Longview, Sept. 28 '13

PACE FERVENT

When I began in the writing trade, as a young western workhorse harnessed to a newspaper job--as my family referred to it, "back east in Illinois"--I dreamed ahead to somehow joining one or another of the literary lineages aboard Shakespeare's ark--the lions of narrative, the foxes of mystery, the griffins of science fiction and fantasy, the watchful herons of history, the gazelles and dolphins of poetry, the badgers of biography, the lop-eared leopards of memoir. Little did I imagine that going up that gangplank would have me COMING ASHORE, Sound to here, with my fifteen books in my seabag, for an occasion like this.

My job on deck here, ~~for the next thirty-five minutes or so~~, is to think out loud to you about some of the makings of books--how a writer, at least this one, tries to bring fictional characters to life on a page; how the research is gathered from the nooks and corners of history and experience; and finally some thoughts about the craft of putting words on a page.

QUICKEN

Sweet Thunder, the latest in the handful of books whose makings I'll be talking about, is my dozenth novel, a sequel to **Work Song** of a few years ago. More Morrie! MORRIS MORGAN → MONTANA he returns to Butte, the scamp, and stars as a protagonist as he did in **The Whistling Season**, when he was the unorthodox teacher in a one-room school, and tells us the story in his distinctive voice, as he did in **Work Song**. In between the Morrie

Trilogy, as it's turned out to be, was ~~last year's~~ the separate novel, **The Bartender's Tale,** which I'll also be talking about in terms of ingredients.

I mention this lineup ~~of this~~ of my most recent books not just as an author counting on his fingers to keep track of how he's doing, honest. Norman Maclean, who made an illustrious writing career out of one splendid book, **A River Runs Through It**, used to tease me that I was in danger of becoming prolific. I would always point out to Norman that I was not a pensioned-off University of Chicago English professor like someone I could mention, I'm a professional writer who actually makes a living from his words. The long and short of it is, this quartet of books and another stand-alone novel, **The Eleventh Man**, represent the past

decade of my life. They show where I am as a writer, they're my latest news from the territory of my imagination.

Let's begin with the people who live within the covers of a book, the characters. Life sometimes puts us through a rehearsal for a role not yet written. I was mostly raised, like my narrator Rusty in **The Bartender's Tale,** by my father after my mother's early death. My dad--Charles Campbell Doig, "Charlie" to all--was a haymaker: a haying contractor, a kind of free-lance foreman, who would hire his own crew and put up

ranchers' hay crops. ~~Bars~~ SALOONS where I was lucky enough to tag along with him were his hiring halls, so when I was about as tall as his elbow as he judiciously bent it in the nine drinking spots of our small Montana town, I saw a lot of character on display, in the ranch hands and sheepherders and saloonkeepers of ~~half a century ago~~ MY BOYHOOD. Surely it was at life's prompting, back then, that I developed an abiding interest in the trait called character and its even more seductive flowering into a plural form, characters. How could I not, when Dad's rounds took him and the redheaded sharp-eared kid always at his side from neon oasis to oasis presided over by those personalities behind the bar; our favorite, Pete McCabe in the Stockman BAR, passing along news as generously as he poured; ~~the~~ AND the now nameless sad-faced bartender in the Pioneer BAR who would

SOFT

murmur "Hullo, Charlie, hullo, Red," as we stepped in, pull a glass of beer for Dad and open a bottle of Orange Crush pop for me, and say no more until "Take it easy, Charlie, take it easy, Red," as we left; then perhaps to the mix of saloon and short-order joint presided over by the well-fed proprietor known only as Ham and Eggs--Ham for short--where other nicknamed denizens such as Mulligan John, Diamond Tony, and Hoppy Hopkins hung out. Small wonder, then, that my novels tend to have a bartender somewhere in the cast of characters. And the one of **The Bartender's Tale**, has persistently shown up, skunk stripe in his black pompadour and his towel tirelessly polishing the bar wood, in a supporting role in three previous novels. It dawned on me that if he was

— and some of the more memorable clientele —

Tom Harry

cut to ?

such good company that I kept writing him into books, maybe he deserved top billing.

As we look at the idea of this bartender, the walk-on actor who now is going to have a starring role, how do I go about creating him on the page, bringing him to life in the eyes and ears and hearts of you, the readers? The realm of each novel I attempt has to be populated from somewhere. By rough count, I figure I've now employed more than 500 characters in ~~ten~~ TWELVE works of fiction.

GESTURE TO AUDIENCE

and the novel I'm working on now has literally a busload of new ones.

Fathering and for that matter mothering entire populations of books probably is beyond reasonable explanation even for someone who earns a living by making things up. But I begin by handing out names, noises, and noses. (I can say)

First, names. Or as I usually go about it, first names before last, way before.

What to call each of them, the sudden new citizens who need passports onto my pages? To an extent that seems to startle academic questioners, my characters' names tend to be determined more by linguistic chimings than, say, mythological implications or the nearest phone book.

"America. Montana. Those words with their ends open." Thus mused my narrator, Angus McCaskill, in **Dancing at the Rascal Fair** as he and a lifelong chum set forth from Scotland in 1889 to take up homesteads in the American West. Not accidentally, the same aspirant vowel of promise, hope, boundless prospect, characterizes the romantic prospects whom Angus and other yearning hearts meet up with in that

book and its successors in my Montana trilogy, **English Creek** and **Ride with Me, Mariah Montana**: Anna, Marcella, Leona, Lexa, and to add a slightly chestier note of unconformity, Mariah with an aitch. The men of these women's lives tend to come with conclusive consonants: Isaac, Jick, Alec, ~~Mitch.~~

But as a writer I believe literary rules aren't worth having unless they can be improved on. So now, leap across the years to these more recent books and we find, back there in Morrie's one-room school in **The Whistling Season**, and then with her own set of unruly students in **Work Song,** and depend on it, an even more unruly Butte bunch in ~~the sequel to come~~ SWEET THUNDER, the girlish mischief-maker Barbara, who turns her name pretty much backwards to become "Rabrab" and then simply "Rab."

Morrie's own name when he first appears there on a train depot in homesteader country in **The Whistling Season** I would like to say I worked on long and hard, for that chiming sound of first and last name, Morris Morgan. The truth is, it just came to me, as soon as I saw him in my mind. But the matter of names, and nicknames--the aforementioned Rab, and the thin, thin boy called Russian Famine, and Sam Sandison also known as the Earl of Hell, and so on--has given me a plot element for the Morrie books. Not to give away part of the story here in ~~Work~~ SWEET ~~Sage and beyond~~ THUNDER, but Morrie has what might be called an identity problem. His neck is perpetually at risk from those who MIGHT identify him too closely. That is a continuing gift to me as someone who must produce words and pages and books.

So, name affixed, what noise in the world must a character make to not only stand up over time but continue to march, cavort, and sing rowdily in the reader's mind? Which is to say, what is the voice, the characteristic sound or memorable mannerism, of the person talking on the page?

Please meet, as I did on a stroll of my imagination, Oliver Milliron, widower father of three in **The Whistling Season**. All I knew of him, back then, was what my narrator tells me on the second page of manuscript: "Father had a short sniffing way of laughing, as if anything funny had to prove it to his nose first." That's a start, though, isn't it, in giving readers something to remember Oliver by. --a bit of noise that's all his own.

B+C
P. 12A, follows,
then p. 14

Occasionally all the organ stops can be pulled out: I have a character in English Creek described as having a braying way of speaking that "would blow a crowbar out of your hand."

Similarly, in the novel I'm working on now, there's a Blackfoot character who helps my thoroughly Anglo boy protagonist sneak into a fancy-dance competition, in full eagle-feather, and in his trademark style of never saying "Get" when he can slur it into "Git," tells my young hero, "Git out there and show 'em how the cow ate the cabbage."

It can't be all down-home mannerisms and barnyard slang, however. In my novel **Prairie Nocturne**, two of the leading characters, the wealthy ranchman and war hero Wesley Williamson and the singing teacher and diarist Susan Duff, are plenty educated and sophisticated and well-traveled and so on. So it is that Susan, in one of those tangled affairs of the heart, has a moment of recalling that "Somewhere she had read the inlaid words:

SLOW DRAMATIC

"The beautiful contradiction of love is that it is a fidelity beyond truth, which is merely occasional."

Where's that from, do you suppose? Lord Byron? Shelley? One of those, some long-haired romantic with a touch of worldliness, it seems like?

Alas, it is merely that ventriloquist, Doig.

Generally, though, small auditory touches can count quite effectively toward larger character dimension, I believe. Perhaps a word that the character owns,

p. 14 following →

Generally small auditory touches count most effectively toward larger character dimension, I believe. Perhaps a word that a character owns, unobtrusively but consistently, throughout the story. Here in ~~Work~~ SWEET ~~Song~~ THUNDER, the boy called Russian Famine gets a lot out of simple "Huh?" While Morrie every so often will say a wise, "Ah." And Sam Sandison, whom one reviewer generously described as the most unforgettable librarian in American fiction, deploys "Heh" and "Hah" with effectiveness.

If a character's manner comes out on the page as vocals, physical appearance perhaps presents the melody line. As the example of Oliver Milliron indicates, problematic as they are for the novelist who has already reached into that bin of characteristics for several books' worth,

things such as noses have to be faced. Also eyes, ears, hairline, the whole physiognomy, and beyond that, lo, the soul. INSERT 15A & 15B

Call me analog, but I believe memorable fictional creation is usually best served by physical magnitudes rather than minimalist digits of dis and data. Descriptive turns of phrase that simply pop to mind--Morrie's Rudyard Kipling-like mustache when he arrives to us in **The Whistling Season** is "a soup strainer and a lady tickler and a fashion show, all in one" and while that memorable mustache comes and goes, it ~~is of course~~ WAS back in **Work Song**, and in the sequel it has expanded into a full beard, archival photos, revelatory glimpses across a room--the supply of characteristics leading toward character is as broad as a writer's experience and as deep as SHE OR he cares to delve. Case in point: I was in a

Sheer economy is sometimes best. In **Typhoon**, all we ever know or need to know about the waiting wife of the magnificently phlegmatic sea skipper MacWhirr is when Joseph Conrad tells us: "The only secret

15B follows →

of her life was her abject terror of the time when her husband would come home to stay for good."

SHORT, HOPPY

Conversely, in **The All of It**, Jeannette Haien's compact marvel of storytelling, the fullness of description is glorious:

"Kevin: with his straight, light, soft hair (the merest breeze would randomly part it); his blue eyes that tended easily to water over; the mould of his features expressive more of determination than of intelligence; his nimble-jointed body (he could go up a ladder and come down it with a crazy ease that drew smiles)..." That's only half of the descriptive paragraph, but already you feel you've known this loosemade Irish farmer for, well, half your life.

Back to p. 15 →

small-town saloon not unlike those my father frequented on his hiring --this was out west, not back east in Illinois-- forays, when in came a long-faced leathery rancher. As soon as I was decently out of sight of him, that face entered my notebook: "wrinkles running down cheeks; like a copper coin a bit melted." And then and there, Oliver Milliron acquired a face to go with his discriminating nose.

That, then, is a sampling of the population of a novelist's head, at least this one's, and I should move along now to where the imagination

meets the laws of historical gravity--the territory there on the page where the writer has to persuade the reader this made-up stuff is somewhat believable, or at least entitled to that other alibi writers count on-- "the willing suspension of disbelief."

How do you go about it? As a writer, the constant question I have to ask myself is, how do I get from here to there. From names, noses, and noises to completed characters who will have lasting lives there in the pages. How do I get from messy rough draft manuscript pages to those neatly bound pages that go to bookstore shelves throughout the land to take their place in high-class alphabetical company--Dickens, Doig, Dostoevsky?

NUH-BOCK-UV

There's the story that is told about Vladimir Nabokov when he was teaching his course on the novel, at Cornell. The author of "Lolita" and "Pale Fire" and "Speak, Memory" and other linguistically highly-honed books was famous for a couple of things in the classroom. One was that fiction course he taught, back there in the Eisenhower years, which was nicknamed "dirty lit"--Madame Bovary! Anna Karenina! The other was his cutomary final day of class, when students had been trying to follow his heavy Russian accent all semester, and now comes the climactic moment when Professor Nabokov peers over the rims of his glasses and gutturally speaks his summary of the writing life: "You must write with the passion of the scientist and the precision of the artist."

NUH-BOCK-UV

RUSSIAN ACCENT

The class, of course, thinks to itself, Yeah, right, the old boy has got it backwards again and they all get busy writing down the proper version-- "the precision of the scientist and the passion of the artist"--in the self-defense for the final exam. Everyone gets this done and looks up and Nabokov is still peering at them over the rims of those glasses, and says: "I repeat: you must write with the passion of the scientist and the precision of the artist."

Let's take those one by one, beginning with passion, which often gets things started, doesn't it. Passionate investigation and discovery, as Nabokov meant--the search and research that goes into a piece of writing. The makings that I've never known what to call except "the slow poetry of fact." The arithmetic of particulars which creatively gets

added up into story and gives it a kind of majestic fidelity. Or as it's sometimes called, crystalizing detail, which leaves in the reader's mind a crystal of beguiling but valid scene--a memory waiting to happen, there in the pages of a book.

In my own case, the crystalizing details I seek are often in some obscure record of the past--where Google doesn't go, or at least hadn't

FOR EXAMPLE,

gone yet when I was doing my research. When Morrie--and I--alit into Butte, Montana, because that mining city boasted of itself as The Richest Hill on Earth, back in the days when its copper fed the world's hunger for electricity, and whatever hunch Morrie had, I figured I could get a novel called **Work Song** out of a place like Butte. I'm from the other Montana, the one of wide open spaces and communities too small to be called towns, let alone cities--and Butte was known to us, when I was growing up out there in ranch country, as a place as crazily off the charts as, say, Las Vegas is today. Rough, tough, known for altitude and attitude--although as anyone from there is ~~likely~~ APT to tell you, "Butte is a mile high and a mile deep, but Butte people are on the level." In dropping Morrie into Butte, I knew I would have to take a look at what's

left of the old city and old mining equipment, and study it historically, from books and photographs. My wife Carol and I went through many, many photos at the state Historical Society ~~library~~ in Helena, of miners at work and people of the time in their downtown clothes, but it was one picture with nobody in it that really caught my imagination. The Butte Public Library of the time: an architectural show-off if there ever was one--a gray granite extravaganza with arched doorways and a balcony and a peaked tower. Just the kind of place Morrie would go to consult the city directory for some job worthy of his unique talents, as he now tells us about in this excerpt from **Work Song**:

(SLOW, DELIBERATE

"There is an old story that any Londoners with a madman in the family would drop him off at the library of the British Museum for the day. I was given a searching look as if I might be the Butte version when I presented myself at the desk of the public library that next morning and requested both the *City Directory* and Julius Caesar's *Gallic Wars* in the original Latin.

The stout woman I took to be the head librarian--she had eyeglasses enchained around her neck commandingly enough for it--scrutinized me some moments more, then marched off into the maze of shelves while I found a seat at a broad oaken table. Everything was substantial, the brass-banistered stairway up to the mezzanine of books in tall rows, the green-shaded electrical lights hanging down from the high ceiling like

watchfobs of the gods. I have always felt at home among books, so when the woman from the desk plopped my requested two in front of me, they seemed like old friends dropping by.

Aware that I should get down to business, I instead drew the *Gallic Wars* to me first, unable to resist. I had ordered it up by habit, as a test. To me, a repository of books is not a library without that volume in the mother of languages. Handling the book fondly as I was, I became aware of its own touch: tanned leather, not the more common calfskin cover put on for show. I examined the binding: sewn rather than glued. On the pages, lovely to finger, the sentences practically rose from the paper in a strong clear Caslon typeface. What I was holding was an exceptionally

fine copy, so much so that I momentarily found myself envious of the Butte Public Library."

amplifies on that "castle of literature" and how in came to be, in **Sweet Thunder**:

"The library's holdings were the even greater glory, with beautiful first editions of the output of authors from Adams, Henry to Zola, Emile, shelved along with lesser works. Again like a many-sided figure, Sandison as librarian was also the institution's prime benefactor by mingling these treasures on loan from his own collection with the library's standard fare, an act of stupendous generosity which also made it impossible to fire him."

p. 26B follows

Now to that second part of Vladimir Nuh-bock-uv's acrobatic trick of writerly performance, doing it with the precision of the artist. I'm going to try for a visual illustration here. I'll read you a scene from my book a couple of years ago-- my first New York Times bestseller, for what that's worth-- that caught some attention last year, **The Bartender's Tale**, where a new character has to be introducted, and at some examples of those crystalizing details or turns of phrase or bits of description that I precisely put in place because they are the most artistic touches I could come up with, I'll raise my hand, like so (left hand). That'll be the signal of the writer doing his best to click things into place.

Rusty, the narrator, is twelve at the time--1960--and pretty much lives in the back of the joint, as his gruff but gifted father Tom Harry calls his Medicine Lodge saloon, regarded as "a nearly holy oasis" in the town of Gros Ventre and the Two Medicine country of northern Montana. In their bachelor life, Tom and Rusty eat supper at the cafe down the street, the Top Spot, best described as reliably mediocre, and Tom--who eats first because of his bartending shift--comes into the back of the joint one day to tell Rusty a new couple--Butte people, coincidentally enough--are running the cafe. Here's where that leads:

THE CONSTANTINES

"Guess what. They got a kid about your age."

"What's his name?" I asked unenthusiastically.

"Go get yourself some supper," Pop blew a stream of smoke that significantly clouded the matter, "and find out."

The Spot showed it had indeed changed as soon as I walked in, because Melina Constantine herself was behind the counter in the cleanest waitress apron the cafe had seen in ages. Mrs. Constantine was squat, built along the lines of a fireplug, but with large warm eyes and a welcoming manner. She greeted me as if I was an old

customer--actually, I was--and plucked out the meal ticket Pop had just inaugurated. Activity in the kitchen sounded hectic, and her husband the cook hurried past the serving window, giving me a dodgy nod. No kid my age was in sight, which was a relief.

"Now then, Russell," Mrs. Constantine smiled in motherly fashion as I hoisted onto my accustomed stool at the end of the counter, "what would you like for supper? The special is pot roast, nice and done."

Her smile dimmed when I ordered my usual butterscotch milkshake and cheeseburger, but she punched the meal ticket without saying anything.

Wouldn't you know, though, muffled conversation was taking place in the kitchen, and from where I sat, I could just see the top of a dark mop of hair as someone about my height stood waiting while Pete, cook and father rolled into one, dished up a plate of food and instructed that it all be consumed. I heard the new kid groan at the plateload.

I waited tensely as you do when someone from a different page enters the script of your life. Would he be hard to get along with? Would I?

The kitchen's swinging door was kicked open--it took a couple of thundrous kicks--and, meal in hand as if it weighed a tragic amount, out came a girl.

"Hi," she said faintly.

"Hi," I said identically.

Zoe was her name, and she seemed to come from that foreign end of the alphabet, a gypsylike wisp who slipped past me to a table in the back corner before I finished blinking. Her mother corrected that in nothing flat. "Russell, I'll bring yours over to the table too, if you don't mind."

At the table, the two of us sat across from each other as trapped as strangers in a dining car. Given my first full look at Zoe, the wide mouth, the pert nose, the inquisitive gaze right back at me, I must have just stared. My education until then had not included time with a girl.

But the incontrovertible fact facing me was that Zoe Constantine possessed deep brown eyes that were hard to look away from and she had an olive-skinned complexion that no doubt suntanned nice as toast, unlike mine. For all of these arresting features, she was so skinny--call it thin to be polite--that she reminded me of those famished waifs in news photos of DISPLACED PERSONS refugee camps. But that was misleading, according to the indifferent way she toyed with her food while I waited edgily for mine. I was close to panic, thinking of endless suppertimes ahead

with the two of us about as conversational as the salt and pepper shakers; how was this going to work?

She spoke first....Idly mashing potatoes that were already mashed, she caught me even more by surprise as she conspiratorially lowered her voice enough that neither her mother behind the counter nor her father in the kitchen could hear:

"How come YOUR DAD and you eat here? Where's your mother? Can't she cook better grub than this?"

"She's, she's not around any more."

Her voice dropped to an eager whisper. "Did they split the blanket?"

"Uh-huh," I whispered back, although I wasn't sure why divorce was a whispering matter. "When I was real little. I wouldn't know her if I saw her."

"You're so lucky," she said.

I was so stunned I could hardly squeak out: "Because I don't have a mother I've ever seen?"

"No, silly, I mean because you've got only one parent to boss you around," she whispered, with either world-weary assurance or

perfectly done mischief, it was impossible to tell which. "That's plenty, isn't it?" She peered critically toward the kitchen,. "I'd give up my dad, I think, if it came to that."

"Wh-why?" I sneaked a look at her father in his undersized cook's hat, flipping a slice of Velveeta onto my cheeseburger as if he'd just remembered that ingredient. "What's the matter with him?"

Zoe waved that away with her fork. "Nothing much. He's just not swuft about a lot of things."

This was another stunner from her. *Swuft* did not merely mean quick at handling things, it meant swift-minded, brainy, sensible, and

quite a number of other sterling qualities she evidently found lacking in her father....

"He couldn't beat up anybody in a fight, like I bet your dad can," she was saying as if she would trade with me on the spot.... Her face was always a show, her generous mouth sometimes sly, sometimes pursed, the tip of her tongue indicating when she was really thinking, her eyes going big beyond belief when something pleased her, and when something didn't, she could curl her lip practically to the tip of her nose.

Well, that's the start of the story of Rusty and Zoe, and an example, I think, of the ingredients I've been talking about being

precisely mixed together--description, dialogue, the passion for language that I guess includes inventing the word "swuft" for my characters to use. I hope this and the other examples have shown you some of the makings of a book, and now I'll be glad to take questions.

quite a number of other sterling qualities she evidently found lacking in her father.

"He couldn't beat up anybody in a fight, like I bet your dad can," she was saying as if she would trade with me on the spot... Her face was always a show, her generous mouth sometimes sly, sometimes pursed, the tip of her tongue indicating when she was really thinking, her eyes going big beyond belief when something pleased her, and when something didn't, she could curl her lip practically to the tip of her nose.

Well, that's the start of the story of Rusty and Zoe, and I hope this and the other examples have shown you some of the makings of a book, and there's one last one I'd like to share with you to take us to the end here.

and an example, I think, of the ingredients I've been talking about being mixed together-- description, dialogue, the passion for language that I guess includes inventing the word "swuft" for my characters to use.

return to Longview "Makings" after Whitman

t always up to all the tricks that critics think they're as we carpenter our books. Sometimes, though, in the making of a book, yes, the writer consciously resorts to some literary device or another that best seems to do the job for a particular scene, and one of those is to bring the emotional and the physical actuality together there on the page. The point is to try to get the writing to the frontier, there on the page and in the reader's mind, where a character's circumstance is both physical and metaphysical. Here is Morrie, once again in that evocative Butte Public Library that captivates him in both **Work Song** and **Sweet Thunder**:

PACE

I switched on the mezzanine lights. The Reading Room below was as dark and hushed as the audience portion of a theater. Up on

stage, so to speak, the books waited in titled ranks, and in their reassuring company I moved idly along the laden shelves, running the tips of my fingers over the exquisite spines, taking down an old loved volume every so often and opening it to the stored glory of words. Around me was the wealth of minds down through all of recorded time.

In such company, you wonder about your own tale in the long book of life. What would they have made of me, these grandmasters of storytelling?... No matter how I looked at it, my story lacked conclusion.

Suddenly I knew what to do. Can inspiration come off on the fingers? I rubbed my hands together appreciatively, there among

the literary classics. It was as if the risk-taking lifetimes of composition, the reckless romances with language, the tricky business of plots stealing onto pages, all the wiles of the glorious books answered to my touch. There was no mistaking their message: sometimes you must set sail on the winds of chance."

SLOW, CLIMACTIC

There, for the moment, we must leave Morrie. But his wise words about the winds of chance can steer us, shipmates that we all are on the voyage of life, as we gather on the deck of Shakespeare's ark to listen to writers tell what we hope are their endless stories.

###

Thanks for listening, and I'll be glad to take your questions.

Xmas

~~48~~ 26B

VLADIMIR NUH-BOCK-UV'S

Now to that second part of ~~Nabokov's~~ acrobatic trick of writerly performance, doing it with the precision of the artist. To me, this is a matter of making it all dance together on the page. The names, the noises, the descriptions, probably noses and all. Here is a few minutes' worth from my book that caught some attention last year, **The Bartender's Tale**, where a new character has to be introduced.

From: "Sarah Walker" <sarah@terracommunications.net>
Subject: **RE: Longview Library Foundation Gala, Sept 28 for Ivan**
Date: October 14, 2013 2:04:49 PM PDT
To: "'carol doig'" <cddoig@comcast.net>
Cc: "Dawn Stuart" <dawn@terracommunications.net>

Hi Ivan,

Thanks for your feedback, and I'm glad to hear the attendance turned out well for the Gala. The difficulties with the driver were very unfortunate, and I'll keep these issues in mind as I stay in touch with the Whitman College's organizers for your travel logistics next May.

Once we receive a venue's payment, we process it for payment by the 10th of the following month. We issue checks to authors on the 10th of each month. The honorarium can take up to 10 business days to arrive, though often it doesn't take that long. Although Longview's check arrived in October, (meaning it wouldn't be processed until early Nov.) I'm looking into getting a special payment ordered so you'll receive it this month.

Best,
Sarah

-----Original Message-----
From: carol doig [mailto:cddoig@comcast.net]
Sent: Thursday, October 10, 2013 3:14 PM
To: Sarah Walker
Subject: Re: Longview Library Foundation Gala, Sept 28 for Ivan

Hi, Sarah. Once I got to the Longview event, and to the organizers, things went very well. We had a good crowd in terrible weather, very strong book sales, and countless people thanking me for coming.

As to things that didn't go so well, the car service driver had an erroneous address, and did not have our phone number. Carol saved the day by suggesting I call in to make sure the driver had the right address, and with minutes to spare, the dispatcher got him to our house. Also, that was a day of record rain here in Seattle (nearly two inches) and maybe in Longview, too, so the notion that a volunteer could have done the drive would have been a nightmare and dangerous. Another thing, the driver had the address to the organizer's house for the dinner, but had not been told he'd be picking me up at the auditorium afterwards, so I had to jump in and get that solved with the help of the organizers.

And lastly, is our fee in sight? It's been nearly two weeks since we did our end of the bargain.

I hope this helps.

Best wishes,
Ivan

From: "Patty Ferry, Ferry's Bookkeeping" <ferrybkpg@msn.com>
Subject: **Author Payment Report from Terra Communications**
Date: October 8, 2013 7:56:58 PM PDT
To: <cddoig@comcast.net>
▸ 1 Attachment, 80.3 KB

Dear Ivan Doig :

Your Author Payment Report is included in a separate attachment. We have paid your TC account balance by the amount shown on the Payment Report, and the remainder will be sent to you shortly.

Sincerely,

Terra Communications
23075 Bear Creek Rd.
Bend, OR 97701
541.318.6288

TERRA COMMUNICATIONS
23075 Bear Creek Rd.
Bend, OR 97701

Author Payment Report

Date	Credit No.
11/1/2013	1352

Customer
Ivan C Doig 17277 15th Ave NW Shoreline, WA 98177

Description	Amount
Speaker Fees Pd to TC - Longview Library Foundation	6,000.00
Agency Commission - 20%	-1,200.00
Speaker Fees Already Paid to Speaker on 5/16/13 - $-1,800.00	
TC Invoice applied against amount owing - Inv #1357, 10/8/13, $86.00 (sent separately, shown below)	0.00

Total	$-3,000.00
Invoices	$86.00
Balance Credit to be credited to TC invoice or pd to author	$-2,914.00

Phone #	E-mail
541-318-6288	dawn@terracommunications.net

THE BACK OF THIS CHECK CONTAINS A SECURITY MARK - DO NOT ACCEPT WITHOUT HOLDING AT AN ANGLE TO VERIFY SECURITY MARK

WRG P.O. Box 7002
Pasadena, CA 91109
For questions email: paymentinquiries@wescomresources.com

Paying for the Account Of:
TERRA COMMUNICATIONS

SELCO
COMMUNITY CREDIT UNION

CHECK NO. 3140812635
16-7935/3220
10/16/13

For Credit to Account # 4242013

TWO THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED FOURTEEN AND NO/100 DOLLARS********

$*****2,914.00

VOID AFTER 90 DAYS
1538709653

PPWC1A16D 000084 Env#:00079 01/01 PR1538709653

PAY
TO
THE
ORDER
OF

IVAN DOIG
17277 15th Ave. Nw
Seattle, WA 98177

Security Features Details on Back

⑈3140812635⑈ ⑆322079353⑆ 100003149⑈ 67

Bend

7/29 Dawn Stuart 541 318-6288 agency

- Tessa, Emens
- Garth Stein / Craig
- sphere bureau
- $7500 or more
- $10-15,000 country roads
- need big name
- non-exclusive