run to ground
lineaments
whunk
bonk
frisking
gullying
creviced
refugee
eyelines
I believe that memory seeks some natural compass point, as a sunflower must look sunward

sought south as

or with voyage, cane pointing south each morn's...
clues that nature was still toying with the area, and didn't want man around
WSS rr, which must have gone right past Straugh house
Straugh kids, Larry and Steve
natal
My father must have been briefly baffled by my mother's absence from our life. Grief stayed with him, too. A couple of months after her death, a man told him to buck up, not to let a thing like that bother him, and years later Dad told me how he still despised the man for that. But grief congeals, at least in our family, and it was the bafflement which shunted the pair of us around...
she gave me attention in a clear, absolute focus, all for my behalf and none for hers. Listening to her stories, I realized this was at least the third time around for her...
This slim space to grow in turned me more and more into myself.
She would ask me, as if I were an authority.
The awfulness of that, to a 0-yr-old
next--and last, and always--
These they stored up against each other, supplies for the next flareup.
druids in cave of memory. This shadow may be a druid, that one a 00...
from Gladys Hesler, July '77:

Woodward's dry goods store was where Rainbow cafe is now; Gib Spencer's bank where Rainbow Bar now is.

Grocery run by John Coad and Fred McDonald where Western Clothing is now.

Mrs. H's husband homesteaded here in 1916, died in 1919 flu; they came from S. Dakota.

Annie Doig taught Nettie Mae how to knit: "Now hold the needle up against you so you can get some purchase on the needle."

Mrs. H remembers Taylor Gordon saying: "You know, I've found that I'd rather make a fast dime than a slow buck."
the oddity of my name

college nicknames: Ivory, from blacks of dishroom crew; Vanya from Russian students; I've from Grant and others.

WSS saloon nickname: Pinky or Red
jittered in my mind like fancy clothes on a clothesline
There is no knowing
this rerouting
Retreating into myself has always been a main method of my life, but the broody mood of that first school autumn was a disorder I have never known again.
the road lanes I walked from school busses
shot jessabelle by spotlight in Reigling
she had grown a rind, tough and salty
Having Tom Ringer for a husband taught her that much
She had grown chunky, muscle added to the stout appetite.
self-erasing pad for canasta
Ringling: snow through windows of house. Houses like wagons in a circle, left to fall apart.
the enemy of her enemy was her friend
role of foreman and cook
rr siding at Ringling
Chance came with the storm--the chance that the schoolbus might not run, that there would be a gift day off from school.
Burtt Ranch:

under the foothills of Big Belts

Toward the Dry Range, land becomes more arid, it tans and yellows, begins to crisp

From Ft. Logan road, the Castles appear in distance, barricading the horizon
there began to be seasons of work as well as seasons of
weather
black and white magnetic Scottie dogs
in spate once more, she cried
Lady

- A her character

- steadfastness(es)
suture
I take these lines in my hands
WSS changed to timber town
how much I have always liked the feel of newspaper, and the pattern of words on paper. Even yet, I look at the page as pattern -- arrangement of headlines, etc. -- for an instant before I begin reading.
Plows skin the earth, laying the topsoil back like a pelt coming off. (beginning to strip from a carcass.)
Nothing new can be said of the loss of a parent; it has all been wept out a million million times.
What I wanted from this mix of lives, I was not sure. Not the bedrock my mother might have added to our existence: the drifting flow of life was fine with me. Perhaps put it this way: I longed for an absence, a stillness in their relationship to match the silences within me. Of course, it was the one thing neither of them had any idea how to provide.
in that no-one's-land between them
sentence by sentence
just only this
Let her tell it
Kin, Édmûn clan—banging words, the rattle of a family makes clatter across time.
Our national dream has been motion. Does that come to me from a book, or the imprints already within me? Small matter
Memory is our second existence—second life
Imagination is the mind's run in the opposite direction from memory: if they were reversed. . .
it is an interior storm, like my father's grief or my grandmother's iciness.
I realize that I am thinking about ghosts, not persons, and that they had become ghosts to me even while they were alive.
in all this book, in all this search of memory, my mother has not spoken
Here is another memory more.
life is the fight against eternity, the losing grapple with eternity
in everyone else I have backtracked with through the span of this book
Scientists use a measurement called half-life. In their sensationless world, it is the amount of time for a substance to yield one-half of its nuclei in the process of radioactive decay. What I am searching for in the process of memory is its half-life: what of its nucleus stays, and what goes
Memory takes its form then; the overlay of education changes it remarkably little.
preserved
Time remembered is time regained
My dead mother said:

Even

(grouse on grassy
western boy child
How do past and present live in the same instant, and together pass into future?
a static line of
an accounting
turtling itself
null
the exact emptiness of . . .
spang
buttery
fliibbery
spears
dandied
Sagebrush annie
Cliff Shearer's dad, with black scar across back of hand from daubing axel grease (axel dope?) on it
strapped
distracted
slope of his mind—sloped as much as his forehead
cross irons
mick
outfitted with
jimmied
bearings
drove (n.)
chambers—chambered
unmourning
religion we had none.
beavering
blank-faced
to see himself through life
lightheaded
slipped through like ghosts
cobwebby
the wintering-in truce
thump
blat
spanging
feather in
the shape it takes in my mind
compression
extremities
the zero of obliteration
texture
escapes from the bone cage
they looked like the same person done by different sketch artists (Hurst girls)
deadwood
featureless
noiselessly
gone sour
resources in themselves
purred
bewilders
rears up
None of it counts
gush
a lane of . . .
rightful
kinked
the severe time
He had some earlier goes at it.
flannel
storm making
sick of
bashfulness
cupped
keen--keening
droves of 00
tamped down
browse
unseeing
snubbed down
splay
moulting
slink
the brimming
pure lines
bleeding away
spurred—roweled
weepy
flare
holding himself together by . . .
flitch
patter
the swipes of ...
the puckered skin of a scar
crisp movements
They braved
pounding (adj.)
loot
splatters
knout
anger pure and fast as fire
As near as that, and as far
fisted
A note about the wellsprings of this book: Insofar as possible, 
anything spoken quotations are from taped interviews. Where they 
date from earlier years, they have had to be extracted from my memory or 
someone else's. Similarly, I have based chronology and points of fact on 
documentation whenever it is available.
in May '74 visit, at Lucases with G'ma, Clint Shelhammer didn't know me because of my beard--a man I'd worked 2-3 full summers with
GOLDEN FLEECE, Hughie Call

917.86 C13g
tie to prism piece before North: Noon was the magic time. The
day changed then, in heat, quality of light, work, outlook
Thomas Wolfe train quotation: Of Time and the River, p. 331
WPA - Montana
Federal Writers' Project

Meagher County - History

BRANDS
Livestock History in Meagher Co.
Leads taken from 1882 and 1885 brand books

(hand written on paper about 4 x 6 inches)
Make this a theme: myself as watcher through life. Perhaps end with myself as sentry over own near-death.
--MANUAL OF BRANDS AND MARKS,
Ramon Adams, U. of Oklahoma, $9.95
mottled country
Castle Mt.
Cancelled checks
Manhattan Company $1,500
For lures, 220 head, payment

Tape Stewart
Jas. Finden
White Sulphur Springs
Northwest Magazine,
Jan. 1891,
pp. 28-33
Nature’s Wonderland,
Montana Canyon,
Custer - State Company,
May 1914

In 83nm
1998.11.6
2-4 P.M.
(Mrs. W.)
B
M14

Mont. Case

Banks, E.
Wanderersong, 1950
(pp. 191-303)

(no help)
Ringlein, John B
Helena Independent
Dec. 11, 1936

No
Montana Christian

Montana, May 31, 1894

White Sulphur Springs

(amp.)

978.662

976
Theme: to find ourselves as a family
(as theme of SPINST ER is unfulfilled love)
me as a watcher—in bars, at dances, on ranches
theme: Dad trying to cope
man is the enemy here
Where rock letters above towns spell an unease. .
The original cast had an aboriginal cast.
trying to believe myself into a writer
in dusk, a life snapped short, a life celebrated
what tug toward emotion my father felt, I only half-know
Did the 19th century worry about itself as we do?
presidential advisers prepare their historical versions
I've been in "exotic" jobs all my life
I didn't know what that life (childhood) was like, because I had never been outside of it . .
I have no idea what it was.
My joking is wryer, unlike anyone else's in the family—self-directed or flicking.
"Your mother" . . . "my mother" --neither Dad nor I knew how to refer to her, except in awkward formal way. Dad often talked of her to other people as "Ivan's mother" instead of "Berneta." Similarly, he usually called Grandma "lady".
Grandma: seldom joked, only occasionally would tease; knew she was in a good humor by lightness of her sayings, playing with dogs.
That clasped knee was just enough to tinge me with the habit of exertion. I would bandage the knee every day, do all the doctorly things--But I would also work at sports, work at living as I wanted. I was more my father's son than I had guessed.

I watched the heel of my right shoe grind down twice as fast as the left--which still happens, the only trace of the knee problem.
my heavy leg
undead--unalive
nuzzle
I was doing the job better than I knew how
True, bloodline was what corded us together, with the twin knots of my mother's death and my need to be seen past childhood.
Dad and my writing: my arithmetic tricks, automatic batting aves in my head, all came down to this for him: the prideful skill and proof confirming we had made it through, he had raised me and I was special

(bookkeeping at Canas)
effect of my mother's death on G'ma
they had been old for longer than I had been alive

Badgets?
She nursed him, furious at his nodding off to sleep and dutiful about all else, including emptying the pee can he now used because he was too feeble to get to the bathroom in the middle of the night.
I said: (for prism piece)
the forgetfulness of all three of us

I became a list-maker, and to this day cannot get through my waking hours without jotting some schedule
His grieving always worsened, too, at the points of the year which brought my mother's memory fresh to him--some late summer weekends when they would have been at a rodeo together..Christmas..my birthday.
G'ma: I discovered I had inherited from her lack of sense of smell, some absent-mindedness.
It was easier to go on stumbling over the dogs than it was to face her fury about having put them out.
Reservation boredom: G'ma could play cards endlessly, me not much, Dad not at all
Growing up between the pair of them, I became fascinated with moods, and more than a little afraid of them. The ruckus of anger-silence-reconciliation made me want to avoid that first link in the chain: amid their storms, I became mild, too mild in some ways for the fiercenesses of life.
to this minute I will avoid argument if I can . . .
Dad and my writing: my arithmetic tricks, automatic batting averages in my head, all came down to this for him: the prideful skill and proof confirming that we had made it through, he had raised me and I was special.
Reading Moby Dick, about sun hitting gold piece, while atop hot truck.
There are episodes I can no longer fit into time. I know that they happened, but not when.
(lambing at Campbell's)
clever with ranch tasks
Fred Bills making a trip to Conrad, Harold Chadwick and cafe regulars begin asking him to pick up things for them. Fred mockingly: "Maybe you fellows better make me a list."
When I went to work for Hoyt, Dad suggested I grease up the Cat each night after supper, so I'd be thought a good hand (ready to go the next morn). Instead, I read a book or would watch TV. (Nor had he been so diligent as young hand for couple along the Milwaukee tracks)
Frist!
Birch Creek rodeo
Trafallet-telefart
the ceremony of innocence is drowned
I must remember, or lose . . .
for life is fatal to all of us
the mind's eye
the gone ones somehow live again--Christie back from the crushed auto at the base of the ridge. . .
Before, it was get it down on paper, put some shape to it and it won't matter much which. Not this time. The shape has to be found, discovered rather than invented
the skull case - casing
whispering
What a man sees when he looks back far inside himself... is not pretty.
the vee is a plough
quilting the 00 together
he wasn't alone every time --
1 suit to be buried in
logey
dabbed
a year of months
as a flower will turn in the sun