Phoenix, Feb. 5 postmark 6,000-7,500 wds (30-37 ms pp.)

plotline: hazard, Dad ill

through-line: Berneta’s letters introduce her to me; what she is like

scene: Montana picnic at Mesa?
insert into ch. 1 some allusion to writing fiction; begin subtext of my becoming a writer.
opening scene: instead of "trying to resolve...", possibly use—reclaim, relearn, reknow, resee, refund

is "listen for" needed ahead of "skritch"?
device:

—in making transition from strict quotation from Berneta's letters to the imagined scenes that produced her reports to Wally, make some fundamental reference—in the first one, the Mesa "Montana picnic" in Phoenix chapter—to say the mode is being shifted. Something like: Possibly it went like this...

...deliberate dream

--refer again later in the book to possible, possibilities; until at last there is what Dad, G'ma, Wally, I all wanted to be impossible, Berneta's death?
changed in Jan. '92 revise:

go-along sober side capacity to take everything in. Genuine as the seasons,

the avid team we made.
at Wally's funeral: I recall that I went into parade-rest (p'rade hest!)
With the packet of letters, then, each carefully folded back into its envelope edged with World War Two airmail emblazonments, Wally reached right past what had come between us when he was alive. Years before, when I began trying to tell in *This House of Sky* my family's unexpected result from the collapse it suffered in June, 1945, I had asked around for old letters, photos, anything, but Wally offered nothing. Now this bequest: the only letters by my mother I'd ever seen, postmarks as unveering as
I began trying to tell in This House of Sky my family's strange brave course after the hole that was knocked in us in June, 1945, I had asked around for old letters, photos, anything, but Wally offered nothing. Now this bequest: the only correspondence by my mother I'd ever seen, postmarks
Anna's letter, Arizona '45 trip:

--arrived in Phoenix "Thanksgiving Eve"

--Joe and Dad worked in Aluminum Co. of America factory "making parts for planes"

--lived "about 4 miles from Phoenix" in Algona Park; return address on my mother's letters show it was 116B Algona Park.

--"Your mother was very ill a few times on the trip. At Williams, Arizona, we almost lost her, she was terribly ill that nite. It was like a miracle how she regained strength as we dropped down the mountain."

--Anna was cooking "in a Cottage Court"

--she and Joe left "for home" by bus on March 7
a line late in the book, maybe even in final line, could play on Phoenix/phoenix: mythical rebirth, out of the ashes: western lives so often have had to.
--Phoenicians/Phoenicia?
at the mercy of the weather...

...which a majority of the time is not lenient.

...lenient winter sun of the Southwest, instead of ankle-deep through 5 or 6 months of Montana snow

Phoenix, 2/5/91: from 25 mi. n. & on I-17, gray-brown scum-like greasy dishwater - hangs in air over Ph'x ahead, an inversion lid. Weather is fine, bright; temp. to reach 75°.

- 2/5/91: Phx built in 1-mi sq main st-system; adapted 7 sections
- something akin to fusion, Phx's pop'n explosion
- realtors alchemized sand into gold.

OVER
2/7/91 PHX from: air: canals 7 Central AZ Proj like joints of piping pipe
- mtn parts of PHX like east sand dunes ready to drift over this unlikely urban sprawl
- still run to grow in - Valley of Sun, east, south & west(?)
- dryly, contamination say - Verde Valley to Mexican border? 
1966 - 1968
3 mi. w of Phoenix
3 bedroom condo. apt -
no rugs - no curtains -
Dad: AZ my last hope - AV I put cows out for winter
left dog w/ Claire
- arrived mt kids Thurg
- men got jobs @
- $1.25/hr
- snapped out of it after 6 mos, dn. m/m
- B got ill @ alg. 9A, dr gave her pills
- w/o 3 pillows under her head
- cottage & motel - A. became maid $4/hr.
(node bows)
- Jan., Joe's dad died in NE; ed. got out of Alcoa plant.
- Anne caught cold @ MT picnic (veral event)
- cutting aluminum for parts
- Anne formed Mothers Club
- Clay PK had store; I wouldn't go to store w/ Anne.
- bannisters - like, 1-story
- B so hi'sick @ Xmas; knew she ed. stand heart of summer.
- spent thin before B died w/ Anne & Joe
and tardier with the reimbursement he'd promised me. That funeral share he so grudged I knew full well he'd administered into a snazzier fishing pole or a more high-powered hunting scope, and there was a build-up of hurt by the time I had to ask him to pony up. (At last it occurs to me, no longer the overproud struggling young freelance writer I was then: fishpole and riflescope were Wally's own tools of eloquence.) [It still scalded, on this day of his own casket.] I left from this fourth Smith River Valley graveside half-ashamed that I had not been able to forget our
p. 8—cut "back and back to that wintry cemetery" to in "back to that wintry cemetery", or not? If not cut, winnow as many other rhythmic repetitions as possible from the ms from here on.