HEART EARTH, possible form

Wickenburg, March 7 postmark 10,000 words (50 ms pp.)

plotline: deciding whether to go back to Montana; Berneta for, Dad against?

through-line: Berneta's performance of letters

scene: night in the desert cabin
HEART EARTH--possible "imagining" scenes

Wickenburg/desert cabin

--stray dog: do the scene w/ dialogue

--POW camp: escaped submariners

--noise outside: cow eating potato peels

(write this in Arizona)
B's letters: we were in W'burg area
March 5 (Mon) - March 26 (Mon), 1945
Dad in hospital 13th (Tue) - 18th (Sun); operation on 14th (Wed)

W'burg:

Sun, Mar 27, '45 - p. 3, Congers notes:
"Last week will be remembered for its rain, snow & cold. Yarnell Hill was well covered to foot w/ a blanket of snow, in spite of rain."

* Mar 5, Congers notes: "Snow still visible on Yarnell Hill... fell last Thurs.

Sun, Mar 8, '45 - p. 1 - "Openig of still another real subdivision w/ of city limits on Calif. highway - 3d to be projected in past few wks..." 16 acres, 50' x 150' lots
- last wk, 40 a. price
- Vista del Rio 20 a. sites, "many ing in over 5 m. subdivision from those who will like to build soon homes there as soon as building materials become avail."

Another p. 1 story: new trailer court being built
Mar. 22 - Valley Nat'l Bank, Phoenix, to open branch bank in W'burg

* Mar. 5, Yarnell notes: "On Th. Hill we visited y another snowstorm which could thru.重任. Sev'l can loads from valley came up to enjoy a day in snow. (Phoenix residents)"

(QWER)
Sun., Mar. 29 - "His interest aroused by increasing real estate activity to W'burg, Joseph C. Price, pres. of First Federal Savings & loan assn. ... came here Tues. to investigate sit in 1st. bank."
W'burg:

Sam mail head quotes J.B. Priestley, "famous English author's writer, in his
autobiog., Midnight on Desert":

"W'burg ... has best winter climate in U.S., which means that it has of
best winter climates in U.S. A prophecy now as transport becomes
cheaper, easier. W'burg district will become increasingly important, for a
winter climate as good as this will prove to be a big gold mine
than Old World."

Sun.
Mar. 22, p. 5 -- "It was trade north half of Manipera Cutty for whole
Howserin' mt. of Calf. Harry Cole told Man 20. Scott of Har's pa hotel...
... he departs for his home in Kanaw, W Va. ... he will be back here
next winter to soak up W'y sunshine & fill his lungs w/ wine which
is called air & which flies so softly over Bradshaw into valley of H'pa."
Sun, Mar. 8 - p. 3, Congress notes - "Pablo Moralez' goat ranch will start kidding Mar. 24. ... Too cold, rainy, snowy weather will not help goat man @ kidding time."
- p. 4, Yarnell notes - "Clifford Somers... shearing the hundreds of goats."

Mar. 8, at: Easy Ranches: inca Monte Vista, Remuda; Triangle W
"Where to Eat... "Where to Stay inc.:
- W'ling Guide Court
- Bridge " "

(total of 7 auto or motor (Y's)
- 10 cp's
- some hotels, cabins, lodges

Mar. 15, p. 1 - Major on every overseas "tensored a glass @ Craig's Shell Station, climbed on n. bank & drank deeply from Horsagomba!"
Wilbur:

Sum index: 9/21/45 Dr. Floyd Bolland, local hosp. director, in serious condition after plane crash.

654-2049, Prescott Highway
Sun, Mar. 22, 45 - Conrass notes: “Grass is better on Conrass range than it has been for you. Cool, cloudy weather, w/out wind, has helped grass to hold moisture.”

Sun, Mar. 22, 45 - W'burg pool of Mohair clip at 40,000 lb.

Sun, Mar. 29 - Conrass notes: “From activity of locating & certifying for gold mining claims and Conrass ore gets idea me gold will jump $ unheard of prices after war.”
W'burg:

- 60, desert in level w/ mins & buttes all and
- Saguaro cactuses: tallest growth
- Their spiky mittens
- Stumbling buttes to very top

W'burg Museum: among plants listed - ocotilla
- Sonoar Death Dew
- "Apachemix" (pre-white)
- Dude ranches began in 1920's

my note: W'burg 1st discovered gold, then
discovered dudes (...the discovery of dudes)
At first the desert country must have looked raw
to my folks; no nap of sage as in their MT, no
timber-topped buttes (saguaro the tallest growth).
Actually it was a kind of jungle of spiky, spiny growth (name and describe plants?)
green (penthouse) colonies of mistletoe in the big cottonwoods along the Hassayampa.

Along the Hassayampa riverbed, low canopy of mesquite and then higher canopy of cottonwoods.

We pose for pictures under the arms-up saguaros, wary of wild-groping ocotillas...

silver tops of (leafless?) cottonwoods mottled with green mistletoe... Frightwig trees...
silver light along the Hassayampa riverbed... Witchy riverbottoms (rivercourses)...

- Cottonwoods like 70's high sagelush (Brotheringnot?)
- Mary H. Doll, ranger, Saguaro Nat'l Monument (East), Tucson, could verify my material on desert growth.
- Desert scrub is lowest in elevation
- Saguaro scales
It lay there (in the future), (Arizona's, Phoenix's growth, prosperity)...

was already underway  

Water not only ran uphill toward money, it was made to do impossibilities like fakirs' rope tricks. 

Follow the money. (houses)  

Toss a doorknob on the desert and it sprouted into a subdivision. 

We abstained (from western booms of the past 100 years) (except for the alum'm plant wages).  

Back to being Montana Bedouins. 

The western booms pooled in the oasis (metroasis) cities... 

The sky wasn't turquoise over W'burb that March. 

Talk about cliffdwellling: LA-Phoenix/etc. have been hung on concrete face of dams and aqueducts. 

The biting light of the desert... 

metrosprawlitan

OVER
Imagining Wickenburg:

I have been with her to town, to the Safeway, the drugstore, the post office (letter from Grandma), W'burg busier than WSS—3 major highways coming in...
W'burg a major intersection—the Phoenix highway, the California highway, the Prescott highway (?), and not least, from overhead, the slanting slant of the sun.

Parallel parking, which is newfangled to both her and Dad. (Does she pull around to a sidestreet, looking for an easier space?)

Uses ration coupons, mine as well as hers.

People from Phoenix pass through—stopping for coffee, beer?—on their way to see snow on Yarnell Hill; incredible to us that anybody would drive that distance, any distance, to look at snow. (and has spent her entire life on them)

She doesn't like bad roads, and at least the one from the desert cabin is sandier than muddy.

Buys film @ drugstore; she and Dad have always taken shots of where they are; we seem more anchored in (what phot'c prints are made of) than in actual geography.

Letters to mail, to Wally, to Grandma—Hazel? Bud & Alma? Sends film in to be developed.

While Dad was in hospital, we stayed at rooming house 1/2 mi. out of town; I had a sandpile to dig in. As we'd earlier "moved in" to the desert cabin, our belongings must have straddled two places again.
We were migrants who didn't see ourselves that way; didn't admit it, except in B's letters...

W'burg a sun-toasted town...

At the cabin, when noise in the night is heard: unarmed in Arizona.

None of it (W'burg) was spa living for us.

Dudes paid good money for hours of the horseback life my folks were born into.

Life clings where it can in the desert: mistletoe in tops of cottonwoods, cliff dwellings up stone faces...

Inner workings of a family: like inside of a clock?

If she sensed that (we didn't have enough money to compete in postwar AZ) then, the future more than bore her out. Land boom then in W'burg, but... W'burg stayed W'burg, while Phoenix became P$H$0$E$N$I$X (better: Phoeni$).
W'burg—
extreme length of shadows, @ 5 p.m., in red light of desert
(Off Stanton rd, 1/24/91)
- like giant cactuses; by raising arms, make shadows like cactuses?

Flash forward: me watching car comes & being shot in "golden moment"

3 Feb. '91, m. of Phoenix driving toward Oak Creek Canyon:
morning light (9-9:30) on landscapes; each butte, hill, peak seems to be recog in own light (unlike 'single
massy' Rockies or Black Mtn. mt's). Each distance, angle,
shadow-casting outline here makes individual "texture"
of light: starkly clear w/m, emerging (? check 2 Roadsides Early)
in profile, darkly shadowed buttes beyond it, + palely - list
& shadowed hills & peaks in rocks beyond.
- juggling light?
--the calibrated light (different on each landform)
--the thorn halos of saguaros with morning or evening light behind them
--saguaros the blind sentinels
--*saguarox, ocotillox, agave: all hieroglyphics to us
choose desert-life details to work with in AZ scenes, especially Wickenburg: birds, cactus, Southwestern light, geology...—the ha ha laugh of a Gambel's quail in the bush; the yapping of gila woodpecker (even the birdsounds had an edge to them, the derisive ha ha...and the scolding yap..) —the superintendence of roadrunners
No reason why they shouldn't. (No goddamn reason why they should, either, the genetic grumble in me, still daily amazed at the American genius for unnecessary entertainment.

(I can hear my father the first time a dude uttered something snotty to him: [Ye can take your fancy-ass self and...]) Nor can I quite see him turning herdsman on the other local version of flocks. (Goats? Mohair?)
W. Young revis., 3/11/91
- 9:45 a.m. on Stanfield road: dust bage to west, against Valley Mts. Carol can smell dust; says it must smelled clean, that we'd be too small, alt more a sensation than an odor.
- Valley Pk & Mts are hazed silver-gray
- entry wd dust up

--the cottonwoods now a *daimex* delirious green (along the Hassayampa)
--this time of year, the desert on a splurge, binge of growth (water binge, from rain of week or two ago)
--possible sentence: after the grandiloquent Rockies, the mtns waverling up from all horizons here looked *maxxx* ashen, dumpy. (But then a cernain light wd take them and...)
--ocotillos sprouting leaves between wicked barbs (in pic of me and my mother)

-wids of them.
furlough

(our Arizona winter turned out to be...)

... if nothing else

furloughed from PHX...
I am assaying yet. (use in connection with asking Dad of every rock in Ariz. desert, Is this gold?)
They moved through our lives, more name than person, (Mulligan John etc.)... to most people of town...

--sheep herders?
--hay hands

- link to working, care for funerals
Heart

- my folks' custom of washing the car in creek - wading in w/ pants rolled up, dress tucked up - before attending a funeral.

- Icad use *two* as a movie-like sequence, describing process, 2 of them: Ford coupe, gravel-bottom creek crossing (Smith R. @ Loop hole? the up name 7 ease @ Stewart ranch), entry & weather - a carefully realized scene.

- (if sky ever becomes a movie, *two* col be opening scene w/titles)
The Editorial Notebook

Wood Men

A Forgotten Humanizer

For most Americans, what is happening in Azerbaijan might as well be occurring on the moon’s dark side. TV presents a montage of people slain in an ethnic civil war, of shouting demonstrators and Soviet troops under attack. It all tends to be boiled down to a religious conflict between Muslim Azerbaijanis and Christian Armenians.

No doubt religious fanaticism plays a part in the house-by-house pogrom in which Armenians have been marked for death in Baku, capital of the Soviet Republic of Azerbaijan. But the resentments and fears have more complex sources; they spring from the haunted past of nations trapped in one of history’s bloodiest crossroads.

One block to understanding is that few books are available in English that portray life in Azerbaijan from within. A rare exception is a poetic novel published in 1971, “Ali and Nino,” by Kurbani Said. Now more than a curiosity, it imparts humanity to the day’s headlines.

“We were a mixed lot,” it begins, “we forty schoolboys who were having a geography lesson one hot afternoon in the Imperial Russian Humanistic High School of Baku, Transcaucasia: thirty Mohammedans, four Armenians, two Poles, three Sectarians and one Russian.”

“Your professor then speaks: “Some scholars look on the area south of the Caucasian mountains as belonging to Asia, while others, in view of Transcaucasia’s cultural evolution, believe that this country should be part of Europe. It can therefore be said, my children, that it is partly your responsibility as to whether our town should belong to progressive Europe or to reactionary Asia.”

Young Ali Khan Shirovanzhir, offspring of a noble Muslim family, votes for Asia. His Asia is intensely felt: a place of magic where honor and tradition matter far more than science and motorcars. Yet Ali falls heedlessly in
KARL E. MEYER

Pies trapped in the same dark masterson
saida discusses the tears of things for all the concepcion go-
1930s, a presumed victim of Stalin's purge. His story
people's republic proclaimed in 1918. He vanished in the
presumed victim of a leading Azerbaijani writer, Yussif Veli-

"Ali and Nino" was mysteriously published in Vienna
in 1937. A plausible theory is that Khurjan said is the
book, which Ali Viisla is to him a forested Eden.

and tellingly, the displaced armenian enclave of Kara-

between East and West.

KARL E. MEYER

between East and West. Maybe that is the main difference
between East and West. Maybe that is the main difference
between East and West. Maybe that is the main difference
between East and West. Maybe that is the main difference
between East and West. Maybe that is the main difference
between East and West.

Christian nehboors.

selves indubitably drawn like all in the novel, to their
selves indubitably drawn like all in the novel, to their

Czar seized Baku in 1913. Desert breaks desert, and can-

Turkic-Azerbaijani felt abandoned by both after the
Turkic-Azerbaijani felt abandoned by both after the

Armenian Revolution, Azerbaijan's

brief intercourse as an independent

and Deser Men

Book

and Deser Men

Book

NIT, Jan. 29, 90
poetry of light in the Southwest (Matisse in Morocco: vivid colors came into his painting)
in the cottony half-sleep

(me, waking up to commotion outside the desert cabin?)
(in AZ) no thunder of armload of wood into woodbox ("filling the woodbox");
smaller wood, mesquite? twiggy
No lights winked in the night (except the candled sky)
1945 was a whetted time, a blade year...
synchronous (war events that coincided with our own)
fevertime (the war, Phoenix booming)
The first bug smush of spring.
on windshield
I lived for print, as if I were the end of the sentence being read.
Life clings where it can in the desert: mistletoe in the tops of cottonwoods, cliff dwellings up stone faces.
Talk about cliffdwellings: Los Angeles, Phoenix, etc. have been hung on the concrete face of dams and aquaducts.
Green (penthouse) colonies of mistletoe in the big cottonwoods along the river.
Water not only ran uphill toward money, it was made to do straight-up impossibilities like fakirs-rope tricks.

- referring to Phoenix
The biting light of the desert.
The sky wasn't turquoise over Wickenburg that March.
The western booms pooled in the oasis cities.
the broody mood of...

I was in a broody mood (Wickenburg hospital?)
Triple solitaire, now, (the three of us in the desert cabin? in the Bridgers?)
what our three silences wove between us... (used in Sky? it's from a Lady filecard)
--use a variant of some kind, something different than "silences"?
W'burg re-visit, 3/4/91

- mtns &d aster, gaunet (?) (spilled onto horizons @ random); dusty
  - stiff wind in two entry, eating feel of C Casa & below)

vegetation nr Santon:

  - creosote (loopy, higher than my head); tiny cotton balls on them
  - prickly pear (probably Spawling variety, w-2 spines)
  - palo verde (green tends beneath)
  - saguaros on hills
  - "trees, all of it like giant gaunt sage"
  - screwbean mesquite
  - creosote (wobbling, wobble-topped)

  - creosote galloping in desert wind

  In a stiff wind in this country everything galloped, the tops of creosote
  bushes wobbling, the palo verde and mesquite arustle, dust haze between us
  and the mtns...
Willing pic:
- Harvya Road in, 14-16
- 5/17, Trading Post, Congress AZ
- 6/18, mesa

# 19, typical small wash; patterns of "delta"

# 20 - sand banks along road to Stanton, like MT sandbanks

# 21 - mining (Lost Dutchman Mining Ass'ny) @ Stanton; bag

told Vulture Mine

# 22 - Lost D'sman

# 23 - light on creosote

# 31 - clumps of pretty pear or rosewill on S Stanton
So, that wartime

That autumn we brought our hopes to Arizona.

We weren't the only ones who... that wartime.
By happenstance,

( Prescotts?)

...the Sixteen country's total population of about 6, here in AZ were 5 of us.
His every word came out wearing epaulets.

- Listening to him on radio?
- Pres. in perpetuity
silver tops of (leafless) cottonwoods mottled with green mistletoe
We pose for pictures under the arms-up saguaros, wary of wild-groping ocotillas...
(Did my fascination with shadows begin here?)
Along the Hassayampa riverbed, low canopy of mesquite and then higher canopy of cottonwoods.
witchy riverbottoms (rivercourse)
Frightwig trees
silver light along the Hassayampa riverbed...
quail crying (at Hassayampa Preserve)
saguaro scabs
scabbed saguaros
cottonwoods like seventy-foot-high sagebrush
this weave of day goes on

a week, two.
the sun etches (shadows)
the desert as a pottery landscape: the three of us as figures on that pottery?
stately

The stately Prescotts...
Here (in AZ) they knew more. . .

The sign language of weather
at Stewart ranch, I couldn't be kept indoors, always wanting to be out; at
Alzona Park, according to Anna I hovered, clung to my mother; the desert cabin,
then, as regained outdoors for me?
curve of fingers (resting) on back like mountain profile
(two persons in bed, eh one holding the other)

(I have been married twice as long as they managed to be)
vicar (use geographically? description of cactuses?)
her sailor brother is all too clear that we have traded predicament in Montana for predicament in Arizona. Wartime is fraught enough anyway, but my parents and the five-year-old dirtmover that was me had pinballed our way down through the West miles, ration books straining from gas station to gas station along U.S. 89, to a defense in Phoenix, plant job for my father, to a new climate for my mother’s asthma. Now here our journey had deposited us, under the lenient sun of Southwest winter instead of the snows of Montana.
Heart Earth

desert scrub
saguaro scabs
shadowbowls (shadowpatches on hills and mtns in desert light)
can feel the desert temperature changing (subtracting) degree by degree at evening
(throughout the day?)
the spiky mittens of saguaros (to my boy’s eye)
where every plant can sting
saguaro fat with rain (that moist winter, taking moisture into their accordion pleats)
ocotillo-
changed in March '92 revise:

Make you think your appendix had a terrible sense of timing, too, if you were my father trying to take it easy in that uneasy desert spring.
Like that bit of profile cast longingly onto the cabin when he took our picture, Allan was the human extension (shadow) of a story.
From the moment after I was big enough to walk, I possessed a dog of my own. He may have simply occurred, adopted out to my folks by some hard-to-say-no-to friend with a plethora of pups. But a German shepherd was not my parents' usual kind of whim. Chances are he was intentional, playmate compensation for me after the doctor's verdict that I was the only child my parents dared have. For four years Pup and I were a canine-human alloy, a duo unto ourselves there at the Stewart place.
urn: desert scene, the three of us as if baked onto urn, vase
W'burg re-visit 3/11/91

W'burg Sun, Apr 7, '77: Allan C. Prescott, d. of h't attack en route to W'burg by Sun City accompanied by his grand-nephew, L. Helena, 1896, visited here for past 36 years. Services Apr 7, burial in family plot in Helena.

Winfred A. Prescott of Big Flk, MT, died Dec. 18 in County Hospital here. Reinterred in Camp plot Dec. 23 ... "1st came to W'burg back in '40's." (W'burg Sun, Dec. 26, '88)
Prescott 1/28/91 (P'th to End Canyon)
- retired light, m. of P'th @ dawn
- whopping plateaus (Coronado?) @ low priest that we have been near to my folks
- earlier, opening P'th: winds not even minus - up big Yarnell Hill - from: W brings desert to more western trn 7 P'th
- climb 7. road, like most stairsteps, m. from P'th toward Wms.
- m. Wms Tansie pine forest begins (no press in NF along rd 64?)
- Wms (762 elevation) m'd ple trn in flat bowl
- ": strip trn of auto counts in 'C5?"
Montana houses we'd lived in (such as Stewart ranch) were log with weathering; Southwest, we saw adobe.