

2 Jan. '92--Springlike, damp beginning to the year. Late yesterday and through the night a heavy rain, first in a while. On the 31st we called Ann and Norm and arranged to meet them for lunch at the Lighthouse in Lacomme and then hike afterward. The hike unluckily flopped, when we followed Ann's penchant and guidebook for a dike walk at Colony Creek north of Bow--good in theory but the dike was overgrown with wild roses and blackberries and the shore was slick rocks; after about a quarter of a mile we gave up. Beautiful day, though, all mountains out in great clarity and just enough clouds for decoration.

C and I came home and had salmon for supper, and turned in at our usual (early) time; New Year's Eve is nothing we care to make an event of. Y'day I did some year-end financial totaling, as I always need to do for my pension plan anyway, and found that we're now worth, in investments alone, \$1,111,000. The surprise stock market rally of course has boomed the figure up, and there are probably going to be some heart-lurching times this year as we try to invest, really to broaden the stock holdings we now have. But both Carol and I had been chewing the insides of our mouths a bit about our mutually-agreed-upon decision for her to shift all her TIAA/CREF holdings into bonds, a few weeks before the stock market took off; it turns out, though, that the TIAA/CREF bond fund also has been going great guns, so at the moment there's no real reason to sweat that decision. We're still somewhat exposed in banks--\$85,000 at Wells Fargo in IRAs, about \$90,000 of my pension money in a U Savings CD--and of course in the whims of the stock market, but we also have quite a proportion tucked away in gov't notes by now; this year, that is '91, we moved a lot of money out of CDs as they matured, managed to cash in the single-premium insurance thing, and I extricated myself from my 400 shares of Nordstrom...after several years of patience and turmoil with that, I made 7% on that stock, about the same as if the money had been dozing in a bank account. Anyway, we feel wildly fortunate to have what we have, and will keep trying to hang onto it.

Carol meanwhile worked on a sabbatical proposal, which the two of us are going to try to tune up a bit this afternoon, and now is banging her way through college paperwork. We're going up to Bella Luna at noon to meet Ann Nelson and her dad, Al Jarrett, for lunch. I don't

2 Jan. '92 cont.--know that I've done much literarily useful during the holidays, although I did take a couple of mornings to think ahead on possible books etc., and will do a little more of that right now. We'll see how this year bends itself, but for now we intend it to be a year of less travel, no big house projects; hunkering in for me to finish Heart Earth and maybe for us to enjoy this area more.

6 Jan.--First day back at Heart Earth; first dozen or so pages look quite splendid, then there are some dabs of revision to be done through the rest of the 1st ch. 2nd ch. is pretty good, though needs some extending. All in all, I feel sanguine and workmanlike about this startup.

Went out this afternoon and revamped the herb garden farther away from the side of the house so we can spray for the damned ants that plagued us last summer. In some ways this has not been a comfortable winter--we haven't had any of the brilliant clear weather we sometimes get at year-end--yet it has been fairly warm by plant standards; things are budding considerably, and despite an achey elbow I figured I'd better get the herb project done, against the possibility of ants in Feb.

9 Jan.--Well, hell. Liz just called with the report that the Macmillan check has not arrived, which sent her to looking back into the Heart Earth contract for a bankruptcy clause, and finding none. She admits she blew it in not getting one into the contract, and I admitted it somehow got past me too, even though I thought I'd had it in mind as something I particularly wanted, during the negotiations. Anyway, with Macmillan now technically in breach of contract--the \$62,500 piece of advance due "the first week of January," i.e. two days ago--she wants to use this as a bargaining chip with Lee to get a bankruptcy clause added to the contract, and I said yeah, better do that.

Later: reversal of ill fortune. I came back from walking the park, had a phone message from Lee Goerner wishing me happy new year. Happy, hell, where's the \$62,500, so I called Liz to see if she'd talked to him

9 Jan. cont.--yet. She had. Lee agreed to a bankruptcy clause like the one in my 1st 3 Athenaeum contracts--reverting the rights to me if the publisher goes belly-up--and told Liz the check would reach her this afternoon. So, okay, happy new year, and I called Lee back and got his version of life after Maxwell, which is pretty much as reported in the NY Times etc., a troika (British Price Waterhouse, American bankruptcy judge and Macmillan head honcho David Schaffer) running things; 120 days for them to come up with a restructuring, then 60 days for creditors to respond, in the meantime Macmillan can't be sold off or dismembered. Onward--if the check actually arrives.

13 Jan.--Carol urges that I characterize today with what I told her after talking to Liz on the phone: "The money is in the messenger." Ultimately, maybe it'll even get in the mail to me, if the Macmillan slow-motion ponying up ~~the~~ of the Heart Earth advance installment eventuates as everybody in New York claims it's doing.

I'd no sooner hung up with Liz--whose office I'd actually called just to tell Abby Thomas I'm going to try do a blurb for Jim Galvin's novel--than the phone rang and it was DeWitt Daggett, saying Yup, I was right, the River Runs through It contract he thought we'd taken care of in early Dec. was still on his desk unsigned, so now while the money is in the messenger from one project, the contract is in the mail from another. Publishing does take damnable patience, I remind myself.

19 Jan.--Exquisite winter weather at last, crisp and clear, the mountains all sharply white. We walked Green Lake this morning, a Seattle morn at its benign grandest. People pouring out to walk, rollerblade, paddle, row, jog, dogwalk, bike. A great crowd attraction at the north end of the lake, where the eagle who's been resident at the lake this winter was about 35 feet up in the bare-branched tree nearest the path, eating a squirrel. Along with clots of other people, including some birdwatching group that had brought tripods and telescopes, C and I watched a while and for that matter listened; the eagle was so close we could hear him tearing the squirrel into morsels.

19 Jan. cont.--This good weather came at a good time, a three-day weekend (Martin Luther King Day, Mon.) which C and I are determined to keep recuperative, idle as we want to be--which is never that much or I wouldn't be here at this page. Went out y'day for lunch at Ray's Boathouse, and I intend to make a crab-and-salmon run to the fish store in Edmonds, for tonight's and tomorrow's suppers. This year's first few weeks of work have gone okay, although we agree it is tough work, C's teaching and my writing. I am getting very immersed in the Heart Earth manuscript, I think making it astoundingly better in places but with considerable drafting yet to do. On another front, Ginny Merriam called from The Missoulian on Thursday about what will be the first piece on the River cassette project, and I did tell her frankly that I figured Norman and I had been friends because I was never around him long enough to get him peed off at me. Ginny seemed to be wowed by Carol's pic of Norman and me chortling together at his Seeley Lake cabin, the only undour pic of Norman any of us have ever seen, so that photo stroke by Carol may be quite an authenticator for this cassette enterprise.

27 Jan.--La de da, just back from depositing in de bank the awaited \$56,250 hunk of Heart Earth advance from Macmillan. This is the selfsame money stipulated by my contract for "by the end of the 1st week in Jan.", one more example of the legerdemain of clearing and floating and it's-in-the-messenger-no-now-it's-in-the-mail that goes on in the publishing/agenting world. I'm hugely gratified to have the money at last in hand, as it means I now have \$187,500 for Heart Earth and Macmillan doesn't yet have word one of the manuscript from me.

Carol pointed out I had a pretty damn good week last week, though I've been so lobe-deep in writing I haven't discerned much else. Total it all up, though, and there was the Macmillan money, a nifty write-up by David Streitfeld--the one-man Woodward & Bernstein of the book biz--in his Washington Post Sunday column, and the phone call on, I think, Thursday from Woody Tazewell, husband of Mary Lee Settle and book critic for the Virginian-Pilot, saying he wants to do an

27 Jan. cont.—Understanding Ivan Doig book in Matthew Brucoli's series published by the U. of South Carolina. I fairly leaped at that idea, to break out of regional criticism in that direction, and while it's a long way from happening, Woody seems to be connected enough to make the book a reasonable bet.

Later: mail brought more stuff--Northwestern alum magazine profile of me, with Carol's early-morn pic of horses across a Dupuyer-country field, which has been a long time coming but looks good; and an inquiry from the USIA, maybe from a seed planted there by Bill Stafford, wondering if I want to go reading and speaking abroad. Also this afternoon, I called Eden Lipson (the only pleasant person I've ever talked to at the NY Times Book Review) and said I'd review the Maurice Shadbolt novel she hit me up about last week; kismet is just too strong to resist, I'd already read ~~that book~~ a copy of the book brought back from New Zealand for me by Bob Kapp.

31 Jan.--Boisterous weather, wildly springlike. Car radio said 59 degrees when I went to the bank about 2 this afternoon, with big wind gusts, and there have been probably twenty separate sieges of rain during the day.

A hack here and hack there week of work on the ms, but I shaped it up some and I think perfected quite a number of sentences, including coming up ^{with} a refined version of the ch. 4 lead sentence, and finding a good level-headed one to lead off ch. 5. I think I now have the lines that will open and close every chapter, and maybe even every major scene, in the whole book. What I do yet have to marshal are complete drafts of the first 4 chs., which at the moment all have holes of some kind blue-sheeted in them, but it looks achievable by mid-April. Then long work on the final ch., which ~~must~~ needs to be a barn-burner.

Carol at her desk just let out a hum, signal of her successful week. She ground through a set of term papers, and also lined up her 3d quarter of sabbatical, spring of next year.

Tues. I had lunch with Steve Charlston, the Piper Jaffrey broker who's handling the stock investments we've been making, to talk over about \$50,000 we're

31 Jan. cont.--putting in, now that the Macmillan check sputtered its way to us. Steve has a college friend working in the White House, so he passed along to C and me the copy of the White House press office's Friday Follies ~~h~~ friend routes to him, and we have hooted ever since at the Bush-in-Japan-and-New-Hampshire cartoons.

Along that same incisive line, I ~~wasn't~~ didn't manage to get down in the previous entry Woody Tazewell's punchline, reported to me by his wife Mary Lee Settle when Woody phoned me about the "Understanding book; when George Garrett contracted to do "Understanding Mary Lee Settle," Woody drawled: "I want the first copy of that book."

3 Feb.--Colossally springlike day, warm and bright. Induced me to tempt fate and put some seed (radish!) in the ground, and C and I pulled back the water-laked tarp I've had over the vegetable garden with the intention that we'll plant some lettuce tomorrow if this weather holds. I'm mindful that we can still get snow and cold weather, but it's worth the gamble of a couple of bucks' worth of seeds.

Y'day, which had been forecast as clearing weather, turned out to be a lot more rainspotted than that, but we went up to the Skagit wildfowl refuge anyway, and though it was damp and breezy we didn't get rained on in our hike. Maybe our reward for perseverance, but in any case we had the brilliant sight of the snowgeese flying in long files from the Fir Island vicinity eastward along the bayshore, i.e. 180 degrees' worth of them in front of us at the juncture of the dikes. One veeing bunch would be outlined against the whitely lit storm in the Olympic Mountains, the next would themselves be brightly white against the fir shore~~d~~ backdrop of Whidbey I. or Camano, the next would be a different luster again down against the bay water. How many thousands came we have no idea, but it was lovely, o lovely. Went on from there to lunch at the Rhododendron, terrific food as always, and then drove home in what became a freeway fuzz of rain and wheelspray.

6 Feb.--In 20 minutes, noon, I'm meeting Chris Bennion at Bella Luna for lunch. Meantime, I've just hit--more or less squarely--the first of February's necessary word targets, a rough draft of ch. 3 of Heart Earth. Really quite rough, with more to be done to both its main scenes, of Winona and of Grandma, and the pivotal "heart earth" material to be worked up. But it now is a matter of adding, smoothing, making build, and I always will love that better than the rough trade of first-drafting. This morning I also hit what I hope is going to be a key to the "heart earth" centerpiece of the book, the coined word naturmony to describe my mother's affinity for the Grass Mountain-Wall Mountain-Sixteen country.

Other news since I last got to this diary: Anna Doig Beetem, my dad's sister and my mother's for-awhile best friend, died in Nebraska, just short of age 81. Although I always had to work around her religiousness, which once gave malicious hurt to Dad and Grandma when Anna butted in with an out-of-nowhere condemnation of the two of them living together, Anna was helpful to me on the family history for both Sky and this book. I guess I write much about the treacherous shoals of family, and so it shouldn't surprise me that Anna was both forthcoming and censorious.

All week has been warmer than the season usually allows--though it's gone from terrific sunshine on Monday to fog last night and today--and I've optimistically planted a couple of rows of radishes, 3 of lettuce, one of spinach.

Let's see, what else. Called Cork Smith at HBJ y'day to see his reaction to the re-issued Sky intro, he seemed to think it's fine except for a couple of niggles he couldn't remember, and said I'll see it in copy-edited form, which means he can't ~~xxx~~ want anything drastic done to it. Also I called the USIA bureaucrat who invited me to read abroad, and he was enthusiastically flexible enough that I'm going to mull whether it can be done this year, instead of some future one as I'd expected to shunt him off to.

And now to lunch.

13 Feb.--Although I've had a dim week physically because of a cortisone shot in my elbow--which at last does seem to be taking the tendinitis away--and allergy sniffles, good things have been happening. Christian Science Monitor profile of me y'day, a very canny appraisal of my work, by Brad Knickerbocker; and today notification of a Distinguished Achievement Award from the UW College of Arts and Sciences--as I told Carol, finally got some use out of my Ph.D.

Came back this morning from walking the park, thought I heard my name distantly cried, gawked around until I found Jim Poth on his front roof, yelling that he'd locked himself out while washing windows. Went down and liberated him, kidding him first that I hoped he wasn't going to charge me a permission fee for using this in one of my books, and found he's putting his house up for sale, \$325,000, and moving to Laconner and an inn job of running day trips. C and I have known Jim is one of the casualties of the recession--hasn't been able to latch onto another job after Time-Warner axed the people at Sunset. He's been a good quiet neighbor 3 doors down, and we'll miss him.

15 Feb.--The Saturday start of a 3-day weekend, which C and I seem to be entering in great good humor. She just read over the first 9 pp. of Heart Earth's ch. 4, which I've been working on the past couple of weeks, and thought it looks good as it stands. I'd figured the little section on the Maudlow country was too compressed, too tight, but looking it over this morning I tend to agree with C that it's maybe okay; just tight and edgy enough for the mood of the book at that point. Should note here that the opening graf of ch. 4, if it stands on into the book--the "orange as an ember" canyon plow scene--I have worked on, a bit at a time, for months. Took me countless tries to find the verbs I wanted for the "ember" image in the opening sentence--~~slipped out~~ "slips out" and "skims", as if the ember were sliding on snow--and just this week I hit on the end-rhythm, "an hour ago's snow." In this week's work I also trimmed a couple of metaphors from the graf,

15 Feb. cont--trying to keep it flowing, not be over-rich; yet I put in a new image, I think an encompassing one for the entire snowy scene, "the crystal heart of a cloud." If C and I are right, the language there now is what I want--a technically proficient, even slick, set of sentences which don't trip the reader in constant fanciness, simply give him a surface to skate on.

Took the plunge yesterday and called the USIA to say I'm amenable to an Australia reading tour if it can be done between Aug. 1-Sept. 20. If not then, April of '93. What will come of this, the gods of the antipodes only know; ~~which~~ but it seems to me I ought to try to flex myself enough, when something like this comes along.

My aching--since-November elbow has been getting better since the cortisone shot--mobility of the elbow is much better, although I still can't quite comfortably brush my teeth with my accustomed right hand--and I'm hoping the last twinges will go away.

Had our reliably hilarious monthly dinner at the Wok with the Nelsons last Wednesday, earlier in the month than usual because Ann is flying off to Amherst to visit Laird. And not incidentally, meet Heather, whom L. is "going with." I kidded Ann that she'd better make a Ladies Home Journal piece out of this, "Mom meets the girl," Ann maintained that'd be tacky, although she had thought of it, and I told her sure, any malicious good writer would think of it. Marsh meanwhile announces he's now representing the 'Toons, a la the movie Roger Rabbit; cartoonists Gary Larson and Berke Breathed have come to him for, I guess, estate planning.

24 Feb.--A Monday better than most in the writing; I planked together the rest of the Maudlow mudhole scene, which as things now stand completes the draft of ch. 4. It's an ungodly short chapter, only about 3400 words, but should lengthen out a bit when I look back at it in a few weeks. Now--it says here--I can work at filling in the gaps of the first 4 chs., until the South Carolina trip in mid-April.

Some good socializing last week. Linda and Sydney came here for supper on Wed., Linda mischievously going right back out to her car for, she said, "a little fellow" she wanted to show us; not, as I accused her, the latest

24 Feb. cont.--dwarf mutant pet of some kind, but her father's polar bear rug she'd brought back from the selling-off of her mother's house in Texas. A wonderfully loony rug, with one ear missing etc., and equally wacko resonances at the Mount Vernon taxidermy shop where Linda asked about selling it: no, no, let's don't sell it as a rug, the taxidermist cried, let me sell it for you in two-inch squares--fly fishermen are nuts for polar bear hair to tie flies with! ~~Now~~ Linda not unnaturally didn't spring for the perpetual 2-inch square idea, but she certainly is rug-poor at the moment--she's also now got her dad's grizzly bear rug as well. ^{How} ever we got going on all this hunting-fishing/whatever, Sydney began remembering her father's passion for deep-sea fishing off of Los Angeles, catching so many fish they'd have to be canned and given away as presents, a process which Syd with teenage insufferability would point out couldn't possibly be producing in those cans the exact same fish her father had caught. Maybe this oblique outdoorsiness did fit the ultimate purpose of the four of us, as C and I had wanted to check with Syd and Linda about rejigging our supposed Sept. trip to Montana together if the USIA indeed manages to send me (and C) to ~~Australia~~ Australia; they wonderfully proclaim they can go to Montana any time this summer.

Friday night, dinner at Linda Sullivan's, along with Eric and Jan ^Nalder and a construction overseer and fellow Nebraskan Linda works with on the Metro project, Jeff Sager. Eric told us about his recent 2-week trip on an oil tanker, preparatory to the book he's to write out of the Pulitzer-winning series he was part of at the Seattle Times. Also, Eric's part of an investigative story or series the Times is doing that he couldn't tell us about, despite our Twenty Questions-type ~~p~~ of prying away at him; he did intimate it's not a story he likes, so probably somebody is going to be ruined who maybe deserves it but it's going to be unpleasant to see. Then last night, Sunday, a night I usually don't like to go out because it can unhinge the start of the week's work, we went to Tony and Lee's for supper and had a fine low-key time. Tony has some splendid new sculptures including a stunning black marble loon, feet splayed

24 Feb. cont.--strikingly on the base rock, head bent down tucking an egg under her. Tony's life no longer seems fraught, thank god, and instead he's been sculpting a lot, organizing, etc. Of the baby he and Lee are expecting in June, Tony wonderfully told of feeling it kick against his back as he lay against Lee the other night. Also a footnote to Theodore Roethke's famous reading during the Seattle World's Fair. Tony ~~went~~ was dating one of Roethke's students, Ann somebody, and so Roethke had noticed him sitting on the steps of Denny Hall waiting for her and one day asked Tony who-the-hell-are-you? Tony told him, Roethke said yeah, you look like a boxer, did a little mock shadowboxing. Tony said no, but other sports. Roethke said, I suppose badminton is too sissy for you?--out of which Tony became ~~Roethke's~~ Roethke's periodic badminton opponent, at which Roethke always trounced Tony, pivoting and firing the bird back with terrific grace, Tony says. All of which leads to the Fair, and Tony on hand with his girlfried Ann to watch Nureyev and Fonteyn perform Swan Lake. Who is there but Roethke, having stayed on after his reading to see this, and at intermission Roethke stands up and spots Tony in the balcony. "Angell!" roars out Roethke, who Tony said ~~have~~ had vinelike varicose veins and always self-commented on them every bout of badminton; "Did you see the calves on that guy?" (Nureyev)

On a greatly worse note, have just lost my first friend to AIDS. Reid Beddow, assistant editor of the Washington Post Book World, who I saw in person only a couple of times but wrote all my Post reviews for, and amiably turned down for many others. Reid himself did for me what I think was one of the pivotal reviews of my books, his piece on English Creek comparing my work to Robert Louis Stevenson's. And it was Reid who showed us around the Post for the sake of Carol seeing it for her media teaching. I had a foreboding when I called the Post, I think a week ago today, to see if I can review No Duty to ^Retreat for them and the secretary said Reid was out ill. He died on Wednesday, and what a goddamn waste.

28 Feb.--Rigorous week on the manuscript, but pretty good in its results. Monday I finished the draft of ~~ch.~~ ch. 4, and so gained most of the week to work on the gaps in ch. 1, especially the Ringling dance scene of my father meeting my mother. Some hellish good sentences there now, I feel.

Weather has been beyond springlike, near summery, the past 3 or 4 days, and I took Wednesday morning to be at the Skagit wildfowl refuge at dawn. There was some fog, but only enough to make the reeds stand out like Oriental prints. When the ~~xxxx~~ sun came up, fog was sufficient filter that I could look at it, over the Skagit River, with ~~hundreds of~~ dark heads of cattails standing in air like hundreds of notes of symphony. Redwinged blackbirds were on the case, and I also saw a heron, flying off with its croaking cry, and several hawks; as to the snow geese, about 500 were at the bay edge when the fog lifted there.

4 March--Nothing like a chainsaw or a chipper to make hideous noise, and the Janes have both going. I put on my old Air Force ear mufflers and grimly ground out a couple of ms pages this morning--the old axiom, anybody can write on a good day--but am likely to bail out of the house this afternoon and do chores.

Sunday's Seattle Times provided the answer to what investigative project Eric Nalder was working on, the debacle of Brock Adams. Eric's reasons for uneasiness were there too, none of the eight women alleging sexual harassment by Adams willing to be named; yet a defensible middle ground maybe was found, the women agreeing in sworn statements to be identified if Adams sues the Times.

On Heart Earth, I am progressing but this has been a tough week, y'day an allergy-groggy one and today getting chainsaw-massacred. I wanted to complete the rewrite of ch. 1 this week, ~~the~~ have the first full-flowing section of the book done, but now I dunno.

16 March--Blessed but edgy quiet in the neighborhood, as the streets are spraypaint-marked for the electrical undergrounding that's being done but the uproar hasn't hit our street quite yet. So, for a Monday morning I had a pretty steady piece of progress, couple of pages written on the vital "heart earth" midsection of ch. 3. May regret this when the tractors begin to roar on the street, but I'm leaving off the ms now, at 10:45, at a reasonable starting place for tomorrow.

By not getting to the diary last week, I missed putting down some impressions I'd wanted to from our previous weekend's literary hobnobbing. Saturday the 7th we went to Port Townsend for lunch with Jack Cady and Carol Orlock, partly because Jack's going to the ABA this year and wanted anything I could advise about that but mostly because we've wanted to get together for quite a while, Carol O. crossing paths ~~at~~ with C at Shoreline but Jack and I coinciding hardly ever. Then Sunday night I went along--C came down with a full-scale cold on Sat.--to Ruth Kirk's supper party in Tacoma, small celebration for ~~Ruth's~~ the Olympic rain forest book done by Ruth and forester Jerry Franklin, which I did the preface for. Ruth's husband and photo collaborator, Louie, died just a few weeks before, so I and obviously Jerry and Phyllis Franklin--Phyllis is a counselor of some kind--felt it was a good idea to show Ruth some support just now. She is amazing; underwent Louie's death--of an aneurysm they knew was dooming him--there at home and now is getting on with her life, deciding to move to Port Angeles. As I said in the preface, both she and Jerry are in my gallery of heroes; enjoyed meeting up with Jerry again, I guess not having seen him since I did the USFS experiment station history in '76. He's excited about a project of next year, when he'll have a construction crane on a ridgetop above the Bear Creek drainage near Forks which will provide a 6-acre swoop of studying the forest canopy. I want~~ed~~ to keep in touch with Jerry anyway, but I think that'd especially be fun to see.

I'm feeling pretty good, and at the moment am sanguine, though life has been busying up maybe more that I should let it. Have agreed to do the LA Times

16 March cont.--review of Stegner's new essay collection, Where the Blue bird Sings..., and I'm intrigued by a suggestion photog Chris Bennion called with last night, that we try a photo essay on Bill Irwin when he rehearses his next show here at the Seattle Rep next month. At least I have had the good sense to turn down both USA Today and the Washington Post on reviewing Annie Dillard's novel. Contributing to the busyness of last week--when I actually got some crucial work done on Heart Earth--were spurts of ~~progress~~ progress on the House of Sky re-issue, with the HBJ production dept. supposedly swinging into action on it.

18 March--The machine war in our street is beginning, just now at 7:30 a.m. Roars of tractors, and one of the most dubious inventions ever, the back-up bells that go off all the time, so constantly that they habituate you against the point that they are a warning. Luckily I'm feeling pretty good this morning and think I can persevere at the manuscript. Would have been a lot easier, though, through these years of power outages and and now the re-undergrounding of the whole neighborhood, for City Light to have done the job right in the first place.

25 March--10:40 a.m., I'm gratefully quitting on the ms for the day, on the principle of taking Wednesday afternoons off. And I think I'm over the hump on the ~~the~~ second--Wickenburg--chapter, the last of the four in this revise since the first of the year. Still have a tricky section or two about the desert to write next week, but at least I think I have the sequence, the arc, of the desert material now.

Fifteen years ago yesterday, Carol Hill wrote her letter in response to the ms sample of This House of Sky. Helluva lot of water under bridges since then--five more of them, books--and in unintended commemoration y'day I sent off by Fed Ex to HBJ our original painting of Paul Bacon's Sky cover, for them to ~~the~~ re-shoot the anniversary edition's cover.

31 March--Amid the noise, and sometimes the house-shaking vibrations, of the re-undergrounding project in the street right outside, I have hit the point in the Heart Earth ms where I could give the first 4 ch. a complete re-read this morning, and Carol will look it over for me tomorrow. Mostly gauging it for flow and proportion, it seemed to me pretty good on both counts; ch. 4 has not had as much work as the first 3, and so my impulse would be to let Lee Goerner see only the first 3, if I go through with my intention to give him some pages when he comes out here in May. Still a lot of work ahead in this book, which doesn't seem to me the same species as any I've written before, but at least it's mightily less than there was back there at the first of the year.

Our schedule these days is to get up at 4, do as much work as possible by the time the construction noise starts, hold on as best we can until about 11, then go out for lunch someplace. The Lemon Grass at Green Lake y'day, Chinook's at Salmon Bay today, then our first visit to Molly Cook's Magnolia bookstore. Highly civilized.

1 April--April Fools' Day, Beth McCaskill's birthday, and a morning of some gremlins in the photocopying of the Heart Earth manuscript at the Copy Mart, but now, at 10:30, I have those first 4 chapters in a couple of readers' copies and one stashed in the trunk of the car.

Got up ungodly early this morning, waking up about 1:45 and not able to get to sleep in the next hour, so I began the day. While C read over the ms this morning--and blessedly found nothing wrong with the flow or proportions, my main concerns at this point--I winnowed scraps of ms that always accumulate in revising. I still have a blizzard of file cards to sort, but will put that off until Friday, at least. We are having near-summer weather--possibly the first real greenhouse-effect season here--and intend to go to Dungeness Spit tomorrow.

7 April--This is some kind of interim, false armistice maybe, in the Heart Earth work. I'm not yet tackling the vital final chapter, until after the South Carolina trip later this month, but don't ~~seem~~ quite want to leave it alone either as nothing else I put my hand to seems substantial enough. (An opinion probably brought on by the 3 book reviews I've written recently, which while they seem deft enough also strike me as formulaic, somehow not work for a grownup to be doing.) So far this morning--now just past 9:30--I've mulled my mother's sheepherding scene and the piece of technique I want to use in it.

Am about to go to the UW, for lunch with Jerry Bacharach and others re the Distinguished Alum award I'm getting next month, and to do some library and bookstore chores while I'm there. Last night we ~~had~~ took Elizabeth Simpson & Henning Sehmsdorf for dinner at the Santa Fe Cafe, in one of our all too rare times of seeing them; they're super-busy (Elizabeth teaching an immense load in the UW sweatshop system) and we're semi-social, I guess. With C on sabbatical and with me at this poised pause or whatever it is in the ms work, we're able to loosen up our schedules a bit; went to Dungeness last Thursday in the near-summer weather, and if it's reasonably nice tomorrow will go up to the Skagit tulip fields. And I got over to see Carstensen last Wed. afternoon. He's now on the oxygen hose all the time, and as he and I and Jeannette talked, here came the Bestors, with Arthur now on an oxygen hose and carrying his portable tank; I didn't see any graceful way to ask if his case is emphysema too, as it looks. When they got situated with us in the living room, Arthur looked over at Vernon and said without rancor, indeed gently: "So here we are, both hooked up."

13 April--Beginning of the week that will lead into South Carolina. Quiet useful morning, C reading away at Richard White's new history of the American West while I dabble with file cards, tinker notions down onto them. Readied my file card notebook for the plane trip by assembling file cards on possible children's book, The King's Rememberer, drawing on the Rascal Fair material. Don't quite know why future books and schedules are on my mind lately, since for christ's sake I haven't even

13 April cont.--finished Heart Earth yet; the final ch. of that is likely to be a beast to do. But tinkering ahead I am, and whether~~in~~ it's ~~pro~~ auspicious or not, a week or so ago when I set up a notebook with the leads etc. of future books, the shorthand titles I taped on the spine unconsciously came out as this: Bucking the sun/keeping the days/No better trouble/ Rainbow rememberer. I should do as damn good on the actual books.

10 May--A nasty canyon in the diary, and even this entry is being done when I don't really feel like doing one. The long and short is that my right eyelid began erupting in a chelayzion on April 30, and the despised regimen of soaking-Tetracycline-eyedrops-salve--itchy or hurting eyelid has been going on ever since. A freakish conjunction has made it worse: one of the astonishingly virulent no-see-um bites I got in South Carolina is just above the eyelid, where a sore spot developed on the chelayzion from the hot-soaking. The alcohol I've been dabbing on the bite bothers the sore spot, the ~~eylid~~ salve I'm supposed to use on the eyelid bothers the insect bite. I think--I hope like hell--I'm within a couple of days of getting the insect bites dabbed away, and maybe then can work on the eyelid more successfully.

Rough as some of last week was--the eyelid was an itching mess on Friday, an awfully hard day--I'm on schedule with the ms pages, although I lost the stamina to do much else.

Beyond the eye, things are going well. Got word this past week of inclusion in two different anthologies--a Mariah piece in Russell Martin's New Writers of the Purple Sage, a Sky piece in Russell Keyes' Sons On Fathers--and if my blizzard scene from Rascal Fair survives in Craig and Kathy Lesley's western collection, that'll be 3 anthologizing from 3 different books. ~~Howexaksemand~~ The little spate of book reviews I did also have been coming out, NYTBR last Sun., LA Times the Sun. before, USA Today yet to come.

17 May--Things have busied up unbelievably. Lee Goerner arrives today--is coming for supper, then I'll spend Wed. with him before he goes on to the ABA; I have a call in to the USIA b'crat to adjust the wonky start of the New Zealand-Australia--

--As I was saying; Greg Elftmann of the USIA called back, and I've been out to Aurora Ave. to fax him the alternative and much cheaper itinerary that C got from United Airlines. There's a considerable chance that the bureaucracy is so sclerotic, and the official travel agency so lackadaisical, that we're not going to be able to do Carol's booking along with mine; if so, I'll then try manhandle the travel agency into booking ~~the~~ for me the schedule United came up with, and we'll see if United can duplicate the booking for Carol and get us seats together on all the flights.

Well, what else. While I was out at the fax place, a book arrived by UPS and Leigh from Liz's office called w/ a question abt some permission or another. When I finish this entry, I have to bang out 5 min. worth of remarks for tomorrow night's Distinguished Alum shindig, and line out a 15-20 min. reading. Lunch w/ Linda Biers, to go over my ms sample and to regenerate our apple-juice rendezvous-ing of these past several years, The Little Bread Company our new venue now that the College Inn in the U District isn't handy to either of our schedules.

Last Wed., the 13th, was my Kellogg Awards Day reading at Portland State U. and it went wonderfully. Standing room only crowd, about 325, and good questions and conversation then and in the session w/ the writing students the next morning, and for that matter, a good time w/ the English faculty both at lunch and supper. The PSU prez her very self, Judith Ramaley, dropped by near the end of the student session and chatted with C and me and Tom Doulis, who's in charge of the Kellogg program, and the English Dept. chair Shelley Reece for about half an hr. To my surprise and relief, nobody of the English faculty we met was bad news; Tom Buell, old friend of the Walkin-shaws, introduced me, Christine Rose drove down from

Seattle (her husband teaches at UW) for the day just to be at my reading, Tom Doulis did an excellent job of fretting and tweaking things into place--such as disposing of the grand piano he found in the middle of the stage I was supposed to use, $\frac{1}{2}$ an hr before the program. The next day, wall-to-wall socializing which began with breakfast

17 May cont.--with Bill and Dorothy Stafford at the Heathman. Almost as much to their surprise as ours, about 15 minutes into breakfast here came Kim Stafford and his daughter Rosemary. I like Kim, but ~~it~~ it's always notable to me that the conversation goes ethereal when he's on the scene. Bill and Dorothy and Carol and I exchange hard info--who're you reading? where're you going this summer? what hours do you write? how do you get started on a piece?--but Kim seems to have a frame of mind where everything is equal; thus, much of what had been a lively breakfast conversation veered off to his "proclamation" calling on timber interests and I guess artists and barn owners to all go in together and refurbish historic barns for a summer barn Chautauqua circuit. Onward, after the PSU morning session, to lunch with Mary Arnstad and husband Fred, who ~~xxx~~ turns out to be in the Portland office of Marshall Nelson's law firm (Davis Wright Tremaine). Mary is always a kick, into a million civic Oregon affairs besides running the Heathman and now some other hotel properties, and this time she had the Heathman kitchen shaped up again, so that the food was terrific. Onward again to supper at Craig and Kathy Lesley's, and the major gulp there that Gary Fisketjon at Knopf turned down the 100-pp. sample of Craig's next book, sidetracking Craig's hopes of getting some bidding rivalry going. Maybe I was having a sympathetic gutquake for Craig, but more likely it was the tetracycline I've been on for this eye problem (not so incidentally, much improved), so I went through the early part of the evening keeping a clear path to the bathroom.

Came Friday, when we'd thought we might go on out to the Oregon coast, we decided that would be something of an anticlimax to the good time we'd had in Portland, and so we toodled home instead.

9 June--Unexpected afternoon of hiatus, with Carol reading on the couch and me just now--2:30--coming back to the typewriter after a nap and a re-read of this year's diary and some of last year's. I did today's 2 pp. of ms okay this morning, quite a lot of it in quoted lines from Dad's and Grandma's letters to Wally

9 June cont.--against each other; the virtue, though, is that such pages come near the end of the book, where I've wanted to build some rough draft so that it can sit and be thought about for a while. I have 3 more pp. to write this week; scattered as the work on this final ch. of Heart Earth has been, I'm at least on schedule with the amount of wordage. July should, had better, give me a full draft of the final chapter.

But first the whiz trip to Montana, and last night Linda Bierds and Syd Kaplan came for supper and a giddy then-where'll-we-go-the-next-day session. Carol has put this trip together to a fare-thee-well, the best reservations and goings and doings we can think of, and Linda and Syd already seem to be having some fun out of it. When I wondered whether we ought to pick them up at 7 this Sunday morning or get there earlier so we can leave their place at 7, Linda said Ivan, we're so excited you can get to our place at 7 and we can leave at 7.

Some time off I hope will do me good, as I'm having another jag of back-pain-down-into-the-leg as I had last year when I renewed the routine of sitting and typing for so many hours. On the other hand, so to speak, my right elbow at last feels pretty good and the eyelid flare-up subsided under Tetracycline and an ungodly amount of hotpacking.

The weather is continuing astoundingly dry. Ferns are beginning to turn autumn color on our hill. There's been a hearty wind most of today, bound to be sucking moisture out of the soil. By now we must have 8 or 10 soaking hoses strategically placed, to see if we can save prized rhododendrons, the blueberry plants I've nursed along for years, best raspberry patches, etc. The upside is that the garden has been flourishing, a bonanza year of lettuce and strawberries; but what a helluva long dry summer it's going to be.

13 June--The day before Montana, and in a blessed soaking rain. If it hadn't been for this moisture, the first real rain in I don't know how long, we'd have faced marathon sessions of watering/soaking to give plants a chance to get through the next 10 days while we're gone.

As it is, C and I will go downtown within the hour and

13 June cont.--collect the rental car she's singled out for the Montana trip, hopefully a big Buick. I've been babying my back this morning, which is feeling better although the right leg is a bit stiff, while C has been doing laundry and other marshaling of stuff toward the trip. Y'day was, at last, a signal moment in my aches-and-pains-of-this-year; Sue the Group Health physical therapist and I concluded the sessions on my right elbow, tendinitis-stricken last November. My grip is not quite equal to my left hand's, but pretty close; and when I started on the physical therapy it was only about two-thirds as strong as the left.

This was a staggered week of writing, what with the back problem and, as C noted in her diary, the hideous Wednesday of street paving, but I pieced together the requisite 6 pp. of fresh draft. This final chapter of Heart Earth, which has to be a barn-burner, is a lot spottier and scrappier than I'd hoped; will have to slave at it through July to get a full draft which then can be refined this fall; but I think there's a critical mass, spotty-etc. pp. totaling about half of the eventual 70 I'm aiming for.

Quite a social week, beginning with Linda and Syd's trip-planning festival here, then Bill Lang and Marianne Keddington the next night for overnight, and last night Ann and Marshall Nelson had us over for hamburgers and the VCR of The Lemon Sisters, a NJ boardwalk movie that was indeed as goofy as Ann had promised--Carol Kane hilarious as a not-quite-with-it aspiring singer. O the rare Nelsons; there on a Friday night they all were, college-age son and teenage daughter both home merrily shooting pool with us or (in Laird's case) playing us jazz on his electronic keyboard; Marsh insists that they're going to send out party invitations that read, "Come see a Fifties family!"

In the let's-see-what-else.category, my god how could I forget the phone call after supper the night Bill and Marianne were here and I picked it up to hear, "This Caryl Kirwan, calling from the USIA in Wellington, New Zealand." Focuses the mind, although how much I have in there about the NZ-Australia trip to bring to focus, I'm not sure yet. Probably the most useful point, to us, of that conversation was Caryl's polite warning that people usually underestimate the culture shock of New

13 June. cont.--Zealand, thinking beforehand that it can't be that different from England or Canada or US or whatever. I was glad to have it put that specifically, as there's been something tickling in my mind as we've read about NZ and talked to a few people who've been there, that seems both intriguing and a little hard to fathom.

June 16, in the Duck Inn - Arrived @ Whitefish
y'day mid-afternoon with Linda Birds & Sydney
Kaplan on this show-them-some-Montana-trip.
Left Seattle Sun. morn @ 7:12, stopped in
Wallace for the silver mine tour - so Linda
could experience a mine for a poem she's
working on - and pulled in at the Silver \$
extravaganza @ Haugan for the night. To our
surprise, and Carol the trip planner's relief,
the Silver \$ motel wasn't just adequate, it was
pleasant and quiet as well. Syd, who gets a
kick out of slot machines, eyed the electronic
poker gizmos in the Silver \$ Bar but could
never nab a machine from the firmly planted
devotees long enough to learn the game. Linda
maintains that we claim a place by knowing it,
and so now we know all the time what's
happening @ the Silver \$, truckdrivers pulling
their Continental Freightways rigs in, families
with children moiling thru the huge gift shop
of shlock, the electronic poker geeyers planted on
their stools...

To my relief, the Moiese buffalo range day
(y'day) went fine, the weather holding off just
long enough for us to make the loop drive of
Red Sleep Mtn. Linda & Syd loved the
big booming country there.

Today? Overcast & looking like rain; we'll
see where we end up.

June 17 - About to go to Polebridge, in the rain.
No matter how today turns out, last night
was goojily triumphant. Having dinner in
Fenders, restaurant midway between Whitefish
and Kalispell, Carol looked up at one point
and said, isn't that the Governor? Indeed it
was, and on the basis of having been in a
couple of ceremonies with him I went over
and asked if he could come meet Linda &
Syd. Of course, said he, and came back to
our table with me. Then after supper we
stopped at the casino at the edge of White-
fish and we started playing electronic joker
poker. Linda spent a few quarters and got a
few games ahead, then I played some hands
and pretty promptly hit, I think, a royal
straight worth 50 free games. We played
on that the next hour or so, up a little and
down a little, the four of us trading off turns
at the machine, and we were such rubes we
didn't realize for quite a while that the free
games total could be cashed in at 25¢ a
point. We decided to quit before it ever
went below 40, and so eventually cashed
in for profit of \$10.75, having had a
whooping good time as well.

June 18, in the goofy old lodge @ East Glacier. Prairie sun pouring in the window when I got up at 6:30, the country of my past out there as remote as ever. Today ~~it's~~ we go sorting through the Reservation and Dupuyer country, ending up in Choteau.

Despite really scant nights of sleep - this skinny "double" bed was the worst yet - all is going wondrously well. In Glacier Park y'day we managed to do the Going to the Sun drive in marvelous cloud-lifting weather, then the clouds rose and rose at soaked-in Logan Pass until we could hike the path toward Hidden Lake (Carol & I quit, because of slidey footing in the snow, at the top of the meadow, then watched a pair of ptarmigan circle around us while Linda & Syd kept going) and then in glorious clear weather along St. Mary Lake. Last night here in the Lodge was exotically musical; first the "house band" of two Blackfeet and a big-hatted scared-looking white young guy, and then a Park employee named Clark Piper played guitar & sang tolerably. The leader of the regular group, in the bar, turned out to be Glen Hall, one ~~one~~ of the many Heart Butte Blackfeet Halls; said playing music beats building fence in 80° heat, and he sang a good "Folsom Prison" as a substitute for ~~me~~ my "I Walk the Line" request piece.

June 19, on the lawn @ the Hensley Motel in
Chateau, 7:30 a.m. - although maybe
not for long, if the mosquitoes get any
more plentiful. Anyway: did it! C & I
toured Linda & Syd through the Two
Medicine country y'day, from the ridge
above the Two Medicine River to the
Jensen ranch, all of it going splendidly.
And of all surprises, had the best night's
sleep of the (continued in Seattle, June 29) entire
trip at the never quite predictable Hensley.

In further triumph after that entry, we went out the
Bellevue road south of town (turned west off 287 just
beyond Dale's repair shop, near the meat packing plant)
and at .8 mile beyond the second cattleguard, found Egg
Mountain, where Horner's team made the first North
American discovery of dinosaur eggs. Took a little
doing on foot, as Egg "Mbn" is humorously named, a bump
on the prairie in front of bigger buttes and a larger
nearby ~~xxxx~~ rise that looks like it's been dug through too
but as Carol and Linda and Syd and I were trying to
figure it out, I turned around and behind us on the
smaller rise was about two feet of iron post sticking up
with some sort of little crosspiece on it. Set in just
over the brow so it can't be seen from the road, it says
"Egg Mountain, Princeton, 1979".

Now, on the 29th, I'm doing some catching up here in
the diary while waiting for Molly Dickinson to call me
back with further info on her and Catherine Wyler's
interest in making a movie of This House of Sky. In the
long history of impediments in the movie biz, this is a
new one--Molly was just getting going good to me when her
doorbell rang and it was an estimator on a sandblasting
project she's having done.

Molly first called (Carol answered and took the info)
on the 27th, my 53rd birthday, a pleasant innocuous one.
Sat around and read, except for the daily nice chore of
going to the garden to pick lettuce and raspberries,
until supper at Jean and John's. Giddily, we were out

29 June cont.--the night before too, group supper at the Wok with Linda and Syd and Ann McCartney and Norm Lindquist, all of whom had just negotiated next spring's rent when Ann and Norm stay in Linda and Syd's house. Jemmy was on hand running the Wok his very self--presence that is getting to be rarer as business declines there and builds at his Mill Creek place--and he bossed us into a terrific set of selections, chicken w/ fresh asparagus, spicy chicken, coral shrimp, scallops in garlic sauce, and orange beef. The Wok is a glory to us, from occasions such as this and our monthly excursions with the Nelsons, and we'll miss it like hell when--probably not if--Jemmy folds his tent there. Great news of the evening was Linda Bierds telling me afterward that she came back from the Montana trip with five separate poem images in her head, more than she's ever had at once; wants to take me to lunch and see what details I can add, and I said, my God, would I ever love to.

I want to do a bit more recapping of the great Montana trip, but first should note the dimensions this summer is taking on, regardless of whether...

...the movie deal amounts to anything, I was about to say, and now that Molly D. has called back, it don't amount to that much. Catherine Wyler would like a free option while she presents a screen treatment to director Louis Malle. Huh uh, I said, get Louis Malle interested and then we can talk about paperwork.

The dimensions of this summer: the Heart Earth draft to be finished in July and early August, Woody Tazewell coming in the third week of August to do a short book on my work, then our New Zealand and Australia trip in Sept.

16 July--Whew. So far--2:30--today has amounted to an approximate last page of Heart Earth (although with all too much of the final chapter to be filled in to get there), a whacking through of the New Zealand-Australia ticket situation for Carol which probably will cost us considerable money but end a great deal of hassle, and a cord of whopping firewood, most of it ridiculously as big as the chopping block, awaiting in ~~the~~ a heap in the driveway.

I'm at the point in the ms where some days bring

16 July cont.--greatly needed progress, such as the version of the conclusion today, but it's not clear whether the armature of pp. is building up rapidly enough. A hell of a lot of the final chapter is discontinuous yet, and the bravura set-piece of my mother doing her day of herding isn't nearly in place. I suppose I'll know better how things stand by the end of July, but August--with the NZ-Australia preparations etc. looming--is going to be hard to get much done in.

Hot weather is back, thermometer in the window now in mid-80's, but ~~ixix~~ the air is good and crisp, thank god not as humid as much of last week was. Y'day afternoon we took off and went to the Skagit for a dike hike, and to the Rhododendron for supper, glorious as ever.

21 July--Plugging away at Heart Earth, I today may have seen the way to summarize us, after my mother's death, without having to retell House of Sky material. Will see tomorrow, whether the pivotal sentence I came up with this afternoon truly does pivot: "It took my father and my grandmother five more years to quit their grievous scrap, but that was a lot better than never."

I somehow seem less tense--hell, fretful--this week, maybe some of last, about the amount of work left in the manuscript and the year. Not sure I should be less on edge about it all; I still haven't tackled the continuity of my mother's herding day on the mountain, which is going to be next week's work--if I get it semi-reasonably into shape, I'll just have squeaked ~~through~~ under the deadline of getting some manner of full draft done by the end of July. Maybe all mood is local, as politics are said to be. C and I have just whipped the Everest-of-big-ugly-firewood-in-the-driveway situation, putting in daily shifts of stacking the least grotesque pieces in the woodhouse with leftover split stuff and wheelbarrowing the whoppingest chunks to the triangle of the yard near the mailbox. Tucked away under the trees there, the stack of big stuff doesn't look bad, actually kind of interesting. And Lois Welch comes tomorrow on an overnight visit, a gladdener to both of us as Lo is one of our favorite minds in the universe. The other recent goodie is y'day's arrival of the

21 July cont.--A River Runs Through It tape from DeWitt; C and I listened to half of it last night, will finish it tonight, and so far it sounds pretty damn good.

Lois's arrival reminds me of one of the remorses of this too busy and weather-ragged summer, that most of the Montana trip with Linda and Syd got away from this diary. I'm not sure the few penned-on-the-run pages really reflect what a helluva a good time we had, how niftily things worked out, from the places we stayed to the magical parting of the clouds as we got to Logan Pass. Even unto, bless Lois and Jim, the final night of supper at the Welches. Annick Smith came solo (Bill Kittredge was here in Seattle doing his Elliott Bay reading of Hole in the Sky), and the others were Dee McNamer and Bryan DiSalvatore, whom we hadn't seen for some years, maybe since they got married. Wanted to put down here, before having to give up for the day, a bit of dinnertable conversation with Bryan. ~~At the time~~ This was before Gottlieb left The New Yorker and Tina Brown was crowned, so there's no telling what Bryan's future there as a staff writer is, but he'd already had quite a kick in the shins when Gottlieb turned down an immense piece Bryan did on the NFL players' union. Why Bryan let it grow to immense, I dunno; he admits it wasn't a good idea. But as Dee told me, because of her high costs of health coverage--she's had hellish hip problems, I think arthritic--she and Bryan have to pull in \$36,000 a year just for house, health, groceries and so on, and she's starting to take ~~on~~ on teaching gigs because the freelance life is just so tough; last year she had a well-regarded first novel, and Bryan had the New Yorker piece that got rejected, hard to get a balance. Bryan has the chance at making the best freelance magazine money there is, but only if he turns himself topsy-turvy, in his writing and his life, to do it; he said that in one week this spring he turned down assignments from Sports Illustrated, Esquire, and Playboy, not one of them on a topic he knew anything about or wanted to do. Much of the rest of the conversation was about James Joyce, no less. Bryan recently took a U. of Montana English course in Finnegans Wake--as C says, the guy just utterly loves language--and so I pumped him a little about ~~what~~ he thinks we can learn from Joyce. The jump and skip of ideas, sure--

21 July cont.--he and I guess the whole English class spent time pondering whether Joyce was really saying "theos" when he ended the book with "the"--but surprisingly, Bryan also said economy. Look at the ~~amazing~~ use of "general" in the famous line of "The Dead," "Snow was general over Ireland"--although he admitted he hadn't seen what I relish about that usage, that it can also mean the snow was in command. Anyway, great good talk, as attested to when Bryan was in midflow about Joyce and resorted to "pentalingual" to describe Joyce's puns, bringing a wonderful mock-admiring jawdrop from Lois--probably the only pentalingual one of us in the bunch--as she passed by.

3 August--One month to flight-time, to Auckland and beyond. Today, which turned into a beautiful one, I ran out of steam on the ms work at about mid-morning--not helped any by a trip up the hill to see if Jeff Lewis's runaway house alarm could be stifled--and really haven't been able to generate enthusiasm for the filecard sorting and looking over pages and stitching-together which could pretty much give me a full rough draft in a week or two. But it does occur to me that I've been writing steadily the past five weeks, and maybe I'm entitled to a little weariness. Will take tomorrow off if the weather cooperates, but it's forecast not to.

Carol and I at least have made one small advance for the house recently, fixing up the little emergency power-system shed. She and I shingled it a week or so ago, and over the weekend, I guess on Saturday, she painted it to match the house.

And we entertained twice last week, bringing John and Jean Rodens' friends, the visiting Mackins (J&J are away, the Mackins were spending a couple days in their house) over for supper on Tuesday, and then Tony and Lee and new baby Gavia were here Friday night. And tonight, blessedly, a Wok rendezvous with Ann and Marsh; they're about to visit Marsh's Mormon relatives and we're amid a summer ~~ix~~ that's simultaneously too long (C is ready to get back to teaching) and too short (I'm antsy about how the completion of the manuscript will work out, given the NZ/Aussie month out of the schedule etc.), so we're all four ready for some laughs.

7 August--Rumdumb triumph, about describes the day. The draft of the last chapter of Heart Earth is sketchy, and has half a dozen blue sheets of scenes-to-come, but as of today it at least has complete proportions, and at 50+ pages is going to revise up into the length I need. Felt pretty good through the morning's work--the weather has stayed so overcast and humidly fuzzy that I kept at work all this week--but am crashing this afternoon. Intend to prop myself up, reading something or listening to the River Runs Through It tape, while C looks over the final chapter draft for me. I guess achieving a book is fun, but it never seems to get any less ~~much~~ arduous either.

12 August--This month is a strange conjunction of things, as reflected y'day in the phone calls I either made or took: the USIA about the nearly endless saga of getting airline tickets for Carol to match mine, Dick Brown about comparative US-Australia frontiers and much else, Leigh Haber of HBJ publicity about the Sky re-issue, Rick Simonson of Elliott Bay about the "reading" of the River Runs Through It audio cassette I'm to do there, Dave Walter at Montana Historical Society about some research smidgins I need for Heart Earth. Meanwhile, Carol is in the living room reading proof on Elizabeth Simpson's book about my books, and Woody Tazewell is on his way to talk to me for his book about my books; and then there's the small matter of jaunting through New Zealand and Australia.

I took Monday off, after a pretty much zonked-out weekend too, trying to get over the weariness of slogging the draft of HE's final chapter into being. Carol thought it read well, particularly hits the right tone in talking about the family without repeating This House of Sky, and she says it ends fine, good strong final lines. This morning I cut some of the Ault research material she suggested, and I may manage to move some of the piles of scrap writing and file cards, job I particularly dread when I'm this tired. Monday's day off did help, a fine hike at Ebey's Landing, but I sure could stand a burst of energy for these next two weeks; which I'm not at all apt to have.

25 August--It's done. Finished the draft of Heart Earth this morning, can tinker and polish when we get back from New Zealand and Australia. As August piled up, I wasn't sure I could fill in all the blue-sheeted to-come pages in the last chapter, but by god, as of now, no blue.

3 Sept.--And so to New Zealand. Carol remarked y'day that she wished she'd been given only a week to get ready for the trip, and she has a point. The trip has been in the offing for so many months, and so much of the rest of life has had to be tended to in the meantime, that the looming and the preparation did get to be like an unwanted guest. Now to see whether it's all a good idea.

Sept. 6 - 21st floor of the Centra Hotel in Auckland; the Doris getting un-jet lagged. The 12 1/4 hr flight from LA went better than we expected, helped hugely by the vacant seats next to Carol's ~~is~~ inside aisle seat, where we each took a turn at lying down across 3 seats. I felt fine - particularly so with no back ache from plane-sitting - through disembarking & being met by Elspeth Barclay of USIS, until reaching the hotel room, and then starting to feel the wooze & sag. We got thru y'day by taking a couple of walks and a couple of naps, and then a decent night's ~~sleep~~ sleep. Today, Maurice Shadbolt picks us up in a couple of hours for sightseeing & lunch, then there's a USIS dinner for about 20 tonight, & tomorrow Maurice & I start our roadshow.

So far so good. The Centra is a good, year-old hotel, we suspect it'll be the best lodging of the whole trip, and Elspeth pointed us to an eating place called Cheers a few blocks away; good various menu, & - apart from the beer list we drink off of - a whimsical set of drink concoctions such as a Quickpic (Kahlua, Midori & cream), a Hard On (creme de something or other rather than Kahlua) and a Slippery Nipple (Sambucca, Bailey's & Cremadine). At supper last night (C: chicken burrito. Me: honey-glazed ribs) 3 young guys & girlfriend of one of them took table next to us & began working their way thru flavors of daiquiris ("Ay, they've got peach! Let's 'ave that mixt!").

Auckland reminds me of the older portion of

Vancouver, BC - n'hood before you cross the Burrard Bridge? - with its mix of old & new buildings. Evidently there's a penchant to have, or ferid, some kind of theme, indigenous or (probably) not: this nearly-new hotel's dining room is decorated as a Roman ruin, complete with cracks painted on the wall. On the other hand, things seem tidy enough, common-sensical enough, when they count; beautifully kept garden & grounds at the U. of Auckland during our walk there y'day, for example.

Sep/. 8, Hamilton - 7:25 a.m., waiting for breakfast to come to the motel room. Y'day, the inaugural of the Maurice - & - Ivan duet, went well enough, a capacity crowd of 50 at Auckland Public Library & abt 50 last night in suburban Chantwell Library. Mammoth dinner hours follow the day's events, such as last night's which ended at abt 11. A fine funny time, though, with librarian Sue and Wayne Mills of Waikato U. added to our pinesome - Sue has been everywhere in U.S., & talks of it in an accent where her mouth hardly moves at all, as if talking while biting a stick, while Wayne sounded almost Cockney; range of NZ accents is astonishing, so far.

Sept. 11, Christchurch - in every kind of weather ever invented. The South Island is being hit with its worst end-of-winter in half a century, huge losses in lambing time. So far this morning, hail, sleet, & now rain - all of it with wind. We're having a good time even so. Maurice Shadbolt proves to be a great traveling companion; as Carol remarked, he grows a bit more relaxed every day, & his knowledge of NZ is a huge bonus for us. Last night at the public library here we had an audience of about 30, on a night of terrible weather, and in g-o-a session we got to conversing about how we get started on a book, with Maurice saying that finding the voice he wants on the 1st page determines what the book will be.

- First glimpse of the mountains - Southern Alps, I guess? - right now, white peaks seeming to rise right out of the dark treetops of Christchurch, which is on the delta-like Canterbury Plain.

Maurice & I have been chuckling that although our reading tour has 2 ostensible topics - sense of place & historical fiction - we always seem to be doing "sense of place," to the point where we're weary of hearing ourselves on it. I have managed to change my talk some each time, such as dabbling in Riley's MT-Calif. diatribe when we

talked to an American Studies class at Canterbury U. y'day which focuses on California.

And now to the airport, & Dunedin.

13 Sept. - Onward to Australia, when this Qantas flight #46 takes off in half an hour, at 6 p.m. Commented to Carol just before boarding, after we'd flown here from Dunedin this morning, spent hours wandering Christ-church's arts & crafts center & then the Antarctic Center, that there are enormous days; only 11 hours ago we were eating cornflakes at Nola & Bruce Dick's farm, well up into the hills inland from Dunedin.

The stay at the Dicks' place was just what we needed, a day + on our own, drawing a breath and meeting nobody's schedule but our own. The Dunedin day, last of our road show with Maurice Shadbolt, was particularly wearing, as USIA boss Bill Barnes undertook - on a "whether or not you like it you're going to enjoy this" - to show us Larnock Castle, the albatross nesting refuge, & a beach where yellow-eyed penguins toddle ashore at sunset: all of them ~~at the~~ along a peninsula a hell of a way out of Dunedin. There were times during afternoon ~~when~~

13 Sept. cont. - when C & I could have killed him - even take-it-as-it-comes Maurice said at one point, "Bill, you're of the nearly-there brigade" - but he did successfully over-try, & showed us unforgettable sight of an albatross grooming part of penguins. Having done so, though, Bill's day was pretty much over & Maurice's & mine was just starting. Ultimately we did have a semi-sizable crowd in the pub where we did our talk, & with both of us doing core of talk we'd each suggested, it possibly was our best dual performance.

(Maurice joked daily, "We'll have this down by the time we get to Dineden.") Where we were sitting, though, was hellishly drafty, & I ended up answering questions with my feet up on the crosspiece of the table & my rainjacket over my legs like a lap ~~robe~~ robe. Then came the longest noisiest dinner in memory, 3 hours with a table of Ansett ground (we presently hoped) staff roaring & singing drunkenly. I was fagged out by the time we started dinner, so I didn't make much of a contribution to conversation. Carol luckily was sitting next to Maurice's son Brendan, a 6'3" hunk who's a surfer, & a delight/ful guy; enjoyed him & his sharp wife Jeanine a lot. Both Maurice & Brendan got increasingly & hilariously skeptical of the "Penguin Place" farmer whom we had to pay a fee to get through his locked gate & across

13 Sept. cont. - his land to the penguin beach on headland. Brendan didn't like the way the farmer "put the jump on" some kids who cut across lawn, instead of going down steps, to see a penned-up penguin, & for that matter Brendan wondered what guy was doing anyway with sickly penned-up rare penguins. Then Maurice said it asked him to be paying for access to New Zealand seashore, & by time we reached penguin headland we had manufactured every slander we could think of against farmer - watering terrible road so we'd get stuck & he'd then charge to tow us out, every cent of it, Maurice was sure, off the tax roll.

This may prove illusory, as we go back to our separate ways most of an ocean apart, but I feel I've made a friend for life in Maurice. Not only was he greatly gracious about pitching in on the joint speaking tour - only way I'd get any appreciable audiences in NZ - but he was an invaluable guide to travel country with, & funny in bargain. Arriving in Christchurch a few days ago, Maurice somehow got to inveighing against Queen Elizabeth, & as I'd just been pumping him about what his Commander of British Empire (C.B.E.) honor amounted to, we got to embroidering on situation & laughing wildly, Maurice chuckling that right there in Christchurch, an upper crust city where it counts whether your ancestors came

13 Sept. cont. - on one of "the first four ships," we'd now heard a C.B.E. espousing ~~rept~~ republicanism: "Even in streets of Christchurch, sedition steams!" He in turn got a great kick out of Carol, night of Bill Barnes' chili dinner in Wellington, when Maurice & I were in hallway talking & we heard Carol's voice in next room saying - "with absolute professionalism," Maurice put it - "south of the Bomby Hills," a New Zealand in-joke about Aucklanders, in north, not being actual, real New Zealanders. So, Maurice always improved our day, no matter how many times we'd seen him earlier, & I can't think of much better to say about a human. The final night in Dunedin, after endless dinner, when we at last got back to motel & were saying good night, Maurice to my great surprise gave me an emotional hug. The next morning, final parting, he was his composed self again.

17 Sept. - Canberra, our best favorite stop of the trip thus far. Strikes us as warm & sterile; Carol remarked that only people we've seen doing any actual work here are a few workmen jack hammering a street. My readings went fine y'day at Nat'l Library & a journalism class at U. of Canberra, & we swanked thru a reception for us by the US Ambassador & then dinner with USIS people in pretty good style, but we're both ready to move on. Maybe ~~at~~ this morning-to-come of sight seeing before our plane to Perth will change our minds about Canberra Canberra: big maybe.

It has been hilarious to be here just now & watch from sidelines as these U.S. public affairs staffers try to deal with Bush's blatant reneging - Sydney paper this morn accused Bush of "telling pork pies," i.e., lies - on a promise to Australia not to dump US subsidy wheat on world market. Last night Ambassador, Mel Sembler, & his apparatchik - looking female exec assistant, & harried p.a. staffer, every so often would segue out of our reception to watch how roughly they were being handled on Aus'n + V news.

Sydney we liked fine, big sprawly city with a lot to see. Had dinner at The Wharf restaurant with Ann Saper & Nigel Morrison, & then we all went to Writers

17 Sept. cont. - in . Park reading series at
Herald Park Hotel in Clebe, where I read
from Mariah - to a good enthusiastic, &
fairly sizable audience - in . slot between
German poet Gunther Kurent & Austen
poet John Tranter. Carol & I are
considerably underwhelmed by Australia's
slapdash way of doing things, particularly
after how everything clicked in New Zealand,
& so I was prepared - hell, I wasn't even
particularly surprised - when one of . people
running Writers in . Park came down front
to me just as I was about to go onstage,
at 8:30 as had been agreed, - book open
in my hand, & said, "Sorry, there's been
a mix up, John Tranter & August Kleinglyaher
have just arrived & they're expecting to go on
now, well that be all right." I ~~sup~~ suppose
& I ~~sur~~ in . face of Aussieism when I looked
up at her & said, "No, it really wouldn't."
She flustered off in retreat, . introducer by
then was onstage announcing me, & so I
saved a good hour or more of . evening, not
to mention my own stamina for . performance,
by wadding off that mid-air schedule change.

Sept. 18 - The West of the South: Perth.
Now 5:20 a.m., I'm about to start preparing
for day of interviews - including only national
venue of this Australian trip, a radio program
called "Talking History" - & a talk at U.
of Western Australia, & finally a dinner
tonight at Consul General's residence. So
far Perth feels good to me; yep, Western.
Despite the weather, which is windy & wild
here too.

Sept. 19 - Y'day was huge, but went well &
was topped off with Tim Winton at dinner
last night. The ~~the~~ USIS staff here, headed
by New Jersey-born Ann Callaghan, is
much the best we've met up with in
Australia, & I recognized that they'd
arranged the only national coverage, &
for that matter the only sizable regional
coverage, of this Australian trip; so I got up
at 5 and prepped myself for, Ist, Bill
Bunbury's "Talking History" radio show on
Australian Broadcasting Corp'n, & then
interview with reporter from The West
Australian, & finally, went over my "sense
of place" notecards for talk at U. of West
Australia. The WA's reporter seemed to get
interested as I talked about US & Aus'n
frontiers, but as Carol said, I about had to
provide a history seminar to set scene.

19 Sept. cont. - At UWA, we were under auspices of Bruce Bennett, who teaches Western Austln lit & an Austln-Canadian comparative lit course - & who, inexplicably to us, is leaving for a new job at Nat'l Defense College in Dullesville Canberra. So, although we concluded that ~~neig~~ neither U.S. nor Austln scholars are doing much w/ comparison of the frontier histories, C & I gained some leads into Western Austln writing (\$100+ spent prnts at UWA bookstore), & Bruce was apprised of writers such as Jim Welch.

Ann Callaghan then showed us around Fremantle, an absolute knockout old port town ~~at~~ where Swan River flows into Indian Ocean. We looked longingly at a Sally Morgan aboriginal-art print but backed off because of packing-it-home problem. Both Fremantle & Perth have wowed us; good looking cityscape on broad, winding Swan River. (US consul-general, Emil Skodan, lives on Kings Park ridge just above downtown Perth, & says when wind ~~backsup~~ brings in river's tidal flow just right, he's seen dolphins in Swan.)

Dinner hosted for us last night by Emil & his wife Thea - veterans of Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, & in Emil's case, inadvertent duty in Bagdad during Gulf War - looked a

19 Sept. cont. - little unpromising, as one of literary invitees, Bill Giono, had come out to UWA for my talk & at once had a drink & urged me to have a couple, & another of party was a poet now named Mudrooroo

Nyoongah who began life as Colin Johnson. But Ann Callaghan had persisted in getting word to Tim Winton abt. dinner, in face of his publisher shugging us off, & by luck that - Clark City Press people, & probably Bill Kitzredge as well, told him at ABA that I was one of western writers to be read, here Tim came: full-faced, barrel chest, braid for down his back, nose like a set sail in wind. Smart as a whip, I'd say, & a voracious reader who's conversant on great gobs of American writing; he said world of writing opened up to him when he read Huck Finn, & on into other American work, where outdoors was being written about, in contrast to Australian writing of time - 70's - when his peers were writing about travails of being students & other self-centered frets. I asked him what I could about Cloudstreet, such as where opening scene takes place (he said river area just across street from UWA), actuality of Nedlands Monster sniper (Tim's father was a policeman here at time, as Quick was in book), & even where he got terrific pig, one of best characters in book (turns out Tim raises them in Lancelin, along with chickens

19 Sept. cont. - (called "chooks" here). Tim in turn asked me about western writers he ought to be reading - he's quite accurately keyed in on those he knows, seeing Tom McCrann at last growing up and Jim Harrison heading downhill - so I told him about Fools Crow & said I'd send him that & a sample of my stuff. Sorry to say I've already lost a lot of conversation with Tim, hectic as dinner parties are, but there was his story of David Malouf writing libretto for opera of Patrick White's Voss & asking White's advice; White re-read his own book, called Malouf & said, "A bit of a yawn, isn't it."

22 Sept. - Adelaide, in the rain. The weather of this trip has been vile - 3 days of sun, I think it's been, out of 3 weeks - of the slosh/spray sound of traffic on wet streets is rampant here this morning. Just before 6 now, Carol still sleeping, in what I hope will be a long restorative night's work; she began developing nasal drip etc. y'day, & luckily we're at the easy end of the tour, nearly done. We fly to Melbourne this morning, I have a radio interview this afternoon & there's a dinner tonight, & that's ~~for~~ the finish. A comparatively soft day here in Adelaide y'day, too, with an interview on universities' radio station 5UV,

22 Sept. ^{cont.} - then lunch with American Studies
faculty members at Flinders U. Flinders
is between sessions, so no students were on
hand, but even "seminar" I was to do
with the Am Studies faculty didn't
materialize, due to noise level of the
faculty club - I amiably told organizer
Louise Baird I couldn't make myself heard
above that much hubbub but was game to
~~stand~~ speak in a quieter venue, she
couldn't come up with one, & so nothing
more than chat got done. C & I have
found Australia pretty much that way,
oblivious to details & so let-it-slide, &
so we've just gone around enjoying
Adelaide as much as the weather will let
us, a couple of good walks ~~at~~ thru parks
along River Torrens before rain settled in,
& good inexpensive food, along with
entertaining people-watching, at the ex-
railway station casino across street from
this hotel. One (of many) differences from
Las Vegas: two-up, Aussie gambling game
of flipping 2 pennies up off a flat stick -
& fair stakes mount until either double
heads or double tails comes up - is played in a
kind of performer's pit, the flipping customer
(the two-upper) stepping in, usually very nervously
to do it amid 3 croupiers & 2 guard-like
observers eagle-eyeing down from either side
of enclosure.

24 Sept. - Leaving Melbourne, without regret. This final stop of tour isn't what we expected or had been led to believe - Melbourne strikes us as a New York City of Australia, big, busy, hectic, hard to navigate in. We did have a terrific lunch - C's inspiration - y'day in Chinatown, at the Shark Fin restaurant. Looking for a different restaurant that our guidebook cited, we noticed a line of Chinese customers lined up waiting for Shark Fin to open at 11:30, & figured that was a recommendation. A couple of dim sum dishes & satay chicken & seafood for us pair of ganjins - only Caucasians in place at first & we made out very well; I even coped with chopsticks, which I despise, last night, cognizant of cold Carol's come down with & my weariness catching up with me now, that the work of trip was done, we simply ate at Plantations restaurant here in Parkroyal Hotel, & that food was fine too. Did a walking stint y'day, in morning to South Bank of Yarra R & in afternoon to Fitzroy Gardens to see Capt. Cook's cottage. Also bought a trip memento, a boam nut with aboriginal carvings on it.

The nature of Melbourne as a city aside, events here went very well. Terrific bonus when USIS staffer Michael Scammell took me to Australian B'cast'g corp'n studios to be on a drive-time interview show, &

24 Sept. cont. - as Michael & I were killing time in lobby he asked me how trip had gone & I said fine, except for bollix of not meeting Tom Keneally in Sydney. Not a minute later, Michael & I looked up from our couch at arrival of a round little ball of bustle with a jut of whiskers out his chin & simultaneously said, "That's Tom Keneally!" After he identified himself to guard behind desk as being there to go on Doug Auton's show, I called over with a grin, "But he has to wait until after Swan Song." Keneally peered over his glasses, registered who I was, & said, "Ah, Swan." We got to talk for nearly half an hour - Tom was there "for sedition purposes," he said; Australian republicanism - & swapped addresses & intentions, now that he's spending Oct.-Jan. of each year teaching at UCal Irvine. The damn man of course has a screenplay & two books on way (a memoir with republican overtones, it sounded like, & a novel with an ingratiating gangster character that sounded perilously chockablock with themes & plot). So Tom came on into 340 studio to hear me dance on-air with Doug Auton, & I told him I'd now go back to hotel room & hoist a scotch while listening to him preach sedition; "You're surely not that hard up for entertainment," he laughed.

27 Sept.--With the foreignest place of the whole trip, Los Angeles airport, at last behind us on Thursday, we landed about 5 p.m. and were met by both Jean and John Roden, stalwart as ever. The plane flight from Auckland was eased enormously--for me--by the luck of having an empty seat beside my aisle seat, luxury of elbow room on both sides. It had looked grim when we boarded at Melbourne, the seat next to me more than filled by a pleasant but barrel-shaped Aussie bluejeans manufacturer, who had such a round front on him his arms rested at a cocked-out angle, putting his elbow always considerably over into the airspace of my seat. Alarmed at the prospect of having to sit half sideways the whole trip, I bailed out into a fortuitously vacant aisle seat (with a blessed empty beside it) on the other side of the plane, and then at Auckland was able to resume my seat unelbowed. Carol was carrying a cold home with her, and did well through what was a long drag of airhours, not to mention hectic LA airport.

C has counted up our total of plane flights and will put it in her diary. As I came out of all the traveling in better shape than expected, both my back and my tendinitised elbow okay, I'll tally what was the grueling part of the trip for me, the literary dinners. I've long held the theory of the "one-idiot syndrome," that in any committee or other gathering of more than about half a dozen people who don't know each other, there'll be one idiot who screws up the session. A corollary I was leery of, where writers are involved, is the one-drunk syndrome, and the first event of the trip, in Auckland, produced the most flaming example. Naturally it was my least likely suspect, Kevin Ireland, past president of New Zealand PEN, fast friend of Maurice Shadbolt and, I knew, the introducer for Maurice and me when we began our speaking tour the next day. The first two-thirds of the dinner--which as those things go, was roughly the first two hours--went fine, C and I managing to talk to Maurice and Elspeth Sandys and some visiting on the other side of me with Jack Leigh, book editor of the NZ Herald. Then came the suggestion, ~~that~~ at dessert time, that some chair-swapping be done, and I'd no sooner alit alongside Kevin at the far end of the table than I realized (a) that he was drunk and (b) he's a semi-mean drunk. Luckily not really mean, but a snipey, agitating drunk. When yet another bottle of wine arrived and I told Kevin to skip me as he poured, he sloshed some into the glass in front of me and told me to have some

27 Sept. cont.--anyway, I shrugged it off by saying huh uh, that'd been someone else's glass; which got him to asking me did I think they had AIDS in New Zealand, what was the matter with drinking out of somebody else's glass? I determinedly got a conversation going across the table with short-story writer John Cranna, and Kevin stewed in his own fumes until John and his partner got up to leave and Kevin announced he knew what they were up to, they were going home to fuck. So with that introduction to Kevin,

I was apprehensive the next day when Maurice and I were sitting around beforehand at the Auckland public library figuring out how to share our speaking time and topic, and in came Kevin, in high dudgeon about something that'd just happened on the NZ Literature Council. "She's a fuckwit," he claimed about whoever was involved, and then out we went to begin the speaking, with me dreading Kevin. Naturally again, he gave Maurice and me terrific introductions, full of grace and wit--couldn't possibly have done better by us.

And I had to make the same U-turn of opinion the final night of the Australian tour, when Virginia Ferguson of the Victorian Fellowship of Australian Writers brayed in my ear through the whole meal and demanded to know of

Carol what were the best and worst things about being married to me; this time, the chair switch got me away from the roaring partyer. Then, soon after, Virginia nicely got up and went home, strewing fond farewells; and as C pointed out to me, it'd been Virginia who picked the very good Italian restaurant for the event and who pries the dues out of the assembled writers and is a general motive force behind the group, etc.

So, Kevin and Virginia in their roarious cups were one side of the coin, and the other was Tom Keneally, Tim Winton, and most of all Maurice Shadbolt. Maurice is something like a public utility that New Zealand draws on in about any way that can be thought up. He's their

leading historical novelist and maybe the best of any category, has written the country's most-performed play (Once On Chunuk Bair, about Gallipoli), done the Shell

Guidebook to New Zealand, been arrested trying to save Auckland's most historic theater, served as president of NZ PEN, has been writer-in-residence at various universities including Waikato while we were there (though we ribbed him about all that absence of residence while he toolled around New Zealand with us), on and on. Not to mention three

27 Sept. cont.--ex-wives and five children, and now life with Elspeth Sandys, also a writer. A prodigious fellow, whom I got immensely fond of during our tour; our senses of humor seemed to mesh, and I felt it was an enormous bonus to see New Zealand with Maurice's knowledge of it always there to be drawn on. Whoever did the introduction for us at the Christchurch public library--I've lost his name--remarked to me that Maurice is incisive, and that's a good enough and rare enough description.

I hope to get back to more report of the trip, but even if I don't, the summary is that it was worth doing--New Zealand alone was worth it.-

13 Oct--I'm beginning to feel I'm getting on top of life--which is to say Heart Earth--at last. Unless I've miscalculated, another day or so will finish the main revision of chapter 1. Having buzzsawed my way through ch. 2 in a few days of last week, I'll then have the last half of October to touch up chs. 3-4. I'm never convinced time is actually gained in my work, something unforeseen lurking there in the pages to sop it up, but at the moment I feel I've done a lot of good to the book since we alit home. Even, if it holds up on re-read, a lively enough portrait of my mother there in ch. 1, something I've been trying to achieve for a couple of years.

A lucky turn in the weather, y'day's and last night's showers at last taking the pollen out of the air (and the allergy out of me) and bringing an autumn crispness to today, has helped greatly. Also, C and I have simply whaled away at accumulated chores to the point where we've whipped many of them; we're even up-to-date on labeling the slides of NZ and Aus'ia, and I managed to muscle packages of books, promised to writers and profs Down There, out of the house late last week.

Meanwhile, in have come first copies of rehardbacked Sky, wonderful to see, and audio cassettes of my A River Runs Through It reading. Product! C and I exclaim as the stuff pours in.

Another first-class monthly laugh with the Nelsons last Wednesday, although it's probably our swansong at The Wok after years of great food--Jemmy has sold the place. The four of us have vowed to trek out to Millcreek next month to try his Wok version there, though it's likely too distant for us to make a regular thing of it.

14 Oct.--10:45 a.m., a double shot of great news. First, I just completed the main revision of the big opening chapter of Heart Earth, ahead of schedule. Next, Deborah Warren, the HBJ sales director, called to say Costco has taken 2,000 copies of the republished Sky.

17 Oct.--Went out before lunch y'day and photocopied 136 pp. of Heart Earth, so I must be making headway. The revision since our NZ-Oz trip had some tough patches in the 1st chapter, but then ch. 2--kind of odd as it is--didn't seem to need deep work, and chs. 3 and 4 have leaped toward final version, often at the pace of ten or a dozen pp. a day. I still have to do the title section in the middle of ch. 3, brush up the mudhole scene of ch. 4, and then whatever revision is needed on the sizable final chapter--but incredibly, I feel I'm a week or more ahead of the most optimistic estimate I could put on the revising, before I dove into it.

This is Saturday morning, 6:30, and I've already been up a couple of hours, fortunately now not from tension of the ms work but just because of bodily rhythms. We're doing a social doubleheader today, lunch at Ray's Boat-house with Lee and Joie Soper to report on our Australian-NZ trip and seeing their daughter Ann and son-in-law Nigel in Sydney, then tonight Linda Bierds and Sydney Kaplan are coming for dinner and to see our NZ slides and show some of theirs from 15 years ago, when Syd did the research for her Katherine Mansfield book. Today is a little thicker than we'd prefer, but we're managing to see friends about twice a week. Last week, besides the Nelsons we also had dinner with Ann McCartney and Norm Lindquist at their latest temporary rental place, in this year of Norm commuting to Western Wash'n U from Seattle (last year, Ann commuted down to Shoreline). The house is not far north of Calvary Cemetery, so the n'hood walk Ann planned out took us past our original lodging in Seattle, the 4712 33d house we rented, across the alley from Bill and Donna Lazott.

And on Monday the 12th, my first meeting with David Lavender, one of the old tuskers of Western history. David and his wife Muriel were on a trip to Vancouver Island and otherwise dandling along in a vacation--David swears it's the first trip in which he's never taken a

17 Oct.--single note--and as he and I had exchanged cordialities out of my blurb for his Chief Joseph book and his note of thanks, Muriel prodded him into taking me up on my invitation to give a call if he was ever passing through. The Lavenders were appalled by the I-5 traffic on their trip north to Canada, so were heading home by way of the Olympic Peninsula, and took the ferry across from Bremerton to meet me for lunch. I forfeited high cuisine and sightseeing and simply steered them into Ivar's, next to the ferry terminal and the fireboats, as a place where we could talk and have some maritime traffic. It seemed to work, as we chatted for a couple of hours over a beer and seafood, David and Muriel wanting to know about my NZ-Aus 'a tour, me asking them about the Canyonlands country out of David's past. At 82, David looks more like 65 or 70, although I eventually did notice he has a hearing aid. He somewhat resembles an expanded Norman Maclean, the leathery Indian-chief face not nearly as wrinkled as Norman's, the body more filled out too. I enjoyed him a lot, as I've liked what I've read of his--he has good lively prose--and he's turned out a lot of work without any support system of academia. Says he'd like to write a book about the Canyonlands face-off between Mormons and environmentalists, simply show how they've each arrived at their ends of the spectrum. Wondered if I thought there'd be any market for such a thing, and I said there ought to be some, not a vast one, but if it's something he's keen to do he ought to do it just on that basis. We swapped book gossip a bit; David says the Chief Joseph book has pretty much fallen dead, to his and Muriel's surprise and I'm sure disappointment, as they'd hoped it would catch an edge of the wave of interest in Indians--he figures maybe Buzz Wyeth, his editor, no longer has much push at HarperCollins, and I thought and said yeah, that may well be, given that he's a holdover having to contend with the Murdoch team. David also reported Alvin Josephy's dismay that his Civil War in the West book similarly went comatose at Knopf, and I pointed out Knopf's concentration on zingy new fiction. Talk somehow turned to deadlines, and David had maybe the ultimate goofy experience of dealing with editors:

17 Oct.--seven years ago he wrote, I think for the Nat'l Park Service, a Canyonlands guidebook which never got printed; until he and Muriel were about to leave on this trip, when he got a call from an NPS editor who said he was expressing the proofs to David and had to have them back the next Monday.

Well, what else. The presidential election, which is both interminable and frighteningly week-by-week. The second debate, in Richmond, had the remarkable moment when as Kevin Phillips said, Bush "got stopped by a citizen" from attacking Clinton; the audience of questioners produced a night which the media bemoaned as dull but actually was fascinating, and said as much about the dismal usual bent of the news people as did about the candidates. I keep thinking this situation is too good to be true, but the Bush camp seems to be falling apart not only in the campaign but in the administration. Some State Dept. briefer for foreign officials y'day told his audience Clinton is going to win, Bush blew it; as Carol said, what is this, nobody running the gov't and so the mid-level people have just taken over? We could hope. Should be noted too a remarkable piece of cleverness by the Clinton campaign staff, in Clinton riposting right away in the first debate that Bush's own father as a Senator had stood up against the kind of McCarthyism Bush was trying to ~~use against~~ invoke about Clinton visiting Russia as a student. Not only did it carry the lethal point of comparing Bush unfavorably, it hit him square in his father problem. The Bush who said when elected Prez, "Boy, if the old man could see me now" plainly had it on his mind at the start of the ~~second~~ debate when he gave a rambling reference which in effect complained about Clinton praising Prescott Bush.

22 Oct.--Heart Earth finished itself today. Don't quite know whether to be exhilarated or apprehensive about the fluency with which this ms went, in revision after our NZ+Oz trip; 205 pp., in one day less than 4 weeks--10 pp. average per day, including some fresh writing in ch. 1 and the title section in ch. 3. I in fact had to pace myself to slow down this week, as the final ch., 60 pp. worth,

22 Oct. cont.--seem to absolutely dare me to finish it up in one 18-hour frenzy. Uh uh, I kept telling myself, three 6-hour days are always a better idea.

So, tomorrow I'll do some diagnostic checking on the ms--go through it for overuse of certain words, test the verbs for too little or too much vitality, listen with my eye to the sentence rhythms and the beginnings and endings of each paragraph; the kind of carpentry Carol tells me I love, and hell, I guess I do.

Into the back of the diary today goes Vernon Carstensen's obit, and a bit of lore he'd hugely appreciate as one more example of human foibles. After Vernon's death on Tuesday, Joan Ullman, his best friend in the UW history dept., called me and asked if I'd provide two sentences to the UW p.r. guy doing the news release about Vernon. If you really want me to, I told her, but have him call me in half an hour so I can come up with something. Off I went to the shower, to close down my writing day and to think about what to say, and while I was in there, not 3 minutes after Joan's call to me, the UW p.r. guy called, got Carol, and when told I wasn't available at the moment, said, well, if I'd like, he just come up with the comment himself and attribute it to me and I wouldn't have to call him back. Carol the media prof in icy terms told him I would call him back and I would do my own words. And when I made that call and dictated the pair of sentences and made him read them back to me--it'd seemed like, from lack of any key sounds, he was taking them down longhand!--he said something to the effect that this would knock the socks off the Carstensen family, they'd expected just something from a history prof, I was the coup. I can just hear Vernon about such a sleazo: that enthusiastic interrogatory hey of his, and then his wondering who comes up with people like that in jobs like that.

27 Oct.--Even for this absurdly early household, this morning was a yawn before dawn. A noise woke me in the night, I think before midnight, and the amount of light outside alarmed me, shot me out of bed with the area's crazed arsonist on my mind. Must have been a combination of the Joyners' yard light and the streetlight, as there was no fire. But neither C nor I got firmly back to sleep, and so, come 3:30 she got up with me, we had prompt breakfast, she started on her classes for the day and I headed out for the 24-hour Kinko's photocopy place near Northgate. At 6:13, I walked into the house with 5 full copies of Heart Earth. I've since called Liz to tell her I'm mailing one set of the ms to her today, and she said she'll read it this weekend.

Since the last diary entry, last Thursday, the ms flew together. I did a go-through of the final 30 pp. on Friday, on Saturday C read the ms for me and found a couple of places for me to cut landscape description, I did that and other tuning on Monday, and here it goes out of the house, in the next hour or so. I do think Heart Earth is a fairly terrific piece of writing, but now to see if anybody thinks it's a terrific piece of reading.

Good news y'day from DeWitt Daggett of Audio Press, who a bit dazedly says he's trying to keep up with the wave of orders for A River Runs Through It; has shipped 11,000 and has 4300 back orders. And it's still 2 months until Xmas.

1 Nov.--7:30 p.m. and the power just went out, so we've adjourned to the study, lit by our emergency power rig. Gives us a way to run the furnace and overhead lights at each of our desks; this is the third time we've used the system, I think, and I figured it'd pay for itself with 6 to 8 uses.

Did the first signing of the reborn Sky in Bellingham at Village Books, to a standing room crowd of 130+ for my reading from both Sky and Heart Earth. As ever at B'ham, town of students and blue collars, didn't sell a big number of books just then but the Robinsons and their staff eventually sell whatever I sign up. C and I stayed overnight, in a books-for-room swap I cooked up, at a b & b on Lake Whatcom called Schnauzer Crossing, run by Donna and Monty McAllister, and the cottage they

1 Nov. cont.--provided us was terrific. But for all of that, and the great breakfast Donna cooked, we still find ourselves not really the toney b & b type; making conversation at breakfast, as we did there and in our earlier Padilla Bay stays at Phil and Molly Cook's, I suppose runs against our deep habits of gathering ourselves, squaring away our thoughts and schedules, first thing in the day.

We both felt vacationed by the B'ham trip--Carol spent last week slogging through term papers--and liked the chance to see Chuck and Dee Robinson. Chuck is current president of the American Booksellers Association, and gave us a useful picture of the impact the Barnes & Noble superstores may have on publishers as well as competing bookstores if, as seems bound to happen, they fail from overbuilding.

3 Nov.--"Gorgeous" is the NY literary word of choice at the moment, Liz calling last night to assure me the Heart Earth ms is just that. She's passed it along to Lee Goerner, and now to see what ~~his~~ word he comes up with.

Election day, and with a little luck, just a goddamn modicum of it, this country will close down the dozen years of Reagan-Bush. What Clinton might amount to isn't at all sure, but these socially savage three Republican terms speak for themselves. Time for a change, even if it is a gamble; my god, Reagan and Bush both were dreadful gambles, national goofy uncles who got a kick out of reigning but didn't want to be bothered with running the country.

Here in the household, I've been tinkering with the opening scene of Bucking the Sun the past couple of days, trying to ease toward that big novel. Am trying to balance a wish not to work so hard for awhile, with the determination not to let all of next year drizzle away to the production and promotion processes of Heart Earth.

4 Nov.--The main apparatchik finally has fallen in this country too. Bush, old CIA chief of spooks, manor-born functionary--our American version of Douglas-Home--lost and lost big in the election. He was nuts to run for a second term--could have had his Gulf War reputation intact by declaring he'd done his part, time to go--and even nuttier to ignore the economy. What did he think, the

4 Nov. cont.--whole damn country lived in the endless preppie-Yalie style he does? Actually George Bush probably did think that, or not really know any better, at least; a defining moment was a year or so ago, at some grocers' convention, when he stood there in wonder running bar-coded grocery items up into the checkout computer--never had known until right then how you grocery-shop these days. With Clinton, we don't nearly know what we're getting, but at least the rightwing avalanche on the Supreme Court ought to be diverted now, and some kind of environmental voice in the Administration in the person of Gore.

The election results in fact so strongly went the way of this household that Carol thought it too good to be true, kept monitoring the radio news this morning to see if reality had hit and was jostling Lowry out of his apparent win for governor. The one result we badly mind is Dorothy Bradley's loss in Montana, 14,000 votes ~~for~~ short of the governorship.

9 Nov.--Warm moment today. DeWitt Daggett called to report that A River Runs through It is #3 on Publishers Weekly's audio bestseller list. Even DeWitt was momentarily happy, proudly reciting that the list of audio publishers goes Doubleday, Random House, The Audio Press, Bantam, Dove etc., all NY publishers except him--"Pretty good for a couple of hicks from west of the Mississippi," he exulted. Has 23,000 tapes in existence, about 5,000 of them freshly to the wholesalers and I guess 3,000 at or on their way to Costco.

10 Nov.--So, time #7, an editor on the phone in NY, giving me the word on my manuscript. Lee Goerner began by saying he figured he knew what was going to happen at the end, but he ended up crying anyway. Said it's "well done," "It is what it is," "doesn't have to be re-thunk," and while he'll have about a page of niggles about individual sentences and paragraphs, nothing major. He would like some manner of introduction, as to how the letters came to me and I came to write the book, I think to link it to This House of Sky; his notion is 2-3 pp. worth, but my reaction is, if to do it at all, hold it to half a page, don't let it get in the way of the structure of

10 Nov. cont.--the book, which after all is pretty damn carefully done.

I'd told Carol, when she came home for lunch (and before Lee's call), that I'm playing hooky from myself today, simply have walked Green Lake and spent the rest of the morning reading Maurice Shadbolt's novel Strangers and Journeys. With Lee's call, in ~~essence~~ essence, meaning that Heart Earth is complete on the 10th day of November, she pointed out to me I maybe ought to take other days off, as things get done anyway on those days.

But things will busy up in the next few days, with the reading/signing at the Bellevue U Book Store, the benefit reading at Seattle Public Library, etc. I did spend a comfortable time y'day tinkering with, and actually writing a few more pp. on, Bucking the Sun; as I ~~am~~ told C y'day, it seems to have a bunch of good set scenes waiting to be written.

While I'm here at this entry, on Sunday I spoke at the UW remembrance service for Vernon Carstensen--my remarks in the back of this diary, and I'll do a descriptive letter to Mark Wyman soon.

17 Nov.--Few min. past 9 a.m., waiting for City Light to shut off all power in the n'hood. Possibly I can use our emergency power system, but I have a list of chores to go out and do, to get away from the equipment uproar. Y'day, too, was a chore day, of trying to bend this office into better shape (while Doug Ewing cleaned up leaves and needles and overgrown salal outside), and I'm hoping like hell to get enough done today, and tomorrow, if necessary, to find my way clear for work on Bucking the Sun or Heart Earth revision the last couple days of this hectic week.

Since the last diary entry: an overflow crowd for my reading at the Bellevue U Book Store, people standing along all the walls and sitting on the floor almost under my feet and even filling the stairway outside the room. The signing afterward wasn't as red-hot as the reading, but good enough. The next day I talked to C's Western Lit class about The Sea Runners--they're not nearly the most go-getting class she's ever had, but they are a bunch of sweeties, earnest and cheerful; you want to bring 'em all home and feed 'em milk and cookies. Then onward

17 Nov. cont.--to pro bono event #2 of the day, giving the 15-min. "In the Night" craft-of-writing talk to the Seattle Public Library Foundation members. Exquisite sound system in the auditorium of the library and an actual sound engineer up there in the booth, so my performance sounded about as good as it can. Sundry heavy financial hitters in the audience--met Joe Gandy's widow, and the architect Fred Bassetti and his wife, and many whose names went by me--and the main one, Gil Anderson, ex-head of Physiocontrol who's now the chief fund-raiser for the Library Foundation, gave me a few minutes of philosophical ripple I didn't much want, but which I guess came out okay. At our little table-for-four, before Liz Stroup (the city librarian) joined us, Gil said he'd just had a look at Madonna's book Sex in Liz's office. Marcella somebody, his female counterpart in running the day's event, said something semi-joking like Did it change your life any? while I only Mmm-hmmmed, figuring he was just making conversation. But the next thing he said was, "It's pornography. It doesn't belong in a library." Well, hell; I was just sitting there trying to eat my peas, not vying for a debate on censorship. Managed to stifle my first impulse, which was to say to Gil something like Well, there must be interest in the book--it didn't take you any time to get in there and look at it, did it? Instead I said it's a cultural or historical phenomenon--that is, Madonna is--and the library would not be doing its job if it didn't have a copy; imagine if Marilyn Monroe had done something similar and the library now didn't have a copy, given the historical interest in her. Just then Liz Stroup showed up, Marcella mildly informed her we were talking about the Madonna book, and Liz instantly said yes, not an easy case but the library absolutely has to have such things, launching into full-fledged defense without even knowing she had to: but then I guess librarians figure they always have to. Anyway, I give Gil credit, he shut up and at least seemed to take in the argument.

28 Nov.--Another fine Thanksgiving behind us, and a parlous couple of weeks of tasks and events ahead which I'd just as soon have behind me. Rising and converging are: the final go-through of the Heart Earth ms, in light of Lee Goerner's page or so of editor's niggles and any I think up by myself; final version of the flap copy for the book, which I've already spent an exasperating day or so on; the Elliott Bay bookstore reading, which will include both emotional material from This House of Sky and a 20-minute remembrance of Norman Maclean that I managed to finish y'day; Portland booksignings, next weekend; and three signings in Seattle the week after; plus a possible Montana ~~Rex~~ Magazine of History review of A River Runs through It, and, strangest of all, possible appearance on the MacNeil-Lehrer News Report.

That last is the biggest beastie on the loose in the schedule, and I figure there's somewhere between a 30 and 50% chance of it actually happening. Had a message on the phone machine I think last Monday from Paul Nielsen, an M-L producer who originated in the West (near Denver, with family roots in Kooskia, Idaho) and has read This House of Sky, in effect wanting to audition me for talking-headship in the series of interviews the show is doing about the hopes and prospects for the Clinton Administration. On Wednesday I spent nearly an hour on the phone with him, going through MacNeil's (I guess) list of questions for prospective interviewees, Nielsen took notes and will do a report or something on me, and it'll get decided. That kind of screening probably reflects me as a mixed result--can talk lively enough but also has a pedantic tendency--and also I pretty much vetoed the notion of going to NY for the interview, instead of doing it by remote from Channel 9 here. (I could just see that scenario: my spending an exhausting 3-4 days flying there and doing the interview, then something happens in Afghanistan and I ~~it never makes sense to come to MacNeil-Lehrer~~ never make it onto the ol' airwaves.)

Let's see, also since the last diary entry we had a long power outage--9 a.m. to 7:30 p.m.--on Nov. 17 as City Light supposedly did the ultimate changeover to the underground re-wiring, and the next day I did a lively signing at the U Book Store on the Ave.; 25-30 hardback

28 Nov. cont.--copies of Sky sold, and the bookbuyers not the usual suspects--ex-Montanans etc.--but younger people and other new faces. About then, too, came the Philadelphia Inquirer rave review of my reading of A River Runs Through It--"Doig sounds as if he's living the story. This recording joins the ranks of the few near-perfect matches of reader and author..."--so it was a pretty good week on the literary hustings.

Thanksgiving threatened to work us to death in the housecleaning--C and I took shifts at the chores for more than a week--but we always end up thinking it was worth it. On hand: Mark and Lou Damborg, who've become regulars and add their touch of class to the doings--this year, besides good hearty Midwest food and Iowa family napkins, they brought a cooler full of Brut Dargnon sparkling chardonnay, champagne-like but better; Linda Sullivan and what we kidded her was her Nebraska food convoy--Jeff Sager, who has a new job with the Seattle Housing Authority, Judy Cochrane who works with Linda on the Metro West Point mammoth project and Judy's guy Allan Johnson, a pleasant free-lance wildlife biologist; the Angell contingent, Tony, Lee, Gavia--acclaimed as the most charming and agreeable baby any of us had ever laid eyes on--and Bryony; Peter Rockas and Kathy Acker, whom C prizes for Cathy's laser-like divining of what she can helpfully do in the kitchen and whom we both prize for her astounding apple pies; Linda Bierds and Sydney Kaplan, fresh from a downtown car burglary which had cost Sydney 25 years' worth of course notes on modern fiction and Linda all the grades for her poetry students; and Ann McCartney--who with Jack Gordon having dropped out of the day because of his chronic fatigue problem was proudly the most veteran Thanksgiving-comer of this bunch--and Norm Lindquist. People group off and talk in marvelously easy fashion, and Tony is great to have on hand as an audience-getter; so, another year, another fine showing by our friends.

Dec. 5, Portland - In the Heathman, about to go to The Catbird Seat for my reading/signing. C-o-l-d in P'land, temp in -30's and a wind, so we're not getting any walking around done. As Carol said, enough, so far all we've done here is have dinner, breakfast, & lunch, & it's been a helluva good time. B'fast was this morning at Bill & Dorothy Stafford's in Lake Oswego, along with recent Montana-traveling friends of theirs from Eugene, Carol Thomas and new husband Ashley.

Dec. 6 - 9:25, 32° and icy streets in P'land. We're snugly ensconced in the hotel, waiting for 11 a.m. & early lunch w/ the Staffords and Elizabeth Simpson. Nice moment of day at the Catbird Seat, Elizabeth with first copy of Earthlight clutched to her, miraculously arrived just in time @ OHS and the Catbird. A good signing there too, 25 h' back Sky & another 6-8 phone orders; my reading from Sky & Heart Earth went okay too, even in competition from Catbird's bookergars, ringing phone, & cash register. Then tea @ Heathman as a way to visit w/ Elizabeth & her mother Evelyn, who can't stay for lunch today; and beyond that, dinner w/ Craig & Kelly. One more time, gala in Portland. & so far, we're relieved we're not driving ~~but~~ flying.

7 Dec.--A time or two I've finished a manuscript on this date, but this Pearl Harbor Day the next book is already in New York, in the photocopy machine or on the way to the copy editor or somewhere. Blessings on thee, Heart Earth.

We're home from the chill and snow and ice of Portland to the chill and snow showers of Seattle. When a pretty good flurry started coming down about 7:30 this morning, and the temperature went down in a hurry from 40 to 36, I hustled out to the QFC to stock us up on groceries.

The Oregon Historical Society booksigning y'day was badly crimped by the tough weather and bad roads, I think the crowd down by 2/3 or 3/4, something of that extent. So, even though my results would qualify as a good signing anywhere else, it probably was my lowest total in the several years I've done that shindig. On the other hand, the OHS staff gave me undue credit for being on hand in the face of the icy weather; that actually wasn't heroism but half-hunch half-luck that C and I decided to try

flying the Portland trip instead of driving it as we've always done. The return trip last night went particularly smooth--we caught the 5 p.m. Horizon shuttle instead of the 6 p.m. we were scheduled on, and so were here in the house by about 6:45, instead of 8:30 as usual with that trip or as last year's, 10 or later.

Managed some good visiting--the Staffords, at breakfast at their place Sat. and at lunch on us at the Heathman on Sun.; Bill Kittredge at the OHS; Craig Lesley there and at supper the night before--but no huge news to report. Bill Stafford did report that he's entered three books of poetry in Claremont College's new \$50,000 annual poetry contest, and I kidded him that he could just as well start spending the money right now. Bill Kittredge said Hole in the Sky sold about 15,000 in hardback, is coming out in paperback from Vintage; he told of the case of David Cates, I think the name is, one of his ex-students who did a well-regarded first novel, sold 5,000 or so, got no paperback overtures at all for it. And Craig meanwhile has sent off 150 pp. to his agent, Binky Urban, which she's going to be showing to Fisketjon at Knopf and Marc Jaffe at Houghton.

14 Dec.--A week made hectic by the weather and considerable else, since the last diary entry. Night of the 8th, I went to the Tower bookstore near Seattle Center for a 6-7:30 signing; a whipping rain, and I had to keep circling the block until the cop car in the driveway to the Tower lot (the cop dealing with some street person) finished its business. Inside, the Tower staff this year, mostly young female although also somewhat androgynous, is into nose-rings and probably other body-piercings it smarts to even think about, and as usual I mused on the staff's contrast to Tower customers, who are the straightest-looking straight arrows I encounter at any booksigning, more so ~~x~~ than in Bellevue, even; if I'd just take sufficient notes on the Tower scene, I could have a Ph.D. in anthropology. And again as for Mariah Montana, the urban guerrilla Tower staff came up with the best promo art work--this time a huge replica of the Sky cover art done in, I dunno, painted cardboard or some such, and a terrific seashell-coil stack of Skys with a wooden horse trotting atop. Told Carol, Tower always reminds me of Mark Damborg's description of their weekly housecleaner: gloriously inconstant, she may not dust but she'll ~~shine~~ polish the toaster if the mood strikes her.

During the day, since nothing definitive had happened on the MacNeil-Lehrer front (nothing has yet), I'd worked on the Montana Magazine of History essay-review of the movieing of A River ^Runs through It, and the next night, Wed., C and I went to the movie again and I used a stopwatch on the fishing scenes and any others that could be considered germanely out-of-doors, nature-centered; found, as I ~~said~~ put into the ~~piece~~ piece, that Redford and his screenwriter closed up the story more than I'd even thought, only about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the movie having to do with the outdoors while Norman's story was a good $\frac{2}{3}$ in outdoors settings, much greater sense of ominpresent nature and dangerous power within its beauty.

And then it snowed. 5 or so inches of ~~wet~~ wet heavy stuff, the morn of the 10th, and after waiting until about 10 to see how things were going (and after C had spun out--or rather, backed out after a schoolbus spun out on the hill in front of her) I called Brentano's at Westlake and canceled out on the noonhour booksigning; could see myself spending 6 or 8 hours on chaotic bus travel to ~~sk~~ sell 5 books--huh uh.

14 Dec. cont.--Stayed hunkered in at home, as is our wont, during the storm aftermath, and caught good weather on Sat. for the signing at Molly Cook's Magnolia bookstore. Molly inexplicably let herself get caught short of h'back Skys, my exact reason for doing the signing, and had to send Phil off to borrow 20 from Tower; all in all, a pretty strong signing for a store that size, and I got to visit with sundry people, including Nancy McKay, whom we don't see much since she and Tony didn't click, and Mary Daheim, the next authorial act after me at Molly's that afternoon.

I'd meanwhile finished the River piece for Montana Mag, I guess on Thurs., and sometime during the week got Copy Mart to do 6 more copies of the Heart Earth ms to enter in Utah State U's Evans Biography Prize (doubtless a longshot, non-Mormon as my book utterly is, but Dick Brown, one of the judges this year, tipped me that it's worth a shot), and I think it was Friday I marched through the Heart Earth acknowledgments; and whanged away at Xmas ~~xxxxx~~ mailing, of which I do more than 100 folks and bookstores any more; and ph'copied and sent off to John Maclean the Norman-to-me letters he asked for toward his intended collection of Norman's letters. And so a lot got done, and I'm intending another chore swoop out into the world today to finish off Xmas shopping etc.

22 Dec.--Mediocre weather has continued, and is forecast through Xmas. Sometime in the weekend Carol said something about Costa Rica, and I muttered Tucson. We figured, a couple of weeks ago, that we had a valid reason not to go anywhere over the holidays, having traveled so much this year, but this weather has been a bummer. Have done our best against it, getting out to walk Green Lake or Shilshole or the park on the hill at any least break.

The bright side, which I guess is not inconsiderable, is a cleaned-up office, with me making a final push this morning to clean my desk and for that matter the financial affairs desk.

And we've socialized quite a lot--John and Jean here for supper and NZ slides last Friday, then we went to the Nelsons' the next night (only other guests, Craig & Tina Martin), and last night to Ann and Norm's in their house of the moment (other guests, Laura & Bruce Saunders).

22 Dec. cont.--Should note the demise of the MacNeill-Lehrer prospect, which went aglimmering with their coverage of Somalia and Russia; Paul Neilsen, the producer involved, called last Thursday, saying in effect that I'd been okayed but the ~~xxxx~~ series of interviews had been put on hold and wasn't likely to resume. Makes for a less hectic end of the year at least.

And in the spirit of getting everything off my desk that's gettable, this note from Mary Jane DiSanti at the Country Bookshelf in Bozeman; when I talked w/ her on the phone sometime this fall, she said she was listening to the audio cassette of A River and liking it--gave me this ultimate praise: "You say 'bastards' just right."

31 Dec.--Cold end to the year--40 has been the day's high--but the big snow that was supposed to hit this area a few days ago missed. We got a couple of inches night before last, and the roads melted dry, barely, y'day before the temperature went below freezing at nightfall. By being ungodly diligent--I go up to the bluff above the Sound and check the weather every daybreak--we have managed to get out and walk some, this week; Magnuson Park in good sun one day, and day before y'day the waterfront and an exuberant lunch of fish and chips and Pyramid dark winter ale at Ivar's.

I've been working my way into the Fort Peck novel by reading half a dozen oral history interviews a day (done by the Montana Historical Society staff at a Ft. Peck reunion) and making filecards for pertinent categories. Have done 40 or so of the interviews, summaries actually but useful gist, and have a dozen to go. I think this is the first time I've been able to draw on already done research for a book, and while it's a task to digest all this oral history, it's vastly easier than trooping around to get it myself. I've also pecked away at year-end finances. Along that line, Carol celebrated the close of the year by refusing to let the Harris Ford salesman dicker her into their \$14,000+ price for a Taurus.

**Special Thanks to our
Dean's Club Event Hosts**

Barbara and George Akers
Dr. John Ely
Carol and Max Gellert
Dr. Robert Heilman
Sandra Kowalski
Joan and Keith Larson
Kirsten and Ned Lumpkin
Burdette and John McClelland
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*College of Arts and Sciences
Dean's Club Event
1992*

Program

Social Hour 6:00 p.m.

Exhibition of student art work
School of Art



Dinner 7:00 p.m.



*Welcome and Introduction of the
Development Advisory Board*

Barbara Akers, Vice Chair, Dean's Club

*Remarks on the College of Arts and Sciences
and Introduction of Honored Faculty*
Joe G. Norman, Jr., Dean

*Presentation of the Distinguished
Achievement Awards*

Dr. R.Y. Woodhouse
presented by Fred Campbell,
Associate Dean, Undergraduate Education

Dr. Ivan Doig
presented by Jere Bacharach,
Chairman, Department of History

Followed by a reading by
Dr. Ivan Doig



Musical Program

Introduction by David Weatherford

David Wolff, piano
Brechemin Scholar, School of Music

Distinguished Achievement Award

Dr. Ivan Doig

Dr. R. Y. Woodhouse



Honored Faculty

Daniel Chirot, Jackson School of International Studies
Guggenheim Fellow

Mark S. Cooper, Zoology
Presidential Young Investigator
Sloan Foundation Fellow

Collett D. Cox, Asian Languages and Literature
Liberal Arts Professor, 1990-91

Hans G. Dehmelt, Physics
Boeing Professor of Physics

Victoria Foe, Zoology
Guggenheim Fellow

R. Kent Guy, History and Jackson School of International Studies
Liberal Arts Professor 1991-92

Bruce R. Kowalski, Chemistry
Professor in Analytical Chemistry

K. Tsianina Lomawaima, Anthropology/American Indian Studies
UW Distinguished Teaching Award

John Palka, Zoology
Liberal Arts Professor, 1991-92

Norman J. Rose, Chemistry
CASE Washington State Professor of the Year

Leigh Thompson, Psychology
Presidential Young Investigator

David Wagoner, English
Ruth Lilly Poetry Prize

Michael A. Williams, Jackson School of International Studies
Liberal Arts Professor, 1990-91

Stephen C. Woods, Psychology
UW Distinguished Teaching Award
American Association for the Advancement of Science Fellow

~~(That's the only trouble with occasions like this. The faculty is always
around waiting to take its revenge.)~~ (My remarks at UW Dean's Club award ceremony,
May 19, '92)

Jere--I want to thank you, on behalf of teaching assistants down through the
ages, for that surprising show of civility from a department chair.

Beyond that, of course, my great thanks to the College of Arts and Sciences
for this award--and as I savvy it, we all owe gratitude to our dean, Joe Norman,
and his staff for putting tonight together.

Just to prove that I learned something about historical perspective while I
spent those three years in Smith Hall, I want to point out the vast progress--
from a writer's point of view--that Joe and his awards committee have brought
about since the beginning days of this Puget Sound community and this university.

In a guidebook published in 1875 to encourage settlers into the Puget Sound country, the Board of Immigration of Washington Territory included this warning: "Literary men and loiterers are not wanted, and had better keep away."

Luckily I didn't know Washington's persnickety past when I applied to the UW history department in 1966, as a 27-year-old magazine editor in suburban Chicago, with a couple of degrees in journalism but nothing more than an undergraduate minor in history. It turned out that neither the ^U Dub nor I quite knew what we were getting into, with each other. The history department discovered it had let in a guy who was a voracious reader, although not necessarily in the fields of history he was supposed to be concentrating on, and who, when he was supposed to be mired eyesocket-deep in a dissertation, was turning out whimsical articles for the Seattle Times Sunday Magazine on things like ferryboats.

For my part, I had not foreseen Vernon Carstensen. His seminar on the American frontier was about half Chatauqua show on the odd impulses of settlers when they were turned loose on this continent--I remember that whichever student drew the topic of frontier transportation for his or her seminar paper ^{always} had to fend with Vernon's avid questions about the U.S. Army's experiments with camels in the Southwest--and about half intellectual festival of the American land system, and how our patterns on the land shape us. It may not be purely coincidental, after Vernon (Carstensen) got ahold of me, that my book Dancing at the Rascal Fair has in it a map of a homestead township explaining the distinctive back-and-forth numbering system of the three dozen mile-square sections of land--probably the only modern novel to make that boast.

(Carstensen)

I regret that Vernon ^A couldn't be here tonight, because of ill health, but he's been such a longtime habitue of this faculty club that my hunch is, anything said within these walls transmits itself to him--and so, I think he knows I give him a passing grade. And while I'm handing them out to history profs, also to Otis Pease and Lew Saum, both of whom I was a teaching assistant for, and to Bob Burke and Tom Hankins for enduring me in their field courses--and to the departed figure who still ~~knicks~~ bicycles blithely across the quadrangles of our minds, Giovanni Costigan.

Lest we forget, as Dr. Costigan's ~~opposite~~ prominent opposition to the Vietnam War reminds us, those were fraught years; as an Air Force Reserve member who had been called to active duty during the Cuban missile crisis in '62, I have to say that I am one history major who doesn't regret the passing of the narrow misses of the Cold War, whatever lies ahead now.

I had two final surprises for the history department, after it kindly let me in and managed to put up with me as a somewhat idiosyncratic literary-leaning history student: I did the Ph.D. as swiftly as possible, in just three years-- but then I never went away. It turned out that Carol has been the professor in our family, at Shoreline College, and that I've hung around Suzzallo Library and the rest of campus, ransacking books to write more books. It's been a good neighborhood for me and my work; and ^{so I'm glad} ~~thanks to~~ the College of Arts and Sciences ~~for saying, tonight, that it~~ hasn't minded having us around.

DINNER for IVAN DOIG
Friday, September 18, 1992
Official Residence
7:30 for 8:00 p.m.

Ivan and Carol Doig

Emil and Thea Skodon, Consul General
Anne Callaghan, Consul (Public Affairs)

Bill and Janet Grono, (Bill is a writer, critic, editor of the Fremantle Arts Review, and lecturer at Edith Cowan University)

Julie and John Lewis, (Julie is a short story writer, biographer, and member of the Literature Board of the Australia Council)

Mudrooroo Nyoongah and Mari Rhydwen, (Mudrooroo is a poet and lecturer at Murdoch University)

Vernon Carstensen, 84, UW history professor

Vernon Carstensen, 84, a professor emeritus of history at the University of Washington and an international authority on American Western social history, died Tuesday at his Seattle home after a long illness.

"Vernon made a distinguished contribution to the three universities where he spent most of his academic life," said Charles R. Strother, professor emeritus of psychiatry and behavioral sciences at the UW. He "played an important role in establishing the archives of the University of Washington."

Said Ivan Doig, a former student of the professor: "He quilted the field of Western history with his students who became scholars. Nobody who was ever prodded by Vernon to think about our patterns on this land could ever quite quit thinking about them."

Professor Carstensen was the author or editor of numerous books on history, often specializing in agricultural history and the history of the schools where he worked.

He was born in Cherokee County, Iowa, and graduated

from Iowa State Teachers College and received a master's degree and a Ph.D. from the State University of Iowa.

He taught at Central Washington State College (now Central Washington University) and the University of Wisconsin before joining the UW faculty in 1964. He retired in 1975.

Professor Carstensen was a member of numerous historical societies and professional organizations.

He is survived by his wife, Jeannette Davies Sogge Carstensen of Seattle; two sons, Peter

Christian Carstensen of Madison, Wis., and Fred V. Carstensen of Bloomfield, Conn.; two stepsons, Eric Sogge of Portland and David Sogge of Amsterdam, the Netherlands; a stepdaughter, Ellen Sogge Henderson of Seattle; five grandchildren; three step-grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

A memorial service will be held at 2 p.m. Sunday at the UW Faculty Club. Remembrances may be sent to the Washington State Historical Society or the Wisconsin History Foundation.

The Family Acknowledges with Gratitude your
Presence at this Gathering

Jeanette Carstensen

Peter and Carol Carstensen
University of Wisconsin, Madison

Fred and Mildred Carstensen
University of Connecticut, Storrs

Eric and Deborah Sogge
Portland, Oregon

David Sogge and Florrie de Pater
Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Homer and Ellen Henderson
Seattle

Five Grandchildren

Three Step-Grandchildren

One Great Granddaughter

Sisters and Brother in Iowa
Edna Carstensen
Elvira Koski
Ruth Youtz
Louis Carstensen

REMEMBERING

VERNON CARSTENSEN

1907 - 1992

A Gathering of Friends, Colleagues and Family

Faculty Club

University of Washington

Seattle

Sunday, November 8, 1992
2 P.M.

VERNON CARSTENSEN

BORN

December 28, 1907
Cherokee County, Iowa

MARRIED

Mary B. Hill (d. 1971)
Jeanette Davies Sogge

FIELDS

History of the American West
Environmental History
Agricultural History
History of American Higher Education

CAREER

Central Washington University, Ellensburg
1935-1943

University of Wisconsin, Madison
1945-1964

University of Washington, Seattle
1964-1975

Chair, Faculty Senate, 1970 - 1971

DIED

October 20, 1992 in Seattle, Washington

Internment Jackson County, Iowa where
Vernon Carstensen's family homesteaded in the 1850s

Remarks and Reminiscences

Dauril Alden, Professor, Department of History
Presiding

Richard Johnson, Chair and Professor
Department of History

Richard White, Professor, Department of History

Ivan Doig, Novelist, Essayist

William Sampson, Retired
University of Alberta

Henry Ladd Smith
Professor Emeritus, Communications

Charles R. Strother, Professor Emeritus, Psychology

Arthur Bestor,
Professor Emeritus, History

Peter Carstensen, Professor of Law,
University of Wisconsin,
Madison

Sonos Chamber Players

Germaine Morgan
Lise Mann
Bryan Houghten

Cello
Flute
Violin

(Nov. 8, 1982, Vernon Carstensen remembrance service)

In the spirit of Vernon in seminar, the time has come to talk of such things as mumpsimus, frass, and the camels.

As could be the case with Vernon, these were three different but equally intriguing topics. Take that splendid dog-Latin word, mumpsimus, whose definition Vernon took delight in reciting--an idea firmly and wrongly held. I can no longer single out for you, from the mists of 1966 when I found myself in Vernon's American West seminar, just which historical figure or contemporary politician was catching Vernon's bemused ire at the moment--

but whoever it was, he of course deserved to be served up by Vernon to us as the exact example of somebody with a raging case of mumpsimus.

And frass--the great frass incident. It occurred when I was one of Vernon's teaching assistants in his Westward Movement course for undergraduates. When we graded the midterm exams, one of the TAs--more innovative than I was--devised the shortcut of commenting on the students' answers by simply writing in the margin, "~~This is~~ BS." Not unexpectedly, a student took her paper, with that in it, to Vernon.

At his next week's meeting with the TA's, Vernon dissected our BS-wieldi colleague
unforgettably. First of all, Vernon unequivocally agreed with the offended student--
the students deserved better commentary than that. Second, Vernon pointed out to
the now-sweating TA what an interesting and early turn it would have been in his
academic career if that student had been the niece or nephew of, say, a regent.
And finally, Vernon delivered, the TA ought to have known that if a grading comment
of that tenor was called for, for God's sake don't use the word BS, use the word
frass--which anyone of any mental capacity at all knows means insect excrement.

As for the camels--those damn animals would haunt whichever of us was unlucky enough to draw "Transportation and the Frontier" as the topic for a seminar paper. You'd be trying to figure out toll roads and railroads and all else, with the merest speck of footnote somewhere in your mind that the US Army once briefly tried out camels in the ~~American~~ Southwest, and Vernon's first question to you about your assemblage of references would be an enthusiastic, "Hey, what about the camels?"

3 min. to here

Well, hey--what about Vernon, in our lives. In my case, I came to see a capacity in Vernon from what I hope was a rare, if not singular, vantage point among his graduate students--he and I split apart, for a few years. My dissertation did it. I think both of us were radically surprised--Vernon at having a dissertation writer whose main interest seemed to be flights of language, me at having a dissertation advisor busily editing my also's into moreover's. We were mutually perturbed, and found ourselves in labyrinths with each other where we didn't really want to be--

6

probably the single most interesting page of my dissertation was on a draft where Vernon ended up editing himself, vigorously scratching out whatever marginal comment to me he'd been incited to and putting down instead, "This was too harsh."

But we both gritted, and got me through ~~to~~ to the degree, and a few years down the line reached the point where, as stories of this sort go, we laugh about it and forgive and forget. But no, we never did laugh about that; and while Vernon and I both forgave and thoroughly reconciled, neither of us forgot, either. And right there is one among 26 years' worth of reasons why I prized Vernon Carstensen. He played for keeps.

His omnivorous interest, in how things were done and how they ought to be, was a marvelous passion. A little more than a year ago, one of the times I was dropping by to see how he was faring against the emphysema, I was alarmed at his constant oxygen hose--until he led me into the living room, sat me down, and immediately said, "Hey, does George Bush have such contempt for this country as to nominate Clarence Thomas for the Supreme Court?" That was Vernon--I think we all hear him, in the echoes of our minds, ^{cheering} ~~about~~ the electoral outcome of last Tuesday--that was Vernon, his essential passion intact about what he himself once happily wrote of as this country's "vast and intricate story."

(intro to reading @ Village Books, Bellingham, Oct. 30 '92)

So, it all began there, 15 years ago, in the title section of my first book--and tonight is a kind of ~~/~~world premiere of the second time around, ~~/~~for This House of Sky. I can't think of a better bookstore to be doing this at, because in approximately the same period as This House of Sky's career, Dee and Chuck Robinson and their staff have built this into a world-class bookstore. Chuck is ~~not here tonight~~ ^{just back} because he's ~~away~~ ^{from} at a meeting of the American Booksellers Association, of which he is the president. I don't know how generally it's known, here locally, that Chuck Robinson is the high mucky-muck of all booksellers in America--but whatever the rest of us do with the rest of the country in the next few days, the booksellers chose the right President.

Tonight is actually a double celebration for me. Of ~~this~~ This House of Sky being re-published in hardback--which pleases me so much that I almost forgive the publisher for not keeping ~~the~~ ^{with readers} hardback copies available all these years of the book's robust career; almost. And of finishing the manuscript of my next book, the sister book to This House of Sky, to be called Heart Earth. That news is fresh--my editor doesn't even know it yet--so don't be blabbing it around New York until he gets a copy of the manuscript next week, okay? I'd like to read a bit from both, because while they are different stories, different kinds of book, they both do dance along those brainwalls between memory and dream.

First, then, from This House of Sky, the opening of the third chapter, called Lady--the beginning of my grandmother's story in the American West.

Now, to Heart Earth. / It is the spring of 1945, the last spring of World War Two, and the child on the train has become 31 years old, and the mother of me. A few quick pieces of backdrop you need--

--the reason my grandparents made that move to Montana was because of my mother's asthma. She led a vigorous, almost daring life when ~~at~~ the asthma ^{ing} wasn't bother^{ing} her, but whenever an attack did hit, she had it terribly. This scene takes place just after my family had tried Arizona for a winter, to see how much that would help her.

--my grandmother by this time had left my grandfather, and is cooking on a ranch near the Crazy Mountains in Montana, for an old Norwegian widower, who is ~~referred~~ referred to here as "the Norskie."

--The section begins with a short line from one of my mother's letters to her sailor brother--my uncle Wally, who is on a destroyer off Okinawa at this point of the war. And my other uncle, Paul, is briefly mentioned--he's in the ~~xxx~~ army in Australia. It's these letters to my uncle on the destroyer, that at last found their way to me a few years ago, which made this new book possible. The only letters of my mother's I've ever had--giving a look at my family at its pivotal point just before This House of Sky begins--and so it is ^{these} lines from her that have given me a way to imagine back into that time. This first deliberate dream from Heart Earth:

<u>Expenses</u> --	cabfares, Australia @.773 U.S.	
8.50	United Yellow \$11 (receipt)	
7.73	Taxis Combined, Sydney @ \$10 (receipt)	
14.69	taxi from Sydney airport @ \$19	
6.18	Sept. 15	
15.46	Sept. 22, Melbourne	
8.50	Sept. 22, Adelaide	
3.10	Sept. 21	
<u>64.16</u>		\$ 64.16

<u>Expenses</u> --	film and developing	
85.01	film, Bartells (receipt)	
36.52	film developing, Bartells (10/14 Visa)	
<u>121.53</u>		121.53

<u>Expenses</u> --	Postage	
3.25	Copy and Mail fax (receipt)	
13.57	U.S. Postal Service, Bitter Lake (receipt)	
83.00	books mailed to Wellington	
50.00	"	
9.60	NZ postage	
6.10	AUS postage	
<u>165.52</u>		165.52

<u>Expenses</u> --	books	
22.31	University Bookshop, Dunedin @ 40.60 NZ (Visa)	
75.53	" " , Nedlands @ \$102.70 AUS (Visa)	
11.13	" " , Canterbury NZ @ \$19.95 NZ (receipt)	
31.38	" " @ \$40.60 Aus (receipt)	
<u>140.35</u>		140.35

<u>Expenses</u> -	miscellaneous	
11.16	Internatl Antarctic Centre, Canterbury @ \$20NZ	
1.11	Waikato Museum of Art and History @ \$2	
10.86	David Jones, Sydney. Drugs @ \$14.75 AUS (Visa)	
.77	Birks Chemists, Melbourne. antacid @ \$1 Aus	
2.00	SeaTac Parking, 9/24 w/ Rodens	
8.40	newspapers: trip total	
20.00	Visa photographs, Kinkos	
22.32	NZ departure tax @ \$40	
30.92	AUS departure tax	
4.25	cleaning	
1.15	airport locker, Sept. 13	
3.10	museum admission, Sept. 18	
<u>116.04</u>		116.04

Total expenses excluding gifts \$5,557.54

All figures in U.S. dollars calculated at .558NZ and .773 AUS

Expenses -- gifts

40.06	Wool, Warp & Weft, Hamilton NZ (Visa) Carol's hat & scarf.
14.50	Ivan's knitted hat @ \$26 NZ (receipt)
54.20	Top Hatters, Perth @ \$74.50 Aus. Ivan's Akubra (Visa)
27.00	Aboriginal Gallery, Melbourne. Boam nut a \$35 Aus (receipt)
11.16	4 small hardwood doorstops. Christchurch street mkt @ \$20 NZ (receipt)
16.04	postcards -- trip total (\$8.37NZ +7.67 AUS)
\$ 162.96	

Australia-New Zealand USIA cultural program
income/expenses

\$ 3,699. per diem (incl \$100 ea misc & educ)
818. program days honorarium
4,517 TOTAL from USIA except Ivan's airline tickets

Expenses - Carol's Airfare (all Visa)

1,643 United Airlines international fares
128.47 Air New Zealand
140.68 Ansett New Zealand
1,025.92 Ansett Australia
\$ 2,938.07 \$2,938.07

Expenses -- Accommodations and Meals (Visa)

224.58 Melbourne Parkroyal
52.23 Eastwood Manor, Hamilton NZ
232.55 Centra, Auckland NZ
86.65 Noahs Hotel, Christchurch NZ
182.21 Hotel Raffaele, Wellington NZ
62.53 Cargills, Dunedin NZ
102.94 Wharf Restaurant, Sydney
300.22 Hyde Park Plaza, Sydney
96.04 Pavilion, Canberra
255.64 Quality Langley, Perth
16.01 Quality Langley
239.71 Terrace Adelaide
41.47 Simons Seafood Restaurant, Perth
\$ 1,892.78 \$1,892.78

Expenses -- non-Visa meals & accommodation

55.80 Lee Ridges B&B, Outram NZ (receipt)
\$100 NZ @ .558
6.24 Coles, Melbourne (receipt)
5.80 Eliza Blue's, Sydney (receipt)
10.44 Fast Eddy's, Adelaide (receipt)
15.70 Cheers, Auckland (receipt)
25.11 Larnoch Castle lunch
119.09 \$ 119.09

GUEST LIST
RECEPTION, Wednesday, September 16, 1992
6:30 - 7:30 p.m.
(21)

HOST: Ambassador Mel Sembler

GUEST OF HONOR: Dr. Ivan Doig & Mrs. Doig (Carol)

GUESTS:

Mr. Ian Templeman
Assistant Director/National Library of Australia

Mr. Ron Miller & Ms. Millea (Jenny)
University of Canberra

Mr. Colin Steele & Mrs. Steele (Anna)
Library/Australian National University

Mr. John Thompson & Ms. Chalker (Margaret)
National Library

Dr. John Lake
Executive Officer/Australian American Educational Foundation

Dr. Richard Pascal & Mrs. Pascal
Dept. of English/ANU unconfirmed

Mr. Paul Lynham
ABC-7:30 Report/Parliamentary Press Gallery possibility

Mr. Stephen Matthews & Ms. Seaman (Heide)
Manager/ANU Bookshop

Embassy:
Mr. Guy Farmer & Mrs. Farmer (Consuelo)
Public Affairs Officer/USIS

Mr. William Bach
Cultural Affairs Officer/USIS

Ms. Noeline Milson
Cultural Affairs Specialist/USIS

Mrs. Marlene McCord
Ambassador's Special Assistant/Attache

Lounge Suit

Dinner in Honor of Dr. & Mrs. Ivan Doig
Wednesday, September 16
at 7:30 p.m.

Venue: 1 Tennyson Crescent
FORREST ACT 2603

Hosts: Mr. & Mrs. William Bach
Cultural Affairs Officer
U.S. Information Service

Guests: Dr. and Mrs. Ivan Doig

Mr. & Mrs. Guy Farmer
Counselor for Public Affairs
U.S. Information Service

Dr. John Lake
Executive Director
Australian American Educational Foundation

Ms. Noeline Milson
Cultural Affairs Specialist
U.S. Information Service

Perth Schedule
for
Mr. IVAN DOIG

Thursday, September 17

4.50pm Arrive Perth from Canberra/Melbourne, Ansett flight 27
Program Officer Anne Callaghan to meet and escort to hotel.

Accommodation has been reserved at the Quality Langley
Hotel, 221 Adelaide Terrace, Perth. Tel: (09) 221-1200.
(Rate: AU\$85.00 per night)

Evening free.

Friday, September 18

8:05 Program assistant Robin Surridge will meet in hotel foyer to
escort to ABC Radio studios.

8:15 Interview with Bill Bunbury, host of Radio National's "Talking
History" program. This will be a pre-recorded interview for
national broadcast.

Robin Surridge will escort you to the Consulate following the
interview.

10:00 Interview with Mark Thornton, The West Australian in the
USIS offices.

12:00 Informal lunch at University of Western Australia
Host: Associate Professor Bruce Bennett, Director, Centre for
Studies in Australian Literature.

1:00 Presentation at University of Western Australia, "A Sense of
Place in the American West." Arts Lecture Room 6, Faculty of
Arts Building.

UWA lecture?
Afternoon free. (*Freemantle?*)

7:10 Anne Callaghan will pick up from hotel and escort to Consul
General's residence.

7:30 Cocktails

8:00 Dinner
Guest list attached.

Saturday, September 19
lecture?

Optional tour of Kings Park wildflowers

Sunday, September 20

12:30 Depart hotel for airport

1:45 Depart Perth, Australian Airlines flight 37

5:55 Arrive Adelaide

RN's Social History Unit

The Social History Unit was set up in 1985 in recognition of the increased community interest in history. Through its programs, the unit aims to respond to community interest in history in a wide-ranging way - pursuing different fields which may include anthropology, archaeology, oral and written history biography and heritage in all its aspects.

Talking History

Sunday at 1.30pm and Tuesday at 9.30pm

Talking History is a weekly magazine program which takes a history angle on current events, provides a forum for review of current work in history and takes a critical look at the work of historians, archaeologists and others in the history field.

Word of Mouth

Saturday at 9.45am and Friday at 1.45pm

This series generally presents the unique experience of an individual who tells his or her story as part of the fabric of Australian history. (For example: tales of migrants, bushworkers, etc., which highlight our social history)

Social History Feature

Saturday at 1.30pm and Friday at 9.30pm

These are mostly oral history based documentaries. Programs can range from long historical series such as *The Dutch Connection* (tracing 400 years of Dutch Australian contact), to features such as *Being Aboriginal* (which look at contemporary Aboriginal history, as well as documentaries on recent events and four part series like *I Still Don't Like High Winds* (the long-term legacy of Cyclone Tracy).

WHAT IS RADIO NATIONAL?

Radio National's specialist talk-based programs keep listeners in touch with what's happening in Australia and overseas as well as showcase new and challenging ideas. You can hear debates and discussions on anything from science, health, the environment, law, women, religion and arts, to rural issues, the economy, politics and international affairs, as well as the best news and current affairs coverage in Australia. Radio National broadcasts more than 60 specialist programs across Australia each week - 24 hours a day, every day.

For all Radio National listener enquiries
phone 0055 22990.

WHERE TO FIND RADIO NATIONAL

Adelaide 5RN 729	Brisbane 4RN 792	Canberra 2RN 846
Darwin 8RN 657	Hobart 7RN 585	Melbourne 3RN 621
Newcastle 2RN 1512	Perth 6RN 810	Sydney 2RN 576

and to regional centres throughout Australia.

Apr. '92



RADIO
NATIONAL

ABC
Australian
Broadcasting
Corporation

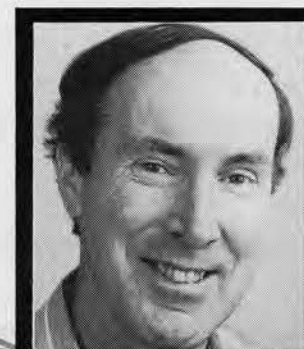
Anniversary
1932-92



RADIO
NATIONAL

'92

PROGRAM
GUIDE



BILL BUNBURY



TIM BOWDEN



DANIEL CONNELL



ROS BOWDEN



STEPHEN RAPLEY

ABC
RADIO

YOUR GUIDE TO SOCIAL HISTORY PROGRAMS

Radio National

• Adelaide 5RN 729 • Brisbane 4RN 792 • Canberra 2RN 846 • Darwin 8RN 657 • Hobart 7RN 585 • Melbourne 3RN 621
• Newcastle 2RN 1512 • Perth 6RN 810 • Sydney 2RN 576 and by satellite to regional centres across Australia +



TIME	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	TIME	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	
6.00 am	DAYBREAK with Richard Ackland and Pru Goward. Australia's only national news & current affairs breakfast program incorporating analysis from specialist program-makers (With ABC NEWS at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30 and 8.00 am; BBC News and Round-Up at 7.35)					6.00 am	SATURDAY NATIONAL (current affairs) Inc NEWS at 7am	SUNDAY BREAKFAST NEWS 6 & 7am / 7.10 am From the British Weeklies	
8.30 am	HEALTH REPORT	LAW REPORT	BUSINESS REPORT	BOOK REPORT	RELIGION REPORT	7.30 am	INDIAN PACIFIC Asian Pacific NEWS & Views	CORRESPONDENTS REPORT	
9.00 am	NEWS					8.00 am	GREEN & PRACTICAL Environmental radio with Amanda Armstrong (Inc NEWS at 8am and 9am)	ENCOUNTER (Religious Documentary) (Inc NEWS at 8am) 8.45am OCKHAM'S RAZOR 9am NEWS 9.10am BACKGROUND BRIEFING (current affairs)	
9.05 am	OFFSPRING with Geraldine Doogue (topical family, parenting & social issues)								
10.00 am	NEWS								
10.05 am	IN THE MIX (popular culture)	PERFORMANCE (theatre, dance and music)	SIGHTINGS (visual arts/crafts)	SCREEN (film, TV & video)	BOOKS & WRITING (literature)				
11.00 am	NEWS								
11.05 am	PARLIAMENT PROGRAM (Political Talkback).	AUSTRALIA TALKS BACK with Sandy McCutcheon, call 008 802 341 to participate							
12 noon	THE COUNTRY HOUR with David Gee (Incl NEWS at 12 noon and 12.30pm)								
1.00 pm	NEWS/ ECONOMICS REPORT/ NOTES ON THE NEWS								
1.30 pm	BEYOND THE BITUMEN (rural issues)								
1.45 pm	Letter from America *	The Week in Film *	Mining & Resources	Ockham's Razor *	Word of Mouth *	9.45 am	WORD OF MOUTH		
2.00 pm	NEWS and AFTERNOON with Sandy McCutcheon (adult education & learning) and NEWS at 3.00pm								
3.05 pm	INSIGHTS*	FICTIONS ENCORE	SPEAKER'S CORNER	INTERNATIONAL PLAYHOUSE	THE SEARCH FOR MEANING*	10.00 am	NEWS	NEWS	
4.00pm	News & Correspondents Report *	4 pm NEWS & Last Night's LATE NIGHT LIVE with Phillip Adams *				10.05 am	THE MUSIC SHOW with Christopher Lawrence	MUSIC FOR PLEASURE with John Cargher	
4.30 pm	THE EUROPEANS *								
5.00 pm	NEWS 5.10pm - INTERNATIONAL REPORT with Helene Chung. International affairs from Radio Australia					12 noon	THE GOONS	THE EUROPEANS (current issues in Europe)	
5.30 pm	KABOOM!! - DRIVING WITH HARMER An offbeat look at the day's events with Wendy Harmer					12.30 pm	NEWS	NEWS	
6.00 pm	NEWS at 6.00pm and PM with Ellen Fanning at 6.10 pm					12.40 pm	THE SCIENCE SHOW with Robyn Williams	REPORT FROM ASIA (from Radio Australia)	
7.00 pm	NEWS					1.00pm		THE FOOD PROGRAM*	
7.15 pm	HEALTH REPORT*	LAW REPORT*	BUSINESS REPORT*	BOOK REPORT*	RELIGION REPORT *	1.30 pm	SOCIAL HISTORY FEATURE	TALKING HISTORY	
7.45 pm	SCIENCE SHOW*	BACKGROUND BRIEFING * (current affairs)	ENCOUNTER * (religious documentary)	THE COMING OUT SHOW* (Women's Issues)	INTERNATIONAL PLAYHOUSE*	2.00 pm	ARTS NATIONAL (inc The Week In Film and NEWS at 2pm and 4pm)	FICTIONS plays & poetry (Inc NEWS at 2pm and 4pm)	
8.30 pm	IN THE MIX*	PERFORMANCE*	SIGHTINGS *	SCREEN *	8.40pm VINYL MUSEUM (Music from the 60s)	4.00 pm	SINGERS OF RENOWN with John Cargher	SUNDAY CONCERT with Ralph Collins	
9.30 pm	INDIAN PACIFIC *	TALKING HISTORY *	OFFSPRING*	OFFSPRING*	SOCIAL HISTORY FEATURE*	5.00 pm	NEWS	NEWS	
10.00 pm	NEWS					5.10 pm	COMING OUT SHOW (Women's issues)	INSIGHTS (religious issues)	
10.10 pm	LATE NIGHT LIVE with Phillip Adams (topical issues covering politics, the economy & cultural affairs)				10.10 pm THE PARLIAMENT PROGRAM 10.40 pm THE FOOD PROGRAM	6.00 pm	NEWS 6.10 pm RADIOGRAM (40's music)	THE SEARCH FOR MEANING With Caroline Jones	
11.05 pm	THE NIGHTLY PLANET with Robyn Johnston (eclectic music)						7.00 pm	NEWS	NEWS
1.00 am to 6 am	RADIO AUSTRALIA OVERNIGHT (News on the hour, current affairs, music and sport)						7.10 pm	LIVE WIRE with Penny Biggins (variety show) Inc NEWS at 8pm	LETTER FROM AMERICA 7.25pm BOOKS & WRITING*
						9.00 pm	ROUND MIDNIGHT Black music with Jaslyn Hall (Incl. news at 9 and 10pm)	8.15 HELICON (literary feature) 10 pm NEWS 10.10pm THE LISTENING ROOM (a radiophonic experience!)	
						Midnight to 6am	RADIO AUSTRALIA OVERNIGHT		

* Alternative listening time

+ For a Traveller's Guide to ABC Radio across Australia, write to ABC Radio Publicity, GPO Box 9994, in your Capital City.



F A C S I M I L E T R A N S M I S S I O N

TO: Robin Surridge
Cultural Affairs Assistant
USIS Perth

Fax: (09) 231-9444

FROM: John Gebbie

DATE: September 17, 1992

SUBJ: AMPART Ivan Doig

MESSAGE:

Robin: Please pass to AMPART Doig following details of an additional Adelaide appointment:

Monday, September 21

0750 Meet with John Gebbie in foyer of Terrace Adelaide Hotel and depart on foot for Radio 5UV, 228 North Terrace.

0815 Live-to-air radio interview with Richard Margetson

0845 Return hotel.
approx

Please also advise AMPART Doig that I will be staying overnight at the Terrace Adelaide on Sunday, September 20, arriving about 8:00 pm. I will contact him later in the evening to confirm following day's arrangements. Thanks.

NUMBER OF PAGES TRANSMITTED, INCLUDING THIS ONE: 1.

IVAN DOIG

Adelaide and Melbourne Programs

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

1755 Arrive Adelaide from Perth via TN-37 with Mrs Doig accompanying. Please take taxi to Terrace Adelaide Hotel, 147 North Terrace. Tel: (08) 217-7552. Rate: Aust. Dols. 135.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

750 mt John for 815 radio interview
1140 Meet in hotel foyer with Cultural Affairs Adviser, John Gebbie, and depart by taxi for Flinders University.

1215 Meet with Dr. Louise Baird, Senior Lecturer in English, Department of American Studies. Venue: Room 384, Social Sciences North. Tel: (08) 201-2269.

1230 Informal discussions over lunch with eight faculty from the Departments of American Studies, English and Drama. No formal presentation is required. (Dr. Baird apologises that your visit coincides with the commencement of a non-teaching period and that in the absence of students and additional faculty, a formal seminar was considered inappropriate). Venue: Flinders University Staff Club.

Note: There may be some media work in Adelaide, both on radio and with the print media. Details will be advised.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

0850 Depart hotel by taxi for Adelaide airport.

0940 Depart Adelaide via AN-28 with Mrs Doig accompanying.

1115 Arrive Melbourne and take taxi to Parkroyal on Little Collins Street, 111 Lt. Collins St. Tel: (03) 659-1000. Rate: Aust. Dols. 150.

1625 Pick-up hotel foyer by USIS Melbourne's Information Assistant Michael Scammell and escorted to ABC Radio 3LO.

1640 Live-to-air interview of approximately 15 minutes duration on the Doug Aiton Show. Venue: ABC Studios, Cnr William and Lonsdale Streets. Tel: 600-0721.

1700 Return hotel.

1945 Pick-up hotel foyer by Michael Scammell and escorted to San Giorgio Restaurant, 139 Cardigan Street, Carlton.

2000 Guest of honor at informal dinner organised by the Victorian Fellowship of Australian Writers and hosted by their President, Mr Jim Hamilton. Format will depend on numbers attending, to be advised. If appropriate for informal presentation, topic requested is "Browning Conrad and other world centers."

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

Free day.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

0930 Depart hotel by taxi for Melbourne airport.

1005 Check-in, Melbourne airport.

1135 Depart Melbourne for Los Angeles via UA-842.

USIS Melbourne Contacts:

Cultural Affairs Adviser John Gebbie.
Tel: (03) 526-5931 wk
(03) 820-1141 hm

Information Assistant Michael Scammell
Tel: (03) 526-5929 wk
(03) 807-4328 hm

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ACTION OFFICE ED-06

INFO TCOC-01 DSO-02 EA-03 E-08 MCBR-04 /024 A3 27

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UNCLAS SECTION 01 OF 02 CANBERRA 08790

USIA

USIA FOR E/DC, C/GBR, EA

E.O. 12356: N/A

SUBJECT: ARTS AMERICA SPEAKER IVAN DOIG - EVALUATION

1. SUMMARY: IVAN DOIG WAS AN EXCELLENT SPEAKER - ARTICULATE, EASYGOING, AND WELL-ORGANIZED. HE MIXED WELL WITH ALL OF HIS AUDIENCES - JOURNALISTS, WRITERS AND ACADEMICS. HIS PRESENTATIONS, ENHANCED BY HIS SKILLED READINGS FROM HIS WORKS, WERE VERY WELL RECEIVED IN AUSTRALIA. DOIG REFLECTED IN PART A CONTINUING ROMANCE WITH THE MYTHOLOGY OF THE AMERICAN WEST. THIS MANIFESTED ITSELF IN THE WARMTH OF THE RECEPTION ACCORDED HIM DURING TWO ON-AIR RADIO INTERVIEWS IN MELBOURNE, INTERSPERSED WITH COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN MUSIC. FOR HIS PART, DOIG WAS A SOLID WORKER AND GREAT AMBASSADOR FOR THE AMERICAN WEST, KEEN TO DISPEL POPULAR IMAGES OF ITS EXCESSES AND FULLY ABLE TO PROVIDE AN ALTERNATIVE ANSWER TO WHAT THE WEST REALLY MEANS TO AMERICANS. END SUMMARY.

2. ALTHOUGH AUSTRALIANS CONSIDER THEMSELVES TO BE KNOWLEDGABLE ABOUT THE UNITED STATES, DOIG WRITES ABOUT AN AMERICA THAT VERY FEW IN AUSTRALIA KNOW OR THINK ABOUT. YET THERE ARE CLEAR PARALLELS BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND WAY OF LIFE DOIG DESCRIBES IN HIS NOVELS AND THOSE OF RURAL AUSTRALIA. DOIG DID A GREAT DEAL TO FURTHER AMERICAN STUDIES IN AUSTRALIA BY FOCUSING ATTENTION ON THESE ASPECTS OF OUR "COMMONALITY."

3. DOIG'S WRITING WAS LARGELY UNKNOWN TO THOSE HE MET AND SEVERAL PEOPLE EXPRESSED DISAPPOINTMENT THAT THEY HAD BEEN UNABLE TO PROCURE A COPY OF HIS WORK FROM LOCAL SOURCES.

4. FROM SEPTEMBER 13 - 24, DOIG UNDERTOOK PROGRAMS IN SYDNEY, CANBERRA, PERTH, ADELAIDE AND MELBOURNE. IN CANBERRA, AMBASSADOR SEMBLER HOSTED A RECEPTION, THAT ENABLED LOCAL WRITERS AND ACADEMICS TO MEET WITH HIM. THE CULTURAL AFFAIRS OFFICER IN CANBERRA HOSTED A DINNER WHICH ALLOWED DOIG TO MEET WITH THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE FULBRIGHT COMMISSION. AT A DINNER AT THE PERTH CONSUL GENERAL'S RESIDENCE, DOIG HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO MEET WEST AUSTRALIAN TIM WINTON, 1991 BOOKER PRIZE WINNER, AS WELL AS OTHER WRITERS AND EDITORS. A CROSS-SECTION OF MELBOURNE'S LITERARY COMMUNITY, INCLUDING TWO OF AUSTRALIA'S MOST SUCCESSFUL NOVELISTS, WAS JUST AS KEEN TO TALK WITH

DOIG, IN THIS CASE OVER AN EXTENDED DINNER HOSTED BY THE VICTORIAN FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIAN WRITERS. FACULTY FROM THE FLINDERS UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA MET WITH DOIG OVER AN EXTENDED LUNCHEON HOSTED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF AMERICAN STUDIES. AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY HE LUNCHEONED WITH A GROUP OF AMERICAN STUDIES FACULTY MEMBERS AND SPOKE ON "THE IDENTITY OF THE AMERICAN WEST."

5. DOIG GAVE PRESENTATIONS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, THE UNIVERSITY OF CANBERRA, THE NATIONAL LIBRARY IN CANBERRA, AND THE AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY IN SYDNEY. AS A RESULT OF DOIG'S TALKS IN SYDNEY, TEACHERS AT BOTH THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY AND AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY EXPRESSED INTEREST IN DEVELOPING COURSES ON AMERICAN WESTERN REGIONAL WRITING. CAROL DOIG, WHO TEACHES A COURSE ON "THE LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN WEST," HAS OFFERED TO SEND USIS SYDNEY A BIBLIOGRAPHY AND RELATED COURSE MATERIALS TO PASS ON TO THE INTERESTED PARTIES.

6. IN ADDITION TO HIS MEDIA INTERVIEWS IN MELBOURNE, DOIG HAD TWO MEDIA INTERVIEWS IN PERTH. HIS RADIO INTERVIEW FOCUSED ON THE USE OF HISTORICAL DATA IN HIS BOOKS, AND WILL BE BROADCAST NATIONALLY ON ABC NATIONAL'S PROGRAM, "TALKING HISTORY." THE SECOND INTERVIEW WITH THE DAILY "WEST AUSTRALIAN" CENTERED ON DOIG'S PERCEPTIONS OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER AND THE PARALLELS WITH THE AUSTRALIAN FRONTIER. IN CANBERRA, HE WAS INTERVIEWED BY THE LITERARY EDITOR OF "THE CANBERRA TIMES," WHICH FEATURED IN THE EDITOR'S COLUMN ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

7. FROM A PROGRAMMING VIEWPOINT, DOIG WAS A JOY. HE IS CONSCIENTIOUS AND HARD-WORKING, GOOD-HUMORED AND BT
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UNCLAS SECTION 02 OF 02 CANBERRA 08790

USIA

USIA FOR E/DC, C/CBR, EA

E. O. 12356: N/A

SUBJECT: ARTS AMERICA SPEAKER IVAN DOIG - EVALUATION

1. SUMMARY: IVAN DOIG WAS AN EXCELLENT SPEAKER - ARTICULATE, EASYGOING, AND WELL-ORGANIZED. HE MIXED FLEXIBLE. HE SPEAKS EXTREMELY WELL, ALWAYS TO THE SUBJECT AND WITHIN THE GUIDELINES SET. DOIG, IN SHORT, HAS AN IDEAL SPEAKER. POST WOULD WELCOME HIM BACK ANY TIME AND HAS NO HESITATION IN RECOMMENDING HIM TO OTHER POSTS.

8. FOR M/CBR: -FINAL ACCVOUNTING (NO USG QUARTERS USED):

DATE	ACTIVITY	HON.	PER DIEM	O'NITE STAY
SEPT 13	ARRIVE	N/A	YES	SYDNEY
SEPT 14	PROGRAM	YES	YES	SYDNEY
SEPT 15	PROGRAM	YES	YES	SYDNEY
SEPT 16	PROGRAM	YES	YES	CANBERRA
SEPT 17	TRAVEL	N/A	YES	PERTH
SEPT 18	PROGRAM	YES	YES	PERTH
SEPT 19	REST	N/A	E/D	PERTH
SEPT 20	TRAVEL	N/A	YES	ADELAIDE
SEPT 21	PROGRAM	YES	YES	ADELAIDE
SEPT 22	PROGRAM	YES	YES	MELBOURNE
SEPT 23	PERSONAL TIME			
SEPT 24	DEPART FOR U. S.			

REGARDS. FARMER

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SEPT 16	PROGRAM	YES	YES	CANBERRA
SEPT 17	TRAVEL	N/A	YES	PERTH
SEPT 18	PROGRAM	YES	YES	PERTH
SEPT 19	REST	N/A	E/D	PERTH
SEPT 20	TRAVEL	N/A	YES	ADELAIDE
SEPT 21	PROGRAM	YES	YES	ADELAIDE
SEPT 22	PROGRAM	YES	YES	MELBOURNE
SEPT 23	PERSONAL TIME			
SEPT 24	DEPART FOR U. S.			

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RUEHPT/AMCONSUL PERTH 0488

-RUEHNZ/AMCONSUL AUCKLAND 9217

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UNCLAS SECTION 01 OF 03 WELLINGTON 03008

USIA

USIA FOR E/DC; M/CDR; INFO EA
AUCKLAND FOR: EBARCLAY

E.O. 12356: N/A

SUBJECT: ARTS AMERICA SPEAKER IVAN DOIG - EVALUATION

REFERENCES: A) WELLINGTON 2610 B) WELLINGTON 01514

PROJECT: NZ-08

1. IN A COMPLETE DEPARTURE FROM ANY OTHER PROGRAMMING WE CAN RECALL HERE, WE TEAMED IVAN DOIG WITH NEW ZEALAND WRITER MAURICE SHADBOLT TO TOUR THE COUNTRY TOGETHER IN WHAT THEY JOKINGLY REFERRED TO AS "THE ROAD SHOW". BETWEEN SEPTEMBER 5 AND 13 THEY VISITED 5 CENTERS GIVING READINGS AND DISCUSSIONS ON "A SENSE OF PLACE" AND "GETTING IT RIGHT IN HISTORICAL FICTION". PUTTING TWO WRITERS TOGETHER BECAUSE THEY BOTH WROTE OF THE "FRONTIER", WHO KNEW EACH OTHERS' WORK BUT HAD NEVER MET, WAS A REAL GAMBLE; A GAMBLE HOWEVER WHICH REALLY WORKED - MUCH TO EVERYONE'S RELIEF!

2. IVAN DOIG'S VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND WAS THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY WE HAVE HAD IN OVER 5 YEARS TO PROGRAM AN AMERICAN WRITER. SEVERAL ATTEMPTS TO RECRUIT A WRITER TO VISIT HAD JUST NOT WORKED OUT BUT THE WAIT WAS WORTH IT. THE QUALITY OF DOIG'S WRITING IS MORE THAN MATCHED BY HIS PERFORMANCE - AND HE AND HIS WIFE CAROL WERE A PLEASURE TO HOST.

3. DOIG AND SHADBOLT FROM THE BEGINNING WERE TOTALLY RELAXED WITH EACH OTHER, SHARING A SENSE OF HUMOR, ALONG WITH MANY ACQUAINTANCES IN COMMON. THEY ALSO COMPLEMENTED EACH OTHER IN THE STYLE AND CONTENT OF THEIR PRESENTATIONS. ALTHOUGH THEY ONLY HAD A DAY TOGETHER BEFORE "THE SHOW GOT ON THE ROAD", THE PRESENTATIONS THEY WORKED OUT TOGETHER DISCUSSING, "A SENSE OF PLACE" (PRIMARILY DOIG'S CHOICE) AND "GETTING IT RIGHT IN HISTORICAL FICTION" (SHADBOLT'S PREFERENCE), WERE AN EXTREMELY EFFECTIVE MELDING OF THEIR JOINT AND RESPECTIVE TALENTS. EACH COVERED BOTH SUBJECTS, MAKING FREQUENT REFERENCE TO THE OTHER'S WORKS, BUT CLEARLY HIGHLIGHTING THEIR INDIVIDUAL SKILLS AND PREFERENCES. DOIG, THE BETTER READER, SELECTED PASSAGES FROM HIS TRILOGY WHICH DEMONSTRATED HOW HE BUILT UP CHANGING VISIONS AND PERSPECTIVES OF A PLACE BY UTILIZING LANGUAGE OF A TIME (AND THAT PLACE) --- THE HOPES AND DREAMS OF THEIR FUTURE LIVES IN MONTANA AS EXPRESSED BY THE MCCASKILL BROTHERS AS THEY LEFT THE RIVER CLYDE LAST CENTURY - TO THE REALITIES OF LIFE FOR THE MONTANA RANCHER OF THE 1960'S, DEPICTED IN THE

JOURNALIST RILEY'S DESCRIPTION OF "THE TWILIGHT OF THE RANCHER" "FROM A LIFE SPENT UNDER A STETSON, HE HAS HIS DIVIDED MIND WRITTEN ON HIS FOREHEAD". DREAMS AND REALITIES WHICH WERE/ARE VERY MUCH PART OF NEW ZEALAND'S COLONIZATION AND DEVELOPMENT AS WELL.

BECAUSE HIS PARTICULAR BENT IS HISTORICAL FICTION, INSPIRED BY WHAT HE SAW AS A SCARCITY OF 19TH CENTURY NEW ZEALAND LITERATURE, SHADBOLT WAS DEFINITELY MORE AT HOME DISCUSSING HIS APPROACH TO ACHIEVING HISTORICAL ACCURACY IN WRITING FICTION - AND, INDEED, WHEN TOTAL ACCURACY IS NOT SO IMPORTANT. WHAT HE LACKED IN POETRY, SHADBOLT MORE THAN MADE UP FOR IN HIS DISCUSSIONS OF LITERARY HISTORY.

4. FROM POST'S PERSPECTIVE, THIS PROGRAM WAS ALSO SIGNIFICANT IN THAT IT INTRODUCED NEW ZEALANDERS TO AN ASPECT OF AMERICAN "REGIONAL" WRITING OF WHICH THE MAJORITY HERE IS UNAWARE. IN A COUNTRY WHERE WRITING OF THE "WEST" IS THOUGHT OF AS ROUGHLY THE LITERARY EQUIVALENT OF HOLLYWOOD WESTERNS, DOIG'S VISIT OPENED A GOOD MANY MINDS TO WHAT IS BECOMING A DISTINCTIVE TREND IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. WE VIEWED DOIG'S VISIT THEREFORE WAS A VERY TIMELY AND APT ADJUNCT TO OUR EFFORTS TO BOOST THE TERTIARY-LEVEL AMERICAN STUDIES PROGRAMS IN NEW ZEALAND. AMERICAN LITERATURE IS A MAJOR COMPONENT OF THE COUNTRY'S ONLY TWO AMSTUDS DEPARTMENTS. DOIG'S ADDRESSES AT BOTH WAIKATO UNIVERSITY IN HAMILTON AND THE UNIVERSITY OF CANTERBURY IN CHRISTCHURCH WERE SPECIFICALLY INTENDED FOR AMLIT STUDENTS AND FACULTY AND WERE ATTENDED BY MANY ENROLLED IN THE AMSTUDS COURSES.

5. PROGRAM/ITINERAY:

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RUEHPT/AMCONSUL PERTH 0489

RUEHNZ/AMCONSUL AUCKLAND 9218

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USIA

USIA FOR E/DC; M/CDR; INFO EA

AUCKLAND FOR: EBARCLAY

E.O. 12356: N/A

SUBJECT: ARTS AMERICA SPEAKER IVAN DOIG - EVALUATION

THIS WAS A VERY FULL PROGRAM WHICH BASICALLY TOOK "THE ROAD SHOW" FROM ONE END OF THE COUNTRY TO THE OTHER, VISITING AUCKLAND, HAMILTON, WELLINGTON, CHRISTCHURCH AND DUNEDIN. PUBLIC LECTURES WERE ARRANGED IN EACH CITY, WITH ADDITIONAL ADDRESSES TO AMLIT. CLASSES AND FACULTY MEMBERS AT WAIKATO UNIVERSITY (HAMILTON) AND THE UNIVERSITY OF CANTERBURY (CHRISTCHURCH). NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWS WITH DOIG WERE SCHEDULED IN ALL CITIES BAR HAMILTON BUT THERE HE AND SHADBOLT JOINED FORCES FOR AN HOUR-LONG STINT ON A LIVE RADIO SHOW. BY ALL ACCOUNTS BOTH ENJOYED THE EXPERIENCE, PARTICULARLY AS THE HOST WAS WELL-INFORMED, LEADING THE LIVELY DISCUSSION THROUGH QUESTIONS ABOUT BOTH WRITERS' WORK, TO A COMPARATIVE HISTORY OF NATIVE AMERICANS IN THE U.S. AND THE MAORI IN NEW ZEALAND. DOIG ALSO GAVE ANOTHER SUBSTANTIAL INTERVIEW ON NATIONAL RADIO THE NEXT DAY IN WELLINGTON. SEVERAL IN THE AUDIENCE AT THE PUBLIC LECTURE ATTENDED AFTER HEARING THAT INTERVIEW.

REPRESENTATIONAL DINNERS HOSTED BY PAO AND APAO RESPECTIVELY WERE ARRANGED IN WELLINGTON AND AUCKLAND, WHERE THE RESTAURANT PRINTED A SPECIAL FEATURING THE PROGRAM'S CARTOON "LOGO". BOTH WERE ATTENDED BY PROMINENT WRITERS, ACADEMICS, AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BOOK COUNCIL, PEN, PENGUIN BOOKS AND LITERARY FUNDING ORGANIZATIONS.

6. AUDIENCES:

AUDIENCES WERE VERY RESPONSIVE TO DOIG AND SHADBOLT, FREELY ASKING QUESTIONS FOLLOWING EACH ADDRESS. ATTENDANCE AT ALL PUBLIC LECTURES INCLUDED WRITERS (INCLUDING SEVERAL OF THE COUNTRY'S BEST-KNOWN FICTION WRITERS), ACADEMICS, STUDENTS, THE MEDIA, PUBLISHERS, BOOK FESTIVAL ORGANIZERS, HEADS OF LITERARY FUNDING AND ADMINISTRATION ORGANIZATIONS, AND BOOK LOVERS/READERS IN GENERAL. NUMBERS VARIED BETWEEN 30 AND 60. IN ALL, THE PAIR MADE EIGHT PUBLIC PRESENTATIONS AND GAVE SEVEN INTERVIEWS.

7. ORGANIZATION AND CO-SPONSORSHIP:

WE WERE VERY PLEASED TO HAVE THE FINANCIAL AND ADMINISTRATIVE CO-SPONSORSHIP OF THE NEW ZEALAND BOOK COUNCIL FOR THIS PROGRAM. THE COUNCIL HAS A NATIONAL ADMINISTRATOR AND COUNTRY-WIDE NETWORK OF BRANCHES

WHICH ORGANIZED ALL THE PUBLIC LECTURES. THIS CONSIDERABLY EASED OUR BURDEN AT A TIME WHEN CIRCUMSTANCES CONSPIRED TO LEAVE US WITH MINIMAL STAFFING AND A HEAVY PROGRAMMING SCHEDULE. WHILE SUCH AN ARRANGEMENT IS NOT ALWAYS PRACTICABLE, WITH EVER-SHRINKING PROGRAMMING BUDGETS, WE WILL CONTINUE TO SEEK OUT SUCH OPPORTUNITIES.

8. MEDIA COVERAGE/PUBLICITY:

DOIG WAS VERY HAPPY TO TALK WITH AN REPORTER/RADIO HOST HE WAS ASKED TO MEET. ALL BAR ONE OF THE NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWS HE GAVE HAVE RESULTED IN ARTICLES, ALL IN THE MAJOR DAILIES - THE OTHER IS STILL PENDING. COPIES OF LL WILL BE POUCHED TO E/DC.

A FIRST AGAIN FR THIS PROGRAM, WE COMMISSIONED ONE OF THE CONTRY'S BEST KNOWN CARTOONISTS TO PRODUCE A DISTINCTIVE SKETCH OF DOIG AND SHADBOLT WHICH WAS USE ON THE COVER OF OUR LIBRARY PUBLICATION AND IN LL SUBSEQUENT TOUR PROMOTION. THIS PROVED TO BE A GREAT SUCCESS FOR VERY LITTLE COST, AS WELL AS A FINE TRIP MEMENTO FOR THE DOIG'S.

WE WERE ALSO APPRECIATIVE OF THE SUPPORT GIVEN BY PENGUIN BOOKS IN NEW ZEALAND WHICH ORDERED A SPECIAL SHIPMENT OF DOIG'S (AND SHADBOLT'S) BOOKS - FOR SALE AT THE PUBLIC EVENTS AND FOR PRESENTATION.

BACKGROUND MATERIAL, PHOTOGRAPHS ARTICLES AND REVIEWS PROVIDED BY E/DC WERE OF EXCELLENT QUALITY AND WELL-USED IN PUBLICITY AND OTHER PREPARATION FOR THE PROGRAM.

9. AS ONE JOURNALIST NOTED IN HIS ARTICLE, "DOIG IS A

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RUEHBN/AMCONSUL MELBOURNE 0131
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RUEHNZ/AMCONSUL AUCKLAND 9219
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UNCLAS SECTION 03 OF 03 WELLINGTON 03008

USIA

USIA FOR E/DC; M/CDR; INFO EA
AUCKLAND FOR: EBARCLAY

E. O. 12356: N/A
SUBJECT: ARTS AMERICA SPEAKER IVAN DOIG - EVALUATION

COURTEOUS AND FRIENDLY MAN, SOFTLY AND SLOWLY
SPOKEN.... FIRST IMPRESSIONS ARE NOT JUST OF A WRITER
FROM MONTANA, U. S., BUT OF A WRITER WHO SEEMS
INFATUATED WITH, OBSESSED BY, LOCKED INTO, MONTANA".
BESIDES BEING MONTANA'S HONORARY ENVOY, HE IS ALSO A
FIRST CLASS AMBASSADOR FOR THE BEST OF AMERICAN
LITERATURE AND FOR USIA. WE WOULD UNRESERVEDLY
RECOMMEND HIM TO OTHER POSTS FOR PROGRAMMING.

10. FOR M. CDR: FINAL ACCOUNTING:

DATE	ACTIVITY	HON.	PER DIEM	CITY	QUARTERS
SEPT. 5	ARR.	NONE	POST	AUCKLAND	OTHER
SEPT. 6	REST	NONE	E/DC	AUCKLAND	OTHER
SEPT. 7	PROG.	DUE	POST	HAMILTON	OTHER
SEPT. 8	PROG.	DUE	POST	WELLINGTON	OTHER
SEPT. 9	PROG.	DUE	POST	WELLINGTON	OTHER
SEPT. 10	PROG.	DUE	POST	CHRISTCHURCH	OTHER
SEPT. 11	PROG.	DUE	POST	DUNEDIN	OTHER
SEPT. 12	REST	NONE	E/DC	DUNEDIN	OTHER
SEPT. 13	DEP.	NONE	N/A.	BARNES	

BT
#3008

UNCLASSIFIED

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11:

- 0900 Ivan and Carol Doig, Maurice Shadbolt and Bill Barnes depart Christchurch for Dunedin via AN-839.
- 0945 Arrive Dunedin. Pick up rental car at airport.
- Accommodation:
Cargills Motor Inn, 678 George Street, Dunedin.
Tel: (03) 477-7983. Room rate: NZ\$90.00 (Incl. GST).
- Dunedin program is co-hosted by the local branch of PEN New Zealand. Paula Boock from PEN, will contact everyone at the hotel.
- 1130 Interview (Ivan Doig) with Ms. Charmien Smith, Features Writer, "The Otago Daily Times" - at Cargills).
- 1930 Presentation with Maurice Shadbolt to public audience at The Upstage Cellars Bar, Provincial Hotel, Stafford St.
Topic: Discussion and readings to the theme of:
"A Sense of Place".
Contact and Host: Paula Boock, writer, Secretary of PEN (Dunedin), member of Writers in Schools Scheme, Book Council member.
Tel: (03) 477-0355 (wk.); (03) 464-0054 (Res.)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12:

- Day free for sightseeing.
- 0825 Bill Barnes return to Wellington via AN-804 (Travelling via Christchurch, arrives Wellington at 1040.)
- 1020 Maurice Shadbolt departs for Auckland via AN-840. (Arr. Auckland at 1.05pm).
- A home/farmstay is being arranged for Ivan and Carol Doig:
- Stay at:
"Lee Ridges", Hindon, R.D. 2, Outram. Tel: (03) 489-1477.
NZ\$100.00 per night (couple) - includes Dinner, B & B.
(Map etc. attached).

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13:

- Rental car to be returned to Dunedin Airport.
- 0810 Depart Dunedin for Christchurch via NZ-508.
- 0855 Arrive Christchurch.
- Day free for sightseeing.
- 1600 Check in at Christchurch International Airport.
- 1800 Depart Christchurch for Sydney via QA-46.
Departure tax: NZ\$20.00 each.

Outram, Dunedin

Farmstay

Address "Lee Ridges",
Hindon, RD2, Outram

Name Bruce and Nola Dick

Telephone (03) 489 1477

Beds: 4 Single (2 bedrooms, guest bathroom); larger groups accommodated by arrangement

Tariff: B&B ~~Double \$60, Single \$45, Dinner \$10~~ \$100 - Dinner, B & B. Double

Nearest Town: 40 km west from Dunedin, Mosgiel 25 km.

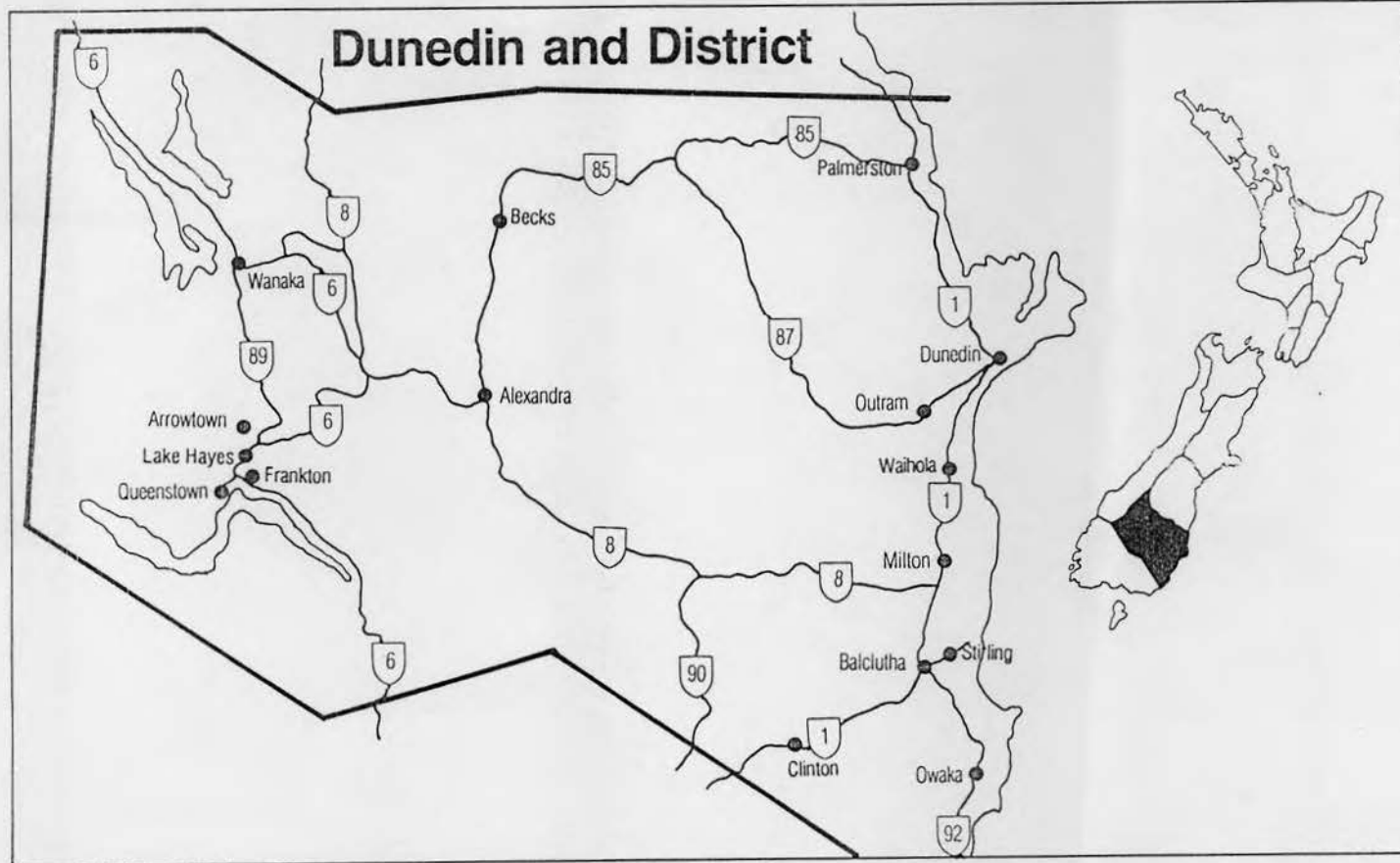


Our 560-acre sheep farm offers you the opportunity to experience "everyday" rural New Zealand. At 1300 ft above sea level we have a panoramic view of surrounding countryside.

Our near-new home has a guest bedroom and games room upstairs. Electric blankets and heaters in all rooms. A warm welcome awaits you.

Bruce always willing to take interested people around the farm. Nola accustomed to cooking for guests - "Lee Ridges lamb" a speciality. Wine or non-alcoholic drinks served with dinner. We have two daughters at university, a son at boarding school, and a daughter at home. Also a variety of pets, including one indoor cat.

Directions: Travelling south from Dunedin turn off State Highway 1 into Mosgiel and towards Outram on State Highway 87. Cross over Taieri River (1 km before Outram), at end of bridge turn right into George King Memorial Drive. Continue on tar-sealed road 15 km. We are second house on left after Lee Stream Gorge.



DUNEDIN DISTRICT

A Special Adventure in Frontier Fiction

Ivan Doig and Maurice Shadbolt

Ride New Zealand Together

You know Shadbolt; now you can meet Doig. USIS and the New Zealand Book Council are arranging for these two major figures in frontier fiction to join forces and tour New Zealand's top five cities in early September.

The Los Angeles Times says Ivan Doig's "language begins in Western territory and experience but in the hands of an artist it touches all landscape and all life."

The public libraries of Auckland, North Shore, Hamilton, Wellington, Lower Hutt, Christchurch and Dunedin all carry Doig's work.

You are invited to meet and hear Ivan Doig and Maurice Shadbolt discuss and present readings at the following places:

AUCKLAND: Monday, September 7 at 1.00pm
Auckland Public Library, Lorne Street, Auckland.
Topic: "A Sense of Place"

For information call:
Barbara Birkbeck, Auckland Public Library. Tel: (09) 377-0209; or
Elsbeth Barclay, American Center. Tel: (09) 373-3135.

HAMILTON: Monday, September 7 at 6.15pm
Chartwell Library, Lyndon Court, Chartwell.
Topic: "Getting Things Right in Historical Fiction"

For information call:
Sue Pick, Chartwell Library. Tel: (07) 838-6844.

WELLINGTON: Wednesday, September 9 at 1.00pm
The BP Theatre, Johnston Street.
Topic: "A Sense of Place"

For information call:
Philippa Christmas, New Zealand Book Council. Tel: (04) 499-1569; or
Caryl Kirwan, U.S. Information Service. Tel: (04) 472-2068.

CHRISTCHURCH: Thursday, September 10 at 7.30pm
Canterbury Public Library, Cnr. Gloucester St. & Oxford Terrace.
Topic: "Getting Things Right in Historical Fiction"

For information call:
Cathy Thompson, Canterbury Public Library. Tel: (03) 796-914; or
Birgit Claxton, U.S. Information Service. Tel: (03) 661-097.

DUNEDIN: Friday, September 11 at 7.30pm
Upstage Cellar Bar, Provincial Hotel, Stafford Street.
Topic: "A Sense of Place".

For information call:
Paula Boock, PEN. Tel: (03) 477-0355.



P.T.O.



JAZZ VIDEOS

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This concert program captures the musician at the peak of his powers.

VIDEO No. 431



GIL EVANS

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VIDEO No. 432



HERBIE HANCOCK TRIO

- In this concert, the master pianist returns to his jazz roots to capture the full spectrum of the art.

VIDEO No. 433

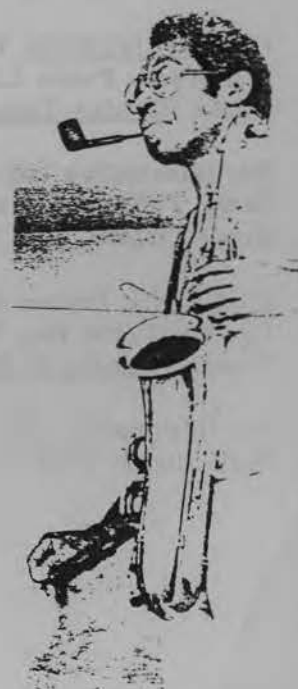


LADY SINGS THE BLUES

- Original and rare footage of some of the most memorable jazz and blues singers of this century. The program features Billie Holiday, backed by one of the most extraordinary bands ever formed. Includes footage of Bessie Smith in her only film appearance, Dinah Washington, Peggy Lee, Sarah Vaughn, Lena Horne and others.

VIDEO No. 444

LENGTH: each video 60 minutes.



American Center

U.S. Consul General
4th Floor, General Building
Cnr Shortland and O'Connell Streets, Private Bag
Auckland 1

Tel: 733-135



GUEST LIST FOR DINNER

AT APPETITE CAFE, 102 COLLEGE HILL

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, AT 7:00 PM.

Mr and Mrs Ivan Doig

Mr Maurice Shadbolt & Ms Elspeth Sandys

Mr & Mrs Kevin Ireland. (Past President of PEN, writer & Book Council member. He is to chair meeting at the Library on Monday.

Professor Terry Sturm and Partner (Professor English at University of Auckland and member NZ Book Council.)

Mr & Mrs Jack Leigh. (Book Editor, NZ Herald newspaper)

Mr John Cranna & Partner (President of Auckland branch PEN)

Mr Michael King & Ms Maria Jugnowska. (Writer & Book Council member).

Mr & Mrs Tony Harkins (Managing Director, Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd)

Mrs Barbara & Mr Adrian Birkbeck. (Auckland Public Library. Barbara is the organizer of the lecture at the Library on Monday)

Mr C. David Nozilia, Assistant Public Affairs Officer, USIS, Wellington.

Mrs Elspeth Barclay, Director, USIS, Auckland.

Dinner in honor of Ivan and Carol Doig and Maurice Shadbolt

Wednesday, September 9, 1992 at 7:00pm

160B Woburn Road, Lower Hutt

Hosted by PAO and Mrs. William J.A. Barnes

Guests of Honor

Mr. Ivan and Mrs. Carol Doig

Mr. Maurice Shadbolt

Invitees

Mr. Matthew Byrne, (Member of Lecture Sub-committee, NZ Book Council) - also
Penguin Books Paperback Sales Rep.

Mrs. Philippa and Mr. Roger Christmas, Administrator, New Zealand Book
Council, P.O. Box 11-377, Wellington.

Mr. Chris Else & Ms. Barbara Neale, National President, PEN New Zealand Inc.

Mr. Andrew Johnson, Book Editor, The Evening Post, Wellington.

Mr. Lloyd Jones, Writer, 47 Waitahu Road, Eastbourne.

Professor Vincent O'Sullivan, Dept. of English Language and Literature,
Victoria University of Wellington, P.O. Box 600, Wellington.

Mr. Chris & Mrs. Dee Pugsley, 92 Sefton Street, Wadestown, Wellington.
(Heads the Book Council Lecture Committee. (Chris Pugsley is a
military historian and is hosting Maurice Shadbolt in Wellington.)

Mr. Tom Scott, Cartoonist, "The Evening Post", P.O. Box 3740, Wellington.

Mrs. Rosemary Wildblood, Manager, Literature Program, Queen
Elizabeth II Arts Council of NZ, P.O. Box 3806, Wellington.

From the Embassy

Ms. Caryl Kirwan, Cultural Specialist, U.S. Information Service, Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Griffin, General Services Officer (Janie)

GUESTS OF HONOR: 3
INVITEES: 15
HOSTS 2

TOTAL: 20
As at 1130 09/09/92
Doc. No: 1755t

Arts, theatre, music

Novelist Doig has feeling for the land

By ANDREW JOHNSTON
Books editor

American writer Ivan Doig began his career the way many novelists cap theirs: with a memoir.

Doig, who visited Wellington yesterday to give a talk with New Zealand novelist Maurice Shadbolt, won acclaim — and a large readership — at the age of 39 for his autobiographical book *This House of Sky*.

A look at the rugged existence of his family and forebears in western Montana, *This House of Sky* has sold more than 150,000 copies, and a special hardback 15th anniversary edition is due soon.

That kind of success launched Doig on a career as a full-time writer: since then he's published four novels and two more non-fiction titles.

Doig's work focuses on those who make a living in the often harsh country of the US Northwest. His latest novel, *Ride With Me Mariah Montana*, concludes a trilogy which spans 100 years in the life of the McCaskill family — Scots settlers, like Doig's own family — who attempt to farm unforgiving territory.

When people in Montana say the word "place", Doig says, they often mean a deserted homestead. "The Doig place" had to be abandoned, like



Ivan Doig — a circle of memoirs and novels.

many others, in the 1930s.

It was a "weather disaster" that sent Doig from the ranch to journalism school, he says. "I was 15 years old... I went straight back to school that fall and enrolled in a typing class." After earning a master's degree in journalism Doig worked on newspapers and magazines, then went back to do a PhD in history.

"My original notion was to become a professor," Doig says, "but three years of graduate school cured me of that. I didn't have the colossal energy you need to teach and write." Doig would find himself writing poetry instead of his thesis.

When the PhD was finished

he stuck to writing — 10 years of freelance work, then *This House of Sky*. A first novel followed: "I decided to do that book as fiction, because I couldn't do it as history, and found it a kind of liberation. You can make up the people, for one thing."

Doig puts his skills as a journalist and historian — and his interest in poetry and language — into intensive research for his novels; for his McCaskill trilogy, he says, he covered "just about the whole of Montana".

The third part of Doig's trilogy touches on the way debate about the land has now come full circle, with the growth of the environmental movement. "There's a genuine debate coming to the West and Midwest — people are recognising that it was an ecological mistake to break the sod, to plough up the buffalo grass."

Doig appreciates the irony implicit in the arrival of Montana's latest "settler": "Ted Turner has bought a big ranch in the state, turned all the cattle off and put buffalo on it." The CNN boss has asked environmental organisation the Nature Conservancy to help administer the "ranch".

Doig's writing has made something of a circle, too: he has nearly finished another memoir, this one about the last six months of his mother's life.

Sydney Program for Ivan Doig

September 13-15, 1992

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

7:15 pm Arrive Sydney via QA 46. Take cab directly to your hotel - The Hyde Park Plaza Hotel, 38 College Street, Sydney 2000. Telephone: (02) 331 6933; Fax: (02) 331 6022. Rate: \$A135.00 per night. The hotel desk will give you a folder containing information about Sydney and contact numbers for USIS personnel.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

10:00 am You will be met at your hotel and escorted to the U.S. Consulate General. Address: 36th Floor, Pacific Power Building, Park and Elizabeth Sts, Sydney 2000. Tel: (02) 261 9219; Fax: 264 1719.

10:10-11:00 am Meet with Branch Public Affairs Officer Hugh Ivory and USIS staff for program briefing.

11:00-11:30 am Meet with Consul-General Gregorie Bujac.

11:30 am Depart for Sydney University, Parramatta Road, Broadway, accompanied by Hugh Ivory, Assistant Branch Public Affairs Officer Jeff Sexton and Cultural Affairs Assistant Helen Reidy.

11:50 am Meet Catherine Runcie, Senior Lecturer, English Dept. Room S 365, Woolley Building (enter via Science Road).

12:00-1:00 pm No host lunch at the University of Sydney Club, Woolley Building, with staff of the University. Cost of lunch approximately \$A15.00

1:00-2:00 pm Lunch-time lecture "The Identity of the American West" followed by Q & A. Lecture will be chaired by Associate Professor Jim Tulip and open to all University students and staff. Venue - General Lecture Theatre, Room N 395, Woolley Building.

2:15-2:45 pm Depart Sydney University for USIS offices. *(Open Home?)*
call Jill K. Ston: 540-4116?

6:15 pm You and Mrs. Doig will be picked up at your hotel by Helen Reidy and taken to Jeff Sexton's residence for dinner. Address: 3 Mirimar Avenue, Bronte. Tel: 369 4913.

6:30 pm Dinner with Jeff Sexton and Helen Reidy.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

- 11:00-12:00 You will be picked up at your hotel and taken to Australian Catholic University, 179 Albert Street, Strathfield, NSW 2135 (drive to the end of Albert Street). Contact: John Murray, Head, Department of English and Communication Studies. Tel: 739 2100; Fax: 739 2105.
- 12:00-1:00 pm Meet John Murray at reception. Lunch with University staff.
- 1:00-2:00 pm Lunch-time lecture "Passion and Precision" followed by Q & A. Lecture will be open to all University students and staff. Venue - Murray Lecture Theatre
- 2:15-3:15 Depart Australian Catholic University for USIS Offices.
- 6:45 pm *← Ann & Nigel: supper* You will be picked up at your hotel and taken to the Harold Park Hotel.
- 8:30 -
7:15-9:00 pm Writers in the Park, Harold Park Hotel, 115 Wigram Road, Glebe. Tel: 692 0564; Fax: 552 1694. To give a 15-20 minute reading from "Ride with me Mariah Montana". To be introduced by organizer Dallas McMoore - contact tel 569 2046. Others appearing that night include Australian poet John Tranter, Gunther Kunert (Germany), Bill Bryson (UK) and August Kleinzahler (US). Copies of your books will be available for purchase at the hotel.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1992

- 7:00 am *reserve* Take a cab from your hotel to the Domestic Terminal of Sydney Airport. (Note: Cab ride takes approximately 30 minutes. You should arrive 40 minutes before your departure.)
- 8:15 am Depart Sydney for Canberra via AN 117.
- 8:55 am Arrive Canberra. You will be met at the airport by William Bach, Cultural Affairs Officer and Noeline Milson, Cultural Affairs Specialist and taken to your hotel - Pavillion Hotel, Cnr National Circuit and Canberra Avenue, Barton. Tel: 295 3144 Fax: 295 3325.

DR IVAN DOIG

will speak on

"The Identity of The American West"

Monday, September 14

1-2 p.m.

N 395 Woolley Building

Chair: Associate Professor Jim Tulip

Dr Ivan Doig is one of America's most successful and most unusual writers of "the Western". Winner of many honours including Distinguished Achievement Award of the Western Literary Association and the Pacific North West Booksellers' Award for Literary Excellence; Doig writes from a perspective steeped in a profound sense of time and place. Both a native historian of Montana and its chronicler of family life, Doig understands the strengths that gave the American West to the world's imagination. He has successfully staked out his claim, however, to writing of a de-mythologised West: "I'm trying to write against the grain of what I call 'Wisterns' after Owen Wister, the author of The Virginian.... In 'Wisterns' it's all card games and saving schoolmarms: nobody ever milks a cow or plants a spud."

Ivan Doig's books include This House of Sky; Winter Brothers; The Sea Runners; English Creek; Dancing At The Rascal Fair; and Ride With Me, Mariah Montana.

for further information: H. Reidy, U.S.L.S., 261-9219 or C. Runcie, 692-3339 or J. Tulip 692-2367

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FIGURE THEATRE Kensington
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September 1-12, Tues-Sat 8pm

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A BURNING
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1-20th September
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NEW AUSTRALIAN COMEDY
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With Robyn Gurney and Norman
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gentle mid-life crisis between a
rather odd couple.
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TERENCE CRAWFORD'S comedy
Pushin' up Daisies
Directed by ROS MORIN
Thelma, Crawford's humour is
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An offbeat comedy... Vigorous
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Tickets \$20/\$16/\$12
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Bookings 361 3617

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THE HIT COMEDY
US OR THEM
By Ned Manning
Directed by Elena Paton
"Very funny, very truthful... this
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— F. Gauntlett, Tele/Mirror
Season extended to Sept. 19
Tues to Sat 8pm \$13 to \$24
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Rushy Street, Perth
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Starring DAVID BROWN,
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HARRISON, ROSEY JONES,
BARBARA MORTON and
DOREEN WARBURTON
Wed-Sat 8pm
Set & Sun 4pm
TICKETS \$20/\$17/\$14 Conc
Bookings (087) 21 6735

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Tues, Sept. 18, 8 p.m. \$6 & \$4
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Shows 7.30 includes Gunther
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Bil Bryson (UK) and August
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FILMS ON STAGE presents Mike
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Plays Aug 18-Sept 25
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Directed by Wayne Harrison
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A Musical Extravaganza starring
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Sydney Conserva
Friday 25 Septem
Concert Hall 8.15p
Bookings 2
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Graham Hair & B
Sir John Clancy /
University of NS
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BOOKINGS 697

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Britten, Push
8pm Sat 12.3.
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Sydney I
Sympho
with Pro Mus
Dubois, Deb
Beehoven, 1
8pm Wed 16
GREAT HALL
\$12/\$6 at dc

IVAN DOIG

Canberra Program, September 16 - 17, 1992

Wednesday, September 16:

- 0855 Arrive Canberra via AN117. Cultural Affairs Specialist Noeline Milson will meet you and Mrs. Doig at the airport and accompany to hotel.
- Accommodation: Pavilion Hotel, Cnr. National Circuit and Canberra Avenue, Barton. Telephone: (06) 295-3144. Fax: (06) 295-3325.
- 1055 Noeline Milson will meet you and Mrs. Doig in the hotel foyer and accompany to USIS office, 16 National Circuit, Barton, for a briefing by Cultural Affairs Officer William Bach, followed by a media interview.
- 1130 Interview with Robert Hefner, Literary Editor of The Canberra Times.
- 1200 Cultural Affairs Officer William Bach and Noeline Milson will accompany you and Mrs. Doig to the Friends' Lounge, National Library. Contact Ian Templeman on 1249.
- 1215-1400 Lunch hosted by Mr. Ian Templeman, Assistant Director-General, Public Programs, National Library. Lunch will be followed by a 25-minute discussion/reading of "Ride with me, Mariah Montana." You will be invited to take questions.
- 1400 William Bach and Noeline Milson will accompany you and Mrs. Doig to Building 9, Room 9C2, University of Canberra. You will meet with Ron Miller, Lecturer in Creative Writing, School of Communications.
- 1430-1630 You have been asked to have a discussion with students on writing and research methods, This will be an informal discussion.

1630 William Bach and Noeline Milson will take you and Mrs. Doig to your hotel.

1815 William and Mrs. Huong Bach will meet you and Mrs. Doig in the hotel foyer and accompany to the Ambassador's residence.

1830-1930 Reception hosted by Ambassador Sembler.

1930 Dinner hosted by William and Huong Bach at their home in Forrest.

Thursday, September 17:

0930 Noeline Milson will be happy to take you and Mrs. Doig sightseeing before your departure for Perth.

1120 Arrive at Canberra airport.

1150 Depart Canberra for Perth via Melbourne on Ansett 655/27.

CONTACTS:

Cultural Affairs Officer William Bach. Telephone: 270-5966 (work), 295-3801 (home). Assistant is Cultural Affairs Specialist Noeline Milson. Telephone: 270-5966 (work), 241-5852 (home).

IVAN DOIG LUNCHEON

Bill Bach
Cultural Affairs Officer
U.S. Information Service

Margaret Barbalet

Ian Britain
Harold White Fellow
National Library of Australia

Mrs. Castello

Margaret Chalker

Michael Denholm
Curator - Australiana
Library
Australian Defence Force Academy

Rosemary Dickson
Library Director
U.S. Information Service

Suzanne Edgar
Author

Marian Eldridge (Author)
& Mr. Ken Eldridge

David Ellis
Cultural and Educational Services Division
National Library of Australia

Guy Farmer
Counselor for Public Affairs
U.S. Information Service

Robert Hefner
Literary Editor
Canberra Times

Paul Hetherington
Cultural and Educational Services
National Library of Australia

Associate Professor Joy Hooton
Department of English
Australian Defence Force Academy

Kathy Kitvaia
Muse Magazine

Professor Bill Mandle
Harold White Fellow
National Library of Australia

Noeline Milson
Cultural Affairs Specialist

Dr. Elizabeth Morrison
Department of English
Australian Defence Force Academy

Ann Nugent
Editor
Blast

Dr. Elke Schmitz (& Patrick Laver)
Counselor, Press and Cultural Affairs
Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany

John Thompson
Cultural and Educational Services Division
National Library of Australia

Ian Templeman
Assistant Director-General
Cultural and Educational Services Division
National Library of Australia

Bill Tully
Reference Librarian
Newspapers
National Library of Australia

Warren Horton
Director-General
National Library of Australia

A NOTE ~~to~~ Change of date

— Ivan DOIG —

american fiction writer

America's Voice of the West

Author of The Mon-
tana Trilogy about the
the McCaskill Family:

*Dancing at the Rascal Fair,
English Creek*

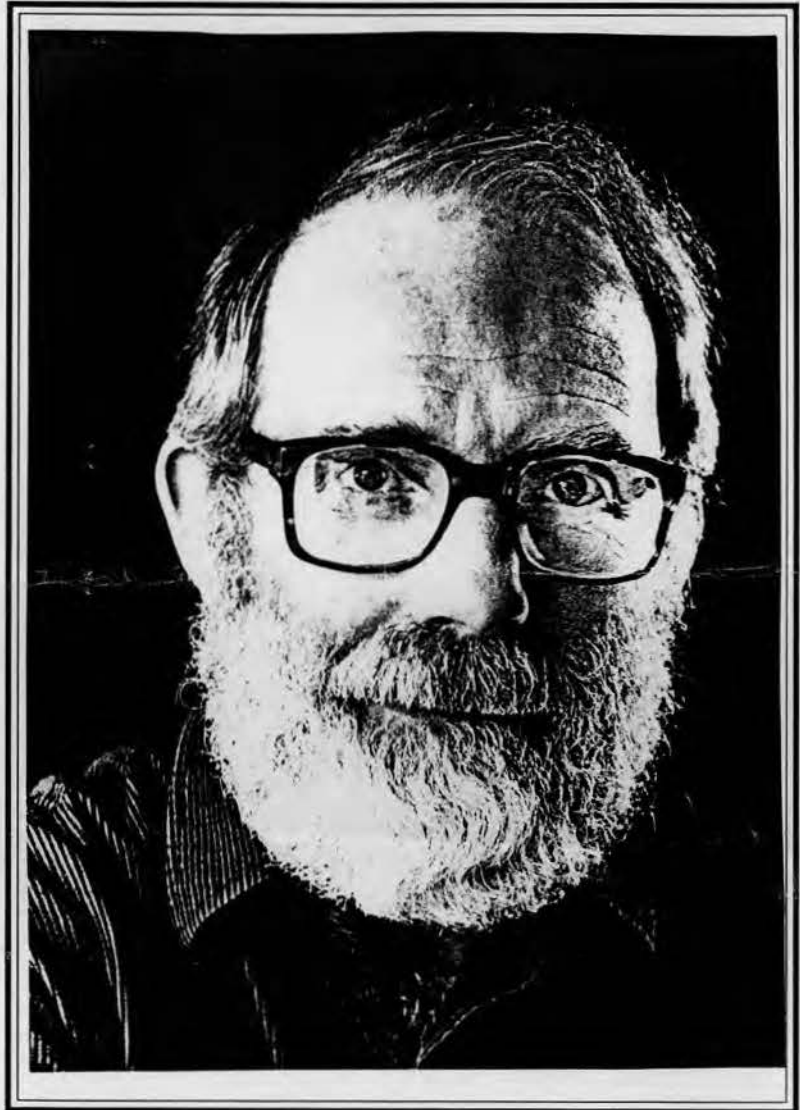
*Ride With me, Maria Mon-
tana*

DOIG is :

'America's foremost recorder
and interpreter of life in the
historic high dry American
West'

'His characters are not the
morality play heroes of the
genre Western, but real
people, tangled in their
feelings, handicapped by
their deficiencies, deeply
decent, yearning for close-
ness, finding it only intermit-
tently. Their melancholy
dance of life is rendered
with exquisite nuance'

Photo Chris Bennion



Ivan DOIG will speak:

University of Canberra
Wednesday 16 September
2.45pm Room 9B13
- All welcome

- 1130 Ivan and Carol Doig and Maurice Shadbolt meet with Ambassador Newman.
- 1300 Presentation with Maurice Shadbolt to public audience
Venue: The BP Theatrette, Johnston Street.
Topic: Discussion and readings to the theme of:
"A Sense of Place"
Host: Chris Pugsley, military historian; Chair, Book Council lecture sub-committee.
- 1900 Representational dinner hosted by Bill Barnes, Public Affairs Officer, at his home, 160B Woburn Road, Lower Hutt.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10:

- 0930 Accompanied by Bill Barnes, Ivan and Carol Doig and Maurice Shadbolt depart Wellington via Ansett flight AN-761.
- 1015 Arrive Christchurch. To be met by Birgit Claxton, Office Director, USIS, Christchurch.
- USIS, 2nd Floor, NML Building, Cnr. Gloucester & Colombo Streets. Tel: (64/3) 366-1097. Fax: (64/3) 366-0586.
Birgit Claxton (Res.) (64/3) 332-7864.
- Accommodation:
Noah's Hotel, cnr. Oxford Terrace and Worcester Street.
Tel: (64/3) 794-700.
Room rate (double): NZ\$189.00 (incl. tax)
- 1200 Presentation with Maurice Shadbolt at the University of Canterbury. Audience will comprise 2nd year American Studies students and faculty.
Venue: Room F-3.
Topic: Discussion and readings to the theme of:
"A Sense of Place"
- 1315 Informal lunch with American Studies Faculty, at the University Campus.
- 1430 Interview (Ivan Doig) with Keith Lees of "The Christchurch Star" - at the University following lunch.
- 1530 Interview (Ivan Doig) with Christchurch Press feature writer, Christopher Moore at the USIS office.
- 1800 Possible TV interview with Canterbury Television - to be confirmed.
- 1930 Presentation with Maurice Shadbolt to public audience at the Canterbury Public Library, Cnr. Gloucester St. & Oxford Terrace.
Topic: Discussion and readings to the theme of:
"Getting Things Right in Historical Fiction"
Host: David Howard, Poet, member of Writers in Schools Scheme, Chair PEN (Christchurch), Book Council member.
Contact: Cathy Thompson. Tel: (03) 796-914.
- dinner Informal no-host.

Ivan Doig

New Zealand Program

September 5-13, 1992.

Mrs Carol Doig will accompany throughout the tour.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 5:

0645 Arrive Auckland from Los Angeles via UA-841.
Met by Elspeth Barclay, Director, American Center.

Day free.

Both Maurice Shadbolt (Tel: 09-817-5591) and a representative of the New Zealand Book Council will contact Ivan and Carol Doig at their hotel.

Accommodation:

The Centra Hotel, 126 Albert Street, Auckland.

Tel: (64/9) 302-1111.

Room rate (Double): NZ\$1484.00 (Incl. GST -tax)

American Center, 4th Floor, General Building, Cnr Shortland and O'Connell Stst., Auckland
Tel: (64/9) 3733135; Fax: (64/9) 366-0870. Elspeth Barclay, Director. (Res.) (64/9) 443-5003.

Co-sponsor for New Zealand tour: New Zealand Book Council Inc., Book House, Boulcott Street, Wellington.

Tel: (64/4) 499-1569. Philippa Christmas, Administrator.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6:

Day free. Maurice Shadbolt has invited Mr & Mrs Doig to his home during the weekend - to be arranged after arrival.

1900 Dinner hosted by Cultural Affairs Officer, David Noziglia at The Appetite Cafe, 102 College Hill. Tel: 378-8548.
Elspeth Barclay will collect you from the hotel at 18:50.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7:

am 11 - Jack Leigh *of NZ Herald*
Free.

1230 *meet Maurice @ library*
1300 Presentation with Maurice Shadbolt at the Auckland Public Library, Lorne Street, Auckland.
Contact: Barbara Birkbeck. Tel: (64/9) 377-0209.
Topic: Discussion and readings to the theme of:
"A Sense of Place"
Host: Kevin Ireland, Past President of PEN, writer and Book Council member.
Contact: Barbara Birkbeck. Tel: (64/9) 377-0209.

afternoon After the lecture, accompanied by David Noziglia and Elspeth Barclay, drive to Hamilton.

Accommodation:
Eastwood Manor, 209 Grey Street East, Hamilton.
Tel: (64/7) 856-9029.
Room rate (double): NZ\$72.00 (Incl.GST)

- 1815 Presentation with Maurice Shadbolt at the Chartwell Library, Lyndon Court, Chartwell.
Topic: Discussion and readings to the theme of:
"Getting Things Right in Historical Fiction"
Host: Wayne Mills, Lecturer, Hamilton College of Education.
Contact: Sue Pick. Tel: (09) 838-6844.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8:

- 900-1000 Both Ivan Doig and Maurice Shadbolt live on Radio Pacific, 2d Floor, Federated Farmers' Building, London Street.
Contact: Rex Widerstrom. Tel: (07) 838-2299.
- Rest of morning free.
- 1150 Carol Doig to meet Alan Riach in Room I-209A, He will take you to meet Pat Day, Senior Lecturer in Sociology, who teaches a journalism course, and Geoff Lealand, who is doing a survey into television viewing in New Zealand, for discussion on mass media and the teaching of journalism in New Zealand. They will take you to lunch.
- 1300 Ivan Doig and Maurice Shadbolt to meet Dr Alan Riach, of the English Department, University of Waikato, for lunch.
- 1500 Ivan Doig to address literature students and faculty at Waikato University. Room no. A30 - ground floor, Block A.
Topic: "A Sense of Place"
- 1700 Accompanied by Maurice Shadbolt and David Noziglia, depart for Wellington via Mount Cook Airlines NM-17.
- 1820 Arrive Wellington. To be met by Caryl Kirwan, Cultural Specialist, and Philippa Christmas from the New Zealand Book Council.

Accommodation for Ivan and Carol Doig:
Hotel Raffaele, 360 Oriental Bay, Wellington.
Tel: (64/4) 384-3450. Fax: (64/4) 384-3752.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9:

- 0915 Interview (Ivan Doig) with Andrew Johnson, Books Editor, The Evening Post - at the Embassy.
- 1030 Interview (Ivan Doig) with Sharon Crosbie on "Nine to Noon" at Radio New Zealand studio.