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1/24/86

Date of Agreement

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Alan Goddard, dramatist, writer, director, radio talk show host, interviewed in his home by Teresa Jordan, 1/24/86.

Notes taken at time of interview; not audited against tape.

Came from a mining family. When his mother was pregnant w/ him, she and A's father were working a mining claim near Chief Joseph's Battlefield in the Big Hole--A thinks it was called Morman Gulch, and later Chinese Gulch, after the people who placer mined it. It was during the depression. Alan has a tie tac with a gold nugget on it--his mother dived down the river to get it, not let it get away; she dug it out of a rock with her pen knife. Alan's father retired many years later as the head geologist of the Western Division for Anaconda Co. Goddards also had a mine near Lincoln--called the Mike Horse Mine. Alan's father was rather famous as a geologist. His mother was secretary treasurer of the Mike Horse. She knew the mills, how they ran, the process.

A's folks had an unusual relationship. From the first time Mr. Goddard took A's mother for a ride on his bike, he loved no one else, there was no one but her for him. That was the way it was all his life. They were devoted to each other and shared. A's mother came from Pennsylvania; her father was a chripractor and a dreamer. They were living in Chicago; her father heard that dollars were rolling down the streets of Butte. They came here in the early teens. A's mother arrived in December and thought she had never seen anything so bleak. But she grew to like it.

A's father was the son of pioneers. Goddard men stole horses back from the Sioux. They were the only men spared in the massacre at Spirit Lake. Had a good relationship with the Sioux. A's Grandfather made pies on the rail road; became a contractor in Butte, built the Herber Block, McKinley School, the Pekin Noodle Parlor, the National Hotel, the H.A. Davis House. He was a self taught architect; his buildings are interesting.

A's father went to the School of Mines, did post graduate work at the U of Arizona, also studied in Colorado and Calif. He recognized the importance of education but felt something different in applying it. He was a mining man to the core, loved the arte metallica. Would quote biblical references to mining, had a cross section of timber from a Roman mine.

The allure of mining--the big crap shoot. For the Goddards, the worst days of their lives were mining accidents. They were real tragedies, A's father felt them deeply, they grieved and disturbed him. Al Hooper says that Mr. Goddard developed the Berkeley Pit. Alan says it was satisfying to him because there was such an enormous reduction of injury there.

Both Alan's brothers are geologists, extremely bright and talented. Bruce lives in Reno now and is developing mines in Nevada and Oregon for a Canadian firm. Charles is semi-retired, lives

in Stevensville, does independant consulting work. He is breaking his daughter in as a geologist. He has worked in Turkey, Cyprus, Australia, Alaska, China.

Alan's paternal grandfather was a gambler, an instinctive, great shot. Paxson did a wonderful sketch of him playing poker. He went broke a couple times. Yet, he was devoted to his family. His daughter was frail (Alan's aunt)--she had a faulty valve in her heart, something which could be easily fixed today. But they thought time in California would do her good, and they went to Los Angeles and San Francisco in the winters--"as 'nice' people did then." They knew Charlie and Nancy Russell. CMR came to Butte, went fishing with A's grandfather on the Big Hole. Alan remembers playing, as a child, with a black vase that Nancy Russell had given his grandparents; remembers an illustrated letter from Charlie Russel, but doesn't know what happened to it.

Mining technology grew with Butte. At one time, Germany, Poland, Cornwall were the centers of mining technology; American mining was primitive. Then came the heavy industrialization of Clark and Daly. The economics were always changing. A's father went through the consolidation of the mines. He went from the time of carbon lights to electric battery lights on hats; from mules and horses to automatic machinery. During WWII, w/ the war effort, increase in production to meet demands. The Company mined, not recklessly perhaps, but quickly. Alan remembers as a child his father's concern about the mines they had--will this mine dump "blend in?" A remembers walking in the woods, coming across mine dumps--they were colorful, somewhat romantic. But the Company mined more quickly. The Emma mine was mined very quickly, close to the surface; they used inferior fill. It was done in haste, not thought out. That bothered Alan's father. [And the Emma area had subsidence problem because of careless mining]

Mining in Butte--Alan grew up with the aristocracy of mining. He remembers people coming from Russia, from the Royal school of Mines in London, from Kenya, Heidelberg. The creme de la creme came here--to see Ed Shea, Reno Sales, Goddard. Sales was the father of modern mining. He was a terrible person, cold--someone decribed him as pissing ice cubes. He was a participant in the war of the copper kings. Alan knew L. O. Evans, he was a top gun for the Co, ordered in strike breakers. Alan had no knowledge of those sorts of issues growing up; these were just the people he knew.

His mother, on the other hand, grew up with the Molly McGuire tradition in Pennsylvania, essentially a sub rosa union movement. She used to distribute wobbly leaflets from Alan's brother's baby carriage. She had no idea what she was doing. She saw all sides of life.

Alan's father was born in 1903; his mother in 1904. His father graduated from BHS in 1922.

His parents eloped. His mother was a student wife at a time

there were NO student wives. She did all the planning for field trips; She'd be proud if a trip ended up with one roll of toilet paper left over, they were that well planned. She started school, dropped out when they married. She tried to go to Dillon; quite a stink that a married woman would be in school.

The 20's were intellectually interesting. Ideas discussed like putting a dome over Montana to control the climate.

Alan was born in 1934; Charles was born in 1925, and Bruce in 1930.

His parent's idea was that they would never have any two kids in college at the same time. They were progressive thinkers. His mother was interested in nutrition, read books on all sorts of subjects. She was not isolated or remote; she was a little radical. She was never asked to join the Jr League, for instance. Her father was not a real doctor--he was a chiropractor, not quite acceptable. And she was always into these goofy diets.

She belonged to The Thursdays--a women's club, leaders of society. They played bridge on Thursday. She wouldn't learn to drive; one of the women would send a chauffeur to pick her up. The Thursdays would drink, play bridge. As the afternoon wore on, they would play poker--after they were looped. Things like 'bitches and witches were wild.' A's mother objected to the drinking. At that time, it was the number one passtime among a certain echelon of women. And after they had played all afternoon, they would adjourn to the Town Club, the Country Club, Meaderville; play slots, dance, get more swacked.

Neither of Alan's folks were intemperate. The word was moderation. They were victorian--it wasn't proper to get drunk in public. Alan's grandfather had married a French Canadian--Cote. He never let her live down her "bad" background. The Goddards are very English. A's grandmother's father was a jockey, had had many wives. The Goddards were fervent protestants--Anglican, but a very hard-edged Aglicanism. Alan's mother's Anglicanism was soft edged--candles, altars, etc. Alan's grandfather scoffed at such things. His grandfather changed his mother's life away from the French Candian family support system. Yet he was completely devoted to her, and she ruled the house.

Q: You hear that there was no class structure in Butte...

Tape 1, Side B

There were definitely different classes of people. The Lace-Curtain Irish were definitely OK, acceptable. They were educated, stylish, had taste. The Corettes, the Hanifans, the Driscolls. Margaret Daly on the other hand was more to be pitied. She had made a good marriage, but not a wise one.

The aristocracy in Butte had money--as is the case in the West, not old enough society for blood to rule as such. They had the

ability to miss Butte's winters. And that removed you from the guy who had to stay. Alan's grandfather had a ranch, was a gentleman farmer--it was on the Ruby. They would go there for the summer. When Alan was a child, they went to Georgetown Lake. It was almost a personal enclave for AMC personell, and their favorites.

It was a time of privilege. The Company had a hunting preserve. Alan didn't realize the privilege--he thought everybody lived like that. He didn't realize that what he took for granted was off limits, off boundary to others. His grandfather belonged to a hunting group with a lodge on a lake. All that influenced Alan's father a lot. It impressed Alan's mother but she pooh poohed it, too. His mother's great gift was to be friendly. She knew all the bus drivers and waitresses names, knew the names of their kids. When she died, a couple cmae up to Alan at the funeral. During the depression, the Goddards had rented out a flat to them. In the hard times, they didn't collect rent and in fact had paid for these people's baby. Other people told Alan they had met his mother at the coffee counter at Woolworths. She was more interested in people like that than in cards. The one social thing that really interested her was when she became president of the St. Johns Episcopal Women's Guild. Then she stepped into the society lady mold for awhile. Yet she radicalized the guild, brought new women into it.

All the women in Alan's family were pretty forthright about their roles, what was expected of them. Alan's grandmother Cote had campaigned for suffrage. She was French Canadian, Catholic, her father was a jockey, had the race track connection. The Fr Canadians were considered awful in town. Yet her real brothers went to the Bitterroot, became bankers. They were well accepted at the table.

Growing up, Alan wondered why the Goddards weren't Catholic. Later, when he went to NY and Boston, wondered why they weren't Jewish. They were very much WASPS.

Talk about friction between Catholics and Protestants at that time. Growing up, Alan had a "different kick to my gait." He didn't care about religion in that way. Yet he was intensely religious at one point, as most young people are. He was never evangelical, though. His best friend went to the Roman Catholic school; there was no objection to that from Alan's paretns, or to the friendship. And they appreciated what a private school could offer.

By the time Alan came along the depression was over. His parents thought about a private school for him. He was precocious.

He had a wonderful life growing up. As soon as the snow was off in the spring, the family would be out exploring the mountains with sample sacks, map books. Later, he ran the tape. He learned to survey, to do failry accurate sample work. The work was very technical, and there was no fooling around with it.

They would be driving down the road, his father would say, "What is that? Alan would name the formations, etc.

The places they went to were great. He has great memories of the mountains. Remembers climbing a tree because a herd of wild mustangs charged by. He remembers a pet deer at one of the claims named Buttercup--ornery. Would run after Alan, run him into the outhouse, keep him there. He remembers crazy prospectors. Albert and Frank Kleinschmidt were pioneer miners. They became increasingly eccentric as they got older. They made, probably, \$7M by the 40's. Yet that prospecting life became imbedded in them. They lived in single room cabins or awful old trailers, unshaven, dirty. They couldn't deal with their wealth. When Frank died, Albert made a funeral pyre out of mining timbers on an old mine dump, cremated him. Outside Helena. Caused all sorts of problems with the health authorities, etc. They were going to put him away. But you can't just put away somebody with that much money. They were interesting people. Albert gave Alan his first Henry Miller--and, that at a time when Henry Miller's books had to be smuggled in from France.

Quite early, Alan's father decided that Alan was not equipped with real common sense. Alan ran around a corner, stepped on a rake, it flew up and hit him in the head. After that, his father viewed anything he did mechanically with suspicion--because he was so clumsy as to hit himself with a rake. As a result, other things were stressed for Alan. His mother read novels out loud in the evenings, Dickens, others. His mother had been offered the chance to be an actress. Bruce, Alan's brother, had worked for the Reno Opera. His parents and their friends would gather for evenings of music, write papers on the composers. Alan was encouraged to sit in, and to go to the theater. Ethel Barrymore came to Butte, patted Alan on the head, said "what a lovely child; he should go on the stage." That probably ruined Alan.

He loved to sing. He would go into bars--the Phelan Cafe and the Milwaukee Tavern were his favorites--sing a song. Usually, someone would give him a coin or two. He would pick up cigarettes he found, smoke them. Yet, he was timid, very shy. He had a nervous stammer that was almost a stutter. His high school speech teacher got him over that by giving him plays to act.

He loved to write, loved to read. His mother allowed him to read almost everything. He loved Jesse Stuarrrt (check); the Miss Tillie books, which were popular adult reading then. By the 5th grade, he was trying to read all of Melville.

He started writing plays about the age of 9. He remembers an especially elaborate production where the costumes would have cost something like \$15. His writing bemused his family. They didn't approve of the theater.

And then when he was 19 years old, he told his parents, "I'm in love with this guy, and I smoke pot." That's what Alan meant by "a different kick to his gait." It took a long time to reconcile

with his parents. Really, it didn't happen until his lover, Chris, was killed (drowned).

Tape 2, Side A

During those years, his parents didn't talk about him. They never told even good family friends he was gay. They kept in contact, but they weren't really in contact. They would write, but only once was he invited w/ Chris to a family get together. The year before Chris drowned, they had started to accept them. Alan thinks they had begun to understand and respect the stability of that relationship, and the independence with which they lived their lives.

Chris and Alan lived together openly in Missoula and elsewhere. Alan doesn't think it took courage so much as the desire to find a life that wasn't stereotyped or ghetto-ized. Chris always said, don't ever let the only thing that can be said about you be the fact that you are gay.

Yes, openness has caused trouble. About 7 years ago, Alan ran into someone from Mt Power Co on the street--he told Alan he would never be hired by the Power because he was gay. Once he was approached by a Roman Catholic Priest at Butte Central who told him he would do everything he could to prevent Alan having anything to do with kids. The MPC will still not knowingly hire a gay; nor will the school district.

Q: Do gays have particular trouble in Butte?

Alan asks if I mean queer bashing. He first came back to Butte because his mother had had a series of heart attacks and they thought she might die. Actually, she lived much longer. Alan says he thinks 14 years; we later establish he came back in 1974. [His mother died in 1985]

But he remembers in 1981 on mother's day, walking down Silver Street, talking with Gary Larson, one of the leading bad asses in town. He later died when he was overdosed by a jealous husband. He had been in prison. He liked Alan. Criminals often do not have the same attitude toward gays because they have been nurtured in prison by them. Anyway, they were walking down the street. Gary always walked with his head down. This car full of kids stopped. They probably weren't looking for gays so much as just anyone to try out their weapons on. They had broom handles. They jumped out of the car, one slashed Alan with a switchblade, cut the pocket of his jacket. They were just about to hit him with a broom handle when Gary looked up. They stopped immediately--they had been in jail with him, where he was boss. They dropped their clubs, got out of there. And Alan used to hang out at the Terminal Bar--a tough place, lots of bikers, lots of lines of cocaine on the bar. Supposedly those guys are terrible, knives, fists, etc. Alan never saw that. They liked him and protected him.

The more public Alan has become with the radio show, Butte reminiscences, etc, the more he is associated with that, and less with other things. But it is irritating to go to a football game, hear something like "what is that queer doing here? That queen.?" As if that were all your life were about.

He had a great time in school. He was the president of everything--the class, ed of the newspaper and annual, Thesbians, etc etc. That was partly due to his older brothers, partly because he came out of the professional class, that leadership.

From the time Alan was about 19 until he was 32 or 33, the thing that was devastating to him was the brain drain from Butte, the outmigration of talent and ability. None of his friends from school stayed. All the good ones left. Alan's father and mother were motivated, well educated--they pursued mental acuity. But all that stopped in Alan's generation. The ones who would do that left.

Walter Van Tillburg Clark encouraged Alan as a writer, arranged for him to go to New York to study playwriting. To be in the theater, Alan, by necessity, became an actor. He was helped to get a job in New York--answering phones at RKO theaters. He auditioned for Uta Hagen, considered the best acting teacher in the world. She was the original Martha in Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolfe. She accepted Alan, but he only studied with her two or three weeks because he got a job acting in Ohio. He had extra jobs on many films--the Wrong Man with Henry Fonda, The Sweet Smell of Success. He was in the touring show of Auntie Mame, the original show, not the musical, with Grier Garson. He learned how to play poker back stage. But he also discovered he was really out of step. He developed a drug problem. He did what people in trouble in his generation did--he joined the Army.

The Army made a pacifist out of him. He worked as a bartender. Also went through armor school. Read the goofy battle plans which would discuss casualties expected in the first fifteen minutes, etc. He came out as a pacifist, with an early discharge. But Chris was still in. Alan did stock theater and a number of things until Chris was out. He worked for a geophysicist near Phillipsburg, carried a sample sack, which he had learned to do well as a youth. But it was a goofy time. There was much he couldn't handle. And he was repelled by much of what he saw of gay life. He wasn't a stereotype, didn't want to be an effete or a woman. Chris was not at all like that--he was a fitness freak. He was in the 101st Airborne, he was a smoke jumper. He and Alan cross country skied, camped, hiked. Very active, physical life. When Alan worked in New York, he would usher the Madison Square Gardens prize fights. He had no interest in antiques, in a world where all the gays were into prized antiques or comparing diamonds. Strange things happened. An assistant to the Archbishop offered him \$100 for his underwear. But Alan learned about Christopher Isherwood in Germany and his movement to legalize and accept homosexuality in Germany in the 20's. And Alan was aware of what the holocaust did to

homosexuals--as brutal a holocaust as against the Jews.

Gays were simply looked at as abnormal. Leslie Fiedler taught at U. of M. when Alan was there, and had a hard time accepting him because he was gay. He could only accept Alan as a radical. WVT Clart understood, and was kind. He had no idea about homosexuals, no experience. But he was kind, empathetic. As was his wife.

Other gays at the university level were so closeted, pathetic. They lived hidden, twisted lives. And in Butte, there were many old closeted gays. Alan speaks of a lawyer who worked for WA Clark. He was married, sent roses to his wife everyday of their marriage, fathered children. He talked with Alan about what it was like. He said he grew up in a time where there were many teen suicides--because if you figured out you were homosexual, you killed yourself.

Alan was recently a pall bearer at a funeral. In the car with many older men, he was apart from them. They didn't address him. So Alan had to take the initiative. And he could get them started by Butte reminiscences.

Alan was a teacher. Involved at a time of alternative education --Summerhill, etc.

Tape 2, Side B

He taught on an Indian reservation. Chris was an anthropologist. St. Mary's Mission, Wind River Reservation, Wyoming. Thought starting out that Indians need to learn to speak for themselves and he could help them. He was not an ordinary teacher. He fed, nurtured them to the best of his ability. He moved back into the old school buildings, let the kids arrange desks around center of the room. The center of the room was where things happened. And he loved to use avant gard to teach them--Kafka. They turned onto it, responded. They could recognize a thing called quality and aim for it. It was a time that people were doing adaptations of classics--Medea on motorcycles, etc. Alan did a production of Oedipus Rex as an Indian Ritual. Originally thought it would be interesting to do it as sort of a Kirusawa-Samurai thing. But thought, where would they find the swords, etc. And he was surrounded by this authentic primitive voice. The production got him a lot of "goofy" recognition. Mo Brown tried to "rehabilitate" him--told him, you shouldn't be wasting yourself in Wyoming and Montana.

He came to Butte, worked for the Anaconda Co, doing drafting, geologic maps. It was the early 70's, about 1974. Chris had been drowned on a archeological expedition. It was very much like Chris--his raft overturned; he tried to save someone else.

Alan has never had to really worry about money. His family has offered to take care of him, has been very supportive. That has been nice; but he wonders if it hasn't meant that he has never

gone beyond the dilettante stage. He feels he is not disciplined. Chris is the only one who tried to "midwife" him through a writing session.

Alan had an Indian father--he was well educated, a medicine man. Alan saw him pull the soul from a man's nose--the soul was blue--and throw it in the corner. And then Alan realized there are no corners in a Teepee.

But Alan talked to him about how to become a storyteller. He said, take your three best things for trade in a leather bag and go.

Alan worked street theater in Missoula, California, was a founding member of the South Coast Repertory. He sold penny poems on the street. He was nurtured by others--Jacques Levy (sp?) who is best known for Oh Calcutta. They talked about working together.

Alan is DOWN on cocaine, speed, etc. He never thought he would agree with Nancy Reagan on anything, but on that he does, that they must stop the badness. He KNOWS. Because he's experienced it. The cost of it is crippling of talent, of lives.

Q: After such broad experiences with creative communities, how is it to spend several years in Butte?

It was also part of that period to "drop out."

He decided to drop out when he came down with syphilis and mumps at a party to raise money for an Andy Warhol film to star Jim Morrison and Rita Hayworth--which tells a lot about what was going on. He "putzed around," went East, to the Ithaca Festival (drama). But he knew he wanted to get back to Montana, where the air and the water were clean. Mountain lakes and streams. No freeways. Where he would be healthier

When he first came back, he had an in-built support system. Two of his friends had said, if you are going back, I'm going with you. One is now an IBM lobbyist; the other is half American/half British. His mother had been a war bride. He has an interesting outlook for he knows Crow Agency and London. Now he lives in LA.

Those two moved back with Alan. He moved in with his folks; they got a place of their own.

When Alan came back, he was in a discussion group--sort of part of the University without walls movement or whatever, Butte College. Neil Lynch, Rick and Nancy Foote, Laura and Bill Weatherly were in it, as well as others. Alan was pouring over maps at the Anaconda Co, and he could see that the Columbia Gardens was doomed. He knew that a couple years before it was general knowledge. He proposed that something should be done. General response was "what?" There was so little response. And these were people who were hip. "They are hip enough to be here, why aren't they here? And that was generally what was happening

in Butte. I used to go over to the Moonlight Lab a lot, and I used to go down in the pit and I would map the blast holes, in the overlay, where the little blast holes would go for the days work and the next days work, kept kind of a running map for the people involved in it. And--hmm--things that had disappeared caught my eye. There is a big change from the years previous. The pit had literally swallowed Meaderville and much of the east side. And it was growing. And Uptown Butte was threatened. And there was no resistance to it at all. It was inevitable, it was part of the course of things, things in Butte couldn't change. And I would meet and talk to people who were really dislocated by this change. And I could probably document a couple of suicides among old folks who had to move, who had to give up their homes. And Butte's always had this enormous pride for things in its past--always always always. When I was in High School, the yearbook before ours was devoted to Butte's past. The most popular things in the paper was George O'Malley's "Echoes of a Distant Past," this thing that had been carried on. Frank Quinn was a raconteur. All of this had died out. It was real strange. There was the mining museum, which is a marvel in many ways. But it was remote and it was distant and it was safe, and it isn't really a museum in the sense that I understand museums as places for preservation. I don't think preservation is their foremost concern as it is trying to reproduce things in Butte. And the town where I had grown up, where you could see foreign films, where there was a young professional group, single people who socialized, who spoke--gone. It really didn't exist in that genuine way. And there was in fact this outmigration. And the people I could relate to and speak to about this were the people who had been here in the days when Butte was booming, older people. And although Butte was economically sound, or so they thought, there were real misgivings about these things. My father had a real grasp of the economics of mining and would say, 'It is hell to work for a company that mortgages the future of the ores at the Mountain Con for a risky development in South America where they are exploiting the native labor.' Classic case of starving with the ham on your back--he called it. And these people were competent, they were assured, they understood what they were doing. They didn't always understand, I think, the human cost, in terms of the pit growth. But even more astonishing to us all was the development of an electronic field that just obviates the need for copper. Because these people are technical people, and they were among the first to grasp the significance and the importance of it. And in addition to the end of the Gardens, there were also

Tape 3, Side A

"A lot of people claim that the fires were the result of arsonists, insurance fires, the great American business ethic at work for the 2nd-class businessman--you know, if you can't do it any other way, burn your business. That certainly was what was going on. This also disoriented people. I could tell you people who were around here then who were drawing up plans for truck bays in the Prudential Bank Building, and had plans for ore conveyor

belts that would sweep through Central Butte and now they are quite conservative and claim--it's no longer ecologically fashionable to think that way, so they no longer acknowledge that they ever did think that way, but in fact, they are around.

"So, I was distressed. I thought there was a lot of spiritual malaise in town, and it got me down. It truly did. Anne Cote Smith, who was theatrical, and had an inkling of what I was doing in the theater, and had run a theater, just let me use her house, the Copper King Mansion, as my play house when I first came back to Butte. Pat and Jeffrey and I just sort of moved in there. It was a great play house."

It was the fall of the McGovern campaign when they came back to Butte. They had a gala at the Copper King, a fundraiser for McGovern. The actor Dennis Weaver was there. It was a great party. Alan's Republican parents were mortified. But they had wonderful parties at the Copper King. Pets would just smile as they served crepes to 300 and had a rock and roll band up in the ballroom. Had lots of fun. But Alan was really disturbed about the "lost paradise," the children's thing, the paradise he felt here as a child. He knew you couldn't go home again, but he wondered why something wasn't happening here.

Mark Antonioli became the planner--"thank God." He was from a mining family. Don People was on the planning committee. Mark, Bob Corbett, and Alan used to fantasize-- plans were being announced for MERDI, NCAT, etc--and they began to fantasize about what would happen if a group came that replaced the outmigration, young people. To their joy and delight, some of that came true. But what do you do with it, how can we make it attractive was one of the things they thought about.

Alan has a strong belief that the arts are a tool always in your world. He thought that the thing to do to pull it together was get a Butte Arts Council, tried to get an arts center for the community. At the same time, Tom Judge, governor, made Alan chairman of drama for the MT Arts Council. That, plus the "goofy" things Alan was doing up at the Copper King Mansion gave him some clout; they were able to persuade the Junior League to try an art festival. That was the last big thing out at the Columbia Gardens. They tried to get people to recognize what was there, try to infect them with a sense of what they are losing. But it didn't work, they weren't listening, they refused to hear. It took the closing to really deeply affect people. When that special part of growing up in Butte was lost, people affected to point where "this is enough." Alan wanted a Historical Society. All Alan's Republican friends--Steve Hogan, Clarence Connors--they would listen but they wouldn't listen. They wanted to have it like FFV--First Families of Virginia, pioneer, antiquarian. Not attuned to element that Alan was.

But they started this thing [Butte Historical Society]--and it drove Alan crazy. He doesn't like to work with people anymore on a broad basis--he has become aristocratic. He believes the

opportunity should be as widespread as possible, but he doesn't suffer fools gladly. Sandy Keath once said to Alan after he did an amateur Shakespearian production, "It was wonderful to watch, but I didn't understand a goddamn word. What are you doing? I'd like to be able to like you and what you're doing." Alan felt sad about that, but he was still looking for a way to bridge the gap.

Finally, he started writing articles for the paper. It was a horrible experience--the lack of respect that the paper had for sentences, or for sources. Another thing that hurt Butte was the fact that it was a company paper, there wasn't free press until recently. It's wonderful to see the MT Standard be able to say now something like we should get rid of Darrell Lee, head of Local Development Corp; on the front page they say he deserves a one way ticket out of town, incompetent. The old buddy thing has been a hindrance to Butte. Some people say it is school ties, Central thing or Butte High jock thing. But whatever it is, it hasn't helped the community. "There is a residue, always, of the glory of what Butte was--if there was glory, it was all involved in the excitement, the glamor of Butte, the Ethel Barrymore thing, where Ethel Barrymore came to town, the fact that Clark Gable made a stage debut here, or Betty McDonald writing about her geologist family, her mining family, in the Egg and I (?), or [Murphy's] The Glittering Hill. Finally, by appealing to it and talking about the old days--I thought I was propogandizing, but low and behold, people came to town who were able to seize upon it."

As examples, Alan cites the mural. Carolyn Smithson had the first real impact. The Quiviks. Alan was the first person they met. The challenge was there. Fred saw it as an opportunity for his interest in historic preservation. Janet Cornish had a wide sense and grasp of things, a remarkable ability to deal with a lot of bad issues, get things done, by being direct, honest, sweet -- but not in the bad sense of sweet. She got things done by goodness or goodwill. Carolyn was the same. She was remarkable as a community organizer. She told me, you've worked this thing from the cookbook angle; now give them the food. She organized the Italian dinner, the Yugoslavian dinner. That was the first use of the civic center for something like that, and it was a terrific success. All home cooked.

When Mark Antonioli was city planner, Alan used to go into his office, point out the window, say Mark, I can't stand that naked wall over there, where Al's Photo used to be. I hope to live long enough to see a mural painted there. Mark would laugh--he knew what Alan was doing, dropping it on the planning committee. But he felt it was worth it; if he got fired, it was OK. Alan and his friends were doing things that, as far as he was concerned, were very important for Butte to hear. He understood the value of propoganda. He said, you're doing things for the paper, the secretary, she'll type it for you. He understood the propoganda. Bob Corbett later was the planner, and he allowed Alan to continue.

The local democrats began to listen at that time. It had a good effect on preservation. The Arts Council. Alan's mother had been a member of the Nat'l Trust. Alan got Pets [Anne Cote Smith] involved. Sister Joanne Daly in Anaconda had been a dynamo. The idea of preservation began to get out; the Anaconda Co was clearly on the skids, the layoffs began. That only depressed the town further. The MHD people coming in, the revival of the Butte spirit, the revival of Butte history, the revival of Butte pride occurred. And that continued and Alan thinks it is going on at this time. One of the things that makes Butte remarkable is that there is this thing here; Butte seems to be working in spite of everything.

Alan doesn't know that he had anything to do with it in any real way other than helping to "create a climate" where it could happen. But he has so many things he wants to do. Janet, Fred, Mindy understand that if you go off and write in the basement of the library, this is as worthwhile as saving an old building. But if you go off and write about the fur trade, you are not saving Butte. Alan is "bored with people who are saving Butte-- that is always questionable. Whatever happens is going to happen in spite of a lot of things." Alan wouldn't denigrate what has been accomplished, but it is going to take more than refurbishing old buildings. There is still an outmigration of the best talents and the best minds. Alan would hope that 10% or 5% of the good ones would stay. That hasn't been happening.

We have an incomparable life style. But our tax burden is high. With the difference in taxes here and in California, Alan could afford to live in California. It is cheap to live here; yet in some ways it isn't. Lots of things you have to do w/o. But with those people who came to Mt, and those who were native born and went elsewhere then came back, perhaps they have created a climate where this will change. Alan hopes so.

When we talk about preservation, Alan has no doubt, from talking w/ his old miner friends in the M&M, that the day that somebody finds a way of using copper again, or if the price of copper goes up, all that preservation in Uptown Butte, forget it. They wouldn't hesitate a minute to mine.

Alan has become sort of a spokesman for something in Butte (Shag Miller recognized that when he hired him for Party Line). Alan's disappointment w/ the radio show is that he can't get opinion. For instance, today Alan was talking about rape as a crime against women, something that represents contempt for women's lives. They let him talk about that, but they don't respond to it. They just wait for him to say something about Buffalo Bill's visit or something like that. The response to that is terrific. People come up to Alan all over town, ask him questions. "This is kind of fun; I never thought it would happen. I always thought if I were here long enough, I'd be a town eccentric like Nickle Amnie or something. And it's true, I am, in a way. People point at me when I stand out in the street looking at

cornices on buildings, say, "There's Alan, doing it again." But it's kind of a kick for me to realize that in a way I have become my own kind of monster. (laughs) That's why I do things like "Sexual Perversity in Chicago" [a play]

Reactions to the play, some of them them have been like Sandy Keath--I hope I can understand you sometime.

Alan doesn't know what this has to do with mining per se, but it certainly has to do with the town. The effects on people he knows of the end of mining...he has had a number of liaisons, affairs, with men who worked in the mines. He has seen them lose their jobs and with that, their identities. He has seen all that unemployment means, has watched a hopelessness seep into their lives.

Q: Do you think that if there was no significant mining here for, say five more years, and if in that interim the economy became very healthy--say an unemployment rate of 5%--and the possibility of mining became real, do you think people would still jump on it?

Yes

Tape 3, Side B

Perhaps the generation of people who have worked the mines, when they are gone, maybe then that will change. Like the Hugo poem about Phillipsburg, the people are waiting in the bars for the mines to come back. "It's El Dorado, that gold mine in the sky, the big crapshoot, irresistible to find that kind of wealth. It is exciting to pan for gold and come up with a trace--honestly, it is."

Butte is up and down, the manic-kind of thing. Boom or bust. And the traditions that are part of mining. The strong family thing that grows up around hazardous work like mining. You make the moment count with your family when there is imminent danger. That's part of our heritage.

Also, the outdoors thing--lumber, cattle, mining. manly pursuits. Although there were women who worked underground. Bobbie--she was married; she went on the stage after they discovered her, vaudeville, talked about her mining days. She dressed as a man, lived w/ her "roommate," her husband. When she was discovered, it scandalized the men. But she was GOOD. In the 20's. She did a days work for a days pay. Anyone talking of her admired her as a miner.

There is so much mineralization here--it is still commercially exciting. Some peripheral mining is going on right now. We see an industrial nation in change, mines and mills disappearing. Alan was raised during WWII, when all the talk was of "strategic materials." You saved fats for the war effort, collected metal and paper. He remembers the Paley Report after the war, an

assessment of the resources of the United States--this is what we have, this is what we have to depend on. And by and large it has been ignored.

With the brain drain, Butte has become increasingly conservative, "muffled." And good conversation disappeared from polite society. Some blame it on television; but that's only part of it.