honest as daylight.
togged out in
...lodged crosswise in his mind.
The past stretches from us like a shadow. In one light, it lengthens... another, a new shape is cast...
The Indian tribes (Blackfeet after Marias Massacre) had gone to pieces under the white push...

white rural life similarly going to pieces now?

the plains, the West, as a field of maneuvers by greater forces (national, economic) than any of the individuals trying to live there for the cycles of the land and seasons?

it takes tribalism—the Crows, the Navajos, the Mormons, the Hutterites—to survive in the West.
a Mariah file card in Eng Crk & Mariah storage box, under "misc." has this from Jick:

They were all in memory and nowhere else now, the English Creek people of my younger years.

(did I use it in Mariah?)
This or such as this ...
Aboutface again, the next morning, back to...
the pitchy night
papery existence
whatever patient clock ticks out there in the night of the universe
How was it possible? (How was it not.)
Hugh to Danine:

That (argument) was a bit finespun for me.
... on needles.
the wingbeats of...
to wherever they wanted to get to.
The enlivened 00...
the truth, or at least the hatful he was sure of.
History, that cross between magic and lunacy.
penumbra around the heart
a duel with peashooters
go by the albied cheaters' versions...
scrunched
all of a sudden older than Egypt.
Suddenly fractious, 00 (climbed onto the bar)...
the tosspile of dreams
troika barn
4-horse troika
00's eyes hazed over.
one more time

ploughing sand (useless or endless task)

(V & Collins, p. 178)
Why try?  (possibly italicized, as interior thought?)
Hugh's line "All along the shores of Bohemia" cd be something like "the shores of the Himalayas"
"You can purify yourself out of existence (little by little?)"—one of the other Duffs to Darius in political argument?
if the eye saw across time as it does distance...

(horizons) use a century-line?

use amid Qn Chs, Swan looking at me?
"Paint it all gold," Darius said airily. If he lived to be a hundred, he would never understand the whims of women. "I don't care," he added about the muss of the houseboat. "Hugh and Meg don't exactly live like grandee and grandora."

No, but they act towar
High dudgeon, Darius's favorite gear any more.
(attitude? Jealousy?), pervasive,... (i.e., a usage where the modifier is simply unexpectedly amid the rest of the sentence)
The fact was
in front of their faces

Darwin, act. Deprin to need for radicalism.
check to see if I used this w/ Karlsson and the Kolosh women in The Sea Runners:

--Those otter-smooth maneuvers of woman, tan breasts, brown buds of nipple, the slickening, this and then this and yes this,...

- He ed all but taste it, top of mouth (sensation of sexual act coming)
rust: the rest (of a time, or of a memory) is rust (i.e., decline)
a season as a space  (geography becomes time?) (earth is the calendar, the
clock the body knows)
Daniel or radicalism?

He had had earlier goes at it.
the whole schmier (everything, the whole bunch; check origin of schmier;
is schmierkase headcheese?)
the strident (sounds) of damwork
high ideas
...with an exactness—the exactness still in her memory, hard-edged, unchanging—like that of a...
the white web of stars [above the Salmon River]
—earth caught in mask of heaven
most secret
Night curtained off more than one stage of (Susan Duff's life.)
after life has had its say about our plans
(Something) did not have the good grace to...
The 00 in him could wait no longer. (Hugh?) (ch. 2, when he goes downtown drinking?)
At least weather is a grievance capable of going. 

that we pass.
plight
brunt

took the brunt of it
Herself, Mariah was looking more impatient second by second.
use with Mariah, looking at Riley:

"Doing that quick little toss of her head as if that would help sight in on him,..."
Montana women's rage (Mary Blew in *Talking Up a Storm* interview)
mine the scenery (current town of Twin Sulphur Sprgs is trying to do)

---the only thing left to mine...
the ghost of Dad's gestures in me: angling my index finger across my mouth, or steepling forefingers together on mouth
the two lines of my family come together here in an odd, unsnug knot--

...odd, untidy junction
the hiding places of the brain -- numberless

Out of numberless hiding places e.g. brain...

00 warped
This was my parents at their best.
That torching (made him shy away) ...
period of time it takes eyes to adjust to dawn or dusk
Her beneath me, watching intently as we touched one another the deepest way two people can. Night upon night I opened my eyes to explode those scenes, driving sleep even farther away. Beside me, Adair who slept as if she was part of the night; there in the dark was the one place she seemed to fit the life I had married her into.
fidget
fired up with the idea of
But the war and all else came.
seeded in me (i.e., a remark or comment takes seed.)
Jane's Rn girlfriend says

big bruiser
the glance, not a moment longer than necessary, into...
Suean:
a once over lightly
Running back over it in his mind...
Never over.

It is not over. Changed, yes. But not over.

out of ready recognition, maybe.

(Angus after Anna's death, when Adair tells him at last that's over.)
a chasing (adj) 00

... thought
... comment
... word
in the long riot of time
Monty is?

honest as daylight
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like a wolf among kittens
As well try to unsort the stars (as...
as even as velvet
00? That he had in plenty...

00? That he had less of...

Of that, less.
The pleasures of each other.
head full of burlap
Her mind scampered to (keep up?)...
00 needed taking down a notch.

The 00 took Rob down a notch.
the steps of nightfall
I must have looked white as a saucer of milk.
Susan: Whatever chance this is, I'm not going to be the one to destroy it.

_was, she was..._
Bruno's

Something behind 00's manner bothered him.

altered
Since when did we have a sentimental streak?

- or: he always did have...
It was little likely that...
Try as he may, he couldn't even come up with

He/she had an educated hunch.

What time was about.
Morning begins to pull itself from the night. The square of light from my window is a wedge between the two; as it disappears into daylight, 00 is brought.
His father's face expressed again? but his voice stuck to...
skirtful of remedy
Had women of brawn and braids herded the Vikings across oceans like chessmen in their day?
What a pallid start on the truth that was.
He supposed

Nothing was ever more true.
The choice was between numbness and hurt. You can only stay numb so long before that becomes a kind of hurt.
and now loss broke down his voice.
had not wanted...

had

She refused to give it any space in her head.

Now it was taking up all space in the world.


eye

room
We've never tabulated quite right as a family.

--Dad so much older than Berneta when courting her.
--me as wild card, only child they could have

Our colors were not crisp.

the war had wilted us(?)
devoid: use in pointblank ink graf, such as "no longer devoid of her"?
the kind of index we veterans (of sheep) could savvy...
hungry for fun (at Saturday night dances etc.)
Death gestates, too; lifelong.
"...the unexpected inevitable."
His mind was ajar now. He asked, ...
taking the measure of
"New duds, too? Fits sung as a maiden's prayer."

---Zanzibar talk?
The next hope down the list
--imagination couldn't begin to keep up.
moods heavy as sandbags
the full particulars

Spare me
Another of his bolts of silence. You knew thunder was coming, but...

(if not relieved -
pent-up air)
It would make a cactus weep.
Once in a while you can steer life, but it mostly steers you.
If 00 was sure of anything it was that.
a hum of 00 to dismiss that Lohengrin?
She knew she had no business falling in love (w/ Wes).
It made all the difference in the world.

dialogue: ... make...
His face was tight as a drumhide, and I suppose my own was taut enough.
up-and-down chances in life
(she was) bubbling out of her dress.
Knocked dead by life.
roadhouse of the soul
Now there's...

"That excuse is as thin as skimmed piss."
Despite a warning tickle from her better judgment, 00...
just waiting her turn at him
Wes loves music, but has no aptitude for it.

—he wishes for some single talent which would have yanked him from his W'son family role

--his view of Susan: she had been one of those who râse on one thing she could do well; would do well or burn to a cinder in the trying.

--when he was soldiering, he became aware that there were troops who were too brave(?) for their own good.
Laudan? Bruno?

a squat man with a crumpled face, and a jabbing tongue. (used in Sky?)
Out of the numberless hiding places in the head
Fred Paul, Dupuyer, 28 June '83

telling of speaking French on phone with French exchange student who lived with Gloye's family, he was reminded of someone being asked "parlay voo fransay?" (and possibly "ci vous plais") and answering, "what did you say? Chevrolet coupé on the highway?"
told me non-dairy creamer burns "with the prettiest flame"
his habit of pulling his head back on his neck to laugh
OO had a way of...
patient as frost
decked out (in)--dressed up

see DARE I, 681, for "clean" to mean dressed up
walked his eyes all over me.
A chilling truth had been let into the room.
War waged (submarines)

to the roots of the ocean.
The early minutes of the day (i.e., dawn and just after)
put out--phrase of the time for providing sex
Much began adding up.  (Mitch after Fritz tells him...)
as if to say, See, was that so hard?
that woman knew how to...
The matter of Duane, mixed in with Cass.
It was something, how she could be bossy and persuasive at the same time.
Cars to Ben

"You're too much. 99?"
twitch of the heart
The hands on her.

(Ben thinks abt Cass. Or: she thinks abt him)
the best smile she had seen on him for weeks.
Ben has seen Cass's pic of her husband, but it's one of those rosy dress uniform ones. Tries to imagine if he's seen the actual man in the grime of New Guinea combat.
Ben crosses paths with Pyle, Marguerite Higgins etc., and once saw Mauldin drawing.
upending everything contained within Susan.
Her eyes were thinking, so to speak.

(check text in Lee Friedlander photo book about "thinking with the eyes").
He did not believe in omens, or at least did not want to.
from Eng Crk day-by-day file cards:

22 Jul ('39?)--guest edit, Wolf Point Herald on wheat crop: "This is the 'next year' we have read about and dreamed about."
character who prefaces or adds to something outrageous by saying "I used to lie."
Standing out like the richest panels of a quilt (the fields)...

Margaret Svec's friend's saying:

"What is to be will be, whether it ever comes to pass."
(Vaughn Junction) barely qualified as a wide place in the road.

It had a (general) notorious roadhouse
It was winter-spring, one of those points of the year when the weather could jiggle either way.
speech differentiations (used in Mtn Time)

one says "oh" as in "oh, hell."
other says "aw" as in "aw, hell."

one occasionally ends a sentence with ", how about."
other " " " " " ", why don't we."

one says "sort of"
other says "kind of"
Mitch (Lexa thinks to herself) is a sponge for language; handles lingo like a stream tumbling a rock.

--Pretty quick you hear yourself talking back from him (as he picks up your turns of speech).
Mitch was so big she believed she could hear the air move when he turned (his body)...
Mitch: a St. Bernard bearing a flask of message?

(right-wing columnist called him that)
Sitting around reading Proust and eating cookies, I have formed the conclusion the true taste of time is salmon done eleven minutes over a good charcoal fire.
Sitting around reading Proust and eating cookies, Reinking?
"Jacks are elevens, aren't they."

"What did you say?"
Mitch w/ broken leg:

--his sensation of the leg being separate, divorced, from him.
diary, 16 July '82: Havre stuff: flyways split there, "50,000 birds won't fly over Havre"; "2 overseas tours in a row"
Section Eight (discharge)
soupy (foggy flying conditions)
hitting skunk with car--smell stays
- Jim Bill Rango runs over skunk w/ power back rake?
dialogue

Gisborne, 3-4, 4/25/45 memo:

--kicks in the pants

--"my ideals are whores de combat."

→ --damnphool
He about had a hemor. (or maybe a shit hemor)

--character who shortens occasionally words, as hemor for hemorrhage.
paddler
a man who looked able to juggle sledgehammers
nickname "Skeet" or "Skeetar"

"tension of opposites" letter/Jan Elpel
the working dead, they are, ones who instruct us...

— preacher, who has strange but unforgettable voice
Elmer Gwynn mannerisms: constantly in motion as he talks to you, swinging his arms, or walking in little circles backwards and sideways, or putting a hand up to rub the back of his neck, or looking out across fields to get his eyes into action with the rest of him.
thin as a rake, that runty head atop
Jick:

It maybe can be said that I have a drifty mind, though I prefer to think of it as...
ugly as a plug
a wrathy man.

ΦΦ was just naturally a wrathy man. He could start getting mad while tying his shoes in the morning, and boil faster all day long.
the purr of ideas (in the pigeon-breeding doctor?)
If he wanted to dwell on something—and being a worrying child, he did—there was always...
Riley annoyingly stirs his coffee, tinkling spoon against side of cup while he thinks.

--Jick: I mean, when you don't even like the way a guy stirs his coffee...
character, for a bar or restaurant scene:
older man with a permanently stiff leg, which juts into aisle or out from under table.
or if it's someone Jick knows, he'll know of the horse accident or whatever, that caused it.
People weren't yet saying as they would during the war, "for the duration."

But Pete (looking at his ragtag haying crew) had a duration look on him.
One riddle after another, the Two country truly was to her.
possible name for the venture schoolmaster:

Lechlan Wilkie Adam Willox

—a plump man, like a grouse; but sharp-tongued even for a Scots pedagogue. He has no use for religious debate, the Scottish tendency for first-rate minds to fasten onto obscure arguments; rather he is in the clearheaded tradition of Scotchmen who left their small towns and became famous—except he does not leave.
fried spuds and bacon w/ eggs on top, & bread w/ peanut butter, & black coffee

(a Dell Stark 1940 diary entry)
A story, the proverb says, is like the wind; it comes from far away, and we feel it.
Some floozy.
Memory has a rainbow set of eyes.
This was going by (whichever character) in a blur.
You wonder how life singles you out for something like this. (used in earlier book?)
insert, during Angus's high spirits of looking forward to Anna:

"I was in my best mood."
What spooked him to the insides of his bones was...
Thesaurus, ftnt p. 169

The pilot cannot mitigate the billows or calm the winds.---Plutarch
Hello again, Charon.

old-timer.
When a heart breaks, it falls into puzzling patterns. Among the remains, we don't know what ventricle from our aorta, our 00 from 00...
In the chambers of the skull, we tell the known tales, brood and laugh, retell.
It wasn't as if he was the (soldier notifying of death). No, it was worse than that.
had worked on branding crews with him a couple of times, one of them on each end of a calf waiting for the hot iron...

--Alex was a stringbean, hadn't played football.
He was a knowledgable young man and came trailing the 00 of his generation. Practical

he was hardened through Depression schoolings and experiences.

That out of 0 million men in the armed forces

ensemble = mouthpiece
DARE. 283—blindsight: guesswork
He wondered what he was going to write about Duane that he hadn't already written three times. It would have been four, but Pennington was killed at 00 before Ben was handed this.

Two was different. Two was Duane.
Antwerp

Sargasso Sea of smog (over a city), and Mitch all at once got it, analogy and the environment (the world?)
Under the category of "bravery", and the sub-heading "fool-hardy, conspicuously"...

enter what came next.
Skin is deep (it goes to the blood core...)
(an administrative battle) It went on above our heads, so we did not pay that much attention.
(life is) a sum of unlikelihoods
swelled up like a poisoned pup
The mad laugh of a magpie.
Everybody was in the same boat, the USS DEPRESSION.
scoreboard cd be a theme: ftball, the deaths
throaty
the rough cut of life

(don't point this out, probably, but it's a movie reference as well as ruralish saying)
love well-flavored with lust
(or the reverse?)
pure as a daisy
each to each
marrow-cold (of the bomber)
taking care of matters