

— Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

(p. 147, W'berg - "Israel")

March 10, 1981

Today during the walk up to Sh'line ~~(and maybe the sauna there)~~, occurred to me to add the couple of proverbial bits--paper is the schoolman's forest, etc.--to the Rosenberg scene, and to say something here about the effort I'm making ~~with~~ to put a proverbial sound into this ms. The aim is to tap into the interest proverbs hold for us; they're nuggets of idea and language, and we all respond to their gleam. Thus, the proverbial tang of M's dialogue; and I'm considering whether to put biblical flavor into W's interior monologues. Have ransacked a number of books of seaman's slang and the like, to pattern M's talk on. Also, I trust that my proverbs aren't diluted too much by the fact that a number of them, I've made up.

the insides of language: some properties or elements avbl to writer of English prose

--private languages (slang): language trying to enliven itself, or excel itself.

Every group with some kind of common interest or occupation does this.

--Pacific Pipeline, picker and packers.

--students, Ace-Bullet-C (hook)-Death-Flag

--in Eng Crk, USFS vocabulary: emergency firefighters are EFFs

smokechasers

kelleygrams (a play on telegrams)

dialects

--ranch ~~vocabulary~~: pp. 221-223, how the hay hands say hello

--saloon vocabulary: 3 generations of drinking toasts--

"Here's how" & "Here's lead in your pencil"

"Broth to the ill, stilts to the lame."

"We'll have another round of jelly sandwiches."

--drinks themselves: with water called a ditch, so:

Jick: scotch ditch

Mariah: Canadian whiskey called Lord Calvert,
thus a Lord ditch.

--how words sound on the paper:

sometimes merely a matter of alliteration, 2 or more words having the same initial sound:

p. 226, Wisdom Johnson suffering on stack

~~placement~~

sentence structure sometimes helps the meaning of the words:

Faulkner's "The Bear": "There was a man and a dog too this time." (immediately implied,
what abt other times?

"bougainvillea"

blurts of rodeo announcer

road rhythm, Mariah p. 215

put on board: All that summer long she was out in the bougainvillea, kissing collge boys.

Ace

Bullet

C hook

Death

Flag

Prairie Nocturne

watermark whisper

ms p. 162, the line "Hallway noises roused him out of the ^{watermark whisper} murmurs of the papers."

--originally, "out of the silent eloquent papers."

--then, "out of the silent eloquences of the papers."

do s'thing radical

1/2 hr or so - then yr gns

how does an article begin: - Sarah Ferrell - I was reluctant; ^{actual} pay is

materials to work with: program, C's pics, diary entry

- my sheet of notes: finding lead

- possible places names: why ^{(borough; Scottish} ^{municipality)} ^{entirety of} ^{Newton Bridge, Kenmore, Landon town} ^{rhyme} ^{Musselburgh}

(only got 400 words, & expended at 100 - 92, actually - in 2nd stc)
2nd sentence: longest in NY - that day - not advised in who's writing.

- bravado: previous one, C Fletcher Knobel, Jeremy Bernstein, Ely Talbot

- intrinsic value: flow, packing in info, carrying reader along a period

read: Burton & Faulkner

change rhythm; relief to reader

- splendid in grass - w'orth resonance

"Lassiehund": writer's ear, & notebk

- panting pride: p sounds

yes & nein echoes "L'hund"; lingual macaroni

face situation that reader prob'ly doesn't a blessed thing o sh dog trial.

First of all, what's a shp dog: (pass around Dewar's ad)

transition: at least as bracing, though. Consider - begins explant's

- everything that had to be left out: really hard part of writing this

- commands; details of course

slip in its relevance to me: "way round 'em, Step."

into tiny pen: sentence replicates dog's action, ends as sheep do, in pen.

(one more item to be passed around - it's upcoming - describe

of country - I've always wanted to do this, ^{do a slide show} pass around a slide - ignore - char in corner & cows in bynd, just

ok @ country side, which we're coming to fairly soon)

What is significance of any of this? Sarah & wanted us to write a some epiphany we'd had. (a sudden flash of recognition). I'm not all that keen on epiphanies, yet when Sarah asked me to write a s' thing, 'sk dog trials came imed'ly to mind.

So, explain what ritual smoo is

transhumance, in Montauillon (14th c. Fr village)

- in die; like fellow talking prose all his life; ^{readers don't mind. learn's s' thing}
- as so often, Bible saves writerly skin:

"Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of ground."

trans:
across
humane:
from humans,
earth

about out of space. Have- desc'd entry yet - no Yorkshire, like Herriot. (We've just been villocal, ^{anyway} so we'll put a camel in. saintly vet'n's arms)

dog after dog had his day. Cluck? - close, at least,

- from 19th c. B. in winter George Borrow - "Youth will be served, every dog has his day, & mine has been a fine one."

- Calvin Trillin: lay while sun shines, pruni. pump to bang ^{water}

final sentences: linking "across-earthen" back to roots of

"transh'ce", "rhythm of renewal" back to "shame jny of replant"

- link final sentce, 'word for mine' to def'n'g of 'thce';

& thus showing recognition of similarity

send it in, epiphanously yrs

post mortem: of o a dozen NYT pieces, 1st not pencil laid to.

show. mag: best aud'ce ed with for - & pay of \$200,

epiphany--a sudden flash of recognition of something; a manifestation that shows
you a connection

perhaps the most deliberate and famous one in 20th century literature is the ending of the James Joyce story, "The Dead", when Gabriel Conroy realizes his wife Gretta is still in love with a boy, now dead, she knew long before their marriage. After Gretta goes to bed, he stands at the window watching the snow begin to fall on Dublin, conscious as never before of the continuing presence and influence of the dead and the past. The famous last line: "His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead."

"The Dead" by James Joyce

DUBLINERS

Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman, but he knew that such a feeling must be love. The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes and in the partial darkness he imagined he saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence. His own identity was fading out into a grey impalpable world: the solid world itself, which these dead had one time reared and lived in, was dissolving and dwindling.

A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.



*Other new Penguin fiction
is described on the
following pages*

Dogs never say anything about it, but the truth is that they spent their time on Noah's ark in dissipation. (like pic of dogs playing poker)

--All except one breed of canine. The one that came up the gangplank late (last tree to be visited) and ended up quartered with the sheep.

The fact of the matter is the canine contingent spent its ark time
in dissipation. Oh, Noah tried to...

I was as entranced as dogs being commanded
"Way round 'em, Step!"
3-dog night

dog from Shroton Farm was making his run when we finally
found place
Well, yes & no (Lassie hunt) Lassie
silent running
rocket silent compared to collies of Lassie's etc.
science, Eloquent of task & competence
splendid in grass

I had come merely miles from comfortable Elough
by time no run was done, I knew I had ^{traveled across a distance of} ~~come~~ ³⁰ length of 35 yrs
to see this

transhumanes - another word for that in travel
connection
What they are is magnificently intent
will (power)

rhythm of renewal, of a verily freshly ruled again.
They run daylong, ^{competitors} silent cantabants

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE/PART 2/MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

*Author of "Dancing at the
Rascal Fair"*

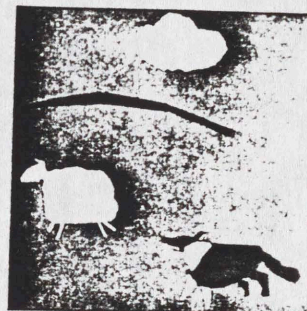
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE / PART 2 / MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

Author of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair"

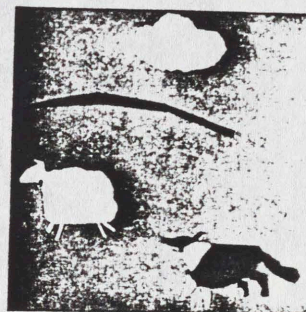
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE/PART 2/MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

Author of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair"

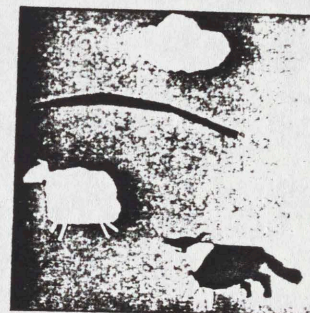
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craighielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE/PART 2/MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

Author of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair"

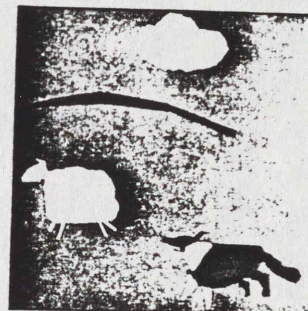
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE / PART 2 / MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

Author of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair"

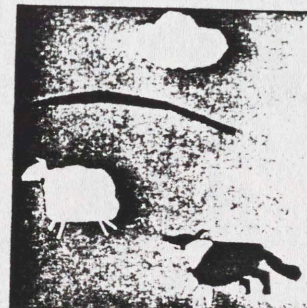
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craighielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE/PART 2/MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

Author of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair"

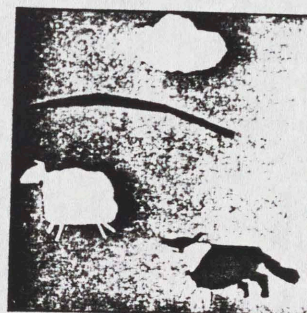
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craighielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE/PART 2/MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

*Author of "Dancing at the
Rascal Fair"*

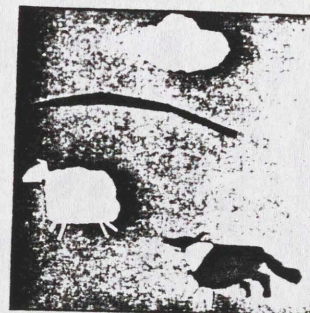
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craighielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE/PART 2/MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

*Author of "Dancing at the
Rascal Fair"*

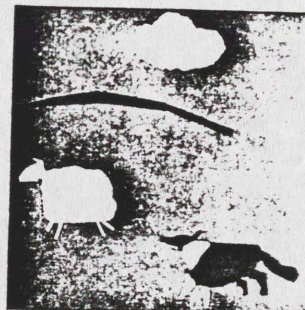
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE / PART 2 / MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

*Author of "Dancing at the
Rascal Fair"*

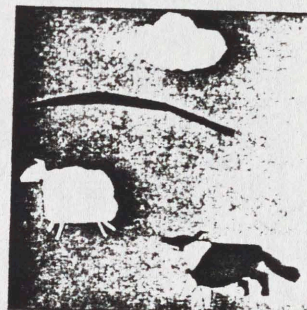
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE/PART 2/MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

Author of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair"

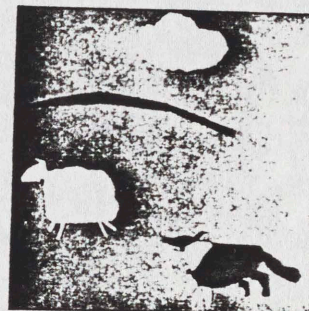
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craighielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE / PART 2 / MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

Author of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair"

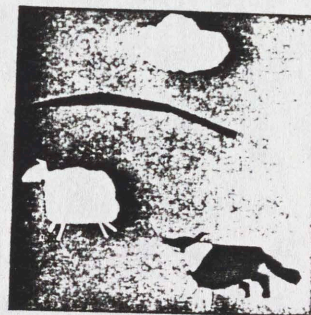
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE/PART 2/MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

*Author of "Dancing at the
Rascal Fair"*

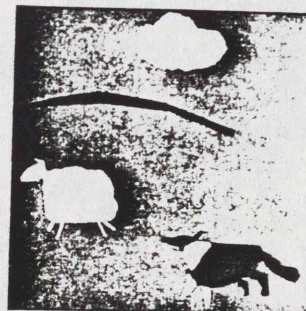
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigiels and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE/PART 2/MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

*Author of "Dancing at the
Rascal Fair"*

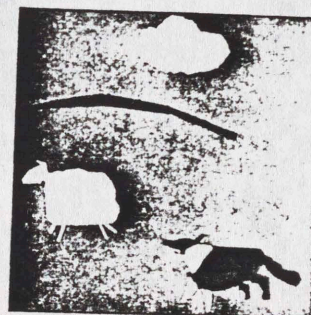
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE / PART 2 / MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

Author of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair"

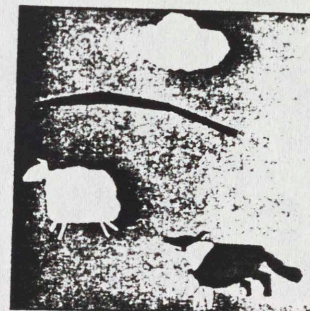
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craighielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

33 copies

THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE/PART 2/MARCH 13, 1988

AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

Author of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair"

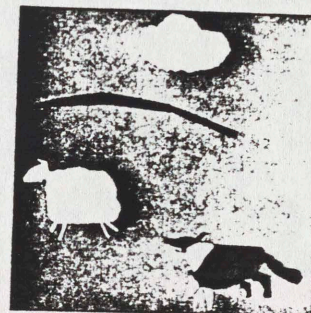
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigielands and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."



There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."

liam Faulkner. To a single independent clause he may append a page of additions, but usually all clear, all grammatical, once we have learned how to read him. Or, if you prefer, study Hemingway, the master of the simple sentence: "George was coming down in the telemark position, kneeling, one leg forward and bent, the other trailing, his sticks hanging like some insect's thin legs, kicking up puffs of snow, and finally the whole kneeling, trailing figure coming around in a beautiful right curve, crouching, the legs shot forward and back, the body leaning out against the swing, the sticks accenting the curve like points of light, all in a wild cloud of snow." Only from the standpoint of school grammar is this a simple sentence.

This brings me to the fourth, and last, principle, that of texture. *Texture* provides a descriptive or evaluative term. If a writer adds to few of his nouns or verbs or main clauses and adds little, the texture may be said to be thin. The style will be plain or bare. The writing of most of our students is thin—even threadbare. But if he adds frequently or much or both, then the texture may be said to be dense or rich. One of the marks of an effective style, especially in narrative, is variety in the texture, the texture varying with the change in pace, the variation in texture producing the change in pace. It is not true, as I have seen it asserted, that fast action calls for short sentences; the action is fast in the sentence by Hemingway above. In our classes, we have to work for greater density and variety in texture and greater concreteness and particularity in what is added.

I have been operating at a fairly high level of generality. Now I must downshift and go over the same

points with examples. The most graphic way to exhibit the layers of structure is to indent the word groups of a sentence and to number the levels. The first three sentences illustrate the various positions of the added sentence modifiers—initial, medial, and final. The symbols mark the grammatical character of the additions: SC, subordinate clause; RC, relative clause; NC, noun cluster; VC, verb cluster; AC, adjective cluster; A + A, adjective series; Abs, absolute (i.e., a VC with a subject of its own); PP, prepositional phrase. The elements set off as on a lower level are marked as sentence modifiers by junctures or punctuation. The examples have been chosen to illustrate the range of constructions used in the lower levels; after the first few they are arranged by the number of levels. The examples could have been drawn from poetry as well as from prose. Those not attributed are by students.

1

- 1 He dipped his hands in the bichloride solution and shook them,
 - 2 a quick shake, (NC)
 - 3 fingers down, (Abs)
 - 4 like the fingers of a pianist above the keys. (PP)
- Sinclair Lewis

2

- 2 Calico-coated, (AC)
- 2 small-bodied, (AC)
- 3 with delicate legs and pink faces in which their mismatched eyes rolled wild and subdued, (PP)
- 1 they huddled,
- 2 gaudy motionless and alert, (A + A)
- 2 wild as deer, (AC)
- 2 deadly as rattlesnakes, (AC)
- 2 quiet as doves. (AC)

William Faulkner

(Spotted Horses)

fired, the less attention it drew to itself the better—like a torpedo churning quiet toward its goal. Agnew has a neckless, lidded flow to him, with wraparound hair, a tubular perfection to his suits or golf outfits, quiet burbling oratory. Subaquatic. He was almost out of sight by campaign's end; but a good sonar system could hear him burrowing ahead, on course.

Three typically fine leads, all doing their job with precise detail, unexpected imagery and words as surprising as a rare bird. Wills is holding his reader in a tight grip but never patronizing him.

And yet there can be no fixed rules. Within the broad principle of not letting the reader get away, every writer must approach his subject in a manner that most naturally suits what he is writing about and who he is. In proof of which, I'll close with the lead of an article on rugby written by Richard Burton, the actor. Its second sentence is one of the longest I've ever seen, but it is under control all the way. Besides, it sounds very Welsh, and if that's how Welshmen talk it's how they ought to write:

It's difficult for me to know where to start with rugby. I come from a fanatically rugby-conscious Welsh miner's family, know so much about it, have read so much about it, have heard with delight so many massive lies and stupendous exaggerations about it and have contributed my own fair share, and five of my six brothers played it, one with some distinction, and I mean I even knew a Welsh woman from Taibach who before a home match at Aberavon would drop goals from around 40 yards with either foot to entertain the crowd, and her name, I remember, was Annie Mort and she wore sturdy shoes, the kind one reads about in books as "sensible," though the recipient of a kick from one of Annie's shoes would have been not so much sensible as insensible, and I even knew a chap called Five-Cush Cannon who won the sixth replay of a cup final (the previous five encounters

having ended with the scores 0-0, 0-0, 0-0, 0-0, 0-0, including extra time) by throwing the ball over the bar from a scrum 10 yards out in a deep fog and claiming a dropped goal. And getting it.

Musselburgh was a borough
when Edinburgh was none;
and Musselburgh will be a borough
when Edinburgh is gone.

Talk to C's comm class,
May 11, '82

• insides of language

- properties or elements available to a writer 7 Eng prose

(2)

- sound of words: how they sound on paper

- Trig Town

- cold quick surf: WBros, p. 8

- placement: Chariots use of pause: hesitation

- W'berg
- parallel construction gives itself legs to stand on: Scotch oats

- Philip Howard (inner ear)

patterns & rhythms: inner logic, inner music

- ship names, WBros, 101

use last

reinvention

- Ladle Pot Rotten Hat

Phonetic News

- Sinnering Gallacks Seas

optical

- obvious as possible: direct statement

- Reviews

- Moby-Dick

- E. Ambler

- Out of Africa

(1)

- private languages - slang: language trying to enliven itself, or excel itself.

- Wm words for liquor & hangover - ditch: Scotch ditch
Lord ditch

- brands

- Tarantula

Warren bombers

- dialect

Valley Girls
computer hackers

7 Lion Guard Mth

Ace
Bullet
at Horde
D?
+ bag

Out of Africa they come, • inexhaustible runners of Kenya.

And now here are baseball scores: 3-2, 10-3, 2-1, 7-2 & 5-0

FOLKLIFE

Riding the range with cowboy poet D.W. Groethe

By Alexandra Swaney
Director of Folklife

Last spring I received a call from Thea Austen of the American Folklife Center who informed me that Montana cowboy poet and singer D.W. Groethe had been selected for the July performance at the Folklife Center's "Homegrown" noon concert series. The center sponsors one of these concerts at the Library of Congress each month, presenting outstanding traditional artists from the 50 states.

Thea invited me to come along to introduce D.W. at the concert and to accompany him that evening to another concert he would give at the Kennedy Center's Millennium stage. She also asked me to write a short essay about him and interview him for the library's archives.

In addition, I was asked to give a Botkin lecture at the library describing Montana folklife and the work we have accomplished at the Montana Arts Council in the past 10 years. The lecture series is named after Benjamin Botkin, a pioneering folklorist who, among other accomplishments, was folklore editor of the national Writer's Project, and head of the Archive of American Folksong. All in all, it was quite an assignment.

I had talked to D.W. on the phone, and listened to some of his CDs and an interview with him done by fieldworker Jens Lund for the multi-state Missouri River Project. But I decided the least I could do was meet him in person before introducing him to an audience clear across the country.

When I was up in the Fort Peck area for several events in May, we made arrangements to meet on his home ground, about 15 miles west of the North Dakota border. I was a little weary when I pulled into our meeting place, the roadside coffee shop-convenience store just outside of Bainville; I had driven through two cloudbursts in 70 miles of travel from Wolf Point.

Shortly after I arrived, an earlier model pickup truck pulled up and out comes a guy with hat, boots, jeans and a mustache. No mistaking D.W. After chatting for a while, we decided to go on over to Williston for dinner, and pretty soon we were deep in conversation about our similarities and differences as Montanans.

D.W. is a MonDak original. For those of us that don't know, that part of the Great Plains is called MonDak by some, referring to the fact that eastern Montana and western North Dakota are more like each other than like the other parts of those states. People who

live in MonDak experience a different regional, environmental and cultural reality.

Prairie and badlands underlie the big sky, and there are fewer people, with more quiet, longer distances and fewer four-lane highways. There are several Indian reservations in the region, and it is definitely cowboy country. D.W.'s original tunes and stories and warm, dryly-textured voice bring up the images and feel of life on the prairie.

D.W. is also a *Norski*. He was born on the family farm, just across the line in North Dakota, where his grandfather, who came from Norway, established a homestead in 1903. In an interesting twist, we discovered our grand-

and immersed himself in Dylan and old-style country music (not country-western).

"I was in some good bands," he says. "But I never got to do my own music, because I write in an old style." After his mom and dad died, he discovered some boxes of poems he'd written in grade school and high school. Taking the advice "write about what you know," he decided he could write songs about his life on the plains. He has been doing it ever since.

These days, the Groethe place in western North Dakota is leased out to another member of the family. D.W. moved to Montana in 1991; that side of the border suited him and he stayed, accompanied by a faithful dog.

He works as a ranch hand for three different

outfits; he says it's economically efficient for ranch owners and ranch hands alike.

That job also helps him with his music. "I love fencing, I get out there, I'm by myself, I can sit and holler and yodel," he says. "It is kind of like learning to fiddle. You gotta be out in the middle of nowhere."

He has produced four CDs and has performed at many cowboy poetry gatherings, including Medora and Elko. D.W.'s original tunes offer a witty take on the life of a single man who leads a life on the range in the early 21st century. D.W. says, "I am a bachelor and I got a dog for a roommate. Things are working

"I am a bachelor and I got a dog for a roommate. Things are working out just fine. If he had opposable thumbs, I'd have a clean house."

— D.W. Groethe



fathers knew each other. My grandfather, also a Norwegian immigrant, was the first pastor at the church where D.W.'s grandfather played the organ.

He came by his musical ability through that grandfather and his father, who was a fiddle player and singer, but it was his mother who really facilitated it when, at an early age, D.W. made her promise to buy him a piano and she did.

He started piano lessons in the first week of second grade and took them for 10 years. After graduating from high school, back in the "long-hair, hippie days," he worked as a keyboard player in several successful country, folk, rock and hardcore rock bands and studied in stints for a theater degree from the University of North Dakota.

His theater training helped him learn how to perform and sing, but realizing that he sounded like every other man who sang theater music, he decided to return to what for him was a more natural way of singing. He listened closely to Hank Williams and learned Travis-style picking,

out just fine. If he had opposable thumbs, I'd have a clean house."

The concerts in Washington, D.C., were well attended and the audiences loved D.W.; the technician from the Library of Congress who recorded our interview said he had never laughed so hard during an interview, and my lecture went really well too.

Before we left, D.W. said, "I'm a book man; I've gotta see that great hall (of the Library of Congress)." Whereupon our gracious hostess Thea took us through the hall, pointing out the altars to the various gods and goddesses and luminaries of wisdom such as Athena, and the spectacular marble work wrought by artisans brought especially from Italy in the late 19th century.

We saw a Gutenberg Bible and the hand-copied Bible from which the Gutenberg was designed. It did feel like a place that was sacred, where all kinds of wisdom are valued, including the wisdom learned riding the range.

CAN offers arts-rich website

The Community Arts Network (CAN) hosts a website that offers a living archaeology of information about community-based arts. Go to www.communityarts.net and find:

- The CAN Reading Room, which offers a large database of articles from High Performance magazine.
- A monthly newsletter, APInews, which can be subscribed to free of charge.

Resources, a bookstore and forums are also available.

Professional artists offer marketing advice

Professional artists will share marketing tips in the Marketing for Artists Workshop, 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Nov. 19 at Fairmont Hot Springs Resort near Anaconda.

Arts experts will cover such topics as "Evolution of the Artist as a Business Person," "Principles of Marketing for Artists," "Succeeding at Different Venues," "Southwest Montana's SMART JOBS Program for Artists," "Successfully Using the Internet to Market" and more. Successful artists will participate in a panel discussion, and the keynote speech at lunch will offer an overview of what's happening in Montana for artists and Montana Arts Council programs.

The conference is sponsored by Headwaters Resource, Conservation and Development, MSU Extension Service, Copper Village Arts Center, Arts Chateau and SMART JOBS. Registration fee is \$45 and includes lunch and handouts.

More information and a conference brochure can be obtained by e-mailing bandreozzi@montana.edu, calling 406-782-7333 or by sending in \$45 with your name, address, phone and e-mail to Headwaters RC&D, 305 W. Mercury Street, Butte, MT 59701. Please indicate it is for the Marketing for Artists workshop on Nov. 19.

Arts in Education



11

Reminder: Professional development workshops coming in October

The Montana Arts Council's Arts Education program, in partnership with the Montana Alliance for Arts Education, is offering professional development workshops for teachers and teaching artists Oct. 20-22, 2005, in Missoula.

For teaching artists of all disciplines and age groups:

• Sharing your Artform: Tools for Artists with Eric Johnson

This workshop will be 8:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m. Saturday, Oct. 22, at the Missoula Children's Theatre. Registration forms are available on MAC's website at art.state.mt.us/artists/artists_profdevl.asp or you can request a form by calling the Arts Education Hotline at 800-282-3092.

The following workshops will be presented at the 2005 MEA-MFT Educators' Conference in Missoula, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, at Sentinel High School.

Thursday, Oct. 20, 2005:

- Leslie Fontana: *Integrating Elementary Art with Math and Reading and New Methods in Art Education for Elementary Classroom teachers*
- Karen Kaufmann: *Creative Movement in the Classroom*

Friday, Oct. 21, 2005

- Leslie Fontana: *New methods in Art Education for Elementary Classroom Teachers*

• Eric Johnson: *Bring Writing to Life... Through Movement!*

Workshop 1: Conventions, Word Choice
Workshop 2: Ideas, Voice

Eric will also be available in the Montana Alliance for Arts Education hospitality room noon to 1 p.m. for conversations with teachers.

• Don Kukla: *Storytelling Through the Dramatic Arts*

• Beck McLaughlin: *Montana Arts Council's Artists in School and Communities grants*

To register for these workshops, contact MEA-MFT at 800-398-0826 or download a registration form at www.mea-mft.org.

Arts in Education Hotline

The Montana Arts Council has a toll-free hotline for Arts in Education. Sponsors wishing to apply for grant support for the Artists in Schools and Communities program can call 800-282-3092 for answers to their questions.

The Montana Arts Council will assist callers with project design and application procedures. It can also offer advice on other matters in the area of arts and education and community residencies.

Artists who would like to be included in the Artist Registry may also call for applications.

Harris Poll shows that Americans value arts education

A new Harris Poll released June 13 on the attitudes of Americans toward arts education revealed that 93 percent of Americans agree that the arts are vital to providing a well-rounded education for children. Additionally, 54 percent rated the importance of arts education a "ten" on a scale of one to ten.

The telephone survey was conducted as part of an ongoing public service campaign – "Art. Ask for More." – developed by Americans for the Arts, the Ad Council, and the Austin-based advertising agency GSD&M. The results of the survey were announced by Peggy Conlon, president and CEO of the Ad Council, during her keynote address at the annual convention of Americans for the Arts in Austin, TX.

The survey reveals additional strong support among Americans for arts education:

- 86 percent of Americans agree that an arts education encourages and assists in the improvement of a child's attitudes toward school.
- 83 percent of Americans believe that arts education helps teach children to communicate effectively with adults and peers.
- 79 percent of Americans agree that incorporating arts into education is the first step in adding back what's missing in public education today.

• 79 percent of Americans believe that it's important enough for them to get personally involved in increasing the amount and quality of arts education.

At the same time, it reveals uncertainty among "those involved in the life of a child" about how to become involved in advocating for arts education in schools:

- 62 percent believe that there are other people or organizations in the community who are better suited to take action (than they are).
- 40 percent say that they do not know how to get involved in arts education.

With these results, the public service campaign will now expand its message about promoting arts education to a message of empowering parents with more specific tools on how to make a difference in the arts in their communities.

According to Robert L. Lynch, president and CEO of Americans for the Arts, "These survey results show that there is a consensus among the American people that the arts are vital to a well-rounded education. They underscore the need to continue the effort to expand arts education in America's schools and communities."

The Harris Poll was conducted by telephone in May of 2005 among 1,000 Americans, 18 years of age or older.

The "Art. Ask for More." campaign has been running in print, television and radio, and alternative media for three years. The campaign has received more than \$110 million in national media donations to date and includes participation from 367 local partners nationwide. The success of the campaign is due largely to these hundreds of local Americans for the Arts partners.

These advertisements have received placement in *The New York Times*, *USA Today*, *Parade* and *Time*, as well as airing on the major broadcast TV, cable, and radio networks, and in the country's top-100 media markets.

For additional information on the survey or the campaign, please contact John Bianchi at 212-576-2700, ext. 228 or e-mail jbianchi@goodmanmedia.com.

Americans for the Arts is the leading nonprofit organization for advancing the arts in America. With offices in Washington, DC, and New York City, it has a record of more than 40 years of service. Americans for the Arts is dedicated to representing and serving local communities and creating opportunities for every American to participate in and appreciate all forms of the arts. Additional information is available at www.AmericansForTheArts.org.



Coyote stories

Tears of Joy puppet theatre in Portland, OR, regaled Dillon students with stories about the rascally coyote during an artist residency in April, sponsored by the Southwest Montana Arts Council and the Camp Fortunate Chapter of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation.

(Photos by Elaine Spicer, reprinted with permission from the *Dillon Tribune*)



10-3-05



Lawrence J. Casey
2678 Stanton St.
North Bend, OR 97459

Hello Ivan,

My name is Larry Casey, I grew up in Montana - Great Falls + Helena, graduated HHS in 1940. I'm 16 years older than you. After WWII when I flew Army Air Corps fighter planes (P-40 & P-47) I enrolled at MSU, studied forest + range management and got a B.S. degree in forestry. Made my living working for the Bureau of Land Management. But enough about me.

I'll be attending Trailing of the Sheep Festival including your presentation.

As I read This House of Sky I marvelled at the similarities in our lives. Not that I was a sheep rancher, far from it, but I spent many summers on my cousin's ranch near Havre, learned to drive a tractor, sang "Ivan Skavinsky Skavar", fished the creeks, rivers + lakes of Lewis & Clark and Meagher counties, danced in White Sulphur, hunted ducks and quail along the Missouri River. On rear jacket one of your critics praised your "ability to awaken a longing for an inexplicable past" -- and your book has done that to me.

Now I want to tell you about a book written by Dr. Gail F. Fletchall, now deceased. It came out in 1977, just a year before your House of Sky book. Title: Oregon Wool and Natural Dyeing. 115 pages, paper bound, 8" x 10 3/4", cover showing sheep grazing in the foot hills of the Coast Range. It's a scholarly work. My daughter, Kathleen Fletchall, has two cartons of the book. She's willing to mail them at her expense to anyone requesting a book and I will announce that fact at appropriate times during the Festival.

Perhaps you have some ideas that would add to the success of this project.

"My homes in Montana, I wear a bandana ---" Sincerely,
Larry Casey

Haida art: a kind of artistic hyphenation--like Faulkner's impulse
to put all the world into one sentence (parody of Faulkner's rush of
adjectives?)

"You've got to have felony snaps to get the cuts."

--You've got to have good (i.e., plenty, ample) money to buy the music.

--source: Marty Christianson CMU 202 term paper in "high school..." lingo file

possibly combine this w/ Tom Allen of CBC telling of his music school days when they adopted "Buxtehude" (Dietrich B., 17th c. composer) as slang for money, as in "You got any Buxtehude?" They even knew what kind of car he drove back there in the 1600s: a Buxtehudebaker.

Haida art: eyes like eyemasks worn to masquerade, but with
great flat pupils, which at once are staring blank and pulling
in all the world.

narrative poem-like lines from Sea Runners:

A high-standing sea of mountains,
White caps of snow and ice and
Rock, with arms of the Pacific,
Blue fjords and inlets/thrusting in
At whatever chance:/Alaska's locked grapple
of continent and ocean.

step-by-step writing example/lecture (sheepdog trials, Gov's Writers Day forum '88)

is in NY Times file

Sea Runners as a book has had an adventurous life. It's the one book out of my 9 that has been bought for the movies; on the other hand, the guys who bought the film rights show absolutely no sign that they know anything about making a movie. The book has been stocked, down through the years, in a number of nautical supply stores--that is, where kayakers and canoeists shop. Which, given the 50% mortality rate of the characters in the book, ^{always} makes me a little nervous.

It's also the book of mine which has had the most wretched paperback covers. ~~(known 2 mean this version)~~ The current one is not so bad--kind of moody and swampy... But the previous one has this Rockwell Kent scene, evidently the coast of Maine.. My sentimental favorite is this first version, with the birchbark motif...

But also, more than any other book of mine, the Sea Runners has its own diary--a kind of journal, done on file cards, that I consciously kept during the writing of the book. Among other things here today, I'll be reading you some dabs from that journal, to try to show you how ideas and impressions and little turns of fate get translated into fiction.

The Sea Runners was my first piece of fiction, of any kind. I had never written a short story, never tried a novel before.... And inasmuch as my first 2 books, both non-fiction (This House of Sky & Winter Brothers), were both finalists for national book prizes, my publisher at the time was nowhere near happy about my trying my hand at fiction. But...

Sea Runners

--found story by accident, 11" article

--wanted to tell that story, journey down this great coast

--what do ^{people}~~men~~ do when they're in over their heads; have to cope c more than expected to

--in terms of style, I wanted to do it in an old-fangled narrative way, as if the story always had existed and just was waiting to be told by some mid-air voice. But I also wanted to focus on the moments, individual episodes--and so the book has all the scenes it does.



in Charlottes; abt 300 yds of contorted rock

as space port; shaggy enough

so to speak "

their draw. psychopaths "

now; Bishop Innocent: Metropolitan of Moscow

; clock in St. Michael Cathedral

it

Sea Runners

--found story by accident, 11" article

--wanted to tell that story, journey down this great coast

--what do ^{people} ~~men~~ do when they're in over their heads; have to cope c more than expected to

--in terms of style, I wanted to do it in an old-fangled narrative way, as if the story always had existed and just was waiting to be told by some mid-air voice. But I also wanted to focus on the moments, individual episodes--and so the book has all the scenes it does.

--Tow Hill, in Qn Charlottes; abt 300 yds of contorted rock

- New Archangel as space port; shaggy enough

- "fire & water, so to speak"

- "intimate frontier draw. psychopaths"

- Father Veniamanov; Bishop Innocent; Metropolitan of Moscow

- sundial watch; clock in St. Michael Cathedral

- Adolph Scholin

- up to Southeast

Mortar Board/2

in terms of style, I wanted to the novel in an old-fangled narrative way, as if the story always had existed and just was waiting to be told by some mid-air voice. But I also wanted to focus on the moments, individual episodes--and so the book has all the scenes it does. (read p. 19-20, on empires as constellations; then p. 103, embers of pattern)

The settings of the book: 9000 mi, *St. P to Kodiak I.*; 2700 mi, *Orcutt-Kodiak*

--New Archangel, space port of its time; not quite like the bar scene in Star Wars, but shaggy enough. *Baranov once went 4 yrs without hearing from St. P's*

--people who have been through "fire and water, so to speak"

--but also people of accomplishment: Baranov; Adolph Etholin; Father Veniamanov, later Bishop Innocent and later Metropolitan of Moscow--carved clocks

--Sitka: pacing off distances; help of local historical society

--Gene Irvine, Sitka park ranger: asked him about what wood they'd smell in the shipyard; how high the tides, which way wind blows in morn and evening; he provided Wm Blake quote, "art cannot exist but in minutely organized particulars"

--Juneau: Tebenkov *maps*, found last afternoon of 4 days' research at Alaska historical Library; white gloves to handle; huge portfolio, from about 1850. *read p. 111*

--Bancroft Library: James C. Ward, July 1853, "3 wks in Sitka"--clerk's notes on much longer diary. Details such as fuschias and pansies; also, instead of kvass or vodka--rum-shampagne.

Mortar Board/1

--One thing I'm determined not to do ~~tonight~~^{today}--something I've learned from the horrific example of a few other reviewers of the Sea Runners--will be to give away the plot of the novel. This is the first book of mine where plot has really counted for anything, so maybe I'm hypersensitive on the point, but I've been astounded 3 or 4 times this fall to read reviews which give away every turn of the plot. I keep telling myself, my god, if they were reviewing a mystery, would they begin by saying, "The butler did it."?

--I can, though, try to sketch what the book is about. It's a story I found by accident, this 11" newspaper article...

--I wanted to tell that story, the journey down this great coast

--Among other things, the book tries to explore what people do when they're in over their heads; when they have to cope with more than they expected to.

The men of the book are: (read descpts of each except Wennberg; read "can't see ears")

--There's also a fifth character, the coast: read p.95-6

(waiting around P.R. report)

Mortar Board/3

--Coastline: Alpha Helix, 133' long, research vessel of the Institute of Marine Science at the U. of Alaska; crew of 9, 3 of them named Mike; like a big fishboat; I stood double watch.

--Wennberg's seasickness, intensification of mine crossing Milbanke Sound and Qn Ch Sound.

--Chancellor Howard Cutler and Enid: serving for Ruth, Genesis 29; watercolors.

up at 5, b'fast, go to bridge at 5:45 when capt. took the watch from the mate; stay till midmorn, go to cabin to write, back to bridge after lunch for afternoon; write after supper. *like ranch hand work: 3 rules - work hard as anybody else*

---Tow Hill story?

*- listen more than you talk
- don't rule, cook*

From my notebook:...sea lions alongside. . . swim like dogs, noses high. . .
make noise like orhrhrp!

Which became, in the manuscript: A thirty-nosed sea creature poked abruptly
from the water, delivered the canoeists a thunderous burp, and sank. "Sea lions,"
Karlsson called ~~...~~ *to the other men.*

From my notebook: clouds have singled out one mountain to the southeast,
blotted it...

Which became, in the manuscript: Time and again, the canoemen would see a
storm swoop onto a single mountain among many, as if sacking up a hostage as
a lesson to all the rest.

From the manuscript: Swells were spaced wide, perhaps two lengths of the canoe between crests, but regular as great slow breathings. Each swell levered up the prow of the canoe, then the craft was shrugged downward. . . . Wennberg held his paddle just above the lapping waves, as though trying to recall whether water or air was the element in which it operated. His face hung open in surprise. His mouth made motions but no sound. Then: "I'm. Getting. Sick."

That scene also,
~~A scene which~~ I have mixed emotions to say, also originated in my notebook:
"Queen Charlotte Sound . . . Knowing we'd hit the Queen Charlotte swells about 3,
prepared myself with seasickness pill, then handful of gorp for energy, then
propped myself in open door of the bridge for fresh air, by god determined I'd
stick out the entire Queen Charlotte crossing . . . Twenty minutes later, was
sprawled flat on my bunk."

I suppose it's not possible to talk about western ^{or Northwestern} writing without referring to the look and feel of the country--although you may have noticed I've delayed this particular topic about as long as I decently could. I have a sort of low-grade perpetual critics argument with ~~people~~ who seem to think that because landscape constitutes a lot of what's in books set in the west, it constitutes damn near everything. But I'll try sort that out in a minute. First I have to say that landscape of course ~~is~~ ^{can be} Northwestern a particularly potent element for a ~~western~~ writer of either non-fiction or fiction. My current novel, The Sea Runners, for instance ~~The novel I've just finished, and which will be published this fall, for instance~~ involves the coast all the way from Sitka down to Astoria.

42

It's the fictional version of an incident I came across by accident during the research for Winter Brothers--the story of four men who in 1853 fled from indentureship to the Russians at Sitka--New Archangel, it was then--and headed down the coast for Astoria in a stolen ^{Tlingit} Indian canoe. Well, between Sitka and Astoria is a lot of coast. So as the Montana landscape was in This House of Sky and the Cape Flattery country was in Winter Brothers, I've tried to use the North Pacific coast itself as a kind of character in this book, ~~which is titled The Sea Runners~~--tried to use the coast as a constant presence, and source of metaphor.

In short, ~~because~~ a sense of place is a major ingredient in western literature, but let's don't think it's the whole supper. In my own writing, I know that I work hardest, longest, on language. The novelist Thomas Flanagan said it best recently: "Fiction lives by the energy of its language." Flanagan practices what he preaches. --which I feel entitled to quote from here because it takes place in the west of I'nd Listen to this opening paragraph of his novel, The Year of the French, describing an Irish poet named MacCarthy, on his first steps to involvement in the Irish rebellion of 1798:

44

From my notebook, where I jotted that the forest of the British Columbia coast sometimes seemed so thick that each tree touched the trees on either side of it:

Which became, in the manuscript: Fleece-thick as this forest was, it seemed possible that every tree of the coast was in green touch with every other, limb to limb, a continent-long tagline of thicket.

heading south through the Annule Passage:

From my notebook, a scene of dawn light finding a crack between mountains and clouds.

Which became, in the manuscript: Canoe prow into water, three paddles into the shimmer sent by the craft. The near shore, the western, was coming distinct with trees now. Then within the first few hundred strokes by the canoemen

the horizon to the east brightened with low strips of dawn, as though chinking had fallen out between mountains and clouded sky.

I'm a believer, then, that the ~~the~~ marvelous geography of this corner of the country is vital to a northwestern writer. But now to the argument.

I had to do some traveling along that coast, by boat and plane and on foot, for the sake of the book, so my notebooks show some fresh first-hand examples--sometimes a little water-stained--of how the coast would make itself felt in the manuscript.

(Every so often, some Eastern reviewer of This House of Sky would refer to me as having been born and brought up in the Montana wilderness. [Now, we can all grant that some unshorn behavior has been known to occur in Montana now and again, but it's not that shaggy.])

← --it better have,

The notion of Western writing as a "literature of place" has ^{its} ~~some~~ merit or I shouldn't be up here trying to talk about it. "Place," landscape, backdrop of mountain and of plain and of hard weather, does figure large in the work of a lot of us. But I don't particularly think it's at the neglect of the people, the human stories, the Westerners who carry on their lives against the big bold landscapes of those books.

C's class

talk o research

style: how to create a voice

deadlines & drafts; how a writer works

theme?

- wk out a few instances, a #s, from bk on let bel

add:
- analogies
- Vastina
- coast

- bk born of research (tell WB's story)

- 2 trips to Alaska: Sitka, & ^{2 pieces of show & tell} Alpha Helix voyage (~~part out~~ ~~photom~~)

- patience: Tebenhar maps (white gloves etc.)

- use what presents itself: Wennberg's recollections in mine

- style: mid-19th c. story, 19th - centuryish sound, voice to book
202, "departed by gray whales"

- full of proverbs: paper is schoolman's prose (p. 55)

- rural / lower: ^{country people} oken; like as dog on grass, 181

put on board → - sound of words: p. 194 Gwedging...

" " " → - Bring me my bow of burning gold!

Bring me my armour of desire!

Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!

Bring me my chariot of fire!

" " " → (p. 147, W'berg - "much")

Wm Blake,
Milton

} Wally Nelson
Waylon Jennings
"She's a good girl"
Woman...

- getting writing done: deadline - so many wds/day

- drafts; go thru & improve & improve: verbs, adjs, rhythm
(read file ds)

C's class

talk o research

style: how to create a voice

deadlines & drafts; how a writer works
theme?

- wk out a few instances, d f's, from bk on. ltr ltr

- bk born of research (tell W B's story)

- 2 trips to Alaska: Sitka, & ^{2 pieces of show & tell} Alpha Helix voyage (~~part out~~ ^{photos})

- patience: Tebenhar maps (white gloves etc.)

- use what presents itself: Wennberg's recollection is mine

- style: mid-19th c. story, ^{202, "departed by gray whales"} 19th-centuryish sound, voice to book

- full of proverbs: paper is ^{country people} schoolman's prose (p. 85)

^{file cd} - rural / ^{some I made up} ~~latter~~ ^{oaken}; like as dog on grass, 181

put on board → - sound of words: p. 194 Grudging...

" " " → - Bring me my bow of burning gold! Wm Blake,
Miller

Bring me my armour of desire!

Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!

Bring me my chariot of fire!

" " " → (p. 147, W'berg - "much"

} Willy Nelson
Waylon Jennings
"She's a 30-170
woman..."

- getting writing done: deadline - so many wds/day

- drafts; go thru & improve & improve; verbs, adjs, rhythm
(read file cds)

Seattle U. seminar, Oct. 24, '96:

PACE

I'm told this is to be a seminar on writing - & I don't doubt that writing can be dissected. (The streets would be full of ^{university} English Teachers if it couldn't.) But there's the example of that frog back in high school biology class, isn't there - sure, you can dissect it, but some of the life can go out of it in the process.

So, before I do some talking about techniques - and taking whatever questions you'd like - let me read a bit from the seminar that got me started as a writer. It was called / high school English.

Just after I started my freshman year... Valier...

(read Mrs. T. section) from ^{this} ~~the~~ ^{House of} Sky

Well, where does a writer get stuff like that? Mrs. Tidymen died while I still was in college - by the time I was researching This House of Sky she was 15 years gone. How do I know she gardened in her nightgown?

- By going back to Montana, & talking to her next door neighbor.

- Class reunion... whatever happened to Bill Tidymen (youngest & best favored... hated)

- He's an FBI agent. "No kidding!"

Seattle U. / p. 2

Bill T'man: stories about his mother, with telling detail - that checking account his dad had to set up in the neighboring town because Mr. T. would blithely write checks on that bank.

And I think it's in the detail, the telling - the language - that writing techniques can be some help.

- ①
- ② insides of language - slang etc.
- ③ SeaRunners - 19th century
- ④ sounds on page - poetry etc.
(Blake, preface to Milton)
- ⑤ alliteration
- ⑤A - sentence structure?
- ⑥ page structure (SKIP?)

C's class

Demi Moore 6

ein /analyzer des details

Ind of Verbal Abuse

K's interior thoughts ...

craft 1. making form fit content + spaces betn #s after escape

Sounds
w/ly
mother
o p.

p. 182 - 4 days - 4 sentences

p. 267

- K's thoughts/sentences get + ragged, n

2. attention to details

- charact of fire comma / w, just,

- gravesides

PALOMB !

C's class on Heart Earth, Oct. 24 '96:

Show - & - tell: 3 pics mentioned in book - (L to R, clockwise)

- my mother, in sunburret, posed w/ dead bear
- Rhinestone Cowgirl picture (p. 19 #)
- 1 of series of pics, coyotes in "leap of death" (p. 33)
- 4th pic, my parents & me as we were, probably a year or so before book begins

pen: evocative power of an object
ph'copy of envelope?

Memor prim → In. beginning is language...

→ Explain "deliberate dream" signal to reader

Technique: (style - how writer says things, makes them happen on page.)

- making flow of language emulate flow of action. → Bougainvillea Faulkner

p. 8 #, "My parents..." - sentence, like us, rolls to a halt after a long way

p. 51 - "I loved..." - take of that sentence by itself, & just of g's

last chapter - I wanted to weave that together somehow, to show us in Youn & my mother on mtn. So, changes of scene often hinge off a shared word:

p. 129 - Sixteen... & again on p. 135, to pull reader's pt of view

p. 133 - dreamscape: Dreams

p. 136 - radio: Broadcasting sheep

p. 139 - Rung! a coincidence, a gift to writer

p. 146 - "death/dearth"

Lucas is the residue of design: 177 writ to cabin, Rung's instead papers

The writer's dread is that only the fingers are talking. That the mind's story is hanging back, dodging the attempt to piece it out into sentence and episode. Yet fingers may know a coax or two to try. Mine, in the years of working on This House of Sky, was to stroke ~~details~~ the biggest facts flatly onto paper; once that was done, ~~then~~ ^{start} memory had to ~~keep~~ filling something in the edgework of detail, or else admit blankness--and memory does not admit easily.

memory
will
go to
considerable
lengths
to
avoid
admitting

BOOKS OF THE TIMES

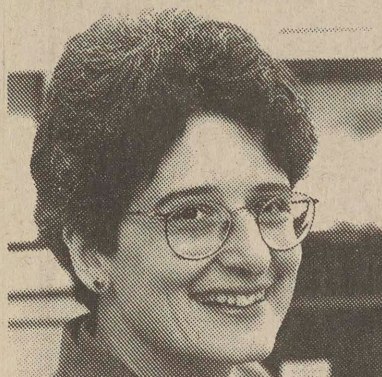
The Art of Storytelling, Transformed by Hackers

By MICHIKO KAKUTANI

In the course of her new book, "Hamlet on the Holodeck," an M.I.T. research scientist, Janet H. Murray, describes some characters created by computer technicians. There's Eliza, an electronic shrink, whose rote responses ("Tell me more about your family") amusingly send up real-life psychiatrists. There's paranoid Parry, whose compulsive babbling mirrors the obsessional thinking of real-life mental patients. And there's Julia, the charming "chatterbot" (a text-based computer character), whose coy pickup banter echoes that of real-life Internet flirts.

As Ms. Murray points out, the most successful chatterbots are those who are "self-absorbed, evasive, or obsessive in familiar ways." This sort of tunnel vision lends itself to the rigidities of computer programming, and in conversation supplies a plausible explanation for the chatterbot's difficulty in coping with unexpected subject matter. Successful computer characters designed in Ms. Murray's interactive fiction-writing course include politicians fielding questions in a news conference, a smug, self-absorbed artist and a salesman who invariably returns to his sales patter when confused.

While such limited characters



Nicholas Altenberind/The Free Press

HAMLET ON THE HOLODECK The Future of Narrative in Cyberspace

By Janet H. Murray

324 pages. The Free Press. \$25.

don't seem terribly promising as literary creations, Ms. Murray argues in "Holodeck" that computers are reshaping "the spectrum of narrative expression, not by replacing the novel or the movie but by continuing their timeless bardic work within another framework." We are on the brink, she suggests, of a brave new era in which "cyberdramas" will reinvent storytelling as a participatory medium.

"Perhaps the next Shakespeare of this world," she writes, "will be a great live-action role-playing GM" — computer game master — "who is also an expert computer scientist."

Ms. Murray, who has taught humanities at M.I.T. and is currently a senior research scientist at the Center for Educational Computing Initiatives there, writes that the computer offers "a thrilling extension of human powers." Her utopianism colors all her arguments in this volume, leading her to ignore or play down the more disturbing consequences of technology while unabashedly embracing its possibilities.

She suggests that anonymous

multi-user domains (MUD's) "can give us uninhibited access to emotions, thoughts and behaviors that are closed to us in real life." She celebrates the therapeutic potential of virtual reality, its ability to provide "a safe space in which to confront disturbing feelings." And she argues that the restlessness manifested by children who have grown up with computers and remote control devices is not necessarily "evidence of a shortened attention span or an increased need for stimulation," but may be an "expression of a more active curiosity or eagerness to look around for oneself."

She predicts that computer games, with their simplistic win-loss equations and often violent dynamics, will increasingly give way to "the collective construction of elaborate alternate worlds." Those worlds, she predicts, will be interactive, allowing audiences to participate in the storytelling process, and they will probably be "multiform," offering a single plot line with multiple variations.

Already, she points out, novels, plays and movies have begun to push against the constraints of linear storytelling. Already, they have begun to play with the possibilities of alternate realities. Examples are not confined to the post-modern experiments of writers like Jorge Luis Borges, but also include popular films like "Back to the Future" (in which the hero's tamperings with the past have the power to shape different futures) and "Groundhog Day" (in which the hero relives a single day over and over again). Television shows like "E.R." and "Homicide" already feature multiple plot lines, and the "Rashomon" technique of telling the same story from different points of view has become an increasingly popular literary device. The lesson of such works seems to be that truth is relative, that people's experience of the world is fragmented and fragmentary at best.

In several chapters of "Holodeck," Ms. Murray uses her considerable knowledge of literature to draw some interesting parallels between traditional literary forms and emergent electronic texts. She notes that practitioners of oral storytelling and commedia dell'arte share the computer programmer's reliance, respectively, on formulas and stock

characters, and she points out the growing emphasis that post-modernist critics have placed on the participatory role of the reader.

She is less convincing when she is celebrating the potential of electronic narratives. Although she tries hard to inflate the significance of her examples, they always end up sounding more like the mindless computer games we already know than emotionally engaging works of art. "A digital artist might use the structure of the adventure maze to embody a moral individual's confrontation with state-sanctioned violence," she writes in one chapter. And several pages later, she suggests that facing an unopened door in a fictional laby-

Celebrating the creative possibilities of life on the Internet.

rinth could "have the feeling of a determination to face the truth, to stare directly at the threatening beast."

As for worries that interactive literature will negate the role of the author, she replies, chirpily, that "to play Mario Brothers or King's Quest or Myst is to open ourselves to the vision of the shaping author in the same way we open ourselves to the author's voice in a novel."

Even more disturbing are Ms. Murray's failures to grapple with the social consequences of virtual reality and the blurring of lines between fantasy and fact that it nurtures. She is cheerful about "the consensual hallucination" shared by people in MUD's and the possibility of one day playing the role, in cyberspace, of a favorite television character's next-door neighbor. As technology develops, she contends, "we will slowly get used to living in a fantasy environment."

For Ms. Murray, this is a wonderful thing. For others, it is a form of escapism, escapism that can foster a retreat from the problems and pleasures of the real world.

ON THE WEB

Daily and Sunday book reviews since 1980 are now available from The New York Times on the Web. The on-line Books section also includes the current week's Book Review, original features, first chapters, audio readings and an expanded best-seller list.

Bridge columns by Alan Truscott appear daily, except Wednesday and Sundays.

www.nytimes.com

Weekend serve your
in town

Gathering to Bond Over Books When There's a Sistah

Continued From Page B1

age amid the deluge of books by black authors in the last 10 years. Moreover, many members say, the groups have gradually evolved into informal support groups, giving vent and validation to black women's concerns about life, love, family and race.

"There is a lot of good bonding that goes on in these groups," said Lolita Files, the author of the new novel "Scenes From a Sistah" (Warner Books) and a popular guest who reads aloud from her book at some of the groups. "People are using their time to not only read and enjoy a book, but they are telling their own stories."

Ms. Files, 32, recently visited a black women's reading group in Miami that traditionally leaves one chair empty.

When a passage of a book under discussion struck a chord for a member, she took the chair to share her own experience.

"It was very moving," said Ms. Files, whose book is an intimate tale of the travails of a young black woman, Misty, and her enduring friendship with a girl named Reesy.

With names like Babes on Books, the Black Women's Literary Guild, Literary Sisters and Go On Girl, the group meetings tend to be small (from 6 to 20 women) and well organized. (Many have annual dues and designated "facilitators" to lead discussions.)

Some groups use complicated procedures to select books, taking great care to include fiction and nonfiction and a range of genres, like mystery, biography, science fiction and historical fiction.

But nearly all groups, said Pat Neblett, a member of the Black Women's Literary Guild in Boston, strive to create an environment of camaraderie and support, both intellectual and spiritual.

"We are very loose and very open," said Ms. Neblett, who researched black women's groups and wrote a book about them called "Circles of Sisterhood: A Book Discussion Group Guide for Women of Color" (Harlem River Press, 1997).

The fact is, she said, that black people have had reading groups for generations — long before radio, television, film and other popular entertainment began drawing the population at large away from books.



Cindy Karp for The New York Times

An empty chair beckons speakers at a Miami women's book group.

Striving to create an environment of camaraderie and support.

New York who moved to Boston, where she lived in a mostly white neighborhood and worked in a mostly white office. "She was feeling totally isolated," Ms. Neblett said. Quite by accident she learned about Ms. Neblett's book group.

"Thank God," Ms. Neblett said with a chuckle. "It saved her life."

Tara Roberts, 27, a former editor for Essence, a black women's magazine, said there is something about the confluence of black women's reawakening about their own power and the public self-analysis of the 1990's that has helped to make the book groups so explosively popular in recent years.

"I think with these groups some doors have been opened for them," said Ms. Roberts, who reads from her book, "Am I the Last Virgin? 10 African-Americans Reflect on Sex and Love" (Simon & Schuster, 1997), at black women's book groups. "I think it is very interesting to note how many people felt free enough in such an atmosphere to talk freely about their own issues, like abuse."

"It was fascinating, wonderful and I came out feeling really close to them."

Callie Crossley, a producer for "20/20" on ABC-TV and a member of a reading group in Boston, said: "There is no doubt that our group gives us cathartic kinds of experiences. Different kinds of themes come up as we read different kinds of books."

And she noted that in her three years in the group, the reading list has been wide and varied, from Walter Mosley's mysteries to Will Haygood's biographies to the intimate diary style of the Zimbabwean writer J. Nozipo Maraire.

"The diversity makes it richer," Ms. Crossley said. "I look so forward to the meetings."

Back in Ms. Mitchell-Brown's family room, the group was in a roiling discussion over a tricky question raised in Diane McKinney-Whetstone's novel, "Tumbling" (William Morrow & Company, 1996). In short: Should a black man who is being denied sexual intimacy at home have



The Enid A. Haupt Conservatory



getting writing done: deadline - so many words/day
- drafts; go thru & improve & improve; verbs,
(read side eds) adjs,
rhythm

Toasts: chronologically in this trilogy, from

Scotch: Broth to the ill, stilts to the lame.

1930's and after, my dad's generation: "Here's how."

I hope to
And while it's not exactly a toast, in the last novel I'll have a chance
to use something I once heard: a guy ordering a round of drinks by calling
out to the barmaid, "Nurse, we'll have another round of jelly sandwiches."

1 1/2 min/pp.

sound a rainbow makes - silent declaration
little is impossible, esp. ly in a library
anecdotal - reliability of hav'g Ph.D (except in GBR)
Eng Have My Bones; Swedish explorations etc.

Rees a bk is used, + walk to me

listening to rainbows

Big Horn Co. MT

4 this is what Mr. Wright was wrong. Because it was a kind of
cathedral ... problems, not least of them. hosting bill

warned against 6 larger pubs - naive

"Slushai!"

libraries used in WBRs - some ^{matches} murren of Swan in each

- Swan: clams o. beaches

Huttenite women as if they have stepped out 7 pp. of Tolstoy
basement 10° colder

Carol: I think I've found us a lunch place.

here

I know who makes libraries possible - lib'ns

1 more sound of craft of resch: to some day, I can't see ch @ 1.

7 mo pp cant hearing mo STA ph machine being prepped -
to laugh.

to lookscape

Dave Walter

Edmund Pearson, On Books

they ignore me, - invisible Amen

more pp: Big Horn - 2

Books etc - 3

NU - 2

rainbow - 6

transitions - 2-4

There are 2 more

Which is a way of saying
end time on a note

possible libraries

WSS

Valer Hi School

XU - Deering

Shepard AFB

Huntington

Beinecke

British

Newberry

Ireland

Shoreline

Sky

MSU

UW phone bks

WBare

UW - law school

Pt. Tnd

Victoria?

Sea Runners

Juneau

Sitka

Br Hu'l Soc. - Bancroft

Eng Cbk

Mont. libraries

Scotland

USA Weekend: Julie Laughter

like many Wn states, Mont is 2 geographies, Wn mtns & ^{eastern} ramps
- sense of discovery, big geogs looming

I've driven, flown & walked, reschg 3 novels (^{Marian} title)

Hiway '88, his'd strata: dinosaurs @ Egg Mtn
Glacier to Y'stone

Indian / buffalo land

Lewis & Clark

Missouri R traffic

Y'stone - last got free ^{am} flowing

uncompromising climate: 105° summer in '88, ^(most) ^(fries)
w/ful green in '89, ^{runners & ranchers} ^{talk'g w}
- distances bet'n rvc stations ^{the hands}

- I like to travel @ dawn; no other shifting light during day

- can see other people's weather - it is a big sky
(long valleys etc.;
long lines of sight)

1 min / 100 words

Billings speech

Travesties Joyce quote: Ollie North heroes & stereotypes

Memo, Atwood, Robertson Davies

Fowles in Ebenezer

use from Dancing: y'days

flu

WWI

Remley: go beyond boundaries of West

lit men stay away quote

angle of vision from... rather than NY, London & Paris

Western - Western

people who leave it: I think you see - / not a mo too much.

terra firma - vice versa: keep our terms straight

- My God, but I'm glad to be ~~back~~ ^{set it again} ^{enter} the back ^{on} vice versa.

worldly - otherworldly

man of world

WHA

Cliophilia / biophilia

• Hentys

• 1090 who never get a message

show: slide - show lit're (Chas. Newman)

• fingers of mind / fingerprints: who's & who's

trumpety

Casa Blanca: Sky

memory is our past tense?

running our fingers across stars

• Fugitive Gap

Wetly: "Now, talk!"

social wk in Shelby Bar?

enraged or outrageous: shit - wounded

Some of the MT n'ers I grew up around, & whom we
used to say they sure were even-tempered - mad
as hell all time.

#1 of Phoenix - last line

shifting p's ^{& voice} view - Febrey, Edrich

to the Chair

I'm here to tell you to get a little promiscuous.

Steg - How you doing on wolves? pitch-perfect gen
of putting vice versa & usual expectations

history in a hurry

H James - chewed

A Plane Is Missing

Money better, sometimes it is - map, sight unseen

well, that's what passes for passion in a Scotchman,

& I'd better get to saying s'thing & precise,

Moses: appropriate

How are we doing? Not a Fugitive Gap

• Last Best Places

content in form.

Exiles - Stegner & Wille Cather

I'm not much int'ed in categories

Cannon: story of land

& hearts

If I can get the eyes, ears, & tongues figured out,

then
soul ought
to be where
it's in hood

history - "official fiction"

* crocodile factor: Hugo - thru medium of Bill K
gave us Last R Place

narrative: Faulkner & Crick.

Joyce: Dublin itself speaks

language

(even narrative springs from this: content is from
a bk written c sentences like dry sticks adds
up to a ^{carton} ~~plate~~ of dry sticks

Plot development

let me read you one swatch of fiction, & one of history
one ^{piece} that shows of . other that tells

- 1st is a scene of (lug for Austria

charactering

not an expert on Comanche part, but it seems to me

J B sends quite a lot of his prodigious brain in those
crazy ^{100 words} ~~100 words~~ words of telling.

ch by ch, era by era, anecdote by anecdote, theme by theme -
So what?

craft: see & hear into language: - sounds on paper; specific gravity ^{of words}
- dialogue: consistency
- minor characters
- really written: style or imagin or passion
- islands of language
- language which makes a shimmer behind story.

price tag: get on a life

creative stability: If you ain't no place, you can't go nowhere.

lingo: ain't it?

collix

Irish!

Air & Water

①

Other NW writers: ^{& culturally} socially, I am aware of being part of a lineage,
 a family tree of writers — ^{Wallace} Stegner, ^{Mari} Sanden, ^{Hamelin} Garland writers
 who grew up on farms, ranches, homesteads — ^{also in that family tree,} Guthrie, who showed us
 a Montanan could grow up to be a writer — of my own generation, friends,
 Wm-born contemporaries: ^{Craig Harley} Jim Welch, Bill Kittredge, Mary Clearman Blue, Maclean an honorary
 — but properly, I don't compare my work c mo of any people or any
 others in the region. Conrad, Orwell, St. X, ^{Dineen, Faulkner} etc. — those are around
 here — Hoagland, Matheson, McPhee — are craftsmen & I like to.
 writers I partly appreciate are Thos Keneally & John Fowles...
 'Be of Ebenezer Le Page & Riddley Walker
 I have weed/dog written

- craft of writing: you learn it every day, by writing. (j. schell - prose being poetry -
- in: begin's s. language (steno p. 2) we magical
- fabulous aspect of language - lang always trying to excel itself.
- fable (story)

- examples: hay hands' greeting (steno p. 1)
- SeaRunners: Wernberg double contractions
- copy adding sheet
- habit as core of craft (Fling O'Connor: ... you won't be the
when writing wants happen)

living in NW: Dad raising me by himself... (file card)

- shaped my life, & books are what comes out of me mold
- work habits - deadlines - ability to stand yourself
- gives me my topics, angles on life no interest me: trilogy
- invest our lives in geogical place rather than a profession or family & social lineage. May go back to frontier - homesteads

MT speech: spring '93

call Richard Drake

rangers' diaries & Pundot → Marshall
coyotes

(406) 243-2981 home: 251-5618

(Annals?) Annals (no 5)

Bob Marshall - in Missoula & elsewhere; pics in VM archive

Dick Bann: gun/t & Warmestown

• crocodile factor: (speech or seminar)

Austen & Irish n' paper examples: Dee McNamara mention?

Missoula examples of particle: Hugo - Degrees of Gray?

Maclean - jack rabbit

Daddy gun?

• university

social costs of distance: some 14-yr-old kid

I can't tell you what's going to happen:

as some who never thought I'd leave MT - then never reconcile w/it;

then write + of my ltr o' it. (in teen boom, would have been: 80's n'?)

Hodgins & 30's prediction

^{situation taking a generation - maybe several.}

• poetry of fact is slow. (Stegner: Wolfpack - "Give it a hundred yrs.")

Thomson Wilder, 8th Day?

invest Kittredge?

- 100 yrs package of time: mo. of celebr'n

- Brandel essay: short-term - long-term & mid-term

- Sheila Stearns:

History, a country I visit a lot

like a river of diamonds

I said a bit ago facts live in diff't places...

- B's letters: was 7. heart beln AZ & MT

- real kn. of TT Place

efficacy of a few well-chosen wds

dog - only tool ^{no ented} ~~to~~ ^{needed} w/ him as his mind, because his name was BM.

(after other dreams)
He knew to say, "How many Brothers

We fiction writers claim to tell truth by making things up, & I've

always dreaded day when, say, entire newspaper staff's realize -

hey, we ed. it @ home & just make stuff up?

8-10 AM, BM.

2 PM HE & FH.P

that sum us up.

close w/ reversal: like light, time is both particle & wave.

Fishtrap -

I was born not many wks b4 H's jackboots tramped into Poland
@ start of Sept 1939 ...

in gulches & coulees of Mont. ranches, ^{backgd of Arizona defense Mg project AZ}
as a ^{small} boy, I fought WWII & imagined myself out there w/ my
Navy uncle W o. duty on USS Ault or w/ my Army uncle P
in Austria ...

I ^{then} grew up in ^{Postwar} Rocky Mtn W, in Mont., while AB & we writing
Big Sky, Way W & Emu Than Hill & writing a Pulitzer, &
Wallace Stegner was writg bks o. W & teaching writg @
Stan/d, & Norman Mac'is was professing lit re @ U of Chi,
& Dorothy Johnson & Minoula was writg Wm books which became
movies such as Hang's Tree, Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, &
A Man Called Horse

So, I suppose it'd be appropriate to say, here to this setting, that
all this made me see. Right to Wm sky & turned me to
writer I am.

PAUSE

W often Wm shaped me personally. I hope - on old story, of the run off place by machine a bunch of
That might be appropriate, but I think it'd be grievously wrong.
But professionally, as a ^{prose} writer -
is actuality, as best I can find it to myself, is no writer I
liked to - bks o my college desk @ New U & later - we took
Dineen, Wm Fekner, Soc. Orwell, St Exuperay, Turgenev -
(to then, ^{again} in prof l'm terms, when ^{I spent 10 years} freelancing, New Jnlts, before
they got terminally new & p'got me j'lam shd have some fact to it)

So, socially & culturally ①

but professionally to listen to
What has more interested me in something I haven't known what
to call except eloquence of edg of world.

② ~~add~~ (3 cards) add Pat Barker, in Eng; Roddy Doyle; Kodansha

③ Camera Lays

Am W ~~to~~ began @ ends of docks of Que. settlers had
to cross ~~the~~ wilderness of water.

Many Werts: east way here, most one NW; some of desert W;
most W; then high plains. Turner begins @ Cumberland Gap

For some of us, regionalism has never waned. I've always felt
myself a Wner.

rest of entry remembers me at least every 4 yrs; when have
we ever had a Wner as Pres?

- Yet. ^{mat'l} ~~figure~~ ^{during my adult life} whose rep'n has emerged intact
is Wm. O. D. of over here at Yakima.

going to climb next as my Pac to Casc crest; ^{P 5nd intricate}

over here on Oly Pen'a, there are areas ^{which look as if} ~~was logging~~

logs' ~~had~~ as done to cut me wep'n.

^{Trident}
oil pipe lines

Adams: only Cal member who told: Ctr WHS to stuff a job.

* Wner will ask 1st, Who is my?, while an East-er might
ask What do we do? or a S-er, Who are we kin?

* ~~I~~ A think ~~we~~ many of us out here invest our lives in
a geograph place rather than to a profession or ~~family~~ ^{career} in
family or social lineage.

New regionalism - likely to prevent. rape of resources

Exposition - 7th car
Devil
Drama

Tell it to cook,

Writer's Craft

240-1

First Patrol

in bed
Ned man starve to death,

230

fight in shade

Those of us who try to put words on paper o. Am in west -
o.

I've com run dist ce to tel u ~~some~~ sthng which lib's no
~~probably~~ already kno perfectly well:

I suppose reason writers get invited to give speeches is mo
people are curious to see how we do when we can't hide
behind a typewriter.

• sound of past voices

• exactness of detail we get in a entry when people stand out:

- clothes too big & too small
- can't stop fishing on an odd #

stories seem to be a kind of social plasma, a portion of
• society's bloodstream

wall paintings as stories

stories are a nourishment we seem to need

gte Maclean

"Hugo, Trig Tr

"Jim Welch?"

Mildred Walker

matrs 7 cons'ce

Dorothy Finn

A Poetic Epitaph:
Marina Tsvetaeva's
poems to Blok

ANDREW FIELD

*Every phrase and every sentence is an end
and a beginning,
Every poem an epitaph.*
T. S. ELIOT, "Little Gidding"

MARINA TSVETAeva WAS BORN, the daughter of a professor, in 1892. Her first book of verse, *Evening Album*, appeared when she was only eighteen, and it was followed by another, *Magic Lantern*, in 1912. About this book a well-known poet and critic observed at the time: "[Tsvetaeva] is a poetess with a certain gift. But there is something unpleasantly treachly in her descriptions of a semi-childish world, in her tender emotion before all that comes to hand . . . Perhaps two or three such poems would be pleasant. But a whole book in a nice little velvet cover, and in a cardboard protective sheath, and published by 'Ole-Luk-Oie'—no . . ."¹

But on her tortuous path, leading from pre-revolutionary Russia into emigration and at last to Soviet Russia (where she died by her own hand in 1941), Tsvetaeva's poetic voice acquired a strength and character and, above all, an originality which earn her an eminent place among modern Russian poets. With its strong, chafed emotion and driving, hooflike rhythm, her verse forges a hard and brilliant poetic surface from an unmistakably feminine voice. Tsvetaeva's poetry has long enjoyed the praise of a small but important group of critics and artists, among them D. S. Mirsky, Ilya Ehrenburg, Vladimir Nabokov (not given to extravagance in his favorable judgments, he refers to her as "poet of genius"²), and Boris Pasternak who, in 1956, wrote: "I think that a very great reconsideration and a very great acknowledgement await Tsvetaeva."³ Unfortunately the critical literature on her has remained miniscule . . . so much so, in fact, that the present essay represents the first critical treatment of her (apart from mention in literary surveys) in English. But now, surprisingly soon, Tsvetaeva has been "resurrected" in Russia where her poetry is being republished and can be seen to be exerting a strong formal

influence on such important younger poets as Andrei Voznesensky. The word "resurrected" is, I think, a fitting one because Tsvetaeva is in essence a religious poet, an appellation which should be taken as a necessary but by no means a limiting or sufficient description. The religious current in her poetry is particularly evident in her cycle (and sixth book) of poems, *Poems to Blok*⁴, one of Tsvetaeva's major achievements and an outstanding monument of modern Russian poetry.

First, a brief description of the structure of the work. The natural analogy and the probable model for the cycle was, of course, Aleksandr Blok's own famous early volume of Symbolist poetry, *Poems on the Beautiful Lady* (1901-1902). The cycle consists of three parts, the first of which is almost as long as the other two combined. It is also divided in time—the first part was written in 1916 (except for its conclusion, written in 1920), while the two shorter sections were written in 1921, presumably on the occasion of Blok's death. As then might be expected, there is a marked difference in tone between the parts. In the first portion the "high and lofty" language which has been frequently noted in Tsvetaeva—it is worth noting that one of her favorite Russian poets was the 18th century poet Derzhavin—sounds most clearly. The second part is a threnody to Blok in the folk manner: the theme "in which cradle do you lie?" recurs continually, and such motifs as "a prince without a country" and "a friend without friends" bear a distinct folk imprint. The third part is an apostrophe to Russia symbolized as the grieving Virgin; it combines the disparate styles of the first two sections in an intense and stirring counterpoint of imagery and language. There is a valid question, it should be said, as to whether or not *Poems to Blok* ought to be read as a unified work rather than merely a book of poems, but the thematic order and progression of the poems lend great weight to the former reading—it might be best to say that Tsvetaeva, like Eliot, took individual poems on a single theme and "at some point" decided to use them as the basis for a larger whole work.

The central fact about Tsvetaeva's poetry is that its currency is the word itself rather than intricate grammatical structures enveloping an idea. Often she juxtaposes related words which have drifted far apart in meaning and re-establishes the bond between them, as, for instance, the adjective *prazdny* (idle) and the verb *prazdnovat'* (to celebrate):

Idle hands cross . . .
—Dead lies the singer
And celebrates resurrection.
Krestyatsya ruki prazdnye
—*Myortvy lezhit pevets*
I voskresen'e prazdnuet. (20)

And, conversely, she links together words which are in fact not etymologically related:

To the wanderer—the road
To the dead—a hearse
Stranniku—doroga
Myortvomu—drogi (16)

Concern for the value
Tsvetaeva's fragmented

The position of "chas-
mere substantive in a
purpose—it is an attempt
new expressive power to

Because Tsvetaeva vie
world art is a certain p
outward form of the wri
to—that of the Russia
instead of three. The init

Ye
Ye
On
Ye
A
A
In
In
On
In
M
Ce

The first line invests t
the hand. Tsvetaeva's str
the five letters where nev
in a major revision of R
most nouns and proper n
verbal connection with t
advocate of the old orth
priestess) imitates the mu
cannot be too heavily en
eloquently the spiritual
the language, and the pr

Concern for the value and poetic potentiality of each word is also reflected in Tsvetaeva's fragmented lines:

In a mist—dove-colored
 You stand, in a chasuble
 Of snow adorned.
Vo mgle—sizoy
Stoish', rizoy
Snegovoy odet. (12)

The position of "chasuble" (*riza*) does not permit the reader to pass over it as a mere substantive in a sentence; a pause is obligatory. Syntax serves the same purpose—it is an attempt, strangely reminiscent of 18th century poetics, to impart new expressive power to the poet's words.

Because Tsvetaeva views art as a sacred function ("In its relation to the spiritual world art is a certain physical world of the spiritual."⁵) her concern for even the outward form of the written word is scarcely less than—and indeed quite analogous to—that of the Russian Old Believers for crossing themselves with two fingers instead of three. The initial stanza of *Poems to Blok* is an incantation of Blok's name:

Your name—a bird in hand,
 Your name—a bit of ice on the tongue,
 One lone movement of the lips,
 Your name—five letters.
 A ball, caught in flight,
 A little silver bell in the mouth.

Имя твое - птица в руке,
 Имя твое - льдинка на языке,
 Одно единственное движение губ,
 Имя твое - пять букв.
 Мячик, пойманный на лету,
 Серебряный бубенец во рту. (11)

The first line invests the name (which is not to say the man) with life, a bird in the hand. Tsvetaeva's stress upon the phonetics and orthography of Blok's name—the five letters where new practice would count but four (after the 1917 Revolution, in a major revision of Russian spelling, the "hard sign" which stood at the end of most nouns and proper names and was not pronounced was dropped)—makes of it a verbal connection with the past. Tsvetaeva was to the end of her life a passionate advocate of the old orthography. Finally, the silver bell in her mouth (poetess as priestess) imitates the muted sound of Blok's name. The importance of this beginning cannot be too heavily emphasized. It is the mainspring of the entire cycle, defining eloquently the spiritual framework of the poems as well as the role of the artist, the language, and the protagonist.

Poems to Blok is not merely, even least of all, a cycle about Blok. It takes Blok as a point of departure as he himself took the "Beautiful Lady." Tsvetaeva's critical essays leave no doubt about the influence of Russian Symbolist poetry upon her, and her statement about symbolism ("There are no non-symbols."⁶) is quite explicit. Tsvetaeva's Blok (she knew him only slightly personally) is associated in her imagery with Christ:

I'll not dig into your soul!
Inviolable is your way.
Into your hand, pale from kisses
I'll not beat my nail. (14)

The cycle is in many respects a verbal icon: "Rays emanated from him/Hot strings along the snow." (19) The image of the cross is in another place suggested by a succession of telegraph poles, a typical instance of Tsvetaeva's juxtaposition of the Biblical with the contemporary:

Over the wavering and wretched grain
Pole arises after pole.
And a wire under heaven
Sings and sings death. (21)

The telegraph poles reach out in space, but in terms of the cycle's symbolism they also extend in time. Another image conveys this sense even more strongly: "I have sepulchres standing in a row, / In them Tsaritsas sleep, and Tsars." (17) Time in the cycle loses its historical sense and is represented instead as an immediate physical perspective in the present.

Several of the motifs in *Poems to Blok* refer directly to his work. The central image of the broken wing (*perelommenoe krylo*), for example, comes from one of Blok's plays. And an important passage in which the sun serves as an eschatological symbol closely paraphrases one of Blok's most pessimistic poems:

What days await us, how God
will deceive,
How you'll come to call the sun—and how
it won't come up . . . (24)

Death and impending doom pervade the entire cycle. It menaces not only the prophet but also Russia herself, for the New Jerusalem of necessity requires the destruction of the old. And so Tsvetaeva adjures her vision to depart:

Dear ghost!
I know that all this is my dream.
Do me a favor!
Amen, amen, away!
Amen (13)

The amen rings out like
amin', rassyp'sya (ordinari
of a kind of sacred exorcis
In the second part of the
with the image of a dying
in this portion that Blok a
expressed not in terms of

Subsequently Tsvetaeva
contiguity of expected birt
The poet repeats a single lin
("Blagoslovenna ty v zhena
"Blessed are you in tears,"

As *Poems to Blok* ends
the grief of Russia is an aff
Slavonicisms:

Lifegiver in the ho
Affirmer of the H
Into the death rat

Was hurled by you

Жизнеподательни
Царств утвердите
В хрип смертных

Ты—первенцево

Marina Tsvetaeva may b
Ages, a heretic in an age o
of Russia and the Russian I

¹Vladislav Khodasevich, *Russkaya po*

²Vladimir Nabokov, *Speak, Memory*,

³Boris Pasternak, *Sobranie sochinenii*

⁴Marina Tsvetaeva, *Stikhi k Bloku*, B
the only edition of the cycle.

⁵Tsvetaeva, *Proza*, NY, 1953, p. 392

⁶Tsvetaeva, *Proza*, p. 290

about Blok. It takes Blok
Lady." Tsvetaeva's critical
symbolist poetry upon her,
symbols."⁶) is quite explicit.
is associated in her imagery

emanated from him/Hot
in another place suggested
of Tsvetaeva's juxtaposition

ain

as of the cycle's symbolism
sense even more strongly:
tsas sleep, and Tsars." (17)
ted instead as an immediate

ly to his work. The central
xample, comes from one of
n serves as an eschatological
stic poems:

nd how
(24)

le. It menaces not only the
em of necessity requires the
ision to depart:

am.

The amen rings out like a carillon, but the familiar forms and the formula *amin'*, *amin'*, *rassyp'sya* (ordinarily applied to demonic visitations) produce the odd effect of a kind of sacred exorcism.

In the second part of the cycle the theme of the angel with broken wing alternates with the image of a dying swan, another one of Tsvetaeva's favorite motifs. It is in this portion that Blok appears most clearly as a real person and that emotion is expressed not in terms of worship but in terms of the love and grief of a woman:

To grasp him! More strongly!
Just to love and love him!
O, who will whisper to me
In what cradle do you lie?

Схватить его! Крепче!
Любить и любить его лишь!
О кто мне нашепчет,
В какой колыбели лежишь? (10)

Subsequently Tsvetaeva focuses upon the Virgin before Christ's birth, and the contiguity of expected birth and recent death create an especially poignant effect. The poet repeats a single line from the Scriptures—"Blessed are you among women!" ("*Blagoslovenna ty v zhenakh!*")—and plays off the expression in various ways: "Blessed are you in tears," "... in snows."

As *Poems to Blok* ends the theme again returns to death, but at the same time the grief of Russia is an affirmation of life. It is stated in the most solemn Church Slavonicisms:

Lifegiver in the hour of the end!
Affirmer of the Heavenly Kingdoms! Virgin Mother of your Son!
Into the death rattle of his mortal torments—
a torn song!
Was hurled by you in the First: "I Am!"

Жизнеподательница в час кончины!
Царств утвердительница! Матерь Сына!
В хрип смертных мук его—
худую песнь!
Ты—первенцево вбросившая: "Есмь!" (44)

Marina Tsvetaeva may best be characterized as a Mayakovsky of the Middle Ages, a heretic in an age of non-believers. Her *Poems to Blok* are a living liturgy of Russia and the Russian language.

¹Vladislav Khodasevich, *Russkaya poeziya, obzor in Al'tsiona—kniga pervaya*, Moskva, 1914

²Vladimir Nabokov, *Speak, Memory*, NY, 1951, p. 216.

³Boris Pasternak, *Sobranie sochinenii*—Vol. 2, Ann Arbor, 1961, p. 47

⁴Marina Tsvetaeva, *Stikhi k Bloku*, Berlin, 1922. The numbers in parentheses hereafter are page references to this, the only edition of the cycle.

⁵Tsvetaeva, *Proza*, NY, 1953, p. 392

⁶Tsvetaeva, *Proza*, p. 290

MARINA TSVETAYEVA
translated by Lydia Pasternak Slater

Homesickness

Homesickness! No, it is a mere
Exploded fooling, old and phoney;
I absolutely do not care
Where to be absolutely lonely,
On pavements of what kind of stone
With shopping basket back to justle
Into a house which is no home,
No more than hospital or hostel;
It does not matter among whom
To bristle like a captured lion,
To be forced out (for sure) by whom—
Back, always back into defiance,
Into myself; a polar bear
Without an ice-floe—to be fated
Not to get on—no matter where.
And where to be humiliated. . . .
Now even for my native tongue,
Its milky call, I must not languish!
Alike misunderstood and stung
I am in any human language
By gossip milkers, swallowers
Of countless tons of newsprint-pages,
In 20th century wallowers,
While I preceded any ages.
All wooden, like a log I stand,
Left over in a cut down forest.
No one and nothing matters; and
The one which used to be the sorest,
The nearest—matters least of all.
The marks, the dates, the signs have vanished.
As if by magic from my soul:
A soul born somewhere; born and banished.
Thus has my land not kept me safe.

That should the sharpest o
For just one birthmark sea
My soul—he could no mor
Each house feels strange; e
The same, and empty; not
But if along the road I see
A bush, and if—with rowa

For you
Am the
Shall re
Of your

I am ear
You—m
You are
Am bla

That should the sharpest of detectives
For just one birthmark search the waif—
My soul—he could no more detect it.
Each house feels strange; each shrine to me
The same, and empty; nothing varies—
But if along the road I see
A bush, and if—with rowanberries. . . .



For your pen I am the waiting scroll,
Am the all-accepting pad of paper.
Shall return it all a hundredfold.
Of your goods, your wealth I am the keeper.

I am earth, I am the countryside;
You—my ray, my gentle rainy vapour.
You are Lord and Master, whereas I
Am black earth, and a white sheet of paper.



My poems, which I wrote, not even knowing
I was a poet,—for I was so young,
Which broke away like sparks torn from a rocket,
Like spray, from fountains sprung;

Which burst into the Sanctum's heavy incense
Like little devils, hampering its sleep,
My poems about death and adolescence
Which no-one ever reads;

On dusty shelves, in gloomy bookshops scattered,
Ignored by all and taken out by none,—
My poems stay, like precious wine in cellars:
Their turn, their time will come.

MARINA TSVETAIEVA
translated by Denise Levertov

A Letter

So they don't expect
letters. So they wait for—

letters.
A ragged scrap
circled by

sticky tape. Inside—
A scribble,
and happiness.
And that's all.

So they don't expect
happiness. So they expect—
the end.

A soldierly
salute, and
three slugs of lead in the breast.

Their eyes are red,
and just that.
That's all.

It's not happiness, old girl!
The wildflower color—
the wind blew it away.

A square courtyard
and black thoughts.
Of a square letter,
ink, sorcery.
When it comes to
death, the

last dream, no one's
old.
A square letter.

Denise Levertov's translation is reprinted from *Pages from Tarusa*, edited by Andrew Field, copyright © 1963, 1964 by Andrew Field, with permission of Little, Brown and Co. Publishers.

Contro

THE SUSPICION THAT in society forms a curious. Because they raise unse protect them against ext of being at best ungratefu fantasies have been traced held an exclusive monog aesthetic taboos character artists have suffered as mu private morality as from have survived at all und flourished, is a tribute to their champions, to be su in custom, religion or po ideal of free expression v bona of the creative mind Without disagreeing wit whether our deep and ju controls over creativity h effects upon the artist and Before the twentieth cen and creativity was obscur possible to argue that the life. Moreover, great perio development of political lie a number of unresolv creativity. Did controls a they not have focused at