

1 Jan. '98--Heading toward \$3 million. This chilly rainy day was a good one for totaling the year's finances and other chores, and it's typical of our way of life that I both spent some time running our reasonably sophisticated Excel financial pages on the Mac 7200 and handmaking my own desk calendar for the year. (Of all unexpected blights, calendar choice was dismal by the time I got to the U Book Store the other day; there, and everywhere I looked in Northgate y'day, every remaining calendar was glossy, impossible to write on in pencil!)

3 Jan.--4 in the afternoon, damp, dark coming down and chilly rain beginning, maybe to turn to a bit of snow. Sarah and Nile Norton coming for dinner, and C is in the kitchen cheffing tooth and nail on a major cioppino. I've spent much of the day editing Mtn T on the computer; another batch, not a very big clump of pp., tomorrow, along with a couple of inserts to write, and I can let the ms sit until one last re-read while I'm laid up with my surgeried knee after next Friday.

We've been doing chores like mad--today I even threw out my menageries of old socks, and sorted shirts for keepers and losers--but had the wit y'day to (a) grab the decent weather and head for the Skagit and (b) call Linda and Syd at the Camano cabin and invite them to lunch at the Rhodie. It made for a magical day, the country in several inches of snow north of Marysville, the Skagit delta in patterns of furrows and snow, muted golden light on the Bayview park slough when we walked half an hour there, on crisp snow. Herons materialized out of the fog. And, a terrific treat, the stand of trees near the old boathouse (which incidentally could have been painted by Andrew Wyeth in its weathered-wood patterns against the tidewater and alchemical light) held a couple of hawks scanning the snowy fields; as we stood studying them, here came a bald eagle, so near we could see it extend its talons as it came in for a landing, and hawks exploded out of the tree the instant those talons extended.

Then onward to lunch, C and I the first customers through the door this year, and Linda and Syd soon on hand for good talk of what we're all up to (Syd is going to teach a senior seminar in Brit Lit of the 30's--Auden, Woolf,

3 Jan. cont.--Orwell, Isherwood, Bowen--and is fiercely laying intellectual landmines against termpapers bought from the Internet) and all of us tickled pink that we're all getting rich--professors and writers, of all people! Linda had a scare about the beloved Camano cabin, a wet basement, which turned out to be a leaky faucet rather than a seep from outside, thank heavens.

5 Jan.--Worked thru the weekend, polishing Mtn Time, and now I think the first 2/3--66,000 words--is ready to go in to Scribner. Tomorrow my surgical regime begins, w/ a physical and conference about anesthesia, so I felt I had to spruce up the ms before medical stuff sprawls through this month.

C came back from her first "retired" day on campus, after initial session helping out at the writing lab and sitting in on the music appreciation course, and said, "That was fun."

The weather definitely isn't, chilly and much rain.

7 Jan.--Whew. A crammed day even when I had no intention of trying to make it one. I have: bought \$50,000 worth of Merrill Lynch pref'd stock for my Def Ben pension plan, 100 sh. of NextLevel for my IRA, called Liz D. and handed over SKY and WINTER BROS and the audio of A RIVER...to her to see what resuscitation she can do on them, called Nan Graham to tell her the first 2/3 of Mtn Time is coming in on Friday, and just now finished packaging the ms copies to her and Liz.

Y'day was really crammed, the prep steps for surgery (physical, anesthesia conference, and a highly perfunctory session in how to use crutches) at Group Health Central, then to Linda and Jeff's to pick up their loaner crutches, then to N'gate Nordstroms for new pj's and socks, then to Fred Meyer to buy a Walkman for entertainment during my recuperation... All of this taking place after (a) the aggravating session of ms ph'copying @ Kinko's (two sabotage machines!) before dawn and (b) notification from Gp Health that we're off their rolls, C's retirement papers not having caught up to re-enroll us. That got solved, but among the steps was my decision to put on a sport jacket and tie to better present myself at the Gp Health desk, and it indeed seem to help the clerk (actually quite helpful and deft) there see me as something besides a white-bearded geezer.

8 Jan.--A new high, or maybe it's a low, in my sporadic writerly problem of life imitating my so-called art. When I was doing the trilogy I made up an agri-conglomerate called TriGram, and by the time I was on the third book, an outfit by that name had come into existence. Now, here in Mtn Time, I made up Xandria for the cyber baron's outfit that swallows old libraries shelf by shelf, a pun on the historic library at Alexandria, and an echo of Lexa's given name of Alexandra, etc. So this morning I was reading away in the Jan. issue of Atlantic Monthly and my eye caught on a skinny one-col ad in the back pages, an Aubrey Beardsley-like illustration with a large X crisscrossed through it and underneath, "Xandria Collection." What it's a collection of began to pop at me from phrases such as "exploring your sexuality is as healthy as it is fun...Men and women have delighted in the Xandria Collection for over 20 years...wide array of sexual products..." Plainly, their Xandria is even more inventive than mine. Onward, in the next revise, to calling the cyber baron's outfit ZYX and see what that summons from any vasty deeps.

12 Jan.--"You gittin' a scope?" the black guy in charge of the crutch clinic asked me, and indeed I now have an arthroscoped knee. Friday's operation and my recuperation couldn't have gone better. I was treated royally--the operating-room nurse who's in a book club told me they were honored to have me, and the surgeon, Charlie Jung, is a fan of This House of Sky and could not have been more forthcoming and soothing. (Evidently he did bits of medical coddling of me, too. When the operation was over and they were dismantling the operating-table gear and readying me to wheel out to post-op, one of the nurses found that Dr. Jung had put a precautionary tourniquet rig where my leg meets the torso: "I've only seen you do that a time or two before," she puzzled. Then in post-op, the tough New York top-sergeant nurse there went to pinch my foot to test for response and found that my wrappings went all the way there, around the instep. "They didn't work on your foot too, did they?" she puzzled.) It was a long day--the Group Health staff started on me pretty

12 Jan.--promptly at 10:30, and it was 5 when C buzzed around to the front of the hospital to pick me up in the GRV; I was in the operating room from 12:15 to about 1:35--but not a particularly fraught one until an end-detail, which I'll get to. My blood pressure was dandy cool, 120/80, and so was my pulse, 70. The preparation area was remindful of traveling high-class steerage, contradictory as that sounds: curtained-off areas (though the muted pastel plaid curtains were perpetually being flung open as nurses came and went to bedsides) with us out-patients in our blue shower-caps and booties and, lo, the traditional damnable skimpy outfits that tie at the back, our loved ones around us and nurses parsing through our paperwork and procedures. My right leg had to be shaved ("clipped," the nurse's aid or whatever said it's now called; C noted that everybody on the medical staff, star surgeons included, wears democratic blue) and washed, and not long after that, Dr. Jung appeared, introduced himself to C, made us both feel better, then I got my spinal and soon after that was being wheeled through chilly corridors--outside, it was a brilliant day, the Olympic Mtns shining--to the operating room. I had decided that I wanted to watch the operation on the screen (the TV-like set was atop a stack-structure with "Arthro Tower" written on it), as, it turned out, everybody else in the operating room does too, including the surgeon. Two holes were put in the front of my knee--how, I couldn't tell and truthfully didn't want to know--and one in the outside, and as I savvy it, in go the arthroscopic tubes and the instruments about the size of crochet hooks inside it. Dr. Jung cheerfully showed me the tools and gave me a play-by-play of what he was doing. The miniscus cartilage had what is called a fish mouth tear, and indeed the interior of the knee as shown on the arthro screen was unexpectedly undersea-like, the cartilage whitish and anemone-y, the probe as it ran beneath the kneecap looking like a gray eel snout investigating under a deep ledge. When Dr. Jung started trimming away on the torn area of the miniscus, the cutting-head resembled the metallic tapered-but-blunt end of a kitchen garlic press or wire snippers, and within its leading end was whatever cutting apparatus that fairly rapidly sheared away cartilage material. The

12 Jan. cont.--sheared-off material then floated around in the knee and on the screen for all the world like fish food dropped in an aquarium, until vacuumed out. So, Dr. Jung smoothed away the torn area and also found a kind of a tab at one end to shear off, the only problem I was aware of was my ~~kn~~ leg's tendency to stiffen against his chest or midriff where the clamp held it--"that quad is firing by reflex," he chuckled, and each time he'd tell me to relax it I could, even though I had no feeling down there. After close to an hour and a half of that passed surprisingly quickly, he had my leg up high and was industriously wrapping it, and we were done in there. I was in for another 3+ hours, about half of it in a nurses' area-holding room with just me and nurses going about their backstage business, setting up their workweek schedules, trading gossip about how the day's stuff was going etc. They gave me some cranberry juice and a muffin, highly welcome after 22 hours without anything except a bowl of Jell-O for b'fast; one of the nurses reported that a cop who'd been operated on recently told her, "If you give me another muffin, I'll put you on my Christmas card list." I read some--a re-read of The All of It--and at last a curtained area opened up back where I'd started in the prep area, which was now the post-op area. C was let in there, and soon Charlie Jung showed up again to chat and have me sign his copy of Bucking the Sun. Then came the unexpected slow hard part of the day, waiting for my bladder and urinary tract to thaw from the anesthetic. They won't let you go home until you can pee, and it took me three tries, elaborate excursions to the bathroom with C leading the way with my crutches and a nurse wheeling my gurney. Finally managed, not much but enough, and then it was a matter of getting dressed, traveling by wheelchair to the front door, making it to the car on my crutches, and with C deft at the wheel, home in about 25 min.

The regimen since then has been cumbersome, stuff stacked up beside my living room chair or bedside because I can't come and go to get it, but the recuperation has been quite blessed, no pain from the operation the first night or the next day as warned of, never had to resort

12 Jan. cont.--to the pain pills, and here nearing the end of the third day I'm about to discard the crutches. (Which, by the way, have not been as much of a trial as I thought they'd be; I've fairly well managed one of the crutch options, swinging my right leg in rhythm with the crutches and putting my left leg in the step ahead.) One more meaningful time in these pages, so far so good.

And amid this, Nan Graham on the phone from Scribner vitally used the last part of that phrase: "It's so good," she New Yorked about the Mtn Time ms. Relief is palpable, back there and in me, ~~xxxx~~ that after the furor and bureaucratic hand-slapping that had to be endured to get me to their imprint, she and Susan Moldow are pleased with the first two sections, now that they've laid eyes on what they're paying for. "Completely riveting," "moves beautifully," "polished and strong," Nan rattled off, bless her, and the important reaction is in Susan Moldow's 3 questions to Nan: can we schedule it for spring of '99? (I told Nan I felt confident enough about then; she'll list it for May.) can we show it to Carelyn Reidy? (Yes, the majestic Carolyn wants to see it.) did Becky give me any editorial-direction ~~xxxx~~ notes on the first section? (I guess that's a technical question for them, as to whether this version is living up to suggestions by Becky. Huh uh, I told them, she just warned me to watch the lingo of my twentysomething characters, and I have.) So, Nan seems to be the kind of cosmic vacuum cleaner I had for an editor in Carol Hill and not since. (Though Tom Stewart sometimes came close; and it's notable that not even Becky, with her ferocious energy, ever read my stuff over the weekend and got back to me this fast.) She clues in enthusiastically on this and that: which Julie Christie movie enamored Mitch, she wanted to know right away, Dr. Zhivago? Then told her tale of her and her husband renting Dr. Z video this New Year's Eve and, what with the doc*ty about the making of Dr. Z that now comes with the flick, watching and watching into the endless wee hours...So far, this Nan Graham adds a lot to my writing life.

14 Jan.--Big rain. 9:20 a.m. now, it's pounding on the roof and making eruptive splashes in the long puddles between the garden furrows. This afternoon, wind is promised.

Monday we had a pleasant short-lived snowfall, maybe 4" here, 8" and a lot of black ice elsewhere around. Life went quiet and plumply white, pinto patterns of the snow sticking to the vine maple trunks outside the kitchen window, and the moonlight-like glow suffusing the bedroom when we turned in.

C is out and about in all of it today, at her new voluntary campus life and then intending a run to Larry's Market for a couple of nights of seafood. Last night Mark and Lou Damborg came for supper, postponed 24 hours by the snow, and their pleasant grace shooed away any cabin fever built up during my recuperation. My knee report: I cast away the crutches Monday afternoon, the third day after surgery, and y'day, Tuesday, began mild exercise and efforts to stretch the hamstring and the muscles across the kneecap. I can walk okay, although the leg still doesn't flex normally at the knee--it's kind of wooden, off on its own. Stiffens up at night, and after any stint of sitting. But pretty damn good, this soon.

I returned to my desk on Monday, a day of putting stuff (much of it financial) into files, going back through the Xmas cards, general sorting. Y'day I started making file cards toward Mtn Time's final section, "The Divide," from notes jotted on my yellow pad, and am still at that today, some fruitful jottings back in there. This may be my pattern for the week, try to organize material and then, starting next week, write write write.

15 Jan.--The big winnow is done. Today finished going through ms scraps and blue-sheet ideas and file-cardable jottings on yellow pad, and now they're heaped, to be arranged in "The Divide" working ms binder tomorrow and (I think) into a scene-by-scene filebox as well. Then to start judiciously dumping stuff into the computer.

The heavy rain quit midday y'day, then we had some wind but not as much as forecast. Overcast now, (1:50) but C has just gone for her n'hood walk. Late afternoon y'day I went up to the Shoreline gym w/ her and put the

15 Jan. cont.--surgical knee on an exercycle for about 4 min. That loosened it up some, though it soon went stiff and achy again; but it's coming along. Intend to go up again this afternoon and next to give it more little shots of exercise.

16 Jan.--A full week from surgery, the knee is bending close to normally when I walk, although there's still complaint coming from it. Did go up to the Shoreline exercycle y'day and again this afternoon, working up to 7 min. pedaling, broken into 3 min-2-2 stints.

C is fixing crockpot soup, the Rodens coming for supper tomorrow night. Food was the enchanting story here y'day, when a snazzy Dean & DeLuca hamper of pasta fixin's was delivered, Nan Graham & Susan Moldow's way of wishing me happy recuperation on the knee. Left Nan a voicemail saying I'm glad to have editors who know guys can't eat flowers and send good old food instead.

19 Jan.--M.L. King Day, which I've marked by resuming work on the ms, the "Divide" stretch run now. Spent a blinding amount of time last week sorting, sorting, and must next try to feather the most promising material into the computer's rough draft.

Much rain through the weekend, but today was a classic Jan. day of a certain kind, balmy promise within clouds coming and going. Saturday the Rodens came for soup supper, a classic spat 'twixt them when John of course insisted on walking/running here from their house, Jean not seeing him anywhere on the route when she drove and, already out of sorts from 3 bedraggling weeks of flu, she wanted to head right back out to look for him. I went along, and there he was, walking along near the bottom of the hill down from campus, unawares anybody would be concerned about him. The evening then settled down nicely, as it so often has with our most fondly combative old friends. Y'day afternoon, I went with C for some house-looking in the Inverness n'hood near Lake Washington. Some pretty good views, but wan houses.

Today I turned down the Goethe Institut's offer to send me to Berlin in '99 in their writers' exchange. Quite a lot of uncertain scheduling and fussy participation involved, and it seemed best to keep our life flexible.

20 Jan.--Frabjous day, sold Microsoft stock for about \$67,000 pure profit (earlier in the investment, sold enough shares to get back original investment plus 50% gain, even then). The money flow in this household, semi-amateurish as we are at handling dollar signs, steadily astounds us.

Second day back at Mtn Time rough-drafting, parlous but on schedule. Liz called today to report on her read of the 1st two sections--"wonderful, had the best time..." The one criticism she offered was that I should look at taking some of the sardonic edge off Lexa in her comments, which I'm already aware of but now will be more so.

Weather moderate again, though the damp chill is of the cutting kind. I again went up to the park and walked back and forth along the flat top area to encourage my knee--4 back-and-forths y'day for a quarter of a mile total, 5 today. I'm now about to go up to the Sh'line gym and put in some minutes on the exercycle. Tomorrow afternoon I see Dr. Jung for the ceremonial ripping off of the sterile strips.

22 Jan.--Good report on my knee, Charlie Jung and Group Health Central physical therapist Barb Berry both pleased with how it looks and works. The scars are negligible--now that the blood-soaked gauze and steri-strips are off, I've measured them: a quarter of an inch each, two at the front of the knee just below the kneecap and one on the upper outside of the knee just above the cap. Walked 3/8 of a mile this morning at the park, and will exercise some yet this afternoon as well; Jung explained that the knee mysteriously gets its nourishment and resiliency--there's still no artificial substance as slick as the knee cartilage, he says--from the fluid in the knee being worked into it by walking etc. As to how the little wonder feels, it's pretty good by now, a little stiff, a little achy; I'd say it was probably Tuesday, 11th day after the surgery, when it flexed normally during walking and didn't constantly remind me it'd been through trauma.

Otherwise, we're hunkered. I've been meatgrinding notecards and rough pp. into the ms at a regular

22 Jan.--3 pp/day, which will give me some decent working quantity by the end of the month. Either more of the same through Feb. or some revising, probably both. C meanwhile is happily pacing through her volunteer tutoring her musical appreciation course, and her weekly gym routine with the trainer avbl to the faculty, a bouncy red-lipsticked marvel also named Carol. Tonight is the monthly get-together with the Nelsons for dinner at the Provinces, and that outing will be good for us, too. I asked C at lunch if she missed teaching her mass media course today, the aftermath of what looks like the Vesuvius of Clinton's bimbo eruptions--the Monica affair--and she said she was thrilled not to have to handle the stuff on that. This truly may be the beginning of the end of Clinton's hold on office, if the tapes and the tapes of tapes have him and Vernon Jordan veering into perjury and/or subornation thereof. In this household, we've always said the Clintons are yuppie timebombs personally, but politically we don't want to see the country go to hell with the paroxysmic help of their enemies. Prez'dent Al, anyone?

Footnote to Group Health visit y'day: the big central desk at Orthopedics was being run, to my surprise, not by the usual swift young black women, but by a pair of grandmotherly types, either of whom could have played Calpurnia in To Kill a Mockingbird. It turned out they're fill-ins, and personally the best of friends, as borne out when the one laboring through the computer to find my appointment was asked by the other, "Willa, have you seen my glasses?" and the response was, "Honey, I'm wearing them."

30 Jan.--Diary fell off the face of the earth this week, so this is just to say Whoopee, the sun is shining at last and we're heading for the Skagit and overnight at LaConner.

2 Feb.--We'll see whether there's been considerable water pooling under the bridge of our life these past some days or whether it turns out mirage. C came home from her customary Sunday house-looking to say, "There's a house I want you to see." That got my attention. It's

2 Feb. cont.--the final house in Woodway, where the Edmonds city line comes at the base of the property's bluff and the highway viaduct curves past into downtown Edmonds. Pleasant house on 3 acres, a little rental house along with it, some view but not a lot north over the Edmonds ferry dock, trees, trees, trees--anyway, the long and short of it is that we were impressed enough to tell the Windermere realtor in charge of the open house that we'd like a further look (i.e., in the rental house) with the Innis Arden realtor, Lee Lageshuelte, on hand. By coincidence Lee L. was having an open house at a place on Springfield Place that C. knew she's been trying to move for some time, so on our way back from Woodway we just pulled in there to give her our message. Now that place has our attention. It's much bigger than we need or want, but it has a knockout view of the Sound, good grounds protected by a Reserve on one side, is in good shape and hasn't been updated into wretchedness, etc. Costs a ton of money, but we've got more than one ton. So, we're going to see if we can feel our way without looking too excited about the place and make an offer. My hunch is that we've got ourselves geared up for this, and both lost most of a night's sleep turning it over in our minds, and Lee L. will say, "Oh, that house, I sold it yesterday..." We'll know at least that much in a couple of hours.

So Sunday was house games, and even some of Saturday, when we spotted a cute small house at the south edge of Bay View, in front of the parking lot for the ~~Padilla~~ Indian Slough trail along Padilla Bay. Too small, it turned out after we got realtor Nathaniel Scott out from Mt. Vernon to show it; no way to have a bedroom and an office both, plus there's a title tangle with Skagit County having an angled easement across about a third of the yard--asking price for these woes, \$295,000!

All in all, though, the Bay View bit of house-looking was a diversion at the end of a stunning day. The weather was glorious by the time we reached the Skagit (through another traffic snarl in Everett), and we walked a mile and 3/4 on the Indian Slough path before supper at the Rhododendron. The next morning we headed out right after breakfast at the Channel Lodge to start bird-

2 Feb. cont.--watching, and in the next couple of hours saw three or four hundred trumpeter swans in a flock not far from the White Swan b&b, snow geese in vees and other undulating patterns overheard at the Fir ¹ island dike access, pintails and mallards practically solid on the water near Blake's fishing resort at the mouth of the North Fork of the Skagit...and bald eagles, there were so many eagles posed hither and yon in the course of the day and so many people parked and gaping at them that it was almost comical. Also saw ~~green-winged~~ green-winged teal and plenteous herons when we hiked Indian Slough again, this time before lunch at the Rhodie.

5 Feb.--Have been slogging pp. into the computer the past 4 days, still trying to reach critical mass on "The Divide" section of Mtn Time. Y'day I think I figured out plausible ways to tie up the plot threads, but now to doing the knotting.

The Springdale Pl. house situation has devolved to Lee L. suggesting we make a written offer to the recalcitrant owner, who hasn't wanted to come down from \$575,000 on a house we and Lee agree is worth maybe \$500,000. C and I will take a very close look at the place when Lee holds another open house there this Sunday. It is a very big house, vastly more expensive than this one to operate; on the other hand, it doesn't get any quieter around here.

13 Feb.--A grinding week where I didn't expect one to grind, in the first scene of "The Divide" section. I looked at my rough of it a little while on Monday, sighed and groaned, and started taking it apart for the sake of the storyline. Now, almost 20 pp. later, I'm not sure if I really speeded the story, but the portraits of the three characters right after Lyle's death seem to me more affecting and more beguiling in language. Anyway, these have been all-day writing sessions every day this week, and now at going on 3 on Friday afternoon, I am ready for a weekend. We intend to go to the Camano cabin, first time this year, if

13 Feb. cont--the weather isn't too vile. Linda B. and Sydney were here for dinner Tuesday night, a hilarious festive evening when all four of us circled in the kitchen to get a meal out of the classy fuselli pasta hamper Nan Graham and Susan Moldow sent me as a get-well gift after my knee operation, and L&S offered up the cabin again, good as new, they say, after the rug replacement from the inexplicable faucet-drip-flood of the cabin basement.

I see I last made it to the diary before we took a definitive look at the big Springdale Court house last Sunday; ~~and~~ the place proved just too goofy, w/ two kitchens and neither of them good, resuscitation needed on bathrooms, kickboards, the roomy but dark downstairs quarters that would have to be the study...huh uh, C and I concluded as we were crossing paths scoping out the place in detail.

15 Feb., @ Camano--Pastel wash in the sky behind the Olympics, the snowpeaks of the range coming and going in the active clouds; and down off the bluff bank from us, harlequins and goldeneyes and buffleheads and a loon. Cheap entertainment, we agree as we sit at the bank of windows in rocker and swivel chair, enjoying this perfection. Catching a day of Valentine's luck, we left home y'day morn just before 9 in dubious weather (and dour forecasts) and as we came up over the Stillaguamish ridge on the freeway and could see that the showery fringe of clouds was still to the south, we zoomed on up to Padilla Bay and the Indian ~~Saught~~ Slough path. We hit it just right, doing our 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ mile walk in balmy temperature, no threat of rain, birdlife rampant--greenwinged teal and pintails dabbling in the slough channel, a hawk hunting the dike, and a bald eagle that looked as big as a ~~power~~ power transformer, planted in the very top of the fir tree in the random little grove near the old boatshed. On the return leg of our hike, we saw this eagle fly across the channel to where we'd seen an immature eagle perched earlier; the immature, we saw now, was in the air with booty in its claws, looking for some

15 Feb. cont.--safe place to perch and eat it. The big bald, though, and another big bald that showed up from nowhere, swooped and harassed the immature until it dropped the booty, possibly a muskrat. Booty got away, and three miffed eagles sat around glaring at each other.

We went on to the Rhodie for lunch, luckily hitting there not long after 11, as the place filled up with Valentine couples. I had a terrific country-potatoes-with-sausage-zucchini-peppers-etc. dish, Carol had an more terrific pasta w/ chicken, gorgonzola, and walnuts, and we had enough leftovers of both for a good supper filled out with coleslaw and carrot salad from Haggen's. The other stroke of luck, as in "luck is the residue of design," is that the old but sturdy portable radio that I've had in the shop, which has always seemed to me to have better reception than current boomboxes, indeed picks up KUOW here for "All Things Considered" and even more wondrous in this area of tough reception, KPLU in Tacoma, so that we sat here watching dusk and sunset while listening to Marian McPartland's jazz show.

18 Feb.--My strong new right leg today walked the n'hood, uphill and down, the full $2\frac{1}{4}$ mile "around the block, this 40th day after surgery.

19 Feb.--The book report so far this week is so-so; am slogging on at the ms trying to revamp 20 pp./week, the rest of this month and next. Carol pointed out to me when I started this pace that it's six weeks' worth, same as basic training.

23 Feb.--Managed to crack the opening scene of my trio's hike into the Rockies, after hitting my head against various maze walls of it at the end of last week. Am still having to labor harder than I want on this finale of the book, but that's what the SOBing thing seems to need.

Bright cool weather today, which my knee still doesn't quite let me romp in at will; I felt the stiffness and twinges when I walked the n'hood this morning, and am now debating how extensively to exercise it this afternoon.

23 Feb. cont.--Tomorrow I see Dr. Jung for my final
checkup of his surgical repair.

The Rodens were here Sat. night for cioppino, a dandy
recipe Carol picked up from Ann McCartney. Coincidentally
y'day afternoon I showed the flag by going to the
funeral of Ann's mother @ the U. Methodist Temple south
of the U. Bookstore. Oddest moment: when everybody
stood for a hymn, I found I towered over all the people
for 3 or 4 rows in front of me. What the hell is going
on, my 5'9" self thought, does the church floor slant?
Church floors don't slant. The height differential
proved to be the Japanese-American members of that
congregation, the Nisei generation about 5 feet ~~xxx~~ tall,
whom Kay and Frank McCartney were in a couples' group
with as far back as 1940.



27 Feb.--@ Camano, salubrious Camano. Just now, 8 in the morning, the Olympic peaks with first light on them are emerging under thin gauzy clouds, the scoters are flocked together on Saratoga Passage like the original birds of a feather, the buffleheads are in a mating circle dance spreading their chubby wings... a great getaway, this.

Left home a little before 2 y'day, Thursday, and went on up to Padilla Bay for the Indian Slough dike hike, ideal for my recuperating knee, 2+ miles of absolutely flat walking. Then early supper at the Rhodie--terrific Italian fish stew for Carol, fine pork loin w/ blueberry-pear chutney for me--and back through the Skagit delta with dark coming on. Astonishments in the dusk: the trumpeter swans, some hundreds of them, scattered in a field not far from the Fir Island road; and then, on around the bend and not far from Wylie road, some thousands of the snow geese, so quiet and bedded in the field that we had to do a doubletake for our senses to recognize them, even though they were only 50 feet away. Full dark by the time we got here to Linda & Syd's hideaway, Bonanza Alley, Camp Comfort, and we moved in, bedding, books and food and all, by headlights.

Latest social note, monthly fest of Asian food and laughs w/ the Nelsons @ The Provinces. Line of the night, something Marshall had come across in a copyright infringement case, an Amway guru's self-help book for his minions: What to Say When You Talk to Yourself.

28 Feb.--Camano perpetuo; it's 9 a.m. and the Victoria Clipper, its Union Jack motif game against the chilly gray water, is purling past. We've been birdwatching--pair of eagles crisscrossing in a long looping flight north along the passage, above strings of scoters--and lazing, reading y'day's NY Times, tanking up on coffee from Linda and Syd's tatty plastic Starbuck's thermal mugs (one with an air-leak gargle in it), agreeing that we're in no hurry to head home, maybe later today, maybe tomorrow... The weather is a lot cloudier and windier than y'day, when we had another perfectly fine

28 Feb. cont.--hike along Indian Slough and exemplary lunch at the Rhodie, then back here for a nap, and a drink at sunset, and a perfectly happy ~~supper~~ supper of this-and-that, chicken pasta leftover from lunch propped up with sausages and salads from Haggan's food emporium. The visual coup y'day came when we went to the boat launch area of Camano State Park down the road from here, where we've noticed the birdwatching is particularly rich; and there under the south bluff, we got to see an eagle swoop out of the nearby trees, nail something long-tailed and furry in the tideline rocks--rat? otter?--and pack it up into a snag where the bald eagle mate sat; one of them then clamped the prey to the branch with its talons and proceeded eating it from the head down, the meal's tail dangling down forlornly as we kibitzed with our binoculars.

4 March--Definitely not Camano, but the ms trench. This month is probably going to be a slog all the way, as I wrench a version of the book's last section out of my pretty tired head. Chaff chores increase about now, too, of course: letters from students, speaking gig details for a year from now... I have managed to churn out the paper-work on my pension plan, so barring an alarum from the actuary, that's out of here.

We did manage to get ourselves out to a movie last night, first time in eons. "Mrs. Brown," highly acted, if a little sketchy in the story; a rare historical drama that was a bit too short, but maybe good for that reason!

9 March--A better Monday of writing than has happened for quite a while, giving me some hope the ms knots may be loosening.

Stayed in town, apprehensively, this past weekend; Sat. lunch @ The Bonefish, recommended to us by Carol Shank of the Rhododendron, then to the Art Museum to see coastal masks, then to Pike Place Market to shop for some supper. Made a good day, and Sunday around here was reasonably quiet for a change, the damnable dog not much in evidence on one side nor the intermittent hammers too relentless on the other.

17 March--Clean-up day at the old homestead. Paul Drollinger's yard crew, led by foreman Mike, whipped around outside for 2 hours this morning, trimming salal, weeding my sad-ass winter-battered veg garden, and most of all, power-washing the dark and mossy concrete on the patio side of the house. Although the patio is still broken-backed, to my perpetual aesthetic annoyance, the concrete is many shades lighter and more civilized--and wonder of wonders, the sun came out this afternoon and dried things up nicely after the power-wash cascade. Also gave me a chance to scoot out for an hour and plant a row of red sails lettuce and rake the driveway gravel in remedy of the bald spots of winter on it.

And the ms maybe began to loosen and go, a bit, today. I still have damnable fill-ins to do in the fire tower scene(s), before I can go to carving the conclusion, no simple chunk either. But I'm maybe out-stubborning this section, to the point where it's at last getting some flow to it. This continues to be a choppy month, though.

Tomorrow noontime I have a UW date w/ Joan Ullman, recently retired prof of Spanish history, so she can walk me through some of the history of the Left in this region, leading I hope to the guys who fought in Spain in the 30's. Brigade of Rainbows, ultimately? We'll see if it's a book I ever really want to tackle.

We had a restorative weekend @ Dungeness, comfily holed up in the Juan de Fuca cottages and hiking the Spit 3 days, the most I think a 4+-mile day; my knee did pretty well, no complaint from it at all on one of those days. Wouldn't you know it, our housing future raised its head even there, in the form of a gorgeously sited house--on the risky sandbluff just south of the Spit. We're mulling.

28 March--The diary has been sacrificed to Mtn Time lately; the next two weeks may at last tell that tale, at least to the point of a critical mass I can then refine. Now it's Saturday, the last in this weathersome March, with patches of blue but drifts of cloud as well...with any encouragement at all from the sky we'll head for the Skagit delta, do the Indian Slough dike hike, lunch at the Rhodie.

Here on the home front, C has kicked the house into shape

28 March cont.--in numerous ways, cleaning, touching up the paint on the always weather-worn south end, readying us to hand the place on if we can find the next house we want. There is quite a feel of biding in both of us, I think. C has also readied up our May trip to Utah and beyond, something we're both keen to get to.

On the business and busyness, I continue to be Peter-principled to the rest of the world, asked to do more stuff that I know less about--latest, y'day, was the Vashon Island historical preservation group wanting me to speak on the Makah Indians for a Native Americans program they're having. Also this week, talked to a writer for The Stranger about regional marketing of writers (i.e., Montanans and the Trainspotty Scottish writers); turned down request to be on UW Extension Division's advisory committee on writing courses; and am probably going to be wrangled by my buddy Tony Angell into a Seattle Art Museum panel on nature in art. (Tony and Lee were here for a crab feed Thurs.

night, a fine funny time, ideas ricocheting. Tony: are there times of our life when we change a lot less, physically, than others, kind of bodily steady states? Me: do any of the rest of you ever have the impression, ~~that~~ when you meet up with friends in their late 40's-early 50's after not seeing them for a while, that now you can see how they're going to look in old age, i.e. the face to come? Lee: as a mother she finds herself turning into, yes, her mother, a queen type toward the kids rather than a cheerleader type...) Ah, yes, and Hollywood was heard from again: Jim Sadwith had Richard Green @ United Talent send me videos of his last couple of movies, along w/ Richard's note attesting that S'with is still "passionate" about making This House of Sky. Back went my note saying, "Really what he has to get is pa\$\$ionate."

31 March--End of a forced-march March, the ms slogged at until the end is in sight; and in the spirit of eating all the toads to get 'em over with, in a few minutes I go for my second straight day of dental work.

2 April--Managed to complete the draft of the high lonesome portion of Mtn Time's last section, and now must try to press the book's last couple of scenes out of me, I hope by the end of next week.

Got ourselves out to a movie last night, "Afterglow," Christie and Nolte acting up a storm. Fun.

12 April--Easter, w/ ham dinner ahead at the Damborgs', goodoh. Cloudy and chilly, but I have felt a lift in my personal weather with the all-but-completion of "The Divide" finale of Mtn Time. I have two scenes, totalling perhaps 4 pp., yet to work out, and believe I have mentally felt my way into them, at least technically (both of them likely need some of Lexa's italic interior voice, to chime with that same sound in the book's opening scene). It'll remain to be seen whether the orchestral ending--seeming to end, and then another conclusive chord played, and then another less expected but I hope elegant one--holds up, but for now I think it takes the book to where I want it to go. C is to read Divide tomorrow, and I can tinker with it this coming shortened week--Dungeness Spit and our 33rd anniversary--and the week after, before turning my head southwestward for our Utah/Four Corners trip in May.

I emerged considerably from the writing cocoon last Friday when C and I went downtown for lunch w/ the prez of alma mammy, Northwestern U., Henry Bienen and his wife Leigh and their Vashon Island daughter Laura, then that evening we went downtown again, damn near a ~~modern~~ modern record for us, to Richard White's reading of "Remembering Ahanagran" at Elliott Bay, meeting the Damborgs' there and having a beer with them at Umberto's afterward. In order of appearance:

--The Bienes, who I had resisted having lunch with 2 or 3 times when Henry's admin ass't called, on the basis that it's a distraction I can't afford when I'm trying to march rough draft onto the page, turned out to be pleasant and of course literate to the nth, Henry a poli sci prof at Princeton before the NU gig and Leigh a lawyer, longtime public defender in NJ, and a sometime writer herself, w/ a piece coming out in Tri-Quarterly. Not much of an arm was put on me for anything, the chance coming up early for me to tell Leigh in response to her question whether

12 April cont.--I'd taught at the UW that no, I don't teach; interestingly, it was she, in that question and a later invitation to speak at NU if I'd like to, who did that academic heavy-lifting, rather than Henry. It may well be that takes on some of those chores while he presses the fiscal flesh as much as he has to; he'd had meetings that morning and one yet that afternoon, and was sounding a little hoarse and tired. Anyway, that was all a good enough bit of networking, Montana the fueling element--they summer in a rented ski place near Bridger Bowl and somebody pressed a copy of Sky onto Henry.

--Richard White & "Ahanagan": Richard is stylish and smart at a mike, and what's interesting to me in the context of this book (which I've read about a third of, and find a bit lecture-y for a general audience--the art of the transition isn't Richard's strong point--as well as tricky to follow in the intricate cast of family characters; the premise, the setting-up of memory vs. history, is of course intellectually first-rate) is Richard saying out loud that this book, in essence dissecting his living mother's memories, has shown him the cruelty of being a historian. I hadn't figured to put it that way, but I remember how pissed off I was for quite a while after my first time with Richard, when he commented on my WHA talk by finding the clumsiest sentence he could in my dissertation and quoting it against my invited-by-Patty-Limerick points about the craft of writing; it was one of those sentences that came out of a dispute between Carstensen and me, indeed I think dabbed in by C'sen and fumingly swallowed by me, and I thought at the time (a) Richard could not have read Sky and Winter Bros and that dissertation without knowing full well that was a sentence with the heavy hand of the advisor on it and (b) this was not good stuff to get back to Carstensen, aging and ailing and all too aware that I went for years without speaking to him (Vernon) over the language wars of that dissertation. But I noticed too that when I dished it back to Richard as

12 April cont.--best I could there at the WHA by saying that now that he was in charge of those UW grad students he could make sure sentences of that sort never happened again, he took it with a laugh. And since, C and I have cherished Richard and Beverly, feeling our lives get a needed dose of stimulation from knowing them. So I find it moving that Richard, at the peak of his career, has found that there is blood under the skin.

22 April--More anon, I hope, but to get something down: the bumner end of the news first, the puncture of another house dream. Week ago today we got a preview of Mary Bondrant's house up on 13th, very nicely redone, fine view, but with problems we told ourselves we were willing to swallow: goofy garage and driveway, the washer and dryer and the ironing space in that selfsame garage, three sitting rooms and no definite dining room, no actual guest bedroom... So we told Lee Lageshuelte we'd make an offer, Lee having said Mary dreamed of getting \$610,000 for the place. Off we went for our anniversary 4-day stay at the Juan de Fuca Cottage #7, came back and y'day, with Lee's additional info that Windermere's best local estimator among agents, Wendy Higgins, had eyeballed the house @ the \$475,000-525,000 range, we made a pre-emptive offer of \$555,000. Back came the reply that the counter-offer is that same \$610,000. Goodbye, Mary.

The Juan de Fuca stay, on the other hand, could hardly have been better. ~~Minnow~~ Hikes on Dungeness Spit 4 days, and the other day we did 5 miles ~~in the mountains~~ and roundtrip to Olympic Hot Springs, through the Park's glorious big woods.

29 April--If I'm gauging right, I'm at last at that long-promised point where I'll never have to work as hard again as I have before. Not that I won't have bouts of enforced labor, but the long slog should be able to be lessened. I now have the Mtn Time ms in virtually full draft; we'll reach some kind of a turning point in the long house-hunt in the months ahead; bends I have wanted to get around, in the lifetrail.

We're not terribly far from hurling stuff in the Honda rig and leaving on our 4 Corners jaunt. In getting

29 April cont.--the speaking stuff ready, the reading/w/ remarks that I'm contributing to the Utah Conservancy in the Moab gig took damn near all day Monday to prepare, but the Salt Lake speech prep'n was solved by pulling out My Huntington speech; so at least those averaged out. The ~~Winkington~~ Huntington speech, under the approximate title "Books and their Makings," is at last, after 20 years at this, a talk I pretty much like; it's ~~some~~ maybe significant that it's the one where I argue that regional materials can get us to considerations of that larger country, life.

Called Nan Graham this morn to tell her I should be able to get the Mtn Time ms to her in July. She's just been in sales conference, about which she hilariously grouses: she bikes 15 blocks, to a hotel which "could be anywhere," sits there getting none of her actual work done, meanwhile having had to leave home so early she couldn't arrange for her mother to handle her kids, meaning that her beloved spouse has to handle her mother to get her to handle the kids... In mentioning that she'd sat by the NW rep Michael Carley, and that he's the luckiest rep in the world with the Pacific NW territory he wants and Amazon.com as his ace-in-the-hole account, Nan said the field force of reps now account for only 7-12% of advance sales of a book; they're a vanishing breed.

Dinner @ the Provinces last night with Linda and Sydney, a fine spirited catch-up with them. Linda seems to be embarking on poems built around King Philip of Spain's habit of listening to a castrato sing him the same four arias over and over...there's your book title, we exclaimed, The Four Arias! Oh, sure, said she, after The Ghost Trio, now the...

24 May--Home, after our 3 weeks in the dry lands of the Southwest, and we're both swallowing pretty hard on the gray dank weather congealing on the entire Memorial Day weekend. Clouds honest to god began at the Oregon state line, turning us aside from our impulse to take an extra day and jaunt up to the Wallawas, and by the time we were coming up to Snoqualmie Pass mid-day on the 21st, the weather was so murky and besetting we had to think

24 May cont.--it was downright funny. Ah well, we (try to) tell ourselves, we had a grand time away. Carol heroically kept a travel journal while I penned nada, hardly even any pocket-notebook jots; one way I look at this is that I wanted some laziness during vacation, and the other is that I've lost a lot of drive since we made the similar trip in '93. Either way, or both, here are some randoms:

--At least three times there was evidence that the sky is becoming more veiled due to humankind's behavior: our first day, the drive down to Bend, was through a yellowish skyline haze we couldn't figure out, wrong color for smoke or for that matter a dust storm as we've known them. It blotted away the Cascade peaks--no sign of Mt. Adams or Rainier from the Yakima-and-south route (as there was on our way back) until Mt. Hood began to edge out when we were north of Redmond, OR. The ~~smoke~~ murk, it turned out, had been meteorologically tracked as dust from northwest China. Next there was discernible blue smokestack haze as we drove past the 4 Corners coal-fired plant and again on the drive up onto Mesa Verde, where we were ~~tax~~ told that another coal plant at Black Mesa might be responsible. ~~And then there was~~ "Smaze," combo of smoke and haze, the tourist with some local family connections termed it to us. Then there was brown smog over the cities of the Wasatch Front as we drove north toward home--and supposedly 4 million more people and their cars etc. on the way into that long valley. Watch it, homo so-called sapiens.

(The ~~Sin~~ China clipping and our trip itinerary are in the back of the diary.)

--We both again took great pleasure in seeing the bone structure of the planet, throughout the trip: the Three Sisters region of the Cascades with lightning storms on them, the canyon walls from above at the Black Canyon of the Gunnison and at Canyon de Chelly (both of them quite a set of testing perches for us, acrophobes that we are) and below at Chaco and at the Dugout ranch, ~~thru~~ the grand forms of Mesa Verde and the Sleeping Ute Mtns and those lovely little alps, the LaSals behind Moab. Plainly we like treating our eyes to such natural sights.

24 May cont.--In other sightseeing, we deliberately went one after another to the old puebloan centers of civilization, Chaco-Canyon de Chelly-Aztec-Mesa Verde-Hovenweep, even the sidetrip out to little Lowry. (In what we think is a change from five years ago, the cliff-dwellers etc. are no longer officially called "Anasazi," it having been noted--doubtless by the Hopi--that in Navajo it means not just "ancient people" but "ancient enemies.") We were taken with the point made by the Chaco ranger (gloriously named G.D. Cornucopia) that the settlements had lines of sight to each other across great distances: the westmost pueblo at Chaco is up on the canyon rim and can see to Shiprock; from Shiprock, you can see to Mesa Verde, and so on. Had him mark out these visual lines, by which those peoples could have communicated by night with fire, by day with smoke, and perhaps with something reflective like silver, on our newest and most expendable Indian Country map. The Honda CRV, by the way, more than justified itself in taking us on the semi-rough road out to Chaco, and even more so on the 6 mi. of slabstone and swaley washboard road to the Holly ruins beyond the main Hovenweep group. As to the health of our backs in riding 4,178 mi. in the Honda, I set mine to aching by propping up inadequately in bed to watch motel TV mid-trip, and had to resort to a support-curved pillow in the car and chairs, both, afterward; C seemed to get by fine.

--We managed plenty of birdwatching throughout the trip. Three mornings in a row in Moab, we went out after breakfast and walked the Nature Conservancy's Matheson Reserve at the west edge of town; ~~for~~ redwing blackbirds galore, blue herons, yellow-breasted chats, a female oriole. At the High Desert Museum in Bend, one of the injured birds in the raptor lecture was a peregrine falcon, fierce, gorgeous, and instantly wary of a redtail hawk passing by far overhead. At the McKay Creek refuge s. of Pendleton, our last night on the road, a ringneck pheasant flew across the road in front of us the instant we entered the gate, and as C noted in her journal, we tracked an osprey we'd seen dive and glom onto a fish. A 10-12" catfish, it proved to be, as

24 May cont.--we watched the hawk hang onto it with one set of talons, the fish still giving occasional wriggles and shudders for the longest time, and balance on a pinnacle of a snag with the other talons, socketed down onto the fairly sharp nub of wood; and amid it all, the osprey took the still not-dead fish in its beak and switched it ~~to the other set of talons~~ from one set of talons to the other. The bird kept tearing at the head of the fish--we could hear the picking noise--to hasten its killing, but it took a long time; we watched for nearly half an hour, ultimately the osprey flying to a regular tree branch in a big cottonwood nearby and holding the fish slabbed across it in a set of talons to eat it, at least once boosting it a little farther across the branch like a butcher positioning a side of beef.

--From nature red in beak and talon to nature red in rock: the Dugout Ranch, amid the rust-dark Wingate sandstone cliffs on the way in to the southern district of Canyonlands Nat'l Park. The Utah Conservancy honchettes, Libby Ellis and Sue Bellagamba, met us at Newspaper Rock a little after 9 on the 15th and took us to one of the old homestead sites and then to "The Island," a little mesa in the middle of one of the hayfields, complete with some rock scrambling (we went to the top, game as the dickens with the two lithe young women; Libby is a veteran rock climber), petroglyphs, small cacti in bloom, and views, views. Then they took us to the ranch buildings to meet Heidi Redd, the main push behind the Conservancy getting the ranch (for \$6 million) instead of it going to developers, her younger son Adam, and eventually the other son Matt and his wife Kristin. Heidi is about my age, pigtailed and bandannaed, looking rather like a Heidi who's grown up into Annie Oakley. She's the one who's determined to run the ranch, tooth and nail, while the sons evidently have been tinkering along without taking hold, and her husband Robert, as we got the story, took up with a woman who now teaches lit at George Mason U. Out of it all, to my surprise and the Conservancy leadership's ecstasy, I was a hit with all the Redd factions--Heidi

24 May cont.--inviting C and me back to stay even if she's not there (up in line camp with the cows, she is most of the summer), Matt working at ~~me~~ asking me questions about writing (visibly coming out of his shell, Libby and Sue said later), even Adam, who seemed mostly interested in his dirt bike when we arrived, hanging around over lunch; and that night ~~in~~ at my reading gig at Pack Creek, here was the husband Robert, with his rancher brother Hardy, both making nice and getting me to sign books for them. Who ever knows, what will eventuate when I take on these gigs...

--The other main socializing we did was in Farmington, with my cousin Beverly who's newly moved there from California, into rental circumstances and self-maintenance challenges (she's much overweight) that made our breath catch, and in Paonia where we visited DeWitt Daggett and Julia Brown. The dinner they had at the place they're renting until their house gets finished was a real lesson in how fragile a social evening can be; we were all eating and talking up a storm, DeWitt and Julia and their Alaska sidekick Dawn and carpenter Jim, C and I, Ed and Betsy Marston of the High Country News, everything stimulating as can be, when here came a last-minute invite, ex-newspaperman Larry Mosher from the nearby little town of Crawford. He has the loopy-goopy mien and even the appearance of an inflated Red Skelton, and table talk a la Larry all at once went to horses, chitchat local trivia. Figuring it was worth a try the way things were going, I called down the length of the table to ask him about his newspapering career, saying I'd heard he was one of those guys, mimicking typing with my fingers. He looked sideways around the table saying he liked that, the one-of-those-guys pantomime, and began reciting his career, which fairly soon hit The National Observer. No kidding! said C and I, who had loved that paper, and I could call out bylines to him ("Did you know Diane Shah?!" We got him going into a quite moving recital of his time there, when he nearly lost his job over a feeling of inadequacy among such classy writers, and the evening more than righted itself.

26 May--The remarkably bilious weather continues, a steady drear rain that wasn't in the forecast finishing off this afternoon. Y'day, Memorial Day observance, Carol walked Lake Union alone, my knee leery of 7 mi. of pavement (although some thanks it's giving me, aching enough after not much garden work y'day that I'm going to ice it) and didn't get rained on, though the morning was mostly gray. The evening before, we went to Linda Sullivan/Jeff Saeger's for their neighborhood's farewell party to Richard White and Beverly Purrington, Stanford-bound. It was quite lovely, to see that neighborhood gathering, how they get along in a community way--Beverly said she's cried every day about leaving that n'hood. Had considerable chance to talk to Richard. Railroads are next on his list--we kidded that Stephen Ambrose's rr book will be out in the next 6 months or so, plenty of space ahead for the years Richard will put in on his. He said Remembering Ahanagran hasn't had any major reviews--W. Post cut him from their Irish issue, for reasons unknown; Richard says he suspects he's riding not the wave of all ~~this~~ this Irish stuff but the ebttide--and he thinks now it may not get any. The Utah St. historians, Clyde Milner and Carol Conner, and their kids Catherine and Charlie, were on hand, and we gabbed enjoyably with them, about the Utah Jazz, the kids' dream-versions of where they're going to college (Charlie, somewhere down around jr. high, insists "Penn for graduate school"; goodoh, I tell him, Ivy League but not one of the snotty ones, right, Clyde from Yale?), what book ought to be used to cap off a History of the West course on a contemporary note (Clyde has been using Kittredge's Hole in the Sky but says the kids don't like it as well as he does, accuse Bill of whining; it says all too much about us of this writing generation, though, that I couldn't offhand come up with a piece of fiction to suggest; the book I'm writing now, but who the hell ever knows...)...C remarked what a delightful family they are; and do I ever give Clyde terrific marks, seeing how much he's loosened up since the tightly wound young scholar he was ~~was~~ when I first met him at the Mont. Historical Society library. Maybe the kids, on his part, and our mutual gray on the face have done the magic.

**26 May cont.--Had a physical checkup to day, the first with our new doctor, Pat Kato. Allergy and aches in the knee are my only real complaints, and everything else seemed hunky-dory. Tomorrow is C's turn with Dr. K.

Otherwise, I started the re-read of Mtn Time y'day, and was pleased with the 1st section, "The Coast." Only small tinkering, and I put most of them into the computer this afternoon. The ms needs more work from there on, but at the halfway point I haven't spotted anything fatal to the book.

27 May--Justice in the world! Linda Bierds called this morning to say she'd just had the news she's winning the Pen/West poetry prize for Profile Makers. Great, we said, what could be better? Minutes ago, about 1:45, she called back to say she's won a MacArthur, \$320,000 across the next 5 years. Our beloved Lin, getting a bit of the due the world owes her.

29 May--End of an editing week, many small touches made to the first two sections of Mtn Time. Such sifting and dabbing is still what I do best. Section One is in almost final shape now, and Section Two may get that way with another week's work.

Along with the pleasant feel of making the book better with a sentence here and a word there, I've had a knee complaint again; have taken it easy, and taken aspirin, the past 3-4 days to see if it will settle down. The knee didn't like the car trip to the SW, and then I did a bit of garden work, shoveling with my left foot but, I now realize, thereby putting all my weight on the right knee. Damn.

As C told me a few minutes ago, fun is ahead. Linda and Syd are coming for supper and, unbeknownst to them, Alaska king salmon and the celebratory "MacArthur Gal!" balloon C got for her.

**addenda to my checkup: cholesterol (low) results that came today, 194/75HDL, 2.6 ration. My blood pressure was 110/80; pulse 68; weight w/ clothes on, 172.

4 June--A day ahead of schedule, the first two sections of Mtn Time are ready to travel. The revisions seemed to go well, which isn't to say they were easy: considerable sitting and staring at grafts and moving them elsewhere like jigsaw puzzle pieces. All told, I probably made 150-200 changes, mostly just little touches but some forcible enough to bring out the bone structure of the plot a bit more (Lexa's gradually bonding with Lyle, Mitch and the tar baby of the gravel deal). It remains what I do best, revising. Re-writer, me.

Had a couple of days of fine weather and quiet (the senior Cochrans in Alaska and Lee finishing up the school year, so no hammering next door; the damnable dog less barky--momentarily--while Peris is around the house these days, possibly newly unemployed), but today has gone gray, humid, and off-and-on rainy. Carol has done a ton of chores this week, including garden weeding and watering the property, while I've hung close to my desk in the manuscript work and babied my knee. Am now trying an Ibuprofen regimen, 3 days' worth so far, but I'm afraid it's trending toward resumed doctoring; the most morose scenario, I'd have to start all over again toward surgery, the past year amounting to no progress. To be determined.

Pleasant evening should be ahead of us, dinner w/ Walt and Jean Walkinshaw and then to ACT Theatre with them for Death of a Salesman. Linda Bierds and Sydney Kaplan indeed were here at the end of last week for a Copper River salmon feed with us, further fizzed by champagne in celebration of Linda's MacA. She and Charles Johnson were on the front pages of both the P-I and Seattle Times on Tuesday.

Then on Sat., the day after Linda and Syd's visitation here, we headed to their Camano cabin, to start the probable weekend regimen we've arranged with them while they're in Scotland most of the next month. At C's suggestion we went by way of Whidbey Island to see a beach house there--George and Janet Marshall's, n. of Langley--that our stockbroker Steve Charlston had tipped

4 June cont.--us about. Some nice touches to the place, but no elbow room. Onward to the Skagit, we ~~walked~~ had lunch at the Rhodie, then walked a bit ~~sk~~ on the dike at Indian Slough (a bit: my shallow knee again), and got to Camano barely in time to dig for clams (C doing the digging). Took me a somewhat bearish while to settle in, C pointing out that it was our shakedown weekend there, but when I can put my knee and our still unconcluded house-hunt aside there's nothing much wrong with propping ourselves up on Camano. Came back Mon. morning and was able to get back into the ms work that afternoon.

11 June: Quick report: the ms work turned tougher this week, after the first two weeks' revising on the more fully done early sections of the book. C and I both did a read of the revised "Coast" and "Springs"--more than two-thirds of the book, really--and she had very little to cite, while I had maybe two dozen glitches I spotted and took care of this first day or two of this week. Now, though, I have to get the characters gracefully out of the book, and that's going to be some heavy lifting.

Social notes: last Thurs., the 4th, we went to Walt & Jean Walkinshaw's for quick supper and then to ACT's Death of a Salesman. A dynamite production: John Aylward got a standing ovation for his Willy Loman portrayal. I then re-read our old copy of the play the next day, and it was lovely how the memory of the staging stood forth in the mind as I read the lines: I could see and hear the actors "do" literally every line.

Then it was Camano for the weekend, clamming as soon as we got there and settling in on not a great weekend of weather to read ms and tinker. (I fixed Linda's blinky bedside lamp.) Initiated the ~~gxi~~ barbecue grill season on Sat., Copper R. sockeye from Haggén's.

Tues. night, we met Linda Sullivan and Jeff Saeger for supper at the Santa Fe Cafe near them, for a chance to catch up and visit, and for me to pass along the P-I scene of Mtn Time to Linda, onetime Pee-Eyer, to critique.

Also Tues., I went back to see Dr. Jung about my knee,

11 June cont.--having tried to contend with its variety show of aches (occasional needle-like sensation near the inside hinge of the knee, the area Charlie Jung calls intermedial; some soreness at the top of the kneecap, and some soreness once in a while between the cap and the hinge) with first a week of aspirin and then a week of Ibuprofen. I was dour about the knee, fearing a new tear or some such, but Jung doesn't think so, thinks instead that these are still leftover symptoms and exercycling may strengthen the knee out of 'em. I've gone to the Shoreline gym and cycled the past 2 afternoons for about 20 min.--I'm to work up to 30-40--and damned if I don't think it feels a little better.

19 June--I'm now down to probably the last thousand words of Mtn Time, and don't I wish I knew exactly what they were. This week's work shaped up much of the final section, "The Divide," to the point where I'm less dubious about its quality compared with the first two, more seasoned, sections.

Also this week, I took a deep breath and bailed out of going east to Laird Nelson's wedding in Conn., and the attendant visit into NY and Scribner. With my knee being snarky, evidently from sitting during our SW trip, it made no sense to risk more of that, along with my reliably untrustworthy back, in transcontinental plane flights. To my relief, Ann and Marsh took it splendidly when we were at dinner at the Provinces on Wed. night; I actually couldn't have timed my finking out better, they were ~~sore~~ in such an exalted mood from Sarah's honors-honors-honors graduation from Williams. And y'day I called Nan Graham to say I wouldn't be showing up across from her editing pencil; she dramatically groaned, but it immediately devolved that she's coming this way the third week in Sept. and will try get here before we go to Boise for my speaking gig.

As to the future of the knee, I've exercised it on the sophisticated exercycle at the Shoreline gym every weekday this week, up to 26 min. of peddling today.

26 June--On the cusp of my 59th birthday, I've finished my 9th book. The printer is grring away right now, emitting the nearly 140 pp. of "The Divide," finale of Mtn Time, and while there'll be inevitable touching-up to do, the ms from one end to the other is by god continuous. About time, I feel in more ways than one. Wearying of the schedule, and a near-miss on another onset of eyelid trouble this last week--hyperdiligent soaking, ten min. at a time several times a day, took down the incipient chelazion. So, I'm too numb to do justice to the occasion, but for better or worse I've done this novel which came to me out of nowhere. Which maybe is where fiction is supposed to come from?

We go to Camano, our next-to-last weekend there before Linda and Syd hie home from Edinburgh, tomorrow for my birthday and Sunday for ourselves. We have some reading now.

1 July--Certainly closed the first half of this year with cosmic booms: y'day I express-mailed Mtn Time to Nan Graham at Scribner, around noon, and by 5 that afternoon we were making a \$650,000 offer on a house.

We're waiting on the response to the house offer (my prediction: we'll end up paying at least \$685,000, and more likely the full asking price of \$698,000; the owner is said to be some kind of biggie in electronics, and while as C said he could afford to give us the house, odds are he'll be tougher than a wolverine fang), so a bit about the book. I dabbled around in the ms after the previous diary entry, fixing quote marks and occasional wording, and by Monday afternoon, the 29th, was doing a printout for Nan of the last two sections. Then went back to it y'day morning, printed out the first section and scanned the total ms--which the computer says is 99,448 words--and marked in space breaks etc., until getting hold of Nan in late morning and confirming the Scribner office would be alive enough, here at the onset of the 4th of July spate, to receive the mail.

4 July, Camano--Where even to start, on the week this has been. Tuesday was the great pivot:

--I mailed the Mtn Time ms to Scribner at around noon, slipping that post office trip in just ahead of...

--the 2 o'clock appointment C had set with real estate agent Lee Lageshuelte. The house in question was in Blue Ridge, on Woodbine, and C had much liked it when she was shown it the previous Thursday--it had just the right amount of rooms for us, a terrific Mediterranean-like scalloped shoreline view to the north and northwest, nice grounds, etc. I still was in the throes of finishing the ms, the tricky penultimate scene of casting Lyle's ashes to do and it needed deft doing, so I blanched when she had to ask me when I thought I could be available to see that house. I dragged myself out of my writing haze enough to say Tuesday, July 1, but I didn't want it on my conscience if the house got away from us between then and now, would she check with Lee L. to be sure we'd still have a crack at bidding on the house on Tues.? Lee said it should be fine, the house had been on the market for awhile (probably because of its high bank situation), nothing looked imminent. So...

--I whipped the penultimate scene the next day, Friday, and we merrily came up here to Linda's cabin to celebrate my birthday. It was a wonderful pair of days, fine weather, clamming for one night's supper and Copper River sockeye salmon and corn in the husk on the BBQ grill for the other, plus a lunch at the Rhodie and the Indian Slough dike hike we've come to cherish--a classic combination of the pleasures of these Camano stints. Monday morning, feeling good, back we go to...

--a phone message from Lee L. saying that someone was making an offer on the Blue Ridge house. I thought there was no problem of us having the right to get into the offering process, say I. Not necessarily; if the seller wants to take the first offer, then it's sayonara. C looked so disheartened--she's trooped to hundreds of houses the past 15 months of looking, finally had found a promising one in Edmonds(which sold over the weekend) and this Blue Ridge one--that it

4 July cont.--about took my heart out. We went to bed on Monday as two pretty quiet puppies.

--Tuesday the 30th, I spent the morning giving the ms a final scan and marking in spaces between sections, and so at least there was the brightening note ~~for~~ for both of us of my finishing Mtn Time 6 months ahead of the contract deadline. That afternoon, Lee picked us up in her white Cadillac, and as usual on these excursions we went with her to check out a couple of new listings she hadn't yet seen, one of them an amazing 1950's mausoleum of a place in Olympic Manor for \$500,000!, and then went to the Blue Ridge house. C and I had walked the n'hood the day before, thought it was fine although we both admitted it's a lot denser than we're used to, and when we got in the house I saw why C liked it and I quite did, too. The bar-with-bar-stools and so on in what would be the office I wished did not exist, but I could swallow that. What needed real swallowing was the high bank down from the terraced yard, into a ravine leading to Puget Sound, where the sellers had some slippage and this year put in a concrete retaining wall down there. For a guy who spent 3 years writing about Ft. Peck Dam and its ultimate slippage, this high bank stuff is spooky; but in looking this situation over, it seemed to me at least a helluva retaining wall, big-nutted rod reinforcements into some kind of buttresses at the bottom. So, Carol and I gulped that down, and decided we'd see if the soil inspection would allay us on the place's other bank problem, a slip that straddled the property line with the neighbor to the south, and yes, we would ~~make~~ make an offer. Then...

--on the way home Lee wanted to show us a house up on 15th in our own n'hood, newly marked down from \$720K to \$698,000. Oh sure, yeah, right, you bet, we both sardonically thought and probably said. We walked in and within a minute C was saying This is a nice kitchen, and I was saying This is a nice living room, and look at that view. Downstairs came the clincher. We were trooping around in the rooms down there, trying to figure out what could be an office suite and what a

4 July cont.--guest bedroom, and for some reason I went out into the yard while Lee and C were cogitating something inside. The house to the south is a radical rebuild--we've watched it phoenixing up from having been taken down to the foundation and fireplace--and the carpenters were at it, Skilsaws ~~being~~ howling, a radio going, yells back and forth, and I glumly told myself No way, no sense moving from the Cochrans' building project next door to us now to another one yammering away. Then I went back in and realized the noise stopped. Really stopped. Lee and C hadn't been hearing it, even upstairs. So it dawned on the Doigs that here was maybe the quiet house we've wanted, and by the end of that day we were offering \$650,000 on the place and prepared to go the full \$698,000. It didn't quite come to that, their counter-offer of \$690,000 ultimately giving way to our c-c-offer of \$680,000; and while that is still a ghastly amount of money to two children of the Depression, we've got more than four times that much squirreled away. And so, as happy as if we had good sense, we await life in our new house.

11 July--"It's yours, guys." So said real estate agent Lee Lageshulte's phone machine message to us the night of the 9th, when we came home from dinner with Louise and Don Douglas at our beloved Provinces. The dream place at 17277 15th Ave. NW thus became what Carol calls "the upper house," this faithful but problemned valley house of 24 years becomes "the lower house" to be sold, and our life takes an enticing turn upward on the Puget Sound terrain.

Much has gone by in what I see has only been, incredibly, a week since we were packing up from our weekend sojourning at Camano and then fetching Linda Bierds and Sydney Kaplan from the airport when they came home from Edinburgh. But to take the moment of getting the house and working to and fro that, the essential news there was that the Windermere real estate agent whom Lee had to deal through was downtown having dinner at The Three Coins (everything rising, converging: I have that old moose of a restaurant mentioned in Mtn Time) and the sellers, Dane and Mela Butcher, were out to dinner in Los Angeles, and so there in 90's-America-over-the-plates, the Butchers agreed to swallow expenses for a new roof, electrical work and chimney recapping, and housecleaning, in all \$7010, bringing our purchase price down(!) to \$672,990.

Conjuring that purchase money out of our piggybanks is best told in my pocket notebook list of C's and my trip downtown on Wed., the 8th:

"Fed Reserve--1015 2nd Ave
security transfer form
\$27,000 in T-notes to be sold

Piper Jaffray--1200 5th Ave
\$115,000 jt acct check, local funds
\$75,000 Def Ben " " "

have Steve certify Fed form

Fed Reserve
return certified form

go home by waterfront

lunch @ home (cont.)

11 July cont.--

Edmonds, WaMutual
deposit Piper checks,
make sure of short hold time
cash in C's savings bond
deposit Scudder checks

soaker hose

pick up crab"

The day prior to all this vast financial haiku, the house inspection was done by Eric Magellisen, a detail stickler from whom we learned a lot about ~~the~~ the house (and got the news that the 5-year-old roof is such a crummy product it needs replacing), while the soils/slides inspection was done by Laurel Empie. I went w/ Laurel down to the Innis Arden Reserve below our property (as, ahem, it now is) and walked the railroad tracks with her to where we could see up the slope--it's such a wetlands and jungle slope that we couldn't go up onto it--thinking it was my best and maybe last chance to have a look at what abuts below 17277. It's an area with some soil creep, and of course official landslide hazard as all these Puget Sound banks of any height are, but the slope is heavily, healthily overgrown and there's no sign of erosion.

Eric the house inspector's big-ticket items were the roof and chimney and an electrical problem which kept throwing the breaker on the living room/dining room lights. So, Thursday, day after Money Day, was Electrical Day. First guy, a general contractor, scared the bejesus out of us (or at least me; C has been wonderfully iron-sided about achieving this house-at-last) by saying the circuits are obviously overloaded, the thing to do is to convert to gas and get rid of electrical hogs such as water heaters and dryer, replace the oil furnace while we're at it, etc. That chain-collision, all of it onward from one light switch, was maybe my low point in the whole process; that scenario just didn't feel right, for a house redone just 5 years ago, and it wasn't until the next day that I

11 July cont.--figured out, hey, this isn't nearly the biggest most-applianced house around, then guy can't be right that the place is maxed out on the electricity it can get. By then, anyway, guy #2, a licensed electrician, had determined that the problem is a short circuit in a pair of dining room lights, no big goddamn deal, and he thought the house was wired perfectly fine, no overload anywhere in sight. Guy #3, sturdily Nordic work-it-through Olaf Engen, also a licensed electrician, not only confirmed the short but figured out how to fix it without having to tear into the ceiling and raise general hell with the place. How many electricians does it take to fix a short? Three. One to terrorize you with worst-case expenses, one to find the problem, and one to fix it.

It's now 8 a.m. Sunday, and we'll soon head for the upper house and its new satellite station, Home Depot, so the final bit I can get to here is the moment, 3:30 y'day afternoon, when Lee Lageshulte met us at 17277 and handed us that key to the front door of our next life.

15 July--The big days race onward. Monday we went out and bought \$6500 worth of new furniture, y'day was the yardwork walkthrough w/ Paul Drollinger which will amount to four digits by the time his crew is through cutting away the worst of the shaggy shrubbery at the upper house, today we go to the bank for a certified check for \$653,376.20. Tomorrow we take that check to First Heritage Escrow, and on Friday the house on the bluff becomes legally ours.

The house tasks are blinding, sometimes perplexing (why are there no shelves in the bathroom cabinet? Carol placed several calls, over a couple of days, before coming up with somebody who could ship us new goddamn shelves), and we both agree, pleasantly exciting. This project seems more and more right as we go along, luckily--in the sense that "luck is the residue of design."

16 July--Oh, what a day. In our house-closing papers folder is a certified check for \$653,376.20. We bear it to the escrow company at 9. Meanwhile C is at the breakfast table reviewing our list of preferences--Misty Fjords catamaran over Misty Fjords seaplane?--in the Paul Allen junket to Alaska.

22 July--First diary entry in the new house, 17277 15th Ave. NW. It's 20 min. to 5, and as of an hour ago the place has a new roof. Only five days after closing the house deal. When the damnable Masonite roof failed the house inspection I had horrors of hound-dogging roofers until Labor Day or more likely the start of the rainy season, but Rick Hoover showed up as promised at the start of this week and all else conspired for us equally wonderfully--hot clear weather, no nasty surprises when the old roof was torn off. And it may not have hurt our case with Rick that he'd roofed Dave Springenburg's new house, next door to the south, and knew what the view here is in this heart-of-summer weather.

As to the Doigs, Carol is lounging in her spectacular new black Ekorness chair while I'm at the card table in what will be the dining room, pecking at this--and outside our windows, from Admiralty Head to Discovery Park, is Puget Sound and on the horizon the blue lightning bolt of luck, the outline of the Olympic Mtns.

26 July--Dizzying times. It's 8:30 a.m. as I write this, and C is simultaneously sweeping the patio and doing laundry while I've been setting water on plants out back of here (17021) and on the lawn at the upper house, and we've already walked the n'hood in bright warm cloudless morn--and at 1 this afternoon, this house is thrown open to the buying (we hope) public. Since about this time on Monday the 20th, we have:

- got a fine new roof put on 17277;
- had the downstairs and the master bedroom re-carpeted;
- taken delivery on the major new living room furniture we picked out at Scan Design in farthestmost Lynnwood:

26 July cont.--set of leather sofas, Carol's sleek black Ekorness chair, teak sideboard, end table and lamp;

--haircut the property below the house, in a frontal trim downslope by tree guy Mike Lampers, lopping a swath off the big-leaf maples and uncrowning ~~xxxx~~ perhaps 20' of a massive downslope cedar which is still a 60' tree after all that, and following Mike's day of acrobatics down there in the jungle, Paul Drollinger's yard crew came in and cut low the runaway laurel hedge and miraculously shaped up the rest of the long untended stuff;

--begun ~~time~~ to shape up the garage, which plays an unexpectedly central role in this move because it has to double as the shop; when the furniture movers delivered the sofas etc. I slipped them \$50 to zoom down the hill here to 17021 and move the big awkward case of shelves that has always stood in the corner of the shop here; it inevitably was an inch too high for them to tip it into place in the corner of the new garage, so y'day I rip-sawed off enough of the top and rebraced it so Eric and Rob of Paul's yard crew could jockey it into that spot (a ten-spot apiece to them for that and general diligence on the yard work);

--designed the downstairs office, much more of which will likely be heard in these pages as Lee Holden, "the House Doctor," works on it this coming week;

--and while I'm doubtless forgetting some points of The Week That Was, most vitally we achieved Carol's birthday party in the new house, 4:30-7:30 last Friday eve, old friends galore--John and Kathrin Maloof, Peter Rockas, Linda Sullivan, the indispensable Mark and Lou Damborg, John and Jean Roden, Ann and Marshall Nelson, Ann McCartney and Norm Lindquist--and new neighbors Dave Spangenberg and lady Dale from next door to the south, and Lee and Roger Lageshulte from up the hill. ~~xxxxxx~~ Ah, and the incomparable Angell tribe, Tony and Lee and blessedly well-behaved Gavia and Larka, with Tony performing the unboxing and exhibiting ~~of~~ for us of the Copper River delta triptych of paintings by David Barker that we bought the other night. A gala for C's day.

29 July--Salt tablet days. BB gun excursions. What strange wondrous times these are, as we get work done on 17277 in this heart of summer. Y'day and the day before were parlous hot for Seattle folk--mid-90s--and I dug out the old camping-gear stash of salt tablets. Today the weather has moderated a lot and much of the smog blew off, so it's been quite a lovely day here at the new address. While I fiddle around here I keep watch for crows zeroing in on the plum tree down the slope, and we've already noticed other birds moving into the niche freed up by the newly chary crows. As to the house work, the last of yard work lapped over into Monday morning, and y'day the furnace guy came to take off the cold-air drop elbow duct so that the duct-cleaning guy can get to where he needs to for furnace cleaning, and so it goes, surprisingly intricate. Lee Holden, "The House Doctor," arrived first thing Monday morn and by now has C's side of our trapezoidal and otherwise angled desk setup roughed into place--it has sometimes been excruciating to watch Lee ponder the angles he has to figure out, and his other preparation work, but we know his craftsmanship is worth the wait. Meanwhile we've had the open house for the public at 17021 last Sunday and the realtors' open house y'day, and are just waiting for any action on that house here in the slowest weeks of the the real estate year.

Aug. 6--First diary words of the new regime. I am sitting at our splendid new desk unit, Carol outside the window staining the shelves for the wall-size bookcase, Puget Sound and the mountains blue in back of her. Lee Holden the carpenter is up in the garage workshop cutting more wood, the pieces of the shelf-and-counter unit for the smaller office, aka the financial affairs office. It's ~~Thurs~~ Thursday of the second week of office carpentry, and while it's been a strain at times, the result is gorgeous. Onward.

Aug. 7--Lee the carpenter is sanding in the garage, Iain the mason is mixing mortar in the middle of the front yard, Carol is outside applying stain, and I am here looking at our grand new 10½-foot bookcase, with its 50+ running feet of shelf space. The bookcase, with its frame of 2x12 hemlock and its 2x10 shelves, went together readily here on the floor of the office but on the far side of the new desk--and with only about 6 inches to spare in that half of the room. Carol fetched Lee Cochran to help Lee the builder and me get it upright and then walk it across the room--carefully around the new desk, which I had padded with our old camping foam mattress pads--to slide it into place along the wall. That ~~xxxx~~ essentially outfits the office with desk space and book space, the rest is moving stuff in.

10 Aug.--Outside the window Lee the carpenter is running his router along the inside edge of the laminate top of the counter that's being installed in the small office, the "financial affairs" section. Another slow tricky step toward perfection as he shapes the edge to the uneven wall; tough to hang around watching the process--it's heading toward 1 p.m. and the assembly of the counter has taken all day so far--but it's lovely stuff when he gets it done. So, patience, Doig.

The wondrous views and aspects of this new house have continued, so much so that I hoped aloud to C on the ~~xxx~~ weekend that the place is as much fun ~~xxx~~ when we're living here as it's been these past weeks. Sat. morning began with our sighting of a seal on a small log in the nearest stretch of the Sound, perched across it like a wren on a twig. By the end of that day we were watching a pair of tugboats piano-move a tanker sideways to the pier at the asphalt plant north of Richmond Beach. The world literally becomes a different existence for us when we're up here, watching the maritime traffic, the bee-like bustle of seaplanes, the Lionel train set view of Burlington Northern freights on the Richmond Beach curve. And always, ~~xxxxxxxx~~ of some time of day, the mountains make themselves known. The pattern of these summer days has been some clouds early and then

10 Aug. cont.--clearing by early afternoon, so that by the time we have a 5 o'clock drink on the deck, the Olympics are an incredible set of bluesteel templates shading away in one ridge outline after another. We measure from a nearest mesa-like foreground mountain straight across the Sound from us, dubbing it "the Flat Top," and as best we can count in the mountain ranges' hall-of-mirrors effect, there are eight layers of outlines as the Olympics march south-southwest and five distinct ones north-northwest.

13 Aug. --On this classic summer day, ^{while} a single frieze of clouds like a mammoth contrail ever so gradually is breaking up above the blues of the Sound and the mtns, the final "invite" to the Paul Allen junket to Alaska and the first 100 or so edited pp. of Mtn Time back from Nan Graham both arrived. Carol, marveling at those showing up together, on this deck in this house, told me I'm a hard guy to follow around, it's too incredible.

We have both taken an enjoy-the-house day, with me propping up and beginning my re-read of The Sea Runners and my diary of that book, in prep'n for Alaska again, and C doing some gardening and Scotchgarding of carpet and so on. Even before today's momentous arrivals I was feeling bits of schedule stacking up all around me, and it helped, this morning, to make a single long list and then slaughter some of the stuff--such as phone calls--within a given hour.

17 Aug.--Have been juggling the Mtn Time ms along with house chores, Nan Graham's first edited chunk arriving here late last week and another since. She's the best line editor I've ever had, and so I'm taking most of her trims to speed the story, pare it down to fitness. On the house front, over the weekend C persevered through the dining-room wall paint job that the "house stager" had botched in her so-called patching; C made something like 5 runs to Home Depot to refine the paint shade and the coarseness of the roller (the coarser the better for that job, it turned out, contrary to all advice she'd been given). Sunday morn we made a pilgrimage to the ~~Kid~~ Ikea store in farthest Redmond, picking up some furniture ideas. Tonight, blessedly, Linda and Syd come to see the new house and take us to supper at the Provinces.

19 Aug.--Start of what we hope will be a propitious day in the electrical mysteries of 17277. Been difficult to winkle our way into the schedule of Olav Engen the elec'n--his excursion to Alaska monumentally a delay--but he's supposed to show up at 9:30 this morn and get at our now lengthy list of dead this-and-that.

Meanwhile C is there at 17277 reading my trimmed-down ms, a la Nan G; chainsaws erupted at about 7:30 here at 17021 as the Cochrans' buddy in the wood business started final dismembering of the skyscraping ~~spoon~~ poplar. We hustled back up to 17277, having just been there on our morning routine of stopping there midway through our n'hood walk and drinking in the view along with a cup of decaf, moved C's wondrous new recliner into the bedroom to be away from the electrician's excursions, and there she's ensconced. Combined, our house project and Dave Spangenberg's total rebuild of the place just south of us can produce hilarious traffic. When C and I got back there this morn, a van of one of Dave's workmen was parked in front of our place where either Olav the elec'n or the mattress deliverers later in the day are going to want to be, so I went over to ask if ~~they~~ guy could move it in an hour or so. Dave was there dealing with the guy, a painter I think, and just then here came Dave's delivery of 12 yards of garden dirt. For everybody to clear room for that dumptruck, not only did I not get the painter's van moved, but I ended up pulling our CRV into our garage so Dave's dry-wall guy Darryl could pull his pickup and compressor trailer temporarily across our driveway so that the truck could then...I laughed and left it all, coming home in C's Accord, the only unencumbered vehicle on both premises.

A delicious evening Monday night with Linda Bierds and Sydney Kaplan, seeing the new house for the first time. Linda in her genius way was in the house maybe 3 min. when she's already picked up on the delicate differences in living-room wall and dining-room wall paint shades which had given ^{us} so much grief. We toured them through thoroughly--Sydney even liked our furnace room!--and then they took us to supper at the Provinces on MacArthur \$.

23 Aug.--A sense of sayonara here last evening, as we sat on the patio while chicken breasts were barbecuing, and the neighborhood was Edenically quiet, the tinge of autumn in the air. Neighbors by and large were away, most significantly the Joyners next door and their perpetual wind-up barky dog kenneled. We'd been at work on 17277--bathroom hooks, downstairs doorstep, making up the new beds--as is our wont. Here in the patio dusk, just us and the chickadees and jays, we agreed that this house has served us well, and now it's time for upward and onward. Toward that closing of a chapter, possibly, we had an offer y'day morning on this place from the Magers: \$250,000 and contingent on sale of their house. We countered with \$260,000 and ratcheted their contingency schedule down from Oct. 30 to Sept. 30; their move next, and meanwhile this place has another open house this afternoon.

After meeting w/ Lee Lageshulte and parsing the Magers' offer, we went to the Edmonds farmers' market, marveling to ourselves at living leisurely for a change. (A momentary delusion: the end of this week, we go to Alaska.)

A blimp was wandering over the Sound, then and later when we were at the house, and the seagoing traffic past 17277 still hypnotizes us. We also had a marvelous Friday evening at the Angells', the publication party for the Copper River/Delta book that came out of the Alaska sojourn by Tony and David Barker and ten or so other artists from around the world. David and Tanya were there ~~for~~ at Tony's, and we liked them a lot--David a blue-collar workmanlike type, Tanya ~~and~~ erect and handsome. Our Copper River Delta triptych made the trip back to Tony's for the occasion, and seemed much admired; some bigbucks collector of David's work whom we coincided with while parking and volunteered to carry one of the pics glanced at it (and probably at me dressed in mushroom tones as usual) and asked suspiciously, "Are these sold?" It turned out to be a great party because we got to hang out not with the bigbucksers but our golden oldie friends the Damborgs (who in their quiet studious way bought a diptych from David during the evening), the Simmonses, the Sopers, and Tony's Amazon twins, Gilia and Bryony.

24 Aug.--The day we may have sold our house. From no immediate prospects we went, over the weekend, to 2 offers:

--from the Magers, \$250,000 contingent on sale of their house, which we counter-offered \$260,000 and are still waiting their response;

--from the Zieglers, \$255,000 contingent etc.; we countered by saying we'd take it if noncontingent--hadn't heard back on that, either, when we left 17021 at about 3:30 to come and enjoy the fine afternoon here at 17277 and await Linda and Jeff for house-tour and then dinner @ the Maddox Grill.

Whatever happens with the real-estate overtures, y'day we took psychic possession of this house. It occurred, C and I agreed, from the combination of our Sunday of work--me scrubbing out the pantry, C getting the glass shelves affixed in the medicine cabinet, but most of all from our final endeavor of the day, hanging our three Elton Bennet prints on the wall between the entryway and the kitchen. With their motifs of the Olympic Mtns and seafaring there ~~for~~ for compare with the real items out the living room windows beyond, and their terrific gallery impact from the nearby kitchen, we're thrilled almost to chills along the spine at how lovely they look.

Today, too, my worked-over chunk of Mtn Time, roughly the first 170 pp., should have alit in NY; then Nan and the x troops "circ" it--circulate it--~~for~~ among nat'l account sales reps, preparatory to the "positioning" meeting for the book early next week.

25 Aug.--And it came to pass:THE HOUSE SOLD! The Magers late y'day counter-counter-offered \$260,000 with no contingency of selling their own place. We may yet be in for some downward adjustment after the house inspection, but at least the starting figure is \$10,000 more than Lee Lageshulte wanted to list the house at, and other agents seemed to agree with her; thanks to Carol's New Jersey mettle, we managed a better reading of the market than the professional real estate types--both buyers, the only two sets of serious lookers we had in 5 weeks, o'er-lept the ~~supposed~~ \$249,500 level 17021 was supposed to be under.

28 Aug. - Boeing Field, 12:30, waiting
for takeoff in the sumptuous seats of
the Paul Allen version of the
Harriman expedition - evolutionary
biologists David & Meredith Wake
of U Cal Berkeley in seat behind
us, Betty & Roy Mayfield across from
us - Betty, librarian for Faye Allen,
Roy a civil engineer; somewhere on
this plane or other, basket ball
player Clyde Drexler. So it goes!
We're delayed by Alaska acting
like Alaska - 45 mph crosswinds
@ Juneau airport.

- Now 10-15 min. out of Juneau, after
glorious BC coast w/ its vast inlets,
& a chicken & pasta lunch; some
turbulence.

29 Aug. - In stateroom 9036 of the hotel-sized Crystal Harmony. Today we:

- saw: great ice walls of Glacier Bay, the ship pausing off the blue crevasses of the Margine Glacier for 1 1/2 hours.
- saw whales off Pt. Adolphus
- had lunch w/ actor Dennis Hopper & wife Victoria; a movie producer named Kara & her date, Charles —, the programmer who came up w/ Word & Excel.

Various & giddy, Paul's Ship of Cooks. At the lifeboat drill just now, Bill Gates scampered past w/ life jacket in hand. At high tea, we were sitting @ the next table when George Lucas came to say hello to Paul A's mom Faye; he wears ordinary Lees instead of designer blue jeans, & noted w/ approval as I studied his fanny.

We eat 4 times a day, given the 9 pm dinners; caribou last night, a fine fish stew for lunch. Tonight is Russian night - the formal affair - & our luck of table mates is about due to run out. A great table last night:

- from NY, Marla who works @ Ticketmaster & husband Bill who handles on-line for Columbia House music;
- Helen Weiss, documentary maker
- Agok Gadgid, U Cal/Berkeley environmental physicist & wife

29 Aug. cont.

- Vernon, NY musician/songwriter ("Still Alive") divedressed down to his belly button
- Gallery, beautiful in an Eastern Kiff-kuff-sophisticated way, choreographer & dancer
- Stephen, line producer on Allen's series "Doc's & Carolina" (?)

The assumption of the logistics are just unbelievable: the chairs are changed from meal to meal, clunky "pioneer" theme stuff last night, entire dining room of different ones @ lunch today, who knows what tonight. We've heard there is a staff of 500, more than 1000 for the 415 of us. The service is so snap-to friendly it's a little painful, class-sytemically speaking. As to cost, this is costing, it's got to be at least \$5000 per person & probably more like \$10,000.

30 Aug. 10:30 a.m. - Agreed with lady the money in the known world, Day Two:

So, last night there I was, ~~the~~ painting world pictures of the Russian revolution dance / on the theme service fiction writer...

Tarea 54 at "Russian Night" was the average area for favorite writer - me by dint of being on Faye Allan's list of

30 Aug cont. - of best books (Rascal
Fair I think is my ticket), Jack Vance
by the considerably larger hint of being
Paul Allen's favorite author. So in
a scenario I could not have made up -
of which makes Ray Carver's
"Cathedral" look like a little Golden
Book - the Sydney Greenstreet - size
Jack & Civil War-bearded me were
plotted down by fate side-by-side
as Bill Gates' wife Melinda & Mick Jagger's
wife Whoever stopped by to make nice
to Paul's Mom. & along came Paul
himself to drop to one knee and meet
Jack, telling him "favorite" etc., among
the veterans his ~~appreciation~~ appreciation
of Jack's wryness, not taking his sci-
fi worlds too serious... Jack asks Paul
who else he reads. Paul says mostly
nonfiction, thinks a bit & says he used
to read John Fowles. The Magers, he
names off. Neither he nor Jack can
think of other Fowles titles. French
It's Woman, I chime in (my ~~role~~ role in
this: careful chime). Right, they say,
& there was another one... The Collector,
say I. Right, says Jack, "I wrote one

30 Aug. cont. - something like that.
(He's evidently written "40 or 50.")

At 82, Jack has been blind 5 yrs,
of he & his kids still fight about it
not infrequently. Before ~~then~~ having any
idea who they were, we warned them
except it out at breakfast ~~of~~ 'day
Jack impatient with her for leaving him
standing in front of the engine & not
descending the steps to him, Norma
expressed at his not unexpectedly
untidy sitting. So when we were the
last ones to eat night's take and
grudgingly took chairs so we could
watch the glitferati pass by, &
within minutes this blind man -
mountain was being deposited by
the still - expressed woman - at my
night elbow, & turned to C & said
"I told you so" (about our take food
being due to run out). Then ~~the~~
~~Norma~~ we traded in no direction &
I thought, Hey, this is luck,
would not slowly.

More later: we're sleeping in
Ketchikan, to the rear of
Naplane.

31 Aug.--Scene: buffet line at the final night potlatch. In the vast upper deck--solarium? swimming pool?--of the ship which had been plasticined over and trigged out w/ faux Doug fir longhouse columns (they blew it there: should have been faux cedar), C and I grabbed a strategic table (in fact an ideal one: against the wall out of some of the din and right at the end of the bar, handy) for 6 and soon were joined by other quiet-seeking types, Bill and Catherine Calvin and David and Merrilee Wake. Nothing eventuated on the food front, though, until finally we snagged a culinary traffic director and got dispatched to what we were told was a reasonably diminishing buffet line. C & I were delayed talking to someone a minute, and when we went on to the line, we found ourselves at the end of a barely moving rank about half a block long. Significantly, no Calvins, no Wakes. I went off on a scouting trip and found a second, rogue line that had just been devised and wasn't very long at all, and our dinner mates were just ahead of us. Fetched Carol, ~~we~~ we established ourselves contentedly on line, and at once were joined by Carolina (prncd Care-uh-lena), ladyfriend of documentary-maker Stephen Wren, folks we'd had the great dinner with the first night. C'na asks me to save her place in line, she has to go find Stephen. Which sets the scene between me and the gent henceforth known as TG:

TG: (materializing behind me wearing a ~~gasket~~ sport-coat of shimmering shades of green) Is this a food line?

ID: Yeah. There are 2 invisible people behind me I'm saving places for, thought.

TG: Oh! (He solicitously hops backward enough not to be standing on them.)

ID: They're invisible because they're documentary makers.

TG: I always hate that about documentary makers. Why is this line shorter than that line?

ID: Shut up.

TG: Oh, right!

(A bit more talk talk talk, then:)

ID: And who are you?

TG: I'm Terry Gilliam, a film maker ~~from~~ ⁱⁿ London.

ID: I'm Iwan Doig, a novelist from Seattle. (Handshake)
(Talk turns to afternoon excursions etc.)

ID: Going to be hard to
work into dialogue,
though.

31 Aug. cont.

ID: Did you see the salmon spawning? (i.e., on Ketchikan ~~Bay~~ Creek)

TG: Yes. But did you see the jellyfish in the water? They looked like boiled brains with skirts on.

ID: (as the line is moving past kind crab legs, corn salad and sundry other dishes Terry plainly has never seen before) If you haven't already written that down, I'm going to steal it.

TG: You novelists are always doing that. (We move on through the buffet offerings, Terry marveling at 10" joints of king crab legs, me telling him the creature is bigger than the platters in front of us, until I see a chef with a carving knife and what in lesser events would be the roast beef on a carving board.)

ID: Terry! You've got to try this. You can't go through a potlatch and not eat some of this, you'll offend us.

TG: What is it? (He's noticed it's plainly not Roast Beef of Olde England.)

ID: (confidently) Roast buffalo.

TG: (overcome) Roast buffalo!?

ID: I know, it's a great title. But you've got to eat some. (I herd him over to the buffalo carving chef.)

TG: (dubious and enthralled, holding out his plate while meat is deposited) Is that a shank?

So, my Monty Python moment in history consists of introducing the admirable Terry to buffalo cuisine.

2 Sept.--Back here in reality, I'm at our gorgeous new desk @ 17277, with all the doors and windows open and running the furnace (to rid it of startup odor of burning dust, the Sound Oil guy Gary just urged me). Lee Holden is working away at shelving for the quirky closets down here in officeland (trapezoidal shapes, today). Y'day we got window screens installed and I put the hooks on the kitchen skylights to operate them, and we felt much more moved-in.

The house stuff is busying up--when we finally fought loose of the lost-baggage snarl at Boeing Field on Mon., we got back to 17021 to find that it'd passed the house inspection with flying colors; no fixing of any kind was asked for, which Lee Lageshulte says is the first of the houses she's sold this year--and I'm going to try to

2 Sept. -cont.--record what I can of the Paul Allen extravaganza, between chores. Some will just have to be notebook transcriptions, but first a try at catching the cruise finale--the potlatch night and the divine-justice-is-catching-up-with-us baggage fiasco.

The afternoon of the 30th, our second-choice excursion (we'd wanted the catamaran trip) was a sea-plane tour of Misty Fjords, which turned out to be boggling, exactly the kind of thing C and I love. As I jotted into my notebook to her as we had headphones on and were tilted on wing-end as the pilot circled yet another glaciated granite massif, it was like a hundred Yosemitees. Absolutely all of Misty Fjords was worked over by glaciers, from the rounded scoured mountain tops 4000' high to the immense inlets and pocket lakes. The pilot Chuck Slagle landed the Twin Otter with the dozen or so of us (among them Allen's Washington lobbyist Lee Keeler, and a pair of our favorites of the whole trip, Allen's personal chef Bobby Cortez and his father Robert from El Paso), so we could all stand on the pontoons like crows on a fence and have our pics snapped.

3 Sept.--Still pecking away at the Crystal Harmony experience, while the house gradually clicks together around us (Lee H. is finishing up downstairs closet shelves as I write). What I'm going to attempt now is a chronological spine of details, built and expanded from my pocket notebook:

JUNEAU ARRIVAL: The mountain at the end of the runway which we have to skim down over is as ugly as ever, and the windsocks are standing straight out as we land. Crosswinds here had delayed our Seattle takeoff about half an hour.

--Crowds gather @ shipside, as we ultimately find out due to USA Today story about Paul Allen throwing this party. C & I are the out-of-it champion non-recognizers as we look down from our stateroom balcony almost directly over the gangway and the crowd--is the tall blonde guy on crutches possibly Sting? (Not even close: Ed Begley Jr.--see the partial guest list at the end of this).

3 Sept. cont.--As the ~~the~~ ship is about to pull away in the rainy Alaska evening, gorgeously costumed Tsimshians come through the ship's hokey bar (The Red Dog Saloon) with goodbye chant: Hey-ay-ay Hey-ay-ay...

--beating skin drums

--costumes red and black, red and white, some animal headdresses

--sense of the power within their dance and chant; but as performers for the rich?

GLACIER BAY DAY:

--ship's stack is about 3 stories high; $\frac{1}{4}$ mile circuit around deck: big, and even so said to be medium-sized cruise ship now.

--glacier off portside, distant, like cloud @ base of mountain

--(below on promenade deck as I watch from our balcony) Jackson Hole/Hollywood cool blonde w/ fringe & baby on promenade

--Johns Hopkins glacier 850' high, $\frac{1}{2}$ mi. wide

--aquamarine blue(s) @ base; coppery blue elsewhere

--making turn into Johns Hopkins Inlet, L. Glacier in sight behind, Johns Hopkins enormous ahead, like winding ridges down to water; $5\frac{1}{2}$ mi. away, it's a 12-mi. long glacier

--returning from that look up JH Inlet (ship doesn't go in because of seal pup season), milkier water at L. Glacier; can see the line where glacial melt meets tidal water: cafe au lait glacial melt against the blue green like rugs edge to edge. Tidal push demarks this? (25' tides occasional here, says Nat'l Park intercom narrator Julie Wilson)

--10 a.m., drinking hot chocolate from new thermos (from one of the gift bags of classy NW tchotkes that awaited on the stateroom bed: also included Filson rainproof caps, hiking socks, a pair of binoculars apiece...) as the Crystal H is en route to Tarr Inlet.

--Hundreds of white dots (ice) in silt-green water near the Margerie Glacier

--sound of waterfalls down entire mountains; silver ribbons of streams from up near the summits, sometimes out of the clouds touching against the mtns.

Alaska trip cont.--The Margerie Glacier:

- blue shards rising out of strata of grays
- clamor of myriad gulls (kittiwakes, many)
- undulant strata of ice: a mighty feeling of looking at pressure, the planet's process sending this peninsula of ice into the ocean
- marble-like face of glacier
- cracking sounds, clear and close as we watch from stateroom balcony (bundled up in our venerable hiking gear, watch caps, brown cotton gloves)
- stream of darker chocolate water boiling out from under glacier's point; it is roaring water like a geyser boil, like a thermal cauldron
- glacier's upmost shards are blue fingers against sky
- extreme blue stripes in the ice, blue of a vibrancy we don't see in manufactured color
- ice slurry all around foot of glacier
- ice calving off with loud report (icefalls always hit the water before the cracking-off sound catches up with us)
- blue downward slashes of crevasses
- patterns (after after big shards have calved away in the crevasses) in the face of the glacier like the ghosts of mountains: use this for Mariah's pics in Mtn Time
- fudge ripples in ice above the chocolate boil
- clouds cottoning down on rock mountains beyond
- cracking ice: the sound of time (Qn: what was the first sound on earth?)
- occasional rifle-shot cracks
- blue marble caves
- thrall of ice

lunch, Sat. Aug. 29: C and I are at table in dining room by ourselves when a couple, he w/ neatly trimmed small goatee and she much younger than he, joins us, say they are Victoria and Dennis Hopper. After a minute I brightly ask what brought them onto this trip, Victoria gets a funny look on her face and says her husband is in the entertainment business and... I look at Dennis H in realization he's that Dennis H and tell him of the goatee, That really works. Through the meal I asked him some about how he got into movie biz, his background (Kansas and then Calif., where he got his break in

Alaska trip cont.--Giant. Said when the movie industry held a celebration of 100 years, he realized he'd been in the biz for "half" of that, 41 years. No, no, I told him, think of it as only 41%. By now we were joined @ the table by a quite beautiful blond named Kara and her black-haired considerably older guy named Charles. Kara too ~~was~~ turned out to be movie biz but not on the performing side as I'd have thought, ~~is~~ she's a producer. Charles, though, turned out to be the one who made us and the Hoppers blink: he was the programmer of Word and Excel. He excused himself to table-hop briefly to the table behind us, which had been having what I thought was a vacuous discussion of who the person-of-the-century, a la Time's person-of-the-year, ought to be, and came back to explain that was the table of venture capitalists, one of them Ben Rozin who backed Compaq early on and another Ann Winblad of Microsoft bgnd. (Indeed, when we were waiting to get on the Seattle-bound plane @ Prince Rupert and I blithely turned to Ann W. and introduced myself and asked what she does, she answered, "I'm a venture capitalist.") Then Kara in lowered voice passed along the story that Bill Gates's pre-nuptial agreement has a clause by which he gets to spend a certain amount of time each year w/ Ann W., formerly his main squeeze (otherwise as well as intellectual, I guess) before this marriage.

Dennis Hopper story, about his asking Michael Caine how he approached close-ups, the shots that give Hopper particular trouble as an actor. Caine simply said: "You don't blink." Which, Hopper thought, was all he needed added to his close-up woes, the constant thought: "Don't blink. Don't blink. Don't blink..."

--S'time Sat. afternoon was the lifeboat drill, where our group got to see one of the sights of a lifetime, Bill Gates scampering past holding his life jacket out in front of him like a schoolboy ready for inspection.

--Also Sat. afternoon, pod of humpback whales surfaced ahead of the cruise ship. People flocked to see them--we could hear the whale song, we passed so close--and then, what the hell, Paul Allen having rented the whole ship, the captain turned the Crystal Harmony around and trailed the whales for another hour of viewing.

Alaska trip cont.-- The Russian dinner:

--the "formal" affair, which I did not tux up for but simply wore my one good suit. In the gathering in the cruise ship lobby beforehand, Allen's head of security-- who had admired my Powell's Bookstore sweatshirt earlier in the trip, and seen C and me generally shlunking around in blue jeans and hiking boots--came over and kidded me, "You clean up quite nice."

This was the famous/infamous 10-course dinner, w/ a different flavor of vodka preceding each course. The only night place-cards came into play, we found ourselves carded to Fay Allen's table, ultimately next to Betty and Roy Mayfield. We being us, we naturally were the first ones to the table to grab good seats ~~next~~ to watch from. Before long, though, here came the Vances, contentiously blind Jack and his oft-exasperated wife, in the scene I jotted into my 30 Aug. entry. All I'll add to that are ambient details:

--The table we were at was centered near the front of the dining room and I think on a bit of a dias; in any case, it was very centrally visible and was right by one of the Crystal Harmony's usual offhand extravagant details, a kind of fountains-of-Rome sculpture of nymphs etc. The Hollywoodese spotted it as the high ground where they could be spotted, and across the course of the evening wannabe starlets (one named, if I caught it right, Linda Lovely) and I guess the genuine item Geena Davis tended to hover off our elbows as they chatted up Jeff Goldblum or Ed Begley Jr. During one such coven of swanky flanks Betty Mayfield mischievously leaned over to Roy and said, "She's not wearing any underwear, you know." Roy ~~tax~~ swiveled to inspect the gown-encased curve of butt over his shoulder, then yanked back around with the fervently insincere declaration, "I don't even want to think about it!"

--At one point I went off to the restroom and met up w/ Marla and Bill, dressed to the nines--the three of us looking so unlikely and grinning like kids dressed-up from somebody else's closet, that I vamped a high-five and crooned, "My lady Marla!" They cracked up and asked where we were sitting. "At the ~~big~~ toe of the nearest nymph," I informed them. ~~big~~

Alaska trip cont.--As course after Russian course--interspersed w/ Russian chorus after Russian chorus--kept appearing, Faye Allen ("the Fayerster," in Betty's term) would look across at us in mock dismay, exoticisms piling in on her small-town Oklahoma origins. Bobby Cortez, Allen's chef, later told us Faye would just as soon eat stuff like mashed potatoes. Came the tiny quail delicacy and Faye exclaimed over to us, "Poor little bird!"

--After the dynastic dinner we spent a little time at the jam session in the bar, where Paul A. his very self played elec guitar w/ Vernon Reid, Lou Reed and Dave Stewart. I'm told he's really pretty good, although I still think he looked like a kid trying hard to get his homework right. Vernon and Lou, on the other hand, are plainly Hendrixian virtuosi. As the music throbbed to the dance floor from pointblank range, I went out there and stood w/ the gaggle ~~whomsoever~~ (Marla and Bill again!) who were taking in the music instead of dancing, so I could get a physical sensation of it; like little pushes inside the sternum.

The next day, the 30th, was Ketchikan, some of which I think I put into my Terry Gilliam entry, and I wrote up in my Sept. 2 entry the wondrous Misty Fjords flight. Next thing in the notebook is the Crystal Harmony potlatch. Contrary to tradition, Paul A. did not give away all his possessions, but he sunk a real chunk of \$ into the cruise-ship version of a longhouse. As the event heated up, I unabashedly stood on my chair along the wall and took notes; these are details that didn't make it into my Terry Gilliam entry:

--undulating plastic roof over the solarium "longhouse" seating 425.

--hanging sets of lanterns and big boxy Indian-design faces, like carved boxes but out of plastic or some such; also video monitors hanging from beams, the Tsimshian storyteller thus appearing overhead as well as on the stage

--Nathan Jackson did his raven dance; bowed legs, actions very ravenlike, his cape gorgeously red and black, extravagantly patterned.

Alaskan trip cont.--When the raven dance and oral part of the Tsimshian program was over (including the potlatch gifts handed around, the little totems we'd all been asked to decorate according to our own fancy; the real gifts were the Nathan Jackson limited-edition wool blankets that showed up in everybody's stateroom during the potlatch, C and I finding the maids doing their count of these in our room when we went for ear plugs for the rock music), the totem pole commissioned from Nathan Jackson was raised on the dance floor rotunda. Maybe 8-10' tall, only two figures but magnificently flowing together, a thunderbird atop and a diving orca under.

--When the band started, from my standing perch on my chair beneath the lighting booth, I could see on the dancefloor the plotlines of various lives we'd picked up on during the cruise:

--Ann Farrington, display designer of the Holocaust Museum and now to do Paul A.'s music museum @ Seattle Center, doing her earnest white best to follow the dance moves of her companion Sukari.

--Charles the Word/Excel programmer out there dancing to megadecibels, still looking intrinsically Eastern European; and if my notes are right, his companion Kara dancing w/ Jeff Goldblum of Jurassic Park (or to us, of The Big Chill);

--Dennis Hopper on the dance floor, looking a little like a cowboy out of his element;

--Tom, the husband of Barb Ingram, the masseuse to the Allen family; I wrote this vignette into the Boise Humanities speech, quote:

"And there on the rotunda next to the dance floor with the totem carved specially for this night is a man dancing alone--a man who in an earlier turn of his life had been a commercial fisherman in Alaska, and survived the sinking of a crab boat that plunged him into these exact cold northern waters now cut by the keel of the cruise ship 'Crystal Harmony.' He dances and dances with the passion and privacy of a man who was handed his life back--and his movements on the rotunda set the thunderbird totem pole to nodding in rhythm with him."

Alaskan trip cont.--Morning after the potlatch, as the Crystal Harmony sped through waters north of Prince Rupert, we had breakfast @ table next to some of the Irish contingent aboard, connected I think to Jody Allen's husband. Various tales and jokes were told, and at one point this peerless transition: "That is so relevant to a story I have."

--At the (in)famous baggage mess, where we (and Dennis Hopper, and Lou Reed, and venture capitalist bigfoots like Ann Winblad, and Penny Marshall, and our seize-the-moment hero Dan Ackroyd) were hung up in Customs for hours as our bags trickled in aboard 7 staggered planes, I paced off the lined-up baggage--a football field and a half in length, none of it any of ours.

More material about the Aug. 28 departure on the trip, from the filecard notebook I was carrying:

--Boeing Field: we pull in off the Perimeter Road as per directions, peering for the charter service's hangar. There's a throng of white-shirted staff--"They don't look like Fed Ex," we decide.

--Inside past the army of lithe young car-parkers, it's lox and bagels and meeting people. Luckily, Liz Stroup, ex-Seattle librarian, is the first face I half-recognize; she pronto introduces us to Faye Allen's librarian Betty Mayfield and Betty's engineer husband Roy.

--12:53 takeoff to Juneau (1 hr. 57 min. flt time). About 80 of us aboard in blue pairs of seats the size of leather easy chairs.

---Flightpath over the Olympics, above the Elwha, then along the Strait: Neah Bay and the three big ocean bites of crescent beaches s. to Cape Alava.

--Juneau: The Allen family arrival, as viewed from our stateroom 9036 balcony, about 100' above the dock:

--first, Faye A., w/ umbrella handler

--then Paul, in ball cap and open jacket, paunch out and a bit splayfooted, walking much like a rajah

--then a woman--current girlfriend?--and couple of hangers-on or staff.

--These all arrived in white stretch limo, while rain sheeted against the fir-clad mountains behind them. Baggage was disgorged from the limo's trunk, then from a separate mini-van.

Alaskan trip cont.--The rest of the arrivals @ Juneau: we Northwesterners in our mushroom colors, first (Clyde Drexler @ 6'8" or whatever the only one of us with a prayer of being recognized by the 20-30 onlookers). Then came the buses from the airport w/ LA folks, and noise broke out as they were recognized. The LAers wore everything from bib overalls to Blue Bros porkpies & shades to actressy we-look leather pants.

--Rental trucks arrived w/ all our luggage.

--The cruise ship staff: guys in teal Indian servant outfits (w/ little pillbox hats) or teal top hats and swallowtails; the young women, Brits from their accents, who met us @ the airport in fierce Alaskan wind wore long flimsy frocks and wide-brimmed straw hats and looked half-frozen.

--Also aboard if I have noted down these names ~~elsewhere~~ elsewhere: Norm & Connie Rice, Dale Chihuly, Quincy Jones, Steven Pinker, Jeffrey Katzenberg

--Betty Mayfield's story of inviting Faye Allen's favorite writers: after going down the list--Dickens, Hamsun, etc.--it looked like a seance would be the best way.

--Liz Stroup's story of being invited along by Faye on one of the Allens' hops to Portland for a Trailblazers game. They were on the private plane @ Boeing Field when Paul swept aboard w/ latest girlfriend and was told that his sister Jody had just called in from one of the floating bridges where she was caught in traffic and would be 10 min. late. "Then she'll have to take the other plane," Paul said, and away they went to Portland.

9 Sept.--These are the last of 24 years of words into this diary at this desk; today the desk--more aptly, the typing shelf I built out of 10" pine boards cantilevered into the bookshelf--gets disassembled. The years here have been from Presidential crash spiral to Presidential crash spiral: Nixon being Watergated as we moved in here to 17021 10th NW and built this study setup of desks and bookshelves with amazing quickness and rightness, Clinton led by his crotch into his swamp. Carol and I, here, have simply always just got on with life, seeing to Grandma, to Lucie, to Frank, and doing ~~bur~~ work, her thousands of students and my nine books. Upward, now, to our house on the Sound and onward.

16 Sept.--5:20 a.m., the shimmer of Kingston's lights in the black slate of window at this new desk, this new site of life. We have not entirely emptied 17021 10th NW yet--the "ego wall" of photographs and posters and honorary tchotchkes is a sad Cheshire cat smile in that now empty and unshelved office; the shop drawers are a labyrinth to be sorted through and chucked out--but we are in here, book and box. Last Thursday the Starving Students, who turned out to be neither starving nor students but three black guys who were a mix between an oldfangled longshoremen's ~~sak~~ shape-up and America the immigrant pool (Dennis, burly and sweating sheets of perspiration down his ~~bx~~ topheavy torso; DeManuel, the youngest and quietest and I guess actually a student somewhere, who handled the paperwork and phone and credit card--i.e., had the literacy; and Haji, from God knows where, ebony-dark and more than a little tribal in taking over, say, the dollying of a loaded 4-drawer file cabinet into its slot along a wall), horsed the big stuff over here, file cabinets, easy chairs, washer & dryer. Then on Sunday we got 6 blessedly utilitarian hours from 2 guys of Paul Drollinger's yard crew, Rob Prather and Eric Bird--boxing up books, packing dishes, moving my chopped firewood, and not least, making the mother of all dump runs (including the imposing scrap heap from Lee Holden's weeks of carpentry). Amid it

16 Sept. cont.--all, we've pegged away at task after task (y'day's included snaring an electrician to check out the dead downstairs water heater, apparently jostled into a fainting swoon by Lee's buckling of the earthquake restraints onto it, and persevering through a 2nd phone-less day until an amiable GTE repairman troubleshot the house line just before supper) and are at the point, we think, where we can cut real swaths now in the remaining boxes of books standing around and the pictures, propped like bored kids under lampposts, waiting to go up onto the walls.

17 Sept.--Again y'day we soldiered away at readying this house--unpacking books, hanging pics (the Ojibway prints over the fireplace, miraculously level with each other), putting plastic glides on chair legs, the details that are our art of living. Today it's downtown to pick up more framed pics @ Artform and then lunch @ Ivar's; our first guest, Bill Lang, comes for crab supper tonight.

21 Sept.--As of 2:15 p.m. last Saturday, the 19th, we were clear of 17021 10th Ave NW. The 24 years we lived there (longest spans of continuous residence in either of our lives) had been disassembled or swept out or ~~scrubbed~~ scrubbed off or vacuumed away in that day's spirited cleaning of the place for its new owners-to-be, Ted & Ingrid Mager and freshman daughter Megan. Borrowed Jeff Saeger's Ford pickup on Friday for what turned out to be the mother of all dump runs, and into the King County Refuse Station's haul pit, C and I agreed, a lot of our lives passed before our eyes: our old canvas backpacks (hikes into the Olympics, the Cascades, to Cape Alava, and our great plunge into the Bob in '77), Grandma's breadbox (the one item Carol admitted she felt some nostalgia about), elderly shop tools that had helped us install the bookcases and desks-made-of-doors and the patient, patient marathons of shelving and cabinets by which we made that little house a miracle of storage. I am long going to have a pang for my ideal cockpit of workspace in that old office, but in every other way we both felt it was time to go, cut ourselves a new path.

And so y'day, another Sunday that turned sunny in this

21 Sept. cont.--long dry summer, we began to feel at home here. This morning I have turned to brushing up the speech I'll give in Boise this Friday night and C is watering strategic plants in the front yard.

1 Oct.--Summer lingered until last night. Lid of clouds today, and our carpenter Lee back to try to solve this house's whimsies in the kitchen and spare bathroom, and a 3-week delay already on the butcher-block for the kitchen-island counter; another season, ~~another~~

Have not managed to put down so much as a word of the Boise trip, which began a week ago today. Suffice to say my dinner talk was all any of us could ask: the Idaho Humanities folks had a capacity crowd of 500, and turned more away. Among those we met were Dale and Ramona Higar, who hosted a reception for 150 (@ \$75 a head, I believe) in their terrific brick colonial house; George Harad, CEO of Boise Cascade, who was put next to me at the dinner; and the McDorman's, Bill and Barbi (Reed?), whose Sun Valley invite we had to bail out on because of iffy weather and our general weariness. We headed back here 2 days early, which I've put to use on ms revise: Mtn Time is sharpening up nicely, partly through Nan Graham's incisive editing eye and partly through my own knack for tightening and bettering.

2 Oct.--Today it is a stormy lightshow on the water, a Hapaug-Lloyd van freighter now passing through a blue-gray curtain of squall off Kingston, sheen of sun on the route ahead, whitecaps flecking it all. Long drift of blue smoke behind the ship, undulating from the dark backdrop of shore, thinning and thinning as it descends onto the water.

Progress hereabouts. I'm quite possibly within a week of finishing the Mtn Time revise. Some checking and brief digesting of the ms, to see how it sits on the writerly stomach, then it goes Nanward. As to the household, y'day we got our \$238,000, net, from the sale of the house at 17021, and today we got a new kitchen sink here, Lee H. installing a nice new flat Kohler, flush with the countertop, in place of the hulky lavatory style that was in there.

6 Oct.--A Georgia O'Keeffe sky this morning, bright full moon over a solid cloud of fog that obscured the mountains but left a foreground of water, and a peach coloration of sky from the sunrise.

Smaller morning of ms work--I'm about to go out and good-guy myself in a way I likely shouldn't, ~~shadick~~ talking to Dorothy Bestor's book group on Magnolia; a last gallantry to Dorothy and the memory of the Bestors and the Carstensens, I suppose--but a valuable one, shaping up the 10+ of the aftermath right after Mitch is taken off the mountain, a section I'd thought was OK, and Nan didn't suggest much about, but which ~~wasn't~~ snapped together much more tightly as I worked it over.

13 Oct.--Mtn Time is now in NY, the revised ms Airborne Expressed out of here y'day noon. Hasn't entirely sunk in on me that it's over, the long march of writing that unforeseen novel. It shaped up so interestingly in the revising that the workload of rough drafting slipped off me, but it was there, it was there.

Today or tomorrow, carpentry of the sawdust sort finishes up around here (until a brief reprise near the end of the month when Lee H. comes back to put a butcher block counter on our kitchen island and build us a rack on it for spices and knives. Right now Lee is replacing the Formica in the master bathroom; y'day he put down the kitchen linoleum, which looks great, but at the cost of a major ouch--a long mar in the hardwood-floor finish from a recalcitrant refrigerator wheel, even though he had the ref on a ~~mattress~~ pad. Thank god we haven't had much of that. *furniture*

Social note: we spent Sat. night in Bellingham w/ Ann McCartney and Norm Lindquist, after hiking mild Squires Lake w/ them, and the next forenoon C and I did the Indian Slough dike hike and had lunch at the Rhodie. Next week we're taking ourselves to Cannon Beach for 3 days.

Currently it's 10:15 and I've spent the morn pruning desk piles and trying to figure how to make the desk setup more comfortable/efficient for me: the trade-off here is the ideal view for the ideal cockpit of reachability and rightness of placement that I managed

13 Oct. cont.--to build into the 17021 office when we put it together in '74. I will grow less ruffled about my interrupted habit patterns--it is worth it for items such as the Hyundai van ship going past right now under, a patchwork sky of clouds and blue--but it'll take a while.

Among the amenities of the old office were my postings to myself, on slips of paper or file cards thumbtacked to the wall in the shelf "alcove" in front of my typewriter. No place to put them up here, so before they are discarded, here they are for the record:

Life is the high wire. All else is waiting.

The classic is the local fully realized, words marked by a place.--Wm Carlos Williams

Anybody can write on a good day.

...the book (Ebenezer LePage), like all first-person dialect novels, is an impossibility: it converts a fluid spoken language into a fixed imaginary written one. It makes sound visible.--Whitney Balliett

Fame brings a constant, admiring assault, a request from civil strangers to be brilliant or outrageous or at least informed. It wears one down and forces one to substitute a mask for a face--sooner or later, they fuse. This is doubly a danger for the writer, since privacy is the sine qua non of his work, and he has no training in the actor's life.

--Nicholas Delbanco about John Gardner

I pray that your writing will continue to be sufficiently successful that I will have access to it, but not so successful that your life will be hampered by fame.

The most innocent sentence has a trap of poetry.

13 Oct. cont.

Local color in a novel means that it has such quality of texture and background that it could not have been written in any other place or by any one else than a native.--Hamlin Garland

Irony is for people who don't have to decide at age 18 what they are going to be when they grow up.
--Russell Baker

We wanted a piece that would have the closeness of reality and the distance of myth, because if there is no distance you aren't amazed, and if there is no closeness you aren't touched.
--Peter Brook

We are only as we find out we are.
--Charles Olson

They call it regional, this relevance--
the deepest place we have: in this pool forms
the model of our land, a lonely one,
responsive to the wind. Everything we own
has brought us here: from here we speak.
--William Stafford, "Lake Chelan"

Someone has said that history that tries to be fiction is boring, and fiction that pretends to be history is specious. Ivan Doig seems to prevail over this dilemma of the historical novelist with the pure grace of his language. His work reminds us that style, after all, is substance, that how we say something is what we're saying.
--John Rolfe Gardiner

Are they ahead of us?

And finally, the portion of a poem I came across in doing Rascal Fair research:

13 Oct. cont.

...this grey town
that pipes the morning up before the lark
with shrieking steam, and from a hundred stalks
lacquers the sooty sky; where hammers clang
on iron hulls, and cranes in harbours creak,
rattle and swing, whole cargoes on their necks;
where men sweat gold that others hoard or spend,
and lurk like vermin in their narrow streets;
this old grey town...
is world enough for me.

15 Oct.--Surely it characterizes us that the single most expensive purchase (short of the roof; and not all that much short) we're making for this house is a bookcase. Y'day afternoon we went to Bob Spangler's house in Eastlake to see it in preparation there in his basement workshop--two long dramatic pairs of shelves, made of a dense wine-colored African wood called bubinga. Bob has beveled the shelves for drama and made exquisite wedged-peg joints in the top. \$2000 worth of wood sitting there, and Bob's wage that much +. It should give us a powerful and elegant piece of furniture at the entrance to the living room, and show off the 30+ linear feet of favorite hardbacks that will inhabit it. Bob also gave Carol ~~and~~ a fine cutting board made of the leftover foot of bubinga.

Here on the house front we're still snake-killing as problems crop up, and the handsome bubinga piece of work came just when we needed that kind of bucking up, Lee the carpenter marring his second task in a row when he chipped the bathroom sink and the Formica splashplate in the bathroom countertop re-do, plus my getting up y'day morn to the dripping sound of water leaking in around the living room's big southwest weather-getting window. We're sighing and patching: C scraped out Lee's not very good caulking job--I've about concluded, with great remorse, that Lee's hands may be going, due to arthritis; it's hard to imagine what his life can be like if and when he can't keep constantly busy house-doctoring--and I glued the porcelain chips back into the sink, and today I'll

15 Oct. cont.--try to catch a long enough dry spell to get out there and caulk anew the SW window.

The whimsams of a house as big and complex and lackadaisically tended to by the evidently perpetual adolescents Dane & Mela Butcher aside, the place continues to enchant us with the lightshow of weather, and birds arrowing here and there (bluejays gleaning maple pods off the lawn outside our office windows this morning, then zipping to the rain-filled birdbath for a bare moment of pause; hummingbirds repeatedly rising like runaway helicopters y'day noon), and the ship traffic. Just before supper last night, out the living room's thrust windows the featured scenes were a silver-gray curtain of rain at Kingston, sunset colors below clouds that broke apart as they often do at the south end of the Olympics, and ~~a~~ backlight beams, several of them at once to make a wash of filtered light, behind the jagged dark outlines of trees ridging the Kitsap headland directly across from us.

20 Oct.--Gray ship tintured with daybreak pink sliding fast past. Pair of robins and a towhee competing on the down-yard grass and hedge. Whitish stole of morning fog at the long shoulders of the Olympics.

8 a.m. and I've just come to the desk, after the bodily funk of the past couple of days: the intermittent dull ache wandering across my left shoulder and collarbone was diagnosed as strained muscles and a swollen sterno-clavicular joint, i.e. the place beside the base of the throat where the collarbone meets the sternum. Rubbing a hand across there on Sunday while wondering what the hell was going on with my body now, I found the raised spot, about the size of a thumbprint, there just under my left collarbone. Virtually all of my pulled muscles and whatever disclose themselves on Fridays or weekends, I suppose because of the week's work, and so our regular Dr., Pat Kato, was Monday-off when I called Grp Health first thing y'day morn, but Dr. Folger of her group saw me at 3. Gave me a prompt diagnosis but also had me go take an EKG; thanks to that saint Mike Stuart, our original and greatest Gp H dr., there in my file was

20 Oct. cont.--a '73 EKG for Folger to compare the new one with--the same slight heartgraph irregularity showed there, and no change otherwise, blessedly. So, a week of Ibuprofen and some coldpacking and I should be OK.

Sat. night Tony and Lee came for a crab feed, and to see all the artwork we've put up that makes this place look like the Angell Gallery.

One consequence of my chest ache was postponing our trip to Cannon Beach. Now we're going to try Nov. 9-11. We're missing superb weather, right now, but maybe can do things around this city to catch nice days.

26 Oct.--There! About 5:30 y'day afternoon, Lee Holden finished the last carpentering, a long rack of pegs to hang things on in the shop. Thirteen weeks, it's been, since we bought this multi-carat but unpolished house. We can only speculate that Dane and Mela Butcher lived here like spoiled adolescents; this architecturally estimable residence had no towel rods, toilet paper holders, bathroom or closet hooks and doorlatches, medicine chest shelves, kitchen cabinet shelves in the cabinet nearest the sink, i.e. the most used, adequate downstairs lights, etc. Add to that the things we wanted installed--bookcases and storage shelves in closets--or changed--the clunky and frustrating kitchen sink, the show-every-speck-of-everything black bathroom counter top--and it has been a long trail of checks written and carpentry projects we've hovered over. Luckily Lee H., who on his business cards calls himself "The House Doctor," was back at his versatile best for y'day's finale, installing the butcher block countertop on the kitchen island (which meant taking out ~~and~~ the stovetop and ascending fan unit and reinstalling them) by about noon, fashioning the low backing we wanted on part of the b block as a kind of spice rack in good style, then bolting our decaying mailbox to its post (also typical of Lee, that turned out to take an hour as he fought rusty bolts and fiddled it to the way he wanted), making us a house address sign for near the driveway (typical again, in no time cut and beveled a nicely whimsical signboard), and the peg rack. So it has gone with Lee, a wiry 69-year-old with young teenagers who has made us both wince, these months, by kneeling on hardwood floors

26 Oct. cont.--and bare concrete with no padding between his bones and the punishing surfaces, and lifting sheets of building material that make him quiver with the effort. We took some care to dance around politics or religion or the like with him, and Lee was fine about not advancing any onto us, for that matter; but I imagine his past has to have some Utah tincture of religious suspicion, Mormon or otherwise, of the larger world's treacherous latitudes. His wife home-schools their kids, and when Lee would turn up here with a new enthusiasm it would be a nostrum such as magnets in his shoes to ~~help~~ cure the aches there or something herbal for an arthritic pang. Within this is a thoroughly winning attribute of quenchless enthusiasm for his work and the people he does it for--"It's fun," he'd perpetually say, whether in rue or perplexity at some carpentry quandary or in admiration at how something turned out.

As for the home-owning Doigs, we're now within sight of the time when we can quit spending money like drunken sailors. Last Friday Bob Spangler delivered our glorious living-room bookcase, which strikes us as a perfect piece of craftsmanship. Over the weekend we bought a Tibetan rug for the stage-thrust area of the living room and have worked our way with the rug seller, Driscoll Robbins, to where we can order the other two rugs we need for less than astronomical prices.

And, as Carol pointed out to me in our celebration in a perfect cloudless sunset of the Olympics in cutout profile, these past 13 weeks since we took possession of 17277 15th NW, I also managed to revise Mtn Time.

30 Oct. --With the house now in our possession instead of being workmen's occupied territory, we're taking some time to putter, tinkering with the track light and lamps situation, some desk cleaning, and so on. Company is on the horizon, the Bakers from Boise coming by tomorrow morning and Pat and Len DePew from San Diego in the afternoon for 2 night w/ us, first occupants of our new and first-ever guest room.

On Wed. three guys from Arborists Alliance pruned

30 Oct. cont.--the shaggy fruit trees, including the central apple tree which stretched upward like an anorexic saguaro. Paul D's yard crew tornadoed thru here y'day morning haircutting the grass and blasting away the fallen leaves, so the outside of the place abruptly looks cared for, no thanks to that vacuous New Ager Mela, whose jungle-it-up-with-exotics antics ~~is~~^{are} costing us \$3-4,000 to whack back.

Also wed., we went to the Provinces w/ the Nelsons, 1st time since they went to Laird's wedding. We duly saw a pic album of the event, the most amazing and winsome shot Sarah's of Marshall ~~click~~ clicking his heels, much higher and lither than Laird's mid-air click.

5 Nov.--Rain has settled in. Compact showers came down the Sound y'day, sometimes 3 or 4 distinct ones at once, and now there is simply a heavy brow of raincloud all along the water. If Paul Drollinger's yard crew comes today for the chainsaw massacre of the exotics--the thorn trees along the south side of the house! the gawky messy tree outside the front door!--I'll be doing some sporadic tromping around out there in the wet.

Came the election, and the Republicans got their asses waxed. In our own odd inconstant district Rick White lost to Inslee, hypocrisy defeated by carpet-baggery. Inslee seems to have tuned in to the environmentalism of the district, at least; it never ceased to amaze me when Greenpeace and Washpirg would come knocking at our door, right there on their donor list would be the Boeing machinist next door and the Boeing used-airplane salesman across the street.

Considerable socializing this week: Pat and Len DePew stayed with us from ~~in~~ mid-afternoon on Sat. until Mon. morn. Took them browsing @ Milltown's antique stores and the Fremont Sun. market in the Adobe parking garage, then to a Sunday matinee of Fool Moon (Bill Irwin and David Shiner), and they stood us to supper @ the Provinces. Tuesday night, Mark and Lou Damborg came for supper and to see what all we've done to this place since they were here for C's birthday bash.

6 Nov.--"It's the Kalakala!" We spotted the old silver Hudson of the ferry fleet being towed, with a covey of spectator boats trailing around it, as we came over the brow of the hill on our walk this morning, just past 7. The beloved tub, which we rode in our early days here, is on its way back from ignominious exile to Alaska as a fish cannery or some such. By the time we got to the house and Dave Spangenburg's telescope which we still have on loan, the whole parade of vessels was passing right in front of us. We went upstairs to have a cup of tea and watch some more, and it made a stunning scene in that 5x11 window panorama that is the west thrust of the living room, the dozen attendant boats that we'd originally counted now two dozen and increasing, the helicopterload of newsies now hovering, the tug Neptune going about its business of leading the Kalakala home.

Minutes ago we had a regatta in the birdbath, territorial splashiness which before it was done involved robins, sparrows, finches, a starling, a towhee around the edges, juncos, a pair flockers aloofly shopping for bugs in the bark of the Kastners' big maple tree, a jay on the Kastners' ridgepole eyeing down at it all. A fat indignant robin mostly prevailed, sitting in the middle of the water splashing imperiously; the finches, however, would perch right on the edge of the bath to wait him out.

12 Nov.--First full day of storm. The longsheets of clouds the full extent of the Sound, whitecaps ruffling the silvered gray water. Now that this place ~~is~~ has been sufficiently trimmed (Paul Drollinger's yard crew this week gave the aggressive laurel hedge another crewcut), the backyard with its fringe of lavender seems to plunge right off to the water. Sitting here looking at it, the deck of land and then the step to water far below, I've thought of Jeffers, perched at Carmel.

Since the last entry, we've taken a Sat. walk in Carkeek Park with David Williams and Marjorie Kittle, fine bright autumn morn with leaves cascading down at the old Piper orchard; and been downtown to the waterfront, picking up the last (may the god of the checkbook grant) of the framed pics, looking at one more rug @

12 Nov. cont.--Driscoll Robbins, lunching in the bar @ Ivar's... We've ordered a runner rug to angle across the sizable fireplace area of the living room, and in progress outside, assassinated the exotics--the yucca, the thorn trees, the relentless gawky tree outside the front door--and had the natural comforts of rhododendrons, azaleas, and vibernum installed.

16 Nov.--Blue spearheads flash across the backyard from bare tree to bare tree--jays on their hellbent straight flings of flightpath. Beyond them, fishboats plying past on the stealy water; last night, their lights heading north were a trail of glitters on the Sound. We're into, what, our fourth day of the weather's turn toward winter. Much wind from the south, whitecapping the water, and periodic rain; forecast of a big storm the end of this week. Y'day drew the windsurfers to the whipped-up salient off our north property line--they launch from the beach @ Richmond Beach park and angle out toward Kingston, hitting unbelievable speed as they angle across the wind. The centers of their sails are transparent and the edges bright pastels, pinks, greens, so that they look like skittering butterflies on the water. Other sights of these stormy days: a flight of birds, possibly brant, wavering into the face of the strong wind. And the twin curves of point at Richmond Beach park and beyond turn into, in weather like this, swans' necks of surf.

A good occasion y'day afternoon, Tony Angell's 58th birthday. Lee surprised him by inviting us and Tom and Moll Jay, and together with his grown twins Gillia and Bryony it made for a good warm gathering. Took Tony a Winter Bros broadside, we happily ate Mexican food and swapped tales. On our way out I kidded Tony about the taken-aback look on him when we arrived unannounced, just after Tom and Moll showed up and settled in, that he'd obviously been thinking, "Is my mother coming? Is my sister coming?" He said a person couldn't help but start wondering that.

18 Nov.--7:35, the Olympic mtns have just appeared in mid-air--the snowy summits washed with a pink (now peach) sunrise light, in a cloudslit just above timberline.

Last night C & I went up the hill to Shoreline to spend an hour with Mark Rozema's Western Lit class, the course she invented. Out of the dozen or so students, 3 were her former students from Communications class, old home night for my lovely professor. Good class, w/ angles of questioning I hadn't had before on Rascal Fair, such as the deals that keep cropping up; Mark, another of the U. of Montana guys in the reliable pipeline from Missoula to Shoreline, seems to teach a well-thought-out course, and an ambitious one--Galvin's The Meadow, My Antonia, RFair, Owning It All, some Stegner...

24 Nov.--Yow, wind and more wind. Considerable gusts all night (and more promised for tonight, with heavy rain), although the heaviest wind evidently hit Vancouver I. As always in a windstorm I feel frayed, unfocused. We know this winter will be a shakedown cruise for this house, and so far we've trying to solve the souging that comes down the nonfunctioning gas fireplace in the bedroom and the signs of dampness in the new carpeting in the south room downstairs here. It's going to take a week to get a drain-&-gutter guy here to work on the drainage situation along that south wall (everything seems to take a week: my Grp Health phys therapy apptmt that's supposed to help my strained shoulder ligaments...), and meanwhile we count our blessings that we achieved a new roof on this place and caulked off (so far) the living-room picture window leaks.

Social notes: Friday night, in heavy rain, we went to Juanita for supper @ Betty & Roy Mayfields'. They had gathered friends (Jeff & Annie Loudermilk from Issaquah), neighbors (Olle and Christina), and people they work with (Tom and Christine), and it was a good funny evening of trekkers-around-the-world: Tom & Christine from New Zealand, I think by way of Canada, Olle & Christina from Finland by way of a stopover in Ireland for Microsoft, and the Mayfields from B.C. and Calgary. Then Sunday night, impromptu, spaghetti dinner w/ Jim & Esther Moore of our old street, 10th NW.

30 Nov.--The month is leaving in rain, a silvery curtain at dusk now the finale of storms that began a week ago. The weak spot in the house proved to be the south room of the downstairs, the weather corner; water seeped into about two feet of the rug, from under the baseboard. If we're lucky, ~~it~~ the problem was the window which I've now caulked the bejusus out of; if we're not, it's a foundation woe, with the formidable railroad-tie planter boxes up against the concrete. Next storm, probably by midweek, ought to indicate.

I've been tetchy about the winter onset of house chores to try to figure out--the gutter-and-drain guy comes tomorrow, and the same formidable railroad ties sit there in the way of any simple solution there; I've also got to bend some thinking to the brink of the slope and the aging makeshift buttresses in a spot or two there--and am ~~from~~ frustrated as hell about this collarbone problem that keeps me from any meaningful physical labor. Such nags aside, the house is magnificent, opening our lives to the feel of earth and sky and the temperament of Puget Sound.

Thanksgiving, at those blessed friends, the Damborgs. The lineup: Mark and Lou, Linda and Sydney, Ann and Norm, Peter Rockas, John and Kathrina Maloof, newcomers (to us) Bob Burke and Blair Robbins, and Ray Phyllis (whose last name I've flubbed, but he's ex-dean of engineering). Carol did Linda Sullivan's creamed corn dish, and triumphed with it. Mark and Lou's snazzy new kitchen looked like an invading army had hit it--as has always been the case when we've hosted, people pile up in the kitchen and visit. Best news, as usual in this golden year she's having, was Linda Bierds': a \$10,000 raise to keep her from responding to an Ohio U. overture which she had no intention of responding to. Ann and Norm came here and spent the night rather than drive back to Bellingham, and we did some show-and-tell of the Paul Allen cruise for them.

Friday, C did a small turkey for us, which we've thrived on in various forms since. Saturday, John and Jean and Lisa and Jerry came for brunch, the first time I&J had seen this place.

Dec. 1--Rain gauzing the Sound this morning, the far shore barely there. Cleaning out my pocket notebook (while awaiting the gutter-&-drain guy) I found a note from 10 days or so ago that I think I didn't get entered here: what a busy ship neighborhood this can be, in sight simultaneously were the UW oceanographic ship Tommy Thompson, a freighter, two tugs, and the ferry.

Dec. 8--7:45, a dark freighter inbound and a fishboat going out, w/ sunrise blush just starting in the sizable chink in the clouds over the Olympics. So far the weather looks calmer today, and I'm going to try to take a cue from it. Too many days this past week I've been frazzled from thinking about house/property projects that need solving--the leaky south room, the sulky drainage system, the downslope--and along with it the nagging care I've had to give my left shoulder (which in turn forestalls the nagging care I'm trying to give my knee). Y'day C and I concluded that maybe it's most sensible to convert the anomalous south room to a garden/workroom by putting in an outside door and in essence reworking the troublesome leaky wall and window. And tomorrow I'm to tromp the downslope w/ Jeff Girvin, a landscape designer, for advice on plantings for the slope brink. The day after that, a guy from Best Plumbing is coming to ream or flush out the underground drains from the downspouts, and run a video camera through 'em to trace how long they are and where the hell they go. So I guess it's progress.

Last week the drill was getting the gutters and downspouts belatedly cleaned (in a driving rain, of course) and with the heroic help of Dave next door, propping leftover 10' lengths of his drainage pipe to the southside drainpipe and the middle one on the west side to take their leakage-lakes away from the house. And on the 3rd, Bob Burk--newly met @ the Damborgs on Thanksgiving--came (wife Blair Robbins came with him for lunch) to give me his geotech opinion of the downslope threat of slippage: we'll likely lose some pieces of the brink and the slope face, but it doesn't look dire beyond those.

9 Dec.--Cute as a firefly, the Christmas ship was out our window last night, hovering off Richmond Beach Park while the Windjammers Chorus aboard sang carols that wavered up the bluff to us. Two smaller boats, one rather minimally outlined in lights along its mast lines but the other bedecked with colored lights, danced attendance. The Xmas ship was lit up with wedding cake-like tiers of lights and PEACE spelled out in bulbs on its stern. As we watched from our darkened living room Carol remarked that it was like seeing something from 50 years ago--"so innocent."

It's now 7:45, the mountains showing beneath an inky wash of cloud, no sunrise light on them yet. A tugboat with an empty barge has just chugged past, going so rapidly that the wakes of tug and barge looked as if it was skidding along the top of the water.

Stuff done: C found a Gore-Tex rainjacket for herself, on sale (for \$100 off) @ Eddie Bauer @ Northgate, came hold and told me, and drove me there before supper so I could grab one off for myself. And I launched into the boxes of the south room y'day, unpacking 2 boxes of books (and winnowing most of a box out of those, old glue-desiccated Cardinal and Mentor p'backs) and making some headway on file folders and yellow pads as well. On the non-productive side, the new set of exercises for my shoulder that the Grp Health physical therapist Sheila had me try out--they set the shoulder to aching again. Not sure I've put down here what's wrong w/ the shoulder: sprain/strain of the sternoclavicular joint, i.e. where my left collarbone meets the sternum. It almost certainly happened when I helped Lee the carpenter unload the ungodly heavy and awkward sheets of Melmac for the bathroom closet construction, and it's produced a deep ache from that awkward joint--which has been swollen, about like half a walnut shell at first--across the chest a couple of inches below the collarbone, and achiness in the outside point of the shoulder. The Grp Health folks haven't encountered this "sternoclavicular joint lesion" before--it was Sheila the physical therapist who consulted w/ her boss Eileen and found my exact symptoms in a medical book by Mark Lasslett in

9 Dec. cont.--his "Shoulder Complex" chapter, after the nurse practitioner and the consulting doctor X-rayed me in vain for a cracked bone--and while ultrasound treatments (ultimately it'll be 6 3-min. sessions, couple of days apart), using a wet heating pad before I get up and when I go to bed, and arching my shoulder blades back seem to have helped, I'm not quite out of the boney woods yet.

14 Dec.--Since the last entry, Rob from Best Plumbing was ~~here~~ and ran a video camera through our drainlines from the downspouts; to our surprise and semi-horror, the drainfield is right next to the foundation of the house, outside the guest room and middle room. It's a French drain, or rock pocket, about 10' of flexpipe emptying water into it from the SW house corner and the middle drain on the west side. Sighing, we promptly got an estimate on re-doing the south and west side underground drains, and I'm persevering at trying to get a couple of more guys out here to give us a cost estimate. We meanwhile have had another minor battle with the leaking south room, C almost but not quite stopping the leak w/ sealer from the inside; looking over the outside of the window one more time, I found a seam between the concrete and the sill where the old caulk didn't look good, and now we've Fixalled that. Next rainstorm will tell the tale there.

The social life: Sat. noon we went down to the Edgewater for lunch with Mike and Kate Malone. The Edgewater was as tanglefooted as ever. At high noon, we couldn't get into the bar because they had a private party going on there; our first try at a table was under a lamp swaying from the gale of the air conditioner, no thank you in December; C's glass of scotch came w/ ice but no scotch, and when the flummoxed waitress remedied that, not much scotch; C's black-bean sandwich, which ought to be impossible to screw up, was blackly overcooked, and the tuna I had warily ordered--trying to find the most foolproof thing on the menu--survived the hand of that cook but not by much. Anyway, the view on that stormy day was much like being on a ship, the Malones liked that, and we usefully caught up with each other. Mike says maybe

14 Dec.--a couple more years as prez of Montana St., but I believe I heard that from him a couple of years ago.

The night before, Mark and Lou Damborg called us on short notice, they needed pinch-hit eaters for a stew they'd cooked (other friends had canceled out because of ~~having~~ a cold). Depend on us, we said, and we had a fine time in their Capitol Hill elegance. I took show-and-tell from the assortment I'm finding as I unpack boxes: Isabel Allende's hilarious bare-breasted caricature inscription to me, and the Black Oak broadsides which I offered Mark and Lou their choice of, and they seemed pleased to claim the Barry Lopez (Lou) and the Primo Levi (Mark).

Consorting with the Damborgs again the next night, @ dinner on the houseboat of Bob Burk and Blair Robbins. The evening was truly made, C remarked, by the unexpected presence of Jim McDermott, back from an attempted Sicily vacation because of the death of his father, and onward next to Congress's vote on impeachment. C asked him what on earth the Republicans are thinking of in vying to make Al Gore the incumbent President before the next election, and Jim said they're like the dog who caught the bus he's been chasing, they haven't thought about what they're going to do with it now that they've caught it. I'm being unconscionably lax here in not retrieving more details of an eve of Clinton's impeachment, but the seven of us on that houseboat simply are of the mood of the majority of the country so far: we think Clinton was dumb as hell to risk all for those blowjobs, but impeaching him for sexual slewfootedness is even dumber. Not a lot of the evening was spent on impeachment politics, the talk ranging over the vicissitudes of e-mail (Jim gets an enormous amount from constituents, and told of how just one guy, when he let down his guard and gave him his e-mail address, is flooding him with stuff), Amazon.com vs. Barnes & Noble, people's travels, how we all got ~~time~~ to the West, and some good kidding, Jim tripping up at one point and mentioning his current wife Theresa by the name of his first wife, Bob pointing out he'd better get those right and me chiming in that luckily we all know Virginia and we can sort out his wives even if he can't. Considerable book talk went on, Jim and Mark both devotees of Patrick O'Brien. Toward the end of the evening when Jim asked me

14 Dec. cont.--what single piece of writing comes to mind as an all-time favorite, I offered Sorrowless Times, and said out of a lot more favorites Out of Africa and West with the Nighth were still standouts. One last detail: Jim said what he'd really like to be is ambassador to India, explaining he loves complexity (it's evidently his love of the process that's drawn him into and kept him in politics).

18 Dec.--Cold, clear, and gorgeous. Snowy mountains across the light blue Sound, cottonrolls of clouds forming on the north end of them, pastel sunrise colors tinting the clouds. Forecast is that we're being nicked by edge of Alberta Clipper cold front--we'll see if it brings us some snow during Xmas week.

Hunkering in here, mulling the view and the earth-air-water dimensions behind it, doing what we do, seems the most balanced thing we can do in this season of shabby politics. Clinton has driven the congressional Republicans nuts (Jim McDermott the psychiatrist-congressman wasn't exaggerating much when he told us some of the impeachment process seemed to him clinically crazy), but he of course has never done his homework with even the congressional Democrats, and if this goes to a trial in the Senate I think the vote could be closer than the 55-45 party lines. Perpetual frat boy that he is, Clinton is being ~~knowledget~~ ~~xx~~ attacked at the front of his pants by guys who haven't been able to control their own zippers, Henry Hyde with his "youthful indiscretion" affair (he was in his mid-40s) and Livingston y'day owning up to marital indiscretions, plural. Fractional historian that I'm supposed to be, I find this cast of characters and their behavior nearly incredible--and too cynical for fiction.

At our monthly welcome respite w/ the Nelsons at the Provinces Wed. night, Marsh proposed a movement called ISH--Impeach the Sanctimonious Hypocrites; we're indeed all 4 muttering about never voting for a Republican again.

Elsewhere in life, y'day we made a quick getaway to the Skagit, losing the gamble on the weather but enjoying the extravaganza of the snow geese in their many thousands in the new game preserve field along the south side of road between the Conway church and Fir Island, then a

18 Dec. cont.—browse of the Wood Shop in LaConner which confirmed us in having the inspired Bob Spangler build anything we have in mind, then a good lunch at the Calico Kitchen, and home.

Home to the inevitable book cover kerfuffle. Message on the phone machine from Brant Rumble, Nan's assistant, saying (a) he can send the copy-edited ms if I'm here to get it and (b) what did I think of the cover he sent? Called him back to say What cover, and I divined that it must be in the batch of mail the Magers had for us at the old 17021 house. Indeed I retrieved it there as soon as teenage Megan Mager was home from school, and the cover art this time is quite good, pic of the back of a set of roadsigns (couple of them appropriately bullet-dinged) along a highway in the sage, all of it bespeaking the contemporary West outback. The title, however, is terminally anemic, a white-inset typeface (entirely different from the byline type at the bottom of the cover, natch; as I'll say to Nan, I know that art directors at the moment would rather eat dirt than use consistent typeface on a cover, but...) imposed over wispy clouds; half of MOUNTAIN and all of TIME fogs away, inevitably.

Must put down: scene from the water a few days ago, what looked like an immense smoking boiler being shoved south along the Sound by a team of gray workhorse tugboats. With a little scoping we figured out that it was a submarine, conning tower showing but scarcely any deck and, far back, a tail fin--steam or (we hope non-nuclear) whatever venting out in a plume.

19 Dec.--North wind and snow and cold. The impeachment of William Jefferson Clinton. A tax audit for us. It's not simply a grinch threatening to steal this Christmas, it's a whole damn horde of ogres.

The weather we are fairly happily sitting out, this house doing quite well in its first test by polar wind and sub-freezing temperatures. The bedroom is particularly snug, and while we may yet notch the thermostat up a degree or two, even the living room with the wind hitting those big windows has been okay. The impeachment is at least as rancorous as forecast--Livingston self-destructing with his resignation today, the Republicans now on some hell-bent track within their congressional

19 Dec. cont.--caucus as well as without; as to Clinton, heading to Senate trial (I think I made a diary note of Chief Justice Rehnquist's odd^{flat} thrust of gibe "Good luck"--when he swore Clinton in for this second term), what's the best bet? Censure? Resignation after some more congressional grinding? Can't see him undergoing Senate conviction, but who the hell knows, any more. As to our own blight, the IRS audit, it arrived with y'day's mail, minutes after the bright prospect of my copy-edited ms. The notification of audit depressed me to my shoetops, after all the excruciating bookkeeping I've done on taxes and pension plan through the years, and I put in a grim afternoon of digging out documentation and a dogged morning today assembling and rechecking it. Now that I have it together I'm a little more sanguine, although still feeling dumped-on, what with all the time this is taking and will take.

Well, tomorrow: onward (I hope, oh god I hope) to Mountain Time.

28 Dec.--Considerable moisture under the bridge (not to mention cold whooshes of wind) since the last entry. Spent most of 2 days ~~most~~ of that period on the goddamned IRS, one of whose issues with me was their record of \$29,000 paid me by Seattle U. in '96--when I got a copy of the university's 1099 for what I knew was a two thousand dollar speaking fee, there the IRS's "discrepancy" was, a heavily inked comma in the figure "2,000" which either computer or human eye registered as a "9". Ai yi yi; between that and the Wash. Mutual bank in Edmonds today warning me that portions of checks may take 11 working days to clear, the financial clerk that I'm forced to be is feeling beset.

But the MTN T ms went out of here this morning, with my foolkiller remedies of the copy editor's case of galloping commas (he would have a line read "Our landlord, Ingvaldson, bent over from the waist, and stabbed a slug.. and blindness to logic (he blithely gave the fictional town of Twin Sulphur Springs a "sulfur" smell from those selfsame springs; let your eye try to digest that, readers) and some helpful nips and tucks I saw to do (and

28 Dec. cont.--in fairness, one the copy editor diagnosed as needed doing, Mariah's overly stiff scene with Mitch after Lyle's death; it fixed up fine when I saw it). Galleys are to come in Feb., the blessed birth of a book into actual print.

Otherwise, what has gone on around here included 5 days of below-freezing, quite a damn bunch of that kind of weather for here; a record inch and a half of a rain y'day; big wind mostly from the W/NW most of y'day. Today we got out and walked the n'hood early, then when the weather held, walked again in Edmonds on the post office run to mail in the IRS bundle.

On the social side: last night @ the Nelsons', some gabbing w/ Sarah Auerbach, Sarah N. and Marshall. Notable generational split in behavior, Laird's old school buddies gathered in the living room to go through L&S's wedding pics, we venerables (including Craig Martin and Tina) ~~st~~ hanging around the buffet table getting ourselves fed and keeping the champagne flowing. This is also the year Ann is really into dogs, two clownish puppies in a pen in the middle of her hitherto-immaculate kitchen.

--Linda and Syd stopped by on their way back to Bainbridge from Camano (their cabin stay included a power outage which left them with a house temperature of 46 when they awoke; luck being the residue of design, I'd left a waiting fire handsomely set up for them whenever C and I had last used the cabin fireplace, 8-10 months ago) and delivered a fine little metal salmon for one of our window sill perches.

--We Christmased @ the Rodens, with the interesting addition this year of John's nephew Sherwin and his lady and biz partner Carlene--they're in political consulting-mass mailing-phonebanking in Texas. I again tried to get in my innings on John that he shouldn't risk short-selling on the NASDAQ index--sure, it'll fall someday but he's even more clueless than the rest of us on what will or won't send it down, particularly when--and he allowed as how his recent urge to sell it short when it was at 28, and hid crowing to Jean when it shortly hit 12, didn't look so hot now that it's at 72.

--And we entertained the Nortons here on the 23rd,

28 Dec. cont.--Sarah, Nile, and younger son Andrew. That pleasant evening of roast beef and red wine and celebration of life's work paying off--literally, for Sarah; her 2 years of Microsoft options enabled her to buy her brothers out of her beloved family island place back in the Midwest--culminated in a gift of the times to the stick-in-the-mud Doigs, a WWW domain name. Double-click-and-bless-them, ~~Kai~~ Nile and Sarah gave us BlazingBrands.com, which I had made up in a section of the MTN TIME ms they looked over for me. Friends! The brew of life!

31 Dec.--In 9 hours this extensive year closes out. I sit watching the tugboats pass, below the several weathers of the Olympic Mtns. We have come quite far, my lovely Carol and I, from the discontents that pestered us in the Boeing Creek Valley. Now life is this house we sought, the achieved money which is still considerable even after the house purchase, another book aborning, and each other in the daily wonder of this long view over the Sound.

Ivan and Carol Doig in the High West
May 1998

Fri-Sun, May 1-3	Bend, Oregon. Broken Top. 1-541-382-8200.
Monday, May 4	en route to Salt Lake City.
T/W, May 5 and 6	Salt Lake City. University Park Hotel. 1-801-581-1000.
Th/F, May 7 and 8	Paonia, Colorado. Redwood Arms Motel. 1-970-527-4148. Or contact: DeWitt Daggett. 1-970-527-5566.
Sat/Sun, May 9 and 10	Farmington, New Mexico. Best Western Inn. 1-505-327-5221.
Monday, May 11	Chinle, Arizona. Thunderbird Lodge. 1-520-674-5841.
Tuesday, May 12	Cortez, Colorado. Holiday Inn Express. 1-970-565-6000.
W/Th, May 13-14	Cortez, Colorado. Kelly Place. 1-970-565-3125.
Friday: meet 9 a.m. at Newspaper Rock for visit to Redd ranch.	
Fri-Sun, May 15-17	Pack Creek Ranch, Utah. 1-801-259-5505. Or contact: Utah Conservancy, Moab. 1-801-259-4629.
Monday, May 18	Moab, Utah Moab Valley Inn.
T/W, May 18 19-20	en route home to Seattle

***THE DOIGS?
MOVING?
SINCE WHEN?***



After Sept. 13, 1998, Ivan and Carol's address will change to:

17277 15th Ave. NW
Seattle, WA 98177

(Our phone number stays the same)

INNIS ARDEN

17021 10th Ave NW

\$267,000

Specifics:

Style:	Rambler	Apprx Sq Ft:	1,870 (KCR)
Bedrooms:	3	Apprx Lot Size:	24,290 (KCR)
Baths:	1	Age:	42
Heat:	Oil	Taxes:	\$3,000. ('98)
Fireplace(s):	1	Area/Map/Grid:	715/474/G6
Carport:	2-Car	Roof:	Built-up

Special Features:

- ❖ Located in one of Shorelines most distinguished communities.
- ❖ Privacy prevails in this wooded 1/2 acre setting providing an oasis of tranquility just minutes from downtown Seattle.
- ❖ Author Ivan Doig has written wonderful novels in his professional study.
- ❖ Open, flowing spaces are ideal for relaxed living.
- ❖ Beautifully maintained - hardwood floors, newer insulated windows, vaulted ceiling in living room - wall of windows overlooking private patio and peaceful, natural plantings.
- ❖ European style kitchen.
- ❖ Noiseless emergency power system.
- ❖ Enjoy the serenity this contemporary home provides.
- ❖ Garden shed, shop space, workbench & shelving.



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This information is provided as a courtesy only, is not a warranty, and should be independently investigated by buyers.

2' wide bookshelves
above desk?

(window)

allow min. 31"
for 2 file
cabinets &
access to
plug-ins

2' 4"

(Ivan's desk: 30" high)

6' 10"

*Ivan's office design,
built by Lee Holden,
©17277 15th NW*

under
desk
file
cabinet
&
drawer

(Carol's
desk:
25" high)

8' 10"

under desk
2-drawer
file cabinet

under desk
book
shelves

1' 8"

11' 7"

floor-to-ceiling bookshelves

10'

Dust: Storms likely to scour dust from air

■ Continued from Page D1

Basin, but Oregon officials said they couldn't immediately determine whether the dust cloud in fact has helped obscure views of Mount Hood or added to haze statewide.

But they said a combination of high humidity and little wind conspired to trap smoke, dust and car and truck emissions and increased particulate levels beyond what is normal for this time of year.

Air quality in Oregon, however, has remained good all week, officials from the Oregon Department of Environmental Quality said.

The dust from China is a "unique phenomenon," said Brian Finneran, senior environmental specialist with the air quality division of the Oregon Department of Environmental Quality.

"It goes to show that under certain weather conditions you can get an incredibly long transport of pollution," he said.

But Finneran said the dust hasn't shown up on air pollution monitoring equipment in Oregon and does not pose a health concern.

By today, officials said, storms moving through the region should bring rain and wind to help scour the haze from the region's air.

A Washington state Department of Ecology meteorologist calculated the storm has parked 20 million to 40 million tons of dust in the air over Washington, Altose said.

Air quality in Eastern Washington was moderate, meaning dust particle levels were close to becoming a health hazard, but there were no reports of people checking into hospitals with dust-induced respiratory problems.

Husar and Ken Holmes, a National Weather Service meteorologist in Spokane, said weather satellites tracked the bright-yellow dust cloud across the Pacific.

"It is like a yellow paint," Husar said. "That's how it appears in the atmosphere over the Pacific Ocean. So, just look for the yellow paint and see where it goes, and sure enough it was passing through the entire Pacific Ocean and hit the Western seaboard."

In British Columbia, officials asked residents to curtail vehicle use because of poor air quality in the lower mainland and lower Fraser Valley. In Oregon, state officials scaled back controlled burning.

Oregonian, May 2, 1982

Region's hazy sky a present from Asia

■ A dust cloud crosses the Pacific, prompting health alerts in Washington and British Columbia

From staff and wire reports

China's latest export to the Northwest is the dust you've been breathing all week, triggering pollution alerts and clouding the atmosphere.

A dust cloud originating in the deserts of northwest China moved eastward and this week extended from Northern California to Washington state, contributing to hazy skies throughout the West, said Rudolf Husar, director of the Center for Air Pollution Impact and Trend Analysis at Washington University in St. Louis.

The scale of the event might be historic. In Washington state alone, the dust cloud held as much as an estimated 40 million tons of dust.

"One big dust storm on April 15 has produced so much that this dust cloud has traveled, intact, across the Pacific Ocean for about three or four days and then arrived on the West Coast of North America," Husar said Thursday.

"It is a process that has happened before, but we have never seen it as intense or as big."

The dust cloud from Asia combined with hot, stagnant air in the Northwest. It caused an air pollution alert in southern British Columbia and prompted Washington state officials to prohibit all outdoor burning east of the Cascades.

The dust cloud is of "fairly historic proportions," said Larry Altose, spokesman for the Washington State Department of Ecology. "We are living in it. China is all around us."

The storm that caused fatalities in China generated millions of tons of dust, Altose said.

The dust obscured views in the mid-Columbia River

Please turn to
DUST, Page D9

Aug. 28 '98

Allen Ting / 1:57 1/2 time to bureau

Being Fed: we pull in off Perimeter Rd, peering for
• charter suv's hanger: this is a throng of white-shirted
staff. - "They don't look like Fed EX," we decide.

- Inside, it's box & bagels & meeting people. Luckily, Ling Stroup,
ex-Seattle librarian, 1st face I half-recognize
(Joey Patten says: "She'll have to take other plane")

- abt 80 of us abt 6 blue pairs of seats. size of leather easy chairs

12:53 takeoff

- over Olympics, above Elumka, then along Strait: Neah Bay
• 3 big ocean bites of crescent beaches S. to C. A lava

Allen/3

- Now: rental trucks are arriving w/ all our luggage.
- cruise ship staff: guys in teal India servant outfits (w/ little pillbox hats) or teal top hats & swallow tails. young women, Brits from the accents, who met us @ airport in fierce wind wore long coats & wide-brimmed straw bonnets & had 1/2 frozen.

Also aboard:

Geo Lucas	Dale Chisely	Madeline L'Engle
Carrie Fisher	Quincy Jones	Jack Vance
Norm & Connie Rice		Steven Pinker
Dan Acroya	Jeffrey Katzenberg	

Allen/2

• Allen family arrival, as viewed from our balcony in strn 9036, about 160' above. juneau dock:

* 1st Faye, w/ umbrella handler

then Paul, in ball cap & open jacket, paunch out & a bit splay/ooted, walking much like a rajah

Then a woman - current girlfriend? - & couple of hangers on

Then all arrived in white stretch limo (while rain sheeted against pit-clad mtns behind them). Baggage un卸ged from limo trunk, then from a separate mini-van

• rest of arrival: we NWers in our mushroom colors, 1st (Clyde Dropler only) w/ a prayer of being recognized by 20-30 others). Then came buses w/ LA folks, & noise broke out. LAs wore nothing from lib overalls to Blues Bros porkpie & shades to a stretchy leather pants.

* Betty stays invtg Faye's par'ta winters - scene

"MY WEEK" o. July 13, '98

PHONE	✓	SEE	✓	WRITE	✓	DO
Peter Roebas				Mary Annibad		
Barbara Miller 283-6183						rat's nest in empty power sept

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
7- gym call Steve: balance? - Craig D. Porti. 11- L and W. C. & Brown feces gully call David Kopp afternoon: Lynnwood (funn. 7:00)	7- gym shop for C's gift Paul Drollinger - y'd walk to him 4	Max Amazon to Nan call Liz Edmonds bank for cashier's check call Linda & Syd "David C. and"	9 a.m. - house closing	roofing samples? return carpet " ? 1-3 duct cleaners garage wall - spackle buy paint @ W. man's	paint garage walls? 7-11, house cleaner Mike Lampers - 9
					SUNDAY
					Etter Allen - beds mop 'garage'?

"MY WEEK" on July 27, '98

PHONE	✓	SEE	✓	WRITE	✓	DO