- 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. Lang: "much")
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

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,
"bouganvillea"
blurs of rodeo announcer
road rhythm, Mariah p. 215

put on board: All that summer long she was out in the bougainvillea, kissing college boys.
  Ace
  Bullet
  C hook
  Death
  Flag
Prairie Nocturne

ms p. 162, the line "Hallway noises roused him out of the "murmurs of the papers."

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

--then, "out of the silent eloquences of the papers."
do something radical: 1/2 hr or so - then yes grads

how does an article begin? - Sarah Ferrer - I am reluctant to pay 4 materials to work with - program, chap, diary entry

- my sheet of notes: finding aid
  - possible place names: why Flossburgh (Massachusetts)
  - Newton, Cambridge, Lexington, Lincoln
  - only got 450 words; expanded at 100-90; actually - in a note,
  2nd residence: longest in NY (then day - not stressed - like a writing)
  - worlds - narrow one, c. Flatiron Knoll, former保证金, sky, talent
  - without sheep, wind c. intrinsic value: slow, probing in look, carrying reader along a panel
  - read: Benton & Faulkner

change rhythm: relief to reader
- splendid in grace - W.'sth resonance
  - "Ladie's hand": writer's ear, a notion
  - painting guide: I sound
  - yes: main acquires "ap hand": linguistic macaroni

face situation that reader pretty doesn't a blessed thing at day trials
fruit of all, wind in a ship's dog: (pass around Dewar's ad)
transition: at least as strange though. Consider - begin explain
  - every dog that has to be left out. really hard part of writing the
  - commands: details of course

slip in its relevance to me. "way round 'em. Ship"
not tiny pan: sentence replicates doggie action, ends as steeply do in pen.

Love more them to be passed around - it's upcoming: design of string. I've always wanted to do this, part com a slide - imagine clear in: corner? part in - brand, just
ck @ component, which we're coming to purely soon
What is the significance of any of this? Sarah wanted us to write a symphony we'd heard. (A sudden flash of recognition.) I'm not all that keen on epiphanies, yet when Sarah asked me to write a symphony, the dog story came immediately to mind.

So, explain what spiritual zone is

transhumanism, in Montevideo (or e.g., in a village)

- in die: like fellow talking gone all his life, reader don't mind learning
- as so often, Bible says: actually Sinai.

"Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a killer of sheep."

about out of space. Have the desert calling yet — as Yaddish, like Harriet. (We've just been hillbilly, so, we'll put a comma in — narrately witted's arms)

dog after dog had his day. Cliché? — close, at least.

- from Yaddish. As in the George Bernard — "Youth will be served,
every dog has his day, & mine has been a fine one."

- Calvin Trillin: bag while sun shines, pump — jump to water

final sentences: linking "across eraser" back to note of

"transcendence," rhythm of renewal -> back to "theme song of replay"

- with final sentence, word of mine to filling of theme

& thus showing recognition of similarity

send it in, epidemically you

just motion: of a a dozen NYT panels, but not pencil said so.

show: may: last and in ed with for — a 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."
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 lamp-light. 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.
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 a dog being commanded
"Watch around his neck, Step!"
3 dog might

"dog from Sarsaparilla Farm was making his run when we finally
probed place
well, yes & no (nervous kind) Losie
silent running
as fast as usual compared to others of Losie's class,
silence. Eloquent of rank & competence
splashed in grass

I had gone roughly miles from comfort & though

- important when was done, I knew I had come height of step

- transcendent - another word for it & that in travel

- connection

- what they are in magnificently intent

- well (power)

- rhythm of renewal of a newly freshly wired again

- competitor

- They ran always silent contestants
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They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigielands and Potburn and Maysheils and three-score 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."
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LASSIE AND HER ILK

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lamb 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 House)
fired, the less attention it drew to itself the better—like a
torpedo churning quiet toward its goal. Agnew has a neckless,
lied to him, with wrapperound hair, a tubular per-
fection 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 fanaticly 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
Musselburgh was a borough
when Edinburgh was none;
and Musselburgh will be a borough
when Edinburgh is gone.
Talk to C's class, May 11, '82

- inside of language
  - properties & elements available to a writer & listener

- sound of words: how they sound on paper
  - Tiny Town
  - cold quick sly: W.B. Yeats, p. 8
  - placement: Chariot, met of poem: repetition
    - W.B. Yeats, "preparation"
    - partial construction quasi itself key to standard Scotch cast
    - Philip Howard, "inner ear"

- patterns & rhythms: inner logic, inner music
  - ship names, W.B. Yeats, 191

- recurrence
  - Lady Be Good P. the Hat
  - Savannah Galloch Seas

- obvious as possible: direct statement
  - Reviere
  - Moty-Dick
  - S. Ambler, "Out of Africa"

- private languages - slang: language unique to solfino itself, etc.
  - Win words for licence & hungover - ditch: Scotch-ditch
    - words
  - Tarantula
  - dialect
    - Valley Gal
    - cover border

-Out of Africa: They come, unharveeted masses of Kenya.

And now here are: baseball scores: 7-2, 10-3, 2-1, 7-2, 4-5-0.
Riding the range with cowboy poet D.W. Groethe

By Alexandra Swney
Director of Poetry

Last spring I received a call from Thea Austen of the American Folklore Center who informed me that Montana cowboy poet and singer D.W. Groethe had been selected for the July performance at the Folklore Center’s “Homeward” concert over a year ago. 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 where 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 folk life 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 the head of the Archive of American Folklore. 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 multistate 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 cloverleafs 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 MontDak original. For those of us that don’t know that part of the Great Plains is called MontDak 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

five in MontDak 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, dryer-voiced voice bring up the images and feel of life on the prairie.

D.W. is also a Norsk. 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 grandfathers 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-haired, hippie days,” he worked as a keyboard player in several successful country, folk, rock and hard-rock bands and studied in Sats 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.

Folklorists understand that the performance of every song is a process by which the performers are transformed, that their music is a way of life.

“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

The conference is sponsored by Headwaters Resource, Conservation and Development, MSU Extension Service, Copper Village Arts Center, Arts Council and SMARTS. Registration fee is $45 and includes lunch and handouts. More information and a conference brochure can be obtained by e-mail at SMARTS@mtstate.edu or by sending in $45 with your name, address, phone and e-mail to Headwaters RCD, 305 W. Mercury Street, Butte, MT 59701. Please indicate if you are attending the Marketing for Artists workshop on Nov. 19.

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 Aspen, Colo. Artists will have the chance to cover such topics as “Evolution of the Artist as a Business Person,” “Principles of Marketing for Artists,” “Success at Different Venues,” “Southwest Montana’s SMARTS Job 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.
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_profdev.asp or you can request a form by calling the Arts Education Hotline at 800-282-3092.

• 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

• Eric Johnson: Being 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.

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, 84 percent rated the importance of arts education a “very important” 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 GS&MK. The results of the survey were announced by Peggy Condon, 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 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).
• 60 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 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 Blanch at 212-576-2708; ext. 225 or e-mail jblanch@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.ArtistsForTheArts.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 Spicar, reprinted with permission from the Dillon Tribune)
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 Trailding 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 Shavinsky Skowar", fished the Creeks, Rivers & lakes of Lewis & Clark and Meagher Counties, climbed 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. Hall F. Fletcher, 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"x10 3/4", cover showing sheep grazing in the foothills of the Coast Range. It's a scholarly work. My daughter, Kathleen Fletcher, 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 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, makes me a little nervous.

It's also the book of mine which has had the most wretched paperback covers. 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 von do when they're in over their heads; have to cope and 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.

---Ski Hill, In On Charlottes; abt 300 yds of contorted rock

---dual as space port; shaggy enough

---so to speak

---they draw. psychopath

---Bishop Innocent, Metropolitan of Moscow; clock in S.F. Michael Cathedral
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people

--what do men do when they're in over their heads, have to cope e more than expected to

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

- Now Archangel as space port, shaggy enough
  - "fiss of water, so to speak"
  - "ultimate frontier; draw. psychopathic"

- Father Veniaminov, Bishop Innocent, Metropolitan of Moscow
  - Sundial watch; church in 57, Michael Cathedral

- Adolph Schelin
- up to Southeast
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 Kodaikanal; 2700 mi, Vladivostok-Kodak
--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 Ervine, 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.
--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-champagne.
--One thing I'm determined not to do tonight--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 ll" 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 desctpts of each except Wennberg; read "can't see ears")

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

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

Which became, in the manuscript: Time and again, the canoe men 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 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 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 a particularly potent element for a western writer of either non-fiction or fiction. My current novel, The Sea Runners, for instance involves the coast all the way from Sitka down to Astoria.
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 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'Ind. 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:
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.

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 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.)

The notion of Western writing as a "literature of place" has 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.
talk to research
style: how to create a voice
deadline & draft: how a writer works
theme?

- use out a few instances, a #, from lit or lit ped

- the loss of research (Hills, WE prize story)
  - 2 trips to Alaska: Sitka & Algof Halix voyage (mock out)
  - patience: Taberlin maps (white glove etc.)
  - see what presents itself: Wembling's research in mine

- style: mid-19th c. story, 19th - century in sound, notice to book
  - full of proverbs: paper as schoolman's breast (p. 83)
  - rural/urban: often, side as dog on grass, etc.

- put on besoin -> sound of words: p. 194! Churging...
- Bring me my hour of learning gold! (p. 147, W. Blake)
  - Bring me my hour of learning gold!
  - Bring me my hour of learning gold!
  - Bring me my soul of learning gold!

- getting: writing done: deadline - no many wds/day
  - drafts: go thru & improve & improve: read, add, adjust, rhythm
  - need help wds
C's class
Talk on research
Style: how to create a voice
Deadline & draft: how a writer works
Theme?
- Work out a few instances, a draft, from the isle of Belad

- The born of research (Tell Wood story)
  - 2 trips to Alaska: Sitka, K. Alaska Habit voyage
  - patterns: Tellurion maps (white glass etc.)
  - use what presents itself: Wenzberg's research in mine

- style: mid-19th c. story, 19th - century in sound,voice to book
  - full of proverbs; paper in schoolboy's past (p. 85)
  - rural flavor: often, such as dog or grass, etc
  - some I made up

- sound of words: p. 194 "trudging"
  - Bring me my bow of burning gold! (p. 147)
  - Bring me my准入 of desire!
  - Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
  - Bring me my chariot of fire!

- Getting: Writing done: deadline - so many words/day
  - draft: go over to improve & improve, verbs, adjectives, rhythm
  - need echo, etc.
Seattle U. seminar, Oct. 24, '96:

I'm told this is to be a seminar on writing - if I don't doubt that writing can be dissected. (The streets would be full of 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 House of Sky

Well, where does a writer get stuff like that? Mrs. Tidyman 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 Tidyman (younger & last favored... later)
- He's an FBI agent. "No kidding!"
Bill Timm: 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. inside of language - slang etc.
2. Sea Runners - 19th century
3. sounds on page - poetry etc.
4. Blake, prepare to Milton

5. alliteration
6. sentence structure
7. page structure (skip)
C's class

Demi Moore

Sexualization of details

Role of Verbal Abuse

K is intem photographer

Craft: making form fit content

Spaces begin # is often escape

Sentence: 1.5 - 4 days - 4 sentences

K is thought/sentence gets tagged

2. Attention to details
   - omission of a comma / \, \ just
   - proceeds

PACERS!
C's class on Heart Earth, Oct 24 '96:
Show - 8 - tall; 3 pics mentioned in book - (clockwise)
- my mother, in umbrella, posed w/ dead bear
- rheumatoid arthritic picture (p. 19 of)
- 1 of series of pic: coyote vs "trap of death" (p. 33)
- 1. 1 pic: my parents & me as we were, probably
   a year or 2 before book begins
   . pen: evocative power of an object
   . ph'copy of envelope?

In beginning in language...

Motiv. How
- Explain "deliberate dream" signal to readers
- Technique: (style - how writer says things, makes them
  happen on page)
- making: flow of language emulate: flow of action
- p. 64, "My parents..."
- sentence like us, tells you halt after a long way

p. 51 - "I loved..." 5th of that sentence by itself, vs
  unjust of 9s.

Last chapter - I wanted to weave that together
somewhere, to show us in town & my mother
on mtn. So, changes of scene often hinge
off a single word:

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

p. 133 - dreamscape: Dreams
p. 136 - radio: Broadcasting: sheep
p. 139 - Runy! A coincidence, a gift to writer
p. 146 - "dead/death"
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 \textit{manuscript} the biggest facts start flatly onto paper; once that was done, \textit{manuscript} memory had to keep filling something in the edgework of detail, or else admit blankness--and memory does not admit easily.
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 technologists. There’s Eliza, an electronic shrink, whose rote responses (“Tell me more about yourself”) amusingly send up real-life psychiatrists. There’s para-noid 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 snarky, self-absorbed artist and a salesman who invariably returns to his sales patter when confused.

While such limited characters 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 simplicistic 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 relives a single day over and over again). Television shows like “ER” 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-

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Gathering to Bond Over Books When There’s a Sist

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.

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 80’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 rolling discussion over a tricky question raised in Diane McKinney-Whetstone’s novel, “Tumbling” (William Morrow & Company, 1997). In short: Should a black man who is being denied sexual intimacy at home have
getting writing done; deadline - so many words/day
- drafts; go back to improve & improve; very
(read into cols)

adj's, 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."
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."
around a rainbow makes - silent declaration little is impossible, safely in a library anecdote: liability of owning a D.C. except in 52 BM along have my bones: Swedish explorations etc. been a bit 'a week. I walk to me listening to rainbow.

Big Horn Co. MT.

What was Mr. Wright ever wrong? Because it is a hand of cathedral... problems, not least of them: heating bill warranted against & larger pubs - marine "St Paul!

...matches library used in W'son - some meaner of swear in each.

- swear: Adams 4, Beards.

Mattside, women as if they have stepped out 1 pp. of Tolstoy basement two colder.

Carol: I think we find us a lunch place.

here.

I know who makes libraries possible - We've

'me sound of coat of reach. To some day, I can't see it. 1

7 mo pp. can't hearing me say. My pit machine being placed -

6 & laugh.

to landscape

Dave Wallace

Edward Pearson, on Books

more pp. Big Horn - 2

Dobrite - 3

NW - 2

rainbow - 4

transitions - 2-4

These are 2 more

What is a way of raging and some on a nod.
jointed libraries
WSS
Valine Hi School
IU-Dearing
Shepard 178

Stay
MSU
UW phone the

WBar
UW - law school
717 7th
Victoria?

See Runners
Juneau
Sitka
Oh Hu'k Sec. - Bancroft

Eng Arch
Mont. Library
Scotland
US Weekend: Julie Laugher

The many US states, Mont is 2 geographic, 2.mins & 2 major
- sense of discovery, big open spaces

- I'm drawn, flown to walk, restless, & novels (Marian, Title)

- Hi way '57, hi way data: distance @ Egg Mtn.
- Cedar to Y'stone
- Redm / Buffels (and
- Lewis & Clark
- Missouri R. "Taffy"
- Y'stone - lost & fire, long, very fine

- The angry climate: 105° summer in '59
- 60° or so green in '89, talking w/ hands

- distances on in rice stations

- I like to travel @ dawn: the other shifting light during day
- can see other people's weather - it is a big sky
- (long valleys etc., long lines of sight)
Billings speech

Avasties Joyce quote: Ollie North heroes & zeroes

Munro, Atwood, Robertson Davies

Torres in Enever

use from Dearing: y'days

Plus

WWI

Remedy: go beyond: boundaries of West

let men stay away quote

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

Western-Western

people who live it: I think you saw it a lot too much.

Terra prima - vice versa: keep our terms straight

- My God, but I'm glad to be back. The best for vice versa.

worldly - otherworldly

man of world
WHA

Chlophilia / Biophilia

Harley

10% who never get message
about slide show let's see (Casa. Neumann)

"Fingers of mind / fingerprints / words of art" -

Tromborg

Casa Blanca: Sky

memory in our past tense?

running our fingers across - stars

"Tuscany Gap"

Watty: "Now, talk!"

social life in Shelby Era?

enraged or outrageous: a + Wounded

Some 7: At morn I grew up around, o whom we

used to say they were cool-tempered - mad

as hell all the time.

El Capricorn - last line
cross notes - Felrer, Endlich
to Do Crow

W'm here to tell you to get a little praiseworthy.

Stay - How you doing on work? pitch-perfect for

of putting voice across - much expectations

history in a hurry

4 James - stances

A Peace in Mississipp

money better, somehow it's - map, right next to

Well, that's what goes for passion in a Scot.

so, I'd better get to saying sth. of precision,

Mercy: appropriate

How are we doing? Note Engine Gap

"East Best Places"

content in form. Stetler-Stegner - Willa Cather

I am not much interested in categories

Comedy: short, sad

if I can get the eyes, can't imagine figuring out.

Not

Hope
history - "official fiction"

* crocodile taint - huge - thru - medium - thick

gave us - Last R Place

narrative - Faulkner & O'Brien

pages - Dublin itself split

language

Cavan named again from this - content is from
a late written - sentence like dry dust in adds
can't be a trait - dry sticks

plot development

but me need you one miracle of fiction - one story
and that shows - often that tells

- that is a scene - City for Dublin

characters

not an expert on Cavanagh part - but it seems to me

it sounds quite a lot of his poor - thin - brain in & those
can't mean a word - words - telling

cha-cha-cha - and see - anecdote by anecdote, theme by theme -

So what?
craft: see a lean into language: sounds on paper, specific gravity
- dialogue: consistency
- minor characters
- really written: style or image or passion
- islands of language
- language which makes a shadow become a story

price tag: get on a life

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

congo: aint it?
- rollip
- trush

air & water
Then NW writers: socially, I am aware of being part of a lineage, Wallace, MacLean, Newlin, Stegner, Sunday, Earle - writers who grew up on farms, ranches, homesteads - those who showed us a Montanan can grow up to be a writer of his own genre, friends, Wm.-born contemporaries - Craig Rarley, Joen Welch, Bill Kiffmeyer, Mary Cleary, Blue, MacLean an honorary member - but properly, I do compare my work to any of many people in any others in the region. Conrad, Orwell, St. X, Ch. & Charles and Be - Hoagland, Matham, McPhee - are craftsmen & I hope my work is partly appreciates are Tom Randal & John Fowles.

To Elmer Le Page & Riddell Walker

Honor and Dog Whistle
Craft of writing: you learn it every day, by writing. (J. Sand - love being poetry)

- In beg's language (steno p. 2)
- Fabulous aspect of language - long always trying to excel itself.
- Love (story)

Examples: bag hands' greeting (steno p. 1)
- Sea Runners: Wandering double contractions
- Copy editing sheet

- Habit as care of craft (Flann O'Connor: ... you won't be the
  when writing wants happen)
living in NW; Dad raising me by himself... (Jil said)
- shaped my life, if books are what comes out of me mold
- work habits - deadlines - ability to stand yourself

- gives me my topics, angles on life me interest me: trilogy

- insist on lived in geographical place rather than a profession or
  family or social lineage. May go back to frontier -
  homesteads
MT speech: spring '93

Narrator's diary: "Pumho!" Marshall

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Bot Marshall - in cereal & oat bran; pin in ear

Dick: gasp + warming

crocodile factor: (speech or sermon?)

Audit of what my paper examples (Dee, Homer, mention?)

Marshall example of particle: huge + degree of say?

Marshall - jargon which

Daily press:

University

social costs of distance: some 16-yo kid

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

as some: who never thought it'd last 15 - then never reconcile at 15;

then write + of my life a l ot: (by new room, with his prowess, Day's)

Hodgins vs. D's prediction:

by taking a generation - maybe several

poetry of fact is novel. (Steegm. Willow - "Give it a hundred yet.")

Thornton Wilder, 1934 day?

what Kittredge?

- 100 yr. package of bread: m s. of celebration

- Brandall essay: short-term + long-term & small-term

- Sheila Stowe:

history, a ending I want it a lot

like a river of diamonds

I said a bit ago "acts live in different places..."

- B & Littell: year 5, heart both AZ + MT

- and he's on TV.

affection of a few well-chosen words

day - only told him of it, if him on his mind, because his main on B & L

9:00-10:00, B & L

10:00 H E 8-9:00

look out now I see

close + renewed: like light, time is tells particle to wave.
I am sorry I am not very clear, boy. I am just trying to convey some
thoughts and memories of my past.

I remember a time when I was quite young and naive, full of
innocent dreams and aspirations. Life was simpler and seemed to
be full of endless possibilities. I was a student at a prestigious
university, studying hard to achieve my goals.

However, life was not always easy. There were challenges and
obstacles to overcome. But through perseverance and determination,
I managed to succeed and pursue my dreams.

Looking back, I realize that those experiences were invaluable
lessons that shaped who I am today.

I hope that sharing this with you will inspire you to believe in
yourself and never give up on your dreams, no matter how
difficult the journey may seem.

Thank you for listening. I look forward to hearing from you soon.
An 6 1/2 began @ 7 AM, 7:30 I C & C. settlers had to use the wilderness water.

Many were: last egg here, mostly NE; some just north of W; then high plains. Turner begins @ Humboldt Gap.

For some 7 yrs, regular has never wand. I've always felt myself a Woman.

First entry: remember one of least 7 yrs; when have ever had a Woman on Pass. During my adult life, I always figured Whose regular has emerged intact.

"Dr. O. D. T. C. & here at Yuma."

...going to clinic, wants my P&L to cure cart.

Over here "Oly Town", the are ocean weathered.

...longer walk, can do c. 3/4th mile way.

"Thick shoes are good for this".

Adams - only US Marine hero who violates C's & W's to stuff a job.

Wmen will ask 1st, Why am I?, while an Embrace might ask What am i to? or a Man, Who am I him?

I think many of us out here invent our lives in a geographic place rather than to a profession or family or social lineage.

New regulars - those to prevent safe resources.
Writer's Craft

240-1 First Patrol

230 fight in shade

Those of us who try to put words on paper are

"... in bed..."

...and men stare to death.

We can win only to tell a story which makes

"... always too perfectly well..."

I suppose reason writers get invited to give speeches is no
people are curious to see what we do when we can't hide
behind a typewriter.

- round 7 past voice

- exactness detail in fact in a story can people stand out:
  - clothes too big too small
  - can't stop fishing on an odd #

Stories seem to be a kind of sound plasma, a portion of
society's volition

... wall painting as stories

Stories are a nourishment we seem to need

q'te Maclean

"Hugo, Twain."

"Jim Welch?"

Mildred Walker

"... it concurs..."

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 treacly 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 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 formol
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*¹, 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 *prazdný* (idle) and the verb *prazdnovat’* (to celebrate):

Idle hands cross . . .  
—Dead lies the singer  
And celebrates resurrection.  
*Krestyasya 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*  
*Myortvonom—drogi* (16)
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 - лединка на языке,
Одно единственное движение губ,
Имя твое - пять букв.
Мячик, пойманый 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.”) 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 waverous 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 (perelomennoe 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 (ordinary run-on of a kind of sacred exorcism).
In the second part of the poem, with the image of a dying in this portion that Blok’s imagery is expressed not in terms of

Subsequently Tsvetaeva
Counting of expected birth
The poet repeats a single line “Blagoslovenno ty v zhena
“Blessed are you in tears,”
As Poems to Blok ends the grief of Russia is an affirmation of Slavonicisms:

Life-giver in the hot
Affirmer of the H
Into the death rate
Was hurled by you

Жизнеподательный
Царь в утверждении
В христианских

Tv—первосвященник

Marina Tsvetaeva may be Ages, a heretic in an age of Russia and the Russian

Vladislav Khodasevich, Russkaya poez
Vladimir Nabokov, Speak, Memory.
Boris Pasternak, Sobranie sochineni
Marina Tsvetaeva, Stikhi k Bloku, the only edition of the cycle.

Tsvetaeva, Proza, NY, 1953, p. 392
Tsvetaeva, Proza, p. 290
about Blok. It takes Blok Lady.” Tsvetaeva’s critical symbolist poetry upon her symbols,16 is quite explicit. is associated in her imagery

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

as of the cycle’s symbolism sense even more strongly: tsas sleep, and Tsars.” (17) cited instead as an immediate reply to his work. The central example, comes from one of n serves as an eschatologicalistic poems:

and how (24)

It menace not only the

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:

Life-giver 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! Царев утвердительница! Матерь Сына! В хрип смертных мук его— худую песнь! Ты—первеньцева вбросившая: “Есмы!” (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 poesia, obzor in A. Tsiazi, kniga pervaya, Moskva, 1914
2Vladimir Nabokov, Speak, Memory, NY, 1951, p. 216.
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

TRI-QUARTERLY | 61
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 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.
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.