

run to ground

lineaments

whunk

bonk

frisking

gullying

clau

talon

creviced

refugee

eyelines

sought south as  
I believe that memory seeks some natural compass  
point, as a sunflower must look sunward

use & waiting  
or with voyage, . canoe pointing south  
each morn'g...

Valley ADD

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

Straught kids, Larry and Steve

natal

Valley

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. . .

Lady

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. . .

*Facing North*

This slim space to grow in turned me more and more into myself.

Lady

She would ask me, as if I were an authority,

The awfulness of that, to a 0-yr-old

next--and last, and always--

*Facing North*

These they stored up against each other, supplies  
for the next flareup.

prism

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; Ive from Grant and others.

WSS saloon nickname: Pinky or Red

jittered in my mind like fancy clothes on a  
clothesline

*duds*  
*tegs*

There is no knowing

this rerouting

Valley

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.

Valley

the road lanes I walked from school busses

5 hot jackrabbits by spotlight in Ringling

Lady

she had grown a rind, tough and salty

Lady

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

Lady

Ringling: snow through windows of house. Houses  
like wagons in a circle, left to fall apart.

the enemy of her enemy was her friend

Lady

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.

Lady

Burt Ranch:

under the foothills of Big Belts

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

Lady

in spate once more, she cried

steadfastness(es)  
- of her character

Lady

suture

I take these lines in my hands

July

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

Endings

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, ~~clan~~ clan--banging words, the rattle ~~of~~ a family makes.  
*clatter* *across time*

Poem

Our national dream has been motion. Does  
that come to me from a book, or the  
imprints already within me? Small matter

Prism

Memory is our second existence--second life

Prism

Imagination is the mind's run in the opposite  
direction from memory: if they were reversed. . .

*prim*

it is an interior storm, like my father's grief  
or my grandmother's iciness.

*presm*

I realize that I am thinking about ghosts, not persons, and that they had become ghosts to me even while they were alive

prism

in all this book, in all this search of memory,  
my mother has not spoken

pushm

Here is ~~another~~ memory ~~more!~~

*prism*

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

prism

My dead mother said:

Even

(grouse on Grassy

presm

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

fli berty

spears

dandied

Valley

Sagebrush annie

Valley

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

nick

outfitted with

jimmied

bearings

drove (n.)

chambers--chambered

unmourning

Valley

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

prism

escapes from the bone cage

they looked like the same person done by  
different sketch artists (Hurst girls)

deadwood

featureless

noiselessly

gone sour

bleary

resources in themselves

purred

bewilders

rears up

None of it counts

gush

a lane of . . .

rightful

kinked

the severe time

Valley

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

c\_risp movements

They braved

pounding (adj.)

loot

splatters

Knout

Lady

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

Title: The Hills West of Noon

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 lunks 220 head, payment

Tap Stewart  
gas. Finlen

050

N 81

So. Basement

White Sulphur Springs  
Northwest Magazine,

Jan. 1891,

pp. 28-33

917.86664

1n 83n

Nature's Wonderland,

Montana Canyon

- Juler - State Company,

Minneapolis, 1914

24 p.

(missing)

B  
M14

Mont. Care

Banks, E.

Wandersons, 1950

(pp. 191-303)

(no help)

Ringling, John B

Helena Independent

Dec. 11, 1936

No

Deaths S/R

978.662

Montana

M76

Case

Montana Christian

Advocate, May 31, 1898

White Sulphur Springs  
number

(pamp.)

Theme: to find ourselves as a family

(as theme of SPINSTER 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 pleasing

Lady

"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".

Lady

lightly

Grandma: seldom joked, only occasionally would tease; knew she was in a good humor by lightness of her sayings, playing with dogs

Lady

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.

Lady

my heavy leg

undead--unalive

nuzzle

I was doing the job better than I knew how

Lady-ADD

True, bloodline was what corded us together, with the twin knots of my mother's death and my need to be seen past childhood.

Lady ADD

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 al - Camas)

effect of my mother's death on G'ma

Lady    ADD

Lady

they had been old for longer than I had been alive  
Badgett's?

*Ending*

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

North  
ADD

I became a list-maker, and to this day cannot get through my waking hours without jotting some schedule

Valley

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.

North?  
LADY--Add

G'ma: I discovered I had inherited from her lack of sense of smell,  
some absent-mindedness  
(despite size  
of nose)

North

It was easier to go on stumbling over the dogs than it was to  
face her fury ~~about~~ having put them out  
after

Facing North      ADD

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.

Prison

Reading Moby Dick, about sun hitting  
gold piece, while atop hot truck

pruned

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

Facing North

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!

Facing North

Birch Creek rodeo

Trafalet-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