as Anchor or Fawcett. Realistically, it'll be a first if more than two houses figure my stuff is worth a minor bidding war, and Cathy says her hunch is that Harper will top any other bid or bids, "they've simply got more money to throw around."

Tuesday night we went to Elliott Bay bookstore for Jim Welch's reading from The Indian Lawyer; he had a good crowd, filling almost all the booklined "reading" room. Remarked to us, though, that he'd spent the day walking around Seattle, which made C and me wonder about the efforts of Norton, and the San Francisco-based sales rep (Oliver Gilliland, who ~~isn't~~ according to Carol's hearing of it at PNBA last Sunday was meeting Jim for the first time, even though he's been the sales rep for some years), on behalf of Indian Lawyer. C also has discovered that Norton has let The Triggering Town, a really wonderful book, go out of stock and shows no sign of reprinting.

Oct. 5--This actually has been a week when I gained on the tasks--Carol, just having gone into the living room to time out a tape portion of Stegner's "Sense of Place" for next Tuesday, says she has too. And I still have next week, though somewhat chore-choked, before, in the ineffable words of Mayakovsky, "I go off to read in all the directions there are."

Wanted to get down here, while waiting for Shoreline Library to open an hour from now (it's 6:30 a.m.; have had a bit of my seasonal waking-up-radically-early, 4 o'clock this morning, but I'm feeling pretty good), the cream of the evening we spent at Jim and Lois Welch's, Sept. 4 it'd have been, at start of the Montana booktour. Jim taught at the Aspen writers' school in a summer gig, and when we asked him how that had gone, he said fine, fine, students were okay, but the funniest thing was when Derek Walcott came in to do a reading. There was to be some kind of a gathering, reception, whatever, afterwards and so the Aspen faculty of writers ~~got to~~ got to the room ahead of Walcott, and moved a bunch of tables together at one side of the room so they could all sit and visit when Walcott came. He came, all right, cast a look at bunched tables, and sauntered over to a lone table on the other side of the room. Jim said there was a kind of collective blink among the tabled writers, then everybody scuttled the tables back across the room to where Walcott had plopped. Even so, Jim said, pretty quick Walcott got up and went off and superconspicuously hung around with the students rather than the faculty. We hooted at Jim's telling of all this, him innocently lumped in on whatever social/racial/sexual point Walcott was disdainfully making, and Annick Smith whooped to Jim, "Honkie-for-a-day, Jim! See what it's like!?"

Have meant to put down too the odd conjunctions of cousinage lately. Been at a corner of my mind, of course, while I was working up the "Timeweavers" piece about genetic threads, for the PNBA talk last Sunday. But I don't think I got down into these pages the day, a month or so ago, when a joint letter came from Carol's Philadelphia cousins Roger and Marge Dean announcing that, after what must be nearly 30 years, now that the kids were grown they were divorcing. About an hour before that, phone rang and the characteristic breezy "Hi!" (with no

Oct. 5 cont.--deigning to name) that announces a call from Dave Ringer came into my ear. Dave's news too was divorce, also after 20 or so years with Nellie, and he's been on the phone several times since, with that McAfee "gosh, I'm cuter than a spotted pup" brassiness--at one point he smugly said, "Oh, I'm just as feisty as ever" and in the next sentence was telling me about being in counseling over his divorce woes--which I'm determined not to let under our roof, into our lives; the goddamn kid is 40 years old, after all, and now if ever had better get over the need for handholding. Anyway, I deflected Dave's various suggestions for coming up here so I can inscribe some Mariahs for him to telling him to meet me at Pacific Pipeline, conveniently there in his neck of the woods, when I sign some books for them next Mon. So I've had my hackles up about this little situation of picking up the phone expecting to do book business and finding Dave mooning there instead. Then the other night the phone rang a little before supper, it was Beverly Doig--daughter of the awful Elsie!--asking if I'd like to have the LA Times review of Mariah, the Crown ad for Mariah (that I hadn't known about), whether I knew that Mariah was #5 on the Denver bestseller list (No, I sure didn't), and saying she and some friends from work would make the hour's drive to my signing at the Dutton's store in LA. . . a phone call I liked immensely, a cousin I was tickled to hear from.

Oct. 15, 8 a.m., abd Delta flt to LA -

Scant plane load, no more than $\frac{1}{4}$ full, this rainy-sleazy-morning. By a hectic miracle, Shuttle Express picked me up at 6:05 and, 4 passenger pickups later, had me at airport at 7:30. Some shaggy aspects to the trip. I reached down to put on my seatbelt harness and found - luckily, before I slung it across my cord spt jacket - it had been dragging outside door and was wet & muddy. Toweled it off, used it, thought oh well - then at airport when I went to use shouldertrap of my brand new suitcase, it was ~~sopping~~ sopping, evidently from some leak into the luggage area at rear of van. Along way, in Ballard we picked up a desultory pair of young guys going to Hawaii, whose luggage proved to be a back-end-of-a-pickup-load, including several cardboard boxes they hadn't yet got around to taping shut. The van all but submerged under their load, but away we went.

Oct. 20, Reno - Behind me are LA, the Bay Area, and the paperback auction of Manah - \$85,000 buy by Penguin. As the split with Macmillan is 60-40 in my favor, there was a \$51,000 day. Called C y'day, she said \$5,900 Mae's royalties had arrived - pointed out to her what a drastic

Oct. 20 cont. - financial trend that is, a decline in income like that in just 2 days.

This WHA stopover is long & tedious - can't get a flight out until 2:45 this afternoon, with motel checkout time of course 11 a.m. - and may or may not have been worth while. The panel I was on evidently did wow the audience - "best session of whole conference," a bit like being tallest dwarf, maybe. I did as well with my talk as I think I ever could, and possibly squeezed out a narrow win over Richard White in one-upmanship. Richard had looked back into my McGillivray dissertation & found a particularly turgid sentence to counter my admonition that history doesn't have to be dull written. Knowingly or not - probably not - he hit the tender nerve of the hard feelings generated between Carstensen and me in our mutual exasperation over my writing style in the diss'n, & what he was citing was one of the sentences I'd had to resort to to get by Carstensen.

Anyway, in spur-of-the-moment rebuttal to Richard's wily-crafted comments - Tom King, the other writer, aptly got up and said, "They get to see ours but we don't get to see theirs - I went to the mic and said I just had 2 things to say to Richard - "The movie rights to my dissertation are still available," which brought a laugh, and

Oct. 20 cont.

Then, "We can all watch future U W demonstrations with interest, now that Richard has a chair in that seminar room, to see whether the Cartesian policy that every "also" has to become a "moreover" gets changed or not."

Nov. 1, abrd United fl. #342 to Denver. A jam-packed DC-10, overbooked, & a seat that crams the body, but I've just stood & stretched at back of plane for abt 15 min. & so feel pretty good.

Am a bit antsy abt weather ahead in these 3 days - Stapleton Airport is a bummer when there's snow - but will just try parse through it as it comes.

Y'day was day of phone interviews - Ft Collins Coloradoan, Anacortes American - & one that failed to happen again, Larry Sarindell @ Ft. Worth Star-Telegram, who is proving to be, in this business, (as Susan Richman & Carol both put it) a jerk. Anyway, it's been a matter of tending to details, try

(interrupted by inevitable plane meal of something white, something brown)

Nov. 3, aboard United / l. # 455 -
out of Denver at last, after an hour
delay - & ominously, 2 de-icings - in
1st storm of winter at Stapleton airport.

Snow thickened after breakfast, and
about 9 I began making decision to cancel
out on Colorado Springs book signing this
afternoon. It came down to 3 factors - the
travel to Colo Spgs w/ sales rep. Terry
Warnick, about 3 hrs total driving, round-
trip; what number of customers we were
likely to have; & even-damnable Stapleton
Airport. After a lot of phone conversation
with Terry & Joel McKenney, book-
store owner, the last 2 of the 3 factors
~~looked~~ unimprovably dubious - the store
had only 6 phone orders, a worn barometer for
a signing, & arithmetic of Stapleton - in -
storm inevitably is that plane traffic backs up
more & more through day - I said OK,
it's my decision, we're not going to fight
this weather. Not that the point needs
driving home any more w/ Susan Richman -
she answered my call day before y'day when
storm was forecast by saying, "you're
going to yell at me, aren't you" - but
never again a Denver book tour this late
in year. The Kappa Kappa Gamma
banquet I spoke at, & whose Nov. 1 date
determined rest of this trip, really didn't

Nov. 3 cont.

sell any more books than we would have in Colo. Springs on, say, a nice Oct. day; and after F. W. W. & Kappas, it's pretty plain to me I'd rather sell at bookstores instead of shindigs.

The damnable weather y'day & today —
• 1st day I was in Denver, people were out on
• sts in shorts — aside, • triumph was.

Tattered Cover reading/signing last night.

The store has a take-a-number system, so we know 104 people went thru the signing line, several of them w/ more than 1 copy of *Mania*, plus 40 phone orders I signed up afterward. Terry W. & I figured at a minimum 150 *Manias* got sold, more likely 170 or so. And I did maybe my best reading of the fall — or at least second to • one @ Kepler's in

Marble Park — of • *Balcony Express* section; big good audience last night, who laughed promptly, a sign that particular section will go over well. Probably it was over-enthusiasm of • moment speaking, but Margaret Maupin said it was Tattered Cover's biggest signing.

So, if United manages to land this aircraft (we've just had • hamburger lunch that was • main reason for • delay — food truck broke down, another had to be

Nov. 3 cont.

brought; one more is - this - a - great -
country - a - what incident, dozens of us
losing an hour apiece for sake of a
mediocre goddamn hamburger.) I'll have
done a airport portion of Mariah's autumn.
This trip sold between 265 + 300 hardbacks,
putting total for signings up around 2200;
I guess, by Jesus, it's working.

Nov. 6--Finally--and only maybe briefly--a morning when
I don't have to rev up instantly for some decision such
as canning a Colorado-Springs-booksigning-in-a-snowstorm
or what to do about Paul Pinterich at The Oregonian, who
not surprisingly didn't like Mariah--his own life the
past few years has emulated the divorcees-in-a-newsroom
plot I thought up in '82 while plotting out the trilogy.
Tomorrow will be headlong again, 3 interviews, beginning
with Voice of America satellite hookup at KUOW at 8:30
in the morning. I am down now to, if "down to" can
really describe this much impending, 19 last bookstores,
9 in the Seattle and Skagit clumps of signings at the
end of this week and next and then the 10 stores of the
Olympia to Eugene swing, the last week of the month.
There's a pretty good shot at selling 3,000 Mariah's, all
told, at the signings, plus probably 500 signed copies--
no, probably more like 800 to 1,000; I remember now I
signed up 400-some in stock just in the Montana stores,
75 in Dallas, 100 in Minn.-St. Paul, etc.--left as stock
in the stores, plus at least another 1,000 I'll have
signed up, by the time I'm done at the Pipeline open
house this Sunday, at the wholesalers, Pipeline-Gordon's-
Bookmen. Question is, will all this gutwork I'm doing
out in the bookstores and warehouses mean a higher
~~marketing~~ sales total for Mariah than the previous books,
or am I simply selling a higher percentage of it by hand--
15%, say, instead of the 5-10% of the total on the previous
books? The former, dear god, make it the former.

13 Nov.--\$250,000. Or probably I should put it, \$215!0!0!0!0! Liz called at 7:45 this morning, asking if that figure would improve my day. She said it's not absolutely nailed down yet, awaiting a conversation with Barry Lippmann tomorrow and then a follow-through with Lee Goerner, but she's pretty sure that by anteing in the foreign rights on this book and This House of Sky, she can come out at this quarter of a million dollars advance for Heart Earth. (This derives from her initially asking \$275,000, Lee offering \$200-210,000, and the foreign rights now coming into play.) If it comes about, Liz and I worked it out to get the \$\$ this way: \$25,000 on signing, this year (so I can max out on my Defined Benefit plan and beat a bit of the tax crunch coming next year to us upper middle-classers), \$100,000 in Jan. '91, \$62,500 in Jan. '92, and final \$62,500 on completion of ms, deadline date Jan. 30 '93.

And so, a chunk of money evidently is on its way across the next three years. Carol has suggested, while Liz and I talked over how ~~and~~ and when to approach Macmillan this fall, that we've maybe gone a little light, that Heart Earth maybe is a legit \$300,000 book, and perhaps putting it out to bid would show so. I think I'd agree if Mariah had soared a bit more, had shown signs of solid 50,000 ~~make~~ copies sold instead of the 40,000 it looks like; fact of the matter is, whether it's the blight of regionalism or what, it hasn't been clear until Mariah that more than 32-35,000 can be sold of books of my sort--Stegner's Crossing to Safety the ultimate case in point, his "break-through" and national bestselling novel which still ended up selling 32,000 in hardback. Liz meanwhile has been muttering nervously that "it's tough out there" among the publishers, as shown by HarperCollins promptly folding its cards on the Mariah p'back bidding; had Harper been aggressive there, we could have sounded them out for Heart Earth, but as Liz said, maybe the unthinkable is happening and Rupert Murdoch is actually running out of money. In any event, if Liz's arithmetic is sustained tomorrow by Barry--still an "if"--I suppose this'll be a deal typical of me: not worldbeating money but pretty good, with a publisher that has performed exceptionally (ie., the way they should) on the last book. Upper middle-class, in a phrase.

15 Nov.--Yesterday went approximately like this:
--phone rang, it was Carolyn Cunningham of Montana Magazine, asking about pics to go with Ben Groff's now-3½-year-old profile of me in Seattle Times Sunday magazine; I fob her off to Craig Fujii, the Times photog who took some terrific stuff for that piece and in turn ask her about (a) fixing the errors that Ben's blithely arrogantly jerkish attitude measled the piece with and (b) if she's going to run it with another one of Harrison Lane's grumpy reviews of my stuff. Caroline agreed to mail me the article in galleys--assured her I don't have in mind doctoring any quotes, just getting the goddamn minor facts right--and said Harrison's review isn't in yet, lucky, lucky.

--phone rang, Alice Fulmer of Christian Science Monitor, saying did I know they're reviewing Mariah (huh-uh) and, by the way, they're running an excerpt from my WHA talk in Reno on their essays-and-poetry page along with it, does that ~~open~~ opening quote about Faulkner's "spotted horses" really trail down the page in verselike form as it was on my file cards of the talk?

--phone rings, Kathi Lucia of Parkplace Books in Kirkland, asking me to bring the same blue pen I signed books with at Pipeline on Sunday, 'cause Parkplace specifically ordered 16 additional ^{of} unsigned books for my store gig and was of course sent 16 signed ones.

--phone rings again, Lee Goerner, telling me he and Liz are "agreed in principle" on next book contract. I take this as code that Macmillan is going to pony up the \$250,000 Liz told me she thought she could get, I say dandy. Lee says he doesn't know if Liz has talked to me about the specifics... I say, the overseas rights to Sky and Heart Earth? Yeah, he says in effect, that's what enabled Barry and him to justify ~~the amount~~ to the Maxwellian keepers of the checkbook the amount of advance "Barry's eyes lit up when I told him the overseas rights possibility." Yeah, I say, in all immodesty that was my idea, and we talked a bit about what ought to be common ground of good for us all, Lee and Macmillan getting a crack at doing something with these two books and me gaining some overseas push in a void that the agents simply have not been able to solve. Lee also mentions, apropos of what looks like the done deal, that ~~he~~ can now call and sooth a nervous Jon Rantala--indeed, it

15 Nov. cont.--turns out, that not only Rantala but others of the sales reps' jungle-drums network have fretted to Lee about losing me off the list; Patricia Kelly in Texas, Kathy in Minneapolis--which, when I tell Carol about the Rantalian case of nerves, turns out to have her fine hand behind it. At the Pipeline open house on Sunday, she and I were eating with Jon and Melanie and I got up at some point to talk to a bookstore person; Rantala wondered aloud to C about the next contract, she told him I'm amenable but Maxwell better loosen up his checkbook; Jon blinked, and was on the phone to Lee first thing Monday morning, quite possibly having jungledrummed Pat Kelly and some others as well.

--somewhere in here, phone rings, it's Rantala, saying he figures he ought to come to one of these signings I'm doing and it'd better be to Tower, which is somewhat disorganized these days. Fine, see you there, I say.

--somewhere else in there, I call U Book Store, ask Paula Byerly to arrange taping of Linda Bierds and me in our tandem performance tonight.

--between phone calls I ~~have~~ pecked away at correspondence such as thanking Dave Walter (with signed Black Oak broadside for him and Marcella) for astounding packets of Fort Peck info that he sent. Then into the car and off for the Seattle Center area, quick sandwich lunch at Biba's and the Tower noon-till-2 signing.

--Tower Books, which Rantala definitively explained to C and me at Pipeline as having been an old Safeway store, is at least as geeky and crammed as it was 3 years ago. On the incredible other hand, a guy named Brad Pinkerton has fashioned a terrific wall display above and behind the booksigning table: amid the slagheap of a store, a whopping Metsker map of Montana with piquant photo-blowups of a Bago, figures out of Montana's past, and RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA in cutout letters six inches high. This is far and away the most elegant gesture of Mariah's entire book season and there I sit under it, hard by temporary Tower clerks who can barely find their butt with both hands. People do show up ~~to~~ ^{to} buy books--a notable number of them fairly-dressed-up women, which C last night deduced for me must be Queen Ann Hill folk--and then just past the midpoint of my two hours, about

15 Nov. cont.--1:10, I ask to use a backroom phone to call Liz, who's had to see Barry Lippman to be sure that the moola she and Lee are agreed on is actually going to be Maxwell-OK. I knock on the backroom door--it, like the rest of the walls and, I dunno, maybe the ceiling, is covered with dingy black carpet material--and nothing happens. I pound harder, the door cracks open, several guys are sitting on the floor in what is the rattiest back-end-of-a-bookstore I've seen yet, and that is saying a lot. I honestly don't know if they're street people or some kind of Tower social auxiliary--maybe both--but the tall nervous clerk named Eric materializes and takes me back to a cubicle office to use the phone. I get Liz, she says it indeed is a done deal, she and Lee are simply into a lot of "accountant" stuff now, such as how many years Macmillan gets the foreign rights, splits of p'back profits etc. I check with her: they've utterly agreed to the figure of \$250,000? Yes they have, she says, are you happy, "tell me you're happy." You bet, I tell her. (The particular triumph of this seems to me that the dollar figure ended up so much closer to her/our initial asking amount--\$275,000--than to Lee's opening of \$200-210,000; again, thank heavens for the ante of the foreign rights into the bargaining.)

--Out I go to the booksigning table again, to be met by Rantala nervously prowling an aisle and asking me, "How'd it go?" Clapped him on the arm, shook hands and told him we're still in the book biz together.

--The day still was only about half over. Ended up selling about 40 Mariahs there at Tower, headed home with a stop en route to ph'copy the Sidgwick/Jackson and Insel contracts for Liz to parse into the new deal. C was here, we exulted over where we've come to from where we started. Even the mail was good, a nifty San Jose Mercury-News piece from that marathon day of San Francisco interviews. Called Linda Bierds to talk over the bit of cabaret we intend to do at the end of our reading tonight, each performing a short piece of the other's work. Into the car again, C driving us north around Lake Washington through rush hour to Kirkland. Good lamb supper at Kirkland Roaster and Ale House, on to the Lucias' store, Parkplace Books, helluva good signing, 55 Mariahs. (Amid the signing I'm asked by publisher of Canoe magazine

15 Nov. cont.--if I'm amenable to an interview by one of her staffers. I blink and ask why. She looks at me in surprise and says, because Sea Runners is the bible of sea kayakers, of course.) And then the finale; C and I go to bed just at 10, flip on the radio out of curiosity to hear Dick Estell doing the Radio Reader version of Mariah, he utterly mangles the ~~synop~~ synopsis--has Mariah, ~~xx~~ two or three times, as "Ivan Doig's beautiful daughter"!!--before blithely launching off into reading in rhythms wildly unlike any C or I ever can find in my sentences. ECK-cel-si-OR, Dick!

22 Nov.--Thanksgiving morning, the most massive turkey (21#) ever in all our years of doing this is in the oven, the fireplace is set up and the house more or less kicked into shape. Ten friends coming, maybe a few others dropping in eventually. Dark rainy day, but no big windstorm yet and from the forecast it sounds as if the 50 mph winds have gone past into eastern Washington; the weather is warm, 52 at the moment, so if we can just get the turkey cooked, we can forge right ahead with the celebration as we did in the famous candle-lit Thanksgiving of '83.

This is our best holiday, the gathering of friends year after year. And as Carol remarked last night, how much the two of us have to be thankful for; said she can't remember us having a better year than this one.

Ahead of Mariah and me now are only Bellevue and Oregon. One colossal day has accumulated, next Tuesday in Portland, which will have 2 radio appearances, interview with Pintarich at the Oregonian, 2 booksignings and Stegner's speech that night. Since my last entry here, I've done the zammo readings at U Book Store's "Third Thursday"--with Linda Bierds--and the next night at Elliott Bay, with magnificent audience of 300 that was loose and warm and utterly perfect to read to. The chemistry between the audience and me was terrific; at one point somebody asked if I still use a manual typewriter, I admitted I do, and there was a startling round of applause; I kidded, what've we got here, Luddites? A Machinebreakers of Western America chapter? and got an even bigger round of applause and laughs. For all that, sold 45 Mariahs, compared with the 170 or so at the Tattered Cover, which makes me think I should be at

22 Nov. cont.--Elliott Bay at the start of the book's season next time, before people have bought it already. Thurs. and Fri. were notably tougher in terms of selling-books-on-the-spot--did 20 at Brentano's on Friday noonhr, which we'd all hoped would produce a lot more walkthrough traffic than that--so it's going to be a question whether the economy's slowdown is being reflected in the book-stores or whether the UBS reading series, Brentano's and El Bay simply were venues that sell books eventually but not necessarily at the moment.

First and I hope only casualty of the holiday just phoned: Jack Gordon calling in sick, saying he's been having trouble recently with his chronic-fatigue syndrome.

24 Nov.--Raining in spigots, as it did all night, after two days of strong wind. I wind up the local schedule of booksignings this afternoon at the U Book Store branch in Bellevue; going to be interesting to see who ventures out in this torrent if it keeps on.

Thanksgiving clicked wonderfully. Just enough misadventure--the store-bought aluminum basting pan buckled in one corner as I hefted the turkey out of the oven the last time and spilled hot grease on my pants, shoe and the kitchen floor--to spice the day and everything else went copacetically. After last year's spate of everyone bringing wine, Carol determinedly parceled out the menu this year and the food was the best ever, led by our 21# turkey which cooked up deliciously and hot dishes such as Linda Sullivan's corn pudding, the Damborg's creamed onions Norm's hot spinach etc. We began with what I guess has evolved into a ritual, a ~~toast~~ champagne toast in the living room--this year we even had spiffy fluted glasses found by Linda S. at a rummage sale--with C and me providing some of the champagne in celebration of Mariah's year and Ann and Norm chipping in the rest to mark their getting married; I simply proposed "to being together again" and then the second round of bubbly was toasted to Ann and Norm by Carol. The wind whooped all day, although the flickers of the lights never led to the power outage C and I were dreading during the 6-hour cooking of the turkey, and the after-dinner walk around the neighborhood was done at record speed in the buffeting wind, people disbelieving

24 Nov. cont.--that we'd covered the actual $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The wonderful heart of the day came just before, though, when as we sat in a circle in the living room eating the great dinner--with 11 of us there was maybe just the right number for this to work--and somebody asked Carol about her origins, I guess whether Montanan, and she responded, All right, where were we all born? As I told her later, that was the same inspired idea she used in writing courses when she had students do a childhood story, which everybody has some kind of. And so with a great deal of grace, clockwise around the circle of us each told of where we've come from:

--Carol began it, with Paterson, NJ, and description of Ocean Grove and its habit of closing down the streets on Sunday.

--Mark Damborg told of being an only child in a household of aunts and uncles (after his father, a rural ~~swamp~~ electrical co-op executive, died when Mark was young) in Clarence, Iowa, and being sent from the table to wash his hands while the whole family clan waited, only to return and be sent next to comb his hair while they still waited, and coming out and asking what they wanted him to do next, shine his shoes?

--Norm Lindquist, Ann McCartney's husband, math prof at Western Washington U., was b. in Oakland, son of a Finnish (actually Swedes--within-Finland's-borders background) carpenter. Joked that he eventually left California because he was allergic to his mother, but remembers Oakland of then--Norm's about my age, 50-51--as pleasant small city of neighborhoods much like Portland has been.

--I was next in the arc and said we'd just skip me, I'd already told (in Sky) more than there was to tell. Mark, though, wanted to know about the brief Arizona segment of my life, as his parents had tried Arizona about the same time, and so I told of the trip south with me tucked into the back window of the Ford coupe.

--Ann McCartney next, mock-moaning that she's ~~ended~~ ended up teaching only ten blocks from where she grew up here in Shoreline, but I kidded that she's the only Cherry Blossom Princess among us, probably, and she hilariously got going on that political-patronage pageant of the high school years she spent in Wash'm, DC, when her dad was in

24 Nov. cont.--the Eisenhower administration, culminating in showing us how to curtsy as Perle Mesta had taught her. (Cathy Ackert put in on her, "Except for the arm stuff, that's the way we Catholics genuflected.") Ann shakes her head at ever having been part of such dumb ritual, Peter and I rib her that she secretly still has her pageant gown and if we went out and looked at her car wouldn't the vanity plate read CHR PNCS?

--Next, Cathy Ackert, the Seafirst v.p. in charge of computers, living together with Peter, one of the four in the room who actually grew up in Seattle, though she had stints elsewhere, such as Twin Falls, Idaho, "because of the guy my mother married, also known as my stepfather."

--Peter Rockas next, hilariously telling of ~~his~~ being the oldest of six kids in a raucous Greek family that the Wallingford neighbors once petitioned to move out (his mother laughed in their faces); said he recalls having been left in charge of the other kids once when their parents ~~were~~ were out and in the midst of a monumental pillow fight in the living room, all six of them flailing away, feathers flying, somebody rolling somebody else up in the rug, Peter thought incredulously of all this fun and the responsibility his parents had put on him, "They want me to stop this?"

--Lou Damborg now, b. St. Joseph, Missouri (which brought the cry from Linda Bierds, "I lived there too!" Sydney said, "But I thought you were too young there to remember." Linda B.: "I didn't say I remembered it."), although I'm not sure that's the same Missouri town where she grew up. Whichever one it was--she said it's claim to fame is a Civil War ~~beat~~ skirmish called The Battle of the Hemp Bales--there was a military academy there and the local girls, such as Lou, were the perpetual dance dates for the cadets; she remembers being in long gloves up past her elbows, the girls on one side of a vast gymnasium and the boys on the other, before partnering, and then the dancing instructor circulating ~~am~~ among them to be sure a correct distance apart was being maintained in the dancing.

--Next to Sydney Kaplan, remembering the Los Angeles of her youth (Linda Sullivan: "Finally some place we've heard of!") as not much like the metropolis it is now; more a

24 Nov. cont.--sun-battered place of beaches and the warm Pacific. Syd said (as I sat fascinated, learning details never heard before in several years of knowing most of these people) her mother had been a political activist on the left--never a Communist Party member, but with friends who were--and so in that era of HUAC and all the rest, it made for a kind of chaotic childhood, her mother perpetually involved in a cause and her father just as determinedly uninvolved, running his supermarket and going fishing.

--Linda Bierds was born in Wilmington, Del., but the family moved almost immediately, on to St. Joe etc., in her dad's life as a pilot; that led to Juneau and his career with Alaska Airlines, before the family moved here to the Magnolia neighborhood. Linda said that was about all there was to tell; no, no, I said, tell them about the credit bureau, which she uproariously did, her career of looking up credit checks on 3x5 file cards interspersed with Cathy Ackert commenting on the computerization of that now.

--Last, completing the circle, Linda Sullivan, telling of her Nebraska parents; mother from the western short-grass prairie ~~the~~ part of the state, father from the long-grass prairie of the eastern part, both of them ending up--in Linda's words--pretty much as people who've had to leave the land do. Her mother moved herself and the kids into Lincoln from some hardscrabble place while her father was away on some cattle deal or some such, presenting him when he got back with the choice of either his family or the country. In their Lincoln life her parents have always "had more jobs than kids," of which there were four.

And thus we were--thus far we had come--on Thanksgiving of 1990.

In Mariah's world, we were listening to All Things Considered last night and I noticed Noah Adams was ~~hosting~~ ^{ed} doing the show by himself, so it cross^{ed} my mind, I wonder if...? ~~naw~~, he hasn't shown any sign of... But at about twenty to six, he did indeed run his interview with me, a five- or six-minute segment but a good one, beginning with me reading Toussaint's buffalo story and then into

24 Nov. cont.--my points about the drama of average lives being plenty to write about. Salud, Noah! Yesterday's mail brought a remarkably fulsome piece, going through my career book by book, in the Eugene giveaway paper called "What's Happening," one more proclamation that I'm the Voice of the West; hmm. Supposedly the Bellevue Journal-American was to run the interview done by Sherry Grindeland, which I await seeing a bit apprehensively because she took almost no notes. Except I think for Salem, all the booksigning venues of the Oregon trip next week are covered with either newspaper or radio gigs, so the season of Mariah is closing with everything done that Susan Richman, the bookstores and/or I could think of to do.

5 Dec.--And so to begin life new, yet another time.

Mariah's season, Mariah's years, are behind me now, culminating at the Oregon Historical Society's authors party last Sunday when I sold books steadily for $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, person after person coming up to the barricade-like stack of my 6 books and the Audio Press tapes and putting a hand on Sky to say "I liked this one best" and the next person touching a finger to Rascal Fair and saying "No, this is the best one," on and on through the sale of 98 Mariahs and probably a couple of hundred paperbacks (all of the Rascal Fairs went, and all but 2 of the Skys). It has accumulated, this career of getting black onto white.

Leavened with humility, though, courtesy of the cold virus. I began coming down with a cold last Tuesday in Portland, amid that monumental day of two bookstore gigs, two radio interviews, Pintarich, and Stegner in the evening, but adrenalin rocketed me on through. Serious nose-blowing underway by the time I got to Corvallis on Thursday, and Bill and Karla Robbins made the wonderful humanitarian gesture of providing me their own bed and bedroom, plus lend-lease of extra handkerchiefs. Spent my first two days home here in what was at least non-work if not recuperation; today I'm getting over the battered feeling and am not fighting my nose as much. The bridge from here onward in life is, no surprise, chores and details for a while, but with some thinking time available now too. I feel greatly justified in not having

5 Dec. cont.--time-gobbling small projects, such as forewords or speeches or reviews or articles, waiting around to pounce.

Nov. 28, Portland, The Heathman--The morning after a really pretty damn good day for craftsmen of writing: Charles Johnson won the fiction NBA last night, and Wallace Stegner drew 3,000 people in the Schnitzer Theater next door here. On a lesser or at least different scale, I sold books pretty good; 45 at Looking Glass, 35 at Catbird Seat. The astounding signing, though, and the one which may well push Mariah over the 3,000-copies-sold goal I've had for this season of signings, was at Coke Funkhouser's Fireside Bookstore in Olympia, Monday night--120 copies of Mariah sold as the Montana diaspora came out in force.

Much stuff flowing past, and greatly more to come as I hit the U. of Oregon campus later today, but to get down the gist of my yesterday doings and to leave Stegner's talk to more detailed treatment ~~at~~ later; the highwire act of the day turned out to be the Bill Gallagher show on KXL radio, where things went so well and the call-in was so lively that I stayed on for the full hour. Gallagher is a tall boyish-looking guy who does the daily 3-hour talk show, as I told him during one of the station breaks, like a surfer riding waves. He'd read nearly all the book and a number of times plugged the Powell's and OHS signings-to-come, though unluckily the Catbird Seat gig escaped his notice, so the audience got a considerable dose of chat about Montana and the characters, the ~~call~~ call-in folks chipping in too, one of them forthrightly telling the listenership to read my books, they were in for a treat. Probably my best moment was when a caller with a Helena background was telling me a story about his dad whose bar was torn down for a bank to be built on the site and I said, "What a decline in civilization that is, tear down a bar to build a bank!" One feature of the talk show I hadn't known about is a small video monitor showing the typed-out info about the callers who are waiting, such as "Oliver, Lake Oswego, question about Montana, 4 minutes"(evidently time elapsed since the call came in).

And then there was the always wacky session with Paul Pintarich at the Oregonian. Paul in his review--

Nov. 28 cont.--which luckily ran absurdly early, I think in August, so it hasn't been on readers' minds for these Portland signings--didn't like Mariah nearly as well as the first two books in the trilogy, and the headline writer put something even more dour atop the review, so Paul has been a little abashed while I've been a little nervous about how his divorced-in-the-newsroom life has copied the situation I thought up for Riley and Mariah. Hell, it turns out my imagination could never keep up with Pintarich: he now has two ex-wives haunting him daily within the newspaper office. (The most recent one, Jill, he'd just married when Carol and I were down here about a year and a half ago, and they were both still a little dazed about it; for reason, as they shortly got it annulled, Paul told me y'day.) Plus, I swear to God, a girlfriend--also working at the Oregonian--who's newly pissed off at him for insufficient attention and, he says, if is also a recovering alcoholic like him; none of which withstanding, Paul stopped by the Catbird Seat to introduce the current girlfriend--i.e., since the pissed-off one etc.--named Mary, who like all the Pintarich women is a sharp looker. As ever too, the interview a la Pintarich ~~xxxx~~ was hilariously shaggy, nonlinear, wandering to a stop when Paul said, "I'll pad~~d~~ out the rest" and I whooped a laugh and said, "I know goddamn well you will." The Pintarich best line of the day, apropos the ex-drinking girlfriend and him and my remark about ~~Paul~~ Paul taking notes on a typewriter instead of the VDT: he said it used to be that the newspaper powers-that-are only had to worry about "keeping us dry and not letting us burn down the place--now they have to give us ergonomics."

Dec. 7--Chronicle of the book season; notes on Stegner's talk in Portland, Nov. 27, before rapt and near-reverent audience of 3,000 in the Schnitzer theater: The writer must start "the worm of wonder working in his reader's mind"... "Skill is whatever works"... A good writer is a ~~lens~~ lens, not a mirror... Writers need to be shape-shifters and ventriloquists... Must have "negative capability," to inhabit a skin not our own (Shakespeare, Faulkner as examples of writing ~~xx~~ about characters nothing like themselves)... Life "begins by accident, proceeds by trial and error, toward dubious ends."... John Barth et al are "Alexandrian" writers... "Sleight of hand, however clever, is not enough"... Ansel Adams' pics were the "equivalent" of what the artist was feeling; Stegner too relies on the clear statement of the lens... "Hard enough handling what life hands me" without going out looking for more, in response to Martha Gellhorn's remark to him that he's a good writer but should seek out greater topics, such as the wars etc. she reported on; Stegner believes he would have been "slumming" to write about, say, the Mideastern conflict or other areas out of his own experience... Experimental writing has been a belated imitation of James Joyce... "as long as I'm saying what doesn't interest me, I may as well fill out the list"... uninterested, say, in "thumping the bourgeoisie" a la Mencken... "I want to be part of the common ground, not the innovative noise"... "The faint residual shame of quitting" the homestead has been with him throughout his life... Stegner out of an uncertain past, doesn't know the name of three of his grandparents... "I longed for the dead hand of the past on my head"... The West is not simply a retarded culture, as it once was--it's a different culture, where the frontier has left its track... "I am still the person my first fifteen years made me"... "Crossing to Safety" his "most personal" book, he himself "deliberately close" to the narrator... Wanted, in it, to "reflect through uninflected lives"... "a risky book to set before the public"... Crossing's characters "relying on whatever it is in a long life they would not part with"... "Once I had written (the Langs of the book) they achieved a sort of inevitability," he reflected about having written the characters of the Langs in effort to understand their real life counterparts... "Back to where we began (this lecture)

Dec. 7--Chronicle of the book season, Stegner cont.--
"how to write a story, though ignorant"...concluding
words: "autobiography or fiction, if you have done it
faithfully, it ought to be true." Afterward, at the
reception at the Portland Art Museum: Pintarich had told
me Stegner is saying he'd like to clear up the mis-
apprehension that I was a student of his (either because
he thinks I overwrite a wee bit or just wants the record
accurate) but, notwithstanding, there I was in Pintarich
Oregonian piece about Stegner as one of his students,
and again in the program for Stegner's talk, and great
balls of fire, yet again in the culminating note of
Stegner's introducer that night at the Schnitz: "As
Ivan Doig, one of Stegner's students--who is here
tonight--put it in his introduction to Ride with Me,
Mariah Montana, 'To Wallace Stegner--one in a century!'"
Throng was around Stegner at the reception, so I
eventually made my way over and introduced myself to
Mary Stegner, visited with her a while, and she insisted
on edging me in to say hello to Wally. As we shook
hands, I kidded: "How come you keep claiming me as a
student?" Wally: "I can't understand where that got
started." Me: "Anyway, look at all the tuition money
it saved me." We agreed we hope to have a chance to
visit at length in the new year, perhaps when C and I
head for the Southwest. Funniest element of this Doig-
was-Stegner's-student thing came from Deborah Robboy,
owner of the Catbird Seat bookstore who'd provided me
with a ticket to hear Stegner; Deborah said now it's a
historic inevitability, soon I'll have memories of havin'
been a Stegner student, he'll recall how I did in the
classroom...

Dec. 17--This morning I went to Edmonds and express-mailed the 3 signed copies of Heart Earth's contract back to Liz. Thus, I suppose for the first time ever, we seem as financially well off as we can dream of being, for the next three years. Meanwhile the economy is plunging--I've focused these pages on the life of Mariah and this household but there's decay to be plainly seen whenever I venture to ~~look~~ Aurora Ave., as I did this morning to a very-sparsely shopped Sears store and all-but-empty other stores in that mini-mall--and so it's a particularly useful time to have major money clearly on the schedule.

Dec. 19--We have snow. Eight inches or so fell in this valley yesterday, beginning with a flurry right after breakfast that sent Carol to the foodstore for several days' provisions and propelled me outside to wrap faucets, bring in more firewood, etc. The temperature now at 8 a.m. is 26, with the windsock's rainbow tail streamering brightly up against the snowy hill and white-packed fir limbs. Both of us are ready for a time to hunker in and do whatever occurs (as may be echoed in C's diary, the two of us doing tandem entries this morning by instinct or contemplation), and in an hour or so to tog up warmly and walk to the park.

Y'day afternoon I made myself stay planted at the desk and calculated my business expenses for the year, always a fraught piece of arithmetic because I have to do it before the end of the year (for the sake of my Defined Benefit pension contribution) while the rest of the pertinent tax ~~and income~~ figuring can't be done until after the end of the year when the income tax forms, 1099s etc. arrive. But the numbers at last are worth it; my income for this year when the \$25,000-upon-signing check for Heart Earth arrives will be \$149,275, and the expenses, by now overwhelmingly agents' fees and lawyer's advice and the like, bring the net figure down to just under \$122,000, right about where it needs to be for maximum \$50,000 tax deferment. I ought to be free of financial figuring now for a week or ten days, blessedly, and be able to let my head go elsewhere.

Dec. 20--A beautiful white day, the temperature at what's probably its high of 25, here at 2 o'clock. These have been calm days, no place to go, the world quiet outside, and so C and I have read and tinkered as we've liked--I sorted some Mariah filecards into Heart Earth and Bucking the Sun fileboxes, plus making some notes from Wendy Smith's good book on the Group Theater of the 1930's, Real Life Drama. (Am particularly interested in the notion of a through-line, discussed there in terms of Stanislavsky and Stella Adler.) Phone rang $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour ago, Lee Smith saying Merry Christmas, he has my \$25,000 check which he'll get to Liz in the morning. And a few minutes ago, Peris came over from next door, his 4-whl-drive rig tooled up to get Carlla and the kids to a couple of stores, and wondered if we want anything while they're out; sure, we say, couple of Spencer steaks for supper.

Followed an impulse last night to call Tom Holden, as I do a couple of times a year, and found him utterly thriving, having lost 35#, maintaining an exercise regimen which ~~says~~ he says has him feeling better than he has in 10 years, and dating a good woman named Beth Leatherman, "a small-town fallen-away Methodist. Hey, I told him, they're prime, I married one of those.

21 Dec.--"Comrades, a hounding is taking place," Shevardnadze told the Congress of People's Deputies yesterday, and quit as Foreign Minister. A modern Duma being played out. While the Cold War icejam keeps breaking up treacherously in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union--a bad winter or worse economic conditions could loose refugees by the millions--the Bushters have us spraddled in the Arabian desert, the economy meanwhile getting more and more dismal. I suppose it is not coincidental that I've put in my most earnest day yet in preparing for a book about an uncertain time, 1945.

The details of being wintered-in: These coldest of nights, have been letting the fireplace die down and then taking the ashes out in a bucket at bedtime, so as to close the flue and not let heat fly upward out of the house all night. I've been sleeping under a single light blanket with sleeping bag spread over me like a comforter--C has been comfortable under quilt-cover and two blankets, one of them the rough-hewn white wool one Dad had made from wool scraps and tags in the late '40s.

24 Dec.--A little more snow is sifting down, second time today. Forecast says an inch or two could come. We did get out to the grocery store y'day, without putting chains on, and will make considerable effort tomorrow to get to Damborgs on Capitol Hill for Xmas dinner. Temp has been above freezing all day, but last week's total of snow hasn't gone down noticeably. This evening, we simply motate across the street to the Lankfords' annual Xmas Eve open house.

Have spent the last several days productively puttering with filecard boxes--with the arrival of Susan Hirschman's Greenwillow letter wondering if I've thought of writing a Jick-like book for young adults, I thought hell, why not, there's the Keeping the Days idea, and so added a filebox with that title to the Heart Earth and Bucking the Sun boxes--by going through English Creek filecards and reallocating whatever looks useful toward the next two, now maybe three, books. Also looked over two of my family photo albums with Heart Earth in mind--two more albums to go--and it's all been comfortable and idea-provoking. Carol, watching me at this schedule of coming here to the desk and doing what I want, at my own pace but doing it, has said what's been in my mind in light of this exemplary weathered-in period, that we've got to find ways to maintain this combination of focus and flexibility for me; i.e., ignore the mail and a lot of the other chores and running around in the outside world that I'd have been doing but for the beneficial snow.

30 Dec.--The ongoing weather saga. Y'day morning I rolled over in bed, reached out as ever to lift the bandanna off the face of the usually too-glowing bedside clock, and said uh-oh. Dead clock face, meaning the electricity was off. Carol hied herself to the phone to call City Light, make sure they knew about the outage, and came back to bed for us to think over the situation. Temperature was 21, with considerable wind-chill factor, though the wind--a rare north one--was mostly going over this valley, thank goodness. We stayed under the covers, now augmented with sleeping bags spread atop like comforters, for another hour or so then I got up and started a fire in the fireplace--

30 Dec. cont.--which I did have set up and ready to light, although I had forgotten to fill a thermos with hot water for coffee the night before or to leave one car door unlocked so the locks wouldn't seal us out if they froze shut, precautions I had taken when the first snow hit on Dec 18th--while C hustled together a cold-cereal b'fast for us. Got the fireplace going to about maximum, and even so the room temp was too chilly, beyond about the perimeter of the hearth, to sit and work, scotching the notion I'd had to improvise by setting up cardtable, writing some letters, maybe sort file cards, etc. It was one of my muddiest thinking mornings in a long while--took me about an hour even to realize I ought to get on the cross-country exercise machine a bit and get the blood circulating to the brain--but C was pretty much on the beam and was what turned out to be realistically pessimistic about when the power was apt to come back on, so by about 9 or so we were deciding to bail out of the house and beginning the hundred-and-one chores for that, packing an overnight bag, gathering some work to do, loading a variety of coats and a sleeping bag in the back seat of the car, leaving faucets a-drip (at Lee Cochrane's place nextdoor as well as ours, as Lee and Karen went Christmasing in Alaska and ~~left~~ asked me to oversee) and pouring anti-freeze into the toilet bowl, and so on, and on. C called the Rodens to see if we could come fortify ourselves with coffee, they of course said sure, and pretty soon after 10 we were on our way, in the steady-footed '85 Skyhawk that we'd decided not chain up because Aurora Ave and other main drags would likely be bare pavement--our storm route out of here habitually ignores the hill up to Shoreline College, which we figure is double trouble of ice underfoot and loose-cannon drivers trying to negotiate those tricky slopes and curves, and takes us out up the valley to 175th, over past St. Lukes school and up to 185th and out to Aurora--and the going, though 100% icy on side streets, was actually better than it'd been on the Christmas Day drive to Capitol Hill, I think because the ice was so new and crisp, no film of moisture on it. Jean had called back just before we left to pass along report from Cindy and her boyfriend, who'd been vainly waiting for a bus, that a tree was down on

30 Dec. cont.--Third Ave. enough to prevent busses, and the one dumb mistake I made was to try go down Third from 145th on the theory that maybe cars could get through; as I say, muddly thinking. Third was blocked off just north of the Rodens' cross-street, but too far to walk in that wind and cold, so we backtracked out to Greenwood, down to 130th, came back north to the Rodens. Spent an oasis hour with them, coffeeing up and eating poundcake and talking, then ~~checked~~ checked back to the powerless n'hood by calling Elaine Phelps, whose house we'd noted on the way out as one of the few with smoke coming out, obviously functioning. (Neglected to mention: on the way out we'd also noted the site of the power outage, where the road curves up Carlyle Hall Road; City Light cherrypicker trucks etc. pulling in there.) Nope, still out, said Elaine, so C and I went to our next step, to the U District and the UW Library. The day was beautiful, crisp and blue, and traffic was blessedly light, with Boeing closed down for the holidays etc., so the driving wasn't bad and on C's navigational suggestion we even found a parking spot on the Ave. about 3 doors from the restaurant, also called Ave, we'd chosen to try for lunch. Leisurely--actually slow, but for once we had no reason to mind that--lunch, then down to the U Book Store to browse. Phone call from there back to the n'hood--I'd put the phone onto its answer-machine mode, which runs on electricity though the phone itself of course doesn't--said still ~~now~~ no power, so on we went to the underground garage and the UW Library. Set ourselves up in the grad reading room of Suzzallo, wonderful gothic expanse with the winter light coming in, and I did some sorting of file cards and browsing of quarterlies such as Western Folklore and Modern Fiction Studies and Tri-Quarterly while C worked on the western ~~liter~~ lit reading she's doing for sabbatical. Every hour or so we'd call back to the n'hood to check, still no go but by talking to Dick Lankford we gained hard info, that he'd been up to the power outage, learned that originally-4:30 a.m.--it'd been a big limb that took out wires but as a crew worked on that, a clump of half a dozen alders toppled and eradicated the whole power setup into the n'hood, pole and transformer and all; City Light guys told Dick around noon that they hoped to have it fixed in a couple of hours but that they're notoriously optimistic. As indeed they were. Still no go when C

30 Dec. cont.--checked back with Dick at 4:15, and so as the library began to shut down in the next half hour we went over to the Ave. to the Prime Time(?) micro-brewery, had a pale ale (C) and a porter (me) and liked the place well enough to have big sandwiches for supper. We were getting to the point now, in this day of what's-our-next-step, of either going to a movie or checking in to the Meany Hotel, when I went to the back of the pub and tried our home number. Onto the line came my own voice, the answering machine calling us home.

31 Dec.--This obstreperous year of weather--record rainless period, record Dec. day of rain, record floods, first white Xmas in quarter-century--has finally blown itself out, the constant great gusts ~~and~~ of all last night and on through today at last quitting about 4 this afternoon. The second big arctic air mass and expected snowstorm did not hit us, lucky lucky.

Carol and I are about to close down our own energetic year, Mariah's year, with a quiet supper of chicken breasts, creamed onions, glazed carrots, fire in the fireplace (now that we don't have to keep it at the ready in case of wind-induced power outage), and a drink or two. The world has gone to hell several ratchet-notches, 1990 a Thermidor after '89's revolutions, but within the walls of ourselves the two of us have had a year of gain.

The Burton K. Wheeler Center at Montana State University is an independent and non-partisan forum for the exploration of issues affecting Montana. This conference is its third formal presentation.

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The Greater Montana Foundation, sponsor of Wheeler Center activities, was established in 1948 to work in cooperation with Montana State University and the University of Montana to develop mass communications for the ultimate benefit of Montana citizens. Since its founding, the Foundation has broadened its funding activities beyond the field of mass communications and extended its scope to include all the units of the Montana University System.

In addition to its support of the Wheeler Center, Foundation activities include: formation of the Montana Museum Association; merit awards to management and staff of Montana radio and television stations; university scholarships for students studying broadcasting; the Hugh D. Galusha, Jr., award for the best film on Montana history produced by a student at Montana State University; and the loan of several significant collections of western art to the Museum of the Rockies at Bozeman. Founder of the Greater Montana Foundation is E.B. Craney.



Public Lands and Federal Policies in Montana

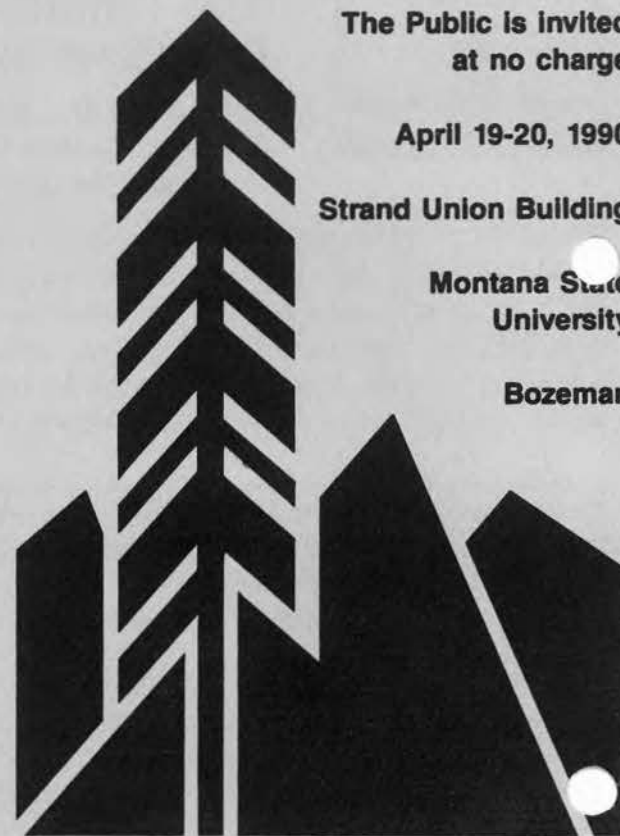
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Strand Union Building

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**T H E B U R T O N K .
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THE THIRD ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE BURTON K. WHEELER CENTER

Fifteenth Annual Burton K. Wheeler Memorial Lecture

Thursday, April 19 • 8:00 p.m. • Ballroom A • Strand Union Building



Presiding:
Edward K. Wheeler
Washington, D.C.
Member, Board of Directors
Burton K. Wheeler Center

The Ten Commandments of Federal-State Relations in the West

by Richard D. Lamm
Director, Center for Public Policy and Contemporary Issues,
University of Denver, and former Governor of Colorado

Richard D. Lamm served as governor of Colorado from 1975 until 1987 and was chairman of the Western Governors' Association during 1985-86. He holds a law degree from the University of California and has served on the faculties of the University of New Orleans, Dartmouth College, and the University of Colorado at Denver, in addition to the University of Denver. He is a leading student of and spokesman for the West and is the author or coauthor of several books, including *The Angry West* (1985) and *Megatraumas: America in the Year 2000* (1985).

The Wheeler Memorial Lecture. Burton K. Wheeler (1882-1975) migrated to Butte from his native Massachusetts in 1905. A capable and strong-willed young attorney, he quickly made his mark in Montana, first as a legislator and then as U.S. Attorney for Montana during World War I, when he demonstrated great courage as a defender of civil liberties.

In 1922, he won election to the U.S. Senate, where he served for a quarter-century until 1947. His Senate career was one of the most distinguished in American history. Senator Wheeler won fame and prestige as an unrelenting pursuer of wrongdoing in the Harding administration, as the leader of the Senate coalition that defeated President Franklin Roosevelt's attempt to "pack" the U.S. Supreme Court, and as an outspoken "isolationist" who opposed American entry into World War II.

Following his defeat in 1946, Senator Wheeler "retired" to a highly successful Washington law practice, which he maintained until the close of his very long and distinguished life. Thousands of Montanans remember him as one of the most colorful and prestigious citizens the state has ever produced.

Plenary Session

Friday Morning Session

April 20 Ballroom A Strand Union Building

Presiding: Maxine C. Johnson, Member
Board of Directors, Burton K. Wheeler Center

9:00 Public Lands and Federal Policies in Montana—a presentation by Gordon G. Brittan, Jr., Regents Professor of Philosophy, MSU and Vanessa Brittan

10:15 Coffee Break

10:45 Responses
Terry L. Anderson, Professor of Economics, MSU
Thomas M. Power, Professor of Economics and Chair, Department of Economics, University of Montana
(Followed by questions and responses from the audience)

Friday Luncheon Session

Ballroom B/C Strand Union Building

(Tickets may be purchased following the Thursday evening lecture or prior to the 9:00 a.m. plenary session or be reserved by phone 994-4371.)

Presiding: Elizabeth Wheeler Colman, Hartland, WI
Member Board of Directors, Wheeler Center

12:15 The Unacknowledged Legislators of the World—by Ivan Doig, Seattle, WA
Dr. Doig is a renowned novelist and interpreter of Montana and the Northwest. His many books include *This House of Sky* and *Dancing at the Rascal Fair*.

ABOUT THE SHORELINE ARTS COUNCIL

The Shoreline Arts Council is a new community-based organization whose purpose is to support the arts. By promoting public awareness and knowledge about the arts, and coordinating and sponsoring performances, exhibitions and a variety of other art programs, activities and events, the Council hopes to enrich the life of each Shoreline resident and enhance the quality of life for the community as a whole.

Members of the Council are volunteers who work together to provide support for artists and arts experiences in Shoreline. Financial support is as necessary as the donation of time and enthusiasm. We hope you will be able to support the Council through membership in "Friends of the Arts." For more information, please call Ros Bird at 365-0383 or Herb Bryce at 542-7395.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Shoreline Arts Council gratefully acknowledges the following individuals and organizations for their assistance with this evening's reading:

Ivan Doig and David Wagoner for graciously giving their readings in honor of the debut of the Shoreline Arts Council and the opening of the Shoreline Community Center.

Edward Harkness for introducing David Wagoner; Carol Orlock for introducing Ivan Doig; Marie Rosenwasser for organizing this reading.

Members of the S.A.C. "Gala" Committee for organizing the May 17-19 programs celebrating the arts.

Herb Bryce and Richard Reuther for assistance with sound and lights.

The Shoreline School District for the use of the Shoreline Community Center.

The Humanities Division of Shoreline Community College for assistance with publicity.

FUTURE PERFORMANCES

We hope you can join us for the following events also sponsored by the Shoreline Arts Council:

May 18: Shoreline Talent Show, 8 p.m., Shoreline Community Center Theatre;
May 19: A Gala Evening: 8 p.m., Shoreline Community Center Theatre;
Art Show; Children's Theatre: 2 p.m., Shoreline Community Center Theatre
(*The Cherry Berry Bird and the Giant Jelly Belly*, by Willy Clark); **Art in Action**:
various locations at Shoreline Community Center, Shoreline Community Center Theatre

The Shoreline Arts Council
presents

An Evening with Ivan Doig and David Wagoner

8 pm, May 17, 1990
as part of the dedication and celebration
of the Shoreline Community Center

DAVID WAGONER

POEMS

Dry Sun, Dry Wind
A Place To Stand
The Nestling Ground
Staying Alive
New and Selected Poems
Riverbed
Sleeping In the Woods
Working Against Time
Collected Poems
Who Shall Be the Sun?
In Broken Country
First Light
Through The Forest: New and Selected Poems,
1977-1987

NOVELS

The Man In The Middle
Money Money Money
Rock
The Escape Artist
Baby, Come On Inside
Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?
The Road To Many A Wonder
Tracker
Whole Hog
The Hanging Garden

OTHER

Straw For The Fire: From the Notebooks of Theodore
Roethke, 1943-1963

Feature Film: *The Escape Artist*, Zoetrope Studios,
Francis Ford Coppola, producer.

IVAN DOIG

BOOKS AND AWARDS

This House of Sky, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1978;
nominated for the National Book Award; winner of The
Christopher Award; published in Great Britain by
Sidgwick & Jackson and in West Germany by Insel
Verlag as *Das Haus Des Himmels*.

Winter Brothers, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1980;
Governor's Writers Day Award Pacific Northwest
Booksellers Award for Literary Excellence; adapted for
television by KCTS, Seattle.

The Sea Runners, Atheneum, 1982, and Penguin
Books; chosen for "ten best books of 1982" by Chicago
Sun-Times and for "notable books" by The New York
Times Book Review; featured on *The Radio Reader* on
National Public Radio.

English Creek, Atheneum, 1984, and Penguin Books;
nominated for Golden Spur Award; winner of The
Western Heritage Award for best novel of 1984.

Dancing at the Rascal Fair, Atheneum, 1987; Gover-
nor's Writers Day Award and Pacific Northwest Book-
sellers Award for Literary Excellence; nominated for
Golden Spur Award.

"And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of Fire!
I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

From *Jerusalem*, William Blake (1757–1827)

In Memory of

Giovanni Costigan

(1905-1990)

Tuesday, May 1, 1990

Kane Hall 130
University of Washington

Giovanni Costigan

(1905-1990)



Giovanni Costigan was born on February 15, 1905 in Kingston-on-Thames, England, of Irish parentage. He earned baccalaureate and master's degrees from Oxford University and a master's and a doctoral degree from the University of Wisconsin. In 1930, he took his first academic position as an assistant professor of history at Idaho State University, where he met Amne Johnson, whom he later married. He was hired as an assistant professor of history at the University of Washington in 1934 and began his long and active career at the University. He retired from the faculty in 1975 as Professor Emeritus of History.

During his career, he specialized in European history, and his scholarship includes books on the history of England and Ireland, and a biography of Sigmund Freud. During World War II, he served as an officer in Air Force intelligence. He also devoted himself to contemporary international problems and spoke out forcefully against the fascist takeover in Spain in the '30s, the anti-Communist campaigns in the U.S. in the '50s, the Vietnam war, and U.S. involvement in Central America.

In 1958, he was named Seattle "Man of the Year" by B'nai B'rith for his contributions to improving human relations. He received an honorary D.Litt. from Lewis and Clark College in 1967. In 1970, he was named the recipient of the University of Washington's first Distinguished Teaching Award and was appointed a Jessie and John Danz lecturer in 1975. In 1989, he received the Paul Beeson Peace Award from the Physicians for Social Responsibility.

Tax-deductible contributions in memory of Professor Costigan can be sent to the Giovanni and Amne Costigan Endowed Scholarship Fund, Department of History, DP-20, University of Washington, Seattle, WA 98195.

Program

Welcome

Laurel L. Wilkening, Provost
University of Washington

Master of Ceremonies

Jere L. Bacharach, Chair
Department of History

Michael Moore, Professor of History
Appalachian State University

Donald Emerson, Faculty Emeritus
Department of History

Adagio from the String Quartet Op. 11 by Samuel Barber
School of Music Student String Quartet
(Hai-Xin Wu, violin; Sunny Lee Kim, violin; Scott Ligocki, viola;
Terry Cook cello)

Edgar Samuels, Department of History
Lester B. Pearson College of the Pacific

Bess Brunton
Central American Peace Initiative

Grant Gauger, M.D.

Cecile Andrews, Director of Continuing Education
North Seattle Community College

Psalms 43 set by Felix Mendelssohn for double choir
and

Jerusalem by William Blake
University Chorale
School of Music

Professor Joan Catoni Conlon, conductor

1 May '96

Costa Rican
Hummingbird

- abt 30 people in Kane 130 - which seats 700 - when 4 am. 45 min. early, already tables coming. lot of table 7. evening came when I had supper @ Eu'n Cafe @. One of table 7 3 four windows @ table next to me were talking @ "so elegant, seemed to care so much" - & on other side 7. cur'n divider a singleton four windows th a seat & hard in E'n accent, "I'll just half a cup coffee - we had a mtg for Dr Egn @ 6."
- stage a seat w/ piano @ stage n., appar' stand central w/ lig lgt 7 pink, yellow & red lrs, & chair for string & tub stage l.
- across aisle w/ me, gray-haired man (gray g'tly predominant here tonight) tells similar kind him he ice over Egn's notes after a table - "he has a 1/2 a piece of paper, w/ 2 dates withn 8 d - no one all, & he'd rec'd for one h of 1/2. I then told: "I think he knows how many inches deep, I told us, 50 mi. out - you just ed. I believe how much he knows."
- 5:30, 075 here, only a few id/ly yngen then 35-40. 70 mg surprised, abt as many men as women.

Cgm/2

- gms man c bout 6' out into @ back w/ video eqpt. & go back and y he's over hd 7 Cgm, red he's read o him & Daily
- 8th Pass, in the tie & feet, comes b, stands thinking @. stage, gets onto it: he's only white head in 40-voice choir lining up across. stage. (Umm. Choral - maybe all students except Passes 2-3 other men)
- Jue B'nach here, in 1st n. corner @ front, @ 5:46, waiting. crowd form.
- choir fills 7th stage; they'd just lined up 1st practice. (Passes 1. out 7th stage, elegant as a date.)
- Jueen comes, 40ists, arriving now, 5:45.
- just as I was to write mo. mandarinata 7. his dept a - here - except Passes, Guff/eth. End of B'nach came b together, 7A reads 3/4 way up.
- Proceeding now across.

Cyan/3

- friends here than any and I've been to for yrs.
- run nearly full by 5:55.
- Tom Handlin and.
- B's back brings to front row 7 approx.
- need 30 in stream to build some to, the puts was 7/18 no stop. piano as tribute
- 6 ym, lost 3 now have a few seats, only all else filled, people hanging in.
- 5 holding 5 extra arm.
- 1st child I've noticed, 7 yr old girl w/ long hair mother.
- ~~5th person coming (I'm 2090 was arm, 20 ym before in gun pants with~~
- 4 ym arm (6:07), down to limping

C'gon/4

- B'neer with several yngs - lly woman who proved to be. Old parent.
- says she did' know him, & B'neer out 7 th, "Ho o his lady..."
- "tapping 7 lorn; a lac head"
- B'neer: & ygn avoid w/ Wd 56 ym; came from U 7 lalao, "an lroad (Pocahontas)"

- Moore (50th), w/ spore lroad); however, choked-up voice.

- ygn verbally painted Gothic cathedrals, drew lly plans o. lly lroad - and id such conf'nd creativity a conf'm'g beauty 7 people.
- voice lreaks, he pauses as he g'ts Emerson on 4 lns. - "get ~~strong~~ out - sound out 7 lroad."
- (a few people stand'g b. lly lroad)
- ygn B'neer lroad o. Emerson: "He was a nato/y human being."

- Donald Emerson: (jmad Old '41) (white-lroad) "I'm not used to true things" (mids)
- "High portuna" to have lroad w/ C'gon

Cyan/5

- Enam conf - 6:20 classed rings as he begins to read in table.
- "person affected to long-dead / figures 1. part"
- Enam's odd, dull apks. why? - "attribution" o "passion" (sic) reason."
- does like circles, apologies
- Enam stops, then @. and a little confused: a dread to 3-pc down blue
mist, high white stage - his? paper? - sticks o 7 least words.
- a sea line! - "great full 7 old Henry Hall" - m end 7 Enam's
strive day, which at something table.
- Enam's play's 7 strong quarant a hugely grey-headed man w/ full head
7 grey m & pony tail comes into locker, as ends & ascends as music
plays, all + peacefully.
- midway thru, a bearded guy repeats his note!

Black of the Cyan Oxid prof: has "a little economy 7 words."

C'gyn/6

Samuel: very Brit in speech; un-gothic, a bit Emma Schreppian. To
- recalls early '80s when C'gyn was beginning when Prince Charles came, (via)
S'l had to submit his notes to B'ham Palace.

- @ 80, he decided to S'l had become a sage.

- remembered we were "savage animal w/ no weapons"

- C'gyn recalled after his spoken performance, "and we'd started up
to read, "I've gotten more hype & inspiration very much you said!"

Brunton: as the low Damsong. C'gyn "proy 7. state 7 Un"

- Can't I am Pace but've had C'gyn after @ every 4th 7 had picnic;
he always th. day's m'per & showed what hope the un to it's need.

- "he never stoped learning, never stoped aging and, never stoped coming
his values."

Gauger: baldish, physically only - the (as he is): C'gyn used to tell's
narration 7 his life, "You know I have seen my whole world."

C's'n / 7

Eugen sent: C's'n listened to intently then we always - danger you
than us! with. attention 7 such a mind.

- "such a powerful tree in such gracefully modelled tones"
- much throat-clearing & audience after C's'n's eloquent emotion of the o

field of song 7 n' gala.

Andrew: lovely, in white blouse & long black jacket. She asked women &
audience after she had C's'n to women-in-history award @ & Bay with
true lived his face - they left they gained respect by attention day with
a drinker.

- C's'n "inspired" ^{pressure} to be detached: "to be manner to his job,"
"to opt manner to others to acc'd world."

- thought 7 him as "a pure spirit"; looks as tall's story 7 C's'n
abandon's law & Or'd like by leading to read a living the
someone left open o. tale.

Brach, apoc' & C's'n story 7 comment's a playing a paper: "I read some paper
10 yrs ago & gave it a D - it has inspired w/ age."

Chazak: Peace you them for "Jerusalem"; 1 yrs evolution goes 71, (Pave) in

Please sing w/ animation, full-mouthed, hold's breath music / older
advently to front 7 him.

- final line: "Bring me down 7 down's gold..."

intro remarks @ Elliott Bay reading, Nov. 16 '90:

Among us "reading writers" there's a Grand Prix circuit of bookstores we hope to get invited to, whenever we have a new book out--Black Oak Books in Berkeley, The Tattered Cover in Denver, the Hungry Mind in St. Paul, and...Elliott Bay. This fall I've done readings at those other three ^{great} bookstores--and will have been in about four dozen other bookstore~~s~~ or reading venues by the time I'm ~~done~~ finished with "travels with Mariah"--and coming home here tonight reminds me, all over again, is this Elliott Bay what a remarkable store ~~this is~~--with this separate area for the readings to be performed in, this stage and mike set-up for the readers, the virtually nightly schedule of writers that Rick and his staff somehow juggle through here. This is the Carnegie Hall of literary readings, right here.

So I guess I better read, huh?

This section of Ride with Me, Mariah Montana,

~~The section I'm going to read~~ runs about half an hour, and then ~~tonight~~ we
isn't it?
can do some questions and answers--my turn to ask the questions tonight, ~~right?~~--
before Rick winds me up to sign books. A bit of background on this book...

5 Oct.

Dear Elizabeth--

Yesterday was the first big rain of the fall, blown in by a windstorm the night before, so this is one of those scoured, perfect Northwest days. Much of the fall has been mungy until now, though, rainless, humid, tepid. Carol and I both noticeably perked up when we looked out at branches flying off trees and rain sheeting down and said, There, goddamn it, some real weather for a change.

Not that we need much more perking up, these days. Mariah Montana is going like blazes. 52,500 copies in print, and Macmillan probably is going to have to go back to press for more. It's been on the bestseller list in San Francisco for more than a month, was #5 on the Denver Post list last Sunday, has been #1, 2 or 3 the last month in the Seattle Times, and most whimsically of all, it's been on the New York Times list they use to poll bookstores, a weekly group of 36 "contender" books from which the Times assembles its 15 bestsellers. Couple of smash reviews in the Washington Post and LA Times; interestingly(?), women reviewers seem to like the book better than do middle-aging male reviewers--Chicago Saturday guy didn't like much about it except the language, and the San Francisco Chronicle reviewer rather endearingly couldn't stop himself from ending up liking the book. Anyway, so far things are going absolutely wonderfully with Mariah.

I'd intended to try to write you from our Sept. bookstore trip to Montana, but forgot to take the Gottingen address, and life frankly was so busy, downright teeming, that I couldn't have managed a coherent letter anyway. Couple of incidents from you from those 10-bookstores-in-16-days: the first one, the only really worrisome kook I've had. Was 2 minutes from finishing the bookstore appearance in Billings, sitting there dabbing my name into extra books for the store to have, hand, when a woman darted up and instructed: "Don't you leave! I've got to go get some orange juice!" I blinked and mildly said in a couple of minutes I had to leave. "Don't you leave!" she flung over her shoulder and zoomed off. Damned if she wasn't back in a minute with an Orange Julius she was slurping at, and planted herself beside me on a stool. Maybe I ain't no shrink, but I could see she was pretty emotionally strung-out and so I mumbled and hummed noncommittally while watching to see that she wasn't going to pull something lethal out of her purse and figuring my route away from the table. "Well, gotta go," I said brightly and scrambled, and while I still wasn't sure--after the successful scrambling--that I hadn't just been in an even-us-paranoids-have-enemies mode, it turned out the woman had threatened one of the store clerks earlier. As I said at the time, thank God she was both the last customer and the first crazy. Ah, and then the Jimmy Johnson episode in Spokane. There was truly a throng for my reading there, 400-500 people in an area that seats about 100, and then I signed a whole bunch of books, and was on my way to sign up some stacks of phoned-in orders ~~for~~ when a very old but very early guy stepped in front of me, clamped a hand on my shoulder, and announced: "YOUNG MAN, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ME!" Incredibly, ~~he~~ at 90-something, he was indeed Jimmy Johnson, the Shelby banker who promoted the 1923 prize fight there between Dempsey and Gibbons (and virtually bankrupted the town) that I put in Mariah. Oh Jesus, I thought, what nits does he have to pick with me? But no, evidently the declamatory Jimmy didn't even know the Shelby fight was in the book--all he wanted is for me to ghost-write the story of his life for him. Told him, sorry, I don't do that kind of work, and got myself into motion. "NOW, WAIT!" he thundered. "Can't wait," I said and made sure I kept going, "got books to sign for these nice people." MHEY! HEY, NOW WAIT!! he kept shouting as I kept going...and I've wondered ever since, if somebody had Baced Jimmy down in 1923, would there ever have been the historic Shelby fight?

So far so good, then, only 2 incidents of this sort out of 1400 Mariahs and hundreds of paperbacks sold at those booksignings. A lot more bookstores

to come; week after next, in the immortal words of Mayakovsky, "I go off to read in all the directions there are," LA, San Francisco, Dallas, Minneapolis...

It's such a cliché I hesitate to tap it out, but what a fascinating time for you and Henning to be in you-know-where, huh? Considerable coverage of the reunification over here, but amid federal budget dolours and Iraq etc. Carol and I hope both you and the folklore guy (Greetings, Henning!) are thriving over there. Write when you get a chance, okay?

p.s. U Dub report: Charles Johnson got an endowment, to keep him from skipping to Northwestern. The new wing of Suzzallo Library looks wonderful, particularly from in front of The Hub--at last, an architectural focal point in that part of the campus. Linda Bierds has had 3 more poems accepted by the New Yorker, and I swear she's getting better, poem by poem; right now she's reading in Ohio, 12 colleges in 6 days!