Shakespeare:

"...that in black ink my love may still shine bright."
NYT, 1 March '93:

article abt doubts on accuracy of PBS film "The Liberators," abt 761st Tank Battalion, black WWII unit, being at liberation of Dachau and Buchenwald.

byline, Richard Bernstein.

"Many critics, however, argue that the film went seriously awry in its depiction of the liberations of Buchenwald and Dachau. They complain that the moral edifice embodied in remembrance can crumble if history is handled casually, or distorted to fit current needs...."
example of unmanageable fact:

when the dog attacked me. "Oh, you're wearing a hat," the woman scolded me (as she tried to restrain him). "He doesn't like hats."

That the dog didn't like hats was indisputably proven. That I was supposed to have known and acted accordingly...
names of characters:

Call them Ishmael, Flem Snopes, Rosacoke Mustian, Lord Jim, Raskalnikov (Dickens' characters and getting them from church register)...

possible NYTBR essay, autumn '87, on how the names of fictional characters register with us?

--I was embarrassingly old when C's mom cited the biblical Ishmael, "every man's hand against me": I didn't know my Bible that well and she didn't know Moby D that well, but between us...

--Steinbeck: Caleb and Aaron(?), like Cain and Abel, in East of Eden; the JC figure in Grapes of Wrath

- Emma C (every)
title for chapter on titles: God's Tricycle

--basis: the three titles--Guy Davenport's "DaVinci's Bicycle," a 1985(?) B'way play "Faulkner's Bicycle," and a book about the old, "Tolstoi's Bicycle"; God's Tricycle goes them one wheel better. "You tell me: are you here reading, thus far, because you have nothing better to do, or are you waiting to see how this title is justified?"

--scenarios it suggests: God as child on a trike; God in retirement home...

"Isn't Good Ole Dave (Fell), my 1st editor, cross?"

--other title stuff: when working on This House of Sky and describing it to Louise at PNW Experiment Station, telling her it was about my father and our sheep ranching days, she said, "oh, yeah: The Old Man and The Sheep."

"Way of titles"
Simon/Garfunkel lyric, Bleecker St, on one of our albums:
I saw a shadow touch a shadow's hand (check this)
Mistah Chekov, he dead.
The Success of the 'President's Men'

NY Times, Sunday, July 13, 1986

Section 3, Business, p. 1 & 8

Filed in Carol's Watergate file, mass media course.
ch. on dedications?
I believe you should not have to be a tinsel-haired movie star, or an overpaid athlete, or a discredited and defrocked politician, to have your story told in this society. (Books of that sort I think will prove to be, in historical and literary terms, just a kind of dandruff of society.) But stories such as Swan's, of a pioneer who virtually every day for forty years wrote of his life, and the life of the white westcomers and the coastal Indians around him, I think those stories are from the bloodstream of this country. They're a kind of pulse of our past. (and we damn well ought to harbor to them.)
ch. on memoirs?

--see Wider World (Kate Simon) card
Wider World, Kate Simon

--changeling time of life

--in this 000-page bk has more unrequited love than anything since 00

--In this strange era when conspicuous consumption preoccupies the private sector and budgetary cheese-paring is preached as national statecraft, you have to wonder at the changes of today's Rate Simons...  

--What is plain is how the vital alchemy that public education has been...
The First Man, Albert Camus, title phrase on p. 195:
"...wandering through the night of the years in the land of oblivion where each one is the first man, where he had to bring himself up, without a father..."

Albert Camus's "Notes and Sketches" in back of The First Man, p. 300:
"Rescue this poor family from the fate of the poor, which is to disappear from history without a trace. The Speechless Ones. "They were and they are greater than I."

p. 301 -- "He (the fictional young Camus) leaves home as an adolescent in order to sleep alone."

detail from The First Man, Albert Camus, p. 252:
"...the Cormerys naturally being far ahead of times as the poor always are, for they have few social obligations and pleasures, and are afraid of not being punctual for those few."
(David Remley, review of *Sky*, Western American Literature)

The book is one that urges facing the past, knowing the old people. The faith is that knowing them we may also define ourselves...
Ideas notebook entry:

books that not only stand up over time, but continue to march, cavort, and sing rowdily.
149—M to B from Paris to Moscow, 1925; M flew—evidently to Paris or at least some of this trip—with a pilot named Shebanov: "He dropped his tail at every border." This seems to be the same kind of whimsical dip or jounce that navigators like to do at imaginary lines: Scott Reeburgh on our flight to Anaktuvuk bounced the bush plane at the crossing of the Arctic Circle, for instance, and Mike the mate on my voyage down aboard the Alpha Helix said something, perhaps as the vessel went over a big roller, about that being the Canadian border. (This is probably more precisely told in my Alpha Helix diary or notes.) All this is kind of Medicine Line stuff; would it fit with the point that the borders of western states do make a difference, that the states indeed are kind of cylinders of specific cultures, outlooks, pasts?

also 149: M: "It really is the back of beyond. Even beyond the back of beyond!"

or use this to discuss a writing technique?
memory handles the past with heavy mittens on, occasionally fumbling onto a treasure while letting all else drop.
There is the difference between memory and reverie.
To step out here to the edge of the continent and try our equilibrium, see if we can balance like boys on edge of tenement roof. Some of us can't, and they (their bodies) drop from the Golden Gate and the Aurora (and Portland's equivalent) Bridges, or into lifelong funk.

Some among us are true rope-dancers—mtn climbers, long-distance sailors, pilots...edge-dancers, and come to their sought grief...
the uses of resentment:

--mine at all the time spent, in Grandma's company, with the Ringers; part of that was a more general resentment about the time not being put to use; diddling away in talk instead of reading, for ex; and the lack of fact in all the gossip and storying being done.

--Eiseley, famous man of the long view, shows resentment in All the Strange Hours (about abandonment by his schoolhood chum--'The Letter' ch.)

--Kipling in his stories about brother and sister in cruel boarding situation.

--thin(?) (maybe it's substantial?) border between resentment and hate
00 Solitaire

--my working w/ file cards
from Ideas notebook:

Joseph Conrad, Joan Baez, and the Hutterites: what they have in common
is an unawareness of impossibility; sense of craft; and they are unembarrassed.
from Ideas notebook:

the dilemma of someone like Grandma, when faced with the Joslin-Badgett habit of calling each other by last name. (G'ma was comfortable calling people "Mrs." or by first name, but not this affectation.)
Honoring doctors from University of Montana:

Did you hear that huge wheat needed an


"Buy the offer was made in vain."

Bank of British North America, pledged one

"David's note, the fastest man ever."

Sophistication to the community, p. 298.

"In style, smoked a small, wooden pipe with a soft, navy hat and gray trousers, in the one-

ade, a shrewd Scot, lived in appropriate

Here, in carelessness, lies thousands of dollars on one.

Ivan,

Dear Jerry—

I was hugely heartened about the Doig background when you sent the excerpt about the fastidious, sophisticated one in Berton's book. A lot better than the Borebear back in Scotland, a provost of Brechin, who inspired the local ditty:

"Provost Doig's dead, God be thankit;
Many a better dog's dead, since he was whelpit."

Yup, I did hear about Dave Walter's honorary, very nice, virtue finally rewarded.

Hope you're wintering through okay, and that we can cross paths with you later this year.

all best,
chapter--perhaps on my turn toward writing fiction?--using Sea Runners Journal?
alternate title: Shelf Life
Widow Lines

--on editing? what stays, what goes?
--on scenes that don't fit, but are kept for later? (Grasshopper poisoning.)
--on good stuff from interviews or research that just never fits?
It's not as if all this (writing) was taking place in an aquarium. The writer floating dreamily all day long in the fluid of thought and word, and at suppertime the figure of God—in the unlikely disguise of a literary critic—drops in the fish food to him. (The point being, books have to sell, have to be caused to sell.)

This doesn't go as far as Samuel Johnson did, in his famous saying that "nobody but a blockhead ever wrote but for money." (check exact quote) A lot of people have, and have made big marks in the world while Dr. Johnson amounts to a smug footnote. (Or creation of his press agent, the first of that ilk, Boswell.) Karl Marx, with Das Kapital; poet/heir James Merrill; Winston Churchill; Wallace Stevens, Wm Carlos Williams...