Dear Tom and Carol,

This is the in-house lawyer's letter — NOT MINE —

frankly, I'm embarrassed to send it but am told something of this sort is necessary — I'm not going to rewrite it — Hope you can sign —

Ps. I just finished "Balsam Root" and it is, indeed, an excellent book!
Dear Jean—

Here are our signed copies, with a word added. We don't mind signing off on "advisory contributions," but no way can we sign away all legal recourse on anything the station would ever do with the cinema vérité footage of the meeting. You're of course welcome to use it in your show and we don't expect any further compensation for it if you decide to do so, but we can't sign off on eventualities after your illustrious KCTS/9 career, long may it wave. Hence, "advisory" activity waiver OK, an eternal archival performance waiver, huh-uh. Sorry to have inserted to dab this in, but it's the only remedy I know of for overlawyering.

Hope you're fine, perking on the show and all other burners.

best,
October 1, 1996

Carol Doig
17021 10th Ave. NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Carol:

I am writing to express my appreciation for your willingness to act as an advisor for KCTS's preparation of a proposal for a possible documentary on the subject of western writers pursuant to a grant from the Washington Commission for the Humanities (the “Project”), and to confirm our agreement relating to your participation in this Project.

As you know, we convened an initial meeting last week, on Monday, September 23, attended by you and the other individuals who intend to act as advisors for the Project. Your services for the Project consist of your attendance at this meeting, and your continued availability to act as a consultant on an as-needed basis, for a period of six (6) months following the date of this meeting. This period may be extended by our mutual agreement.

KCTS has agreed to pay you a one-time fee of one hundred fifty dollars (US $150.00) as compensation for your services as described above. In addition, you agree to waive any claims you may have against KCTS, its employees, licensees, and others affiliated with KCTS based on any contributions you make to the Project (including any results or proceeds of your services, whether or not such results or proceeds are copyrightable) pursuant to this letter.
If the above accurately states our understanding relating to the Project, please countersign both copies of this letter in the space provided below, and return one to me at your earliest convenience. We will issue a check and send it to your address, as indicated above, as soon as we receive the countersigned copy. Please feel free to call me at 443-6715 if you have any questions.

Sincerely,

Jean Walkinshaw
Senior Producer

AGREED:

Signature:  

Printed Name:  Carol Doig

Social Security Number:  150-21-4523

Date:  Oct. 4, 1996
October 1, 1996

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

I am writing to express my appreciation for your willingness to act as an advisor for KCTS’s preparation of a proposal for a possible documentary on the subject of western writers pursuant to a grant from the Washington Commission for the Humanities (the “Project”), and to confirm our agreement relating to your participation in this Project.

As you know, we convened an initial meeting last week, on Monday, September 23, attended by you and the other individuals who intend to act as advisors for the Project. Your services for the Project consist of your attendance at this meeting, and your continued availability to act as a consultant on an as-needed basis, for a period of six (6) months following the date of this meeting. This period may be extended by our mutual agreement.

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Sincerely,

Jean Walkinshaw  
Senior Producer

AGREED:

Signature: ____________________________

Printed Name:  Ivan Doig

Social Security Number:  516-lbl-lb10

Date:  Oct. 1, 1996
Ivan:

Sorry to have missed the Ken Burns/Carol & Ivan & Jean/SAM extravaganza last week. A heavy price to pay, in return for a day of rain and wind and chill up to my middle in a SE Alaskan river with grizzly bears wandering along the shore!

Jean said you are planning a new novel involving the baby boomer generation.

Coincidentally, in the past several weeks, I ran across the two enclosed articles, which you may find both amusing and relevant.

And I am reminded of a NYTimes interview of a "baby boomer", following the Republican Convention. He was critical of Dole's promoting himself as the last of the pre-WWII generation to be in the position to lead the country into the next century, and as the one who, with his wealth of experience and wisdom, could best bridge the gap between that generation and those who will be taking over the leadership in the century ahead. What does Dole think he's talking about, the "baby boomer" said--the only gap Dole may be bridging is that between my parents and my grandparents!

With these unprejudiced tidbits, I send my regards.

[Signature]
Dear Jean & Walt—

I don't know that it's the cheeriest reading, but here's a set of goodbyes to Wallace Stegner I thought you might want to see.

Chance to meet you for dinner or a weekend lunch, somewhere, sometime before Labor Day? Carol and I are thriving, but still catching our breath from my long bookstore trail for Bucking the Sun.

best,
Dear Ivan:

Jan 20, 1995

You requested that I send you the questions I might ask when I interview you on the afternoons of Thursday, Feb. 9 and Friday, Feb. 10 (if those dates are still OK.)

I am simply sending an outline from which we will draw. If you have any topics you want to bring up regarding western writing, you certainly are free to do so. I will also want to ask you a bit about your life and writing in general.

Please call me if you have further thoughts or need further explanation of these questions. I will also want you to read a few excerpts from your writing. At present we will hope to have you read a few passages from WINTER BROTHERS (not in the middle of the street) and also that great storm scene from DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR.

This all sounds so formal, doesn't it? I'll be less reverent when I get you on camera....Thanks so much for doing this.

As ever,

[Signature]
Questions for all participants in Western Writing


How is contemporary western writing different from earlier writing in and about the west? No longer Cowboys and Indians but about texture and tension of own lives? Who has had the most profound influence on contemporary Western Writing? Who has influenced you the most? A writing community? Cooperation and support among writers? No longer a feeling of inferiority to East Coast?

Are there Cultural characteristics of Westerners - authors themselves and characters about which they write? Use of language/ directness of expression? Attitudes frequently found only in the West? Individualistic? Hopeful dreamers? Lonely? Rootless misfits? What is your favorite character in your writing? Reformers..more writers with a "cause"? Does this diminish writing as an art form?

How do you feel about regionalism, a sense of place versus more universal concerns?
Marxist mentality I'm writing—
disturb a them
7 Ann, Gordon, Tim Winter
Write got books.
edge I would writers how ness 7 place
— " " — read people, not musical
scale plot on what every fashion @ writer's
skele. (minimum)
— craft
— too much wind etc./Pam, You mean ap that
Yes it's the Gordon & Son reduce to be noticed...
Got writers are get en uncertain they are.
Hand long conditions adverse Yo write o,
as hard pod " we for En Burns 5 Safne—
— a mighty canvas to do our scenes again.
Resonance to my life
Wm very most simple—specials & all
-olds — Kingston, Alexie, Ethel
met 1 who blues if we're just mystical enough
o. W, en thing'll be OK out here.
— Mary & Dee & Craig & Molly & Dick
— wish got it — NW him elk @ us & elk
elk @ them — change from Mon & Comy
0 7 lasn.
- I'd have been into whatever... and what you've got - sheep & horses & seed & in solons...
- more on: damsite, people story 7. Dep't
- a ruin which can have been any urbs.
- main monaun
- late char: female - Beth McC
- Dicky
WINTER OF '19

February was identical to the frigid misery of January. At the very start of the last of its four white weeks, there came the day when Rob and I found fifteen fresh carcasses of ewes, dead of weakness and the constant cold. No, not right. Dead, most of all, of hunger.

A glance at Rob, as we drove the sled past the gray bumps of dead sheep.

"Don't work me over with your eyes, man. How in hell was I supposed to know that the biggest winter since snow got invented was on its way?"

"Tell it to the sheep, Rob. Then they'd have at least that to chew on."

(Doig explains that Verik, Rob and Angus go to get hay and are caught in a fierce blizzard on their way home. They try to follow the fence.)

I pounded my arm against my side and trudged. The wind whirled the air full of white flakes again. Old mad winter with snow hair flying. This must be what mesmerism is, every particle of existence streaming to you and dreamily past. A white blanket for your mind.

Whether it was decision or just habit, I kept watching behind me periodically to Rob. The team he had were big matched grays, and against the storm dusk they faded startlingly, so that at a glance there simply seemed to be harness standing in the air back there, blinders and collars and straps as if the wind had dressed itself in them. And ever, beside the floating sets of harness, the bulky figure of Rob.

We were stopped. Verick came slogging to me like a man wading surf, and reported in a half shout that the fenceline had gone out of sight under a snowdrift that filled a coulee.

"There's just one other place I can think of for that fence to be," Varick suggested as if he hated to bring up the idea.

"The sonofabitch might be under us."

"What I'd better do is go out here a little way and take a look around for where the fence comes out of this."

His words scared my own into the air. "Not without a rope on you, you won't."

"Yeah, I'm afraid you're right about that."

Hateful as the task was, stiff-fingered and wind-harassed as we were, we got the ropes untied from each of our hay loads. Next, the reverse of that untiring chore. "Rob, you're the one with the canny hands," I tried on him. He gave me a look, then with a grunt began knotting the several ropes together to make a single lifeline for Varick.

"You ready to go fishing?" asked Varick, and away he plunged, the rope around his waist and in my mittened hands.

Through my weariness I concentrated on the hemp in my hands. To see a world in a grain of sand....Would grains of snow do? By the dozens and hundreds they fell and fell, their whiteness coating my sleeves and mittens....Hold infinity in the palm of
your hand....Would mittened palms be deft enough for that? I had to force my cold claw of a hand to keep making a fist around the moving line of rope. The rope paying out through my grip already had taken Varick from sight, into the snow cyclone. Thoughts swarmed to fill his absence. What if he stumbled out there, jerking the rope out of my stiff hands? Hold, Angus. Find a way to hold.

Only a few feet of rope left. If Varick did not find the fenceline now, we never would. My heart thundered in me, as if the enormity of clothing around it was making it echo.

Tugs on the rope, like something heavy quivering at the end of the hempen line. Or something floundering after it had fallen.

"Varick!" I shouted as loud as I could. The wind took my words. I might as well have been yelling into a bale of that Dakota hay.

The tugs continued. I swallowed, held firm, clutching the jerking rope around me. I resisted a hundred impulses to plunge forward and help Varick in his struggle. I had to recite to my bolting instincts, only the snow was in motion, not the white distance stretching itself, as it gave every appearance of. Motion of another wild sort at the invisible end of this rope, the tugs continuing in a ragged rhythm that I hoped had to be-

Varick suddenly coming hand over hand, materializing out of the whirl. A struggling upright slab of whiteness amid the coiling swirl of whiteness.

He saved his breath until he was back to me, my arms helping to hold him up.

"It's there!" he panted. "The fenceline. It comes out of the drift about there"
February 13, 1859, Swan awakes aboard the schooner Dashaway to find the ship passing the lighthouse at Dungeness Spit, coming on the wind into these waters where he will spend the rest of his years.

**DAY FOUR**

Sour ink today, Swan’s and mine both. Again I am alone in the house, a week now, and the fact echoes. The cottony moodless weather which arrived yesterday does not help. No winter I have spent in the Pacific Northwest—this will make an even dozen—ever has been as grayly bland and excitementless as the season’s reputation. (“Oh, Seattle,” anyone from elsewhere will begin, and one of the next three words is “rain.”) There can be winter weeks here when the Pacific repeatedly tries to throw itself into the air and out across the continent, an exhilarating traffic of swooping storms. Other durations when the days arrive open-skied and glittering, the mountains of the Olympic and Cascade ranges a spill of rough white gems along two entire horizons. All else quiet, this modest valley invites wind, the flow of air habitating to the southwesterly mood of winter and arriving into this green vee like rainfall to a stream bed. Oceanburst or brave thin days of sun or spurring breeze, Northwest winter I enjoy as restless, startful; except that this gray first of morning, it has followed me onto dead center.

To work, the reliable season of the alone. To Swan, that other winterer. As I have told, by the time Swan spoke good-bye to Matilda and the East[ in the first month of 1850] there were two children, of the divided household: Ellen, four, and Charles, seven. In that moment Swan jettisoned them. Left daughter and son to Matilda and her lineal Boston colony as part of his passage price, which he seems to have been little enough agonized about assuming, for his leaving of New England.

At about the age of Charles, I was jettisoned myself, by the death of my mother. Following my father up and down our

Montana ranching valley I began to learn that a sundered family can heal strongly across the break. If, that is, the remaining parent possesses the strength of stubbornness, and I think it can be granted that Matilda likely had her share of that. Hard witness that I am today, then, I am able to wish for Charles and Ellen only that they could have come argonauting with Swan. To reverse him in the imagination from stepping aboard the ship to San Francisco is merely to see him spending his time on the Boston waterfront, or any other waterfront, in preference to twiddling under the family roof. To transfer the roof with him, Swan and Matilda and the children all staunchly mutual new citizens of the Pacific shore, is to find the family settling to the grooved routines of a city neighborhood again; likely in Portland, with its New England affiliations. But could the Swan youngsters have grown up at their father’s inquisitive side here along this new coast in the life he led, absorbing the Indian languages and lore as he did—poking along the shore with him into the bays he appraised like a portraitist stooping as he did to the frontier’s odd bouquets of salal and kinnikinnick and yarrow and skunk cabbage, what western venturers that daughter and that son might have been.

Come they did not, of course; could not except as I would reinvent their lives and but for Swan’s scanty visits back to Boston heard their father’s voice only from across the continent, by the paper echo of mail, for the next half-century.

Evening, last inches of the leaden day. Ellen and Charles missed sprigs of knowledge indeed when their father left them to Boston. From Swell’s tribe, the Makahs, Swan noted down that their version of the sun arrived robustly each morning by thrusting away the stars with his head and trampling night underfoot. Rainbows, they considered, had claws at either end to seize the unwary. Comets and meteors were the luminous souls of dead chiefs. As for the mysterious northern lights that sometimes webbed the sky beyond the Strait, Swell explained them astutely to Swan:

*Under that star, many snow’s sail from here in a canoe, live a*
can scarcely recognize. Almost twenty years passed before I undertook a diary again—oddly, the occasion was the same as that earliest eddy of Swan’s torrent of paper, a time spent in Britain—and even yet I dodge behind the constant excuse that a page should be a hireling, not the field boss, to evade for days, weeks, at a time. This journal of winter, ninety days of exception, I face down into regularly because it must be kept, as a ship’s log must. To navigate by; know the headway. But Swan’s diary plainly masters him. Pulls his hand down onto each day’s page like a coaxing lover. How far beyond the surface of the paper he ever can be coaxed is yet to be seen. Swan’s days and the land and people of them get scrupulous report; less so his own interior. Unlike that other tireless clerk, Pepys of plague-time London, Swan does not confess himself every second sentence, gaily jot down whom he last tumbled to bed with and is eyeing next nor repent every hangover nor retaste every jealousy. Much more assessor than confessor, is Swan. Yet, yet, his words doconfigure, make enough significant silhouette that I stare hard for the rest. No, the Swan style of diary-keeping—this dialogue of a man with his days—is not merely maintenance but more like architecture, the careful ungiddly construction of something grand as it is odd. Swan works at these pages of his as steadily, incessantly, as a man building a castle out of pebbles.

Castling his own life, I suppose, while I have the luck to look on in curiosity.

DAY NINETEEN

In continental outline the United States rides the map as a gallon carpentered together from the woodyard’s leftover slabs: plankish bowsprit ascending at northernmost Maine, line of keel cobbled along Gulf shores and southwest border (Florida the Armada-surplus anchor chain hung fat with seaweed), the surprising long clean amidship straightness of the 49th parallel across upper Midwest and West. This patchwork ship of states

is, by chance, prowling eastward. Or as I prefer to think of it, forecastle and bow are awash in the Atlantic while great lifting tides gather beneath our Pacific portion of the craft.

Trace to the last of this land vessel at the westernmost reach of the state of Washington, to the final briefest tackled-on deckline of peninsula. There is Cape Flattery, where the Makahs of James G. Swan’s years lived and where I am traveling today.

Towns thin down abruptly along this farthest-west promontory. In the sixty-five-mile stretch beyond Port Angeles only three—Clallam Bay; within sight of there, Sekiu; then after fifteen final miles of dodgy road, Neah Bay—and each one tightly hugs some cove in the northern shoreline of the Olympic Peninsula, as if grateful to have been rolled ashore out of the cold wallowing waters of the Strait.

The tiny communities exist on logging and seasonal salmon fishing and, as such places do, produce ample vacant time for their citizens to eye one another. The man beside me this morning at the Sekiu café counter was working his way through hash browns, sunny-side eggs, toast, sausage, coffee, and vehement.

“That kid,” he grumped across the room to the waitress, “that kid never did make much of a showing for himself around here. Glad to see him gone.” An instant later, of someone else: “Never liked that lamebrained SOB anyway.” As fork and tongue flashed, a close contest whether his meal or the local population would be chomped fine first.

At Neah Bay, now at midmorning, I am the one looked at, for my red beard and black watch cap. The Makahs of Neah Bay have been studying odd white faces in their streets for the past two hundred years. One story suggests that an early Russian sailing vessel smashed ashore at Cape Flattery and Swan believed that those survivors and probably other voyagers had left their genetic calling cards. (Some Makahs, he noted, have black hair; very dark brown eyes, almost black; high cheek-bones, and dark copper-colored skin; others have reddish hair, and a few, particularly among the children, light flaxen locks . . .) It is definite that Spanish mariners arrived in the late eighteenth century to build a small clay-brick fort, which seems to have lasted
about as long as it took them to stack it together. Every so often Swan and a few interested Indians would poke around in the Spanish shards, and the midden would stir up righteousness in him: How different our position from theirs. They came to conquer. We are here to render benefit.

After a hundred and twenty years as a reservation people under United States governance the Makahs might care to argue that point of benefit. Neah Bay meets the visitor as a splatter of weather-whipped houses, despite its age a tentative town seemingly pinned into place by the heavy government buildings at its corners: Bureau of Indian Affairs offices, Coast Guard enclave, Air Force base on the opposite neck of the peninsula. One building stands out alone in grace, a high-roofed museum built by the tribal council to display the finds from an archaeological dig southward along the coast at Cape Alava. Despite the museum's brave thrust and the bulky federal presence, the forested hills which crowd the bay seem simply to be waiting until the right moonless night to take back the townsite.

I have brought with me the copied portions of Swan's diaries where he writes of Cape Flattery's place in the tribal geography of the North Pacific. Remoteness and the empty expanses of Strait and ocean ought to insulate such a site, but that was not the case at all when Swan lived among the Neah Bay villagers in the early 1860s. He discovered them carrying on a complicated war of nerves, and occasionally biceps, which would do credit to any adventurous modern nation. South, north and east, the Makahs looked from their pinnacle of land toward some tribal neighbor they were at issue with.

The slowest-simmering of these rivalries extended southward, about a half-day's canoe journey down the coast to the territory of the Quillayute tribe. The Makahs suspected the Quillayutes of having massacred one of their whaling crews which had been blown downcoast by storm. Time and again this dark tale reached Swan at Neah Bay, occasionally with the added note that the murdered canoe men had been glimpsed as owls with shells hanging from their bills similar to those worn by Makahs in their noses.

Suspicion of the Quillayutes remained a matter of muttering, however. With the Elwhas, east along the strait, the galling issue was their killing of Swell, and it rankled hard and often. (Nor does it seem to have been assuaged by the harvest of those two Elwha heads at Crescent Bay.) In Swan's diary months Neah Bay jousts repeatedly with Elwha over the dead young chieftain. Early on, Swan and a Makah canoe crew returning from Port Townsend brought back with them an Elwha chief who wanted to talk peace. The Elwha breakfasted with Swell's brother Peter, everyone seemed to be pleasant and friendly but the point was settled home to the Elwhas: It is generally understood that if they will kill Charlie entire peace will be restored.

Weeks later, other Elwhas showed up to parley some more, to no further result. Months later, a Makah elder abruptly announced that he was going to set fire to Swell's burial monument because the white men had not arranged vengeance for his murder.

Of a sudden, inspiration evidently lit by that torching speech, the Makahs now scored a move: Today Peter stole a squaw from Capt. Jack, one of the Clallam Indians who was here on a visit. The squaw was part Elwha and Peter took her as a hostage to enforce pay from the Elwhas for robbing and killing a year and a half ago.

The ransom fell through, one of the Makah tribal elders allowed the woman to escape. Peter came to me today with a very heavy heart in consequence of the squaw having absconded.

Just then the attention of the Makahs pivoted abruptly northward, across the Strait, which customarily was the worst direction to have to expect trouble from; the northern Indians beyond Vancouver Island were numerous and powerful canoe people with a history of raiding almost casually down onto the smaller tribes of the Strait and Sound. The north could mean the Tsimshians and the Tlingits, and most dread of all, the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, almost to Alaska. Swan once had watched a canoe party of Haidas depart Port Townsend under the uneasy jeers of the local Clallams and Chimakums. For farewell, a Haida woman ripped a handful of grass and blew
between the Makahs and the Elwhas, but the Makahs and the United States. These years at Cape Flattery had been passing with remarkable tranquility between the natives and the white newcomers, as Swan was quite thankfully aware: I have been reading this evening the report of the Comr. of Indian Affairs and it seems singular to be able to sit here in peace and quiet on this the most remote frontier of the United States and read of the hostilities among the tribes between this Territory and the Eastern settlements. Peter's knife punctured that state of affairs. Swan's daily narrative begins to show move, countermove, counter-countermove:

Mr. Webster arrested Peter this evening and took him on board the sch. A. J. Westen to be taken to Steilacoom, the territorial army headquarters.

... A canoe with a party of Indians followed the schooner and this evening it was reported that they had rescued Peter and conveyed him to Kiddekubut. I think this report doubtful. But later ascertained it was true ... Old Capt. John and 16 others came this forenoon to make me a prisoner and keep me as long as Mr. Webster keeps Peter but when they found that Peter had escaped they came to tell me not to be afraid. I said I was not afraid of any of them and gave them a long lecture. John said I had a skookum tumtum.

... The steamer Cyrus Walker with a detachment of 33 soldiers under Lieut. Kessler arrived at Neah Bay about midnight of Tuesday. ... The steamer with Mr. Webster on board proceeded to Kiddekuubut and succeeded in arresting 14 Indians: Peter and thirteen others.

Peter now vanishes from the Neah Bay chronicle, to Swan's considerable relief. I have tried for the past three years to make Mr. Webster believe what a bad fellow Peter is, the diary splutters in farewell to the Makah warlock.

A fiery enough record, these few years of Makah bravado and occasional bloodshed as chronicled by Swan. Yet while this sequence of ruckus was occurring out on the poop deck of the continent at Cape Flattery, the United States of America and the Confederate States of America were inventing modern mass war at Antietam and Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. If it is a question as to which civilization in those years was more casual with life, the Makahs don't begin to compete with the Civil War's creeks and bayous of blood. Nor has their martial inventiveness kept pace with our own. Driving here from Seattle this morning, I stopped at the west end of the highway bridge which sweeps across Hood Canal on barge-sized concrete pontoons and looked along the channel to where a military base is being built for nuclear-missile-bearing Trident submarines. The killing capacity of Swan's tetchy Makahs compares to that of a Trident as a jackknife to bubonic plague.

Some hours in Neah Bay fitting its geography onto Swan's era—a breakwater, built in the name of World War II security, now stretches from the west headland of the bay to Waadah Island; the Bureau of Indian Affairs buildings top the eastern point where Webster's trading post stood—and I turn toward the ocean.

Cape Flattery is, as I have said, as far west as you can step on the mainland forty-eight states of America. But along the Cape's Pacific extremity there are thrusts of cliff actually out above the ocean; ultimate sharp points of landscape as if a new compass heading had been devised for here, west of west.

From a logging road I climb down the forest trail to the tip of the Cape's longest finger of headland. At the trailhead the Makah Tribal Council has nailed up alarming signs ... Rugged High Cliffs ... Extremely Dangerous Area ... enter at own risk. The final brink of the trail lives up to them by simply snapping off into midair.

There, some eighty or hundred feet above the Pacific, rides an oceanlooker's perch, an oval of white hardpack clay about twenty feet wide and twice as long. A clawnail hardness for this last talon of cliff.

I have clambered up all the great capes of this Northwest
coast: Cape Disappointment at the mouth of the Columbia, to
step to the Pacific horizon as Lewis and Clark did; Oregon's
Cape Falcon with its howling fluency of wind, and south of it
Cape Meares and Cape Lookout, and south from them Cape
Foulweather and Cape Perpetua and Cape Blanco. But none of
those, none, proffers the pinnacle-loneliness of this tip of Cape
Flattery. Behind, on all sides, the continent shears away, dangles
me to air and the rocky water below. "Those whales," a Makah
tribesman has told me of the spring migrating pattern past this
spot: "Sometimes they come right in under the cliffs. They
scrape those barnacles off themselves on the rocks."

Surf pounds underfoot with surprisingly little noise but wind
makes up for it. I crouch carefully, not to be puffed off the
continent, and peer out the half-mile or so to Tatoosh, the lighth-
house island here at the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

*While at Tatooch, Swan entered in his diary on July 18, 1864,
I counted 18 vessels in sight.*

Now machines instead of humans operate the Tatoosh light,
visitors are none, and the tiny white cluster of lighthouse, resi-
dential quarters, water tower, and a collapsing shed give off
visual echoes of emptiness. Tatoosh simply rests out there like a
fat stepping-stone off the end of the continent. The next foothold
beyond it is Asia.

In the 1860s the Makah tribesmen told Swan that below these
cliffs, in hours of calm water, they sometimes hunted seals.
Caves drill back in very far at the base of the cliffs and so a
Makah would approach by canoe, swim or wade in with a
lighted torch and a knife, and stalk back along the tunneled floor
until he came onto drowsing seals. The blaze of the torch con-
fused the animals, and the hunter took the chance of their
confusion to stab them.

There was risk, Swan noted. *Occasionally the torch will go
out, and leave the cavern in profoundest darkness.*

Profoundest darkness, and naked knife-bearing men who
would wade into it. Even if you do not know that story, to stand
atop this last rough end of the continent is to have it come to
mind: what the dwellers of this coast could do before they found
other, easier routes.

**DAY TWENTY**

Cape Flattery must have stood the neck hair on Swan a few
times, too. This morning I find that in one of the several articles
he wrote about the Makahs he listed in firm schoolteacherly
style the superstitions of the tribe, then let burst from him this
uncommonly uneasy language:

*The grandeur of the scenery about Cape Flattery, and the
strange contortions and fantastic shapes into which its cliffs have
been thrown by some former convulsion of nature, or worn and
abraded by the ceaseless surge of the waves; the wild and varied
sounds which fill the air, from the dash of water into the caverns
and fissures of the rocks, mingled with the living cries of in-
numerable fowl . . . all combined, present an accumulation of
sights and sounds sufficient to fill a less superstitious beholder
than the Indian with mysterious awe.*

Yesterday's weather faded and faded, had gone into gray by
sundown. This morning is delivering sleet, blanking the coastline
of the Strait down to a few hundred yards of mingled sky and
water and rock. A worker from a construction crew stepped
from the room next to mine and squinted into the icy mush. He
shook his head and declared: "I need this like I need another
armpit."

The feel of Cape Flattery as an everlasting precipice of exis-
tence is strong as I repeat routes of Swan's here. When he estab-
lished himself in the schoolhouse at Neah Bay in 1863, ready to
reason the peninsular natives into the white culture's version of
education, he made himself in that moment the westernmost
frontiersman in the continental United States. Jones, the Reser-
vation farmer at the moment, moved briefly into the schoolhouse
DAY TWENTY-TWO

This morning, nagged by a murmur of memory, I finally retraced the entry, Swan's diary words of this exact date, one hundred thirty-nine years ago. The eleventh of January 1860. *Cloudy and calm. This is my birthday 42 years old. I trust that the remainder of my life may be passed more profitably than it has so far. Self-investigation is good for birth days.*

Tonight, after another coastal day back and forth between Swan's words and the actuality of Cape Flattery: "Some men and women are never part of the time they were born into," Carol's voice read to me as I hunched in the phone booth at Clallam Bay, "and walk the streets or highways of their generations as strangers... Reinforces our diminishing conviction that there is something special in American earth, in American experience and in the harrowing terms of American survival. Where there is no longer a house of sky..."

The words clatter back and forth between my ears. *Never part of the time they were born into... walk their generations as strangers...* The sort of thing I might write about Swan, restless in

Boston, studious on the frontier. Instead, in the pages of the *New York Times Book Review* it has been written of me.

**DAY TWENTY-THREE**

From places here at the outer corner of the Strait it can be seen clearest how abruptly close the Olympic range of mountains stands to this coastline: like gorgeously caped elephants about to go wading. Along much of the Peninsula south of the logging town of Forks, for instance, peaks of 4,000 to 7,000 feet rise within thirty-five miles of the Pacific shore, rather as if the Rockies were to begin at Philadelphia, or the Sierra Nevada just beyond the east alleys of Oakland.

There is a kind of stolen thrill, something unearned and simply granted; about the presence of the Olympics. The state of Washington makes its margin with the Pacific as if the region west of the Cascade Mountains had all been dropped heavily against the ocean, causing wild splatters of both land and water: the islands of Puget Sound and the San Juan group, streaky inlets everywhere, stretched stripes of peninsula such as Dungeness and Long Beach, the eighty-mile fjord called Hood Canal, and a webwork of more than forty sizable rivers emptying to the coast. Amid this welter the Olympic Mountains stand in calm tall files, their even timbered slopes like black-green fur to shed the wet. The region's history itself seems to step back and marvel at these shoreline mountains. The coastal Indians appear not to have troubled to travel much in them. Why wrestle forest when the sea is an open larder? White frontier-probing too went into an unusual and welcome slowdown when it reached the Olympics. Although the range sits only some sixty miles wide and fifty long, not until 1889 did a six-man expedition sponsored by a Seattle newspaper tramp entirely across it and leave some of the loveliest peaks of America with the curious legacy of being named for editors. Thereafter its terrific shaggy abun-
Wonk wonk wonk wonk wonk wonk wonk, our boots constantly resound on the cedar, wonk wonk wonk wonk wonk wonk wonk. The boardwalk's height from the forest floor puts my head at an elevation of seven feet or so, and I feel like a Zulu clogging along in a Dutchman’s shoes.

“Just like Asbury Park,” Carol offers in joke as we wonk along. But this is not the New Jersey shore at the bounds of boardwalk, but a weave of coastal forest, and because the cedar walkway perpetually stays damp enough to be slick, my eyes are pulled down to it too often from their pleasure of sorting the wealth of green: salal, cedar, hemlock, huckleberry, deer fern, an occasional powerful Douglas fir.

We alight onto the beach at Cape Alava amid a spring noon which has somehow drifted loose into mid-January. No wind at all, rare for this restless coast, and a surprise warmth in the air that denies knowing anything whatsoever about this morning’s winter chill.

As we stride north the mile or so to the archaeological dig, we find that winter storms have made the Alava beach a stew of kelp, rockweed, sea cucumbers and sundry unidentifiables. One ingredient is an ugly rotting bulb which we agree must be the ocean version of turnip. Gulls, turnstones, and sanderlings patrol scrupulously along the tideline, while cormorants idly crowd the offshore rocks. Crows swagger now and again among the seaweed, right to ocean’s edge. Some evolutionary instant from now the first one will swash in to join the gulls amid the surf and make the species seagoing.

The archaeological site has grown to resemble a tiny silver-strike town. Board houses and sheds dribble along the hillside, and then the laid-open ground where the excavation is underway. A difference is that the digging here represents the most delicate of mining, done painstakingly within two-meter squares of soil at a time. Five buried longhouses have been discovered on the site, and the contents of the three opened to date have sifted out as a kind of archaeological miracle. The scholarly guess is that the Makah residents of some five hundred years ago felled too much of the forest on the bluff above, probably to feed their fires; the defoliated slope gave way and an avalanche of heavy clay soil sealed everything below it as instantly and tightly as if in a flood of molten glass. Washington State University archaeologists and their student teams have been sifting the past here for ten years, and the trove of artifacts is to go on display in the museum the Makahs are building at Neah Bay.

The diggers are proud of the site. The young woman from a Colorado university who shows us around says it is known as one of the ten most important digs being done in the world. She tells us, too, details unearthed since our other visits here: that shells of some sixty kinds of shellfish have been found in the longhouses, testimony to the prowess of the Hosett Makahs in trading very far up and down this coast, and that belongings of a head man of a longhouse were uncovered in one building’s northeast corner, the farthest from the prevailing weather and therefore the snugger.

The dig deserves honor as a North Pacific Pompeii, an invaluable pouch of the Makah past. Yet I find as ever that I am stirred less by the treasure pit than by something almost invisible among the Alava tidal rocks. At low tide, if you know where to gaze amid the dark stone hums, a canoe way slowly comes to sight, a thin lane long ago wrested clear of boulders by the Makahs so they would have a channel into the Pacific for their fragile wooden hulls.

This dragway is the single most audacious sight I know on this planet. Muscelmade, elemental, ancient, leading only toward ocean and the brink of horizon: it extends like a rope bridge into black space. Mountain climbers, undersea explorers, any others I can think of who might match the Makahs for daring are able to mark their calendar of adventure as they choose, select where and when they will duel nature. But this handwrought crevasse through the beach rocks was the Makahs’ path to livelihood, their casual alley, and out along it with their canoes of poise and their sensations cleansed by rituals slid generations of Hosett whalers, lifting away into the glittering Pacific.

The archaeology student mentioned Swan as we toured the
resented the show of force, the soldiers resented being thumped down on the back porch of the continent, and we are all heartily sick of their protracted stay. Also, the month's weather was rampant even for Cape Flattery: 11 1/2 inches Rain 3 pleasant days during month. The diary pages twang more than a little. The Swan who liked to intone that he never carried the least caliber of self-defense among the Indians—I have always found that a civil tongue is the best weapon I can use—now inscribes something different: Bought a Remington revolver of Mr Philips this PM. . . .

Nerves cool a bit in the next weeks but in midsummer Swan takes a twelve-day respite from Neah Bay, visiting in Victoria, Port Townsend, and Port Angeles; and a few days after his return there is the entry the year's diary pages have been marching toward. Wednesday, the twenty-second of August:

Notified Mr Webster of my intention of sending in my resignation as teacher when I send in my monthly report. The resignation to take effect on the 1st of October.

I want not to see Swan step from Neah Bay; not see this particular Boston bird drift back toward the ultimate point of the West, Cape Flattery. Truth told, it may account for my own tautness of the past days. The glimpses I have had into the diaries ahead do not suggest the rhythmed richness of these regal ledger pages. Port Townsend, which will be Swan's next site, I think cannot be such a transfixing place as Cape Flattery, nor probably one to which Swan's talents are as steadily alert. There is grit in the ink to come, I judge. But 1866 is James Gilchrist Swan's cosmos, not mine. Whatever I might wish here in the ether of the future, he traces his own way with that ceaseless pen. And in the last few weeks of more than two hundred and fifty spent at Neah Bay that pen begins to record farewells.

First a ceremony of fabulous chumminess from exactly the quarter it could be expected. This forenoon, the twenty-third of September, Capt John brought me in his box of "Whale medi-
of snow does not exceed five feet, and on Puget Sound particularly Port Townsend from whence I write, there has not been a particle of snow this winter. ... The whole of the rich valley of the Chahalis, which empties into Grays Harbor, and the valley of the Willapa the garden of the Territory, which connects with Shoalwater Bay, would be tributary to a city at Port Townsend, and could furnish supplies for a population larger than the dreams of the most sanguine enthusiast. ... A ship could sail direct from New York with a cargo of Railroad iron, which could be landed at any desired point on Hood’s canal....

Swan, I would turn you if I could from this railroad courtship. I know its outcome, and you would be better off spending your ink money and postage to bet on fistfights in your favorite waterfront saloon. The commercial future lay in wait here along the eastern shoreline of Puget Sound, not across there with you at pinnacle-sitting Port Townsend. Seattle and Tacoma, these points where the westward flow of settlement quickest met deep harbors—they became the region’s plump rail-fed ports. (While Swan still was busheling oysters at Shoalwater Bay in 1853, a territorial newspaper already was crediting the barely born town of Seattle with “goaheadiveness.”) Had Swan and his hamlet of destiny been able to admit it, the very sweep of water which served as Port Townsend’s concourse, Admiralty Inlet and Puget Sound, now made its moat.

The letters to Canfield flew on, however, and in the sixth of the series Swan made bold to say that the Northern Pacific not only needed Port Townsend, it required him as its local eyes and ears:

I would respectfully submit to you whether it would not be for the interest of the company to have some careful reliable person to prepare a statement of all matters of interest relative to the harbors of Puget Sound.... For $150 a month I will undertake to furnish every information, and pay all the expense of obtaining it, such as travelling expenses boat and canoe hire &c. ... Swan in this Port Townsend life is showing something I have not seen much of since his time among the Shoalwater oyster entrepreneurs. He has a little bright streak of hokum in him, which begins at his wallet.

It is the thing I would change first about the West, or rather, about an ample number of westerners. Their conviction that in this new land, just because it is new, wealth somehow ought to fall up out of the ground into their open pockets. Such bonanza notions began with the Spaniards peering for golden cities amid buffalo grass, and surged on through the fur trade, the mining rushes, the laying of the railroads, the arrival of the loggers, the taking up of farmland and grazing country, the harvest of salmon rivers, and even now are munching through real estate and coal pits and whatever can be singled out beyond those. Besides a sudden population the West—many Wests—have had to support this philosophy of get-rich-quicker-than-the-next-grabber-and-to-hell-with-the-consequences, and the burden of it on a half-continent of limited cultivation capacities has skewed matters out here considerably. The occasional melancholy that whispers like wind in westerners’ ears I think is the baffled apprehension of this; the sense that even as we try to stand firm we are being carried to elsewhere, some lesser and denatured place, without it ever being made clear why we have to go. And the proper word for any such unchosen destination is exile.

Anyway, Swan strives on a central route of his era, a site he is not generally found at, in his current quest for bonanza. His problem is that nowhere among his skills is the knack for hitting it rich. This stone fact asserts itself in these Port Townsend years by not only keeping Swan unrich but chronically short of any income at all. He has tried to tap a field he knows much about, the native artwork of the Northwest, but without much success. In his periodic letters to Baird at the Smithsonian he attempts now and then, with more than ample justification, to pry whatever occasional collecting salary he can; I know that I can do this work as well and probably better than any man on the Pacific Coast, but I cannot do myself or the subject justice, unless I am paid for my time, labor and expense. Baird’s thrifty fist stays closed. When Swan on his own contrives a trading trip
This place had been occupied as a camp last summer by Count Luboff, a Russian who was looking at lands for parties in Victoria. He had put up a notice on a board, that the place was taken as a coal claim. Some of the Indians not knowing what the board meant, split it up for fire wood, which was the best use that the board could be dedicated to, as there is no coal or any indications of coal at this place except the charred remains of Count Luboff's fire.

I have said Swan's trio of diaries tell very nearly as much as possible about this expedition, but there is an omission noticeable by now. The phantom of these pages is Deans. Johnny Kit Elswa and Edino receive their ample share from Swan's pen, but the British Columbia Indian agent is mentioned only when he goes prospecting or accompanies Swan into a burial cave. The notations are unfailingly polite; too polite, as though the diarist does not want any commotion if wrong eyes find the pages.

Swan, I am beginning to think, may wish that Deans still was on the dock back at Victoria.

The rain keeps on—Our situation is more romantic than pleasant—and the expedition hunkers in for another day.

Swan passes it by sketching the stone doctor... a sandstone reef washed by the surf into a form that certainly does not require much imagination to make one think as the Indians do that it is a giant doctor of ancient times petrified and fossilized...

Perhaps inspired by the offshore medicine man, Swan now concocts a salve of spruce gum and deer tallow for Edino's ailing back. If not cured, the chief at least is assuaged. He bestows a pair of shark teeth ear ornaments on Swan in return.

The weathered-in site atop Cape Knox begins to pall on Swan. This delay, and Edino's sickness makes me feel pretty blue... as I must pay for every day these people are with me...

At 2 P.M. a schooner on the offing bound south with all sails set... A pleasant sight as there is nothing between us at this camp, and Japan, nothing but a dreary stretch of wild and monotonous ocean... the swiftly moving vessel gave a feeling of life.... I am quite tired of this place and long to leave it.

The last of dusk on the Olympic Peninsula. Beyond Lake Quinault, northward along the Pacific edge of the Peninsula, we are passing through miles of tunnel of high firs. The line of sky is so narrow between the margins of our deep road-canyon that it looks like a blue path somehow hung along the treetops. I am sagging from the day of deciphering Swan's travel, readying for our own; Carol with her better attention to the dark drives this last blackening stretch of distance.

Mapping in my mind as the road slits the forest, I realize that the coast here, off through the timber to the west of us, is the single piece of Washington's ocean shoreline never visited by Swan. He came as far north as the mouth of the Quinault River in 1854, on that jesting report from the Shoalwater Indians that a British steamship was carrying on a smuggling trade with the Quinaults, and he once canoed down from Neah Bay to the Quillayute tribe at La Push. Between, the stretch of shore where the Hoh River flows into the Pacific, Swan somehow did not attain. But the two of us in this fat pellet of metal have, on some tideline wander or another. I think over the fact of having set foot anywhere along this continental rim where the wondrous Swan didn't, and of sleeping tonight beside a fine Peninsula river he somehow never saw, and the surprise of it whirs to me out of the rushing dark.

DAYS SEVENTY-THREE

The Hoh park ranger, stocky and red-mustached, recites for us new numerals of the February windstorm that unbuilt the Hood
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The weather held stormless, as though curious to watch down at this orphaned crew for a while. At the midday stop, Karlsson’s pencil mark on the map moved east. Moved as much again at evening’s camp—but south now. They were in the channel.

“Those Koloshes,” Wennberg fed a branch to the supper fire. “Those ones that—back at that island, there. What d’you suppose they’re in the world for?”

“For?” Karlsson was loading the rifles for the night, standard now since the encounter with the Koloshes at Arisankhana. He stopped to regard the blacksmith. As steadily as he tried to keep a reading of Wennberg, moods kited in and out of the broad man.

“What I mean, how d’they spend their lives?”

“Paddling their arms off,” Braaf guessed, “about same as we are?”

“Sit on mine and ride home, Braaf. I mean truth here. This damned coast now, like forty kinds of a Finland. What’s the use of these fish-fuckers, scatting around here and there? Whyn’t it just empty?”

. . . We need to hope it damned well is, here on . . .

Karlsson aloud: “Maybe people are like crops, come up everywhere.”

“Or weeds, if they’re Wennbergs,” added Braaf.

“Oh, Hell take the both of you. A man tries to figure life and you fart from the front of your faces at him. I’m turning in. A blanket’s better company than you pair.”

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. . .

Still can be as touchy as a poisoned pup, Wennberg can. But at least it’s not war. Maybe he’s in troth about it, needing me to lead. Or thinking that I’m leading, instead of just tumbling us down this coast . . .

Karlsson came awake just after daylight had begun to hint. Frost on the sailcloth shelter this morning.

By the time Braaf and Wennberg were roused and breakfast was into the three of them, ridgelines and mountains in their cloaks and hoods of dark were arriving to sight all around the channel.

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 chiming had fallen out between mountains and clouded sky.

The dawn warmed from silver to straw yellow, to peach. Now clouds burnt free by the light began to drift from view over the eastern crags. Karlsson’s third day as escapemaster was going to be stormless.

. . . Thank you to this, any day. Sun, easy water. Wine and figs next, aye, Melander? . . .

The paddles dipped, glistened wet on the forward reach of the stroke, dipped again.

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of moments themselves is as little possible to single out as
the family of atoms of air that pushes against the next
and has begun a breeze. Yet the happening is unmiss-
able. Out of their winter rust, ferns unroll green. Up
from the low dampnesses of the forest the blooms of
skunk cabbage lick, a butter-gold flame and scent like
burnt sugar. The weather calms, sometimes as much as
a week of haze and non-storm. Seals bob forth in the
offshore swells. Salmon far out in the Pacific reverse
compass, start their instinctual trace back from under-
ocean pastures toward the rivers where they were
spawned and must now seek spawn in turn. Baja Cali-
fornia has been departed by gray whales, the Bering
Sea is to know them next. Geese and ducks and whis-
tling swans write first strokes of their calligraphy of
flight northward. To the north too, glaciers creak with
the earliest of the strains which at last will calve ice-
bergs into the azure bays. Within the white rivers,
Yukon and Stikine and Susitna and Aisak, Kuskokwim
and Kvichak and Nushagak, currents begin to pry at
their winter roofs of ice.

In stirrings tiny and mighty, the restive great coast
was engendering spring.

... One meal of deer left. Then beans. Two, three
skiffs of those. And biscuit corners, maybe a meal's
worth. Already Wennberg is saying his guts think his
throat's been cut. An idea there, Braaf tells him, how'd
he like help? The two of us to hold Wennberg into
bridle, it takes. ...

... Need a hunt again. Anything, deer, goat.
Beaver, God's bones, we could learn to think beaver
was a manor lord's feast. Costs time and time to hunt,
though. And risk to a gunshot, Christ knows whether
there're Koloshes along here. But so's there risk to
starving ourselves down. Pull to shore early tomorrow,
try a bear milking. ...

Back north along the shore Karlsson could see the
campfire, even could discern the arc of the canoe, the
bumps of form that were Wennberg and Braaf. At
first, when the canoe nosed in here for the night, Karl-
sson could not make himself feel easy about this fresh
manner of coast. Three leisureed windrows of surf and
the beach wide, gentle, full-sanded; a carpet of ease after the stone shores of the past weeks, it ought to have seemed. Yet through dusk and supper a constriction somehow clung to this mild site, an unexpected sense of squeeze which kept with Karlsson even when he strode the length of beach to the seastacks. Maybe it was the surround of land here, after their Vancouver nights of precarious perch. The battered wall of searock reared as barrier at this end and the cape the canoe-men had rounded wide of after crossing the Strait of Fuca extended considerably into the ocean at that other. Inland the forest stood high—Karlsson had studied and studied that venue for sign of animals; in the weave of evergreen and brush, nothing moved—and behind the north end of the beach the terrain sharpened into a long clay cliff. For all the broad invitation of its sand this particular beach made a kind of sink mouth of the coast, the sort of place where you more-than-half-expected something unpleasant to be scooped ashore at any time.

... A man can worry himself ancient. Step them off, the days, that's what we need do. Keep on keeping on, Melander'd say. Earn our way to Astoria yet, we just may... The ocean was bringing a constant rumble and within that a hiss, the odd cold sizzle as the tide edge melts into the sand. Left in the air was a smell of emphatic freshness—a tang beyond mint or myrtle, more a sensation than anything the nose could find recipe of. And over and through it all, the surf sound, here so solid it seemed to have corners: the unremitting boom on the seastacks, a constant crashing noise against the shore northward. The surf. No other energy on the planet approaches it. On any planet? The remorseless hurl of it, impending, collapsing, upbuilding, and its extent even beyond that of thunder, that grave enwrapping beat upon all shores of all continents at once: how is there any foothold left for us? Braaf's wonderment, he recently had confided to Karlsson, was that the power of the ocean didn't rip big chunks from the land all day long. Braaf figured probably in great storms it did just that, which must have been how the islands of their route from New Archangel had been chewed into creation.

... A far place now, New Archangel. Far as that moon, it seems. How long's it been? Braaf's calendar will tell. But we're where we are. Last coast, this...

Near the campfire Wennberg and Braaf were sitting at angle from each other, as if they had a treaty against face-to-face to be honored.

At Karlsson's approach Wennberg threw on a branch from the firewood pile beside him, sparks rocketing upward. In the heightened light Wennberg looked somehow more thunderous, and Braaf's eyes were higher out into the night than ever, seemed to be appraising the moon.

... They've been gnawing back and forth again, what now. ... "A silver night," Karlsson offered. "First in a while. Maybe it'll bring sun on us tomorrow."
one instantly, what sane captain would heave in along this howling canyon of a coast? But the whale people, they were more than guaranteed to be attracted across by any such smoke. . . . Gunshots . . . same again, only quicker doom. . . .

Evidently at different pace and route the same sorting had been racing in Braaf and Wennberg. Wennberg was yet squinting dismally toward the ship when Braaf swung to Karlsson.

"Sailcloth," agreed Karlsson, and Braaf was gone for it.

Careful to be always below the seaward brow of the island, walled from any Kolosh glance from the mainland, they flapped sailcloth. Flapped it as if trying to conjure flight, a man at each end of the length of fabric, third man jumping in whenever a pair of arms gave out, the fabric bucking as if in anguish to join that clan of sheels kiting atop the Jane.

Whichever of the three was not pummeling the air performed the steady yearning toward the Jane with the spyglass, rifle of vision aimed in search of a lens ogling back. But found nothing but portrait of a ship on the wing. Wennberg’s wishful curses ran steady as incantation, ought in themselves have wrought some drastic change in the brig’s glide. Caused the mainmast to split and crash over. Tumbled the cabin lad overboard. Invoked Neptune to rise and shoo the ship back north. Tugged loose the sails and tangled them so thoroughly the captain would trice her right around. Any miracle, whatever style, would do.

Those sails continued to waft serenely southward.

Leaving Wennberg and Braaf and Karlsson to stand and watch the distancing ship like men yearning to dive to a cloud.

The day at last declining toward dusk, Karlsson took the glass and eased to the downcoast end of the island to study the shoreline ahead. Wennberg was staying atop the island to brood, Braaf was back at watching the Koloshes demolish the whale. Since the passing of the ship, both wore a look as though they had just been promised pestilence.

. . . Danced right by us. Damn. All the days since New Archangel, and a ship chooses this goddamned one. Damn, damn. Hadn’t been for the Koloshes we’d right now be . . .

With the glass Karlsson checked back on the villagers and their whale festival. Wood was being piled up the beach from the carcass. Evidently the celebration was going to rollick on into night.

Something flitted, was down among the shore rocks before Karlsson could distinguish it. Birds of this shoreline evidently had caught motion from the surf. Sanderlings, oystercatchers, turnstones, dowitchers, snipe, along here always some or other of them bobbing, skittering, dashing off; the proud-striding measured ravens of New Archangel were nowhere in it with these darters. Contrary another way, too, this southerning coast was beginning to show itself. Its clouds were not the ebb and flow skidding about above Sitka Sound, but fat islands that impended on the horizon

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half a day at a time. Here it seemed, then, that you could navigate according to the clouds' positions, and that the routes of birds had nothing to teach but life's confusion—which it would be like both weather and wingdom to deceive you into.

Karlsson one more time put his attention south.

The withdrawing tide was lifting more and more spines of reef to view. But no beach was coming evident, just a broad tidal tract of roundish rocks, as if the farm fields of all the world had been emptied of stone here. Or, cannonball-like as these rocks looked to be, it might be said battlefields.

Beyond the stone clutter no islands stood to sight, only the bladed outlines of seastacks. Many of them. All in all, Karlsson saw, this appeared the rockiest reach of coast yet, and it needed be paddled past by night and a landing made on it somewhere in earliest dawn.

... Day this has been, even that can't be much damn worse... 

“Burning the goddamn world over there. What in the name of hell d'you suppose they're up to?”

The villagers' beach fire just had flared high, a puff of sun against the dark, from a bowl of whale oil flung onto it.

“Whether they mean to or not, they're making us a beacon to steer from awhile,” Karlsson answered Wennberg. The three canoemen hefted, and the canoe left land, caught the water's pulse.

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THE SEA RUNNERS

Not since taking their quit of New Archangel had they paddled at night, and the memory of that stint did not go far to reassure anybody.

Ordinarily dark was Braaf's time, the thief's workplace. But here in the canoe with blackness around, Karlsson could sense Braaf's distrust of the situation, feel how his paddling grew more tentative, grudging, than ever.

Wennberg at the bow meantime seemed in every hurry to yank them through the night single-handed; his paddling was near flail.

Karlsson drew breath deep, exhaled exasperation oh so carefully, and decreed:

“Hold up, the both of you. We need to flap our wings together. At my word, do your stroke. Now... now... now...”

The night Pacific is little at all like the day's. With the demarking line of horizon unseen the ocean draws up dimension from its deeps, sends it spreading, distending, perhaps away into some blend with the sky itself. If stars ever kindle out there amid the waverops we need not be much surprised. And all the while every hazard, rock, shoal, reef, shelf, snag, is being whetted against the solid dark.

In their watch for collision Wennberg and Braaf and Karlsson stared tunnels into the black. From Wennberg's harsh breathing and undervoice curses, every instant that catastrophe did not occur only convinced him that it was overdue.

“How far are we going in this?” Braaf this was, his
Almost nothing was said during eating, and less after. Karlsson watched Wennberg occasionally shake his head and tug at his whiskers, as if in wonder at where he found himself now. But none of his usual almanac of complaints, nor any newly-thought-up blaze to hurl at Karlsson. Just those grim wags of head.

Trying to hear into that silence, Karlsson knew, was going to be a long piece of work.

The morning showed the two that they were on a beach as fine as velvet, gray-tan and nearly a mile long. At either end of the sand are rough cliffs rose and pushed a thick green forest up into the sky.

On the cliff rim directly over Wennberg and Karlsson one small tree stood alone in crooked dance, as though sent out by the others to dare the precipice.

Here the surf was the mildest they had seen, only a single wave at a time furrowing in from the ocean. Yet the crash of the water came large, entirely outsize. And out on the horizon the Pacific was playing with its power in another way as well. There white walls periodically would fling up and at once disintegrate in spray—waves hitting on reefs. Unnerving, these surprise explosions as if the edge of the world were flying apart.

This landing spot presented them what Karlsson had hoped profoundly for, a deep view of the coast ahead. What the two of them saw was a shattered line of headlands, shadowed by seastacks in shapes of great gray shipsails and dark tunnel mouths; sea rock various and jagged as a field of icebergs.

"Not that jungle, Karlsson." Wennberg licked his lips, wiped a hand across. "Not in goddamn night nor even dusk, we can't."

A pair of kingfishers chided past, sent a jump through both men with their raucous rattle.

Karlsson returned his look to the tusked coast ahead. . . . "Choos wrong," Melander told the bastard a time. "Brought you instead of your forge and anvil, they'd been easier to drag along this coast than you." Still, Wennberg's right. Two of us can't handle the canoe well enough. And if there's luck at all in life we ought be down far enough from those whale chasers. . . .

The two were keeping obvious distance between one another this morning. And the dagger was a new feel along Karlsson's left side, inside his rain shirt where he had slipped it the night before; where he would be carrying it from now on. He figured Wennberg was doing the same.

"Then the other time is now," Karlsson answered the blacksmith.

That day and all the next Karlsson and Wennberg pulled past shattered coast, watching into the seastack colonies and the warps of shore for Koloshes as boys would peer through a forest for sight of one another. . . . Like trying to see through a millstone, this line of coast. There's this, the Koloshes don't seem to fancy the place either. Maybe better tomorrow. It's all drag-
THE SEA RUNNERS

The slender man hoisted the mealware from the coals and set it to the ground.

"Food," said Karlsson.

The coast uncluttered itself for them for the next three days. The beaches stayed steadily sand, and ample, while the ocean and continent margined straighter here, as if this might be a careful boundary of truce. Waves arrived cream-colored, then thinned to milk as they spilled far up the barely tilted shore. Once in a while rocks ganged themselves along tide line, but nothing of the dour constant throngs of the days just past. The dolloped stone islands quit off too, except the one early on Karlsson and Wennberg's second morning of this new coastscape, a long stark bench out a few miles in the ocean.

One last new reach of coast, then, and its visible population only these two kinned against their will, the one family of the kind in all creation, slim Swede and broad Swede arked in a Tlingit canoe.

The beach at the end of the third of these days was widest yet. Wide as kingdom after the ledgelike weeks to the north, somehow a visit of desert here between timbered continent and cold ocean. Five stints of pushing, each a contest against an ever more reluctant sledge, it took the pair of men to skid the canoe in beyond the last mark of the tide.

Scoured shore, too. Between surf and high tide line nothing but a speckle of broken clam and sand dollar shells, suggesting that only sea gulls prospered here.

Inland, the sand began to rumple. Over the line of dunes, like the spiking on a manor wall the top of forest showed.

"I ought go have a look," Karlsson offered.

"Look your eyes out, for what I care."

The dune grass poked nose-high to Karlsson and he climbed the crest of a sand wave for better view. Before him now, swale of more sand, a couple of hundred strides across. Then a second rumple of slope, scrub evergreens spotting this one. Tight beyond that, forest thick as bear hair.

Southeast, though; southeast, the magnetic direction of this voyage: southeast the spikeline of timber barbed higher. Two plateaus of forest spread into the horizon.

Karlsson hadn't the palest inkling of what would mark the river Columbia, whether some manner of Gibraltar attended it—from what Melander had told of the river's mightiness and to go by this coast's penchant for drama of rock, that seemed fitting—or whether sharp lower cliff, as at the Strait of Fuca, simply would skirt away and reveal Astoria. A considerable opening in the coast earlier this afternoon had shown the Swedes disappointment. Only bay or sound, not vast river mouth. Wennberg still was in a grump from it.

And here, put as wishful an eye to this set of bluffs as he could, Karlsson could not believe them into likelihood as river guardians. They rose inland from the shore a half mile or so, and did not shear away as if a river was working at them. Greater chance that they
Dear Jean--

On the chance that they'll be of any visual use to you, here are the 2 batches of pics I mentioned to you on the phone—some family pics of my parents, and a batch Carol has taken over the years of me "taking a look" at what I write about.

See you on Feb. 9.

best,
Jean W: show short segments for video?
- Fair winter scene
  - Sea Runners?
  - maybe her for cut of gus by Feb.

- is this a win out here? (sure)
- not write travelogs. Some stuff is hard,
I respectfully disagree like hell... (that we're merely doing a literature of place) We're not just sitting around but here writing travelogues. This stuff is hard.

--make the point of eloquence of the edge of the world (cite overseas writers), and then that Wn writers are using the full orchestra: dialogue, terrific characters, strong storylines, imaginative structures... About the only thing Wn writing lacks is critics smart enough to get it. I think it's a potent set of talents at work...
**Books**

Shorey's heads north to the land of free parking and bigger digs

By JOHN MARSHALL

My moving is seldom one of life's joys, no matter how small the load. But these days Jim Todd sounds like a happy man indeed, even though he has a moving date in a few weeks with a half million books.

Shorey's Bookstore of Seattle, which was established in 1880, is on the move again.

And this time, Shorey's staff and loyal customers will not be able to transport the store's inventory across the street in downtown Seattle using muscle and moving carts, as happened in 1991.

Shorey's is about to move from the recesses of the Pike Place Market to the wilds of Fremont-Wallingford. The new home for the oldest bookstore in the Northwest will be 9,000-square-foot warehouse on Stone Way Avenue North at N.E. 36th Street.

The new location will be twice as large as the current one. It will allow Shorey's to display much of the stock that has been in storage while in its expansive digs in the Market's South Arcade Building. The store will even boast (count them) 15 parking spaces.

"This is the last move I'm ever going to be involved with," promises Todd, a fourth-generation owner of the bookstore. "We have a 20-year lease at this new place and I'm planning to die there, although, hopefully, not in the next few weeks."

The mammoth antiquarian and used book store will again enlist the assistance of customers and friends who want to help with the move, mainly with the packing and unpacking of books. A sign-up sheet for volunteers is being compiled at the store (624-0221).

A public sale will be held, starting Monday, in hopes of reducing inventory. The moving sale will feature 50 percent off the price of general used books, 30 percent off rare books and sets, 10 percent off new books.

Shorey's, always a browser's paradise, is about to become a bargain hunter's paradise.

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The hourlong special is like being invited into the homes of these writers for a private chat. It is a thoughtful and thought-provoking look at the creative process in this region.

**Books aid causes**

Books can still be powerful allies in the political process, as is demonstrated by two fine volumes that are assisting important regional conservation efforts.

"Nisqually Watershed: Glacier to Delta, a River's Legacy" is a glorious color portrait of this remarkable river and its vast natural wealth. Co-published by The Mountaineers and the Nisqually Interpretive Center Foundation, this $19.95 paperback is a compelling argument for vigilance in the face of continuing development.

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"Snoqualmie Pass," which has the power to change the way today's busy travelers look at this landscape feature, was written by Yvonne Prater of Ellensburg.

**Endnotes**

Seattle Goodwill hosts a used book sale this weekend, with all hardbacks going for $1 and all paperbacks 50 cents. The sale, which runs from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. both Saturday and Sunday, will be held at its main location, 1400 S. Lane St. Info: 329-1000.

Ben Bradlee, the retired executive editor of the Washington Post, will discuss his best-selling memoir, "A Good Life," and national security and the press during a visit to Seattle on Nov. 28. Bradlee will speak at 7 p.m. in room 120 of Kane Hall at the University of Washington. Tickets ($5) for this appearance, sponsored by the World Affairs Council, will be sold at the door. Info: 682-6986.

Timing is everything and Seattle Arts & Lectures couldn't have a better time to host an appearance by Anna Deaver Smith, actress and playwright. Smith plays the press secretary in "The American President," likely to be a big holiday film hit.

Smith will speak at 7:30 p.m. Dec. 11 at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Tickets ($15, $18) are on sale at area bookstores and are expected to be sold at the door that evening. Info: 621-2230.

Tired of author book jacket photos with cutlines that say the writer "has homes in rural North Dakota and an island in the Adriatic?" Try this novel note from "Amnesia Moon" (Harcourt Brace, $20): "Jonathan Lethem is shown standing near a car which does not belong to him."

**Northwest booksshelf**

Brief summaries of recent books by Northwest authors and publishers, as well as books about regional topics.

Making Love Visible, by Geoff Manasse and Jean Swallow (Crossing Press, $18.95). A Seattle photographer and late Seattle writer provide an affecting account of gay and lesbian families across the country, a homespun testament to the power of love and togetherness.

Confederate Raider in the North Pacific, by Murray Morgan (Washington State University Press, $19.95). This is a welcome new edition of the quirky classic by one of the Northwest's premier historians. It details the last battle of the Civil War, which was fought, surprisingly, in the Bering Sea — and after the surrender at Appomattox.

A River Seen Right, by Michael Baughman (Lyons & Burford, $25). An Ashland, Ore., writer pens a loving recollection of his years of fly fishing on the North Umpqua River, with photos by J. Daniel Callaghan.

Alternative spaces
Art Institute of Seattle - "RE-Marks" shows Fred Griffin's eye for graphic relationships using a variety of styles and media. 2323 Elion, 448-0960, Mon-Thurs 8am-8, Fri-Sat 8am-10am. Ends 11/22.

Columbia - Raymond Kempe shows mixed media work in "Ursa Major." 130 S Jackson, 2nd floor, 382-1173, Thu, Fri noon-5, Sat 1-4 or by appointment. Ends 11/30.


Italia - New works by Nan Johnson and Helen Gamble. 1010 Western, 625-1917. Ends 12/2.

Norton Building - Daniel Mullins' photographs of Quebec and Paris in black and white. 801 sec, 446-3220. Mon-Fri 7am-7, Sat 8am-3. Ends 1/31.


Rumpor Room Gallery - Insect imagery predominates in Cynthia Yurco's "Exhibitions," 1701 First, 284-6003. Ends 12/1.


Seattle Pacific Art Center Gallery - Lynda Rockwood's sculpture focuses on issues regarding nuclear weapons production at Hanford. 3 W Cremona, 281-2079. Ends 11/17.

Snow Goose Associates - The 1995 Cape Dore print show depicts arctic creatures and scenes from daily life. 8806 Roosevelt NE, 523-6223. Ends 11/12.

Two Bells Tavern - Buster Simpson, known for his ecologically-sound art projects, shows "From the Watch: Remembrances of the Fine Taverns, and Waters Since Passed." 2313 Fourth, 441-3050. Ends 11/37.

Washington State Convention and Trade Center - Showing "There is a Spirit," the yarn paintings of Huichol Indians from Mexico. Also: Three original artworks from the 1996 Northwest Poets and Artists calendar. On Level 2, the Seattle Metals. Guild Biennial Member's Show. 800 Convention Pl, 447-5000. 7am-1pm. Ends 12/27.


Out of Town

Museum of Northwest Art - This long-awaited 12,000 square foot facility opens with a group show, "Northwest Art: Shaped by the spirit, Shaped by the hand," featuring work by 40 regional artists, including William Ivey, Deborah Butterfield, Michael Spafford, Elizabeth Sandvig, Clayton James, and Paul Havas. 121 S First St, La Conner, (360) 466-4446. Tues-Sun, 10-5. Ends 12/31.

Call for Artists
Artists of color - The Urban League of Metropolitan Seattle seeks professional artists of color to apply for entry in the 19th annual Minority Art Exhibition to be held at the Washington State Convention and Trade Center 11/17 deadline. Info: 461-3792.

Patt Holiday Sale - Pratt Fine Arts is accepting work, from 11/26-28, in all media for its wonderful annual sale. Artists receive 1/2 proceeds of sales. Items are one-of-a-kind and priced below $100. Information: 328-2200.


Poster Art - The Pike Place Market Merchants' Association seeks artist to design two posters. Call 624-3770 for application procedures. Deadline 11/27.

Maverick
The first biography of Seattle's most famous woman, whose long life paralleled the growth of the city and who created one of the first privately owned broadcast empires.

DOROTHY STIMSON BULLITT An Uncommon Life DELPHINE HALEY

Meet the Author!
Delphine Haley will read from her book and discuss Mrs. Bullitt on:

Nov 14, Tues, 7:00pm Madison Park Books 328-7323

Nov 15, Wed, 7:00pm Queen Anne Ave Books 283-5624

Dec 6, Wed, 7:30pm Elliott Bay Book Co. 624-6600

AVAILABLE AT BOOKSTORES. Or call 1-800-776-8989.
documents cases that will make you think twice before checking into a hotel with a two-way mirror. University Bookstore, 4326 University NE, 634-3400. 11/17 at 7.

Robert Bly and Marion Woodman — Presented by Seattle MICA, this discussion features the poet, storyteller, and vocal pioneer of the men's movement, Robert Bly, with Jungian analyst and bestselling author Marion Woodman. The pair will "explore our masculine and feminine qualities, reflect on the nature of our childhood wounds, and describe ways we can create authentically relationships." First United Methodist Church, Fifth and Marion, 545-3736. Tickets are a hefty $20. 11/17 at 17:30.

William Dietrich — Pulitzer Prize-winning Seattle Times science writer and author of The Final Forest, William Dietrich provides a history of the Columbia River in Northwest Passage. Barnes & Noble, University Village, 517-4107. 11/17 at 17.

Spoken Word from Lollapalooza ’94 — In 1994 the Lollapalooza tour, primarily about music, included another stage of spoken word artists. Jennifer Joseph and three other editors created a book, Revelation, from the poetry that was performed on stage that summer. Joseph will read with local poets Laurie Conner, David Fieweger, Jesse Higman, and Justin Welborn. Elliott Bay Book Co, 101 S Main, 624-6600. 11/18 at 8.

John Trudell — Making his way into the national spotlight, John Trudell performs his emotionally charged music and poetry. His history includes six years in the 1970s as the national chairman of the American Indian Movement. These days Trudell, a MacArthur on his poetry, University of Washington, 120 Kane Hall, 633-1987. Tickets are $8/$10, available at Left Bank Books, Red & Black Books, Fremont Place Books, the Pink Zone, and Scarecrow Video. 11/18 at 17:30.

Seattle Storytellers Guild — In a national event geared toward adults called "Tellabration," several local storytellers will do their magic. In performance are Avis Jofruck, George Newsom, Ken Pinto, Sally Potter Smith, and Cherie Trebon. Seattle University, Lemieux Library, Shafter Auditorium, 621-8646. Tickets are $5 at the door. 11/18 at 7.

Robert Bly — Bly appears solo this time to read and discuss his poetry — and for a much more acceptable price. Nippon Kan Theater, 628 S Washington, 624-6600. Tickets are $5, available at Elliott Bay Book Co. 11/19 at 17:30.


Matt Crowley — If you enjoyed last week’s Seattle Weekly cover story of Seattle in the 60s, then maybe it’s worth going to hear Crowley describe other aspects of our recent history. He will read from his new book, Rites of Passage. Elliott Bay Book Co, 101 S Main, 624-6600. 11/21 at 17:30.

Lectures and Events


Poetry Wanted — Floating Bridge Press of Seattle seeks poetry submissions for its 1996 Poetry Prize. For guidelines mail SASE to Floating Bridge Press, PO Box 18814, Seattle, 98118.

Manuscripts Wanted — The Literacy Action Center is interested in finding poets and fiction writers to read with Chryston at its next benefit reading. Deadline for manuscripts: 11/17. Call 782-2050 for information.


A man of the land: novelist Tony Hillerman.

"All great literature springs from a particular place," William Kittredge says early on in WestWords, Jean Walkinshaw’s documentary on Western American writing. But for too long the literature of this particular place lived in the shadow of the cowboy hat. With the arrival of writers like Kittredge, Maxine Hong Kingston, Terry Tempest Williams, Tony Hillerman, Ivan Doig, and Rudolfo Anaya, Western writing has finally stomed past the Western. In WestWords, those six writenas talk about writing in America’s dry Pacific-bound colonies, where the landscape imposes itself on the work. Tony Hillerman doesn’t just prattle on about landscape; he explains how the plot of A Thief of Time hinges on finding a particular spot in the empty desert of New Mexico. Maxine Hong Kingston tells us her mother is her inspiration, “And I don’t mean just spiritually.” Lest the hour float off in a cloud of landscape-love, Ivan Doig grounds it with a single gruff comment: “The notion of us sitting around writing a literature of place bothers me a little bit. We’re not just sitting here out writing travelogues. This stuff is hard.” KCTS Channel 9, 11/20 at 9pm.

• The Beatles Anthology — Six hours of the original ten-hour BBC broadcast about the life and times of the Beatles, a cultural juggernaut of the 20th century and a noble way for the surviving members of the Fab Four to say Goodbye to All
West Words

KCTS/9 TELEVISION SPECIAL
Monday, November 20, 9 p.m.
West Words
Six Western Writers

Six contemporary Western writers are featured in this evocative portrayal of the Western character and landscape. Produced by Jean Walkinshaw. Tune in **Monday, November 20 at 9 p.m.**, and meet:

Ivan Doig
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Maxine Hong Kingston
William Kittredge
Terry Tempest
Rudolfo Anaya

Repeats:
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11 p.m.
Shorey's heads north to the land of free parking and bigger digs

By JOHN MARSHALL
PI REPORTER

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And this time, Shorey's staff and loyal customers will not be able to transport the store's inventory across the street in Downtown Seattle using muscle and moving carts, as happened in 1991.

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New or recent in this show is a clear glass bell with a sleighhammer ringer; three giant, laminated prints of burning cigarettes rest on refilled baby pacifiers (called "Consumption"); and a white shoveler in a red box with a glass front: break in case of emergency. Simpson has left similar shovels in homeless encampments around the country, tools made into artworks and back to tools again. On the blade are painted images taken from the Boy Scout manual describing how to dig a latrine.

Simpson was inspired to produce the shovels by the decorative frieze along the facade of the Seattle Art Museum, designed by Philadelphia architect Robert Venturi. Looking at Venturi's post-modern ornament, Simpson saw upside-down shovels and thus changed an aesthetic gesture into a useful object. The white shovel looks strikingly beautiful in the deep red box with black interior. It's a useful piece that has been removed from circulation and turned into art. But for every shovel that finds its way into a museum or private home, there's another just like it doing real work in the world. Simpson doesn't just straddle the divide between the functional and the poetic; he makes it disappear. In so doing, he has given the North-west a revitalized myth of itself.
A Television Special
Monday November 20, 9 p.m.

West Words
SIX WESTERN WRITERS

The unique spirit of the American West and its people underlies some of the most compelling literature being written and read today. *West Words*, a major one-hour television documentary, focuses on the scope and significance of contemporary Western authors lauded for their realistic portrayals of the lives and concerns of the region's inhabitants.

Six writers, chosen for their literary excellence, are featured:

**Rudolfo Anaya**
*Bless Me, Ultima; Alburquerque*

**Ivan Doig**
*Dancing at the Rascal Fair; English Creek; This House of Sky; Winter Brothers*

**Tony Hillerman**
*Coyote Waits; Talking God; Skinwalkers; A Thief of Time*

**William Kittredge**
*A Hole in the Sky; The Last Best Place; Owning It All*

**Terry Tempest Williams**
*An Unspoken Hunger: Stories from the Field; Refuge*

**Maxine Hong Kingston**
*China Men; Tripmaster Monkey; The Woman Warrior*

*West Words* combines the writers' words (in both interviews and readings from their work) with lyrical, interpretive visual images of the places they inhabit to create an evocative portrait of the Western character and landscape.

Don't miss this exciting television event Monday, November 20 at 9 p.m.!

For more information on this program, please contact:

Jean Walkinshaw
Senior Producer, KCTS/Seattle
Phone: 443-5453
Dear Jean——

This is just a mash note to say how truly fine a job you did with WestWords. Tom's video work was terrific, and you excelled yourself in putting the show together. The intercutting of remarks from each writer between the segments I thought was especially deft; and it's little short of miraculous how you achieve what you do on the screen without resorting to an on-screen interviewer. I was beyond pleased, and am honored to be part of the show.

And thanks for the fine meal and good company at your place; you and Walt are a classy pair all the way.

Best from Carol, too
Without

Dear Jean--

Pics.

luv,

: 2 bw
3 slides
August 25, 1995

Ivan Doig
17021 10th NW
Seattle, WA  98177

Dear Ivan,

I am assisting Jean Walkinshaw, Senior Producer on the Western Writers "West Words" documentary. In planning ahead for KCTS's publicity efforts, I would like to ask for your assistance in providing photography for our local and national needs.

Specifically, we are interested in photography which presents you and as writer or a "writer from the West" in the following formats:

1 color 35mm slide
2 black and white photographs

Kindly send the photography by September 15, if possible, to the following address:

KCTS
401 Mercer Street
Seattle, WA  98109

Attn: Jean Walkinshaw

Should you have any questions, please don't hesitate to give me a call at (206) 784-4869.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Cindy Chomos
Production Intern for Jean Walkinshaw
To: Ivan Doig  
From: Jean Walkinshaw  
Subject: Rights to 100 word excerpt from DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR  
Date: Sept. 12, 1995

August 13 - Called you to get the name of the person to contact regarding rights to an excerpt from DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR. You told me to contact Doug Gillespie and gave me his phone and FAX numbers.

August 14 - Called Gillespie's number but no answer.

August 15 - Again no answer at Gillespie's number so I sent a FAX and a contract to his office and mailed a back up letter and release.

August 15-18  
No answer from Gillespie.

August 18 - Called you again to be sure I had the correct number and address. You gave me the number of Denise Roy your editor's assistant.

August 18 - Called Denise and she gave me the new number of Simon Schuster. She suggested I talk with Agness Fisher at Simon Schuster.

August 18 - Called Agnes Fisher and was told she was not in charge of Permissions, but to call Warren Draybeck, new Rights Manager at Simon Schuster.

August 18 - Called Mr. Draybeck, but only got a recorded message of a litany of different numbers to press for a variety of requests one might have.

August 18 - Called Mr. Draybeck later in day, but still nothing but recorded message and no digit to press for a real human being. Instructions for commercial rights given on recorded message, but none specifically for public television rights. Decided to answer commercial rights questions by mail - name of the book, author, publisher, price and print run, page #, a copy of the excerpt, number of words and what rights needed.

August 18 - Called book store to find the price for DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR. Came home to get my copy of book for further needed requested details. Wrote letter to Mr Draybeck and for further information, included initial letter written to Mr. Gillespie.

August 19 Special trip to post office to send letter express mail so it would be sure to arrive on Monday a.m.
August 20-21 No word from Mr. Draybeck.

August 21 - Called general number for Simon Schuster that Denise Roy had given me. Was referred to Ron Hussy, who told me Mr. Draybeck was not available. He begrudgingly told me he would try to find my request, but could not possibly get back to me for a week.

August 21-29 - Did not hear from Mr. Hussy.

Aug. 30- Called Hussy, but he was not in so left a voice mail. Asked what had happened to my request.

August 31 - Hussy returned my call and left a voice mail message he needed to know the date on which I sent my initial request, and the name of the author. Said he'd see if he still had the request.

August 31 - Called Hussy and left my answers to his questions on his voice mail.

Sept.12 - Called Hussy and he said he'd sent my request on to Elizabeth Barden. He gave me her number.

Sept. 12, Called Ms. Barden but only got her voice mail so left a message.

Sept. 12 - Ms. Barden called back to tell me that Simon Schuster does not control television rights. I should try to get them from Liz Darhansoff at Darhansoff and Verrill Literary Agency. She gave me the phone number.

Sept. 12 -Called the number for the agency, but got a recorded message they had moved. Message delivered so fast, could not get down new number, FAX number, address etc.

Sept.12 - Called Agency number again, and was able to get new information.

Sept. 12 - Called new Agency # but Liz Darhansoff was not there. Was able to talk with Chuck Verrill who was very cordial and assured me if I would send a written request and release, he would take care of it.

Sept. 12 - Getting a new contract written with name of agency and will send with letter tomorrow.

Total number of calls -19
Number of referrals - 9
Number of resubmissions of initial request -4
Number of letters and FAXes 4
Number of days elapsed - 30
Results to date - NONE
Hopes of success - minimal
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Sunday, December 3
11:30 a.m.
November 21, 1995

Ivan Doig
17021 10th NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

WestWords aired in Seattle last night and we are thrilled with the response. (See attached reviews and articles).

The program will be fed by the Pacific Mountain Network to more than 300 national PBS stations on December 4. It is up to the individual stations whether or not they wish to air the program. KCTS has sent press material to all program managers in the system encouraging them to schedule the show. It will be a help if you, your publisher or agent could give your local station nudge, too. Also, if you have any local or national reviewers who might be interested in WestWords, send or fax me their names and addresses and I will mail them a preview cassette. My fax number is (206) 443-6691.

I hope you approve of your sequence in the program and of the show as a whole. I've never had such an agonizing time cutting material, as each of you was so articulate, candid and read your material so well. My dream is to obtain further funding to do longer individual profiles of each of you for a series rather than condensing all the material into one hour as I had to do for WestWords.

Thanks again for your invaluable cooperation. Of course, I'm anxious know your reaction to the show (good and bad) and hope to hear from you.

Sincerely,

Jean Walkinshaw
Senior Producer, KCTS

Enclosures
Words' to catch

"WestWords,"
9 p.m. Monday, KCTS-TV.

Jean Walkinshaw, in her newest documentary for KCTS-TV, is exploring the idea that a certain spirit informs writers working in the American West, that a sharply-defined sense of space, place and history informs their work in a manner that sets them apart from their East Coast counterparts.

It's an interesting idea and Walkinshaw has collected often eloquent testimony from six quite different contemporary writers that, despite differences in style, substance and location, do share certain characteristics that prove her point. The six are Tony Hillerman and

Ivan Doig, Seattle writer, is featured in "WestWords," at 9 p.m. Monday on KCTS-TV.

Rudolfo Anaya from New Mexico, Maxine Hong Kingston from California, William Kittredge from Montana, Terry Tempest Williams from Utah and Ivan Doig of Seattle via Montana.

Examples of each author's work have been chosen to illuminate the program's theme, as well as give a flavor of their work, sometimes by having the authors read a portion from their work, on camera, other times by having them read off-camera while scenes are dramatized.

Walkinshaw is the hour-long film's producer and editor and her equal collaborator is photographer/field director Tom Speer, whose camera has captured stunning scene after scene, whether in the cowboy country of Montana, the natural beauty of Utah, familiar sights in Washington or the startlingly dramatic landscape of the Southwest. Jeff Tassen's original score is another plus.

Together the they have created an unusual document that looks at writing from a different perspective — and makes a good case for its point of view.
Literary landscapes

"All great literature springs from a particular place," William Kittredge says early on in WestWords, Jean Walkinshaw's documentary on Western American writing. But for too long the literature of this particular place lived in the shadow of the cowboy hat. With the arrival of writers like Kittredge, Maxine Hong Kingston, Terry Tempest Williams, Tony Hillerman, Ivan Doig, and Rudolfo Anaya, Western writing has finally stomped past the Western. In WestWords, those six writers talk about writing in America's dry Pacific-bound colony, where the landscape imposes itself on the work. Tony Hillerman doesn't just prattle on about landscape; he explains how the plot of A Thief of Time hinges on finding a particular spot in the empty desert of New Mexico. Maxine Hong Kingston tells us her mother is her inspiration, "And I don't mean just spiritually," Lest the hour float off in a cloud of landscape-love, Ivan Doig grounds it with a single gruff comment: "The notion of us sitting around writing a literature of place bothers me a little bit. We're not just sitting out here writing travelogues. This stuff is hard." KCTS Channel 9, 11/20 at 9pm.

Bruce Barcott

Western words

Jean Walkinshaw, KCTS Channel 9's ace documentarian on literary subjects, has produced an evocative look at six of the West's best writers. The show will air at 9 p.m. Monday.

"WestWords" profiles Ivan Doig of Seattle, along with Rudolfo Anaya and Tony Hillerman of New Mexico, Maxine Hong Kingston of the Bay Area, William Kittredge of Montana and Terry Tempest Williams of Utah.

The hourlong special is like being invited into the homes of these writers for a private chat. It is a thoughtful and thought-provoking look at the creative process in this region.
A motley collection of writers offer up their visions of the new American west

BY JOHN MARSHALL
IN REPORTER

The term “Western writer” once conjured up images associated with Louis L’Amour, cheap paperback novels covered with romanticized images of gun-slinging wranglers, rustlers, marshals, and outlaws. Now along comes a Western writer named Terry Tempest Williams, a stylish woman from Utah with piercing green eyes. This Mormon by upbringing, this natural-born troublemaker insists, “I think it’s easy to say, yes, there’s a character in the American West and it’s the cowboy. But I think that’s very damming and I also think that’s an old story.”

The accuracy of Williams’ assessment is underscored, time and again, during “WestWords,” the evocative new documentary on six Western writers produced by KCTS-TV’s Jean Walkinkshaw. The show airs tonight at 9 on Channel 9.

The “new” story of Western writing is its connection to the land and its rich and varied voices, as Walkinkshaw demonstrates with her “WestWords” profile, which include not a cowboy writer among them. Instead, she focuses on Williams, Rudolfo Anaya and Tony Hillerman of New Mexico, Maxine Hong Kingston of California, William Kittredge of Montana and Ivan Doig of Seattle.

Walkinkshaw, 68, has devoted much of her distinguished career to bringing the literary world alive on public television. Again, she demonstrates her particular forte - a remarkable ability to prompt thoughtful and eloquent responses from her writer subjects, complemented by rich video imagery that brings alive their words and vision.

As a result, “WestWords” is far from six talking heads expounding on writing and the West. There is some of that, but it is supplemented by powerful visual material as varied as black-and-white family photographs, abandoned prairie homesteads, a bus ride through San Francisco, an adobe church during mass, a daughter tending to her hobbled mother, a series of Montana pony-tales. And there are Western landscapes, glorious Western landscapes, from the craggy Northwest coastline to spacious Southwest canyonlands. All these Western landscapes are not in this documentary by accident. The land colors the work of today’s Western writers, often determines its focus and enhances its resonance. As Doig summarizes, “The themes are a lot bigger, the consequences are a lot bigger out here.”

Yet the work of the writers in “WestWords” is greatly dissimilar, ranging from the Navajo mystery of Hillerman, the best-known of the writers, the Northwest travelings of Doig to the recollected childhood of Anaya.

One of the film’s highlights is provided by the rough-hewn Kittredge, a much-beloved country writer who is probably the dean of Western writers today. Kittredge shows himself to be a yarnsmith par excellence, with a spellbinding voice, as he reads a passage about driving alone in a pickup truck over deserted Montana highways, fueled by increasing stops at roadhouses:

“It’s only noon and you’re playing tapes and singing along and wondering if you could have made it in the country music business. Now, you’re a long and dangerous way from home, and somewhat disoriented. You have drifted into another mythology, called lonesome traveling and lost highways, a place you really don’t want to be on such a fine spring day.

Once, it seemed like pure release to learn you could vote with your feet or, better yet, load your gear into some old beat-up pickup truck and drive. For some of us, the consequences of such escape tended to involve sitting alone with a pint bottle of whiskey. The concept was grand and theatrical, but doing it, getting away, was often times an emotional rat’s nest of ruthlessness. Country music - all that worn-out drifter syncopation - turned out to be another lie, a terrific sport, but a real thin way of life.”

Producer Walkinkshaw is an unseen presence, as she always is in her documentaries. She is not shown asking questions, not shown walking country roads arm-in-arm with her subjects. Nor does narration shape the film’s

Maxine Hong Kingston is one of six writers exploring the relationship between their writing and the American West in “WestWords.”

West: A mixing of myth and modernism

From Page C1

subject matter.

As Walkinkshaw said in an interview last week, “I always feel challenged to let the story tell itself, without a narrator. Narrators usually make me feel as if they are telling me what to think. So I don’t use narrators and sometimes my work may suffer; it may not be as totally tight and organized. But I believe my approach provides more authenticity and brings the subjects that much closer to the viewer.”

“WestWords” does have a distinct air of intimacy, with its encounters with writers in their homes and haunts. But having only a paragraph of written introduction to each of these writers may prove confusing to viewers unfamiliar with their work. And “WestWords” may well have one writer too many for this crowded hour, as Walkinkshaw concedes.

Still, these Western writers emerge as a group of remarkable people who often impress as much with their grit as their writing. Several have surmounted the most humble of beginnings, great fodder for literature, but an awfully tough way to live.

“The fact is,” Doig says, “many of us grew up as American peasants.”

Coming from families that had to scrape out an existence has produced a rootedness to land in many of these writers. This connection verges toward the spiritual, but has its political character as well.

These writers serve as beacons of conscience, as writers often do, offering words of warning about what is being threatened in the West, or is already lost.

Anaya puts it this way: “The spirit of these places - where we can be rejuvenated, regenerated, and understand our spiritual connection to the earth - have to be preserved. And the developers of the West don’t understand that. So I think it’s incumbent on us as poets and writers to remind our communities of the relationship we have and how important it is. And if we lose it, we lose part of our humanity.”

Williams, too, speaks out of resolve mingled with sadness.

“As a people, we are recognizing what we are losing is our land,” she says. “And a lot of us are writing out of a sense of loss, writing out of a sense of love, writing out of a desperate attempt to preserve what remains.”
Winning the West with Words
by Heather Mitchell

"If there is a renaissance in western writing, it's because as a people we are recognizing what we are losing, and what we are losing is our land. Therefore I think many of us are writing out of a sense of loss, writing out of a sense of love, writing out of a desperate attempt to preserve what remains."

—TERRY TEMPEST WILLIAMS

There was a time, not so long ago, when Western literature was dominated by a mythology of cowboys and Indians. But those days are gone. Teepees, tomahawks, six-shooters, and spurs have been replaced by a new, abundant, and thriving generation of literary voices writing from a wide range of human experiences. This explosion of Western regional literature has fostered audiences on either side of the Rockies, prompting some national critics to call it nothing less than a renaissance of words.

In WestWords, a one-hour documentary from KCTS/9, six prominent Western writers, all born, reared, and still living in the West, are interviewed on their home turfs, reading excerpts from their works and discussing what it means to them to be part of this emerging literary tradition. Loosely defined as "western" by their commitment to place, these six writers—Maxine Hong Kingston, Ivan Doig, William Kittredge, Rudolfo Anaya, Tony Hillerman, and Terry Tempest Williams—are all informed in some way by their environments, by their neighborhoods, by what they see in their own backyards. From the arid mesas of the Southwest, to San Francisco's Telegraph Hill, to the soggy bluffs of the Pacific Northwest, contemporary Western writers are drawing inspiration from their surroundings.
**RUDOLFO ANAYA**  
*Zia Summer* (1995)  
*Albuquerque* (traditional spelling) (1992)  
*Bless Me, Ultima* (1989)  
**IVAN DOIG**  
*Bucking the Sun* (to be published in 1996)  
*Ride with Me, Mariah Montana* (1990)  
*Dancing at the Rascal Fair* (1987)  
*English Creek* (1984)  
*Winter Brothers* (1980)  
*This House of Sky* (1978)  

**TONY HILLERMAN**  
*Coyote Waits* (1990)  
*The Blessing Way* (1990)  
*Talking God* (1989)  
*A Thief of Time* (1988)  
*Skinwalkers* (1986)  

**MAXINE HONG KINGSTON**  
*The Fifth Book of Peace* (work in progress)  
*China Men* (1980)  

**WILLIAM KITTREDGE**  
*Who Owns the West* (work in progress)  
*The Last Best Place: A Montana Anthology* (1988)  
*Owning It All* (1987)  
*We Are Not in This Together* (1984)  

**TERRY TEMPEST WILLIAMS**  
*Desert Quartet* (1995)  
*An Unspoken Hunger: Stories from the Field* (1994)  
*Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place* (1991)

For New Mexico native Rudolfo Anaya, the convergence of nature, creativity, and spirituality is vital to his writing. "The spirit of those places where we can be rejuvenated, regenerated, and understand our spiritual connection to the earth have to be preserved," he insists. "If we lose that relationship, we lose part of our humanity."

And for Utah native Terry Tempest Williams, whose Mormon family settled in Salt Lake City in 1847, being of a place is not the same thing as being from a place. One is about rootedness, while the other presumes relocation. "My ancestors' bones lie here," Williams states, "and I feel certain that mine will too." It's a commitment to place measured in generations, not mere years.

Yet for many Western writers, including others in WestWords, being of the West means freedom both of necessity and of choice. "People have moved around a lot out here simply because boom or bust has made them go hither and yon as work presented itself or didn't," says Doig. Hillerman has said that Western writing "tends to reflect the type of people who are attracted to the West...They tend to be people who haven't deep roots."

In the work of William Kittredge—who's been called "one of the deans of modern Western fiction" (with Wallace Stegner widely regarded as the dean)—wilderness and solitude are tacitly connected to self-awareness. "Each September after the Labor Day tourists had gone home, his father took time to camp in the backcountry, to hide out, as he said, and let his whiskers grow [continued on page 10]"
[WestWords continued] and learn to smell himself again. You go and forget who you are, his father said, when you never get wind of yourself. The time that don’t count, his father liked to say, meaning a thing John Muir said about wandering the mountains: the time that will not be subtracted from the sum of your life.”

WestWords producer Jean Walkinshaw is quick to point out, however, that all this talk about landscape and wilderness doesn’t mean that Western writers can simply be labeled and shelved together as nature writers. “I do think that they all write quite eloquently about their surroundings and their lives. And very often, their lives are in relationship to the landscape; so much so, in fact, that the landscape can sometimes become almost a character,” observes Walkinshaw. “But,” she continues, “it’s not just nature that they are writing about. Take Ivan Doig, for example—he writes so wonderfully about human relationships, the tensions and passions. Or look at Hillerman’s detective novels; they’re so full of suspense and drama. And then there’s Maxine Hong Kingston, who has really captured the language and mood of San Francisco in the 1960s.”

Walkinshaw, herself a third-generation Westerner, knows of what she speaks. She has devoted more than 20 years of her life to filming Western writers (see “Literary Lights” below). Now, in WestWords, working closely with photographer Tom Speer, Walkinshaw has taken filmed readings by the six featured authors and created visual backdrops to accompany their stories and memoirs. As each of the writers reads, these not-quite-literal cues offer what Walkinshaw calls “visual equivalents,” reminiscent of the authors’ written words: a panorama of a Northwest forest; glimpses of Montana’s wide-open highways and local saloons; snapshots from a San Francisco bus ride; the interior of a Southwestern church during mass. The effect is a documentary as rich visually as it is in language and ideas.

WestWords is the culmination for Walkinshaw of a career steeped in Western words. “I’ve been interested in Western literature forever, having grown up here,” she explains of her lifelong passion for the subject. And it is a passion she seems to be sharing with a larger and larger audience every day.

WestWords credits:
JEAN WALKINSHAW, producer and editor; TOM SPEER, photographer and field director; JOHN KEEBLE, literary advisor and consultant; JEFF TASSEN, original music; MARC PINGRY, aerial videographer; GALE FRANKO, off-line editor; CLEVE TICSON, post production; BILL FAST and TOBY HIGASHI, audio.

Photography credits from page 8:
(from left) Jerry Bauer, Carol Doig, Geoffrey Sutton, Marion Ettlinger, Barney Hillerman, Michelle MacFarlane.

LITERARY LIGHTS

Producer Jean Walkinshaw’s reputation for thoughtful and literary documentaries has earned her a loyal following throughout the Northwest. Her half-dozen earlier works on literary forces are:

- Three Artists in the Northwest (includes profile of Theodore Roethke; 1976)
- Winter Brothers (Ivan Doig; 1982)
- Spirit of Places (profiles of Charles Johnson, Colleen McElroy, and Frank Chin; 1983)
- Momaday: Voice of the West (1992)
- To Write and Keep Kind (Raymond Carver; 1992)
- Remarkable People: Charles Johnson (1994)
For immediate release
November 1995

WestWords offers vibrant portrait of six writers
and the region that inspires their work

WestWords
One hour
PMN Feed: 12/4/95, 1530-1630 EST, Transponder 7U

All great literature, great art...springs from a particular place.
— author William Kittredge

The unique spirit of the American West and its people underlies some of the most compelling literature being written and read today. WestWords, a new documentary by award-winning public television producer Jean Walkinshaw, focuses on six contemporary Western writers—Ivan Doig, Tony Hillerman, Maxine Hong Kingston, William Kittredge, Terry Tempest Williams, and Rudolfo Anaya—who have been lauded for their realistic portrayals of the lives and concerns of the region’s inhabitants. The authors talk about the experience of being a writer in the West—about the flowering of a distinctly Western literature, about critics, about the link between landscape and literature. They read excerpts from their stories, their words complemented by lyrical, interpretive photography of the places they write about—from Washington state’s rugged coastline to the bustling Bay Area, from Montana’s open spaces to the silent canyonlands of New Mexico and the salt desert of Utah.

Seattle writer Ivan Doig is nationally known for his stories poetically evoking the people and landscape of the West. Doig talks about a childhood spent in Montana’s sheep ranching country, and about the “pieces of memory” and “strong words” that came together in his first book, This House of Sky. He also reflects on his later work, Winter Brothers, which makes use of that same “dance of language on the page” as it weaves a story of the Pacific Northwest applauded by reviewers as “a masterpiece” and “a versatile and daring feat of writing.” New Mexico writer Tony Hillerman’s

- MORE -
detective novels have appeared on bestseller lists across the country. He explains how his books, including *A Thief of Time* and *Listening Woman*, have been shaped by his Roman Catholic faith and his interest in Native American religions, as well as by his experiences as a World War II rifleman and police reporter.

Berkeley author **Maxine Hong Kingston**’s work has helped open doors for other Chinese-American writers. She was featured on Bill Moyers’ *A World of Ideas*, and has been praised in national reviews for the wit, energy, and intensity of her writing. Kingston reveals the influences that both her family background and the contemporary culture of urban California have had on her books, from the “very autobiographical” memoir, *The Woman Warrior*, to *Tripmaster Monkey*, with its modern, “slangy” vernacular. **William Kittredge** is a Montana writer acknowledged as one of the deans of modern Western fiction. He reveals how elements of his past—his childhood on eastern Oregon’s “outback” and his one-time involvement in the “hard-driving, hard-drinking, hell-raising” Western scene—are echoed in such works as *Owning It All* and *Drinking and Driving*.

**Terry Tempest Williams** is a Utah naturalist whose credits include the acclaimed books, *Refuge* and *An Unspoken Hunger*. She has been described in *Newsweek* magazine as “one of the West’s striking new writers.” In the documentary, Williams talks about the deep sense of “connectedness and rootedness” that informs her work and about the elements of her Mormon heritage that are central to her life. **Rudolfo Anaya** is an Albuquerque author who helped forge a path for other Mexican-American writers with his word-of-mouth best-seller, *Bless Me, Ultima*. As *WestWords* draws to a close, Anaya reflects on the discipline of writing and on the duty he believes writers have to remind the community of the need for a spiritual connection with the land.

**Credits:** *WestWords* is a KCTS/Seattle production. Producer/Editor: Jean Walkinshaw. Photographer/Field Director: Tom Speer. Literary Advisor and Consultant: John Keeble. Original Music: Jeff Tassen. Executive Producer: Gary Gibson. Funding is provided by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting through a grant from the Pacific Mountain Network Program Fund, and “Viewers Like You.”

###
A motley collection of writers offer up their visions of the new American west

By JOHN MARSHALL

The term "western writer" once conjured up images associated with Louis L'Amour, cheap paperback movie novelists, and dreary depictions of gunfights, brawls, and battles. Today, the term connotes a far more diverse and nuanced set of writers, including those who blend fact and fiction, and who explore the complexities of the American West in all its guises.

"Western writing," as the new story of writing is known in its connection to the land and its rich and varied voices, as well as to the images of the Old West that it has captured, is a powerful and engaging force in American culture.

"The new" story of Western writing is not just about the past, it's also about the present and future. It's about the ways in which this genre continues to evolve and adapt to new contexts and audiences.

As a result, "Bleeding Texas" is far from being a simple retelling of events from the past, it's a complex and nuanced exploration of the ongoing cultural significance of the West. In the "new" story of Western writing, the West is a timeless and ever-evolving frontier, a place where stories are told and retold, and the boundaries of identity and culture are constantly being remade.

One of the "Bleeding Texas" highlights is provided by the Nevada State Library, which has acquired a much-beloved figure who is known as the "Queen of the Carbon Copy," a reference to the late Patsy Weeks, who was a key figure in the preservation of the history of the West. The library has also acquired a number of other important materials, including photographs, maps, and other records, that shed light on the region's rich history.

In "Bleeding Texas," the West is not just a place, it's a concept, a set of ideas and values that have shaped the American identity. The book is a celebration of these ideas, and a reminder of the enduring power of the West as a cultural force.

The Montana State University library is pleased to hold the book, which is available for public use. We encourage all readers to explore the stories and ideas presented in "Bleeding Texas," and to continue to engage with the rich and diverse heritage of the American West.

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"Bleeding Texas," a new and engaging story of the American West, is now available for public use at the Montana State University library. We hope that readers will take the time to explore this important work and to learn more about the rich and diverse history of the American West.
go a long way

Oscar De la Renta is a fashion icon.

Diamond studs. Or gold or pearl. Something like that. They have the weight of your pearls or your necklaces. A fine

well worth the wait

...no commands are present, bravado is not a substitute for hot ferocity.

soul dominates. There were no sets, its script were the company's owners, Angela and Antonino, and two musicians, the tenor, Jenic Vital Figueroa, and singer, Jesus Monroy.

...before a terror, the audience, the crows by virtue of an emotional, bravado and the terror. He is a dancer who attacks his dreams and jumps into everything he does with real concentration; he demonstrates the assurance that everyone is looking at him. How could one not laugh at the deeds working the floor.

...in a different kind of energy. It is an act of irrational presence and more by the passion and invention and by the poetry and vividly, the change in the tradition of theater. He is extending its vocabulary and points of emphasis. In addition to doing the steps for his own feet, he does the things for the company's choreography. Benet is lucky to have him.

...some artists stand outside the frame's standards. Born outside Grenada and made up on the job, the Benet company, he is a brilliant exponent of flamenco. His fingers over the guitar, his musicianship is fluid and seamless. Benet will be a sensation in an evening of pure spectacle. His flamenco is in a way typical. In the last night, Charles still is, of course, the most well known in Seattle. He was the company's main exponent of flamenco in the 1930s. 'Homenaje,' a homage to 20th-century dance, was

...music sang the traditional 'Marineras,' and Benet and Adriania Marimon-Pous - are each other's virtuosos. As a composer andقارن, their counterparts have just such a reputation:

...Berufsky danced the central gypsy role in "Marineras," and in his half in the central gypsy role. His legend is the charismatic man that speaks to her artistry and faith in flamenco.

COMING IN DECEMBER FROM THE P-I

...season. P-I reporters, photographers and designers...about the players, the games—and the highlight the most memorable plays of the season. It's the only tool that could provide. Order now—by the pre-publication price is $14.95 (plus $4 tax, $25 for Visa or MasterCard) for Wire or Visa customers. This is before Dec. 1. That's when it goes on sale for $17.95.

...full-color photography and illustration, and check for a discounted price for that year's edition, just $14.95. Order now at the pre-publication price of $14.95 (plus $4 tax, $25 for Visa or MasterCard) for Wire or Visa customers. This is before Dec. 1. That's when it goes on sale for $17.95.

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Maxine Hong Kingston is one of six writers exploring the relationship between their writing and the American west in “WestWords.”

**West: A mixing of myth and modernism**

From Page CI

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Williams, too, speaks out of resolve mingled with sadness.

“As a people, we are recognizing what we are losing is our land,” she says. “Therefore, a lot of us are writing out of a sense of loss, writing out of a sense of love, writing out of a desperate attempt to preserve what remains.”
ANDY CAPP  BY REG SMYTHE

JUST ONCE I'D LIKE TO SEE HER GIVE HER MOUTH A REST—!

MOTHER GOOSE & GRIMM  BY MIKE PETERS

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY...

B.C.  BY JOHNNY HART

THERE, THIS SHOULD CONFUSE THEM ENOUGH TO GET THEM OFF YOUR TRAIL. NOW GET GOING!

DRABBLE  BY KEVIN FAGAN

FOR THE PAST FEW DAYS, I'VE HAD A SORENESS IN MY LEFT ELBOW.

OVERBOARD  BY CHIP DUNHAM

QUICK, GRUB?

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Nov 1 95

Dear Carol + Ivan,

Here are a few cards you might want to send.

I look forward to having you at our house — (6 PM) then, Mon., Nov 20 —

[Signature]
A Television Special
Monday November 20, 9 p.m.

West Words
SIX WESTERN WRITERS

The unique spirit of the American West and its people underlies some of the most compelling literature being written and read today. West Words, a major one-hour television documentary, focuses on the scope and significance of contemporary Western authors lauded for their realistic portrayals of the lives and concerns of the region's inhabitants.

Six writers, chosen for their literary excellence, are featured:

Rudolfo Anaya
Bless Me, Ultima; Alburquerque

Ivan Doig
Dancing at the Rascal Fair; English Creek; This House of Sky; Winter Brothers

Tony Hillerman
Coyote Waits; Talking God; Skinwalkers; A Thief of Time

William Kittredge
A Hole in the Sky; The Last Best Place; Owning It All

Terry Tempest Williams
An Unspoken Hunger: Stories from the Field; Refuge

Maxine Hong Kingston
China Men; Tripmaster Monkey; The Woman Warrior

West Words combines the writers’ words (in both interviews and readings from their work) with lyrical, interpretive visual images of the places they inhabit to create an evocative portrait of the Western character and landscape.

Don't miss this exciting television event Monday, November 20 at 9 p.m.!

For more information on this program, please contact:

Jean Walkinshaw
Senior Producer, KCTS/Seattle
Phone: 443-5453

Repeats:
Friday, November 24
11 p.m.
Sunday, December 3
11:30 a.m.
A Television Special
Monday November 20, 9 p.m.

West WORDS
SIX WESTERN WRITERS

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A Hole in the Sky; The Last Best Place; Owning It All

Terry Tempest Williams
An Unspoken Hunger: Stories from the Field; Refuge

Maxine Hong Kingston
China Men; Tripmaster Monkey; The Woman Warrior

West Words combines the writers’ words (in both interviews and readings from their work) with lyrical, interpretive visual images of the places they inhabit to create an evocative portrait of the Western character and landscape.

Don’t miss this exciting television event Monday, November 20 at 9 p.m.!

For more information on this program, please contact:

Jean Walkinshaw
Senior Producer, KCTS/Seattle
Phone: 443-5453
A Television Special
Monday November 20, 9 p.m.

West
WORDS
SIX WESTERN WRITERS

The unique spirit of the American West and its people underlies some of the most compelling literature being written and read today. West Words, a major one-hour television documentary, focuses on the scope and significance of contemporary Western authors lauded for their realistic portrayals of the lives and concerns of the region's inhabitants.

Six writers, chosen for their literary excellence, are featured:

Rudolfo Anaya
Bless Me, Ultima; Alburquerque

Ivan Doig
Dancing at the Rascal Fair; English Creek; This House of Sky; Winter Brothers

Tony Hillerman
Coyote Waits; Talking God; Skinwalkers; A Thief of Time

William Kittredge
A Hole in the Sky; The Last Best Place; Owning It All

Terry Tempest Williams
An Unspoken Hunger; Stories from the Field; Refuge

Maxine Hong Kingston
China Men; Tripmaster Monkey; The Woman Warrior

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Jean Walkinshaw
Senior Producer, KCTS/Seattle
Phone: 443-5453

Repeats:
Friday, November 24
11 p.m.
Sunday, December 3
11:30 a.m.
Dear

It has been bleak but I’m still standing and gaining momentum. As you no doubt know, Walt and I had moved to Horizon House, a retirement community where he caught a nasty virus and died of pneumonia on April 16, 2010. I sold the house but three hours after signing the final papers, returned for one last look, had a panic attack, and found the house too full of beautiful memories of Walt and family to let it go. Miraculously, the new compassionate owners agreed to cancel the contract and I am now back in the house.

The last nine months have been rough as I find that after fifty seven years of loving and living with that guy Walt, he was embedded in my very being. Moving back to the house has been good therapy, however. I am delighted to be back and find I am very busy with caring neighbors, friends, children, grand children, and former colleagues.

A new grant was recently given to archive the Walkinshaw Video Collection. I look forward to working on that but always welcome visitors. I have a new fangled automatic turn off tea kettle that won’t boil away the water – no more melt downs. Come see me and we’ll test my culinary art.

Happy New Year!

[Signature]

New/old address:
Jean Walkinshaw
1303 East Lynn Street
Seattle, WA  98102

Phone: 206-420-1804
Email: jeanwalk@comcast.net
Dear Jean and Walt--

    What a terrific dinner last night, and equally such a pleasure to see you two again. Next time, our place, probably grilled salmon!

    The info I promised you:

    --Mike Lampers, tree cutter: (425)486-6104

    --Stanford alumni Summer Seminar is July 12-15, rough draft of the schedule enclosed. If you’re still interested, call Nora Sweeney at Alumni Programs at Stanford, phone (650)725-0683; e-mail address, noras4@stanford.edu. Drop my name, if you think it’ll help.

    --The title or author of the recent book about the sinking of the pair of Anacortes crab boats I don’t have a clue about, but the excellent bookstore in Anacortes--Watermark Book Co., (360)293-4277--surely would know of it.

    Hugs and tickles,
Dear Susan & Carol —

Thanks for a delightful evening, as always, at Chez Doig-on-the-Sound?

Great eating, great home-grown organics, great chat, letter about everything; and, most of all, just the free-wheeling warmth of an evening with old and often irreverent friends?

Bob.

Hatt & Jim

October eighteenth 13
Dear Ivan:

"...an evening almost more fun than nude fishing."

By golly, we never guessed YOU knew so much about fishing! Clearly you do. Expert word craftsman and researcher that you are, never would you have made such an astute comparison without a profound hands-on experience behind you. Nor had we guessed that it was in such a state of personal sartorial splendor your obviously broad experience was developed. My, my, my!

Many thanks for this revelation, for the star wars articles, for the Angell material, and for the Ansel Adams review. It is helpful to have the MIT star wars assessment, to bolster our own strong opposition. Jean is pondering the possibility of a Tony Angell show, made all the more enticing by your personal reviews of his work.

Incidentally, we went to the KCTS preview of the Adams documentary. Seeing it and hearing producer Ric Burns’ comments was enjoyable. But we both, independently of each other, found the documentary disappointingly superficial and redundant. falling far short of what it might have been and what Adams deserved. (In contrast to your farranging and original review, he was put in the box of an airy-fairy environmentalist and little more.) We’ll be interested in your and Carol’s reactions when you see it—scheduled on KCTS April 21st at 9 pm.

Thanks to you both for a great dinner in a lovely setting, and a never-dull-for-a-moment evening together once again.

Best,

[signature]
Dear Jean and Walt--

By golly, an evening with the two of you is just almost more fun than nude fishing. It was a delight to catch up with you and hear about your travels and other doings.

Here's a batch of stuff which will cure you of ever asking me to send you stuff. Prime among it, I hope, is the Ansel Adams review, so you can take on that interloper Burns with a full ammunition belt. And I did the MIT Technology magazine's Star Wars articles for Walt while I was at it. And since I'm writing to you anyway, I may as well pester you, Jean, with the idea of doing a show on Tony Angell sometime. In my generally unheralded, nay unnoticed, guise as art critic, I've twice done museum catalogue pieces for major shows of Tony's work; am sending both of those along, in case they suggest anything. As you likely know, Tony himself is very articulate, and his work photographs wonderfully. Also, he's quite serious about going "beyond the light" in his work, and I was quite serious in the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Museum article when I said his work indeed does not depend on play of light--as per Delores Tarzan's *Iridescent Light*--but depth of source, which is something Northwest artists usually aren't credited with.

Just a thought. I hope the Peru trip goes well. If you have some overpowering urge to hike Dungeness Spit before summertime, give a call and we'll see what we can do.

Big hunky kisses to you both,
Walter Walkinshaw passed away at the age of 93 on April 16, 2010. An avid fly fisherman, Walt had a rare ability to balance his passion for the out-of-doors with his commitment to his family, law practice, and the community. We will treasure memories of eating oysters around the Tipi fire at the family retreat in the San Juan Islands; his playful answer to tired young back packers by becoming a choo choo train and hiding lemon drops in his pockets for refueling; the near catastrophe when his canvas foldboat hit a rock and broke to splinters on the Yakima river; his fascination with mushrooms; and his many hours in his dark room printing photos for friends. We will remember his surprise, witty, penetrating comments and wisdom resulting from eclectic and wide ranging reading, war experiences, extensive travel and fine education. Walt was paradoxical - he had an unassuming, somewhat reserved and refined presence combined with an informal, out-going western friendliness. With his toughness in the wilderness and a true sense of equality for all people, he was a quintessential Northwesterner.

Born 1917 in Seattle into a pioneering family (a peak in the Olympics is named after his father Robert B. Walkinshaw). Graduated from Lakeside School, B.A University of Washington (on the tennis team), and law degree George Washington University. One of 40 young Rockefeller Foundation interns chosen from across the country to work in offices of top officials in government in Wn., D.C. Staff member in the Executive Office of the President. In World War II, went on active duty five months before Pearl Harbor. Five years continuous duty at sea as a navigator, involved in major campaigns in the Pacific. Retired a Commander in 1946. 1947-51, worked as a Foreign Aid Analyst, U.S. Department of State. Administered scientific and cultural exchanges with countries of Latin America. With two colleagues, initiated Point 4 technical aid program, a forerunner for USAID. In private practice for 21 years then joined Riddell Williams Law firm. Attorney for Washington State Hospital Association for 25 years. Drafted many state laws that established the direction of health care, including patient bill of rights, right to die, and licensure of health care professionals. Attorney for architects who designed SeaTac and Seattle Convention Center. Founder of Metropolitan Democratic Club. Officer and director of Washington Fly Fishing Club also of Washington Wildlife and Recreation Coalition, an organization devoted to preserving animal habitat and recreation areas. Member of Marine Fisheries Advisory Committee, U.S. Department of Commerce, 1980-83. As attorney for owners of the Nisqually Delta wetlands, steered his clients to sell their land to the government which resulted in a National Wildlife Refuge on the Delta. Founding secretary of ACT Theater and remained its secretary, attorney and advisor for 35 years. Helped start Seattle chapter of Amigos de las Americas, an organization that sends teenagers as volunteers to Latin America. On countless other boards including Northwest Kidney Centers, Municipal League, United Nations Association, and City Club.

Walt had unshakable honesty. Stimson Bullitt, law partner and long-time friend once wrote, “You are the only person I’ve known for whom I thought ethical decisions were not hard – that on coming to a moral fork in the road, you would take the right one without breaking stride.” When honoring Walt for forty years in the Monday Club, Bill Golding said, “What is remarkable to me is that Walt was always ahead of the curve.
One only need read his papers to understand the breadth, depth and scope of this true, thinking Renaissance man."

Walt was deeply loved and respected by his wife, children, their spouses, eight grandchildren and devoted friends. His wife Jean and three children, Meg, Rob and Charlie were with him when he died of pneumonia. Typical of his character, he went calmly and with acceptance. He was an elegant man.

Gathering for Walt will be at the Graham Center in Seattle Arboretum on Wed., June 2 at 4:30 P.M.
Memorial gifts may be made to ACT Theater, or Washington Wildlife and Recreation Coalition

Deleted: 1
1917 - 2010. and coming from a
Tribute to Walt Walkinshaw in Seattle PI written by Joel Connelly

Walter Walkinshaw: An appreciation

Walt Walkinshaw, a Seattle attorney who died at age 93 last week, was a backstage player who helped found and steer enterprises from the ACT Theatre to the Washington Wildlife and Recreation Coalition.

After continuous duty in the Pacific as a Navy officer in World War II, and post-war work as a foreign aid analyst at the U.S. State Department - specializing in South Asia - Walkinshaw returned home to Seattle.

He became one of the self-effacing, credit sharing "Greatest Generation" activists who shaped the post-war city and region.

Walkinshaw was passionate about the outdoors and conservation, serving as an officer of the Washington Fly Fishing Club and later the Washington Wildlife and Recreation Coalition.

Numerous blue herons and bald eagles owe their existence to the coalition. Headed by ex-Govs. Dan Evans and Mike Lowry, it has helped raise $550 million in state money to preserve animal habitat, recreation lands and a fair number of kids' play fields.

Walkinshaw was attorney for owners of the Nisqually Delta wetlands, and steered his clients to sell their land to the feds for what became the Nisqually National Wildlife Refuge. The refuge is, today, scene of a major project to restore estuary habitat for salmon.

He was backstage as founding secretary of ACT Theatre, and stayed active with ACT for 35 years. He helped start up the Seattle chapter of Amigos de las Americas, an outfit that sends teenagers as volunteers to Central and South America.

Walt practiced with the Riddell Williams law firm, and served for a quarter-century as attorney for the Washington State Hospital Association. He drafted laws on health care in the state including patients' rights, the right to die, and licensing of health care professionals.

He was also a founder of the Metropolitan Democratic Club, which helped turn a musty state party into a force for political reform.

Stimson Bullitt, Walkinshaw's longtime law partner - who died on this day last year - once wrote: "You are the only person I've known for whom I thought ethical decisions were not hard - that on coming to a moral fork in the road, you would take the right one without breaking stride."

Walkinshaw was half of one of Seattle's most achieving couples.
Wife Jean, who survives him, is renowned as a TV documentary producer who has explored the human and natural history of Mt. Rainier, and taken viewers the length of the Columbia River from deep in British Columbia to the Pacific Ocean.

He is survived by Jean and the couple's three children -- Meg, Robert and Charlie -- who were with him when he died of pneumonia. "Typical of his character," Jean Walkinshaw said, "he went calmly and with acceptance."

Posted by Joel Connelly Joel Connelly at April 19, 2010 3:54
Walt Walkinshaw, salt of the Northwest earth

By David Brewster

Walt Walkinshaw, who died on April 16 at age 93, epitomized the Northwest character, old school. He was an outdoorsman, a lawyer with a strong social conscience, and a passionate advocate of progressive causes. He was also modest as they come, such that his wife, the documentary filmmaker Jean, scarcely knew all he had done until she dug through his files. Fine man. Not enough of his sort left in these parts.

Walkinshaw came from a pioneering family, and he imbibed his love of the outdoors from his father, after whom a peak in the Olympics is named. Lakeside, U.W. (tennis team), George Washington University Law School, then the Navy in World War II (retiring as a commander). So far a pretty recognizable Seattle type.

But then the distinctive accomplishments began. He helped design a State Department program that laid the foundation for the U.S. Agency for International Development and the Peace Corps. In pushing for these groundbreaking ideas, he also tried to alert Congress and President Truman to the devastating effects of Sen. Joseph McCarthy on the State Department. He had the same seminal effect on the state's medical institutions, serving for years as attorney for the Washington State Hospital Association and writing far-seeing legislation such as licensing nurse practitioners, right to die, and hospital-physician relationships. He had a long association with the Riddell Williams lawfirm.

"What is remarkable to me, is that Walt was always ahead of the curve," noted a good friend and fellow member (for 40 years) of The Monday Club. "One only need read his papers to understand the breadth, depth, and scope of this true, thinking Renaissance man."

His many friends remember him most of all for his avid fly-fishing, which lead to all manner of crusades for preserving animal habitat and recreation areas. He steered clients to creating the Nisqually Delta wetlands, for instance, so give Walt a quiet salute next time you drive by those lovely delta meadows. What he started, he stuck with for years: being the founding secretary of ACT Theater turned into a 35-year commitment.

The other celebrated traits were modesty and honesty. Both came so naturally to him, along with his sweet smile and tenderness toward his wife, that they seemed effortless as his perfect fly-fishing casts. His longtime friend, fellow attorney and devoted civic servant Stimson Bullitt wrote to Walkinshaw in a letter of tribute:

You are the only person I've known for whom I thought ethical decisions were not hard — that on coming to a moral fork in the road, you would take the right one without breaking stride.
David Brewster is Crosscut's publisher. You can e-mail him at david.brewster@crosscut.com.
The Saga of Wenatchee

1939 Prize Mural by PEGGY STRONG
At North Central Washington Museum, Wenatchee, Washington
"The Saga of Wenatchee"

As the U.S. emerged from the Great Depression, Peggy Strong, though confined to a wheelchair, found she could paint huge murals by using a specially constructed swing. This she did at the former Wenatchee Post Office, now the North Central Washington Museum, where her award winning mural "The Saga of Wenatchee" reveals a theme of postal service, in the past and present.

Hers was one of more than five thousand works of art commissioned in the U.S. by the Roosevelt Administration, which set out to feed souls as well as stomachs when it created Public Works Agency jobs for American artists.

In 1939, the twenty-five year old Tacoma artist received notice from the nation's capitol of the $2600 prize awarded her by the Treasury Department in a competition for murals in public buildings. The Wenatchee mural was not an easy task. Peggy had the problem of working around a doorway and two bulletin boards to create an integral design. She cut and fit the canvas to the wall space and ground and mixed the colors to obtain lasting results in the painting.

The commissioning of "The Saga of Wenatchee" came during a revival of mural painting in America. It is an example of the Regionalist art movement, which began in the twenties. After studying in Europe, American artists returned to this country to paint their native land and the American people. They sought to capture the character of people and the flavor of the various regions.

The young artist, Peggy Strong, handled the mural's design beautifully, painting her pioneers, orchard workers, young people, and farm animals in two sweeping circular movements. Four separate panels are integrated into the whole with the device of a sculptured rock pattern which draws the whole design together. Composition is the work's greatest strength. Through the use of color, line, and contrast the artist was able to control the eye movement and thus the response of the viewer.

Miss Strong's stylized, slightly elongated figures suggest the work of Thomas Hart Benton, leader of the Regionalist movement in American art, and one whose work influenced hers. Yet her muted colors and calm confident figures are different from Benton's dramatic colors and strained, frenzied figures. There is a solid feeling to Strong's mural with its earth tones, its informally balanced composition and its depiction of Wenatchee people as solid, relaxed both-feet-on-the-ground figures. They express the mood of 1939 when people thought they had the depression licked and had not yet recognized the impending war. Peg Strong's message here conveys not only the story of Wenatchee's past but its present but a mood of hope and confidence.

About the Artist

Peggy Strong began serious study of oil painting after an auto accident confined her to a wheelchair. She studied with Mark Tobey at the University of Washington, with Sarki Sarkesian in Detroit, and with Fred Taubes in New York. Almost immediately her paintings achieved notice at shows in which she exhibited. Her work was featured nationwide, and won many awards. In 1937 her painting was selected to represent the state of Washington in a national exhibit at Rockefeller Center in N.Y.

In 1938 Peggy Strong won a first in the national Junior League show of Memphis, Tennessee, and a first in the 24th Northwest Annual show at the Seattle Art Museum. As a crowning award Peggy was chosen by the National Women's Journalism Society as one of the eight outstanding "women of the year" in the Northwest Arts and Sciences.
Other Peggy Strong Murals . . .

1943 — For the new Naval Officers’ Club in Dutch Harbor Alaska . . . This mural has a gay, whimsical circus theme, with white clowns, acrobats, and chubby-cheeked elephants prancing to cheer men who had been at sea for months.

1944 — The Junior League of Tacoma commissioned Peggy to paint a set of murals in the USO Traveler’s Aid servicemen’s lounge at the Tacoma Union Station. These depict two scenes from the Paul Bunyan stories and are full of action and color. These have since been moved to the University of Puget Sound.

Bibliography

The material used in this brochure was supplied through the Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma, Washington; The Wenatchee World; North Central Washington Museum; Dick Bell, N.C.W. Museum Board Chairman; Brown, Milton W., American Painting From The Armory To The Depression, Princeton University Pr. (1955); Sachs, Samuel. Country Journal, Nov. ’83; “Grant Wood — The Regionalist Vision” p. 54-59.

“The Saga of Wenatchee,” permanently installed in the NCW Museum, is accessioned to the National Collection of Fine Arts-Smithsonian Institution. By covenant it remains the property of the United States of America, and is listed on the National Register of Historic Sites.

The information on this brochure was researched and compiled by Barbara Corey, North Central Washington Museum Intern from The Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington.
Dear Carol & John:

As always - a huge treat
to spend time with you both.

Since I indulged in tales
of my sister, Peggy (NOT Peggy G
as in this film) - thought you might
enjoy this valiant effort to tell people
about her - the Melancholic Mural.

Thanks again for a delightful
dinner.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
Jean, hi--

Here are the signed books, and I hope they do you a ton of good with your cohort. Hey, we haven’t seen you for a while--could you and Walt come up here for supper some Saturday night soon? How about June 16? Give a call.

Hugs and tickles,
Jean, hi again--

Here are some copies of my remarks at last night's whoopla for you as you requested, glutton for punishment that you are.

Leonard Garfield really spoke the truth, that it was an honor with a hell of a lot of work attached. You did it beautifully--the montage was thoughtful, well-organized, professionally edited, and inimitably Walkinshawian all through. Watching it all, Carol and I were proud of you and grateful to have you as a friend.

Hugs and tickles to the Walt guy, and when you come down off your cloud of glory, let's get together for supper at Cafe Lago or somewhere. We're around until Carol packs me away to Zion and Bryce in late April.

Affectionately,
MOHAI presents
An Evening with Jean Walkinshaw
February 11, 2004

Celebrating Forty Years of Contributions to the History & Cultural Life of Our Region
Appreciation of Jean Walkinshaw by John Voorhees

Viewers who tuned in to Channel 9 to watch a program called "Faces of the City" in 1975 were witnessing an extraordinary event in TV. It was the first documentary created by Jean Walkinshaw in an impressive career of more than a quarter century - from "Faces of the City" to last year's "Hall for All," about Seattle’s new opera house.

Jean was hardly a novice. In the late ’60s and early ’70s she produced more than 200 editions of KING-TV’s "Face to Face," a stimulating, wide-ranging in-studio talk show hosted by Roberta Byrd, back when TV stations took community service seriously.

But moving to Channel 9 allowed Jean to get out of the studio and since then Jean has focused her ever-inquisitive mind on a remarkable variety of subjects to create over 40 documentary films of a marvelously wide range. Give Jean any subject and I'm sure she'd have several ideas about how to turn it into a provocative film - as an examination of her body of work shows.

For a filmmaker, she has shown extraordinary interest in and respect for the written word, with documentaries about such diverse authors as Ivan Doig, Tom Robbins, Raymond Carver, Theodore Roethke, Charles Johnson, and Emmett Watson. But her resume also includes films about such musicians as Kitaro and Alan Hovhaness, artists Jacob Lawrence, George Tsutakawa and Guy Anderson, as well as dance ("Inside Pacific Northwest Ballet"). These films join Jean’s imaginative explorations of subjects from mountain climbing, Native Americans and Western art to the homeless, Soviet émigrés and the Trident nuclear submarine!

Jean always finds a way to solidly ground her films in the Pacific Northwest. Whether it’s her notable examinations of Mount Rainier and the Columbia River or such internationally-oriented programs as "Japan Northwest" or "Young Storytellers in Russia," there are always ties to our area, creating a body of work provincial in the best sense of the word.

While we've been privileged to enjoy and learn from Jean’s visions these past 25 years, future generations will find Jean’s films a rich source of information about life in the Pacific Northwest in the last quarter of the 20th Century. I can’t think of a greater contribution to the history and industry of this area.

~ John Voorhees

John Voorhees was an Arts reporter for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer and the Seattle Times from the 1960s to the 1990s.

Program

Welcome..................................................Leonard Garfield
Recollections...........................................Ivan Doig
Jim Wickwire
Kent Stowell
Afterword.............................................The Honorable Jean Godden
Presentation

This evening had been made possible in part by the generous support of Beatrice Roethke Lushington in honor of Jean Walkinshaw and the late Theodore Roethke.
Host Committee

Ruthanna (Fam) Bayless
David Brewster
Kay Bullitt
Joel Connelly
Ivan and Carol Doig
Ellen Ferguson
Jay McCarthy
Ancil and Valerie Payne
Constance Pious
Doug and Kathie Raff
Mary Randlett
David Skellenger
Rae Tufts
Jan Thompson
Ayame Tsutakawa
John Voorhees
Jim Wickwire

This evening's supper has been provided by Baci Catering & Cafe, Nola Nevers, proprietor
Walkinshaw: Master at portraying regional identity

IN THE NORTHWEST

JOEL CONNELLY

IMAGES OF OUR HOMELAND, its culture and characters flashed on the screen: Artist George Tsuchikawa painting sea stacks of the Olympic Coast; author Tom Robbins joking of his love life; an old lady named Mary Yadermuk talking of work as a trapper at the headwaters of the Columbia River.

The Museum of History and Industry (MOHAI) was hosting an evening with renowned documentarian Jean Walkinshaw. In the audience were faces of the same faces that flashed by on the screen.

Novelist Ivan Doig, in a recollection later in the evening, declared: "Jean has kept faith with the land that produced her...

...Jean has been our glorious geographer of the territory of the soul."

Walkinshaw is, alas, a prophet without honor at her own TV station. She was let go last year by KCTS-TV. It was part of a meat=ax staff reduction, which came soon after a management implosion.

The fact the Northwest's premier documentary producer is no longer producing -- pointedly noted in another recollection by climber-attorney Jim Wickwire -- speaks to a disturbing trend.

At once, America is more tolerant of diversity -- and losing it.

Ramparts of race and gender discrimination have crumbled. At the same time, in many ways, the country is getting homogenized.

How so? Allow me to bring home experiences from the presidential campaign trail.

Iowa is a state with 99 counties, most with a courthouse square in the middle of a downtown business district. In many of those towns, a fair number of storefronts lie vacant.

Commerce has moved out to highway junctions at the edge of town, where often there has sprung up a wholesale like Walmart, flanked by the pilot fish of fast food outlets.

A depressing sameness is stamped on such sprawl, from Monroe, Wash., to Boone, Iowa, from the miles-long strip as you leave Nashua, N.H., toward Keene, to Highway 95 headed north out of Coeur d'Alene in Idaho.

Some folks aren't satisfied by sameness. A transplanted Seattle investment adviser gave me an initiation to Nashua's historic downtown, and a neat breakfast spot called Jack's.

In Iowa City, a local political activist has insisted on lunching at one restaurant through the freeway with personality. Alas, that personality gets expressed by a football mural showing the University of Iowa Hawkeyes upsetting Notre Dame -- my alma mater.

Nothing can be done about other forms of homogenizing. In the 1980s, long drives on the campaign trail were made tolerable by getting dosed in local culture, local talk and local news on the radio.

Except for public radio, just about all of that has disappeared. Conglomerate-owned stations offer prepackaged music, with no flavor of what part of the country you're in. Once, local voices said what was on their minds. Nowadays, right-wing talk show hosts rant from far-away studios in New York or L.A.

As well, ratings consultants have created an aspect of sameness in TV news, with shootings and sex offenders leading the 11 o'clock report whether in Los Angeles or Houston or Des Moines.

Some of us grew up on something more than this intellectual gruel -- and with a sense of where we came from. Jean Walkinshaw was a part of this.

She produced an in-studio talk show called "Face to Face" for KING back when, as critic John Voorhees wrote in a leaflet for Wednesday's MOHAI event, "TV stations took community service seriously."

She worked at a station renowned for documentaries. One detailed how industrial and urban sprawl devoured farmlands of the Green River valley. Another showed how a Harvard-educated Okanogan County rancher named John Goldmark was Red-baited out of the Washington Legislature. "A Volcano Named White" didn't have anything to do with the Pacific Ring of Fire, but with the violent life of a death row inmate at Walla Walla.

Walkinshaw learned, and later did masterful work at KCTS. She usually worked without a script, but with an eye for the West's natural grandeur and the knack for getting its personalities to talk without inhibition.

"Put together a little white wine, a tape recorder and Jean Walkinshaw. Amazing things can happen," noted Wickwire.

Ex-Gov. Gary Locke and UW professor Theodore Roethke, discussing the artist's inner insecurities, confessed to the recorder: "I still get stresses where I puke before class." Wickwire told of a night spent just below 28,000 feet on K-2, with "really loony" goings-on in his head as winds blew to 50 miles per hour. "I was just sitting there without any desire to go down," he said.

Finally, thoughts of his wife and five kids snapped him to attention and enabled him to survive.

Wonderful stuff, along with Walkinshaw's signature recent documentaries, "Rainier: The Mountain" and "The River" -- a celebration of the Columbia from the Rocky Mountain Trench in Canada to wild waters of the Columbia River Bar at Astoria.

Americans are a restless folk. We move around. The adoration to "Go West" sent 19th-century settlers out on the Oregon Trail, and 1990s high-tekkies to the "Silicon Forest."

Still, we need to hold onto regional identity in America, a sense of our history and what it is that makes a place "special."

Here's hope that Jean Walkinshaw's work is not done.

(An appropriate footnote: A pair of the Northwest's great mountain film directors, Wickwire and John Roskelley, will present "Climbing Mount Everest" -- adventures and reflections on the world's highest mountain Feb. 21 at St. Joseph's Church Social Hall on Capitol Hill. Admission: $20 a ticket, $25 of that tax deductible. Proceeds to Catholic Community Services children's programs. Call 325-8836 or 325-2098 for reservations.)

P-I columnist Joel Connelly can be reached at 206-448-8160 or joelconnelly@seattlepi.com
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Seattle Post-Intelligencer

PEOPLE
From Seattle to East Africa, sweet hopes unfulfilled
ROBERT L. JAMIESON JR. B1

MARRIAGE
TWO HEARTS TOGETHER
Ways to say 'Marry me'
LIFE AND ARTS E1

MOVIES
Adam and Drew rekindle the fire in 'First Dates'
WHAT'S HAPPENING

DINING
New and old flavors blend in revitalized Columbia City
WHAT'S HAPPENING

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 2004

UW may face severe sanctions

Athletics could be hit hard with sanctions