Antwerp

snow off the North Sea
thoroughly half-assed (as usual)
"It's indicative."
"All the same, I want you to... (or: "All the same. I want..."
"That's on him. I had nothing to do with..."
"I figure it this way."
It's getting so you can't...
If that isn't 00, I don't know what is.
Bastard him anyway...
Can't even make up his mind which side to crease his hair on, that guy.
My eyes have been across these words before.
Tell you what. (as 1st sentence in graf of dialogue)
"Just asking, but..."
Thing is,
"I do know a little something about..."
"Spell it out, 00."
"Priss." (Lesa to Mariah?)
"You're throwing yourself away on (the magazine job, Lexa tells Mitch; or he tells her, about whatever job she has.)"
"You're dangerous to yourself." (Lexa tells Mitch? other way around?)
"Trotsky is still dead, is he? Then I'll..."
(storm) clouds, knuckles of the sky. Bring up the theme music.
Enoch

The covering darkness.

- use to end a scene - or a book?
00 stared at his uncle. Darius could hate across the board when he got going.

Maybe that was politics. Maybe it was just Darius.
watched the day begin.
"... you find that comical, do you."

"I never said a word."
a majority of dawn
By then he surely had told her everything of himself down to his shoe-size.
00's was an extreme chapter, even by (WWII) standards.
As far as he knew, he was dead. (i.e., discombobulated by near-fatal event)

--Ben in a car wreck?
Snowlight brightened the mountaintops even before the moon came up.
Berrie-colored sky
no bitterer day
chain of nights (written)
Suddenly we were in ...

Now we had icicle weather.
Hunter walking on steep slope, carries gun on side nearest slope, to better his balance with its inward pull.
What dawn there is seems snagged in the bushes, hanging
--extremely detailed descriptions of trees, ferns
the challenging sky, more colossal than armies, unbeatable as age
Days do pass even when they are slowed with cold, and I told myself that Adair and I at least would not have to go through a time
tank warfare

a spot of ground
Doris Carllom essay: caught in blighyard, "Mr. Carllom walked around & around his shed "to keep from freezing."

- once or twice a yr, travel' dehant came to general store.

Laura Berg essay: "they would pile rocks as markers to follow on the return trip."

- apple boxes for chairs

- winter nights, corl bank store c coal & leave tub of snow on it to melt for water

H anond Yaeger essay: man picked &/ loads of rock from 80 a. of farm land

Kenneth Dymed: Fin who called 8 control "burned up soup"

Mark Solie essay: bands of 20-30 antelope and came c. 100 yds 1 hndtd shade

Buddy Klemathagen: man caught in blighyard walked on s. side of his wagon for windbreak

Read to Carllie Car from essay, 9.29
Moxie

provides Ben "long handles" (long underwear)
Ben, shipboard?

Hours refused to budge, yet days went to no good use.
This was not winter, this was a white coma on the land.

--link to Russians fighting Germans year after year
death-cold weather, as if the sun had vanished for good and the planet was giving over to ice and snow.
The wind perturbing the snow
There was no distance or nearness, just the blank of gray snow and gray sky run together.
old slabs of dirty snow
We sat listening to the sound of snow drifting against the window—the softest of nature's keening, and the most deadly.
rime of frost
Hunter scoops snow from rock, takes off his left glove, puts it on rock, sits on it. (to protect butt from cold)
The cold burn of wind met him as he stepped to the beach.
thorns of frost on bushes and dead tree limbs
Feb. 15, '80—Snowstorm today, flakes coming down like feathers, but every so often the wind will dislodge branchloads from the fir trees and that produces a half-minute or so of snow like white dust, with some white clods falling within it.

—the process is that the wind shakes loose the dry-packed clumps from upper branches; those that hit the longer lower branches as they fall explode into "dust"; the fist-sized clumps which miss the branches plummet without much coming apart.

silent crash of snow

all but
Snowing so hard, there seemed to be more snow than space between the flakes.
the land quiet with the weight of snow
When the silver winter began to tarnish,
The flecked sky, filled with fat snowflakes