

Jick about Riley: Or Riley to Jick?

I'd like to be as sure about anything as this guy is about everything.

Mitch about Lyle:

"There's never any to it with him."

was

way

Riley

slim but wide; shoulders as if he forgot to take the hanger out of his shirt.

--small ears? (irony of him being able to listen for his writing)

--~~shaggy~~ electric hair, color of applesauce

--mustache

--green eyes; with catlike exclamation in them. (Eyes reminiscent of Leona,
without explicitly saying so.)

--he's a sponge for language; picks up sayings, uses them as style for a while.

--handles lingo like a stream tumbling a rock.

--taps notebook with his pen, the way people used to (before filtertips) tap
a cigarette on the pack.

--Riley's knack for lingo: pretty quick you hear yourself talking back from him (as
he picks up your turns of speech)

Sayx this for Riley, he recognized what he was good at.

there were times when Riley had more brass than a bandit.

It was ~~1~~ one of the loopiest ideas OO'd had yet.

Riley'd

He always was a pesky SOB. (Riley)

Jick has a vision of Riley--and because of him, Mariah and Jick as well--
controlled (or at least connected) by phone lines as a puppet is by strings.

Riley was as happy as a kid turned loose in a pie shop.

Sometimes you have to wonder if the guy is stud loco.

The kiddo with really everything on his mind today, though, was

Riley. At first he'd tried to busy himself at writing, ^{but} the pocka pocka

rhythm lapsed into greater and greater gaps, and as we cruised past

^{away.}
Butte I heard him put the computer into its case

Riley's 2-colored eyes.

--he and Mariah turn their heads toward Jick; his gray eye matches hers, his other eye adds disconcerting mismatched element.

Riley says abt Eastern Europe, in echo of Edward Gray (quote in Guns of August?)--

"The lights are coming on all over Europe."

Riley lately was refusing to play pitch with us--"Any time my throat feels like it needs out, I'd like to be in charge of it myself"--and so (they head uptown for the evening).

Riley can be silky.

"It's none of my business any more, is it," she said. "The book,

I mean."

Make Riley different from Rob in some significant way: crashes of mood, maybe.

On an occasion of this sort, Riley was at his magnificent worst.

the wordhawk (Jick, abt Eiley)

Riley's mustache: cookie duster

Riley looked as if he's been delivered a kick with a frozen overshoe.

Billing Gazette Apr 23, '89

Magazine: Roger Clawson & Larry Mayer (photos), full-p. piece on

*Recalling "Starvation Winter of Blackfoot"

summer '89

blacktop helicopter pads at missile silo buildings

..as Riley could comment, in country where passenger train service is almost extinct, bus and plane service is scant.

--in C's pic of Square Butte near Geyser, a missile silo is the other direction (south).

--Sq Butte in pic is ghostly (with rain), compared with CMR's glamorous colors of it.

missile silo crews in Jucheth Basin, traveling in 47 vans & trucks -
blue taxis to Armageddon.

- July 5 '89, we met convoy near Stanford, armored vehicles pre & aft
of a semi-truck carrying. Pentagon knows what; a few min. behind,
another armored vehicle trailing as a surprise shotgun-rater.

- key this to Jeannette Rankin?

Riley can be parenthetical in his columns. Study how Michael Winerip does it in his NY Times suburban pieces.)

Riley b. in 1950?

--would make him coming up on 40th b'day

--Leona, 17 in 1939 in Eng Crk, wd have been 28 when he was born; his brother Morgan is older?

On Your Marks, Get Set . . . Peel, Poach, Boil and Blanch

NYT May 5, 1986 by MICHAEL WINERIP

HYDE PARK, N.Y.

Who wouldn't want to win the Nabisco? Kevin Walker had rehearsed his broiled scrod three times, his berry sorbet six times, in the days leading up to the cook-off. Leonard Thompson was so jumpy the night before that at midnight he went over his shrimp creole again. He knew he was cutting it close. The three-course meal could total just 600 calories; his was 598.

"Why do they do it?" said Robert Briggs, a chef and a supervisor for the Nutritious Lunch Contest. "Why do they do it? To do it. And it doesn't hurt to have it on your résumé." Plus, first prize is \$1,000.

As for Nabisco, it wants people to think of something besides Oreos and Chips Ahoy and clogged arteries when they think "Nabisco." Plus, this is where it gets those nifty little recipes on the side panels of packages.



Sixty students from the Culinary Institute of America had submitted recipes using three Nabisco products. Six finalists gathered at an institute kitchen one recent Saturday at 7 A.M. In early going, the quiet was broken only by the occasional splash of someone dipping into the vat of Nabisco's Vol-Whip egg whites. The young cooks used fresh herbs and spices as if they were going out of style — to cut down on salt. No one wanted to blanch; they needed maximum flavor.

With less than an hour to go, the pace quickened. The leadoff cook, Lisa Cochran, was missing a piece of her pasta maker. And she had been given the wrong flour. "My pasta won't come out as fine," she said. Each had to prepare five meals: three for the judges, one for the photographer, one for the fans' viewing enjoyment.

The three judges were sequestered in a dining room. Waiters brought each meal 10 minutes apart. There was lots of bottled water for clearing the palate; eating six three-course meals can really muck up a palate.

For eight minutes, the judges ate Miss Cochran's sea scallops with fenel and mustard sauce without saying a word. Then chef Mark Erickson of the Institute said, "Salad was well prepared. I would have liked to see the tomatoes peeled."

"The scallops were right on the money," said Scott Allmendinger of Restaurant Business magazine. "But I was a bit bothered by the texture situation. It wasn't crunchiness versus softness. Everything was poached."

Waiters delivered clean utensils, the judges got their palates cleared.

Before tasting Elizabeth Korn's whole-wheat tortilla, Mr. Erickson took a fork, looked under it and made a note.

"Tortilla's a little dry," said the third judge, Catherine Marschman-Spivak, a Nabisco home economist. "If I had been eating that whole thing, I would have kept drinking water." She took a drink for emphasis.

"I like the crust on the dessert," said Mr. Allmendinger. "I almost said this crust is too thick, but I liked that. It was good to have a dominant flavor."

On his entry form, James Page had explained that his black bean cake and chicken breast were geared for "a businessman or woman who wants a trendy, semiformal, light and nutritious lunch." The judges understood perfectly: yuppie food. The waiters began to take it away, when Chef Erickson said, "Leave that for a second. I want to refer to it." Mr. Allmendinger felt the black bean cake was the best thing he'd seen. "It was well done," Chef Erickson said, "but the presentation needed maybe some sour cream with a Jackson Pollock-type design."

No one was happy about Thomas Rohde's artichoke. "A little confusing," said Mr. Erickson. "The little's still in." "Hairs, too," said Mr. Allmendinger. Mr. Erickson found a bone in his bass. "That was a little offensive," he said. The pineapple dessert needed something, he said.

"Maybe a cookie."

"I like the dessert," Ms. Marschman-Spivak said. "It tastes good."

They all loved Mr. Thompson's warm smoked trout salad. Mr. Allmendinger felt the shrimp needed salt. No one was happy about the bananas foster mousse. "I must confess," Mr. Allmendinger said, "I can't stand bananas. But I stuck a spoon in and the whole mouse wanted to come with it." "There are problems here that go beyond the idea of not liking bananas," Mr. Erickson said.

Nor did the sorbet fare well. "Too much egg white," said Mr. Allmendinger, turning to the Nabisco judge. "Sorry about the egg white comment." "It's O.K.," she said.

The judging done, families and friends formed a line and filed past the six meals, admiring them all. No one seemed bothered by the hairy artichoke or the unpeeled tomato. It all looked like something in a magazine.

Later, it was announced that Ms. Korn's tortilla finished first. It was hard to tell whether she was crying, but she was blinking a lot, and she kept saying, "Thank you, thank you."

Column example

Oh, a Certain Primitive Naïf, And the Art Too, of Course

By MICHAEL WINERIP

NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y.

The annual art show opened the other night at the New Rochelle Public Library and once again, the age-old question arose: "What is art?"

"This is art, this is art, this is art," said Dyrell Walker, age 8, who was rushing around pointing out pictures he liked to his younger friend, P.J. Hudson. They stopped at a drawing of a man going in the front door of a skyscraper. "This is art!" said Dyrell. "I like it because they made this man fit in the right place." The man was on the sidewalk, going in the front door. Dyrell has no patience for guys like Chagall who have everyone and his goat floating around. In art, Dyrell is brutally honest, even about his own work. That's how you could tell he was new to art. He pointed to another painting and said, "This is better than my art, P.J." (A real artist would have said, "P.J., I remember going through that stage.")

Opening night of the New Rochelle public schools' annual art show is always kind of gala. Artists and their parents sip drinks — 7-Up and cafe-teria syrup, munch hors d'oeuvres — New York State cheddar cheese and crackers, and jaw about art.

Luigi Tedone, 10, showed his mom the mask he made. It had fluorescent cotton swab hair and Popsicle stick teeth. "Looks likes you in the morning, Lu," said his mom. (Hasn't every great artist had to break with his mother at some point?)

"It's a mouse," said Luigi. "I heard it started as a spider," his mother, Barbara, said later. "It ended up a mouse and, to be honest, I pictured something different. But it does look like a mouse in its own way." She took a photo. Satisfied his art had been appreciated, Luigi ran off with the three Rossetti cousins. They liked to run around art shows giving each other choke holds.

This is the ninth annual show. Each year, the school system hires Erica Bogin, an artist, as the curator. Art teachers pick only the best. Then Ms. Bogin picks the best of the best. Part of the excitement of opening night is finding out if you've made it.

"I should have something in here," said Patrick Rossetti, momentarily escaping a choke hold "They gypped me off."

Craig Perler's mother knew exactly what they were shooting for: art that would endure. "Craig's picture will be on display two weeks," she told Craig's little brother, Evan, 4. Craig, who's 6, had drawn "Say Ah." It was a huge mouth, full of teeth and tonsils.

The artist's father claimed a major influence. "Absolutely," said Dr. Perler, a dentist.

As at all openings, there was the usual small talk. Nicole Koukis, 10, was overheard saying: "I hated nursery school. I used to get marker in my hair." Monet Thorne (no relation to the Impressionist) gave her definition of art: "It has to do with using a lot of different types of color stuff. I get a dream and I draw what I dream." Her younger sister, Adrienne, 6, looked up and said, "Wow, Monet."

A Rossetti cousin, Anthony, careened off some paintings and knocked a mask off the wall.

Danielle Selino, 8, had drawn a snowy landscape with mountain paths. "No I never been in the mountains," she said. "I imagined it." Enosse Nyango, 12, arrived late and was shocked by what they'd done with his totem pole. "I thought it would be in," he said. "But not in front." Proud? "I noticed it right away."

Most would talk about their technique. Melanie Valencia's mask, "Intelligent," had a haunting look in part because the entire eyeball was blue. What was behind that? "I planned to have a blue dot with the rest white, but I made the blue a little bigger, a little bigger, and finally almost the whole eyeball was blue so I just covered it. It looked O.K."

As she spoke, the Rossettis came running out of the rear gallery chasing Luigi.

The grown-ups tended not to be as direct. Lucille Fullerton, an artist's grandmother, studied a series of black boxes filled with geometric shapes. "Very unusual," she said. Only later did she admit, "It's a little weird."

Several works evoked big names.

Toni Marie Lore's soap sculpture face was done in the style of Brancusi's "Mademoiselle Pogany." The two subtle soapy indents above the mouth? "They're just like for the cheeks or something," said Toni Marie. Ellen Salov's "Native American Mask" ("I'm really Croatian, my teacher just called it that") used half a plate for the mouth, in the spirit of the renowned contemporary American painter Julian Schnabel. (Unlike some of Mr. Schnabel's plates, Ellen's stuck.)

By evening's end, they hadn't decided what was art, but they knew it when they saw it, and it was all around them. Claude Jean, Jr., 8, walked off with the only trophy. Mr. Jean smiled and barely told a soul that he had bought it, he was so proud of his artist son.

look over Seymour Hirsh piece on My Lai story--finding Calley--for journalistic doggedness to apply to Riley.

as part of Riley's smart-assery, have him recite some of the sports nicknames gibberish of Sabres skin Horned Frogs?

--cd also give the baseball scores: 5-3, 1-0

--this could be set in Chinook supper club, TV on in the bar but with the sound off, news comes on, plainly it's "Now here's Marty with the sports."

He was setting his own compass.

possible use with Riley's habit of drinking something different in every bar:

--Jick to Riley: "You want another snort of cough syrup?"

--That was the blackberry brandy talking.

Riley?

...one of those people who collects trouble...

collector of trouble

use abt Riley

Ink outlasts blood.

Blood isn't the same as ink.

While he was wrinkled up thinking about it...

(Riley?)

Docs - fire camp

larky Jack o Riley?

- was this used abt 1840?

Dick, paying for
S's drink

as if practicing to be rich.

Riley?

Riley's Law (possible name of column?)

Riley's Law is that Murphy was an ^{mere} optimist.

Murphy's Law states that anything that can go wrong will go wrong.

Riley's Law states that Murphy was a mere optimist.

sap (Jick calls Riley)

Murphy's Law is that anything that can go wrong will go wrong.

Riley's Law is that Murphy is a mere optimist.

Nelson has a black beard, Jick has grown one for the Centennial; Tam says they look like the Smith Bros. off the cough drop box.

- beaver (beard)

Riled-Up Riley

Riley does a "meeting himself on the long road" column, using "he", about himself; it dawns on Jick that R., who seems to him perpetually young, is also thinking about age.

Riley
Sant

Nelson: Tam's former husband--intro it as a "last name," by inference, then show that it's his first.

--Tam or Jick says of him: that dingbob.

- possible name: ~~Nelson Michael~~
Riley Wright

decided not to use, in Jan. '89 revise

could gather for a column on tombstone inscriptions sometime--"They
throw you out of the columnists' union if you don't do one of those
occasionally,"

alternative: R at some pt says, "What, you want to get
me kicked out of
columnists' union?"

Riley's penmanship: chicken tracks?

Riley fax s' thing to Montanian? Or something faxed to them on the road?

Need to voice opinion? send it to session by fax

Tribune Capitol Bureau

GF Trib Feb. 3 '89

HELENA — Montanans who don't feel like driving to Helena in bad weather can make their opinions known to legislators quickly and easily from their hometowns through telefax machines.

The Legislature's public-information office in the Capitol rotunda is equipped with a telefax machine that operates around the clock to receive documents. Its number is 444-4105.

Information officer Sandy Merdinger said many public libraries around the state have fax machines from which letters and testimony may be sent to legislators in Helena at little or no charge. A number of private businesses and print shops also are equipped with fax machines and charge by the number of pages sent, she said.

If people want to send testimony for a committee hearing, they should send it in care of the committee chairman, she said.

As the temperatures have plunged, use of the Legislature's fax machine has boomed. Merdinger said the machine received more than 200 pages of documents from across Montana Thursday.

Riley at some point (but just once) picks up Jick's habit of remarking,
"Highly interesting."

Riley's never-written book cd be mentioned somewhere in ch. 2; at Chinook
supper club?

The latest Rileyism (Mariahism?)

he had the gall to ask me that.

Riley: quote Stegner (on DeVoto?) about how a writer spins his work out of his guts like a spider?

Riley should make some reference to his family in ch. 1 or 2.

Jick could later say of Riley, (something~~x~~ about him) was as hopeless as his
pitch~~x~~ playing.

(Riley) looking at you in two tones.

Riley was always about half-cocked, and although I'd like it to, I don't mean that to describe him mentally. (Rather, physically he always has ~~his~~ head partly to one side, or eyebrow up...)

Is this too close to description of Rob Barclay?

the eggnogger (Jick refers to Riley's habit of odd drinks)

characterize Riley's mustache

Saints Lord It Over Cardinals (Riley's mock football headline)

Riley, if he does a mock 1789 column (French revolution):

Whoops. Must have hit a 7 instead of an 8 in the century date there.

Riley says "Naw" instead of "Nope"

hotshot (Jick, abt Riley and/or Mariah)

~~Schnickelfritz~~ (check with Kathrin Maloof)

- referring to Riley?

Cryptic devil. (use as device at some point when Riley says something Jick doesn't quite get.)

At first I thought she had something in Riley Wright. (describe)

Don't get this wrong. He'd never done any dirt to me. But he had to Maria,
and in my book that's the same thing.

Riley tells Jick he's a Fabian

(Jick thinks he means the longhaired singer.)

from Ideas notebook:

,,group of socialists who formed a tiny party in London in 1884. Dedicated to gradualism and avoiding direct clashes with the state...they took their name from the Roman general Quintus Fabius Maximus, who defeated Hannibal by avoiding direct combat.

Riley's ital piece after Lawrence's poesy recital: cd cite--

Kipling

Jeffers' "I wd burn my right hand in a slow fire/to change the future"

Hugo

cut in Oct. '89 revise because italics & boldface was getting too thick in this section.

11

Riley's column next. Same as ever, the heading Riley's Law with the dictionary-like explanation under it: Murphy's Law is that anything that can go wrong will go wrong. Riley's Law is that Murphy was a mere optimist. That and the all too familiar Wright mug, so favorable a picture of Riley it surely had not come from Mariah's camera, and then the day's dose of words.

act
move to
R's
appearance
on p. 27.

p. 94--Riley cd be showering after running, Mariah cd meanwhile be Janing (Fonda exercise).

--At Chf Joseph battlefield, Jick--mad abt Riley locking keys in Bago--wants to leave Riley; if he's so goddamn fond of running, let him canter the 15 miles back into Chinook.

--Riley cd occasionally get out of Bago ~~before~~ before they reach a place and run on in.

Missoula I scene: possibly add detail of Riley jingling change in his pocket, chingchingching.

--add a description of Mariah, so Riley doesn't take the scene entirely from her.