

presim

It gives me a pry on memory.

gave him a pry on - sita e 00.

GF Trib in bars, where I devoured sports pages, then read everything else just to be reading

I read whatever I picked up: newspapers, magazines, comics (describe panels of adventure; read all kinds of comics), pulp western stories; seem to remember reading Tales of the South Pacific; read Mr. Roberts in RDigest. Did not read children's books, didn't know there was such a thing: print was print

## IVORY

I had to be turned out to be an alloy of the two of them--  
with my grandmother's day-to-day doggedness, and with Dad's  
unease about the employers which had to be soldiered for.

Endings

Montana not the place for my energies; used them most on these trips, seeing the land beneath the airplane, thinking through its history, sensations -- working from it, ~~not~~ not on it.

A main theme: myself as watcher--sentry on my own life.

Facing North

It blew up at me as I climbed off the Cat, puffing dust up my chest into my face. The hell, I thought to myself. Books don't blow dust at you all day long.

I was willing either to idle or to work, but not to take  
turns every few minutes.

Far back there, it happened that I would grow up not in a  
Phoenix suburb, but in Montana

*W. would be destined into  
a cause c. . . .*



LADY

hitting rocks against gas tank at Camas: BLUNG

Ringling: Everyone was old, older ~~than~~ even than in the White Sulphur saloons. And I was older then, too.

in teams of 4 or 5 each

We played football as a loose, scampering mayhem which consisted mostly of gang-tackling or blind passes hurled downfield.

None of us owned pads, helmet, any protection whatever, but I can never remember anyone breaking a bone. The worst, and common, result was the gasping "huhhh" of breath knocked out. By the time I was in the eighth grade, we were playing a very hard, banging brand of game. One lunch hour a sophomore, a substitute lineman on the high school team, joined in, and I remember the shock on his face as two of us mashed him to the grass, taking care to fall with all our weight on him.

from Sky file

I sweated rivers, and went through day after day masked with dust, by each nightfall even my teeth rimmed with a thin curd of dirt like a fallen mustache.

North

Jensen ranch:

Shooting baskets with gloves on and place-kicking a football by setting it up in the snow show how I worked at getting out of that narrow house.

Notes

Jensen Ranch: 4 mi. from ranch to curve where I got the car stuck & began to walk.

Bill's family could have bought him a small college all his own, yet he did not go beyond high school. My family made my education a talisman and scraped together all our scanty resources...

Decided against ranching that freezing July day in '55 (?), when sheep plunged over Two Medicine cliffs. Then and there the legend went out in my mind. Instead of shaking my fist in the face of the storm and vowing that nature would never get me down, I decided I would seek a life not so dependent on weather. That fall I abandoned vo-ag and took typing and speech. If there are symbols in individual lives, that swerve must be my symbol. A kind of running away from home.



North ADD  
R9

My learned habit of walking into a strange living room,  
opening a book and disappearing into it.

Facing North

Dupuyer: for the first time, I was living in a town with some cohesiveness, neighbors next door instead of across the flats, spirit of visiting, and even some prosperity

Facing North

wind from every direction. When I stepped down from the cat, it puffed dust up at me. From the front, grit in my face; from behind, swirl over my shoulder. Cornering, it came sideways for the corner of my eyes.

argument with Tony Moser: he said ideal man was one who would on command throw all rocks in a pile over a fence, then on another command go over and throw them back. Nonie and I disagreed, tho couldn't really articulate why

Facing North

noon hour laziness after meal and nap; reluctance to get up and go back to work. Lunches in the field: sometimes cold fried chicken, potato salad, kool-aid

Facing North

the steady summer wind while I farmed for Tony Moser

*Ivory*

what the Higgins cookhouse was like: my newspapered  
room upstairs

July

summers at Higgins', Dad and I would work with SOBs  
no one else would



First play I saw: Long Day's Journey into Night,  
& lit new love of language in me

C and I leaving Chicago: rock blasting our windshield, C assuming it was a shot, glanced at the blood from shards on back of her hands, sped the car away. Like an ambush. Very well, in sad ambush then...

Facing North  
ADD

Reservation: no room in all that space to get  
away from each other. Once in a while, take  
a walk

North

drumming my hands on strong wheels of tractors

*psim*

Just now I am growing up to my boyhood, and  
already it's a generation too late.

?

My mother and I: our outside similarity...

the inside of my face also bears strong resemblance to hers.

banshee

banshee country

banshee child

I was biddable. (s'times going w/ Dad on sheep work,  
" clinging to house of my mother).



Gabriel Fielding's phrase "blood-fear" (article in Sc Hn ideas file):

have ~~Angus~~ say he fears something as if it was a seep or spurt of his own blood...

*A am as afraid (of letters after B's death) as if...*

You're another.

# Jim "⊙" (compare w/ Berneta or Dad?)

To this day (I don't know...)

compare my writing with Dad's hay contracting: we both work best under contract, we'll do this for you and don't give us any guff in the meantime; I employ words as he did men...

Absorbed, I didn't (hear, see, pay attention)

changed

imagination proffers me a wonderful gift: to choose now what I am to  
 be given then, what I most want to find within the wrapping paper that  
 Christmas-beyond-memory. <sup>just</sup> Tricycle? toy truck? <sup>wicked</sup> new shovel? I take myself  
 back, down into the fiber of that boy who became me, and enter Christmas  
 morning of 1944 as he would, in threadbare Alzona Park... <sup>From out beyo</sup> ~~Out of~~ the  
 world's possibilities, I <sup>have been given...</sup> choose--

The Ault.

2  
 as a  
 54-47-old  
 5-47-old

do a quick offhand portrait of myself now by jamming it in parenthetically or with dashes amid other sentence?

...a slogger (OO, lingophile, dogged, OO, OO)...

*touchy*  
evenhanded to a fault *through*

Cowboying after dodgy words, running them down until they line for home.



I too work on marginal land, at the edges of my (talent? imagination?)

Writedom too is marginal land,

1955(?) Christmas @ the Jensen ranch: bachelor Xmas vacation from school, G'ma having gone to her sister's in Wisconsin.

--the ranch, the isolation, too much for her

--what the hell are we gonna eat?

--feed the sheep; kick my football into roof of the Dutch barn, rough goalposts; I kicked left-footed because of my taped knee, with overshoes on. My sports complex was that roof, for goalposts; a boarded up window on nearby shed to pass football to; basketball hoop nailed onto log side of barn; roof of sheepshed as bleachers for my fungo home runs.

I spend my time

...in the head-land, the word-country, of books-to-be

- toward

- order

When I was younger and more certain of things,

I must remember, or lose...

Memory is our second existence--second life

It is one of my lost chances, failings of imagination, that I never...

catwork

(I go about my catwork, listening...prowling with my ears.)



my yearling stare (at people)

use w/ washing . car?

A smooth stone hard in the hand.

Chas. Trafelet: fists the size of stallion's hooves. (Of all those whom I ran around with in Dupuyer during high school--Chas., Tom, Muck--I was the only one with a ticket out in my head, as if tucked in a mental hatband.)

I was a throwing boy. Every fencepost stood to rebound pebbles fresh from my hand.