Day 88: in summing up S's life, say that there may be profundities about the West, but I am not sure I know them...

use "there you go" as final salute to Swan
I think now that no single winterbook--no book--can explore the west. The wests.
note that Dad is born a little more than a year after S's 1900 b'day.
That a torpedo test in the Port Townsend harbor will become
Trident submarines in Hood Canal. That a dream of railroad along
one shore of Puget Sound will flip and become a transportation
megalopolis along the opposite shore. (No more than I can know
what is ahead as the western population thickens and thickens,
the land and shore remade more and more.)
Swan would put down peeves, but not hatreds. Squabbles, but not quarrels, unless they were scientific ones. Say the details of infatuation with Dolly, but never the word.
By now, Swan had been old for 00 years. I count from 1884-5, the death of Spencer Baird, the second habitual drunkenness finding...
Swan did not prove out the adage that we die like trees, from the top down...
Use with Day 88 summary

Trident

(link to Swan's references to torpedo tests?)
There seem to have been those who saw him as an ancient alcoholic elf who haunted their downtown street. A figure of...

Even now, usually at about third-hand, I hear mutters about Swan as "that old drunk."
What night urges of the night were at work in him, moving behind his brow, under his thatch of beard, between his legs...

On my nights when sleep doesn't come, I roll like one of the tidal hogs on Swan's beach.
Swan: what portion of himself did he give to the study of the Indian culture, to the frontier itself, and what portion did he keep private?
the west's possibilities against the east's obligations.
The frontier as a perpetual shore

--horizon as tidal zone of earth and sky, sunset as daily tide

--shore begin when the American west began at the ends of the docks of Europe.
WINTER

--a book of edges: PSound coastline, the edges of light as dawn and dusk come, the edge of forest outside my window, my life at the edges of society. winter as the edge (frontier) of year.
Swan in poorness.
Swan was becoming ancient as a joshua tree (by life expectancy of his era)
Swan was born in Madison's America of 00 streets, died in McKinley's of (trolleys, electric lights, ironclad battleships)
It is a life of accretion, as an oyster builds a shell. (Bill Reid's great sculpture of mankind coming out of a clamshell; are we all creatures of lives like Swan's?)
As Swan silvered with age...
the blood rivers in some of us run only west.
I can answer (abt westernness) only for myself, and the portions of others that show up in me
Swan going west:

which is not to say it is a strength. It may be a weakness. The Matilda Swans of the world have every reason to think so. But it is a tremor in the bones that, one manner or another, sends a person from under the sky he was born to.
firstbringer
Swan had, as a boy, seen Lafayette (McD 5), and as a young man, Queen Victoria (McD 10)

(her lifespan nearly identical to his; see, near end of book, reference to old queen?) (No longer in blue velvet, but dark velvet?)
The frontier is the edge of the familiar (the known, the casually available). Where the patterns fray to an end, new work to be done beyond.
--concept of limits: our growing awareness that "more" is not guaranteed; that ways of living must be changed.
There was a time, after all, when the American frontier began at the ends of the docks of Europe. As a nation, we came from elsewhere, and we came west.
presentiment
But hear: