possible add

251--lengthen canoe ride into Shoalwater?

--W falls in mud

1-27-82: added
chapter breaks:
73—escape from stockade
145—M's death
225—B's death

possibles:
43—Wernberg breaks into escape
127—Kaigani crossing (title quote)
183—Vancouver I. decision
258—rescue letter

2-1-82: inserted these in during last wk's revise.
17 April '81—Am toying with the idea of simply leaving a pause in the pages at major turning points of the book: after B's champagne toast, after the surviving of Kaigani, after M's death. They are dramatic points, where the language carries itself to climax—natural "chapter" endings. But I don't want chapters or sections as such in this book, particularly don't want them with the headings devices I've worked so thoroughly in Sky and Winter.
Monday night, Dec. 15 (?) '60, as I was driving Bill & Carolyn "Red" Boroughs up to Town for dinner, Bill told me "the guys of his friend's crew were enthralled c my "Coming Out of Country" story - See Warren - & all were looking forward to it. Then he said, it just occurred to him, Alpha Helip we sched'd to come & from Seward to Dillingham for refueling & Jan., & I be involved in making up c it."
Blue
18 Dec. '80, above Six flew in St. to San F.
W. prayer on a section-endrag:

"O God who watches over fools & babies," W. murmured,
"what am I doing in this prison cance?"

Joe
Blue


- en route to Dunajec, to hold up for metal days of writing. Cloudless day. Only speckles of snow/field on high peaks. Constance 1C05 - as - ferry fields.
- abd. Kingston ferry. met Brion Weston in coffee shop, talked. We both just missed bit Hel Car ferry. B did not one abd. next.
- I popped our feet onto rear bumper of his new Subaru & talked. B is on his way to solo hole in 7-Hole Basin, up. Schedule.
- 7:50 This man, I called HBJ a Sky remaining. Ann C had Marcia call me back, as soon as she got off other phone. Told her the sellers out here are saying we'll sell copies of Sky during Winter 80-80 promo. Ted Lucas in NYC. Right now gathering orders. M said she'd put prompt memo to Peter & Frank.
- At time recently - other idea: maybe to get W Bros to Mont. in late Oct. - I've had to get to HBJ about marketing, which I don't like to involve myself in. (over)
Blue
17 Aug 13

At this point of ms., though I don't have as much revised
as I'd hoped I would, in setting schedule when we got back
from Alaska a week ago, what I do have revised seems to
me of higher quality than any other ms. of comparable age.
Some problem of proportion may be developing as I add
details got in Alaska, but the new sense of life, of
"knowingness" that this is how it was, seems to more
than make up for that frail.

For all of this impression that the ms. is adding up well, I
have the companion feeling that I've never yet really hit
the stride on this book. Not in the sense of the writing, possibly
but in the sense of the writing, possibly
...
Blind
17 Aug

This week of writing went well, I think, after some
gear-grinding on Mon. & Tues. Intended to add 10 pp.
to ms, and exceeded that a bit. The pp. describing
New Alchemists were what I knew I had to do, and
they seem pretty good. The Roshenburk chapel scene came
as a total surprise to me, although I'd begun thinking in
Silken of some use of chaplain, after finding material about
real person, Plathas. Began, slowly, on that section at Tues.
whenever afternoon; Wed. morn, went to UW for photocopy
of article mentioning Plathas, that afternoon hastily wrote
13 pp. Likewise, Friday's work, revise of K. setting
up Bilabon for escape, happened unexpectedly well.
Blue

17 Aug '50:

Cold, chilly & windy day, gusts whipping in trees all afternoon but no drop of rain.

Have been reading, mostly past 9th, Van Watt's book on Conrad. Today just before lunch—this is a day I have taken off entirely from writing or house chores—I came onto W's passage on p. 94 about: inherent dramatic element of a voyage. The sort of thing I knew—by gut instinct—in taking on The Runners, but it's a thrill to see it expressed as completely as he has.
10 Oct. '80, re-reading of Ms. pp. ms sample before mailing to Liz:
p. 5--could move p. 7 material abt M's first thinking of escape up to bottom of page here, after "grumbled it", and weave the steamship into scene of him walking across the settlement.
p. 1--insert a line of dialogue in scene of canoe being beached? No
p. 8--last graf, could add dialogue or brief incident.
p. 10--"self-delusion" could be made more colloquial.
     "best" day could be sharpened.
     /p. 17--cut "1/2 Million sq acres"?
p. 19--no double space before last graf.
pp. 17-19--New Archangel material perhaps needs speeding up.
p. 30--graf 2, excess detail about stockade gate?
     /graf 3, make it explicit that "recreative" means women?
p. 31--smoothen 1st sentence, abt Bilibin.
10 Oct. re-reading cont.--

p. 31—Strengthen "ducks into puddles" with "merely because"?

--"indenturee" and "grandee" used on same page; change grandee to panjandrum?

p. 36--change to: grimaced. Scowled. Swore. ?

p. 36--change "debt paid" to "downpayment on a debt"?

p. 36 --ambi change "understandable ambition" to "und'ble ambition, and laudable"?

p. 44, last graf--insert some dialogue from Melander?

p. 45 --"Yet--it" could be changed to "Yet, and it..."

p. 51 --graf 2, shorten sentences:"...joined them. It thrust...It muttered..."

p. 55--change "frozen moment": desperate?

p. 58--change sentence length, and extend the pace, of last graf?

p. 59--1st graf, make into shorter sentences.
10 Oct. re-reading cont.

p. 60---1st graf, cut "entirely"?

p. 52---change "R'berg found" to "could find"? Cut "the insight arrived" as unnecessary?
Blue

9 Sept '50 - D'ness Spit campground, 5:05 p.m. —
Have made no entries for couple of days, vacation hiking at
KlatchoKalathch. But two ms editing occurred to me
today, one of I know not where —

- early in mg, change "escape had been N's plan" to "of N's making"
  (occurred to me on Spit this afternoon)
- W shot B a look that I "all but orgyzed" to "all
  but thundered."
  (occurred in car en route from Kalathch)

Also thought of, today of y'day: "Here be monsters"
8 Sept '50, Reelto again, 6:10 a.m. - Finished work at tidal trough y'day, hiked back to parking area, sat on the rise of beach sipping Cutty Sark & watching remnant of brilliant clarity.
Letter date is Sunday, March 20, 1853; either correct date or have Cotter date the letter to previous day.

-count the days mentioned in ms, see that they add up to the 61 days K counts at Countyline Park.
Wm Blake quote provided by Gene Ervins: "art...cannot exist but in minutely organized particulars."
Melander's manner of talking was prominently jointed, this habit he had of interrupting himself with a querulous "aye?" as though affirming whether he really dared continue with so mesmerizing a line of conversation.

the Emperor Nicholas I, the Russian-American Company's steamship berthed against a backdrop of boundless Alaskan forest the spring morning when Melander reached final exasperation with his dim captain.

Far from having a wind sailor's usual contempt for steam vessels, Melander was more than a little intrigued with these contraptions. Pointing course and achieving it by sheer power of mechanism—this was just the sort of thing to appeal to Mister First Mate Melander.
6 May '31: came across these today in unwinned notebooks—notes made in preparation for Winter Bros., Inc. Haida influence.

...
1 May '81: revised this to get away from choppiness of "K...axman" sentence, and to get it into more logical sequence and set up the "milk the bears" conclusion more firmly.

upbringing near the forests of Skane had sufficiently skilled him as a woodsman that he was sent with the hunting party which occasionally forayed out to help provision the fort; to milk the bears, as it was jested. Ordinarily, he worked as an axman in the wood-cutting crew.

He was the sort of man with nothing much to say, one of whom was
week of 27 April '81: an example of changing from "telling" to "showing". M's double-cross by Russians is simply shown in the new version, and the "contempt" mention is moved on into section about Otkhotskans.

Melander's name is not to be discovered among any frontier baronage. Instead, Melander at New Archangel rapidly came to hold contempt for the life he and the other Swedes found themselves in as indentured laborers of the Russian-American Company's fur-gathering enterprise, within the Tsar's particular system of empire-by-proxy.
Now Melander disclosed to them the escape date. Christmas. The Russians would be celebrating and carousing and dancing their boots off. The officers and any of the Company Russians who frequented their lodgings for card games and tippling and monotony-breaking argument all would be at the governor's ball in Baranov's Castle, leaving the gun-room accessible. When the escapees' absence was discovered, the Russians would not be eager to leave their warm festivities to chase them through the cold of Alaskan night. Moreover, what could be more natural than for Karlsson to offer Bilibin a few extra holiday swigs of hootch?

Confusion, alcohol, reluctance, all would be their allies for the escape, the tall leader concluded. The best possible guests

for New Archangel Christmas.
1 May '81: reversed this US-Russia reference, for better lead-in to eventual next graf of background on Russian America.

and Athapascans and Bella Coolas, merchants of Moscow and Irkutsk were being provided fortunes by bales of Alaskan furs, the United States was taking unto itself a second broad oceanfront.
Vaster stretches can be found on the earth, but not all so vast.

Among features of this planet, the Pacific Ocean is the blue mammoth among features of this planet. Sum the reaches of ocean water—nine thousand miles across from the Philippines to Panama, 0000 from the Bering Sea to Cape Horn—and they add up to area much greater than all the earth's land surfaces of this colossal integer, the North Pacific makes the hugest fraction.

Is, to cast the image geographically once more, a kind of shard-shaped planet unto itself, possessed of its own fierce logics of existence.
he had in him the seaman's way of letting the days take care of
that seagoer's necessary faith that
distance, simply accepting that because there is more time than
and so
there is expanse of the world, any journey at last will end,

Melander tended to think of the escape in this stepping-stone
manner, rarely in the totality of what he and the other three
were undertaking. This made a loss to them all, for Melander
alone of the four had traveled greatly enough on the planet
Karlsson was the sort of man with not much to say, nor of whom much was said. Slightly and withdrawn, with a narrow bland face like that of a village parson, compared to the so-seldom wordless Melander he was a figure almost in camouflage. Yet Melander one time had noticed Karlsson canoeing back from a day's hunting—Karlsson was a skilled enough woodsman from his upbringing near the forests of Skane that he occasionally was sent out with a hunting party to help provision the port; ordinarily, he worked as an axman in the wood-cutting crew—by skimming across Sitka Sound with steady stopless strokes. Watching him, Melander had been put in mind of the regularity of a millwheel.
inside the stockade gate. The smithing shop transected the
middle of the structure, and within its open arched doorway stood
huge three forge\textdagger like stabled iron creatures of some nature,
aligned from the outside in. The outermost forge was Wennberg's.

Melander scanned out into the parade ground from here
where Wennberg stood by the hour at his work, wagged his head
in rueful understanding of the view thus presented of all comings
and goings and most particularly of Braaf's storage hulk, and
proffered: "So?"

"You have plans to get away from this Russian bearpit, and
I'm coming with you."
Rosenberg pinched the area between his eyes again and asked:

"Drink, do you mean?"

"Actually, no. He, ah, gambled."
Russian navy contingent stationed at New Archangel. In his first
Alaskan year Melander was permitted to steam out with the Nicholas
only whenever [Rosenberg, the Russian governor,] took his official
retinue on an outing to the hot spring at an outpost called Ozherskoi,
a little distance south along the coast from Sitka Sound. This
happened precisely twice, and Melander's sea-time-under-steam totaled
six days. The rest of the workspan was an assignment conferred upon
which [which] a Russian overseer, as promptly as the supply schooner vanished
Apr 14, '31, decided to put rhythm of place-names into this.

A scatter of much smaller islands, then the large Queen Charlottes group, south-pointing too, like the sheath Baranov had been pulled from.

Another broken isle-chain of coast, then the long blunt slant of Vancouver Island.

At last, the fourth and biggest solidity in the succession Melander was drawing, the American coastline leading to the Columbia River, and Astoria.
lay amid the dozen canoes nearest the stockade gate, convenient, and Karlsson had watched to see that the native who owned it was scrupulous, on New Archangel's rare warm days, about sloshing water over the cedar interior to prevent its drying out and cracking, and in damp weather heaped woven mats over it for shelter.
A ridge of surf, rumpling in from the wakeful January ocean.

A high-nosed cedar canoe adds itself atop the tumble of whiteness.

Next, in this first necessary picture in your mind, the craft sleds across the curling crest of wave and, nimble and buoyant as a magnified seabird, begins to glide toward the dark frame of your scene, a shore of black spruce forest. On modern charts of the long, crumbled coastline south from the Gulf of Alaska this particular landfall is inscribed as Aristazabal Island. But here in midwinter of the year 1853, three of the four voyagers bobbing to shore in the keen-beaked canoe know nothing of any such name, nor would it matter the least whit to them if they did.
handicapped by lack of shovel in gathering clams.
also, they now are expending energy, digging or gathering, to get food.
Blue

1-27--82: added Sitka blueberry buds, p. 237
possible add

246--W's reluctance

W looking spent: mention food shortage?

1-27-82: inserted this on p. 246A; also made an add on 246.
The clatter of gravel being shoved by the surf...
possible add

230-1--two days' travel
- K mes as to dig for clams
- tough loose clams

1-27-82, made these adds instead on p. 235, scene of K looking over sand dunes.
possible add

228—dusk paddling to 3d beach
   --dialogue
   --coastal desctn
the islands in dusk, their dimension now all in black outline
outlined islands held their dimension
UW: check date of Victoria's founding. OK - 1841 British Columbia
p. 158 - ball hammers (OED)
- don't use; seek "shafts"
  (should be "cane-ground")
HBC Scots

McLoughlin, THon Co., p. 232 - OK
Simpson, 175-77 THon Co. OK
MacKenzie

Douglas, THon Co, 233 - OK
John Doe, THon Co, 244 - SK
Campbell, THon Co, 251 - OK
p. 67--check whether Sharps rifle existed in early 1850s

No - after Civil War

- use Am. Hunter - original barrel
UW or Shoreline: check Columbia Gazetteer for Sveaborg, Finland.

- see Suomenlinna

p. 1846: island fortress, S Finland, in Gulf of Finland, 2 mi SE of Helsinki city center
- begun 1748-9
- 1808, taken by Russian
Hawaii: called that in 1853, or the Sandwich Isles? call Sandwich Isles by Cook
K at Countyline: in his calendar count, have him come out at holy day of some sort.

- at scene where he takes it from P perspective.

inserted, 18 Dec. '81
102A-104—combine into M's sleepless speculation?

-103-cut "Pouched she."

- ...in thousands.

- So it was, this to set up.

17 Dec. '31. did this.
Melander needed rapid decision. Still struggling against sea-sickness, Wennberg was erratic at the paddle. But if he lowered his head to bail, he would be sicker yet. So—"Braaf, you'll need to shovel water, and quick."
18 Dec. '81—after John Roden's reading, changed gun room scene for plausibility's sake.

"Stick in your thing, blacksmith," Braaf said under his breath.

"Don't be bashful, the padlock won't giggle."

Wennberg pulled from his breeches a queer piece of metalwork about the length of a serving spoon. At its small end the device was shaped like a thick skeleton key. At the other, it flared into a fat doughnut of metal, like the eye of a sizable ringbolt. It was of iron, and had taken Wennberg great time to forge in secret.
p. 66--change lock scene to having them pry off hasp?

- have W chisel place for pry bar?
- do it w' a mallet, less noise.

p. 68--B suggested they cut trigger gds rather than chain.
Into the keyhole of the padlock the blacksmith inserted the key-like end of his device. Shafted the sharp point of the pry bar through the doughnut-end. Moved his thick hands to the outer end of the pry bar for all possible leverage. And strained downward.

The lockwork inside the padlock made a single sharp clack.

Braaf reached instantly and the sprung lock was lifted away.

"Done, hair and hide," congratulated Melander. "Now one job more." The tall leader handed Wennberg the snippers and tugged open the powerful door.
Two exertions on the long handles of the snippers, and tempered jaws crushed twice through filigreed metal.

The triggerguard of the first rifle cut away, Braaf plucked the weapon free of its restraining chain and handed it past Wennberg to Melander.
p. 143—W. smashing the canoe: does Indian method of smashing canoes need earlier mention?
"My reasons sleep cousin to yours. Because I'm sick of life under these shit-beetle Russians. Because there's wider places of the world than this bedamned stockade." Grudgingly: "Because if anyone here is slyboots enough to escape, it's likely you."

"Flattering."

"Which doesn't mean I wouldn't laugh to see you hung high for magpie food, if that's your choice. Decide."

Melander held Wennberg's gaze in a lock with his own. Then the serious smile made its appearance.
"Such powers I seem to have. You'll want to watch out I
don't command your sidewiskers to turn into louse nests."

"You're not the high-and-mighty to command anything just now,"
the blacksmith rumbled. "You're down the toilet looking up, and
don't forget it."

"Come down with these fevers often, do you, Wennberg? Say we
wanted to flee, how would we? Call ourselves Jonah and ask a whale
to bunk us aboard?"

"You'd yatter as long as maiden's pee runs downhill, Melander.
Time we barter. My silence for your plan."

"Silence I don't much believe in. But school me: why are you
interested in notions of fleeing from here?"
15 Dec. '81--revised p. 40+ to make Pierce's crx that Russians didn't use hanging and to tone down metaphorical dialogue a bit.

"I am. Else you and Braaf and Karlsson'll be hung from the top of the stockade for the magpies to feast on."

"Tsk. On all this big island there should be plenty for the birds to feed on without going to that. Aye? What makes you think we're kissing goodbye to New Archangel?"

"Don't come clever with me, Melander. I've watched your trained packrat Braaf, these weeks."

"Braaf is his own man."

"Braaf's operated by your jabber. So's that stiff-cock Karlsson."
... - 3/4 of typescript, **mmmmmm** added to this Tlingit tree-cutting chant.

of wood - the way a great red cedar had been hollowed and trimmed and stretched by heated water into a sleek pouch of vessel, its wooden skin not much more than the thickness of a thumb: exaltation of design and thrift of line, the jugglery of art somehow perfected
"He'd married, you see, a Kolosh woman. Sometime soon after my arrival here, the woman died. Croup, I believe. It was then Wennberg slipped from the path of right. When I sought to console him, he cursed me. He also cursed--God. Since then he has fallen, if I may say so, even deeper into harmful ways."
29 May '81--Comment from a photog that my scenery descriptions are like watching the images come up as a print is developed in darkroom. (See Duncan Kelso letter, Sky letters file.)
Waster stretches can be found on the earth, but not all so many, as finely and none as changeable. 

Most of the climates imaginable are engendered somewhere along the horizon of coast, from polar chill to the stun of desert heat. The North Pacific's special law of gravity is lateral and violent: currents within its water-world drive the weather rule. The most tremendous of these, something like a gigantic permanent storm under the water, is called the Kuroshio, the Japanese Current, and puts an easterly push into several thousand miles of ocean. Even here at the farthest littoral from the current's origins, Melander and Karlsson and Wennberg and Braaf feel Kuroshio's ceaseless shove against their journey without realizing it.
Bun

Re-reading, Sept. 18, '30:
P.8 - link comes to M's looking at them from catwalk?
9 - more about NA's remoteness?
12 - more on implications of compilation?
17 - later refer to bracken hills? During escape?
20 - more scene debate. Use more dialogue, on points back it, etc.
21 - adjust Madeleine description to M's reaction vivid
32 - more description of B's alive?
37 - more M-W dialog?
39 - "main" reference for modern?
39-1 - too much W looking?
33 - Xmas dialog with M?
38 - M revolves all he walked across? NA?
45 - have K put his arm at Kowak chief?
P.4 - must finish unpuk,? McLaughlin, etc.
29 Sept. '80: expanded by dialogue to ms pp, 17-17A.

The next morning after tea was taken outside the stockade by a pair of men, it was taken by a trio: Braaf studying back and forth from Melander's forehead to Karlsson's as Melander once more outlined the plan. Only for an instant, about the duration of a held breath, did Braaf's eyes come steady with nodded agreement theirs, just before he agreed to join the escape. And that is how they became three.
2 Sept 80: cut and inserted revised graf because of dashes in this version; C in her reading of ms late last week warned me of proliferation of dashes, which happens to me in every ms. While I was retyping, I tinkered in the phrase about the chasing canoe as reflection of the first; I don't know whether it'll stay.

4 Hours later, eternities later to the numbed arms of Melander and Braaf and Wennberg; darkness thinned toward dawn's gray, they saw the swift canoe behind them.
Sept 2, 80: cut and inserted rewritten graf just before taking ms to Merlyn for retyping, this morn. (8:45)

Little this port-capital of Russian America had become
Melander at New Anchorage then, a man away from three homes,
his birthland, the sea, and his chosen livelihood. Which had anyone
within the Russian-American Company officialdom taken the trouble
to tot up the situation? made the lanky Swede a triply restless exile.
His initial Alaskan year, no great span of time for a man accustomed
to sea voyages, Melander in his measuring manner gave New Archangel
life what he deemed a fair try. But fairness evidently had
all too little to do with the situation of a seven-year man.
Chronically short of dependable laborers, the Russian-
America Company had a long-standing policy of wringing work
and more work from those it did manage to entice to Alaska.
Letting himself be wrung was not Melander's notion of
existence. He listened with loathing one day to one Russian overseer
proclaiming to another: "A strong right arm is the lever of life."
Burt and I, commenting on clear weather: I said I had mixed emotions about such splendid clarity, since I was going to have to hole up and work. Burt said he would hope for fogbank along the Strait, in that case—which is precisely what happened this afternoon.
to lift away this map to those next ones. And froze in place. Nothing lay beneath the fourth map except beach gravel. It was the last of the scroll.

(see rewritten version in ms)
ocean. The channel seemed to be a respite even from weather. Out
where they had been, the ocean would change from ghastly to enticing,
and probably back again in an hour. Here all was steady, including
their progress. (handwritten - see ms)
questioned Karlsson cited to Wennberg.

Wennberg half-turned. He was grim but functioning. "No, I won't be bailing up my breakfast this time, thank you." He need invitation to toss up my breakfast.

Their crossing was four hours of stupefying slosh, under the most brilliant glorious weather of the entire journey. (rewritten—see me)
- rewritten, 9-23-81

The arriving waves were cream-colored, then thinned to milk

as each of them spilled far up the beach. A constant rumble came

from the water, and within that, a hiss, some manner of fizz, a

foamsound as the tide-edge deliquesced into the gravel. Left

in the air was a smell of great freshness, more a tang or sensation

than anything the nose could definitely identify.
Next, last, this: the coastline between the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the mouth of the Columbia River, 000 miles southward. It is not the coast north of it, those shoreside mountains and litters of islands, nor the Oregon coast south of it, with magnificent headlands and capes. It is a lower, more troubling coast—in places as beautiful as the other two, but not in certain profile, in the right light, handsome as anything but with detail rather than grand gesture.
Blue

rewritten, 9-23-81

...It must be that God's aim is bad...Aloud, Karlsson offered: 00
"Maybe God's aim is bad."

Wennberg pressed on. "No, got to be more to it than that. It's
like the (some biblical parable)... I am being tested...."

"Wennberg, this much I know. You're not playing whist with God
along this coast. We'll make Astoria, or die trying, according to the
effort we can muster."
"Can't paddle by daylight, you say yesterday. Now it's can't paddle by night. What's that leave, Karlsson, some new kind of time only you know about?"

"Dusk. It leaves dusk, **Karl** Wennberg. We need to make short runs of it, until we know we're clear of these Kolosh along here. We can steal enough light to paddle for an hour, maybe two. **Max**

**Max** Whatever we make will be gain."
Karlsson was uneasy, and could see more disquiet than usual in Wennberg. They could not hide the canoe, could even do little to hide themselves: the beach held the canoe prominently as a single sprat invited on a platter, the dunes offered clear tracking to anyone seeking canoemen. The only effort available to them was to watch the tide.
are those perplexed and behavior is that of a large nervous wren: the ouzel bobs continually, as if flinching. It is not flinching, however, but evidently just practicing its livelihood, which is to walk along on riverine growth the bottom of streams, busily feeding as the flow pings it into place beneath the riffles.

In the way that the ouzel shops along the cellar of the river, the canoeists too now were held in place by improbable pressures.
Their clothes became their second skin; a dank layer they lived within. The rough tongue of the wind was on them often, and some days rain fell without let-up. There was constant rain.
Beyond the mountains, wherever the men could have peered there stood only more mountains. Except, of course, west into the ocean, where there was only more ocean.
forced a tidal crevasse—a long trough bent at the middle, like an arm brought up to ward off a blow. Every surge of surf slopped through this trough, and the span of it was more than a man would want to try to jump. No surprise to the seals from that quarter either, then. But at the sea-end of the trough a fist of boulder met the ocean, and just inland toward the men from there—a low hump of rock—a wen on the back of the wrist, call it.
Waster stretches can be found on the earth, but not all so many, as firmly and none so changeable.

Most of the climates imaginable are engendered somewhere along the North Pacific's horizon of coast, from polar chill to the stun of desert heat. The North Pacific's special law of gravity is lateral and violent: currents of water and weather rule. The most tremendous of these, something like a gigantic permanent storm under the water, is called the Kuroshio, the Japanese Current, and puts an easterly push into several thousand miles of ocean. Even here at the farthest littoral from the current's origins, Melander and Karlsson and Wennberg and Braaf feel Kuroshio's ceaseless shove against their journey without realizing it.
29 May '81: see diary entry about writing.
29 Aug 80—See diary entry of today, for material on Last Roof suddenly elbowing aside work on Runners.
see diary entry 16 March '82 abt ill'ns for Runners.
Blue as Odyssey:

May 23, '80: as Eve Lebow of Uw MSS was accompanying me to Prod'n Svces for photostats I needed of Swan diary pp., she asked what I intended next, I told her of Sea Runners, she at once told me of Stepan Ouchin diary. (Also told me some background of her own study of Russian, to try land a teaching job at Richland, I think it was.)