Penguin Group (USA) Inc. Invites You to Meet

IVAN DOIG

at a book signing of

PRAIRIE NOCTURNE

Monday, September 29
Noon

at the Missoula Costco
3220 Northern Pacific Ave.
FOR COSTCO MEMBERS ONLY
Doig's novel goes on sale in Great Falls

By PAULA WILMOT
Tribune Staff Writer

The 10th novel by Montana native Ivan Doig went on sale in Great Falls Thursday, almost 25 years to the day after his acclaimed memoir "This House of Sky" hit Montana book stores.

Doig has high hopes for the newly released "Prairie Nocturne," a story with settings in Helena and what he calls "the greater Great Falls area" of Montana, as well as New York City and Europe.

It was a "good break," he said, that USA Today listed the book as one of six books "most looked forward to" this fall. On that list, Doig and "Prairie Nocturne" are in good company, including the popular Toni Morrison and her new release, "Love."

Doig chose a long-gone Helena bar, the Zanzibar Club, as one of the settings for his mid-1920s story which features a character based on Taylor Gordon of White Sulphur Springs, a black cowboy-turned-singer who eventually performed in Carnegie Hall. Other major characters are a failed gubernatorial candidate and a female suffragist.

Had it not been for the political

See DOIG, BACK PAGE
nature of the story line, the setting might have been 1st Avenue South in Great Falls instead of Helena, Doig said in a telephone interview from his Seattle home.

On her campaign to get women the vote, the suffragist does motor to Great Falls, in addition to the Two Medicine area west of Dupuyer.

The Zanzibar Club, where the aspiring singer clears a space on the bar for his stage, was wiped out in Helena’s downtown urban renewal projects in the 1970s. In fact, the club lost its license in 1906 because of a stuffy city council, Doig said.

Doig enjoyed breathing new life into the establishment where nonwhites gathered for gambling, music and other entertainments at the turn of the 20th century. He had interviewed Taylor Gordon, one of two blacks in White Sulphur Springs, Doig’s hometown, in 1968 for a magazine piece on his struggle to make it as a gospel singer.

“But of course, I kept my notes on that interview,” Doig said Thursday. “If you’re a writer, you keep everything.” Gordon, who wound up herding sheep in Montana, gets a better break in Doig’s version of his life.

If there was any delay in release of “Prairie Nocturne,” Doig said it was because he was both cursed and blessed to have Nan Graham as his editor at Scribner. She’s the highly talented superstar who edited Hillary Clinton’s blockbuster “In Her Own Words.” Doig said she also discovered the best-selling “Angela’s Ashes.”

“I’ve had a lot of experience as my own editor, rewrite and critic, so we didn’t fall off the schedule,” he said.

The 64-year-old Doig already is thinking about his next book, which he might set in Valier, where he graduated from high school.

**Book signing**

Author Ivan Doig will sign copies of “Prairie Nocturne” Sept. 25 from 4:30 to 6 p.m. at Barnes & Noble Booksellers, where the book is already on sale at $26. The store urges Doig fans to buy it, read it and bring it back to the store to have him sign it.
From the American Revolution to the Virgin Mary

Continued from 1D

Cosey's resort was more than a playground; it was a school and haven where people debated death in the cities, murder in Mississippi, and what they planned to do about it other than to dream and then at their children. Then the music started, convincing them that they could manage it all and last.

Train, by Pete Dexter

Dexter's first novel in eight years, Train (Doubleday, $26.95, Sept. 30), is set in Los Angeles, where the former newspaper columnist turned novelist and screenwriter has never lived.

But he says, "There have been meetings with studio execs there that felt like they lasted longer than most leases. I set the book there thinking things over. I built a house and a boat hijacking. As with much of Dexter's fiction, it's a violent social drama that's sharply written.

It's his sixth novel. He won the National Book Award for Paris Trout in 1988. Asked what he has been doing since The Paperboy, published in 1995, Dexter sounds like one of his characters:

"The last eight years I've been thinking things over. I've never built a house in Mexico, took a lot of naps down there. Bought a tractor and then drove it into the garage, taking out the part over the doors. Liquor and heavy machinery probably don't mix, but they sure feel like they do at the time."

At this point in the story, Packard had never failed love, didn't trust what he'd heard of the lingo (forever, my darling Clementine, etc.). It sounded out of control to him and messy.

The Namesake, by Jhumpa Lahiri

Lahiri's debut novel, The Namesake (Houghton Mifflin, $24, Sept. 16), may be the most anticipated literary event of the season. After all, she won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction before publishing a novel.

At 32, Lahiri won the Pulitzer three years ago for a short-story collection, Interpreter of Maladies, which deals with the emotional dislocation of immigrants struggling to reconcile family traditions with a new and baffling culture.

The Namesake, set between 1968 and 1999, continues to explore that theme but more from the perspective of an American-born son of Indian immigrants.

Similar theme: Jhumpa Lahiri won a Pulitzer for her short-story collection, Interpreter of Maladies. Debate novel The Namesake is out Sept. 16.

Lahiri, the daughter of Indian immigrants, was born in London, raised in Rhode Island and frequently visited relatives in Calcutta. She began The Namesake five years ago, uncertain if it was a short story or a novel, but she soon realized "there was so much to explain" and ended up "working on a bigger canvas."

He wonders how his parents had done it, leaving their respective families behind, seeing them so seldom, dwelling unconnected, in a perpetual sense of expectation, of longing. All those trips to Calcutta he'd once resented -- how could they have been enough? They were not enough. Gogol knows now that his parents had lived their lives in America in spite of what was missing, with a stamina he fears he does not possess himself.

Our Lady of the Forest, by David Guterson

Guterson's third novel, Our Lady of the Forest (Knopf, $25.95, Oct. 1), was inspired by his reading of historical narratives about reported sightings of the Virgin Mary. His challenge was to tell an apparition story in a modern context.

Two of his characters are a 16-year-old runaway who says she sees the Virgin Mary in the damp, dense woods of North Fork, Wash., and a young priest who doubts her vocation and recognizes his sexual desires.

I've never been so confessional. I'm not even officially Catholic, I only got started being religious the last year or so. So why? Why did she choose me? Because you're pure and innocent, I'm guessing.

I'm not so pure it isn't even funny. What do you mean? I'm not just pure.

How exactly? Everything.

Prairie Nocturne, by Ivan Doig

Doig's seventh novel, Prairie Nocturne, (Algonquin, $24.95, Oct. 10) was inspired by stories of the American Revolution that his father told him, especially of the Battle of Cowpens in South Carolina, where Morgan's great-great-great-great-grandfather fought.

Morgan, a novelist and poet who teaches at Cornell University, says that after reading historical accounts, he wrote the battlefield scenes 10 years ago but couldn't figure out his characters.

The novel "took off," he says, only after he imagined a 16-year-old girl who, disguised as a man, joins the North Carolina militia.

Morgan is puzzled by Americans' obsession with the Civil War and their neglect of the American Revolution, "our defining war." He braves Hollywood: "Other than The Patriot, what's been done lately?"

Morgan, who has won a Guggenheim Fellowship, was a respected but little-known writer until Oprah Winfrey chose his sixth novel, Gap Creek, for her book club in 2000.

"Before I was on Oprah, I had a loyal but small readership," he says. "Then suddenly, a hundred thousands of readers."

I felt like somebody else. I had no business being there. I raised my rifle at the Tory, and he never took his eyes off me. He looked as if he might be eighteen or nineteen. I stepped close, holding the gun on him. His face was black with smoke and dirt, and when I got closer I saw his cheeks were wet. He was crying and trembling.

Fall book preview

Cover story

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ON SALE NOW
FROM NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHORS

LANET
"Prairie Nocturne" by Ivan Doig, (Simon & Schuster, $26)

Big, bold strokes lift Doig’s ‘Nocturne’

By JO-ANN SWANSON
For the Tribune

Ivan Doig, one of Montana’s best-loved novelists, is as Montanan as William Faulkner is Southern. Both spent their life compiling a proud legacy of a land they love, a land inked in love, greed and guilt.

Doig’s 10th book, the novel “Prairie Nocturne,” depicts the black ink of Montana history in unblinking nightmare, opposite the red ink, the romance of optimism and love. It’s his densest, most ambitious novel yet, and it works. It’s big and bold.

Instead of the sniveling dirt-poor Snopes family of Faulkner’s Yoknapatawpha County, readers meet again dirt-proud homesteading Duff and McCaskill families trying to hold onto old ideals from Scotch Heaven in northcentral Montana.

Angus and Adair McCaskill, beloved diarists of “Dancing at Rascal Fair,” return for a final performance. They’ll strike a chord with readers of Doig’s “Scots” trilogy, which includes “English Creek” and “Ride With Me, Mariah Montana.”

As foe, rather than Faulkner’s aristocratic Colonel Sartoris, Doig’s plain but stubborn folk face off against big-time rancher Major Wesley Williamson, along with a motley crew of white sheets.

But that standoff is only the beginning of a conflict, one mystery and two surprises that will encompass 37 years, from 1888 to 1925, both a first and second generation of Montanans. Even Joseph Field from the Lewis and Clark Expedition in 1806 has a cameo part here.

During those times, the issue of color raises its central head.

Doig, with help from historian Dave Walter of Helena and others, has given us a helter-skelter of historical backdrops. His novel moves from Lewis and Clark, buffalo soldiers of the 10th Cavalry, Reconstruction, the rise of suffragettism, prohibi-

See DOIG, PAGE 5
Doig: Novel cinematic

FROM PAGE 1

abition, dust storms, the Great War and the Harlem Renaissance to the heyday of the Ku Klux Klan.

"The second Klan West, as it was called, after Reconstruction," noted Doig on the phone from his Seattle home. "Historically, the Klan was documented in close to 40 Montana counties."

Using multiple points of view, places, times and characters, the novel includes a flowering of forms, from ballads, spirituals and letters to journals.

His novel moves from Scotch Heaven to a fictional version of the old Zanzibar Club on Clore Street in Helena, to Harlem, New York, Montana, Fort Assiniboine, Germany and France.

Doig’s language again works in three-part harmony. His trademark is lyrical romantic description of land and emotion.

"I could’ve been a good poet," Doig admitted candidly in Whitefish, "but not a great one."

Next are the Scots locution and Montana diction — at times so abrupt to be almost off-putting — that Doig calls “poetry of the vernacular.” Third, we have Doig’s odd inversions of sentences to state simple and surprising fact.

Doig summed up three years of writing this novel in an interview while on his way, with wife Carol and friends, to Pine Square Butte Nature Conservancy near Choteau in mid-June.

In his writing, he said he indulged in “what if” questions, unbound by historical biography.

The triangle at the novel’s heart includes Doig’s most likable heroine: schoolmarm Susan Duff, who echoes our own Jeannette Rankin. Our hero, the singing cowhand Monty, takes inspiration from White Sulphur Springs writer Taylor Gordon, and the powerful major seems modeled on old-time giants, such as the Copper Kings, Teddy Roosevelt and Jim Hill.

As Doig rests and readies for promotion, he admits he’s thinking about a new book. At his agent’s request, he’s pondering a proposal for a 2006 novel. “Maybe a one-room school, homesteading days,” he muses. He’s pleased by prospects so far. Western mystery writer Tony Hillerman has contributed a blurb for this book cover, and the Literary Guild has accepted the book.

This is Doig’s most cinematic novel, a book that vibrates with long-silenced issues of black and white. It’s a larger-than-life western, strung not on a single strand of romanticism, but culminating in a sum total, in the larger, ultimately more decent, ledger of realism.

Jo-Ann Swanson has taught Montana literature at the University of Great Falls.
Ivan/Liz -

An imperfect one
for your perusal, and
then maybe the trash bin.

- Brant
are gradually unearthed, while Corey, its exists, a man ripped, like the rest of us, by wrath and love, remain secretly in shadow, even as his family burns brightly, terribly around him. (Oct. 26)

Forecast: Morrison's measured pace—she produces a new novel every five years or so—does much to build reader anticipation. A full slate of media appearances (Today, Charlie Rose, NPR, etc.) and an 11-city tour will further whet appetites for her latest, which will be released in a first printing of 500,000.

PEYTON AMBERG
TAMA JANOWITZ. St. Martin's, $24.95 (352p) ISBN 0-312-31844-8

Peyton Amberg is a travel agent who really gets around—in more ways than one. In her latest no-holds-barred take on urban malaise, Janowitz (Slaves of New York, etc.) chronicles the international romps of a modern-day Madame Bovary. With her stunning looks ("usually it would be impossible to find a man who, physically, was her equal"), Peyton has no trouble luring men to bed, but under pressure from her manic depressive mother, she hastily marries an unsuspecting dentist for money and out of fear that no one else will deem her marriageable. Struck with a bout of ennui after her wedding and tired of trying to live up to the expectations of her in-laws, she rushes back to work and almost immediately takes a cheap trip to Brazil, where she meets a debonair German-Italian man, Germano. In the first of many misadventures, Peyton holes up with Germano in her hotel room, where she is wined and dined and otherwise entertained. With her libido unleashed, she finds it next to impossible to return to a normal life in her apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side, and she pulls further away from her husband and, eventually, her young son. Though she perceives herself as self-sufficient, she becomes more and more addicted to her extramarital hanky panky ("A monkey in the zoo... could not have gone on a wilder bender on a weekend pass from its cage"), finding satisfaction in the beds of gangster Kian Rong in Hong Kong and cowboy Sandy in Vegas. Peyton's overactive id and sense of dissatisfaction seem a bit contrived at times, and her consequences rather old-fashioned, but Janowitz's trademark mix of humor and gross-out realism give the novel a queasy charge. Author tour. (Oct.)

PW Talks with Stewart O'Nan

A Gothic Story About Loss in the Suburbs

PW: The Night Country [reviewed on p. 62] is dedicated to Ray Bradbury, has biurbs by Stephen King and Peter Straub, includes three characters who are ghosts and is set on Halloween. It sounds as if we're in the realm of the gothic.

Stewart O'Nan: I'd been thinking about where I was living, in Avon, Conn., and how strange the suburbs are today, how isolated. And I'd been thinking of Ray Bradbury and his Something Wicked This Way Comes, one of my favorite books of all time. I wanted to write a novel about something coming into the town and upsetting it... how the residents would try to hold onto some sort of faith or hope in the face of it. What force would come to a suburb today? One is a chance accident.

PW: And in your book, that takes the form of a car accident that killed three teenagers—they're the ghosts in the story—on the previous Halloween. But despite the horror and gothic tropes, it's more about how your characters deal with loss.

SO: Local teenagers killed in a car crash is a suburban legend, a stock plot line. I tried to enliven it, using a more excited story line and a little bebop using the dead kid narrators. The book is set on Halloween, but it's about what really haunts us, not vampires or ghosts, but the things that we've lost.

PW: Even the teenage ghosts are struggling with the accident that cut their lives so tragically short.

SO: They're grown up hating the suburbs because it's so damn boring, but as the book goes on, they see all these little things they used to do and hold them up for appreciation. They're reconstructing their world with some sort of love, redeeming the world by being there.

PW: Every chapter heading in the novel is the name of a reasonably famous scary movie or horror tale, from Dawn of the Dead to Halloween.

SO: That's partly tongue-in-cheek, but it's also because of the teenage narrators. They articulate how they see and come to terms with this horrible thing that has happened to them in terms of horror movies.

PW: But the ghosts are not your focus in the way that the living characters are.

SO: I hope I have written some good character stuff with the stories of Tim, Brooks and Kyle's mom. They are all facing some sort of loss and struggling with it. I think what happens in most of my books is that people are asked to carry on normally when their normal lives are already gone. Kyle's mom, for example, is surrounded by the flat affect of the suburbs. There's no way she can relate to it, but she's got to get through the day somehow.

PW: You clearly admire authors some would refer to as genre writers, like Bradbury, Straub and King. But your readers are more literary. Will The Night Country surprise them?

SO: They may think of those writers as genre writers, but they're not at all. They are incredibly talented writers who try a lot of different things. You can't run from your roots. I first got interested in reading through writers like Bradbury, King and Straub; their storytelling ability, their talent to hold the reader and keep him moving forward, has probably pushed me toward more plotted work than a lot of people who come out of a literary tradition. But a lot of literary writers don't know what a novel is or what a novel does. At the same time, I greatly admire people like Virginia Woolf or Alice Munro or William Maxwell, who can almost do without a heavy story line but keep you interested in the characters and their desires.

PW: What was the biggest challenge in writing The Night Country? SO: To somehow keep that town magical in the way that Braybury's world of small towns and kids is magical. We don't know what could happen, even though we are always aware that we're on this track toward midnight on Halloween, but maybe it's not too late... maybe we'll get out of this okay.

—TIM PETERS

September 1, 2003 • PUBLISHERS WEEKLY 61
Renaissance, where he attains overnight celebrity as a singer of spirituals. Of course, for black men and adulterous lovers in the 1960s, the course of fame and secret passion is still fraught with peril, and more trouble lies in wait for all. The fine plot is disrupted by frequent flashbacks, paeans to unspoiled landscape, Scottish genealogy and western lore, but those who don’t mind depressive story-telling will appreciate yet another Montana saga from one of the State’s best-known chroniclers, a city-author tour. (Oct.)

THE NIGHT COUNTRY

More poignant than terrifying, this contemporary ghost story set in suburban Connecticut focuses on the survivors of a car accident that killed three teenagers on Halloween exactly a year before the novel begins. Tim escaped without a scratch, but seeks to assuage his survivor’s guilt on the first anniversary of the event. Kyle, once a teen rebel, is now a brain-damaged shadow (a kind of zombie) of his former self. Brooks, the town’s cop who discovered the accident, watches helplessly as his life slides out of control. And most poignant of all, Nancy Soremen, Kyle’s mother, stoically cares for her damaged son and tries to heal a marriage nearly destroyed by grief. These sad characters are haunted in another way as well, by the ghosts of the three killed instantly in the crash: Marco, Toe and Danielle, who address themselves directly to the reader. “We’re on a mission,” they say, but their objective is never explicitly stated; they just observe as the day’s events unfold. Each character’s story is told (and, eventually, woven together) in O’Nan’s simple, searching prose, which captures the inchoate passion and longing of teenage life as well as the bleak resignation of middle age. O’Nan demonstrates remarkable restraint; there’s no grasping for tragic meaning (the accident was “just something random that happened to us, bad luck,” according to Marco) or melodrama. Despite some confusing shifts in time— it’s occasionally hard to decipher what’s happening now and what happened then—a coherent thesis of misfortune emerges: death has many victims, and the ghosts haunting the survivors don’t only appear on Halloween. (Oct.)

WINNER OF THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD: A Novel of Fame, Honor, and Reality Bad Weather
Jacy Willett. St. Martin’s Due. $23.95 (336p) ISBN 0-312-31811-8

Willett’s second book, after 1997’s Jenny and the Jaws of Life (a collection of stories re-released last year with a foreword by David Sedaris), is a brilliant black comedy starring twins with antithetical dispositions and a handsome stranger with designs on both of them. Zafig Abigail has turned promiscuity into an art form, while the literary, virginal Dorcas finds pleasure in the library—in its books, but also in the graffiti scrawled on its facade. Dorcas recounts Abigail’s scandalous coming-of-age, marriage and eventual act of murder, weaving in excerpts from the book version penned later by Abigail and the sisters’ friend, Hilda. Through Hilda and her writer husband, Guy, who considers Abigail “art itself,” the twins become involved in a circle of arty, intellectual and morally decadent friends. Abigail soon falls madly in love with Guy’s old friend, the charming but sadistic Conrad, and ensnares herself in a destructive spiral of dieting, degradation and dependency. Through a fascinating interplay of violence and desire, Abigail’s masochistic tendencies unfold (Dorcas had identified them as a teen: “I stopped hitting her only when I saw, through the stars of my rage, that she loved it”). It’s hard to decide whom to cheer for most: Abigail for her triumphant revenge or Dorcas for her sense of humor, keen perception and restraint. Willett does a remarkable job of treating dark subject matter with shimmering playfulness, without diminishing its monstrosity. And embedded in her narrative is also a reflection on the subjective and sexual nature of written expression. Pageturning and funny, mean and tender, Willett’s novel is exuberantly original. (Oct.)

Forecast: No, it hasn’t won the National Book Award yet, but the cheeky title may fool a few unsuspecting readers. The Sedaris imprimatur gave new life to Willett’s first book; her second (selected by Anna Quindlen as a Book-of-the-Month Club judge’s pick) looks likely to build handily on the first’s success.

GRAND THEFT
Timothy Watts. Putnam. $23.95 (320p) ISBN 0-399-15999-4

Watts has often been compared to Elmore Leonard, and his latest crime thriller (after 1999’s Steal Away) begs to be cast along the same lines as Out of Sight. Teddy Clyde, the charming upscale Philadelphia car thief, is instantly recognizable as a George Clooney type, and who else but Jennifer Lopez could play Natalie, the investigative reporter “with a great rear end” who is working undercover as a waitress in a mobbed-up strip club? Of course, smart Teddy is the only one who recognizes her in her skimpy disguise. And while he’s scooping out her assets, she’s musting that “he had a look like you’d see in the movies. Not Disney. More like, what? A John Grisham film. Sociable on the outside but something hidden behind the eyes.” Watts, who has been writing screenplays of late, loads his story with empty characters waiting to be filled with real actors—the short-fused, dim-witted, foul-mouthed Mafia underboss who arranges a hit on his superior without considering the consequences; the height-challenged, ruthless reprobate prosecutor who treats his own wife worse than he does the mobster he’s chasing; the wisegold Jewish master criminal using the local ruffians for a big deal of his own. Watts is a clean, gib writer who can nock in a cutting line with ease—he refers to the nasty prosecutor as “a Rudy Giuliani, but without the class”—but readers hoping for a diverting couple of hours might be better off waiting for the film version. (Oct.)

DEAD I’LL WELL MAY BE

McKinty’s second novel is a brutal tale of revenge starring a young illegal immigrant from Ireland who chooses a criminal career in New York over unemployment in Belfast. Arriving in the city in the early 1990s, the an­other Michael Fossey the baddie as an en­forcer for Irish mobster Darkey White. Though Fossey at first keeps his hands relatively clean, he soon racks up a significant number of kills in skirmishes with rival crews as well as with Dominican gangs warring for control of the streets. An affair with his boss’s girlfriend leads to a setup— he and his mates are trapped in a drug sting in Mexico and abandoned in a remote prison. “If someone grows up in the civil war of Belfast in the sev­enties and eighties, perhaps violence is his only form of meaningful expression,” McKin­ty writes early in the novel, and the bulk of the story recounts Fossey’s gristy efforts to escape and avenge himself, including a stint with a Dominican group seeking to oust Darkey White. The pace is brisk and ener­getic, but Fossey remains a cipher—a self­educated intellectual who listens to Tolstoy on tape during a stakeout but exhibits puzzlingly little interest in finding an alternative to the gun and the knife. The dark, brooding tone is reminiscent of Dennis Lehane, but McKinty has yet to achieve Lehane’s depth and complexity. (Oct.)

MORNING DARK
Daniel Buckman. St. Martin’s. $22.95 (240p) ISBN 0-312-31400-0

In the tradition of Tim O’Brien and Larry Brown, Buckman (Water in Darkness; The Names of Rivers) traces the downward spiral of a blue-collar Vietnam vet as he struggles to cope with a legacy of violence. Walt Michal­ski’s tragic sense of entrapment is established early in the novel: while hunting with his fa­ther, Big Walt, a macho, ho-nonsense WWII veteran, Walt inadvertently shoots and kills his own son, 10-year-old Teddy. Walt’s many of disaster also includes a harrowing stint in Vietnam as well as a series of failed marriages and his ongoing difficulties working for his abrupt, bullying father. Walt finally bails on his troubles, abandoning his fourth wife, Pat­ty, and running off to build a log cabin in a remote patch of woods in Illinois. His hope
Scribner congratulates Ivan Doig Author of Prairie Nocturne Finalist for the Western Writers of America Spur Award for Best Western Novel

Also by Ivan Doig:

- **Mountain Time**
- **Bucking the Sun**
- **Dancing at the Rascal Fair**

SCRIBNER
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www.simonsays.com
Are hard times good for writers? Charles Dickens made hay out of social upheaval, class differences and economic dislocation; so did John Steinbeck, John Dos Passos, William Faulkner and a host of other American writers laboring during the Depression. A flimsy theory, perhaps, but this fall may lend it credence; recession-battered Seattle has produced a deluge of books by prominent local authors.

There's Jonathan Raban's new novel, about a professor and an illegal Chinese immigrant living through the dot-com boom, and Fred Moody's nonfiction meditation on what it was like to live through Seattle's boom and bust.

David Guterson has a new novel out. So does Ivan Doig, as does Whidbey Island resident and National Book Award winner Pete Dexter, as does brainy science-fiction author Neal Stephenson. There's a book on how the natural environment has affected Northwest literature; two books on the region's idiosyncrasies and oddities, and even a new biography of Vitus Bering, the Russian who put the Northwest on the map for many Europeans.

All these and more follow in our list of 101 good reads to look for this fall. If your favorite authors aren't here, we acknowledge our biases, apologize for our oversights and humbly suggest that if you don't like our list, make up your own. The rains are coming.
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