

15 Dec. '06

Dear McLeasen & McCampbell--I'm having to make a guess which of your far-flung addresses to send this to, but I suspect from the internal evidence of the song to one of you encompasses both of you. Your Rascal Fair lyrics are quite enchanting, wonderfully performed, and I thank you both immensely for the tribute to my words.

sweet words

Sorry the response has taken this long, but things that reach me via a former publisher move like the glaciers--the CD came a week or so ago. But that does give me the chance to wish you a happy holiday season, and maybe more travels together?

Yours truly,

Dancers at the Rascal Fair

*In the dream we're in wild Montana
Fresh arrived from departed shores
Silhouettes across a grass savannah
Clasp hands and pirouette at long last
With gazing on our face*

Oh, sweet mountain dawn!
The side hills flushing green
As the wild hay meadows bend and sway in the kissing rain
Snow still on the peaks
The wide vale spreading light
As the sun breaks through the rain clouds again and again

Some day will be, I'll meet you there
Two dancers at the Rascal Fair
And we'll go walking through the cottonwoods
With world enough and time

Sheep out in the fields
The graziers wave their hats
In a happy whoop and howl carried cleanly on the winds
Scotch Heaven abounds in the sounds and smells
Of the living give and take amongst neighbors and friends

All dancers at the Rascal Fair
McCampbells and McLeasens there
Go promenading through the cottonwoods
With world enough and time

True to all prayers and all promises
Joy in the day, in the life at hand
Love bears no scarcities, Love bears no scarcities, I believe

In this room we share
A warm fire blazes bright
As the Dog of Love lies satisfied, sleeping at our feet
Out on the wide heath the black mare runs wild and free
Drinking from waters no thirst can deplete

This day will be, I'll meet you there
We Dancers at the Rascal Fair
Go ever walking through the cottonwoods
With world enough and time

Some day will be, I'll meet you there
Two Dancers at the Rascal Fair
And we'll go walking through the cottonwoods
With world enough and time

September 29, 2006

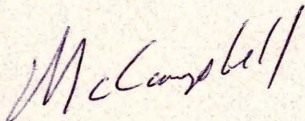
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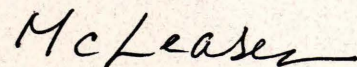
To: Ivan Doig, Author
C/o Atheneum
Macmillan Publishing Company
866 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022
Dear Ivan Doig,

We two, sometime last fall, joined hands across a continent and entered into the Two Medicine Country, there to dwell with clans McCaskill and Barclay and kin and share their fates. We emerged twelve hundred or so pages later, respectively as McCampbell and McLeasen, to collaborate on this song, which will evermore invoke the blessing and joy of our experience at your hands. We send it along to you now as a token of our thanks.

All best,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "McCampbell".

Anthony Campbell Baker

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "McLeasen".

Lark Melesea