

winnowed for WORK SONG and Miss You, March 11-12 '08

It wasn't as if he was on speaking acquaintance with her--although he  
had heard enough rumors of her and the Major--but somehow the fact that  
both of them were from the TM country, of that country, was a kind of  
knowing each other. Her father, with that beard you could see from here  
to Sunday, he must have  
was a familiar

caught him off guard  
The woman had surprised him then with a little twitch of her mouth,  
qzcl pursing-up

as if they both had  
were in for the Major's help  
trying the taste of help from the M  
were tasting

You'll have a chance to project, here, the woman said

The woman unsettled him with a qzcl little pursing-up of her mouth,  
as if she too had the taste of help

Wes regards his knee wound as a tithe of war. His father had come thru the Civil War (remembering the amputations?) (or is Wendell W'son too young for Civil War? work out a lifespan <sup>for</sup> ~~from~~ him; note he's active on ranch in RFair when nat'l forest comes in, 1912?) any later reference to him?)

--His father had seen that, wagonloads of limbs

--only a Williamson could dispose of Europe, <sup>Ed</sup>inburgh, and for that matter  
Helena with that--

"Susan, back there--everything I knew how to part with, I threw into  
OK  
loving you. I can't vouch for how it came across, only you can do that. I'd do it  
again."

This was the picnic tarp again. Wes and his carpets of

? "All right, Perseverance. I miss how we were."

Is there any use in even trying? I didn't pick out my color, like it was house paint. Some ofay is always going to try to pull me down.

And that's the way it's always going to be, because that's the way it's always been? Whole hell of a lot of good news in that. I am not some kind of a goddamn stain on how they think things ought to be

other way if they don't like my face. all they have to do is

"What's the sense? Give them another run at me?"

"What doesn't make sense is to let your voice go to waste." *them wreck you*  
my neck?  
...make another pass at me to

"You've put up with some of that before. That bull's horn. And somebody gave you a working-over..."

"Monty, that idiot with the ax handle will be in the penitentiary until he comes out in his coffin."

"I don't hear much wrong with your voice. The rest of you is a mess."

"Thanks for that... Some OO tries to separate my head from my shoulders..."

"You're going to tell me to get back at it."

"I thought I would, yes."

"~~Why~~'d they have to bring you back here just for that?"

"Montgomery? Visitor."

She had a singing school to put back together.

*After that, some semblance of a logical life  
along w*

--finding it not easy to resurrect singing school, having left her students in the lurch. But she's a woman of ~~luxury~~ leisure, if she can just credit that, from Wes's fee to her; has time to take up opereta again?

It somehow seems necessary, no, mandatory

that a diary should be a servant,--

--not a master. Ho ho. I can no more OO these pages than fly.  
seemed wan after him.

This must not seem like a brag. It is more in the nature of  
evidence

You and your golden touch, Wes. If that's what it is.  
the laying on of

As Wes would say, I am not yet Kipler.

with our skins still on us (barely)

life was a letdown. She had been through this before, too

She knew the presence she was standing in for, and while she could never be Angus reincarnate,

Her hair was down, and the shawling effect on her shoulders

*She'd had just enough of a taste of it, before critics turned...  
There was a word for a woman who did 'thing like this',  
actually, can we a sty full*





to have  
but electricity was such a treat  
light was a treat she practically bathed in  
again

to the illuminated set of pages brightly awaiting her continuance.  
As if the habit of summing one's days into ink were like dusting ~~up~~ the top of  
I don't say I find myself in....But neither do I lose myself. <sup>touch of</sup> the cupboard  
or not.

*an eye brow  
went up*  
[There is in here--she flipped back--more than I intended to say  
was aware

Maybe it is a vanity

[Sentences at least can be coherent.

No, it is more like the confessional wherein Wes closets himself periodically  
regularly,

to be granted a clean new page of behavior  
put some blotted page of behavior  
reciting sin and atonement in the same space of breath; but a diary has the  
pleasant difference that  
absence of imminent verdict  
no churchly "That's that."  
The words can go on their way, so to speak,  
*an everlasting verdict is not imminent every day.*

Satisfied with

A constellation in her own bedroom

[The bedroom constellation in full fire, she sat

And the talk, the talk. It was practically a world tour, gumbo accents  
between the  
on those lullaby intonations declamations of  
of the ~~the~~ cottonbacks and the lilts of the Caribs and the diction wallopers  
up from the South  
just a step short of being preachers. He himself was a bit shy

It let him

digest as much of Harlem as possible. Every mealtime he learned ...,  
a lot of it cautionary.

People tended to construe it  
It could be taken as dignified, he was pleasantly surprised to find, and  
keeping  
a decent silence also let him

Not a meal passed but what he learned  
With every meal he learned some new side of things here, a lot of  
tucked away knowledge of

took  
puttering--this kind of life involved an amazing amount of puttering

only  
nourishment though it all was, counted only as a  
every bit of it,

The fact that hands the color of his put fillings in people's mouths  
or

At this hour Strivers' Row went to work  
school, to work, to wherever

there was one more bit of a climb from their beginnings.

*well-dressed of low trust*  
Men so dark they made him look like a moonlight shadow nodded good  
morning to Monty and ~~hustled~~ *forced off* to put fillings in people's mouths or to *be*  
Harlem was a kind of Klondike, the shared color a different luster than  
gold, and Monty...pan out.

Rooms like this were stacked through history, jewel cases and music boxes  
filigreed puzzle  
and puzzle chests shelved

with royal filigree on them  
eventually  
elaborate in their time and stacked ~~away~~ generation by generation, on  
the shelves of time

probably Pompeii, had rooms such as this. Wes had been ~~working~~ walking into  
them since he was eighteen and the first OO on the Gold Coast. In one  
of them he had met Merrinell. But never had he strolled into one where  
there waited a woman he had been in bed with all afternoon. In the flash  
between the butler taking his hat and Howard Brewster descending on him,  
he took in the...

Half a head taller than nearly all the other women, Susan. And OO at  
the piano, Monty. He had deposited both of them into this room, and  
mingling  
the Metternich of Montana

whether it was reward or not, Howard B now swirled him in...  
to the musicale.

Cecil peered up at Monty from the piano bench.

The foll

hadn't come out of that beating any easier to work with.  
less determined to have the songs

done his way and no other.

~~Just~~ oiling up enough to get loose, is all. I'll be right on,  
soon as we start.

"That'd be good," Monty

"What we want is you to be known."

A little over nine months. About as much time as it took to get him into the world in the first place, squaller at Ft. A.

"Six songs an evening, eight tops. Rocking chair money, Montgomery."

The OO in charge of radio stations listened like (snitches @ keyholes; telephone lonelyhearts on a party line his third night in Medicine Hat, the telegram came from a Minneapolis station. Two weeks there, and a Chicago station the gun people in

Chicago were wanting to sponsor him there.

He had to keep reminding himself they were jealous of his upbringing...

"I convinced them this was practically on the way."

"Send for that damned woman.

"Tell me whether I'm seeing things.

"I had him hired.

"We'll be taking him back to New York, Major. Had enough hospitality out here.

"My railroad car...

"That'd help.

"One we missed," Bailey said, shaken. "Goddamn OO in Potter's bunch--

we

"If I came up here at night w/OO, that would be just fine. But I can't in broad daylight.

for the world  
"I don't make the rules, Miss Duff."

"Susan. Something you'd better know

Fifty blocks away, Wes was shopping among railroads. The wall rack held passes...He would pick up his own rail car in St. Paul... The house was about to be sealed up like a cask. Merrinell and the girls to Saratoga

His secretary, McIntyre,

"Major, I'm sorry...

I don't understand. You know I'm getting ready for Montana."

(Monty's success) Even that didn't sit quite right, yet.

He was just as glad to have his voice between him and the world

You've never heard me at the real thing

He thought back over

Oh, there's Blanche and Alfred... Oh, you've met VV, haven't you?

He thought back over the woman ~~of~~ at... Another digger. Knew how to polish a knob, that one. He was worth being dug

"It's always going to be chancy, isn't it.

He was jotting down names.

Back in the Two Medicine country, everybody he ever met he already knew. By family ~~name~~ resemblance or trait, people were out of the same bin. They came of some family he had heard of... There wasn't that here.

The push for funds (Over There)

He knew how to live alone. He knew Yancey, who had a family crawling with kids, ~~and~~ had him figured for a hick.

A few of the more fly types--Harlem never ran out of types--

Afternoons, he slept. The OOs here on Strivers' Row lived here because of, but he had chosen one for thick walls and drapes.

A few times the Major was there. The other night his wife was along

He'd had to snap at Yancey that his soul was  
didn't need repair

Monty's "phantasmal" sound, Wes's reaction to it:

He could feel the chill of its presence  
ever

...as when he had stepped out of officer country to the enlisted men's  
quarters, or whenever he had to go in the Double W bunkhouse.

familiar?

--Wes felt it as a chin-level chill, up around where his officer tabs  
used to be.

--insignia on collar instead of sleeves

--muster of (in the song)

There was no mocking to it,

where OO (honor?) attached

this was an upper plateau of the Rabizmaz

Monty winks @ Wes during Med Line song? Or just looks straight at?

Wes and Susan dine at the Brevoort? *When he comes back from Montana, Sept. >*

--he has clams in cream

--"discreet" area?

--she can tell Europeans from Americans by sound of their heels? (Americans have rubber heels.)

They've made love at her rooms in the afternoon, as soon as he got back to NY; he's surprised by the fervor.

--his daughters are away at school; wife won't be back until social season starts in Oct.

--he has to go up to Lake George, get house open, etc.

--W: "We haven't had much chance to talk."

needed:

the radio district: the city colonized itself (always new districts)

--Paul Whiteman in '25?

-- '25 examples of programming from Barnucow

needed:

a sense of Vandiver's office; of the Over There warren  
n'hood, without pinning it down?

Van's view of her? what he knows of her story?  
wife's mother

--his mother-in-law, in one of those small world stories, knew of Susan's  
earlier NY career?

Pershing: one of the creeds (he had learned) at West Point was that all men are the same ~~all~~ color in the red part.

The big Dutchman he had been warned away from... The man's wife w/  
a frozen smile...

"Had you heard of him in Montana? His singing is amazing. So--so natural."

Monty close enough to overhear; trades glance with Susan, both of them  
aware how close that compliment was to naturally so-so.

"Phil, I'm sorry, but I don't flap." *Flopper Revue*

The Medicine Line song had gained power

*S felt obscuresly sorry for him, an evening w/ no  
hi-jinks in bed @ its end.*

Susan's retrieval of ~~the~~ WWI diary from dump: use her musings then  
to refer to Nov. 11 observances at Carnegie Hall.

--what war(s) were going on in '24? Or since 1918: Russia, for ex.

Point is, Susan wonders if Over There has done any good, war goes on and  
the remembrance takes place now under the proscenium, literally staged.

Whatever  
JJ did a skip-step to keep in stride with her. Susan was marching to  
today, it was carrying them to the El station  
didn't know slow. There were already bearing down on the El  
station and he was still was trying to catch up with her prognosis.  
"Really ready," he persisted. "To get up in front of people and  
His voice is ready, she repeated. "Enough that I can put him up in front of  
righty, of people and we won't get mobbed for  
All right then, if his voice is ready, he's ready. mob us to get their  
money back?

A stranger living downstairs in his throat.

catch to it.

the arch of his foot, the moons of his toenails, the singe

his saddle-leather skin still darkly durable over the same arrangement of  
bones,

*Wes* NY, London, Tokyo when ~~some~~ a rogue tidal wave of time washed them into  
the same silt as Herculaneum.

The Mountains still stood and the creek still ran. (the rest of Scotch  
Heaven) had gone their knees. The human

Where the blues had Monty by the ears.

He hadn't come from that.

Now that, he knew the route of  
most steps of the way. The Zanzibar

He wished she was right. He wished she was...

Makes me homesick, if that was home.

Monty, I have a house there, a biz. An existence. I'm set in my ways

Wes finds yardstick-atop-head markings on the Duff doorway

Major, you forgot-- or Major, did you want me to--? followed him like

Wes abt the prairie: *supplm of "TwoMed"*

--Two Medicines, all right. The Indians' sense of cyclical life, the whites' economic push... Into the powder pan of rifles, against energy of horses.

2

Wes: something to the effect that the singing lessons are Monty's own  
doing, although not that exact phrase, which I've used elsewhere. Perhaps  
"It comes from him. He wanted..."

Yes and no, (Susan thinks)

*you can bet on that.*

Wes: "I didn't do this to start a Lonely Hearts OO for him, that's for sure."

--"All right, I'm not over you."

- "*Maybe a misunderstanding.*"

Mose Rathbun, whatever other utility he might have had as a human being,  
sent trotting in to (harry the homesteaders).

--imported to do the (dirty work)

Wes to Susan, late in book:

"All right, I haven't gotten over you. There's no sign I'm ever going to get over you."

--she asks him, doesn't absolution handle (what he's done?)

--"It doesn't take, any more. Not with me."

put her finger on  
"Cuba? You never?" She touched (something black) "You ~~we~~ didn't touch  
a woman this color?" *or this or that?*

A singularly  
--chaste young soldier, were you.

--I thought even your Sta. Anthony prayed for virtue only when he wanted it.

--You really must have been an exceptional soldier, if not.

"That may not be quite the right of it," Wes told her (of his truncated necessarily guessed-at version), "but close enough. Whit and I were the ones who found the hat."

M: (abt audiences) I'm getting by, with them. Still not my favorite part,  
going out there (in front of all the faces)

S-W colloquy to insert in scene of S @ homestead:

(to explain why there, for M's lessons, instead of say Helena)

"Why me? Male teachers do exist

"You have edge. If M is going to be serious abt this singing, he can gain  
from your...

seeing how you take things on.

"Couldn't you have (hired a place for this in Helena)?"

"Helena has its distractions."

He hadn't expected this. Maybe a little money on the come, couple months' wages (advanced), or a word put in...

The W'son brothers were not anybody's pushovers. They got it from their father--roared around the ranch, you could play cards on his shirt-tail. But there were (good sides) to them too. Even Mr. Whit would cut you a break, if you caught him on the day of the week his heart worked.

The Major was...

let you  
of early  
on a Sat.  
night  
(trap to  
turn)

Time to break in (the rookie trooper).

*do some forgetting of ms.*

"You stay hushed, hear? If you want a stripe on that arm ever, you ~~stay hushed.~~"

--trio of scalps in his warsack, one from each of the campaigns...He had no  
there was some kind of  
doubt the Indianx joke about (10th's) scalps like that of a buffalo calf.

--The Tenth had showed them.

--There wasn't much showing to be done on a brushy little creek...

--Mose detaches the corporal and the rest of the squad to fetch the beef on the  
hoof from the WW, takes only the rookie with him to hunt down the Indian.

--Mose eventually joins the beef fetchers (show this in his thoughts in the  
rustling scene as he's trying to lasso the cow)

W & S on cattle drive:

*alkali  
lake*

--The buy of the Field diary lets Wes find the fight site--it mentions Flag Butte, which Lewis' doesn't(?)/ The three trees...

--Should I transpose the Two <sup>M</sup>ed Lake scene to bluffs above the fight site?

Monty:

Strivers Row as a gulch, hit-it-rich, like Last Chance or Confederate.

Wes:

Officerly skepticism still was uppermost in him.

the expedition they captained

famously had to make its escape in a thunderous ride

chapter and verse

The exploring party

Riveted, Wes read

one butte poking up  
The visinity was a plesent level plain but for a lake stinking of alkali...

Flag Butte pastureland.

Alkail Lake: on the WW's range near where the TM River flowed into the Marian  
R.

and it was all here

but the tilt of history was against the Blackfeet and ~~the~~ other tribes

~~ever~~ from then on. now had ~~new~~doubt

Susan in NY:

--NY as compressed world, thick as geology; streets for glaciers of people

--HG Wells, War of the Worlds (she's read?)

don't use!

"You're available to us through the summer? That would take some strain off, the staff could have its leavetimes without my trying to schedule them in and out like racing pigeons." Professional at not showing (what he was thinking?)

am I to understand,

"You would work here, but not here?"

"Afternoons. Most of <sup>each</sup> ~~the~~ afternoon. Van,

"You'll need to find quarters, I suppose? Miss Cooper or Mister Lehrkind could go around with you. Or, my wife's mother knows Mrs. Maeterlinck in the Village, she might take in--"

"That's quite all right. I'm taken care of."

Wes to Susan, when they are in Eburgh while '19 winter begins back home:

Livestock prices

Cattle futures are sensitive to the drop of a snowflake. Evidently a lot have dropped.

--Warren Williamson is still alive (?); dies that spring?

E'burgh:  $\frac{1}{2}$ hr in rare book dealers, Wes fondling 1st editions of Sir Walter Scott--finally bought a scrap from Asphodel(?), Scott's own handwriting in contretemps with an editor.

--At her insistence (she wanted to watch him at it) they go into the rare book dealers? She teased him into it, and he passed an eager half hour fondling

--prostitute in a close calls out to them, "He could eat dinner off the front of me and i wouldn't mind, dearie." W's face went hot, but S only laughed, in what sounded like anticipation.

The summer chafed Wes.

Wes spends a day @ N Fork, "excavating" the past:

--valley is empty as his father would have wished.

--memory of Angus? W's side of their meeting @ Breed Butte?

--discovered he couldn't put a name to all the homesteads; got the paperwork from the Land Office.

--traces out a particular route: up Breed Butte, to where Noon Creek can be seen, and north toward the Rez. (i.e., Ninian & Donald's route)

--@ Montana Cattleman's meeting he got drunk, the first time since his first leave in France.

--haying, as he goes past to the N Fork

--The matched grays had been replaced by a team of OOs bought at the Miles City horse show. They were livelier at the rein, which Wes liked.

--"Wes, that goddamn fence would hold back elephants," then corked up at the expression on Wes.

--Their patterns still were there. He went from homestead to homestead...

--Varick McCaskill had not sold the place, taking his time.

--as though something had been concluded.

--The Duff place and the neighboring Erskine place, the first ~~was~~ two. somehow had managed to

--(Angus) The man had lived side-by-side lives out here (several lifetimes one on top of the other

The Erskines: died in flux epidemic(?); crippled son, horse accident; Wes is able to bring back (general features of Donald); his father call them Ninian Quixote & Sancho? (prob'ly not) "Pair of a kind" in stubbornness abt thr land.

Land always costs more than shows up on any bill of sale.  
any bill of sale can hold.

--in search of Susan, or not?

Wes @ Scotch Heaven:

--Mose Rathbun did not homestead here, although land was available; shaped as a ~~s~~oldier, an order-taker (orderly). Aware that Warren W'son was already pressuring the homesteaders?

--how that would have changed Monty's life: Susan & Samuel grew up here, went out into the world; Angus as teacher.

abt Ninian & Donald: they were a pair to draw to.

root crops @ homesteads: last frost May 25 in Helena, cd be early June in Sc Hvn?

By the book, the man always wants. He better cram it to me while he

can

All's I

Gonna keep my on skin ice all the

way to the Medicine Line. Not gonna cost me my honorable if I have

anything to do with it, though

by damn. He rode at the easy trot that covered  
wouldn't

ground without tiring his horse

play out his horse; there still was a lot of ground to be covered today

before this piss-thin prairie parade reached Birch Creek for the night.

And two days, maybe three, to the Canadian border after that. Then it's

old Fort Bone

home to Ass-in-a bone, and I'm a mustered Mister.

With a short-timer's

Short-timer that he was, one more payday until he became a mustered Mister,  
veteran

the sergeant actually took some relief in answering to a West Pointer

There was usually side money to be made in the vicinity of a Reservation,  
by a man who knew what he was doing.

no lazy nappy behavior.

He knew that by

By making them snap to, he pointed them up in the estimation of the white  
platoon

officers like Pershing, no ~~more~~ lazy nappy behavior to be written up.

He had to admit, they were doing him proud so far; they

long-practiced

the necessary

Putting up his new pretense that all orders from a white officer were

created equal,

*Going on for years, 7/10/68.*

lost

"Things get from sight. Tucked into trunks, squirreled away in drawers. Susan, I spent all my time raising funds. That part of the office, I admit it, has had to be neglected. Other chapters weren't as quick off the mark, as you were in Montana

The monument, the observance--they take everything we've got...

Some people can't stay with it

Van

Odd woman. Had chosen to bury herself back in Montana. Now here she was

tunes himself up

"Best if Montgomery is tuned up in private, like."

"The newspapers will lap it up."

Yancey as usual sat there in

even-tempered, dour at it all.

"It's ragtag and bobtail. Here. Love letters to my wife.

not sure I'm able to tell, but I think

JJ, I believe you're blushing.

"You're not supposed to be able to tell

"People think you're a doctor."

Susan laughed, unsettled. tt

of the...epiglottis

Voice specialist. Studied in Vienna.

"Let's--let's see what happens after your tour of Europe."

"My wife thinks she is married to a crazy man."

Tom Mix unhorsed.

expecting a war poet. Vandiver looked like an old sea captain.

"We can sprinkle him around town."

Inferno of war, Paradiso of the music of survival, each person pocketed  
in the clasp of this night as if in the assigned pocket of heaven or  
seated in their ordained  
hell

clasped by this night as if each fixed into some assigned seat in  
of  
a heaven or hell,

• glow of music pressing them <sup>each</sup> into their seats  
as inescapably as if this was ticketing for  
trembling & joy  
as if this was assigned seating in circles of  
as if each in a seat assigned in some circle of  
a heaven or a hell, War's own as usual custom-made.

M's transporting voice to her song

the Carnegie habitues, the Harlem initiates, the curious, the melancholic  
gaily  
war-

"You shd be fine over there. There won't be any"--she gestured toward his throat.

"That's what JJ says. Tells me they practically made Robeson the second king of England last winter, and the French upped the ante. Bricktop, J Baker, they're all learning to eat snails."

about it.

He had meant to say something by way of J.J. or Phil. Too late now; theater the show people were just beginning their day.

He wondered how Monty was taking it. Lord, he should have called.

That doesn't help us any.

Haven't wanted to admit it, even to myself.

"That's me as well," she said at last.

barefoot without it

Make it such a habit you'll feel lost if you don't do it

Made sure to do his voice exercises first of all. Then he puttered  
--until he had to face the month-end matter of outgo and income.

Before he dealt out the rent and whatall, he carefully looked over his

Still on matters financial, he rememebered he had

The deposits

*gold-digging*  
No woman had got her hooks into him, he wasn't picking himself in grin,  
he had learned to spot con men and *cards hands* bloodsuckers and other drains on what  
his voice was earning (bringing in). He was proud of his new leaf of life  
thus far.

All right. It was time.

his latest chorus girl always blonder than the last

~~cardsharps...~~

That's the dumbest thing since Little Nemo.

But maybe it was just the atmosphere;  
Strivers Row, after all, knew its stuff about prosperity

His complexion was dark honey and his suit was fashionable London brown,  
both accentuated by a carnation of nearly blinding whiteness in his lapel.

beneficiary of thirty years of

which had profitably carried Williamson cattle to market for thirty years,  
ed handsomely by  
from shipments of W'son cattle  
each time a trainload of W'son cattle went  
were  
would be  
shipped to market, was waiting for him as usual in St. Paul.

The stillness was remarkable  
quiet almost like a lovely trance, the machinery of mansion  
life stilled. Wes all but tiptoed over to his desk and sank into the  
rare silence, ~~w~~ aware it was a spot of time  
lush this time of year  
Funny. The house has the best of it. We clear out, and  
the walls get to rest their ears.

scattered to beckoning poles  
accustomed  
different latitudes.

*Prepared for all manner of disappoint from illegality to age-related*  
disbelievngly

Wes dipped into ~~this~~

*adaptively* (the age-crisp pages of the little journal as if

, but there it was.  
the words ~~were~~,

*perfectly* decipherable

were Joseph Fields and his brother Reuben, and the hunter-scout D'rd

were under Lewis's command

with Meriwether Lewis on the exploration of the Two Medicine country.

in the tussle

When they encountered a small band of Blackfeet, Reuben Fields killed one

one-day

with a knife and Lewis shot another to death. The ~~W~~ vast ride back the

Great Falls of the Missouri came out of that. Wes knew now what he held

in his hands was the

*1 tall*  
Wes could scarcely believe ~~it~~.

*as adapted*



Until that day I wondered what I had let myself in for

not getting it right, I knew how game he was. It made me stick with it.

that first day at  
X on the stage, to call it that, at Fort A.

When he stood his ground

She had toed the mark

Perhaps toeing the mark...

inked  
under the spell of the words and their curlicues of memory.

enough of a  
She had to keep telling herself...woman of leisure did not come naturally to her,  
but she was trying

when the roar on the roof...she couldn't

hit such a pitch she couldn't hear herself  
think, she quit the desk again, this time for the gable window and the rare  
sight of

watched                      sharp-edged squall  
She stayed at the window until rumbled off

She had Christmased with Varick's family at OO. Then, windborne...

She had been one of the first to go; and two days ago, she was the last.

The North Fork

Only the Double W cows on her land...

But Ninian's land, the lower end of the valley, she would sign the lease

on. On some matters Wes had the patience of a glacier.

When it came to matters of land

The ground under them

rainwater puddling between them like  
into little swamps around them

to the west

She checked the sky to see if this was going to last and of course it

wasn't

but either side of it was

The only thing feeble about...was duration; she checked to the west,  
and while some of the sky looked like black sheep's wool, already on  
either side of that were patches of bland blue-gray. Not a drop of  
reached  
this worm-drowner extended far enough north to do the Two Medicine  
country any good.

These were part of the W'sons' northern herd, a thousand or so mother  
cows who had calved earliest at Fort A and the other outposts of the Deuce W.

"A letter for you, sir."

Here? Wes let his face show nothing as he plucked the envelope from the servant's hands. "Obliged, Jenkins." He went on in past the portraits of the Lowells...

His Harvard was not on these walls. Josiah Royce...Brooks Adams  
"Say, Williamson, The Virginian..."

Dear Wes--

I thought you were due some accounting of OO, and it seemed best to send it

Monty is willing, to a point. He seems to think the lungs that were installed in him at birth are adequate, but I am determined to build him up, there in the solar plexus. and down.

A scene I thought you deserved to share for your money. It has been a lovely spring here in the Two, but is now turning dry.

Wes checked his watch; time yet before his lunch with Adams.

male  
Did she know that these clubs, bastions though they were meant to be,  
most  
were where he felt the presence she had been in his life?

Monty stayed wary.

"Mister, I can sweat with the best of them.

I can't seem to get

"It's not that so much."

She's maybe a little rusty

you do want to remember, any of us are pocket change to them.

"It's not that so much."

Angus waited him out.

"I don't seem to  
"I'm maybe not cut out for this," Monty finally said,.

when it comes to..., Susan knows more in her little finger than the two  
of us combined."

"Curious is a habit I never been able to break.

"Say on."

"He said it was during the--1918."

"Susan, I was overseas. All I ever heard from Wendell about ranch doings  
were...

Tell her. See how she likes knowing. Carrying it around.

Wouldn't be so bad losing it, if you had some to lose.

"A minute of your time?"

"I'll catch right up."

"T<sub>e</sub>ll you the truth, I'm about to bunch it. It's just not working out."

"Doing her job, in other words."

Only knew him to nod to.

"You're lucky it's me and not the incarnation of Ninian Duff.

"That old scissorbill."

*scadly* just now,  
"We ain't riding for cows at the moment, are we, Monty."

You can take them, or I can dog them halfway to Canada  
the North Pole.  
onto Wendell Williamson's

front porch.

*00 gauge? nice new barbs*

Tell the Williamsons for me the fence is up...

trying to encourage  
They'll be wasting their time letting their bastardly cows....  
encouraging

The very next morning, Monty stayed planted



And the Duff woman had a stare that put you in your place; bossy wasn't  
it  
quite right, but OO came close . Dolph couldn't figure it out

After all my years at this, I do not know where true music springs from.  
No more so than a tune on a violin is produced by a set of strings that  
once inhabited the inside of a cat.

When all else had been  
nothing else appealed, there was always her half-finished  
operetta

as sprawling as the prairie  
always waited, always unconquerable.  
Her half-finished operetta, which on some nights she added notes to and  
unavigable  
then took them out the next.  
that was its setting.

Prairie Tide

Her half-finished operetta Prairie Tide always awaited, always unavigable.

Ninian Gilchrist Duff,

Flora MacKinnon Duff,

Susan Ann Duff

baby boy Duff,

Betsy Duff,

Samuel Duff,

The Bible seemed more at home here than she did.

Ol' Snowball, he thinks he's in high cotton. (Klan man makes him join.)

Wes to detective @ Helena agency: As you know, I've had a taste of how

well you do your work.

"The famous Major."

"Famous Angus," Wes said back with grace.

I hear what you're saying, about how soon his color might get in his way.  
quick

Samuel, a jump with ideas.

onward, to call it that, into the trenches of death in France

Samuel's fate took the heart out of

Susan had taken him under her wing for high school in Helena, then seen  
, right after,

him climb onto the troop train onward, to call it that,  
that never brought him back. Then, their

hearts out of them, her parents had given up here and gone  
no sooner had N & F fled from here to Susan  
lodged themselves with Susan than  
no sooner had

Angus winced within.

You've been thru <sup>resorted to</sup> regarded her  
The thick of things," he soberly  
I know. "Maybe this is life's  
your turn at some of the thin.

She made a face at that, as he wanted.

One pupil--shall I change the name of Scotch Heaven to Easy Street for you?"

He jerked himself from his  
Gathering himself to go, he <sup>was</sup> heard her instructed  
he was instructed

I am so down I can hardly write. She moved the lamp, annoyed at how spoiled the electricity of Helena had made her. Monty ~~is~~ works hard at it, but there is no reservoir of breath~~xxx~~ in him. He chops along from note to note...

...until you're blue in the face.

He stared at her. "Monty, I..."

"That <sup>might</sup> may be a while."

Angus: "I've yammered on. There's not that much conversation to be made, any more." (around here)

He was sure Ninian Duff went down to his grave still arguing with the Lord.

"I'll stay out of your hair."

"Don't you dare be scarce."

"Susan, quit beating your head against the shed."

"I never thought I'd see this."

"That makes two of us."

"Are you trying to make an old gaffer bawl? You're doing a good job of it?" all too

"You were putty when you came to me, at age what?"

The first night in the lines...He was making an inspection of  
of machine gun positions...Fritz sent up a Very light..."Don't move!"  
Hunched there  
He and his men kept perfectly still,~~ms~~ he and his men were a tableau...  
They weren't seen by the enemy...

"A salvo in your honor, Captain." *Blinky*  
The German sniper *crossed* "It's 00, sir, Duff *knagged* *got* He fell *+ that*  
*like a ton of bricks.*  
"Duff!" roared Wes. *Come w/me!* "Front and center."  
*What in God's name do you mean*  
"Saw my chance, sir."

The Germans would replace the sniper with one who inevitably would  
be a better shot.

Curious, Wes put up a helmet on a stick...  
*I've been @ 1st hospital*  
"I...I didn't get the word, sir. I thought we were to kill..."

Captain  
"He's a miserable shot, sir."  
"You're in for it now, Sammy!" "Too good a shot, old kid."

"What's this about?"

*disapproval*  
"We did a kind of Punch and Judy, Captain. He couldn't hit a bull  
in the ass with a shovel."

*Mr. Sniper*  
"Everyone keep down. We'll try him again in an hour--I want to see  
"No teasing him, any of you, and no firing back.  
for myself."

*You're Hunters, aren't you?*  
*He's maybe got a case of drinks.*

When they shook hands, her hand was nearly as big as his. A  
rawboned woman, under the OO coat.

Monty had come onto the scene about the time Susan was leaving  
it.

A glimpsed face.

They had never actually met, although, as thinly salt-and-peppered as...

The medal from Pershing. Small talk from Black Jack himself.

Did Major Williamson know the Fort Assiniboine country? Adjacent to  
it, sir.

...

...Heard shots.

...could've been them homesteaders after coyotes.

...Maybe. OO up and quit the country, But Rathbun's got a wife  
child  
and kid over east,

"Cecile? Could you take Mrs. Rathbun's son here and give him  
some milk and cookies?"

settling the  
She poised for a moment before sitting to the desk, in an attitude

a reviewer once likened to a canny abbess

considering,

"There was this bull."

One moment you are zigzag  
your feet are under you, dancing in the arena dirt,  
scarred still all the you've ever needed  
the barrel a barrier between you and the horns, then you are down  
trip, the  
slip, maybe  
hempen snake of the rider's grip rope  
on...

maybe just on the law of averages. The crowd responds with glee,  
and  
thinking you are teasing. The noise goes OO as the bull piles in on  
all  
you, OOing, hooking. The chute bunch yells at the bull and somebody dashes  
out and bats it across the face with a pair of chaps, keeping ~~it~~ the  
animal off you until cursing spur Dolph can get his horse between. Wendell Williamson  
comes charging out. "Snowball! He get you?" You can't quite catch  
your breath to answer. Bunting loops down the announcer's perch,  
the Fourth of July, 1918.

The ancient patience of the water was undisturbed

trenched around the standing rocks

through the folded rocks

hundreds could not help but  
How many thousands of lifetimes, she wondered, must it have taken for

the ancient patience of water to trench through here.

: everything met

w fascination & apprehension & <sup>longer</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>enjoy.</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>determination?</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>pity?</sup>

she

could tell lies as fast as a horse could trot.

it did not appear to be sin

without being married, and for the life of her, she could not see them

as living in sin.

She had thought through

Lucas Barclay, his hands gone in a mining accident, and Nancy Rides Proud,

adrift from her Blackfeet people, if they were living in sin it didn't

seem to be much of one.

that OO's bouts of OO came from a bottle.

to dry out from whiskey

"vacations" to St. Paul  
Minn

Ranher  
OO's

This mob of comforts drew her up out of public day as if lifting her into a lifeboat, and she acknowledged this. At heart Susan held *rural* a homestead child's amazement at...

Electricity was...

She still felt like, well, lathering herself in it--the fluid light at least as luxurious to her as the waters of any spa. Out in the OO gulches and across the OO prairies, kerosene lamps glowed yellow. The cups of light she had come from.

each time,  
and Susan tallied the necessity of this, too

The time of footlights and the song-led marches for the right of women

forever  
to vote were tucked into the past, she knew, and while she missed them

she savvied

was not surprised at their going.

, the manner

It had made her wonder how well she knew herself.

*of just as good, I made her turn*

she was not surprised at the knock of tongues that had followed her since

those days

needed:

p. 15, better transition and integrate Monty's physical appearance & costume.

Monty was a sight... (Angel Momma ought to see me now; ~~lkstowd~~ Two Med country)  
Herboy in the capital of MT  
Peel that off and he was...

pp. 15-16, better timing on hangup in chutes

Wendell's role as rodeo producer: giving orders?

p. 17, descptn of the loudmouth, and add a buddy. (a pair of the calf ropers)

--add to "didn't have enough on their minds, prissy little tosses of the loop..."

They ought to try picking on thousand pound animals

--Their event wasn't much harder than tying their shoes.

--the roper startled at the word and the depth of sound; the boom

--improved "peeled"? fill out the last of confrontation

p. 18, transition into bull erupting from chute

--trim uses of "kid"

--fill out Monty's face-off and race w/ bull

p. 19, smoothen the scene w/ Dolph; bring on steam tractor demonstration?

possible use: "pink people" usage he picked up in the Zanzibar

If he could trust anybody, he could trust Dolph. If he could trust anybody.

- mention Double W

- a bit more abt night on Clove St, for "nocturne" theme



She was hardly a prisoner of herself. Of the pinion between one era and  
the next, perhaps. But...

She remembered the first-footing... of the newx century. (The tall  
unspeaking man fumbles the task?)

...

(It was like her, to have these compartments of diversion.

...

kept at  
The lanky form moved as if casting a spell  
back and forth as if in slowest dance  
as if magnetized to the automobile  
machine

kept the cloth

stayed at

arched into  
leaned into the OO surface  
burnished metal as  
already

The lanky form leaned into the already burnished surface as if  
magnetized to the machine.

Maybe it was the ozone, but everything seemed sprung out of the usual  
passage of time.

Running up and down the stairstep Hahns and  
of  
mental light  
like a lighthouse keeper of minds

stairsteps of lessons like the keeper of a mental  
rapidly  
lighthouse, as she had come to think of it,  
she was practically panting  
shd'd had to keep  
she came back always to the mark of the presence she

They'd have had to be ~~ix~~ astral as comets to predict the final sum of  
Scotch Heaven: Adair Barclay McCaskill and Susan Duff its last residents.  
And Adair only until she had Christmased w/ Varick's. At the new year  
she had gone to Scotland on a visit that showed no sign of ending.

Susan still found it  
was adjusting  
wished fate hadn't juggled so hard and fast  
would quit juggling so hard and fast, but  
all she had known to do was to make up her mind about her share of  
SH and hold to that. Varick

she would lease to Wes

She thought of it as leasing the ground to Wes, although she knew better:  
Duff to W, itx would stand starkly on the  
in all the annals that counted.

Grass and hay...and she hadn't the heart  
Angus wasn't there any more to use them:

*She told herself it was better*

The { that  
Lewis and Clark's own day-by-day reports were the basis of the published  
narratives formed  
journals of their expedition.

ybderlay  
underlay

The enlisted men had been told to keep journals as well, and a few had  
surfaced. but evidently

both had kept account  
With astounding copiousness Lewis and Clark had each kept a journal of  
their expedition day-by-day, as did their sergeant, Gass. The enlisted  
men had been told to do the same, but evidently few had.

Eyewitness to the first blood spilled by American soldiers in the contest  
for the prairie.

drewyer and self sent hunting...Capt Lewis and Reuben let our horses graize...  
for the sage chickens

The people there had turned to statues, not even the clink of a glass,  
at Monty's immersion into his father's prairie soldiery. Even Merrinell,  
who had no time for anything west of the Palisades, was struck by it.

Vanity, thy name is human. Automatically she reached down a music sheet  
and jotted that in the margin in case it would fit into the operetta.

she found herself inscribing into today's  
resuming to today's  
on diary marathon.

Shouldn't I see myself as a kind of collectible, like that journal?  
when I'm with you

like this?

We both know if you were one of those cow chousers squatting around the  
bean pot,<sup>d</sup>  
instead of wearing the name you do, We'd never would have a chance  
at each other.

Privilege has its rank, it looks to me like.

Wes, there's something on my mind--surprise, surprise, right?"

And you as

Monty: "To be honest with you?"

S: But if I see you back here milking Double W cows--

"No danger. No danger of that, really. I'm socking it away like I was  
the Scotch one."

Life treating you all right, I hope?

No. I haven't (had a magical voice to wrok with) until the one I'll hear  
tonight.

More what I had in mind (was her guts in staying @ N Fork)

"I'm catching hell from JJ. About us."

"I was given a helping of that myself. You know who from."

Maybe she would disguise it as committee work, maybe it time not to bother.

She gave him a soft biff to the collarbone, as if to announce her readiness to trade ~~love~~ taps any time he wanted.

JJ hands her M's number slip. "Wd you give him this. He gets on my back when I don't...but I do buy it for him every damn day. I don't know why he has to do it that way (bks of #s, play yr birthday...)

"I'd do the same."

"I see."

Susan didn't know whether to laugh or cry that she was the only person in Harlem, or for that matter all of NY, who knew (it was because of his 30.06).  
probably  
savvied

Monty writes on paper, nixing Cecil: no more patience than a 00  
or: doesn't know what patience is.

Susan watches the el light change like piano keys... (as she waits for her train)

JJ books Monty in Rochester, Shenec-whatever-it is, etc.

*Wasn't it her Carnegie plan? You think that's wise? "*  
*S: "Obviously I think it's perfect, ... Don't you?"*

He nearly said she wd have to come NY sometime to hear him, but he didn't know how that would sit. "The Major left word he'll be (late getting in)...

"So I understand. And Whit is coming w/

Monty let out a sound that was not a laugh but (had a sound of surprise)

JJ checked his watch against the grandfather clock as if two opinions were needed on the matter of time, then recited

JJ: "It's sold out."

"Five minutes, Mister Rathbun."

JJ had been in some kind of spirited discussion with the house manager.

M: There's still plenty I get wrong. Maybe always will be. But at least I'm not a kid

Whit: "Earthquake weather. I went through a couple in California (when...

The hooty spirits of the rodeo stands that could turn for or against you  
as quick as your footwork or the bull's, the ~~concert~~ audiences for his his  
music ear-gear'd music

It crossed his mind--all the time--that if he didn't somehow have the gift  
of voice, he would not have made it onto Strivers' Row. Color alone didn't  
qualify.

Now that the herd was onto grass and water and teat  
close

In what had been a calm June noon draw in to frown over  
Sphinxlike mountains with manes of timber seemed to hover the intrusion.  
had been very

The trail camp was nearly on the boundary of GNP, which Susan could only

find typical; another Williamsontightrope dance along an edge  
munch of as much of the mountains as  
one

could be got, another tightrope dance at land's edge.

Next to him there in the shade of the boss tent

He was irritated with himself for not being able to wall out such thoughts with work. But <sup>the</sup> arithmetic ticked unstoppably in him, the days, weeks, months until he could return to New York.

whatever Double W ledger or Deuce W title abstract he tried to settle his attention into, the arithmetic that kept ticking in him were the days, weeks, months. ~~Wouldn't it be the next~~

Targeting a date on the calendar held its own danger:

the perverse way luck was playing with all of them since that night at the OO Theater, he could imagine Susan stepping on a train to leave NY, climbing

*forever  
again  
all time*

Monty's voice irreparable despite all she had tried, at the same time just at the moment at the exact instant

his private car was coupled onto

Try as he would

*for his trip east.*

*if train wld meet, he precast grimly*

*of didn't*

usually something that a man of anticipation such as he was could take a certain pleasure in,

like an archeologist reviewing the evidence at a scattered dig. (cliff dwellers?)

push pencil lead into  
Layers of frustration that he could ~~write down and down into~~ until his  
exhausted the bottom of them  
hand fell off and ~~they~~ still would be deeper than he could reach.

*Simply to start up,*

and a croak like something out of a crypt came from the interior of  
the apartment.

I wasn't exactly a flaming success with him, Mister Jackson.

We have to hope he'll come around to it.  
He'll either come around to it or he won't Miss D  
Yehudi, ye hiide-y, whenever I try to find ye behind the

Beside her, carrying the same small black case that he had met her at  
the El station with, Jace Jackson looked like a prof'l man making his  
rounds.

Jace Jackson himself was in  
candied orange

The jostle of the days on the train still was not out of her.

What makes you think I'm the right medicine for him?

if trying to finagle Monty back to ~~the~~ what he had been  
into a functioning performer counted

as a professional endeavor.

escorting an outlandishly white woman in and out of Harlem

It was nearly noon and as far as Susan was concerned the heat had turned  
the streets into block-long girdles, but people were flashing by as if  
they were ice-skating.

"There's fencing to be done. There's...

"Short grass?"

"How could I forget...your father's daughter...

Getting Wendell through Stanford is like pushing a camel thru a doghouse  
takes some

"We'll lose some. To grizzlies and stewpots. Slow elk." Wes looked  
oddly musing @ the prospect of losing cows to enterprising Blackfeet;  
rustling was rustling, wouldn't you think?

"Is it enough? Never. But it helps. I hope it does with you, too.

Susan, if there's anything I can give you, ~~x~~ you just have to ask."

The cattle were rivulets highstanding  
mothering up under the noon sun, cows...  
moaning anxiously

and making sure with thorough sniffs that the calves diving for their  
milk were their own offspring. The Double W riders raiding milk from their  
udders

"Tsk. What would your father think, paying good money for land and you  
don't get to keep it."

"He would think we've taken leave of our senses, as every generation thinks  
about its offspring."

"Oho. Old now, are we."

"It's only a masculine trait. Women (ripen).

On your toes, Montgomery, a combined brain chorus of rodeo arena experience  
and his mother's preachment combined in chorus in his head, in this life  
it's be on your tippytoes or flat on your backside.

another of those  
and his mother's

his mostly successful bull-dodging experience  
another of those anthems he was no longer  
authored into him

~~sure~~  
way back there by his mother or himself, he no longer could be sure which--

"We could take up plowing. Tom Campbell~~xx~~ is going great guns over by  
the Bighorn." with dry-land wheat

"I can't see you as a tractor man, Whit."

("And sure as hell not you.")

"That dust storm didn't come from grass. I don't see the sense of  
cutting up the ground if we're just ~~go~~  
we have to chase it across the country."

"Too bad the old man didn't hit in here five years sooner. Got hold  
of the North Fork before the haggis eaters did, we'd ~~had~~ have a clear  
wouldn't  
shot up to the mountain pasture--that'd have been good, all these years."

"Teddy put a national forest in there, remember?"



Angus watches Monty run across resvr

--Rob died of lack of air

--line of verse?

- cottonwood snow / line of verse?

Monty hadn't seen much of the world. That time he & Dolph rode the cattle train to Chicago, during the war (when ranch hands were scarce)... use "furnished" story. Laugh, God, they'd laughed over that.

- s' times he was dead-dog alone.
- wdn't raise an echo

Monty when Wes makes him go to Ft. A:

"I don't want to be running from them."

"You won't be, you're just going to the other ranch."

..."Mis Susan (is Klan's target too)

Wes calls in Sheriff abt "trespassers" of cross burning; sees he has his finger to the wind, goes instead to Helena private eye.

M: "Don't seem right." (too obvious?)

at Fort A:

Susan and Monty have use of the band auditorium

--they work on his repertoire, stage presence, awareness of acoustics;  
make this highly visual, the two of them (and a chaperone?) in the ghostly  
space

--the fort triggers one or both of these flashbacks:

--Susan and Wes in Europe

--Black Jack (Wes in Monty's office qtr room) "Quick promotion."

--Monty takes one of the (white) officers' quarters?

--Wes: where better to guard somebody than in a fort?

--perhaps by way of radio gig, this leads on to Monty's Helena debut

--if Ft. A/Havre can plausibly go thru winter, train/blizzard can be used?

--Helena quake June 28 '25

Susan goes back to McCs after finding the cat;

"Christ..." Angus swears; says they've got to get themselves to WW.

--as they load up (into S's car?), she has a butcher knife, all she cd lay hands on

--can see the last of the burning cross as they near the ranch; are met (on the bench?) by WW crew and/or Wes?

--Angus takes fencing pincers so they can go cross-country

--at WW, Susan & Adair are given room together, Angus asks to bunk w/ Monty, if he doesn't mind

--Angus has time w/ Wes during this

--Angus & Monty in M's room; when M says something about why Wes is going through all this, A thinks he knows (Ninian and Donald) but now is not the time to say.

--Angus at fenceline has made up his mind to tell Monty and/or Susan, when he feels short of breath and...

*- or he has just figured it out when ...*

Susan comes home from supper at the McCaskills', finds cat nailed to door

*. ugliest*  
--~~first~~ words about her and Monty

--at same time, cross burning above WW

*" . sansquitcher . "*

--on her drive home, insert refce to Monty and Wes having been to Helena,  
their behavior since? Monty more than once seemed on the verge of telling  
her something (~~the~~ his session in the Zanzibar). Or he refers to it  
obliquely when she tells him ~~something~~ something about holding an audience.

Wes made Samuel his orderly (after Sam bagged the sniper)

Wes to Susan: "You don't know, then." "Sam was my orderly."

--Susan realizes this is "the Major" of Sam's letters; was he ashamed to be serving a W'son?

Cd this go within Susan-Wes scene at Fort A? *a picnic*

Wes: It seemed vital (to have Samuel around)

--What the devil was it? (his reason)

Come in, come up.

Wes & Susan listen to Monty on radio (lead-in to last of chapter).

S: "That's odd."

W: "Hmm?" *What says 'It's a goddamn miracle,' his challenge o' radio.*

S: "I thought I knew all (M's songs)

*No, lites -  
recond*  
M's song Sgt Morse  
Says 500 stripes  
+ 2 00 yr pipes

*Sgt Morse of old Black Jack  
They'll <sup>run</sup> march you to Hell,  
double-time <sup>to</sup> Pole  
But get you back  
40 mi*

Wes, do you feel all right?

If...makes you think better of your father here, I see nothing wrong  
wipes out  
with that. I wouldn't say it changes your mother's version of him.

You did want my opinion.

I knew I'd get it, too. How about we race Bailey to the stables?

You had a soldier in your family.

I don't see why a man can't be a good soldier, and be whatever else he  
is besides.  
amount to,b

*all-day*

She encouraged him by not trying to herd him w/ qns. He rode  
alongside her in easy fashion, his hands parked

*clasped over the saddlehorn and*

the reins lightly between, but he wasted no time in indicating toward  
the hospital and laundry.

*If I was him...*

--Maybe it was something like this parade ground. *Could be*  
auditorium, you think? *Maybe this was his*

He was more ~~ix~~ anxious about this

She did not say While an officer stood over him? Nor Until he

*& leaped away in - landscape @ 1st opportunity?*

had to go out on his own? It didn't matter a spark to her what his

father...unless it ran in the family.

*Or unless M talked himself into...*

*that - world was too much for him*

*once he was out w. world,*

I don't see why he couldn't have been a worthwhile trooper--

Striper. He was a sergeant, that's what the Major says they were called.

That, then--

One quality in a person doesn't there can't

*mean*

(She didn't say: Ivan the Terrible perhaps loved his staghounds.)

for reasons  
Monty, if you're fishing for why your father...pulled out  
have to

*abandoned. 2 of you*

I was hoping that sounded right.

The Major ~~za~~ claimed she was the sharpest thing going, ~~whamix~~ where  
spiffing (sprucing) up a singing voice was involved.

It would have been better, though, if their skin tones weren't as  
far apart as ~~those~~ black and white Scotty dog magnets he'd played  
with as a boy, pushing one across the floor with that litt  
one <sup>invisibly</sup> the other gap otherwise unseeable

*causing*  
*one propelling other across. for just y being*  
*so opposite in nature*  
*kind.*

That's if she took him on  
consented to take him on. He could have got off  
, after this. kick himself

all right, a hell of a running jump, but this would at least give him  
somewhere to spring from--

He was bound to do better than hist first try back there.  
this time around.