One County
One Book
Benton County Reads Together

Ivan Doig
This House of Sky
Presentation & Book Signing

April 15, 7:00pm
LaSells Stewart Center
26th & Western
Oregon State University
Free & Open to the Public

April 15
Craft of the Writer
Brown Bag lunch for aspiring writers. Majestic Theater
Conference Room. 12-1pm. Free Tickets available at
the Adult Reference Desk, Corvallis-Benton Co. Public
Library.

April 16
Breakfast with Ivan Doig Fundraiser
Corvallis-Benton Co. Public Library, Main Meeting
Room. 8:30am. Tickets in advance. $15 sold at the
Adult Services Reference Desk.

April 16
Craft of the Writer
12-1pm. High School students only.

Sponsored by the Corvallis-Benton County Public Library Foundation
Partners: Friends of the Library, OSU Valley Library, OSU Bookstore, Staff of OSU English Dept., Grass Roots Books Store,
Borders Books Music & Café, Book Bin, ArtCentric, Linn-Benton Community College, Corvallis School District 509J,
Corvallis Gazette-Times, Salbasgeon Suites. For more information: Corvallis-Benton County Public Library, 766-6793.
Author Ivan Doig reveals in diversity of audience

Writer at center of 'One County, One Book' praises Oregon for sense of community

By THERESA MUEHLE
Gazette Times reporter

Writer Ivan Doig no longer looks to see rolling Montana ranchland for his inspiration. Nowadays, he's searching for inspiration in his own backyard. He says searching for inspiration. Instead, his windows overlook the Puget Sound, the just blooming rhododendrons and the peaking leaves of his vegetable garden. Frequently, he is visited by his neighbor's red-tailed hawk that's been nesting in his yard like a kind of writing deity. He calls it his Muse cat.

Doig is up with the sun, or rain, every morning by 6 a.m. to write, whether inspiration strikes or not. And according to Doig, it rarely does.

"You never know when that is going to show up," he said. "The point is to get words down on paper."

He has just mailed off the final proofs of his seventh novel, "Prairie Nectare," which takes place in his native Montana as well as Scotland, France and New York City. The book went on sale today and Doig said it was finally ready for publication.

"It has everything on it for the prom except the corsage," he joked about the new book, which will be published by Scribner this fall.

But it's one of Doig's earliest works, a memoir he published in 1978, that will bring him to Corvallis this week. Doig's first book, "This House of Sky," was chosen by a group of Corvallis bookstore owners and librarians to be the work read in the first "One County, One Book" program.

"Oregon is one of the heartlands of my reading life," Doig said. "I'm invited to Oregon on more speaking engagements than I am in Washington. It may be some of the outdoorsness of the place, the landscape of the sense of the place."

There are several novels that seem especially popular in Oregon, and he thinks their appeal is tied to the character of Oregonians.

"There's Oregon's sense of community, which I've thought of as stronger than that of the Seattle area," he said. "People do harken to these family stories." Doig has been all over the state, doing speaking engagements, as well as vacationing, and says the Oregon Coast especially serves as a place of inspiration for him. He's taking his wife of 38 years, Carol, to Cannon Beach to celebrate their anniversary. Carol and he met while attending Northwestern's School of

See 'Author' A9
Author: Doig

Continued from front page

Journalism, and between them have four journalism degrees.

His background as a journalist, as well as being a passionate reader of great writers, has helped him hone his craft, and earned him a reputation as a writer of carefully chosen, elegant prose.

"I believe (my audience) is pretty diverse," he said. "There are a group of readers caught by the language of the book(s). The primary thing I'm up to is to try to be a worthy citizen of Shakespeare's art."

One group of readers is drawn by Doig's language, the other by the familial memories of his accounts of rural life. Whether in Eastern Oregon or downtown Washington, D.C., Doig's fans are eager to share memories of their own rural, hard-working upbringing.

"This House of Sky," is a tribute to his family, Doig said, not a cathartic piece intended to purge him of bad memories.

"It was really an attempt to pull back what patch of memory I lived through, and tell it as a professional writer who knew damn well who Faulkner was. I didn't undertake the book at all as a workshop in catharsis."

However, he isn't sorry to see those ranching days long behind him.

"I don't miss the ranching. We were always ranch hands," Doig said. His mother, grandmother and great-grandmother had all been ranch cooks, while his father was a cowboy and shepherder. They never owned their own ranch, but always worked for others. He compared it to sharecropping in the South.

"I didn't see much future," he said. His own future depended on a university education, and the difficult labor of becoming a professional writer. In the process, he's helped immortalize the lives of his family.

He's pleased that his work

One County, One Book

Through Wednesday — Community art project at the Corvallis-Benton County Public Library

Tuesday, noon to 1 p.m. — "The Craft of the Writer," by Ivan Doig, a brown bag lunch for aspiring writers at the Majestic Theatre. Seating is limited. The event is free. Tickets are available at the Adult Reference Desk of the library.

Tuesday, 7 p.m. — Ivan Doig presentation and book signing, LaSells Stewart Center, Southwest 26th Street and West Avenue, Oregon State University.

Wednesday, 8:30 a.m. — Ivan Doig breakfast fundraiser, Corvallis-Benton County Public Library, $15 in advance, at the library's Adult Reference Desk.

Wednesday, noon to 1 p.m. — For high school students only, "The Craft of the Writer," Corvallis-Benton County Public Library.

Books by Ivan Doig

Books by Ivan Doig:

This House of Sky
Winter Brothers
The Sea Runners
English Creek
Dancing at the Rascal Fair
Ride With Me, Marijah
Montana

Heart Earth
Bucking the Sun
Mountain Time
Prairie Nocturne (to be published this fall)

is being read by so many people at the same time in Corvallis through the "One County, One Book" project, something that has happened previously in other areas of the country.

"It becomes a kind of wonderful festival of worlds to have your piece of work at the center," he said. "You can't get any closer to the center ring of the circus."

Theresa Hogue is the higher education reporter for the Gazette-Times. She can be reached at theresa.hogue@lee.net or at 758-9526.

WVW
Dancing with the language

Author Ivan Doig says finding the right words is crucial to stories

By THERESA HOGUE
Gazette Times reporter

When Ivan Doig looked out into the audience at LaSells Stewart Center Tuesday night, looking back were the faces of hundreds of readers who had just read, or re-read, one of his books.

Doig spoke at Oregon State University as part of a long celebration of his earliest book, a memoir titled "This House of Sky," picked as the first "One County, One Book," project in Benton County.

"My first words regarding "This House of Sky," need to be, Thank you to all of you who have spent time with my book," Doig said. He joked that he'd once dreamt of being a Shakespearean actor, and that his work in writing had become a piece of home work.

Doig's work was selected by a committee of local library directors, bookstore owners and avid readers as the focus of the young reader book reading project, supposed to be the first of many. Book clubs and coffee shop discussion groups took up the effort and brought both new and returning readers to Doig's Table of growing up on Montana ranches.

"This House of Sky" is known not only for its compelling and humorous tales of family and place, but for Doig's carefully crafted language.

"In the beginning is the language. That's what stories are ultimately about," Doig said. It took Doig more than six years, on and off, to craft his first book, and numerous revisions. The first page of his book, for example, was rewritten 76 times.

The reason for so many revisions, Doig said, was because the stories he wanted to tell had to be accompanied by lyrical prose.

"I was determined to make language service in this book, he said, and he did so by using extraordinary verbs, powerful adjectives like "fier-frank," and "prodding meadows," and sometimes turning nouns into verbs, as when his mountain "knocks itself up."

"This is not your stripped down, Hemingway style," he said. His lyrical prose was something closer to a Robert Frost poem, a far cry from the spartan, rough-hewn style that had come to be identified with Western writing.

Doig said he didn't know if he was poet yearning to be a clerk or a clerk yearning to be a poet, but what came out was poetic prose where the knoll was "getting up out of nought and doing a gig identified with Western writing."

Doig said he didn't know if he was poet yearning to be a clerk or a clerk yearning to be a poet, but what came out was poetic prose where the knoll was "getting up out of nought and doing a gig identified with Western writing."

His lyrical propensity he traced back to his grandmother and father, whose words and directions came flying back to his ears as he sat down to write.

"People who are poor in all else are often rich in language," he said.

He also attempted to capture the eloquence of the local vernacular, letting the voices of those in his memories speak for themselves.

"I always tried to attend language that makes a shimer behind the story," he said.

Inspired by writers like Joseph Conrad, Doig also made an effort to give vivid life even to peripheral characters in his memoirs, from his father's favorite bartender to the keen-eyed neighborhood who knew all the latest gossip.

Doig has a master's degree in journalism and a doctorate in history, but decided the path of a professional writer had a stronger pull than academia or news writing. "This House of Sky" allowed him to explore his fascination with memory while paying tribute to his father and grandmother at the same time. He also set him on a successful and continuing path of both memoir and fiction writing that will continue when his latest novel, "Prairie Nocturne," is published this fall.

"We live by stories," he said. "Often, memories are the stories we tell ourselves."

Theresa Hogue is the higher education reporter for the Gazette Times. She can be reached at theresa.hogue@lee.net or 758-9526.
Doig's 'Rascal Fair' captures Montana

By Dan Webster

Suffice it then. Just because you can sum up a writer's work in one word doesn’t mean that the writer is a failure.

In Ivan Doig’s case, the very opposite is true. Doig’s word is Montana, which, despite its loaded nature, is a perfect fit even for a novelist who has lived in Seattle since 1966.

Why loaded? Because we tend to categorize, fairly and unfairly, those who write about Montana.

Their prose is muscular, their ideas are as grandiose as the mountains that inspire them, they know something about life that the rest of us don’t.

Blah-blah-blah.

It’s especially easy to be critical when the writer in question isn’t a native of the state, which was the case all through the 1980s when books about the Big Sky country were churned out one after the other. Most were written by East Coast pencil-pushers who came, spent one season there and wrote a memoir of their experiences.

To Doig, a native of White Sulphur Springs, Montana is a place of vastness, both of landscape and spirit.

Continued: Book club/F5
Reader enjoys lyrical portrayal of homestead life

IT'S BARELY FEBRUARY, and we already have our first reader review of this month’s Spokesman-Review Book Club selection, Ivan Doig’s “Dancing at the Rascal Fair.”

Coeur d’Alene’s Phoebe Hurshka writes: “I enjoyed Doig’s lyrical style of writing. I loved seeing ‘maybe so, maybe no’ in the text as that was an expression of my father’s and my uncle’s. I compared life on the Montana homestead front to what I know of my father’s homesteading in the semidesert country of Eastern Oregon.”

But Hurshka does have her complaints. “I think that the main character (Angus MacCaskill) would have been hard pressed to do his homestead duties and teach daily at the same time,” she wrote. “I also think that Rob Barclay would not have become the bitter man that he is portrayed to be by the end of the book. He was a charming, friendly man in earlier years and without something really bad in his life I think he would not have changed that much.”

Overall, Hurshka said, “For the most part, I enjoyed the book.”

Send in your own reviews as soon as you can (see the details listed elsewhere on this page). For the more ambitious among you, upcoming reads include: March, Sherman Alexie’s “Tonto and the Lone Ranger Fastest in Heaven”; and April, Duff Wilson’s “Fateful Harvest: The True Story of a Small Town, a Global Industry, and a Toxic Secret.”

Got a suggestion? Share it with the rest of us.

Poets who know it

If you look on page 7 of this section, you’ll find an invitation to the 2003 Spokesman-Review Imericke contest. Not to be repetitious, but I thought I’d offer another example of what would fit this year’s theme of devising a guide to celebrating St. Patrick’s Day in the Inland Northwest:

O’Riley arrived at Priest Lake unaware That old Patrick Feeoney had beaten him there. He had to look twice For there on the ice Was a bear with a shamrock tagged on his derriere. I thought that one up in a bare 17 minutes. Your turn. The deadline is March 3.

For self-directed writers

Spokane Authors and Self-Publishers will hold its February meeting at 11:30 a.m. Thursday at Old Country Buffet, 5504 N. Monroe St. Auntie’s Bookstore readings coordinator (and much-published author himself) Mitch Finley will be the speaker. For information, call Don Johnson at 443-0910. Unless otherwise noted, all events listed are free and open to the public.

Book talk

Gay & Lesbian Book Group (“Fall On Your Knees,” Ann-Marie MacDonald), 7 p.m. Wednesday, Auntie’s Bookstore, Main and Washington (838-0206).

■ Literary Freedom Book Group (“The Rape of Nanking,” Iris Chang), 1 p.m. Saturday, Auntie’s Bookstore.

The reader board

■ Pat Pfeiffer (“Keeping Her Head”) and Barbara Francis (“If This Be Forgetting”), reading, 7:30 p.m. Tuesday, Auntie’s Bookstore.

■ Ron Hansen (“Isn’t It Romantic?”), reading, 7:30 p.m. Thursday, Auntie’s Bookstore.

■ Robyn Schiff (“Worth”), reading, 7:30 p.m. Friday, Auntie’s Bookstore.

■ Luella Dow (“Bird in the Hand”), signing, noon-2 p.m. Saturday, Borders Books, 9980 N. Newport Highway (466-2231).

■ Tony and Suzanne Schaeffer Bamonte (“Spokane’s Legendary Davenport Hotel”), signing, noon-2 p.m., Borders Books.

■ Dan Webster can be reached at (509) 459-5483 or by e-mail at daw@spokanekom.com.
Book club: Capturing Montana on paper tough, but Doig does it

Continued from F3

and theme. But it's also a country that spawned people, and stories, that are steeped in what's real. Much of what he is as an artist can be found in "Dancing at the Rascal Fair," which is the February selection for The Spokesman-Review Book Club.

Unlike so many others who have tried to capture the reality of Montana on paper, Doig is no dilettante. He bleeds bitterroot. His father was a ranch hand, his mother a ranch cook. He worked at various jobs, ranging from ranch work to newspapering, before finding his voice as a novelist.

It was a trained voice. Doig earned two degrees at Northwestern University, and he graduated from the University of Washington in 1969 with a Ph.D. in history. (His wife, Carol Dean Muller, is a professor at Shoreline Community College.)

Doig's work includes both nonfiction and fiction. His critically acclaimed memoir "This House of Sky, Landscapes From a Western Mind" — a National Book Award nominee — boasts one of the most shattering lines of American literature: "Soon after daybreak on my sixth birthday, my mother's breathing wheezed more raggedly than ever, then quieted. Then stopped."

But it is his fiction that has won Doig his most loyal fans. Among his six novels, Doig is probably best known for his so-called "Montana Trilogy": "English Creek" (1984), "Dancing at the Rascal Fair" (1987) and "Ride With Me, Maria Montana" (1990). Each book tackles a different time: "English Creek" is set in the late 1930s and "Ride With Me, Maria Montana" in 1989.

Join the club

The Spokesman-Review Book Club reads a featured book each month. The selection is announced on the first Sunday of the month in the IN Life section. Reviews of the book by club members are posted on our Web site throughout the month.

To join the club online, go to www.spokesmanreview.com/interactive/bookclub and fill out the form. Along with the opportunity to post reviews, the Web site includes such features as staff and reader reviews of other books and links to other literary sites.

Readers without Internet access also may submit reviews (no more than 250 words) of their current month's book. Send e-mail to danw@spokesman.com, fax to (509) 459-5098 or mail to S-R Book Club, Attn: Dan Webster, P.O. Box 2160, Spokane, WA 99210.

"Dancing at the Rascal Fair," although the middle book, is set several decades earlier than the others. It begins in 1889 with our 19-year-old protagonists, Angus McCaskill and Rob Barclay, boarding a ship that will take them on the first leg of their journey from Scotland to Montana. It ends with the killing post-World War I influenza epidemic and the harsh winter of 1919-20.

In between, Doig gives us the story of American immigration as told through these two young Scottish settlers, the verse-spouting Angus and the high-spirited Rob. We follow them as they come upon the beautiful-but-unforgiving territory of north-central Montana, do the back-breaking work required of a homesteader, raise sheep, find wives, raise families and in the process face all the heartbreaks, personal and professional, that the difficult land offers as an almost necessary rite.

If it is one of those heartbreaks that eventually causes a rift between Angus and Rob, a conflict that ends up fueling the story as it is being told, years afterward, by the aging Angus.

"Against this masterfully evoked backdrop, Mr. Doig addresses his real subject: love between friends, between the sexes, between the generations," wrote a reviewer in the New York Times Book Review. "His is a prose as tight as a new thread and as special as handmade candy. . . . 'Dancing at the Rascal Fair' races with real vigor and wit and passion."

The characters in his novel are fictional, but the immigration of Scottish families to Montana is something that Doig knows personally. His own father was born south of Helena in 1901 in a homesteader's cabin.

"And now that I am middle-aging and deep-bearded," the 64-year-old Doig once wrote, "I am told continually by older Montans of my resemblance to D.L. Doig, the first of the family to come from Scotland to Montana."

That personal connection, Doig says, was what made sure that the idea of a novel about homesteaders "tagged after me through life like a second shadow."

Given "Dancing at the Rascal Fair" has been one of his best-selling books, it's a good thing that he let the shadow catch him.

"He kind of reaffirmed what everybody had been thinking — that there would be a real Western literature, not just shoot-'em-ups,"" author William Kittredge told The Missoulian newspaper. "And it happened."
It's time to update the 'most-admired Montanans' list

During a trip to Helena last month, I encountered Len Tuckwell of The Associated Press, who asked if I was planning to revise my “most-admired Montanans” list that I first compiled in the 1980s. Considering the recent deaths of Sen. Mike Mansfield, legislator Franc Barlow, and historian Mike Maloney, I thought it might be time to draw up a new version.

So here's my latest roster, but it has a different twist. It's not an all-time listing. The current honorees are living, and most are still doing good things for the state and its people. Also, there's a special category of nominees at the bottom:

- Horner's Choice
- Old Person
- Dog
- Schwinden
- Ashley
- Glenn
- N. Davidson

Honorable mention goes to cartoonist Stan Lynde, writer James Welch, historian Harry Fritz, Sen. Max Baucus and Sen. Conrad Burns, ex-congressman Pat Williams, former legislator and gubernatorial candidate Dorothy Bradley, businessman John Smuin, historian Joan Hoff, national Republican party chairman Marc Racicot, former U.S. Forest Service chief Jack Ward Thomas and another personal favorite, Secretary of State Bob Brown.

My final category includes people who live in Montana on a part-time basis, as well as some natives who’ve made a name for themselves elsewhere. Included are TV anchor Tom Brokaw, comedian Dana Carvey, economist Lester Thurow, actor Peter Fonda, choreographer Michael Smuin, historian Joan Hoff, TV newsmen Don Schwenkler, Los Angeles Raiders coach Phil Jackson, adventurer Bill Clinton, chef Charley Pride, “rancher” Ted Turner and the biggest ego of all, Evel Knievel.
Langley fest draws in the art lovers

A Gonzaga University professor uses a stuffed bobcat on a motorized cart to see if bugs make squirrels reckless. Page B5

Driver's ed comes with sticker shock

Since the Legislature eliminated its subsidy for traffic safety education, school districts wonder how they'll make up the difference.

BY ERIC STEVICK
Herald Writer

The cost of driver's education at public schools is likely to rise dramatically in Snohomish County this fall because the Legislature eliminated much of the subsidy for traffic safety classes.

School boards here and statewide are grappling with how much to raise rates by the fall. Some are even considering dropping the program altogether.

"It is going to be sticker shock," said Karen Norton, coordinator for the Edmonds School District's traffic safety program, where rates will rise from $225 to $365. "I just feel so sorry for these families. It's so expensive to raise kids, and this doesn't help."

"I think most of the districts are planning to go with a higher fee and try to keep the program for the students," said Ernie Dire, supervisor of traffic safety for the Everett School District.

Roughly 850 high school students in Everett get driver's training through the district each year. Statewide, the number is about 48,000, compared with as many as 22,000 who enroll in private driving schools.

The state budget eliminates state traffic safety education funding for all students who are not low-income. The cut is expected to cost districts $2 million, according to Norton.

Each district will set its own tuition based in part on the state removing funding, the age of its instruction vehicle fleet, insurance costs and gas prices. Those parent-paid fees could more than double in some districts.

Take the case of the Mukilteo School District, which provided driver's education to about 550 students last year. Without the state funding, the Mukilteo district's cost for operating a traffic safety program would increase by more than $126,000.

That left the school board to mull three options: raising rates from $140 to roughly $380 for non-low-income students; dropping its traffic safety education program; or working toward accommodating private driving schools on district campuses.

Low-income students would see the cost of driver's education increase from $70 to about $175 under one proposal.

For now, the district plans to raise the rates and see what effect it has on enrollment, said Andy Mantz, a spokesman for the Mukilteo district.

"Maybe we could phase the impact in over time," said Gary Wall, superintendent of the Granite Falls School District, which has been searching for cost savings within its traffic safety program to ease the tuition increases.

Annual arts event also has exhibits, music and more
Cycle show has Snohomish revved up

City officials say May event had 10 times too many people for its permit, and also broke the agreement in other ways.

By LESLIE MORIARTY
Herald Writer

SNOHOMISH — It's not the annual motorcycle rally and races at Sturgis, S.D., with 600,000 bikers on Main Street.

But Snohomish's police chief, Rob Sofie, is concerned that the annual Antique and Classic Motorcycle Show held each May along First Street may be getting too big for the town to handle.

Like some other events on the streets of the historic downtown, this year's motorcycle show brought more than 20,000 people to town on a Sunday afternoon.

James Brooks and Mickey McMahon of Mount Vernon, and Crash Hall of Bothell, study Mitchell Hubbard's 1958 Harley-Davidson at the Antique and Classic Motorcycle Show in Snohomish in 1998. The city might not allow the event in the future.

See Snohomish, Page B2

Learning to write from that place called life

John Findlay didn't gush. Given a chance to introduce Ivan Doig, I'd have gushed.

Cleverly, Findlay tempered reverence with ribbing. The University of Washington history profes sor ushered Doig to the lectern by sharing some of the writer's own history.

"Since Ivan studied in this department in the 1960s, we've kept track of him," Findlay said dryly. There was Doig's doctoral project, a footnoted thesis on some longago Northwest figure. There were obscure academic writings that followed.

"At this point, he veered from the norm," Findlay said of Doig's 1978 masterpiece, the Montana memoir "This House of Sky," and "Winter Brothers," a mix of memoir, Northwest coast history and a biography of 19th-century pioneer James Swan.

"We're in the department liked the books, but there's too much Ivan in them," Findlay teased, noting a proper historian's need for scholarly distance.

"Then Ivan took an alarming path—fiction," the professor said with mock horror. "After abandoning foote notes and the Ph.D. after his name, he abandoned the truth."

Even Findlay couldn't help but gush. Truth, he said, flows from "the wonders of Ivan's imagination." Then he called Doig forward with a final wisecrack: "If this writing thing doesn't work out, Ivan, come see us."

The writing thing worked out. Bearded and bespectacled, short and slight, 61-year-old Ivan Doig is a literary giant.

A reviewer for the San Francisco Chronicle called him "the reigning master of new Western

literature," a writer "bigger than the Big Sky." The author of nine books, including the McCaskill family trilogy "English Creek," "Dancing at the Rascal Fair" and "Ride With Me, Mariah Montana," he is a National Book Award finalist for "This House of Sky."

Doig, who lives in Shoreline, spoke Thursday as part of the UW history department's "A Sense of Where We Are" summer lecture series. I took it as an opportunity to combine work with hero worship.

With manuscript in hand, the author stood before an eager audience and said, "For what it's worth, this is a world premiere."

In a lively voice, Doig read from a work in progress. The untitled novel continues tales of characters his fans have already met. Like William Faulkner's Mississippi, Doig's Montana is a rich stew of family eccentricity and human frailty steeped in breathtaking prose.

Once again, he has crafted sweeping landscapes with fanciful flights of language. Again, he has poured compassion into a plot line. Again, he has plumbed the secrets of the human heart.

Doig read from an opening chapter, set in 1924 and titled "Evening Star."

He read of Susan Duff, a Helena music teacher "in her 40th year under heaven." He read of Wes

See MUHLSTEIN, Page B2
LOCAL BRIEFLY

Sultan man, 31, recovers enough to get a jail bed

Herald Staff

MALIBY — The man who led police on a high-speed chase on Highway 522 Friday night has made a full recovery and has been moved from a bed at the hospital to one at the jail, police said.

The 31-year-old Sultan man was taken to the hospital after the vehicle he was driving was flipped over at 9 p.m. Friday, police said. Police, believing the suspect was driving a stolen car, chased him for 10 miles, from Monroe to a spot near Maliby. It came to an abrupt end after a Snohomish County sheriff's deputy used his vehicle to cause the suspect's white Pontiac Grand Am to spin out. The Pontiac went off the road and struck an embankment, causing it to flip, according to a Washington State Patrol report.

Late Friday, the Sultan man was listed in serious condition at Harborview Medical Center in Seattle. The next day, he made a complete recovery, said Monroe police Sgt. Cherie Harris. "He had no apparent injuries."

He was booked into Snohomish County Jail. The Herald is withholding his name pending the filing of formal charges.

HOW THEY VOTED

($1052): The Senate on June 29 tabled an amendment by Sen. Wayne Allard, R-Colo., that would have exempted small employers from causes of action under the act. The vote to table was 55 yes to 43 no.

Yes: Sen. Maria Cantwell-D, Sen. Patty Murray-D.

Patients' Bill of Rights ($1052): The Senate on June 29 tabled an amendment by Sen. Rick Santorum, R-Pa., that would have dedicated 75 percent of any awards of civil monetary penalties allowed under this act to a federal trust fund to finance refundable tax credits for uninsured individuals and families. The vote to table was 50 yes to 46 no.

Yes: Sen. Maria Cantwell-D, Sen. Patty Murray-D.

Patients' Bill of Rights ($1052): The Senate on June 29 approved a bill to amend the Public Health Service Act and the Employee Retirement Income Security Act of 1974 to protect consumers in managed care plans and other health coverage. The vote was 59 yes to 36 no.

Yes: Sen. Maria Cantwell-D, Sen. Patty Murray-D.

Choochokam: Langley's festival

From Page B1

Choochokam is a Hoipan Indian word that means "stars gather together," although Adams said in recent years they have been trying to get beyond that idea and focus more on the Langley Festival of the Arts portion of the name.

He said the goal of the festival is to support local artists, of whom there are many on Whidbey Island, and also to bring in other artists. The festival, by any name, continues today from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and is free. Parking can be tight in the compact town, so a free shuttle runs continuously from a parking lot near Sixth and Cascadia to the festival.

You can call Herald Writer Marcie Miller at 425-339-3435 or send e-mail to mmiller@heraldnet.com.

Whidbey has events planned all summer

From Page B1

Other opportunities to sample island life this summer:

Booths, arts and crafts, food, wine, loganberry pie, hayrides, Festival, Meerkerk Gardens, Greenbank, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Muhlstein: Writing from life

From Page B1

much unsaid. Doig read Susan's mind as the powerful man de

clude Montana this summer. My midweek trip to the UW campus
July 31: Orca/Salmon Celebration, Freeland Hall, 1515 Shoreview Drive, Freeland, 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. $25 per person.

Dinner, drinks, auction, displays and presentations by sculptor Tom Jay and Ken Balcomb of the Center for Whale Research. Information: 360-678-3451, susanb@whidbey.net.

Aug. 4-5: Whidbey Folk Music Crafts Festival, Coupeville, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Supper on the Whidbey.net/islamdoco/coupefest.

Aug. 11: Celtic Highland Games, Greenbank Farms, Greenbank

Information: 360-678-7700.

Aug. 16-19: Island County Fair, Fairgrounds, Langley, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Information: 360-221-4677.

Aug. 23-26: Dixeland Jazz Festival, Oak Harbor.

Information: 360-675-3535.

IS YOUR CHILD HARD TO MANAGE?

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Bowing out on ringing in New Year

JEAN GODDEN
Times staff columnist

What’s everyone doing on New Year’s Eve, and why are so many top celebrities and meeting spots still not booked? A recent column posed that question, and the reasons came flooding in.

One school of thought says Puget Sounders aren’t making plans because of Y2K worries. Said one caller: “I’m sticking close to home. What happens if all the stoplights stop working?”

Others offer a sports scenario. An e-mail message from University of Washington football fan J. Thomas Bernard asks, “What are Husky football fans going to be doing this New Year’s Eve? Just maybe we’ll be at some spot near Pasadena and the Rose Bowl. Hope so.”

A third explanation is that local residents think it’s the time to be somewhere else. Travel & Leisure magazine reports there is a special New Year’s Eve event at the Palace of Versailles, only $85,000 a person and perhaps already sold out.

Still, there are possibilities closer to home. Take the Bagley Wright Theatre at Seattle Center. The Seattle Rep decided to cancel New Year’s Eve performances. The lobby and rotunda, premium party spaces close to the Space Needle fireworks, are suddenly up for grabs. (To make a deal, call Michael Betts at the Rep.)


Civic leaders Jim and John Ellis shared a regional leadership award. Jim accepted, saying, “I’m probably the most over-praised person in this community. Things that get done are done by groups of friends. If you don’t have a group, you won’t realize that dream.”

Ellis added, “The only talent I share with my brother John — he’s multi-talented — is our skillful selection of parents.”

Also honored were Seattle First Lady Pam Schell, for three decades of community service on behalf of women, children, families and the arts. An arts and humanities award went to author Ivan Doig, who, said emcee William Gerberding, deserves to be named a national treasure.

Doig responded, “I’m also living proof a museum can have a sense of humor.”
THE HOTTEST HORNS ARE IN HELENA!

The Rockies will come alive with the sweet sounds of swing, the happy beat of Dixieland, plus the hot and stomping sound of Cajun and Zydeco during the Sleeping Giant Swing 'n Jazz Jubilee, June 15–17, in Helena, Mont.

Let AAA Travel help plan your trip to Helena to enjoy bands playing the flavor of sweet and sentimental sounds, dance floors bouncing with feet, and grooving hips and folks strutting around in the costume and parasol contests.

Featured bands and performers include:

Bob Drag, Jeff Barnhart, Gator Beat, Chicago 6, Hot Jam, Dixieland Express, Anything Goes, The Big Band Trio and Jumpin' Jive Orchestra, Ragtime, plus more performers yet to be announced.

Tickets for the entire event are $60. All-event youth (ages 13–17) tickets are $10. Kids 12 and under are admitted free when accompanied by an adult. Tickets are available at the Helena AAA Service Center. For more information, call (406) 227-9711, or send your ticket orders to SGSJJ, P.O. Box 1880, East Helena, MT 59635. Visit the jazz Web site at www.helenajazz.com.

Ivan Doig Fans...

This is your opportunity to explore the childhood region of Ivan Doig, Montana native and author of This House of Sky. Join us for this scenic day-coach trip, hosted by Dr. John E. “Jack” Taylor, departing from Helena, Mont., on Saturday, June 16. $45 per person.

Call Johnette Tubbs at (800) 332-6119.

Agents Visit Disney’s California Adventure

Recently, two of our travel agents had the opportunity to visit the new Disney’s California Adventure Theme Park and Disneyland. Jennifer Skalsky, from our Kalispell service center, and Kiana Nelson, from our Anchorage South service center, were thrilled with the trip and came back with a lot of information about the parks.

Skalsky and Nelson stayed at the new Grand Californian Hotel and were impressed with the convenience and easy access to California Adventure. They took in many of the activities during their visit, but both stated that the Soaring Over California was the highlight and an absolute “must-do” for visitors to this new theme park.

Nelson stated, “I now truly know why Disneyland resort is such a great destination. The staffs at both parks and the hotel were terrific. The food and attractions were delightful and it truly felt like the Happiest Place on Earth.”

If you have considered a trip to Disneyland, don’t delay. Get in touch with one of these agents for firsthand information and expert guidance.
Over the past year Western American Literature asked readers to nominate a notable novel published since 1990. This list of “not-to-be-missed works of contemporary fiction of the American West” was a chance for all readers to recognize and applaud recent novels in the field. Rather than thinking only in terms of absolutes—a kind of “Best West” list—we asked readers to nominate books they think might be the subject of future scholarship in the field, as well as books notable enough to recommend to colleagues looking for the right contemporary novel to add to a syllabus or to offer to a friend just looking for a “good read.” The results are listed below, arranged alphabetically by the novelist’s last name. The response to the call for nominations was not overwhelming, but the modest list that did result was interesting nevertheless. We hope this inspires as you make out that summer reading list here in the midst of gray winter. Happy reading!

—Evelyn I. Funda, Book Review Editor

ARIZONA STATE COLLEGE, 1946. Northern Arizona University Photographic Archives, Cline Library.
Strange Angels. By Jonis Agee.

Agee is the most prolific of the recent Great Plains novelists that includes Kent Haruf, Dan O'Brien, Douglas Unger, Ron Hansen, and, in Canada, Sharon Butala, but while these latter writers, with the exception of Butala, have produced one or two fine fictional treatments of the region, Agee produces stories and novels at a steady clip. Recently, she joined the faculty in the Department of English at the University of Nebraska, where, we can hope, she will continue to focus her fictional attention on the people who populate the small towns and rural reaches of the Great Plains.

Strange Angels is set in the Nebraska Sandhills made familiar by Mari Sandoz, and like Sandoz's family in Old Jules, the children in Agee's Bennet family must come to terms with their father's legacy, left to each in equal measure. Agee creates characters who see themselves as losers and throw-aways while revealing strengths and sympathies the reader comes to admire. The Bennet children's lives are intricately connected with each other, with the other complex and colorful characters in their ranching community, and with the land that, as in any good western work, is an important character in her novel.

—Diane Quantic, Wichita State University

The Temptations of St. Ed & Brother S. By Frank Bergon.

Frank Bergon knows his Nevada, and the characters and issues so sharply defined in this novel will resonate with Westerners especially. The battle for the book's fictional Shoshone Mountain, the site of a proposed nuclear waste dump, becomes a reflection of the battle going on in the souls of the modern monks St. Ed and Brother S in their struggles with the temptations of this world. Backed by an assortment of Native American activists, Desert Rats, a BLM ranger, and drop-out kids, the monks find themselves up against talk-show hosts, technicians, and the cool and scary bureaucrats of the Department of Energy, with their vacant materialism, loveless view of sexuality, and destructive ideas of power. The outcome is inconclusive, but the book holds out the possibility of other kinds of power and knowledge, which are represented not by the nuclear clouds of the technocrats but by the mystics' Cloud of Unknowing and the ancient energy of the sun. This is a comic novel in the great tradition.

—Zeese Papanikolas, San Francisco Art Institute
Wild Game. By Frank Bergon.

Frank Bergon is a writer intensely concerned with the contemporary West, and in particular with Nevada, and in Wild Game he weaves together a number of issues that help describe the modern western condition.

Based loosely upon the story of Claude Dallas, Wild Game follows the pursuit of a modern-day, self-fashioned mountain man by an all-too-human, all-too-male Nevada state wildlife biologist, Jack Iragaray. Iragaray is a man powerfully shaped by certain masculine myths and mythologies of the West, as well as by his own Basque heritage. Bergon brings these several forces to bear upon his character and upon his greater narrative; as he does so, he interrogates the very western history which has, in many ways, produced both the pursued and the pursuer in his novel. Writing in a realistic mode, Bergon manages to comment insightfully upon both the past and the present; he also points to ways in which some of the contemporary dilemmas facing the American West might be approached, if not solved.

—Gregory L. Morris, Penn State Erie, Behrend College

When We Were Wolves. By Jon Billman.

Jon Billman’s debut collection, When We Were Wolves, features stories set exclusively in the contemporary West, mostly Wyoming and South Dakota. The book received immediate praise from Pulitzer prize winners Annie Proulx and Larry McMurtry, and also from Rick Bass. McMurtry later used one of Billman’s stories in his new anthology of western stories, Still Wild (2000). Billman, who calls Wyoming home, covers a broad range of western issues in his various stories: dustbowl-era baseball, fighting forest fires, crop dusting, religious conflicts with the Mormon church, and history—from George Custer and Jim Bridger to present-day politics. The stories are witty and, at turns, heart-breaking.

—Twister Marquiss, Southwest Texas State University, San Marcos

Woman Hollering Creek and Other Stories. By Sandra Cisneros.

Sandra Cisneros’s is a richly textured exploration about sustaining identity in the American West. You get a diversity of voices here—male, female, contemporary, and historical. The stories weave myth, history, language, and popular culture to acknowledge the complexity and the beauty of western American and Mexican American experience.

—Gioia Woods, Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff

Lawrence Coates, who teaches at Southern Utah University, was chosen as a Great New Writer by Barnes & Noble, and the novel—Lawrence’s first—was in its third printing by mid-December of 1999. It was chosen as a book of the year by the Southern California Booksellers Association, as the leading fiction by a Utah writer for 1999, and has won a prestigious WESTAF award. I am daring to nominate a book that I acquired for our press not only because it meets your criteria so well, but because it was very hard for me to get it published, and I am delighted that this first book by a very promising author has been so well received. It’s at the top of my “good read” list of recommendations, and I have bought copies for a number of my friends.

The Blossom Festival is a richly panoramic chronicle of rural life in the Santa Clara Valley during the decades before World War II. Against the lush backdrop of literally millions of fruit trees unfold the personal dramas of a fascinating cast of characters.

Young Harold Madison, taking a page from his own father’s book, seduces and abandons Betsy Moreberg, whose tyrannical father, a successful home builder, packs her off to bear her illegitimate child at a distance. The boy, Peter, returns when his mother agrees to marry Steen Denisen, an ambitious immigrant who wants Betsy’s father’s business as well as Betsy. Steen seeks nothing better than to bulldoze thousands of fruit trees to make way for new homes as little San Natoma becomes a bedroom community for San Jose, and the land-rich father of Olivia and Albin Roberts must sell prime orchards to keep his family afloat during the depression.

As Peter struggles with his harsh stepfather, he becomes fascinated with Olivia, who has always wanted to star in the annual Blossom Festival, the traditional spring pageant that heralds the new growing season. Olivia has befriended Fumiko Yamamoto, the nisei daughter of Japanese fruit growers, and they make grand plans for their lives following high school graduation. The rancorous politics of race and the palpable presence of the overseas war conspire to mar the Blossom Festival of 1940, however, and the friends will scatter, Fumiko’s family to a Japanese relocation camp.

The Blossom Festival is an honest rendering of the complex relationships between parents and children in the changing context of a rich region of California that is leaving behind its agricultural past to become Silicon Valley.

—Trudy McMurrin, Acquiring Editor, University of Nevada Press, Las Vegas


The third in Ivan Doig’s series of Montana novels about the McCaskill family, Ride with Me, Mariah Montana takes place during Montana’s centennial
year, 1989. Sixty-five-year-old Jick McCaskill tells about his travels throughout Montana as "chaperon" to his grown daughter, Mariah, and her ex-husband, Riley Wright. The young divorced journalists both work for the same Missoula newspaper, he as a reporter, she as a photographer; and their editor has told them to drive around Montana to find subjects suitable for the paper's series on the state's centennial. Using this picaresque set-up gives Doig the chance to touch on dozens of subjects that show how Montana's past has shaped its present. *Ride with Me* (which Doig dedicated to Wallace Stegner) mirrors Stegner's *Angle of Repose*, since both novels show how the past provides benchmarks that allow us to gauge how well we're weathering the pervasive changes that, with all the force of a Montana blizzard, batter our cultural and moral moorings. Moreover, the ending of *Ride with Me* illustrates Doig's belief that Westerners can find ways to save the land they love. He builds effectively on the West's literary tradition while also pointing the way to a postfrontier future.

—James H. Maguire, Boise State University

*The Meadow.* By James Galvin.

The paperback edition of James Galvin's *The Meadow* carries a quote from Bill Kittredge on its cover: "A masterpiece. *The Meadow* is one of the best books ever written about the American West." I agree wholeheartedly. Told through shifting perspectives and points of view, Galvin's novel tells of a single western landscape and of the generations who worked to make this inhospitable environment into a home. "Who does the meadow belong to?" one character wonders. "No one owns it, no one ever will," is the authorial reply. With his own voice and a complex of others, Galvin examines the profound dilemma of western settlement, where the land has always been a presence more powerful than the men and women seeking to tame it. Even as he addresses significant issues of land use and of human interaction, Galvin does so with compelling characterizations and with a poetic prose that evokes a keenly imagined setting and scene. *The Meadow* is indeed a masterpiece. It reads well; it teaches well; it has that indefinable quality that brings a reader back to a text again and again. In my opinion, *The Meadow* should top any list of contemporary western fiction.

—Ann Ronald, University of Nevada, Reno

*Plainsong.* By Kent Haruf.

I am nominating *Plainsong*, an extraordinary novel. It falls within the tradition of American regional fiction, set in an absolutely authentic high plains town in eastern Colorado. The stories of the seven main characters weave
together and reveal the soul of a community, in a language that is spare and lovely. Plainsong is a fully realized work of art.

—Lawrence Coates, Southern Utah University, Cedar City

[Note: Plainsong was also suggested by George F. Day and Susan J. Rosowski.]

Remember Me. By Laura Hendrie.

Wallace Stegner rejected western myths about romantic loners on a boundless frontier and perceived survival as dependent not on self-reliance but on the cooperation of neighbors. Laura Hendrie's first novel, set in the tiny town of Queduro in northern New Mexico, where she lives, not only affirms Stegner's thesis but also takes aim against a contemporary national malaise, the inability to become attached to anything. In a story that pits an individual against society, she wisely leaves room for the embroidery of belonging, identity, and love. Her voice is tough and tender, skeptical and cheerful.

Rose Devonic, a twenty-nine-year-old outcast, struggles to win respect from lifelong neighbors who have treated her with brutal indifference. Having lost home and family, she lives in an abandoned motel or out of her car, but she, like most others in Queduro, earns a living selling traditional embroidery and is thus an insider, not easily put down. "When it comes to love," she says, "most people don't even want to see the real thing." She is determined to face such people down and the ghosts of the past that have alienated them. Authentically western, Remember Me acknowledges the possibility of alienation—and says to hell with it.

Hendrie's story collection Stigo won the Rosenthal Foundation Award of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the Mountain and Plains Regional Booksellers' Award and was a finalist for the PEN/Hemingway Award.

—Alexander Blackburn, Colorado Springs, Colorado


I want to nominate Philip Kimball, a little-known Kansas-based writer of rare power and talent, whose Liar's Moon: A Long Story is a grand and mythic story of the settling of Kansas during and after the Civil War, when former slaves, cattle drovers, immigrating farmers, and Indians came together in a complex swirl up and down the Great Plains. The action takes place from about 1852 to 1890 when Wounded Knee marked the subduing of the West. Kids falling off the wagon being raised by coyotes, white children being captured and adopted by Indians, Buffalo Bill recruiting cowboys, Indians, and adventurers to be part of his wild west show, politics, and, oh yes, the loss of innocence—this novel has it all. It is an original tall tale pieced together from

—Theodore C. Humphrey, California State Polytechnic University, Pomona

**Green Grass, Running Water.** By Tom King.


Green Grass, *Running Water* by Cherokee author Thomas King is a comic, postmodern novel that satirizes sacred texts of the dominant North American culture from the Bible to the Lone Ranger from an indigenous point of view. It is also a story about identity, representation, exploitation of natural resources, heroes, heroines, and scapegoats using wordplay and a trickster’s sense of language. Coyote and four old Indians from the indigenous, oral tradition escape from their “prison” where they are held by The Word in the body of a psychiatrist named Joe Hovaugh. On their journey they assist their grandchildren from the Blackfoot nation in setting the world back in balance. The narrative is an epic word war for the rights to tell the real story of North America. As the human characters live their stories and the mythic characters retell theirs, Canadian and U.S. history and literature are reconstructed in terms of indigenous witnesses and storytellers from the past and the present.

—Melissa Hearn, Northern Michigan University, Marquette

Thomas King’s *Green Grass, Running Water* is an ambitious book that takes on pressing issues that are currently of concern to the fields of western American literature and American Indian studies. Postmodernist narrative strategies meet tricksterism head-on as four Indian escapees—aptly named Ishmael, the Lone Ranger, Robinson Crusoe, and Hawkeye—make their way to the Canadian town of Blossom near the Blackfoot Indian Reserve where they set about fixing things that seem wrong. Elements that need to be reworked here include the master narrative of westward expansion, the clichéd endings of classic Hollywood Westerns, romantic plot devices, and white myths of Indian identity. King’s novel is a complicated but entertaining text that examines issues of politics, knowledge, identity, narrative, and power. *Green Grass, Running Water* is also a favorite among students.

—Susan Kollin, Montana State University, Bozeman

**Animal Dreams.** By Barbara Kingsolver.


Barbara Kingsolver’s *Animal Dreams* is a favorite of mine. Among the many things that I like about the novel is the bond between the sisters—the older, Cosima (Codi), and the younger, Halimedha (Hallie). An adult Codi returns to her home of Grace, Arizona, after fourteen years because their
father, Dr. Homer Noline, seems to be suffering from senility. Codi, with her punk-rocker haircut and stylish shoes, accepts a job at the high school, having abruptly terminated her medical career. Meanwhile, Hallie, who recently gave up her job as a pest-control expert at the local extension office, is heading toward war-torn Nicaragua to help the farmers. Without a mother, the girls are intensely close, and Codi, reluctant to see Hallie head toward the dangers in Nicaragua, savors her last call before Hallie crosses the border; Codi "just stood still for a minute, giving Hallie's and my thoughts their last chance to run quietly over the wires, touching each other in secret signals as they pass, like a column of ants." I feel the connection between Codi and Hallie is tangible. Kingsolver gives us multiple points of view; Codi tells her own story in first-person narration, Doc Homer's is told from third-person perspective, and Hallie's is revealed in her letters to Codi. This is a rich, satisfying read.


Robert Kroetsch's Man from the Creeks might be his best novel. It begins with the Robert Service poem "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and goes from there, as only Kroetsch can, into flights of gorgeous language and tall tale at once.

—Anne Kaufman, Sidwell Friends School, Washington, D.C.

Mother Tongue. By Demetria Martínez.

For those not dissuaded by the brutal history of the Americas fictionally recrafted by Leslie Silko's Almanac of the Dead (1992), Demetria Martínez's Mother Tongue offers a fresh depiction of survivors of Central American atrocities and their North American allies. Salved by the passage of time and the curative powers of remembering and storytelling, Martínez's novel dissolves much of the brittle ironic distance found in Silko's text. Martínez successfully "break[s] a few hearts . . . [and] make[s] people look ugliness in the face." But she also successfully humanizes her protagonist, Maria, depicting her realization that her "heart needed to be broken and reset properly so it could carry her through life."

Mother Tongue is narrated by Maria, who recounts her experiences as a nineteen-year-old, Mexican American Albuquerquean coming to consciousness while serving the 1980s sanctuary movement. Into this narrative, Martínez weaves the voices of Maria's lover, José Luis Romero, a Salvadoran refugee; her wizened godmother, Solédad; Amnesty International'sque "Urgent Action" documents; reactionary U.S. newspaper articles; and her unfocused, idealistic son. This polyphony disrupts Maria's romanticized depic-
tions of her lover, just as it radically undermines the media misrepresentations of U.S.-supported El Salvadoran military repression.

Revealing Martínez's poet's eye and pen, Maria's narrative is frequently overwrought. Yet her decadent metaphors are tempered by Solédad's "words short and fiery as fuses" and by Maria's self-consciousness regarding the limited ability of memory and words to represent reality. Martínez also creates tension between Maria's dilettantish dabbling in a heady pastiche of Eastern religions and psychobabble and José Luis's grounded experience of liberation theology: stating that "when a refugee told his or her story, it was not psychoanalysis, it was testimonio, story as prophecy, facts assembled to change not the self but the times." Having partially healed "invisible wounds" inflicted amidst North American privilege, Maria jealously confesses that her wounds were "not on the same scale as death squads and disappearances...[But] I keep feeling like it's all part of the same pattern. Of people loving power, or some such thing, more than life." Through passages such as this, Martínez's novel reminds us of the limited powers of witnessing and of oppressive historical forces that love can transcend. Almost.

—Matt Burkhart, Utah State University, Logan

_The Crossing_. By Cormac McCarthy.

OK, I'll bite. As I think over this quasi-delicate problem of selection, at least two things come to mind. One is to think seriously about whether any fiction of the American West in the past decade has literally brought me to tears—you know, simply made me cry. The other thing is that in a dominant surveillance culture so invested, to paraphrase Dave Hickey, in parenting us all into early senility, I would like to wander around on occasion in excess, in risky business. Now this particular desire of course might also bring one to tears, if not also to candidacy in a twelve-step or witness protection program. But in terms of western fiction of the last decade where, among other things, excess is courted and where one might also be brought to tears, there's just one book for me that will never get voted off the mesa: Cormac McCarthy's _The Crossing_.

In terms of "excess," this novel—unlike _All the Pretty Horses_—does not foreground a straightforward linear quest plot, and its prose delivers some of the greatest action sequences and philosophical monologues in verbal registers resonant of Hemingway and Faulkner or Flannery O'Connor at their best. The journeys and the issues confronted and worked through are quite simply immense: love and fraternity, kinship and justice, the elusiveness of mastery and the mystery of death. Billy Parham's eventual border crossing to locate stolen horses or his [dead] brother is in some way about the integrity of the family, which is always threatened in McCarthy's world. But such crossings and the violence in McCarthy's work are really more about the very style of the endeavor, the way things are done in the world to establish and then forward
values. And while a certain etiquette of violence links McCarthy's work with Wister's The Virginian, here old Dad is no longer at the head of the table and the deal thus comes down to improvisatory competency and collaboration, the ethics of emergent tasks which, at times, miraculously bind people together in the face of all odds. And in terms of tears, the combination of beauty and terror rendered by McCarthy in the novel's opening section as Billy tries to return a captured wolf to its homeland in Mexico is just overwhelming, too much to bear, really. McCarthy is dangerous, for this novel just refuses to be burdened by its larger culture's nostalgia and its avoidance of all things which just might produce really raw emotions. So for me there's The Crossing. All the rest is journalism and infomercials. (Well, there IS this new novel by James Welch . . .)

—Steve Tatum, University of Utah, Salt Lake City

*My Year of Meats.* By Ruth L. Ozeki.

Wouldn't you like the recipe for meatloaf made with a half gallon of Pepsi—not Coke, has to be Pepsi. (Is this one of those deep hidden literary allusions? To John Belushi on SNL in the 1970s?) Or beef fudge? By far the funniest book I've read in the past couple of years is *My Year of Meats,* by Ruth L. Ozeki, a kind of postmodern and multinational *The Jungle.* Japanese American documentary filmmaker Jane Takagi-Little is hired by a Japanese advertising agency representing a beef lobbying group to produce and direct a show for Japanese TV entitled "My American Wife." "Meat is the Message." Throughout the novel she receives faxes from her Japanese boss (John Ueno, pronounced, he says, Wayno) with instructions like the following list of "DESIRABLE THINGS" her "American Wives" should possess:

1. Attractiveness, wholesomeness, warm personality
2. Delicious meat recipe (NOTE: Pork and other meats is second class meats, so please remember this easy motto: "Pork is Possible, but Beef is Best!")
3. Attractive, docile husband
4. Attractive, obedient children
5. Attractive, wholesome lifestyle
6. Attractive, clean house

Initially gung ho, Jane becomes increasingly critical as she finds out more about meat production and packing, and soon she begins to focus shows on subversive "unattractive"—perhaps even disobedient—subjects. Like the videotaped shows and the faxes, the novel moves back and forth between the United States and Japan, exposing the effects of global capitalism with humor and outrage. Japanese readers might find Ozeki's critiques of Japanese men, marketing, and media too heavy-handed, but she's equally sharp and cynical about Americans,
and her book shows an awareness of class issues too often lacking in current fiction. Ozeki can't avoid a fantasy feminist ending, but her wit, cleverness, and social satire make My Year of Meats a great read.

—Melody Graulich, Utah State University, Logan


Global markets, cancer gurus, missing amphibians, loose monkeys, and the safe sex rapist all converge one rain-soaked Seattle weekend and transform lives in Robbins's comic econovel. A work of antic wilderness, Half Asleep in Frog Pajamas proves one can approach a serious subject like environmental catastrophe with quick wit, satiric vision, and humor that hits high and low. Robbins has been curiously ignored by scholars of western American literature, though his demythologized western settings, inventive narrative, and virtuosic style place him among the finest of "New West" novelists. Seattle is a New Western urban space, posteverything (postmodern, postindustrial, posthip) and globally, even galactically connected. As a place of transience, it provides the kinds of confusion and diffusion Robbins sees as necessary conditions of change. Half Asleep in Frog Pajamas is part polemic, part romance, part satire, and part spiritual tract. Blurring all kinds of distinctions, including species boundaries, Robbins has created a unique narrative that stays with one and remains a memorable artifact of a tumultuous decade.

—Susan Naramore Maher, University of Nebraska at Omaha


You can't help but like Raymond G. "Preacher" Hardokker, the reluctant safecracker who lit the fuse in Ron Robinson's latest suspense novel Diamond Trump. You have to pull for a man who is trying to go square, especially when every step he takes carries him deeper into a deadly quagmire of underworld intrigue and he ends up with a gun at his head and a match in his hand and half the dynamite in South Dakota at his feet.

And if you pull hard enough and can read the signs, you may track Preacher all the way from prison to "the whole truth" that the shot-down and blown-up powder-house woman never told the authorities in those days after the blast. One truth, most assuredly, is that the 1930s in Siouxland had no more cataclysmic event than the 1936 New Year's detonation of the Larson Hardware powder-house east of Sioux Falls, South Dakota. But the whole truth is that the 1990s in Siouxland had no more startling revelation than the story behind the blast, buried until now in the notes of Argus Leader reporter Alice Marie Sutherland.
In *Diamond Trump* Robinson has produced a prize winner, a tale of suspense with one of the most intriguing yet disturbing endings in American fiction.

—Arthur R. Huseboe, Augustana College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota

**A Thousand Acres.** By Jane Smiley.

The Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Critics Circle Award might alone be enough to recommend this novel about the struggle between the three Cook daughters and their father as they work a thousand-acre farm. Although it has been touted as an Iowa remake of Shakespeare’s *King Lear* (even more so since the Jessica Lange–Michelle Pfeiffer film), the book defies simplistic pigeon-holing, and I recommend it because I see Smiley writing a novel that eloquently questions the land ethic so central to western American literature, the myth that, no matter what, the relationship between land and humans remains sacred, inviolable, and beneficial to the human. By writing a book focused on the poisoning of land (which, in turn, poisons everything else: morality, relationships, body, and spirit), Smiley creates a novel that is painful to read, but one that is profound and courageous.

—Evelyn I. Funda, Utah State University, Logan

**The All-True Travels and Adventures of Lidie Newton.** By Jane Smiley.

From the beginning of her story, Lidie Newton is a charming and engrossing narrator. She admits she’s plain, still unmarried, and therefore, “an odd lot, not very salable, and ready to be marked down.” Even the most sympathetic reader must admit, as Lidie sits near an upstairs floor grate simultaneously eavesdropping on her sisters and hiding from housework, that she is a flake.

Lidie soon stumbles into marriage with Thomas Newton, an abolitionist, and moves with him to Kansas, a hotly contested territory in the 1850s slavery debate. And that’s when the story really gets good. There are plenty of novels with plucky first-person narrators. But the real joy here is that Lidie grows and develops, and her perspective on life goes beyond clever ploys to evade womanly duties.

Jane Smiley succeeds in making politics fascinating. She also confidently crisscrosses her character through the era’s classes and regions. Lidie encounters slaves, slave owners, abolitionists, political activists, uneducated ruffians, rich people and poor ones, finding points of identification and empathy among all of them. For example, her happiness over her own husband’s safety sours when she thinks of another wife’s loss: “I thought of Mrs. Brown, who seemed, in my mind, to be myself in a different dress.” Lidie’s adventures take her through every social stratum. She even spends time disguised as a young man.

The book’s format makes it a fun read. Chapters have titles like “I Eaves-
drop, and Hear Ill of Myself” and “I Sully My Character.” Jane Smiley makes her fictional Lidie Newton a former student at the real-life Miss Catharine Beecher’s “Hartford Female Seminary” and includes snippets from Beecher’s A Treatise on Domestic Economy, for the Use of Young Ladies at Home, and at School (1841). Lidie tries to pattern her life after the advice in her tattered copy of Miss Beecher’s manual. Where Miss Beecher’s advice falls short, Lidie finds ways to forge ahead. Her story is enjoyable and honest.

—Angela Ashurst-McGee, Mesa, Arizona


At last there is a “cracking good” novel based on the life of Joaquin Miller (1839/41–1913) whom William Everson has called “the creator of the ‘Western Archetype.’” A Deeper Wild by William L. Sullivan is so far the most engaging and nearly factually correct interpretation of Miller’s experiences in the gold fields and in matrimony. Sullivan graciously provides the reader with chapter notes delineating the facts from his fiction. Fortunately, Sullivan has hiked and written of much of the country covered by Miller in his day, and so Sullivan brings a fresh new approach to interpreting the much-maligned and misreported life of Joaquin Miller, author of Life amongst the Modocs (1873), which Malcolm Margolin says “still has the power to catch us and move us as no other work of this era can.”

—Margaret Guilford-Kardell, Editor, Joaquin Miller Newsletter

The Englishman’s Boy. By Guy Vanderhaeghe.

My nomination for the list is Guy Vanderhaeghe’s The Englishman’s Boy, a 1996 historical novel that brilliantly interleaves the history of the Cypress Hills massacre of Assiniboine by U.S. wolfers in 1873—one of the formative events for the North West Mounted Police—with a fictional rendering of Hollywood’s fixation with Westerns during the 1920s. A story reminiscent in some ways of The Great Gatsby, Vanderhaeghe’s is a postmodern meditation on western mythologizing. The book won Canada’s Governor-General’s Award for Fiction in 1996.

—Robert Thacker, St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York


Aritha van Herk’s novel Restlessness is set in Calgary (and almost entirely in the Palliser Hotel). Its protagonist is a nameless woman who has hired an assassin to end her life. The novel continues van Herk’s explorations of story/
language/voice/gender and, of course, genre and form. A number of her earlier novels have taken some critical heat for the mix of genres but this one, I think, shows most clearly the power of challenging established notions of order.

—Anne Kaufman, Sidwell Friends School, Washington, D.C.

La Maravilla. By Alfredo Véa Jr.

Imagine a place inhabited by an aristocratic Spanish-Catholic curandera, Yaqui Indians, Blacks, Whites, Chicanos, Okies, Arkies, and Asians; a place of juke joints, transvestites, prostitutes, and the ghosts of wandering hoboes; a place where the pious and sinful alike can run their extension cords to draw electricity from the Mighty Clouds of Joy Church; a place where an enormous feast can bring them all together for "history you can eat." Such was the sort of world in which Alfredo Véa grew up during the 1950s, and such is the world that he brings to life again in this at once comic, tragic, and magical novel about a squatter settlement located to the east of Phoenix, in the city's "unofficial trash heap." Centered largely on the experiences of young Beto, grandson to the curandera and her Yaqui husband, La Maravilla explores the ways in which the people of "Buckeye Road" are sustained in their passions, fears, and relationships. Much more than just an evocative memoir, this highly significant reworking of Chicano literary tradition weaves together most, if not all, of the variegated cultural forces and identities that converge in the American West; and it does so in a richly textured style that supports the alternately mystical and material conditions at the heart of Beto's initiation into community.

—Nicolas Witschi, Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo

Montana 1948. By Larry Watson.

My entry for the contemporary fiction would be Larry Watson's Montana 1948 because it tells an accessible, intelligent story about the New West and about the very way that history is "told," "written," and "remembered." Its deceptively simple style belies the complex range of ideas that the novel addresses: borders, white-Indian relations, gender issues, family loyalties and jealousies, growing up. Above all, it is a book that makes me think about the nature of history and how in the West it has been the product of myth and of "post mortem cover ups" (as Watson terms it). However, as the novel also shows, it is often easier to run with the myth than have to deconstruct it and offer some convincing alternative in its place.

—Neil Campbell, University of Derby, Great Britain
passages, his entries reflect the political climate of our time and the present-day characters that line up on the various sides of sensitive environmental and economic questions. Quite aside from the naturalist and environmental writer he clearly is, Larry Pynn has found a way to create portraiture of the Northwest's temperate rainforests. In this work, he has defined something indelible in the character of our region and he has done it in a type of writing that is newly developed around environmental awareness and the way we perceive the West.

A colleague once observed that the Northwest doesn't really have a regional identity in its writing. I sent her back a magical passage from Ivan Doig's *The Sea Runners* about a man standing on a rainforest beach looking up, watching a raindrop let loose from a cedar branch 80 feet above him, falling in slow motion. There are no fictionalized lyrics in this book, but it does have the ring of a distinct regional voice. As we build a discernable body of regional writing, *Last Stands* by Larry Pynn should be included.

MICHAEL SEAN SULLIVAN
University of Washington, Tacoma

John Lauck tests this hypothesis by studying the longest period of sustained prosperity in American agricultural history. He finds that among midwestern meat packers, grain processors, and grain traders a highly competitive, constantly changing, uncontrollable, and chaotic reality prevailed. The market still rules, has always ruled, despite the growing concentration and power of agribusiness, and the incessant attempts at collusion, constant antitrust actions, and growing trends toward conglomerate and global cartels.

In the first half of the book Lauck argues that from the Korean War until the election of Ronald Reagan agribusiness and the "oil giants" did not mirror one another in the way they supposedly manipulated supply and price at will. By paying particular attention to such competitive "indicators" as stability of market shares, substitutability, demand elasticity, foreign competition, and barriers to entry, and by applying wherever possible relevant archival evidence, Lauck explores such complex admixtures as resource politics, cold war diplomacy, production surpluses and deficits, fraud, and cheating.

After dispensing with "oligopolistic interdependence" theories, Lauck in the second half of the book argues that the National Farmers Organization (NFO), and other independent farmer's organizations, have had more success than previously recognized, but have also had their success undermined by the growing power of agribusiness (p. 10). Nevertheless, through the NFO and through the farm cooperative movement (the subject matter of Chapter 6), Lauck demonstrates that farmers were able to sustain a "powerful organizational tool" and "were not always the hapless victims of corporate power in the post-World War II years" (p. 135). Chapter 7 demonstrates how deep divisions among farmers, their strong libertarian streak, their dwindling political clout, and their inability to align with
urban and labor interests, along with the complications of international relief, foreign policy, and cold war rivalries allowed for a farm program that only partially succeeded in organizing farm marketing.

Lauck has a barely suppressed distaste for historians applying the theories of Marx or Antonio Gramsci to midwestern grain farming (and history in general). Pointing out that grain-belt farmers living the strenuous life do not fit the model of human behavior of revolt and attack on concentrated economic power, which many historians favor, Lauck's work resurrects an older intellectual approach along the lines of what Louis Hartz described as the liberal tradition. "Farmers weren't protesting the system or praying for revolution so much as they were hoping their farms, small towns, and rural communities could survive the turbulence of economic change" (p. 171).

Refreshingly readable given the narrative limitations of academic monopoly assessment, American Agriculture and the Problem of Monopoly is certainly the most complete survey of the monopoly in grain-belt farming.

RICHARD STEVEN STREET
Stanford University


The U. S. Supreme Court opened a new era in western water law and Indian treaty rights with its 1908 decision in Winters v. United States, which created reserved rights doctrine. This hybrid combined "eastern" riparian doctrine, which awards reasonable use of water to owners of land bordering lakes or streams, with prior appropriation. In Winters, the United States argued that the 1888 treaty creating the Fort Belknap Reservation in Montana implied reserving rights to water in the Milk River, which formed one of the reservation's boundaries. For the reservation to function as intended, as an economically viable home for the Gros Ventres and Assiniboines living there, it required water from the river. The court agreed and ruled settlers upstream from Fort Belknap could not diminish the Milk's flow to the detriment of the reservation.

Most accounts of Winters celebrate the decision, but lament that it languished for decades before making a significant impact. John Shurts brings new understanding to the decision in this pioneering book-length analysis of the Winters doctrine and the federal government's hand in shaping the West's development. In the Milk River Basin, Shurts found diverse characters with complicated motivations. Some advocated prior appropriation. Others favored riparian doctrine. Still others liked the combination found in Winters. Shurts found surprising advocates for Winters, such as the non-Indians living downstream from Fort Belknap who welcomed Winters because it preserved flow in the Milk for their use. The federal government, despite popular conception, used Winters from 1905 through the 1930s to create a water rights system in the West that contributed to its reclamation interests, which Shurts illustrates by examining water struggles on the Uintah Reservation.

Where were the Indians? Most remained off-stage or occupied minor roles. Indian reservations played key roles, providing tools for lawyers and judges to create doctrine. In the broader scope of twentieth-century history, Winters provided the foundation for subsequent important water rights decisions for American Indians and strengthened sovereignty claims, but from the 1880s through the 1930s, non-Indians controlled this story. Despite its title and obvious contribution to American Indian history, the book might
City, NY, 1976), Recapitulations (Garden City, NY, 1979), and Crossing to Safety (New York, 1987). Stegner’s responses provide the reader with an understanding of how each of these publications was framed, thought through, and written. The book helps to explain how Stegner fits into the fraternity of twentieth-century American writers and it gives Stegner’s own view of himself as a “western” American writer.

Stealing Glances reveals James Hepworth as a real fan of both Wallace Stegner the person and the writer. While he presses Stegner for his position on a number of issues, the reader should not expect a critical analysis of Stegner’s work, rather the book is exactly what the title states: a series of insights into the working life of Wallace Stegner. This is what makes Stealing Glances a unique and appealing read. A bonus for the reader is the excellent introduction presented by Hepworth.

James Hepworth’s book can be considered a companion work to Richard Etulain’s Conversations with Wallace Stegner on Western History and Literature (1983; Reno, 1996). Stealing Glances deserves to be read along with the writings on Wallace Stegner by Page and Mary Stegner, Charles Rankin, Jackson J. Benson, Anthony Arthur, Nancy Colberg, Curt Meine, and Forest G. and Margaret G. Robinson.

Gregory C. Thompson
University of Utah

Northwest Lands, Northwest Peoples: Readings in Environmental History. Edited by Dale D. Goble and Paul W. Hirt. (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1999. xiv + 552 pp. Illustrations, maps, charts, notes, index. $60.00, cloth; $29.95, paper.)

Every professor offering courses in environmental, western, or Pacific Northwest history will take heart with the publication of Northwest Lands, Northwest Peoples. In presenting concise essays that reflect the finest recent scholarship on the historical interactions of human beings and their environment in the Northwest, this collection starts strong and only gets stronger. Teachers of a history course touching on the central themes of American environmental history will find ample readings here that reflect and develop those themes in thoughtful and challenging ways. The essays are clearly written and accessible to any audience, from undergraduates to natural resource professionals, yet they present the complexity of the field’s problems and questions. This collection will prove useful to any scholar in a wide variety of environmental and historical fields. Everyone will learn something from this book.

Northwest Lands, Northwest Peoples divides its twenty-three essays into six topical sections: Place, First Peoples, Rivers, Agriculture, Forests, and Mining. Within those broad topics, the essays cover a wide range of time periods, from Native American prehistory and Nez Perce horticulture through traditional Euro-American extractive economies such as agriculture, ranching, transportation, fishing, and mining, and then on to the conservation movement and hydroelectric development, federal Indian policy, and finally the natural resource debates of the environmental movement. Carolyn Merchant’s “Fish First!: The Changing Ethics of Ecosystem Management,” pushes the discussion into suggestions for new partnerships and solutions in the management of Northwest Salmon.

Most of the essays here take up these various topics through detailed stories from all areas of the Pacific Northwest, ranging from Barbara Leibhardt Wester’s discussion of “Land Divided: Yakama Tribal Land Use in the Federal Allotment Era” to Katherine Aiken’s “Western Smelters and the Problem of Smelter Smoke.” Furthermore, convenient pairings present two essays that address
similar topics or themes. These pairings allow not only multiple viewpoints on historical issues, but also fodder for classroom debates and writing assignments. They include, for example, in the Agriculture Section, two excellent essays on livestock and grazing, followed by two on irrigated agriculture: Mark Fiege's "Creating a Hybrid Landscape: Irrigated Agriculture in Idaho," and Dorothy Zeisler-Vralsted's "Cultural Perceptions of the Irrigated Landscape in the Pacific Northwest." Perhaps the strongest example of such a pair are Nancy Langston's and Paul Hirt's essays on forests and logging. Langston takes up conservation-era forest management in the Blue Mountains of Oregon. In the following essay, Hirt continues that story in his discussion of post-WWII timber management in the Northern Rockies. In just a few pages, readers will grasp the central forces and developments that led to current environmental crises over fires, allowable cuts, and federal government policy.

Beyond these detailed case studies, many of which condense their authors' longer works, the book's opening essays on the meaning of place provide a clear and thoughtful theoretical grounding for the book as a whole. Essays by Dan Flores, William Robbins, Carl Abbott, and others suggest the ways in which the Pacific Northwest has become a distinct "place," with particular natural and cultural characteristics, and particular and powerful meanings and values for its residents.

Organized by topic, the book lends itself to a topical environmental history, but none of the work here depends on such a reading. The essays stand well alone, and would work scrambled into chronological order as well, or any order necessary to fit a syllabus. This flexible collection of the finest possible scholarship will be a welcome addition to any classroom or bookshelf.

KATHRYN MORSE
Middlebury College


At first reading, Last Stands by Larry Pynn is a work of environmental journalism intensified and colored by a keen sense of human history and an almost poetic interest in the earth sciences. It takes us into the rainforests of the Pacific Northwest on a series of field investigations and wanderings—the quietly spoken witness of ancient Western redcedars and California redwoods, encounters with elusive, combative wolverines and other megafauna, deep woods archaeology in a limestone cave on Prince of Wales Island and documentary accounts of helicopter logging and the bitter, proud struggles of the indigenous Tlingits.

The author is a journalist for the Vancouver Sun, and early chapters feel a little like a compilation of feature assignments and news stories. Then, in a chapter on the extinction of hand logging on the British Columbia coast, the book broadens its scope and clarity as Pynn maneuvers his story ahead using the device of a 1941 wooden tugboat, the Nitinat Chief. From there, the cumulative merits of the book become clear as the intense landscape of the rainforest emerges as a coherent theme. A chapter on modern hunting of black bears in British Columbia conveys an empty, unromanticized reality. And a story about the new wealth being found in the rainforest's mushrooms introduces an unexpected new set of contentions over use and management.

Beyond simple reporting, the book is also an episodic diary of an observer of nature in a specific time at the end of the twentieth century. Like John Muir writing at the end of the nineteenth century, Pynn blends wide-eyed wonder with cautionary accounts of how the natural world is changing in the path of people and technology. Beyond the rich descriptive
Well-traveled lasagna is ages old

INTERMEDIATE EATER

JOHN OWEN

IT MUST HAVE been the winter of 1978, because Ivan Doig had just published his book of Montana recollections, “This House of Sky.”

I occupied a nearby booth at a Frederick & Nelson author’s signing party, shortly before the Christmas holidays. I had greatly admired Doig’s new book and was pleased to see a procession of book buyers headed in his direction. But at the moment when Doig smiled and held out his hand he realized the customers were headed for another booth, behind him, where actor Robert Alda was signing copies of a pasta cookbook he had written.

The next night, at the same affair, I noted that Doig had taken remedial action. He wore a T-shirt with giant letters that spelled out:

FAMOUS AUTHOR

That didn’t stop the customers headed toward Alda. But it proved prophetic because just a few months and several rave reviews later, Doig was, in fact, a famous author.

But at that one book sale, both of us realized one universal truth: Not everybody speaks Montanan. But everybody speaks lasagna.

No writer should take offense. In 60 B.C. the Roman poet Horace noted in anticipation, “Ad porri et ciceras refero, Laganique catinum,” or, “Then I go home for a bowl of leeks, chickpeas and lasagna.” I’ve eaten lasagna in Greek tavernas, English pubs, French bistros and German beer halls. In his book “Travels,” Marco Polo noted that the residents of Sumatra ate a form of lasagna made from a breadfruit and water dough. He neglected to obtain or publish the full recipe. I wouldn’t be surprised if some dried fish were included.

I’ve got recipes for lasagna stuffed with liver pate, hard-boiled eggs and brandy; with wild mushrooms and chicken livers; with artichokes and goat cheese; with sea scallops and cream.

This version, as prepared by Caroline Owen, is a family favorite.

CAROLINE’S LASAGNA

10 ounces lasagna noodles
2 tablespoons Italian sausage
3 cloves garlic, minced
2 tablespoons dried basil
2 teaspoons salt
28 ounces chopped tomatoes
1 can (6 ounces) tomato paste
2 eggs
3 cups small curd cottage cheese
1 cup Parmesan cheese
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
1 teaspoon black pepper
1 pound mozzarella cheese, grated

Cook the noodles in salted water until done. Toss them into cold water to stop the cooking process.

In a large skillet brown the sausage. Add the Italian seasonings, garlic, basil, 1 teaspoon salt, the tomatoes, tomato paste and tomato sauce. Simmer 30 minutes, or until the sauce has reached the consistency you prefer.

In a bowl beat the eggs. Add the cottage cheese, the Parmesan, the second teaspoon of salt, the parsley and pepper.

Arrange five noodles on the bottom of a lasagna pan. Plunk ⅔ of the cottage cheese mixture over the top, then make a layer out of ⅔ the mozzarella. Slosh a third of the meat sauce over the top, then build two more layers of noodles, cottage cheese, mozzarella and meat sauce.

If you have some extra grated mozzarella, arrange it over the top with the parsley.

Shove this mess into a 350-degree oven and bake 45 minutes, when it should be bubbling. Remove from the oven and let the lasagna set 15 minutes before cutting.

If you serve this lasagna with cheese bread, I doubt if either Doig or Horace would complain.

CHEESE BREAD

2 cups buttermilk biscuit mix
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon instant minced onion
½ teaspoon oregano leaves, crumbled
¼ cup butter, melted
¼ cup white wine
½ cup shredded Cheddar cheese
1 egg, beaten
½ cup milk

Combine biscuit mix, sugar, onion, and oregano. Mix well then add the butter, wine, cheese, egg and milk. Beat until well blended.

Dump the batter into a greased, 8-inch round baking pan or dish. Bake in a 350-degree oven 25 to 30 minutes, or until lightly browned.

John Owen’s latest book, “Gutteny Without Guilt,” is available for $14.95 (plus $2.25 tax and shipping). Phone 206-448-8066 or send checks to P-I Books, P.O. Box 1909, Seattle 98111. Contact him by e-mail at: ieater@aol.com
I enjoy talking to civic groups, book clubs and similarly worthy organizations, but once the question period is over I often feel ... troubled. Here are these lively, intelligent people, and they almost always bring up precisely the same books:

Angela’s Ashes, Beloved, The Hours, Tuesdays With Morrie, The Horse Whisperer, Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil, the latest Grisham or Kingsolver. It drives me crazy.

Can’t we show a little more spunk and imagination in our book choices? Do people really have to read the very same titles, some good, some bad, that their neighbors ooh and ah over?

While trudging gloomily to car or Metro, I’ve often pondered about this deep-seated conformity among even the apparently well-educated. Why are people so sheepish, so lemming-like when it comes to the books they will spend hours with? Brilliant lawyers, shrewd businesswomen, astute administrators—how could all of them be devoting Mary Higgins Clark? Is Clark the Shakespeare of the whodunit, so universal that she appeals to everyone? I doubt it. Surely, more books in the world ought to be picking up Donald E. Westlake, say, or Ed McBain or Sarah L. Caudwell or any of a dozen other equally fine mystery writers.

The blame for this widespread timorousness in the reading public may be pinned variously, but obviously a major culprit has to be the bestselling list. Too many of us simply follow its imperious and arcane dictates. Instead I say—thumping my mousepad like Elmer Gantry at a tent revival—eliminate the bestselling list and you will liberate the readers of America! People will learn to trust their individual tastes and propensities. In fact, we have—shifting to a Marxian idiolect—nothing to lose but our chains! We have a world to win! Let us cast off the malignant thralldom of Simon & Schuster or the Random House’s publicity department.

With Levitt-like fervor, then, I have compiled a fistful of arguments for the elimination of the bestselling list. Reflect on these admonitions the next time you enter a bookstore.

1) The bestselling list clearly leads not only to Easy Reading but also to Easy Book Selecting. Rather than visiting a bookstore and being dazzled by the latest biography or skimming a few pages, many innocents simply buy the standard trade name author (whether Danielle Steel or Ronald Steel) or they automatically acquire the current hot nightstand title, hot usually because a publisher has invested heavily in its promotion. The world is a library of strange and wonderful books, but sometimes we need to go prowling through the stacks. Those journeys, with their serendipitous discoveries and misguided side trips, allow us to probe our characters, indulge our crotchets and prejudices, and finally choose authors for whom we have a real affinity. Why turn, with wan languor, the pages of Nicholas Sparks when one might grow truly excited by the work of James Salter or Jeanette Winterson?

2) The bestselling list encourages people to judge so-called genre fiction by its most conventional, not to say mediocre, productions. Mention fantasy, and the world thinks elves, magic swords, quests and Tolkien rip-offs, often set down in a language the likes of which was never heard on land or sea.

Similarly, go to a bookstore and the science fiction shelves are dominated by "Star Trek" tie-ins or the duller works of faded authorial superstars such as Isaac Asimov (e.g., the later installments of his Robot and Foundation series). As a consequence, when I recommended Ursula Le Guin’s The Left Hand of Darkness to Book World’s Book Club, more than a few members were astounded that a science fiction author could write such beautifully poetic sentences. I imagine they had expected the kind of prose only an engineer could love. In fact, were I to choose the dozen or so best writers in America, two of them would be Gene Wolfe and John Crowley, the first a creator of deeply felt works of art camouflaged as of tetralogies and trilogies, the second arguably the most original and accomplished American fantasy writer ever. Neither makes the bestseller list, even if William Shatner sometimes does.

3) The quest for lucrative blockbusters has been gradually destroying the midlist. If you’re a brand name or the newest kid on the block, you get all the attention, the most intense back-biting. But after two or three books of only moderate success, you may need to opt for a pseudonym—Perry Bathhouse, perhaps, or Gloria Munday—so that you can pretend to be a fresh young voice. I know at least a dozen middled-aged novelists who have relaunched their becalmed careers under such alternate names as "The Man Behind the Beatles," "John Barth"—can wake up to find themselves subtly dismissed as old hat, yesterday’s news. Yet they are as good as ever. "No memory of having starred atones for later disregard."

In fact, though, readers who respond to a writer’s style, themes or view of the world aren’t looking for the radically new. I find children’s author Joan Aiken’s rumbustuous chronicles of an alternative 19th century far more appealing than the Harry Potter fantasies. Surely, though, their acclimated world—like Daniel Pinkwater and Alan Garner—gives me those shivers of spinal delight that are reading’s ultimate justification. Why then have most of Dido Twite’s exuberant misadventures been allowed to go out of print? Those who care for an author want to read Everything, flawed or not.

4) If we undercut the subtle hegemony of the fashionable, people might be more willing to try more than actually existing. In the world today, everybody with a yen for chills wouldn’t simply read Stephen King and Dean Koontz; we’d also slaver after the strange stories of Robert Aickman, the witty fantasies of John Collier, the haunting tales of Shirley Jackson. One of the ancient goals of criticism was called the correction of taste. No one should especially care what the world-worthy think. John le Carré alone defines the British spy thriller, not in a century that has also produced John Buchan, Eric Ambler, Geoffrey Household, Michael Innes and Ian Fleming. But when was the last time you heard anybody talking about A Coffin for Dimitrios or Watcher in the Shadows? It was, I think, Hazlitt who suggested taking up an old book whenever people started talking about new ones.

5) Certain kinds of worthwhile titles seldom make the bestseller lists. Consider major works of intellectual history, John H. Civilizations of Europe in a Renaisson of the Renaissance, Peter Conrad’s Modern Times, Modern Places, Peter Washington’s Madame Bovary’s Babout, and John Brewer’s study of 18th-century England, The Pleasures of the Imagination, all proffer the same sort of engaging anecdotes and easygoing didacticism we associate with Dalva Sobel’s Longitude and its ever-increasing progeny. But these more substantial books go largely unnoticed, because they are judged too scholarly, too ambitious, too long. Rather than cutely packaged, bite-sized finger food, they spread out like holiday smorgasbords. Think times, not totes. Yet anybody who enjoys a bestselling charmer like Simon Winchester’s The Professor and the Madman would certainly revel in Charles Nicholl’s The Reckoning, a suspenseful historical reconstruction of the murder of Christopher Marlowe.

But there are other sorts of books besides those of haute vulgarisation that go crying for readers. Seriority, it has been said, is the defining mark of popular fiction, at least since Lloyd C. Douglas’s The Robe. But I personally like the ironic, the cynical and the tongue-in cheek. So neither Joe Queenan nor Joe Keenan—the one a vituperative essayist, the other a Wadehoussian gay novelist—is ever going to be as popular as he deserves. And yet. Why wouldn’t you rather pick up a modern Devil’s Dictionary than all those brevities of New Age spirituality by Gary Zukav or Iyana Vanzant? At the very least, you should feel tempted.

With this in mind, let me propose a true book lover’s bestseller list is ultimately an insult. A reviewer celebrates Penelope Fitzgerald’s novel Innocence. A common reader discovers Ivo Doig’s “Westerns.” A columnist praises the weekly uncanny fiction of Jonathan Carroll. But is anybody listening? The next week a Tom Clancy techno-thriller lounges smugly at No. 1. Such resounding indifference to argument and enthusiasm is enough to lead a critic to despair. You do your best to promote good books, to encourage wide reading and openness to the highly original—and there isn’t even a noticeable blip in the bestseller list. O.K., Seamus Heaney’s Besom might, somehow, muscle its way on. But why wasn’t Ted Hughes’s Tales From Ovid a hot ticket item, or David Perry’s Odes of Horace, two equally ingratiating re-workings of equally classic texts?

Similarly, years ago I tried to dynamite Judith Krantz’s dreadful Dazzle, and that novel’s meretricious trash unworthy of Harold Robbins—still became a bestseller and a mierseries and a cash cow for its creator. As a reviewer and sapper, I wasted my time.

Oh well. In truth, bestseller lists aren’t likely to disappear, no matter how strident anybody’s grousings. In fact, thanks to the Internet and e-sales, we have more of the damn things than ever. But I still can’t help wishing that people would be more resourceful and creative in the books they choose to read. Why grant any credence to a canon determined solely by the contemporary marketplace? Not that you need to take up only serious books. Just those that truly matter to you. To paraphrase the muse’s advice to the poet Philip Sidney, Look in, the heart and read.

Michael Dirda’s e-mail address is dirdam@washingtonpost.com. His live online discussion of books takes place each Wednesday at 2 p.m.

We Americans are not the only ones prone to list fever. One look at Publishing Trends (Market Partners International, www.mpitrends.com) shows how our virus has spread. "The list" is now a worldwide phenomenon. Far followers from Banff to Bommay are reading the same books. Just as television brings "friends" to sales in Tierra del Fuego, American publishers line shelves around the world with Grisham, Martini, and Deaver.

What’s the latest livre de Paris? Patricia Cornwell’s Black Notice. What’s playing better than Shakespeare in Mayfair. The Wrong End of the Telescope by Danielle Sykes. They’re perched on Fortune’s Rocks in Johannesburg, poring over Hannibal in Bremen, panting for Timbuktu in Buenos Aires, slumping down Bittersweet in Calcutta.

But we can import a thing or two in return. The No. 1 slot in Latin America—Mário Vargass Llosa’s Fiesta del Chivo—hails the perestroika that turned our country’s way to us. Christian Jacq’s novels (Stone of Light and Ramzes, originally written in French) move like glue in Peoria, but flow like caipirinhas in Brazil. Clearly, a supercilious translation can make a big difference.

Isn’t it wondrous—as summer advances, spreading through Argentina is Milan Kundera’s Ignorance; suspending Sweden in time is Günter Grass’s My Century: crossing through Barcelona is Frank McCourt’s ’Tis. And, you can be sure, whether on piazza or platz, everyone’s mad about Harry.
Dear Michael Dirda--

So there I am, mentioned in a dispatch, in the same squad with P. Fitzgerald and J. Carroll; it’s the most welcome breveting, Michael, since my favorite bookseller took to greeting me by chanting his fiction shelf arrangement, “Doctorow, Doerr, Doig, Dostoevsky...”

This will be a week when I take a break from Westerning tooth and nail (black cavalry, a pioneer suffragette, a Brooks Adams-like Harvard grad-cattle baron, and a spiritual-singing Montanan who wanders into the Harlem Rennaissance, all somehow in this next novel) for a speaking gig at Stanford, and there I’ll be doing some missionary work along your anti-bestseller lines, citing to the audience the virtues of Ismail Kadare, Tim Winton, Molly Gloss, Stegner’s Wolf Willow... I figure it can’t hurt, could help.

Again, appreciation and best wishes,
All Together Now: Doig!

Visitors to the town of Port Orchard, on West Puget Sound in Washington State, might have thought they had stumbled into a literary mecca when they saw stretched across the main street a banner proclaiming "Port Orchard Reads." Not only does the town read, but from April 10 to May 15, its citizens all read the same book: Ivan Doig's 1978 classic *This House of Sky: Landscapes of a Western Mind* (Harcourt).

Two independents, Bell Book & Candle and Armchair Books, both of Port Orchard, along with the Kitsap Regional Library, spearheaded the event, which culminated with an appearance by Doig on May 15.

According to Ruthanne Devlin, owner of Bell Book & Candle, a 3,000-sq.-ft. retail store with adjoining cafe located in an old Victorian building, the idea was born during a library brainstorming session on how to increase the number of participants in local reading groups. The group recalled a Seattle program last year entitled "What if We All Read the Same Book?" that had been a big success.

Devlin librarian Martha Knapp and Armchair Books manager De De Teeters immediately suggested *This House of Sky.* "Doig is a well-known author who lives in Seattle, and this is a classic book about the West that appeals to both men and women," explained Devlin. "It also had the personal perspective, which lends itself readily to discussion groups. There was no second choice."

"We didn't think at the outset that we would be able to entice Doig to our town, but he very graciously agreed to come, because he likes the idea so much," continued Devlin. The fact that Harcourt had recently released a new paperback edition of the title had helped to put the book in their minds, and Harcourt was very supportive of the whole effort, supplying large mounted posters and other marketing materials for the prominent displays at both store locations.

A free reader's guide, written by Knapp, was available to readers at the bookstores and at the library, where several discussion groups met during the reading period. Having the support of the library, which scheduled the event to coincide with National Library Week, as well as the local paper, was critical to the program's success. Happy to encourage a community-wide effort in support of literacy, the *Port Orchard Independent* announced the event with a front-page photo of Ivan Doig and ran a calendar listing of discussion groups and meeting times.

The library ordered 20 new copies of *This House of Sky* for the reading, and Bell Book & Candle and Armchair Books each sold 30 books in the first week following the announcement. Both stores collectively sold about 40 more copies at the Doig's appearance, which took place at Port Orchard's Givens Community Center. David Nelson, Harcourt's vice-president of sales, flew in from New York City to attend.

To the delight of the more than 175 people who came, Doig spent time talking with those in line and began signing books even before the event started. Doig then spoke and answered questions about family, history, the West and other themes from *This House of Sky* for nearly two hours.

"Every chair in the house was taken," noted Devlin. "Listening to people in my store and at this event showed me just how much a book can mean to someone. We were all reminded that books really can change people's lives."

Though there are nine bookstores in and around Port Orchard (a town with a population of nearly 7,000) most are used or specialty bookstores. Cooperation between Armchair and Bell Book & Candle, the town's two full-service independent stores was essential to the project, according to Devlin.

"We have learned to support each other even though our tastes are different. If I don't have a book and a customer doesn't want to order it, I will send them over to De De," Devlin told PW. "We'd much rather keep the sale in town than have a customer drive half an hour to the Borders in Tacoma, or in the other direction to the Barnes & Noble in Silverdale."

Both women agreed that independents can accomplish more together than they can as single entities. The two had previously worked together in a small organization called Independent Booksellers of the West Sound. Most of the group's 20 members were also members of Book Sense. The group sponsored a booth at the Seattle Book Festival and later joined up to order art books at Christmas time.

"As soon as this began, we started fielding calls from nearby stores. Everyone who has heard of this event wants to join in," Teeters told PW. "We are expanding our plans for next year, and will include several nearby communities in an event called Kitsap County Reads."
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May 29, 2000 • *Publishers Weekly* 37
Governor Honored

Two Regionals Take on Internet Sales Taxes

T he Mountains and Plains Booksellers Association (MPBA) and the ABA jointly honored Utah Governor Michael Leavitt, head of Congress's Advisory Commission on Electronic Commerce, with a special award earlier this month for his strong support of equitable tax collection on the Internet. The award, a bag containing copies of the 10 finalists for the Book Sense Book of the Year (adult and children's), was presented during the MPBA spring seminar in Salt Lake City.

Leavitt, pleased by the recognition from the booksellers' associations, told listeners that the debate in Washington was being fought not on economic but on political grounds. And in true political form, he offered an upbeat sound bite to combat the anti-tax lobbyists. "Each party wants to be seen as the forward-looking, high-tech party," he said. "I'm convinced that it will work itself out as the issue matures, but it will not happen if there isn't an army of small businesses storming Washington, D.C., demanding a level playing field."

"This is our way to thank Governor Leavitt, a relatively conservative Republican, for his efforts on behalf of independent retailers and booksellers, which have been nothing less than extraordinary," said Oren Teicher, COO of the ABA, who, along with CEO Avin Dominitz and the MPBA's Lisa Knudson and Betsy Burton, presented the award. "It was Gov. Leavitt's unshakeable commitment to fairness that led to the Advisory Committee's refusal to recommend continuation of the moratorium on new Internet taxes to Congress," he added.

Although Congress has extended the moratorium to 2006, Leavitt is convinced that large, established retailers, like Walmart and Macy's—which have bricks-and-mortar stores and thus must pay taxes on both their land-bound sales and their Internet sales—are a key to future legislation. As those two large retailers carve out positions on the Internet this year, they will find themselves at an 8% disadvantage to other dot-coms, who pay no taxes because they have no physical stores.

In related news, the NCIBA, which is attempting to get a bill through the California Assembly that would force the Board of Equalization to collect sales tax from such companies as B&N.com and Borders.com, had good news earlier this month, as the bill passed its first hurdle, the Revenue and Taxation Committee. "It was a huge success," NCIBA's Hut Landon told PW. The bill must still go through the Appropriations Committee, the Assembly at Large and finally to Gov. Gray Davis.

The bill, shepherded through the Assembly by lobbyist Lenny Goldberg, who was hired by the NCIBA on January 1 for $2,000 a month for 10 months, was sponsored by two Democratic assemblywomen, Carole Migden and Dion Aroner.

"Our fight is not connected to the national debate on new Internet taxes," said Landon. "We're talking about enforcing an existing law, which has to do with collecting sales tax on purchases, regardless of the medium from which the sales were made." Although the NCIBA is taking the initiative, and is funding the lobbyist ("Partially because books are the second biggest category sold on the Internet," said Landon), many bricks-and-mortar businesses in other sectors are supporting the effort. "The impact of this bill could be enormous," said Landon. "Research by the Board of Equalization itself indicates that $14.4 million in revenues would be generated that were previously being collected, and now are being lost. What's more, 70% of the population here in California are unable to buy online because they either don't have a computer, haven't paid for Internet access or don't have a credit card, which means that those who are benefiting from not paying the tax are the most able to pay it." —R.F.

At its annual dinner in mid-May, the Vermont Book Professionals Association, which includes booksellers, publishers and freelancers who work in the book industry, named Aaron Alterra's The Caregiver: A Life with Alzheimer's (Steerforth Press) the 1999 Vermont Book Award winner. Alterra is the pen name for writer E.S. Goldman, who is also the author of two short-story collections, a novel and a book of poetry. Pictured: (left to right) Alterra; editor Euan Bear, Safer Society Press; and bookseller Matthew Gibbs, Briggs Carriage Booksale (Brandon, Vt.).
Ivan Doig: Reflections on Montana landscapes
MSU's architecture of place
Who's really number one?

Michael Malone 1940 - 1999
see page 2
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Montana State University Foundation
Ivan Doig left Montana decades ago, but Montana has never left him. Doig’s native state has become the mother lode of nearly all of the author’s fiction, memoirs and essays that have earned him national literary distinction. His most recent novel, Mountain Time, is set in Montana and Seattle, Doig’s adopted home. Other Montana books include the Montana Trilogy—English Creek, Dancing at the Rascal Fair and Ride with Me, Mariah Montana—as well as his heralded memoir, This House of Sky.

As a result, readers everywhere have learned to see the Big Sky through Doig’s unflinching eye, and poetical pen.

Recently, the White Sulphur Springs native returned to Bozeman, a picturesque page in his eloquent book of personal memories, to deliver the Wallace Stegner Memorial Lecture at MSU’s Museum of the Rockies.

Doig took a few moments prior to the lecture to visit with the Collegian and discuss his perceptions on Montana’s changing landscapes, Wallace Stegner, the state of western letters and what he sees coming for his beloved land.

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Collegian: You have been quoted as saying you do not like to be called a “Western writer.” Why?

Doig: I’m getting more and more adamant that there’s more to it than geographic determinism.

My generation of writers, and the generations on both sides—Norman Maclean and Bud Guthrie and Dorothy Johnson, the generation older than us as well as the other generation coming up—we’re not writers simply because we were born with a license plate that says a certain thing. There are writers in my generation of colossal talent. I think of Jim Welch and his novel, Fools Crow, leaps of imagination that cannot be accounted for merely by Jim having been born in a certain place. Western writers are often referred to as “writers with a sense of place.” But I speak about a couple senses of place. One is what’s around us and the other is what runs from ear to ear, inside our heads.

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Collegian: With increasing frequency nationally you are being referenced as the literary heir to Wallace Stegner. How do you feel about this?

Doig: I spoke to this point very early after Stegner’s death. Several of us were flown to San Francisco for a memorial occasion for Stegner. They were setting up an environmental wing at the San Francisco Public Library and naming it after him. And, I said at that point, that none of us individually is going to replace Stegner. What I hoped for was a kind of swarm of writers working on his concerns: environmental issues and the fiction that tries to take a look at western lives. I don’t know how Wally did it all. He left this enormous number of books, was an environmental spokesman and a writing mentor at Stanford, and so on. I am a much slower writer than he was. I have nine books and at this stage in his career he probably had 20. Quite a lot of my early writing went to magazine work and in fact there are 200 magazine pieces that I now wish were a book or two as their equivalent. So, I’m flattered that I’m thought of as a writer on the same footing as Stegner, but there’s actually a chorus of voices of western writers. Bill Kittredge

The writer at work in Virginia City, Mont.
Hysell retires at season’s end


“My dad always taught me to leave things better than I found them,” said MSU’s second-winningest football coach. “I honestly believe I’ve done that here.”

Hysell leaves his alma mater with 41 victories. He is second in school history in wins, seasons and games coached, and at his retirement is the longest-serving coach in the Big Sky Conference.

Hysell cited health problems that have plagued him throughout the season in his notice of retirement.

“This season has not been much fun,” said Hysell, who has battled severe back problems since late summer. It is hoped that Hysell’s back problems are correctible, but two surgeries—one Nov., one for next spring—are necessary. Hysell said it will take several months to recover from the surgeries and regain normal health.

University administrators praised the Hysell era of Bobcat football. Montana State president Michael Malone complemented Hysell for making the program competitive and bringing high-character student-athletes to Montana State. “Cliff Hysell is to be commended for the way he ran this school’s football program,” Malone said. “His teams were disciplined and competed hard, and he ran a clean program. He is a genuinely fine man.”

Allen Yarnell, MSU vice president with direct responsibility for athletics at MSU, said that Hysell’s career will be measured by more than wins and losses. “I’m very proud of the way our student-athletes have conducted themselves and represented the school during Cliff’s tenure. He is a person of great integrity, and he has instilled that in his football program.”

MSU Athletic Director Chuck Linde-menn lauded Hysell’s efforts in turning the Bobcat program from a perennial non-contender in the Big Sky to one which played for the league championship last year.

“Cliff Hysell is a man of integrity, honesty and hard work. He raised this program to a high level of competitiveness. Cliff has turned this football program around, and everyone who cares about Bobcat football owes him a debt of gratitude for the discipline and success and class he has instilled in this program.”

Hysell’s career win-loss record is 41-47. Despite MSU’s 3-8 mark this year, the team is 22-22 over the last four seasons. Four of Montana State’s seven winning seasons as a Division I-AA program have come under Hysell’s direction.

The East Helena native was hired on December 7, 1992, and took charge of a program that had not posted a winning season in the previous seven years. Hysell’s 1992 squad was 4-7, and the next season the Bobcats responded with a 7-4 record.

“The players are what I’ll miss the most,” Hysell said. “I’ve truly enjoyed working with them over the years. We’ve had tough, smart kids who have worked hard in football and in the classroom, and who have been credits to this school. I’ve really felt for them this year, with the injuries we’ve been through. But life doesn’t always go how you want it to go, and that’s a lesson. I hate to leave under these circumstances.”

Hysell remains enthused about the program’s future. “People forget that we lose only 10 seniors this year,” he said. “We have a lot of players back next year, and there are a lot of really good young players in this program right now.”

Hysell first ventured to Bozeman in 1963 after transferring from the University of Utah. The Helena High graduate red-shirted his first season at MSU, then was a starter in 1964 and ’65 under Bobcat legend Jim Sweeney. After a stint as a high school coach in Great Falls, Hysell returned to MSU in 1972 as an assistant to Sonny Holland, with whom Hysell remains close.

Hysell remained at MSU with Sonny Lubick upon Holland’s retirement following the ’77 season, and left following the 1981 season to join Sweeney at Fresno State. A 10-year stay as the Bulldog defensive coordinator gave Hysell a string of championships and league-leading defensive performances for his resume, but he held one job in his mind and heart.

“Montana is my home and Montana State is my school, and this is where I want to be,” he said.

— Bill Lamberty

Kramer named Bobcat grid coach

At press time Mike Kramer, a former assistant coach at MSU when the Cats won the 1984 Division I-AA National Championship, was named the new head football coach at MSU.

Kramer succeeds Cliff Hysell, who resigned in mid-November, citing health concerns.

Most recently Kramer was head football coach at Eastern Washington University, where he has won the Big Sky Title. Among his first key hires was the retention of Butch Damberger, ’81 PE, from Hysell’s staff.

An enthusiastic and affable personality, Kramer has retained deep ties to the MSU and Bozeman community, as well as Helena where Kramer spent six years as a teacher and head coach. The Collegian plans to profile Kramer in an upcoming issue.
has assumed a lot of Stegner’s environmental voice. Mary Clearman Blue and I and Annick Smith and several other western writers of roughly similar age are trying to work on the fiction. It’s flattering to be singled out as carrying on Stegner’s work, but we’ve all got to go on and do our own work, too.

**COLLEGIAN:** What are your impressions when you return to this landscape?

**DOIG:** I have been coming back to Montana a long time now. It’s 35 years or so of returns. One thing you notice are the cities building up the gulches, or out into the wheat fields. Last night driving around Bozeman to the farthest east exit of the Interstate, we noticed the “last best wheat field” enclosed by the Interstate on one side and WalMart on the other.

My family line is pretty closely entwined with the Gallatin. I mean, we started not too far in the mountains beyond Maudlow in the Sixteen Country. And so, when I pull in here and see the Bridgers I do start looking around pretty closely. I see there’s been a lot of population growth. That’s true planet-wide, which is part of the planet’s problem. One change in the Gallatin is noticeable this time at book store signings. There are more people who come up and openly introduce themselves as Montana transplants. And I think they are getting harder to tell from people who have grown up here...the new ones are people in their 40s or 50s (who) might have been in Marin or Denver not too long ago. But now they’ve got the blue jeans and their shirts and blouses no longer look so new and they seem to be blending in to a considerable extent.

I know there are a lot of clashes. There always are, in terms of broader social issues. I have tried to look at the fading rural and small town issues across three decades. In *This House of Sky* I was trying to look back at the homestead era when newcomers such as the Doigs from Scotland showed up here 100 years ago. My dad was born on the homestead. The more I thought about that for *This House of Sky,* the more it seemed that was the western and rural equivalent of the ghettos. They were holding places, the first foothold in America. When I was working on the novel, *Ride with me, Mariah-Montana,* during Montana Statehood’s Centennial in ‘89, Carol (his wife) and I traveled virtually all the state as I was researching that. And we came to Winnett, the county seat of Petroleum County. That county seat had 200 people. The entire county had 600 people. I was interested in the geographic span because it’s out there in the Lewistown country where you drive and drive and drive. And I thought to get out comparable maps and Petroleum County is about the size of the Los Angeles Basin, with its millions upon millions (of people). So society will make its choices. People will live in the earthquake zone of Los Angeles in preference to the landscape of Petroleum County, which has plenty of elbow room. In my current book I bring displaced Montanans back to a fading small town. And in fact, a town that never quite made it. That’s really a big part of western history. You think about all the ghost towns tucked away and the traces of towns that vanished out here. So I found myself making up a town, putting it between Choteau and Augusta and bringing these baby boomers from the coast back to that.

**COLLEGIAN:** What about the West brings people to the areas that are growing?

**DOIG:** The space, and the dream of opportunity, I would call it. In the homestead period the West was the “Great American Land Pantry,” as I call it in some of my writings. Probably still is. I mean people are, I understand, moving here in droves to the Gallatin, building
homes because there’s beautiful space available. This dream of finding your plot or place out here where the air is still comparatively clean and the mountains are there, it’s a longstanding dream. It’s not a bad dream.

But, it has its costs to the country, and probably to society, in that people do hop like checkers on the checkerboard as they see what they think are better opportunities in life. That, in professional terms, has been one of the sides of my life. I’m not sure I could have written these books had I stayed on in Montana all these years. The kinds of journalism jobs I held and the kind of community college teaching job that Carol had in Seattle didn’t exist in Montana 30 years ago when we were trying to make a start earning a living and doing the jobs we wanted. Mine is an old story. In *Heart Earth* I called it the “Lariat Proletariat.” Ranch jobs being eroded from under us by technology. And so away we go, in my case to Chicago and then Seattle.

**COLLEGIAN:** Is there a strength in your writing that comes from NOT living in Montana?

**DOIG:** Well, the time gained in not fighting weather, distances, and tough economic times here is spent over the keyboard working on the words. That is the crucial gain. That’s what my life is largely about, sitting there and doing the work. You have to find the time to turn that time into words. Holing up, as I have, in a Seattle suburb, has produced these nine books.

**COLLEGIAN:** So if you would have lived in Montana, you wouldn’t have produced the same quality of books?

**DOIG:** Frankly, no. There are a number of other roles asked of people here in Montana. They are all probably as worthy as writing books. But, I think of my great friend Jim Welch who spent 10 years on the parole board out here. This takes some time. Bill Kittredge is a linchpin among writers out here, going to writer’s conferences, being an environmental spokesman. Carol and I come out here and reconnect with people and we’re amazed at the several lives they manage to lead. I’m perhaps an odd combination as a writer. I’m a workaholic with a fairly low energy level. So one job is all I’ve been able to do. I’ve never been able to teach, for instance, now that I’m a full time writer. I loved teaching when I was a teaching assistant at University of Washington. I loved the classroom. I simply can’t teach and write. These are the kinds of choices that you must make. And they’re not new choices or unique with me. I’m sure James Joyce missed Dublin to some extent when he spent those years in Paris writing the greatest novel of Dublin, *Ulysses*. And Faulkner had to bail out of Mississippi every so often to write for Hollywood. You’ve got to do what you’ve got to do to get the words done.

**COLLEGIAN:** Can the West sustain a new wave of people?

**DOIG:** I tend to think not without some serious tries at tough zoning. I’ve lived satisfactorily most of my life in places that have zoning laws and trying in various ways to maintain some stuff. I tend not to be a big fan of the untrammeled right to your land in the West. The skin of the earth belongs to all of us, in one sense.

Where my eye falls on troubled spots in the West, it is usually places where the local levels of government have not tried to do what governments are supposed to do, which is do some regulation of society. There is always the law of unintended consequences in all of this. The 20 acre ranchette stuff apparently has a downside. That was an honorable try, I guess. But do we want the Gallatin Valley never to have a spud field? I don’t think so.

**COLLEGIAN:** Is the West a rugged place? Or rather, is it strong, or is it fragile?

**DOIG:** First of all, individualism is one of the pernicious myths of the West. The West was bought, paid for, settled by the federal government: Thomas Jefferson’s Louisiana Purchase, the homestead system that brought people out here, government’s underwriting the railroads that came West, and posting of the cavalry out here. This was not a freelance deal of people parachuting in from Europe and settling the West on their own. The West’s strengths, such as they have been, I think have been community strengths.

The schools and teachers and school boards that have sent Western kids into the world qualified to keep up with anybody, for instance. And neighborliness, of which Montanans and other Westerners are rightly so proud. Yet, these are always pretty frail in a shifting society, which the West always is. Along with that, the brute geographic facts of the West—I’ll quote Stegner here, the West is “big, dry and fragile.” Everything comes back to the fact that the whole West is a sensitive area, ecologically and in its civic patterns, too.

**COLLEGIAN:** What do you see as the future for the West, especially places such as the Gallatin Valley and Meagher County?

**DOIG:** It’s hard enough to see the right verb for a sentence I’m trying to write, let alone see around the bend of the future. But, if the economy keeps up as it is, it looks to me as if the Gallatin Valley is going to have to keep getting used to more people. Meagher County, I don’t know how it’ll turn out there, because the young keep leaving and the old eventually pass. I do point out to people out here, when they bring up “the good old days,” that a lot of our feeling of loss is of our own physical youth, the miracles of our body when we were younger. We sometimes attach that sense of loss, I believe, to how things are going in our communities. There’s always been commotion about change in the West, and that’s the one thing I don’t see changing.
Author’s images rise from imagination and memories

Running the mind’s ridges

It’s August and we’re in Montana, driving from Bozeman to White Sulphur Springs. I’m going to interview Ivan Doig in Eugene in September, and I want to see for myself the country that he evokes so eloquently, from “This House of Sky” (1978) through his trilogy — “English Creek” (1984), “Dancing at the Rascal Fair” (1987) and “Ride with Me, Mariah Montana” (1990) — to the newly released “Heart Earth.”

Even on this warm evening, in a summer of unusual rainfall, the country is spare. Mountains define the view. Bridgers, Crazyes, Big and Little Belts mark our horizons and the lives of Doig’s family and fictional characters. There is nothing but sagebrush, 50

“...as broadcaster of sheep her mind is free to go while the rest of her has to ride the horse, and she dreams ahead now. Extend yourself full slam; if she has found anything to believe, it’s that. It reached her to Charlie, lyrical wire in the wind. It was what pushed her to the gamble of Ivan, chancy pregnancy atop her chancy lung health. She can’t feel any regret for how any child of hers ridge-runs the country of his head.”

— HEART EARTH
by Ivan Doig
Older writers let their creativity soar in ‘Reflections’

By BOB WELCH
The Register-Guard

On the ninth floor of her high-rise apartment, in front of a new Smith Corona P30P 4500 word processor that wouldn't look out of place on the Spaceship Enterprise, she works on her latest novel.

It is a fantasy about a person who has a near-death experience while on an operating table. The woman spends up to six hours a day on the manuscript.

If you're envisioning some baby boomer in her Central Park flat, think again. The woman is Marie Melton Wilson, whose writing perch is the Ya-Po-Ah Terrace retirement home. In two weeks, Wilson will turn 80.

She was among the 100 older adults from around the state whose works are featured in the just-released "Reflections," a two-volume booklet sponsored by the Oregon Association of Homes for the Aging as part of its Creative Writing and Poetry Festival.

On a late September afternoon, some 250 people gathered at the Ruit Center to listen to celebrity readers read the 10 best of the bunch. The work had to have been penned in the last 10 years while the author was 65 years or older. All authors were residents of nursing and retirement homes that belong to the association.

"The idea was partly to offer an outlet to older writers, who wondered why we offered something similar for artists, and partly to try to overcome some stereotypes," said Sally Goodwin, the association's executive director.

"Some people see these older adults as all nice, pleasant, polite people who stay happy by not doing much. Just because someone is 55 or 95 doesn't mean they can't be creative."

The stories and poems range, in theme, from the personal ("To: Max On Our 40th Anniversary") to the humorous ("Cupid, You're Stupid") to the humorous ("Cupid, You're Stupid") to the humorous ("Cupid, You're Stupid").

from authors lost in memories ("Going to the Fourth of July") to those who have found peace amid the ailments of age ("Reflections on Aging").

"Some I couldn't read without crying and some without laughing," Goodwin said.

Eugene writers who made the booklet were Wilson, for "More Than Clay;" Gladys Irene King, Olive Plaza, for "Only Yesterday;" Elizabeth Ogwood, Washington Abbey, for "Why We Quit Cruising;" Ruth Barton Davis, Ya-Po-Ah Terrace, for "Happily Ever After (A Child's Story);" Mary Jo Stephenson, Good Samaritan, for "Lilac Tide;" Trudi DeMarchi, Olive Plaza, for "We Must Say Goodbye;" Edna Thomas, Ya-Po-Ah Terrace, for "Doctor Jim;" Loucie Steen, Ya-Po-Ah Terrace, for "Little Dragon Cloud;" and Faye McCoy, Olive Plaza, for "A Winter Morning."

If ever there was an example of the "you're never too old to start" adage, it's the 84-year-old McCoy. "I've always liked poetry but I didn't start writing until I was 90," she said.

Turn to DOIG, Page 2F
The hands and arms of Bessie Ringer were scarred from every kind of barbwire work, yet there she sat hunkering away at the most intricate of crochetwork, snowflaking the rough edges of her existence with doily upon doily.

IVAN DOIG
Author

The six-shooter, the gunfighter, the resort to easy bravado and terrible violence: that is not the real West. The real West is vastly more quilted and complicated than that.

IVAN DOIG
Author

My characters are diverse. There's an engineer on the dam. He's climbed his way up that far. His wife is going to be a local woman and I haven't quite worked out her views on how fast they ought to move because this is a dirt dam and the big leagues, of course, were the concrete Hoover and Grand Coulee. There will be a woman who's a part-time dancer and
A great paperwork burden on owners of farms and ranches. Agricultural employees such as my grandmother were specifically excluded from its coverage.

But Doig goes beyond the unfairness his family had to live within to the people they were. "Instead she had what she was. The hands and arms of Bessie Ringer were scarred from every kind of barbwire work, yet she sat looking away at the most intricate of crocheters, snowflaking the rough rooms of her existence with dolly upon dolly."

Here is Doig at his best, bringing together in two specific images, the marks left by such harsh work and the ability of those who have enough grit and joy in life, whatever that life is, to create moments of beauty. It's no accident that Doig prefaces "Heart Earth" with a line from the memoirs of poet Pablo Neruda: "Intervals of dreaming help us stand up under days of work."

For Doig, living within the frame of history or

the macho myth of the West is the West I hate and I have been writing against it in all these books. The six-shooter, the gunfighter, the resort to easy bravado and terrible violence: that is not the real West. The real West is vastly more quieted and complicated than that. I'm dumbfounded that this notion is still current: we saw it in the Reagan White House, and we see it now in the current 'cowboy' stuff — Bakersfield, California, dressed the part and walking the streets of Bozeman today."

Doig and his wife, Carol, have been married almost 30 years. In the meticulous notes that accompany each of his books, fiction or non-fiction, she is given credit for research photography, for manuscript readings.

He laughs and recalls the time they wrote a jour-

n

Happy New Year, everyone! Here's to a bright, happy and healthy new year for all of you! I wish you all the best in the coming year, and I hope you'll continue to support your local artists and writers as you have in the past.

Sincerely,

[Author's Name]
Landscapes of a Western Mind

Ivan Doig, author of This House of Sky and other novels and memoirs, calls Seattle home. By Nicholas O’Connell

Ivan Doig still remembers the moment when his life changed forever. It was summer in the high country of northern Montana. His family had just finished shearing a herd of 2,000 sheep, an exhausting task that should have earned them a day off. Without warning, a storm blew in, panicking and scattering the vulnerable sheep. Some of the sheep died of exposure. Others were trampled to death. Still others stampeded over a cliff.

In one day, most of the year’s profit disappeared. After this disaster, young Ivan decided that he wanted no part of a career as a farm or ranch hand. “I looked back from the mouth of the coulee toward the dusky north ridges, still smoked with gray wisps of the storm,” he wrote in This House of Sky. “As much as at any one instant of my life, I can say: Here I was turned.”

Though he continued to stay on to help with farm and ranch work, a decision had been made. Thereafter, he sought the schooling that would free him of the drudgery of this life and propel him toward his present career as a Seattle writer. If in his early years he came to know the land through working it, later he would come to know the land through writing about it.

Ivan Doig is a man who has traveled great distances in his life. With his whitish red hair and beard, dark-framed glasses and a certain fondness for tweed, Doig looks like the history professor he might have become had he not turned his attention to writing. But when he speaks, he reveals his working-class origins, salting his speech with profanity as he describes the struggle of making a living from the harsh landscape of the Mountain West.

Born in 1939 in White Sulphur Springs, Montana, Doig grew up in northern Montana along the Rocky Mountain Range, where many of his books take place. After spending his early years working as a cowboy, shepherder, and farm and ranch hand, he became the first of his family to go to college. He attended Northwestern University, where he received a bachelor’s in journalism in 1961 and an M.S. in journalism in 1962.

After graduating, he decided not to return to Montana, but instead got a job as a journalist in Illinois. There he met and married his wife, Carol, a native of New Jersey. The two of them worked for magazines in the Midwest for a while, but both dearly missed the scenery of the West.

“In downstate Illinois, the highest thing you could see was the tassels of the corn,” Doig says. “We found ourselves driving 800 miles round-trip on weekends to see pine trees in Wisconsin. We both wanted a western landscape.”

Since Doig also wanted a college teaching career, he applied to the University of Washington, where he was accepted in the doctoral program in history. In 1966, the Doigs packed their bags and moved to Seattle. By the time he’d obtained his Ph.D. in 1969, Doig had had enough of academia, though he had no desire to leave Seattle. While Carol taught journalism at Shoreline Community College, Ivan embarked on a career as a writer, occupations both continue to pursue.

Today, the Doigs live in a wooded area north of Seattle. Their ranch-style house is surrounded by Douglas fir, western hem-
lock, western red cedar and an extravagant undergrowth of salal, rhododendron, blackberry vines and other shrubs. Though he writes often about the high plains country of eastern Montana, Doig is at home in the lush greenery of the Puget Sound area.

“Carol and I have liked the combination of water and coast along with the mountains here,” he says. “We’ve only eight hours’ drive from Missoula. With that nearness, and with me being able to hole up out here and do my writing, that combination has produced seven and two-thirds books. So it’s working well.” (His latest, a novel, Bucking the Sun, is due out in May from Simon & Schuster.)

A low-key man not prone to exaggeration or excess in his life or work, Doig characterizes himself as a hardworking writer who carves “a word at a time and a sentence at a time.” He approaches writing with the same emphasis on integrity and craftsmanship with which he approached ranch work. This applies especially to authenticity in writing. As Doig says, “It takes on a rightness in itself. I can’t defend it financially. A lot of writers would not bother to defend it in terms of the time and energy it takes. But by God, you ought to do it right, it seems to me, even if it does take more time and energy. Nobody ever said this was going to be an easy business to be in. Some of this goes back to the people I grew up around. There simply was a right way to build a haystack or fix a fence, in these people’s minds—my dad among them.”

Doig believes that there is a right way to build a book as well, and he arranges his life so he can accomplish this. His office, like the rest of his life, is kept spare and free of distractions. The walls are covered with photographs of his father, his mother and others who have figured prominently in his life. The shelves are neatly stacked with literature of the American West, as well as books from around the world. The desk and tables are clean and uncluttered.

Much of his day is spent hunched over the typewriter, shaping and reshaping the language to bring his characters to life on the page.

Doig endured many years as a freelance writer before gaining national prominence in 1978 with the memoir This House of Sky. The book was a National Book Award finalist and sold well enough to allow him to quit magazine freelancing.
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Women in Waiting in the Westward Movement

by Linda Peavy and Ursula Smith

In October of 1860, Pamela Fergus of Little Falls, Minnesota, opened a letter from her husband James, far distant in the gold fields of Pike's Peak, Colorado, and read, "My going away has and will be a great benefit to you by throwing you on your own resources and leaving you to do business for yourself." Her husband's optimistic evaluation of her precarious situation must have engendered at least a bit of skepticism. She was, after all, facing the oncoming winter with few material resources to sustain herself and the four Fergus children and with the affairs of a home, a small farm, and a nearly bankrupt business to manage in James' absence.

Some twenty-three years later, Emma Christie of Blue Earth County, Minnesota, faced a similar situation. Left behind by a husband whose search for a homestead had carried him to Montana Territory, Emma had lost her home and moved her five young sons into an unfinished granary. Upon receipt of a letter implying that David thought he might go still farther west instead of coming home at the appointed time, she wrote: "I can tell you what...I don't feel I shall be willing to live this way very much longer and I hope you will not ask me to."2

The experiences of Pamela Fergus and Emma Christie were not unique. Hundreds of women in the nineteenth century were left to do business for themselves, whether or not it was to their "great benefit." The temporary separation of the Ferguses and the Christies is representative of a fairly common pattern in the westering movement. Lured first by the promise of gold and later by the hope of debt-free homesteads, thousands of men joined the move westward, many of them leaving behind wives. These "women in waiting" experienced almost instant autonomy, taking on responsibilities not normally assumed by married women of their time. The stories of Pamela Fergus and Emma Christie offer insights into the dynamics of separation experienced by such women and suggest that, at least in some cases, life as a woman in waiting provided useful training for life as a wife on the western frontier.

The experience of those women left behind in their husbands' rush to the frontier is an unwritten chapter in the history of the westward movement. That the stories of these women in waiting has been largely ignored is not surprising. Until new scholarship began to broaden our concept of the American frontier experience, we tended to view that experience in an exclusively masculine framework. The saga of the West was told in terms of the conquest of a land and the triumph over an indigenous people, of the building of homes, towns, and forts, and of the establishment of "law and order," activities generally removed from the feminine sphere.

Only lately have we questioned the validity of this view and the emphasis given to it by Frederick Jackson Turner. In 1893, Turner first put forth the thesis that the frontier experience had marked the national character of America, that the West had spawned the rugged individualism and the political egalitarianism that characterized the American spirit. The experiences of women and of Indians were not a part of the fabric from which Turner wove his theory. His focus was limited to the experiences of the explorer, trapper, miner, rancher, and farmer—the experiences, by and large, of the white male.
not long after that shift in juridical status, however, that responsibility for the Rocky Mountain Mission and a stepchild, the California Mission, was assigned to the Italian Province of Turin. In 1909, no longer dependent on Europe for manpower or resources, the former missions, now united, with a Provincial Superior directly responsible to Father General, became a single Province of California; in a sense the stepchild had become the parent. Finally, in February 1932, “Oregon,” comprising the geographical territory of Old Oregon and western Alaska, became an independent province. Hence the subtitle of this work and its occasion: a year of jubilee celebrating a half century of independent status.

On March 27, 1840, Peter John DeSmet left St. Louis to keep his promise made to the Flatheads to join them at the Green River rendezvous. He traveled with the Flathead delegation, entering the region of present-day Montana. The following year he returned with five other Jesuits, and the first of the Jesuit mission stations in the Pacific Northwest, St. Mary’s, was established in the Bitterroot Valley. Jesuit presence would spread from that early center. Today there are some four hundred Jesuits in the territory that was Old Oregon and Alaska. But a small percentage of that number, and those mostly in Alaska, are working directly with native peoples. Part of Father Schoenberg’s story is an account of an early and continuous deflection from that basic purpose for Jesuit pathways into the Northwest.

The earlier part of this saga has been told before, but it is retold here with definite verve. The continu-

**English Creek and Western Historical Fiction**

by William Bevis

University of Montana, Missoula

Ivan Doig’s *English Creek* is one of a number of recent and excellent “historical fictions” set in Montana, from Maclean’s *A River Runs Through It* to the national bestseller on Custer by Evan S. Connell, *Son of the Morning Star*, to Jim Welch’s novel-in-progress on the Blackfeet in 1870. The “documentary novel” of the sixties (such as Truman Capote’s *In Cold Blood*) seems to be sliding back into time, into earlier and earlier “fictions” that stake some claim to historical truth. But what is “historical fiction”? All good fiction, good authors have believed, could “really” have happened—Ivanhoe’s honor, Frankenstein’s ambition—the question is what is real. The answer, to us, seems to be event: as historians, Americans are materialists. No matter how important the “history of ideas,” or of values, or of consciousness, we begin always with what happened that could be perceived by the senses at a certain time and place. Laws pass, the railroad comes, the drought comes, people pass: our history is a vast conflation of “Births,” “Marriages,” and “Deaths” complete with names and dates. When we say “historical fiction” in Montana in 1985, we mean that the events in the novel could well have happened in that time and place and, therefore, the book is as good as real.

Now the relationship of imaginative writing to such an “eventful” reality is always going to be paradoxical; the serious writer has often turned to fiction precisely because he has not found the truth in the records and needs to invent a story which could have happened or which gets at the reality behind the events:

All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks. . . . If man will strike, strike through the mask!

That is Ahab in Melville’s *Moby Dick*, one of our more preposterous fictions, but symbolically true, perhaps, to the “story” of American self-reliance leading to disaster. When the Greek historian Herodotus wrote his “istoria,” he thought of “story” as narrative, not as a list of births and deaths, not as event, and he probably did not consider the credibility and accuracy of his sources more important than the “light” shed by the story on what it was like to live at a certain time and place.

In his first book, *This House of Sky*, Ivan Doig proved himself a master of historical narrative in roughly the tradition of Herodotus and the documentary novelists. The events in that book are true, and the true events are balanced against a style impressively imaginative. The result is that both poles, event and consciousness, fact and passion, what happened and what it felt like to have it happen, were touched and touched well.

In his most recent book, *English Creek*, Doig has returned to central Montana as his setting and has attempted historical fiction on a scale much more ambitious than that of his previous novel set in Alaska, *Sea-Runners*. Out of the three possibilities of historical fiction—narrative story (Herodotus), symbolic story (Melville), and “it could have happened” documentary, Doig is closest in *English Creek* to the third. *English Creek* places minimal emphasis on advancing a narrative, and very little story behind the story is intended (in contrast to Maclean’s *A River Runs Through It*, which develops a formal theology of fishing, in order to save Paul). In *English Creek*, instead, there is a wealth of surface detail true to scene, and thus Doig writes in some ways the purest of historical fiction, fiction verging on data before it has been digested to narrative or history.

I find the effect of such a book, crammed with the names, events, and speech of a time and place, intriguing. “Such a book”: I have trouble naming another like it. The story of Jick’s coming of age in pre-World War II Valier (“*English Creek*”) is deliberately told with so much realistic detail, and so
In overlooking such materials, Lowitt misses the opportunity to provide a detailed assessment of the New Deal’s political impact on the West, a sustained analysis of the West’s ambivalence about many New Deal programs, and western attitudes generally about the shift in its dependency from Wall Street to Capitol Hill. Lowitt does contend in his conclusion that the New Deal was “popular in the West and most people accepted without serious debate government’s new direction and their own shift in attitude toward the role of government” (p. 221), but this generalization contradicts his earlier statements about New Deal reversals in the elections of 1938 and is also at odds with the thrust of James T. Patterson’s seminal essay on the New Deal and the West in the August 1969 issue of the Pacific Historical Review, which Lowitt also ignores.

Limitations of space do not justify the neglect of some of these significant themes. The brief, opening chapter concerning the importance of the West in the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt is well-known and did not require retelling. The chapter on the “Roosevelts in the West” is largely anecdotal and unanalytical. The author’s decision to devote two of fourteen chapters to the state of California (the only state so treated) is inexplicable, for, by his own admission, the New Deal’s impact there “was considerably less than in any other part of the West” (p. 172). All of this is not to say that Lowitt has not made a contribution, for several of his chapters are first-rate. It is unfortunate, however, that this volume—the first to appear in The West in the Twentieth Century series under the general editorship of Martin Ridge—does not meet the need for a comprehensive, interpretive history of the New Deal and the West.

PATHS TO THE NORTHWEST: A JESUIT HISTORY OF THE OREGON PROVINCE
Wilfred P. Schoenberg, S.J.

Reviewed by MICHAEL M. DORCY
Seattle University, Seattle
Originally constituted as a “mission” of the Missouri Vice-Province, headquartered in St. Louis, the Jesuits working in the Northwest soon became an independent mission placed under the direct supervision of the Jesuit Superior General in Rome. It was

Big Bear
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UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA PRESS
901 North 17th Lincoln, NE 68588
The story of Jesuit presence in the Northwest is much less known in particulars and is chronicled here by someone intimate with the sources. For years Father Schoenberg has garnered and guarded these materials in his role as Oregon Province archivist.

This is a big book and the sheer range and bulk of incident, anecdote, and personality provide some difficulties for the general reader who attempts to follow along the pathways. Unfortunate is Father Schoenberg’s choice to follow a schema of strict chronology rather than some kind of topical or geographical organization. A set of scaled and detailed maps might have helped the reader get his footing at times. (The two maps in the volume are mere caricatures and useless.)

More serious difficulties beset the way of the serious historian. This is a book in such a hurry that it does not take time out to ask itself many questions. If there is a thread of historical patterning beside the thread of chronology in the volume, it is the less than satisfying concept of Christian progress. Not that the dreams and the triumphs are the only story here. Indeed, there is much space given to disheartening trials and failures. But, finally, the present, the end point of the story, is but the product of a kind of felicitous interplay of Divine Providence and human personalities.

This is not meant to belittle the contribution Father Schoenberg has made. Pathways to the Northwest is obviously a work of dedicated research, of energy, and of love. There is a vein uncovered here and one that I hope others will mine.

The “data” of event, from places and jobs to dress and speech, is certainly accurate in English Creek. Doig works very carefully, and the integrity of the book and of the narrator is a large part of its appeal. There is something being loved here, by both Jick and Doig, although one can’t easily say what it is. The pick-up firefighters, for instance, are from “the bars and flophouses of Clare Street in Helena and Trent Avenue in Spokane and First Avenue South in Great Falls.” That information is the result of six or eight letters from Doig to various sources determining just where the Forest Service got its men. More impressively, Butte and Missoula were omitted because Doig could not pinpoint for certain the particular streets where hiring was done. He refused to generalize and name the probable hiring places of those towns. In such an instance, what is loved may be only scholarship, important insofar as it contributes to a reader’s trust; but Doig’s fidelity to common speech and local dialect holds a mirror to the most spontaneous expression of his people (real and imagined) and, as in This House of Sky, moves us closer to their dry wit, their sky counters of wind and winter and fate. For me, then, the book has three threads beyond the obvious “story” of Jick: one is its barrage of detail; its events of time, place, and speech; another is its slow, chatty, wandering pace; and the third is its immense love of language, from the dialect of its characters to the often elegant prose of its author.

I assume that the readers of this review are familiar with Doig’s work and setting, and I imagine that most plan to read English Creek. Certainly Doig is a first-rate writer, and we all await with pleasure the perspective on Montana culture that will emerge from the finished trilogy, spanning the century from 1889 to 1989. As an eloquent, ambitious overview of Montana’s history, Doig’s trilogy will join Guthrie’s epic sestet; and as an experiment in literature, this “historical fiction” is radically thorough, bold, and interesting.

_English Creek_ by Ivan Doig was published in 1984 by Atheneum Press, New York.
QUARTERDECK AND
SADDLEHORN: THE
STORY OF EDWARD F.
BEALE, 1822-1893
Carl Briggs and Clyde
Francis Trudell

The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, California,
1983. 300 pp. $29.50.

Reviewed by DENNIS E. BERGE
San Diego State University

Edward F. Beale was one of a number of nineteenth
century United States military officers whose profes-
sional careers merged with their more private involve-
ment in the development of the American West. As
a young naval officer assigned to the U.S. Pacific fleet
in the 1840s, Beale found himself pressed into fre-
quently special assignments as courier, guide, and then
pathmaker through the western territories, earning
a reputation for dependability and daring. At the same
time, he acquired an appreciation for the unsettled
West and a keen eye for the opportunities it presented.
He resigned his commission in 1852 when he was
thirty years of age, and for the next forty years he made
use of his talents and influence to achieve success in
a variety of careers—ranching, mining, and a series
of government appointments that included Surveyor
General and Superintendent of Indian Affairs for
California and, in a strange episode, U.S. Minister to
Austria-Hungary. Beale acquired wealth and public
recognition during these years; a Frémont-like figure
on a different scale and with an altered script, he
personified the public figure turned entrepreneur so often
found in the American westward movement.

It is ironic that in the ninety years since his death
Beale should receive only one inadequate biography,
published in 1912, but that suddenly two studies of
his career should appear in 1983. One of them is
reviewed here, the other is Gerald Thompson's Ed-
ward F. Beale and the American West, published by
the University of New Mexico Press. It is unfortunate
for the authors of Quarterdeck and Saddlehorn
that Thompson's work appeared when it did, for their own
work suffers in comparison. Inadequately researched
and frequently inaccurate in detail, the book lacks
credibility in establishing Beale's position in
American history.

It was apparently Clyde Francis Trudell who did
the basic research for this study, but when he died
in 1978 Carl Briggs took over the project and actually
wrote the book. Briggs should have expanded
Trudell's research more than he did, for he has dif-
culty tracking Beale's movements (pp. 135, 137,
164), accepts a seemingly apocryphal story of Beale's
early acquaintance with Ulysses S. Grant that Thomp-
son effectively destroys (p. 253; Thompson, p. 163),
and does little but summarize the last thirty years of

Reviewed in this Issue

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KING of the County

Gary Locke on the Kingdome, marriage and the future

THE BEST DOCTORS
Chosen by their professional peers
Ivan Doig still remembers the moment when his life changed forever. It was summer in the high country of northern Montana. His family had just finished shearing a herd of 2,000 sheep, an exhausting task that should have earned them a day off. Without warning, a storm blew in, panicking and scattering the vulnerable sheep. Some of the sheep died of exposure. Others were trampled to death. Still others stampeded over a cliff.

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Born in 1939 in White Sulphur Springs, Montana, Doig grew up in northern Montana along the Rocky Mountain Range, where many of his books take place. After spending his early years working as a cowboy, shepherder, and farm and ranch hand, he became the first of his family to go to college. He attended Northwestern University, where he received a bachelor’s in journalism in 1961 and an M.S. in journalism in 1962.

After graduating, he decided not to return to Montana, but instead got a job as a journalist in Illinois. There he met and married his wife, Carol, a native of New Jersey. The two of them worked for magazines in the Midwest for a while, but both dearly missed the scenery of the West.

“In downstate Illinois, the highest thing you could see was the tassels of the corn,” Doig says. “We found ourselves driving 800 miles round-trip on weekends to see pine trees in Wisconsin. We both wanted a western landscape.”

Since Doig also wanted a college teaching career, he applied to the University of Washington, where he was accepted in the doctoral program in history. In 1966, the Doigs packed their bags and moved to Seattle. By the time he’d obtained his Ph.D. in 1969, Doig had had enough of academia, though he had no desire to leave Seattle. While Carol taught journalism at Shoreline Community College, Ivan embarked on a career as a writer, occupations both continue to pursue.

Today, the Doigs live in a wooded area north of Seattle. Their ranch-style house is surrounded by Douglas fir, western hem-
lock, western red cedar and an extravagant undergrowth of salal, rhododendron, blackberry vines and other shrubs. Though he writes often about the high plains country of eastern Montana, Doig is at home in the lush greenery of the Puget Sound area.

"Carol and I have liked the combination of water and coast along with the mountains here," he says. "We're only eight hours' drive from Missoula. With that nearness, and with me being able to hole up out here and do my writing, that combination has produced seven and two-thirds books. So it's working well." (His latest, a novel, *Bucking the Sun*, is due out in May from Simon & Schuster.)

A low-key man not prone to exaggeration or excess in his life or work, Doig characterizes himself as a hardworking writer who carves "a word at a time and a sentence at a time." He approaches writing with the same emphasis on integrity and craftsmanship with which he approached ranch work. This applies especially to authenticity in writing. As Doig says, "It takes on a rightness in itself. I can't defend it financially. A lot of writers would not bother to defend it in terms of the time and energy it takes. But by God, you ought to do it right, it seems to me, even if it does take more time and energy. Nobody ever said this was going to be an easy business to be in. Some of this goes back to the people I grew up around. There simply was a right way to build a haystack or fix a fence, in these people's minds—my dad among them."

Doig believes that there is a right way to build a book as well, and he arranges his life so he can accomplish this. His office, like the rest of his life, is kept spare and free of distractions. The walls are covered with photographs of his father, his mother and others who have figured prominently in his life. The shelves are neatly stacked with literature of the American West, as well as books from around the world. The desk and tables are clean and uncluttered.

Much of his day is spent hunched over the typewriter, shaping and reshaping the language to bring his characters to life on the page.

Doig endured many years as a freelance writer before gaining national prominence in 1978 with the memoir *This House of Sky*. The book was a National Book Award finalist and sold well enough to allow him to quit magazine freelancing.
and devote himself to writing books.  
*This House of Sky* follows the Doig family as they struggle to survive the forbidding landscape of the Mountain West. Though they feel great affection for the land, they also view it with respect and even fear as they realize it can quickly rob them of their livelihood. The landscape looms large throughout the book.

"You can't be around that landscape without it being on your mind," Doig says. "The weather governed our lives on the ranch, often determined whether the entire year was a success or not. Our lives turned on the weather, in combination with the landscape."

But if the landscape is harsh and indifferent, it also has a fragile and vulnerable side. One persistent theme in the memoir is the need to treat the land with reverence and respect, a theme that also figures prominently in his next two books, *Winter Brothers* (1980), a journal of a winter spent in the Puget Sound area with the diaries of the pioneer James G. Swan, and *The Sea Runners* (1982), an adventure story. He also addresses these issues in his magnum opus, a fictional trilogy about the McCaskills, a Scottish family whose lives parallel the settlement of the American West.

"The McCaskills make what a lot of America has made—a dramatic and often tragic circle to the land and from the land," Doig says. "They arrive with hope and take up a piece of the American earth as a homestead. Then, after a generation, two generations, sometimes three or four, they make the discovery that the land couldn't take that kind of habitation."

Though much of the trilogy (*English Creek, Dancing at the Rascal Fair* and *Ride with Me, Mariath Montana*) takes place in rural Montana, his stories have implications for the rest of the West, including urban Seattle. In particular, Doig worries that the increasing development of the Puget Sound area will threaten the local landscape.

"As Wallace Stegner said, 'You can love a place and still be dangerous to it,'" Doig says. "Here in Seattle, after the five miraculous blue days in a row we've had, you can see the smudge line coming out of Everett and over the top of Puget Sound. We love Seattle and yet we are dangerous to it—because of the growth."  

*Nicholas O'Connell is the author of At the Field's End: Interviews with 20 Pacific Northwest Writers.*

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seattle/March 1996 25
Prose proposed for Christmas

Montana authors offer suggestions for Christmas giving

By MARK DOWNEY
Tribune Staff Writer

Who better than some of Montana's most notable writers to recommend a list of books for Christmas gifts? A select handful of writers were solicited by the Tribune, and, bless their hearts — it is the holiday season — they responded.


Even if you don't need the suggestions for Christmas shopping, the writers' recommendations still make quite a reading list.

After all, haven't you at least once wondered just what books make it into the stack on your favorite writer's bedside?

"... far and away the best book I read this year" was "The House in Paris" by Elizabeth Bowen, Ford told us over the telephone.

A Pulitzer Prize winner and seasonal resident of Montana's Hi-Line country, Ford said he also has recently been enjoying re-reading "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" by Mark Twain.

Anton Chekhov, the Russian playwright and short story writer, is also consuming his time. He said he recently read all of Chekhov for an anthology he is editing titled "The Essential Chekhov."

Keep that title in mind for your 1999 Christmas gift list.

A turn through several area book stores found many of the writers' suggested books in stock.

Otherwise, there's still time to order.

"We still give copies of "The Last Best Place" ... to friends who turn out still not to have one," said Lois Welch, chairwoman of the English Department at the University of Montana-Missoula. She's married to "Fools Crow" author James Welch, who spent part of his childhood on the Blackfeet and Fort Belknap Indian reservations of northcentral Montana.

The Welch book list also includes "Making Certain it Goes On," a collection of Richard Hugo's evocative poetry, "still powerful these 15 years after his death," Lois Welch said.

The Hugo collection is also recommended by "One Sweet Quarrrel" author Deirdre McNamer, a native of northcentral Montana now teaching at UM. Hugo was at the heart of UM's creative writing program through the Great Falls author Pete Fromm and his son Nolan wrap a copy of the novel, "The Bird Artist," for a Christmas gift. Fromm is among

The writers' lists

Stephen Ambrose
"The Perfect Storm," by Sebastian Junger
"Into Thin Air," by Jon Krakauer
"Cold Mountain," by Charles Frazier
"The Universe Below," by William Broad
"Angela's Ashes: A Memoir," by Frank McCourt
"Wait 'Til Next Year," by Doris Kearns Goodwin
"The Lion's Pride," by Edward Rennahan, Jr.

Rick Bass
"Goodbye to a River," by John Graves
"Hunter's Horn," by Harriette Arnow
"Joe," by Larry Brown
"The Shipping News," by E. Annie Proulx
"Cold Mountain," by Charles Frazier
"The Border Trilogy," ("All the Pretty Horses," "The Crossing" and "Cities of the Plain,") by Cormac McCarthy
"All the King's Men," by Robert Penn Warren
"Legends of the Fall," by Jim Harrison
"A Hunter's Road," by Jim Fergus
"Stories, Essays and Memoir" of Eudora Welty, edited by Richard Ford
"Angle of Repose," by Wallace Stegner

Dan Cushman
"The Lone Ranger Tonto Fistfight in Heaven," by Sherman Alexie
"Rocket Boys," by Homer H. Hickam, Jr.
"The Education of Henry Adams," by Henry Adams
"The Life of Samuel Johnson," by James Boswell
"Angel Fire," by Ron Franscell
"Angela's Ashes: A Memoir," by Frank McCourt
"Montana, The Last Best Place," (the photo, coffee table book)
"Indian Creek Chronicles," by Pete Fromm

Ivan Doig
"The All of It," by Jeannie Hainen
"The Jump-Off Creek," by Molly Giles
"Chronicle in Stone," by Ismail Kadare
"The Profile Makers," by Linda Bierds

Richard Ford
"The House in Paris," by Elizabeth Bowen
"The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain

Pete Fromm
"Spirits," "The Fireman's Wife," or
Cold, colder, coldest

Quick, friends, name a town in Montana where the temperature dived to 20 below zero, or colder, 434 times in a 40-year period.

Hint: It isn't West Yellowstone or Cokee City, historically the coldest communities in the state. It's Wisdom, which one expert says is consistently colder through the winter than any town in the state.

Donald H. Nyquist, Jr., a retired meteorologist, did a study in 1991 for his master's degree thesis that zeroed in on Wisdom, which sits in the middle of southwestern Montana's Big Hole Valley and is surrounded by high mountain ranges. The mountains, he says, trap cold air and seldom allow it to escape.

Wisdom, at 6,058 feet, has other distinct characteristics. It averages 54 inches of snowfall every winter, and snow generally stays on the ground from November to May. The community only rarely has a chinook or winter warm-up.

If that makes it different from West Yellowstone and Cokee City, which get more snow and more frequent warm-ups. During the study period, Nyquist added, Wisdom had readings of 80 to 55 below on a dozen occasions.

The only thing it doesn't own is the all-time coldest reading in Montana.

The record of 76 below was set just west of Rogers Pass near Lincoln in 1953.

From a five-colony in Montana, ledger drawings will be available to anyone with Internet access.

The project will digitize images from the Bozeman libraries, the Museum of the Rockies, University of Montana, Montana Tech, and the Montana Historical Society.

"I had this idea for some time, but it was a matter of funding and staff time," said project organizer and MSU librarian Elaine Peterson. "Plus, the library has no photo curators."

She solved the funding problem by applying for a "national leadership" grant from the new Institute of Museum and Library Services. It's a cooperative project with the Museum of the Rockies, which brought museum photo curators Steve Jackson on board. He'll assess the date and quality of images, look at different formats and oversee the scanning.

Project organizers say they see two primary uses for the digital collection. One is scholarly. A researcher in Italy interested in artwork of the Northern Cheyenne won't have to travel to Montana to see the drawings, said Peterson.

The other use is tribal, said Fleming, whose also a part of the project. Members can use the images to help restore lost cultural elements. In addition, the digital medium would be a way of attracting the works from wear and tear.

"A lot of images are in a rare book room or are fragile, so it's difficult to transport them," said Peterson. Between 1,500 and 2,000 images, mostly photographs, will be included to start, said Jackson. All Montana tribes will be represented in the database that will include text and an index. Users will be able to search for pictures of elk teeth dresses, for example.

Photographs of sacred religious articles or ceremonies where sacred objects are used won't be included, said Fleming. "An advisory committee with tribal representatives will develop cultural guidelines to decide what goes into the collection," he said.

When people log into the collection, they'll see a low-resolution JPEG or "thumbnail" image on the screen. The original high-resolution TIFF files won't be available to the general public as a way of making sure the images aren't used commercially without permission, Jackson said.

Trinity Stevens is MSU's research editor.
14 December 1998

Mr. Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

It was the list of writers who responded to our request for Christmas book suggestions that caught people's attention in the enclosed Sunday feature story. Of course our list of participants didn't include some worthy Montana authors. We couldn't get everyone to take part. But we didn't do too badly. I'm not sure there's another state with so many noted writers who would respond to a newspaper's request for book recommendations.

What came of it is an excellent list of authors and books. The Gannett News Service (GNS) thought the same. The story went out on the GNS wire Sunday to some 80 Gannett newspapers across the country, including USA Today.

Thank you very much for your help. We'd like to do this same story again next year so as you are reading you might keep a 1999 Christmas book list in mind.

If I can be of any help to you, please don't hesitate to call or write. Happy holidays to you and yours.

All the best,

Mark Downey
Dinner with Ivan Doig
Writer Helps Celebrate IHC’s 25th Anniversary

Over five hundred people filled Boise Centre on the Grove in September to help IHC celebrate its 25th birthday. The Centre lobby was festive with music, book tables, and a sampling of IHC-funded historical exhibits. BSU camera crews were busy filming. Writer Ivan Doig, author of the contemporary classic *This House of Sky*, and his wife Carol greeted the spirited audience that traveled from all parts West to hear him speak. Earlier that evening Ivan and Carol visited with 125 benefactors at the Warm Springs Avenue home of Dale and Ramona Higer. The food was excellent, and Doig spoke from his heart about his life, about writing and history, and about the life-changing value of a humanities education.

Playing a huge role in this memorable birthday evening was Boise Cascade Corporation, joined by *The Idaho Statesman*, and Idaho Public Television. *The Idaho Statesman* did an extraordinary good deed by publishing Ivan Doig’s complete speech in its September 27 edition. On behalf of the staff and board of the Idaho Humanities Council, we say thank you! 🌹

1. Ivan Doig speaking about the origins of his writings
2. Ivan signing books at The Book Shop table
3. George Baker speaks with Ivan Doig at the benefactors reception
4. The More’s Creek String Band plays at Boise Centre on the Grove
5. Saxie Headlee waits at the book signing table
6. Dale Higer, Carol and Ivan Doig, and Ramona Higer pose at the benefactors reception at the Higers’ home
7. Carol and Ivan Doig visit with Harry Bettis at the benefactors reception

Idaho Humanities 5
Author seeks common ground for both sides of growth issue

By C. PATRICK CLEARY
The Daily Sentinel

MOAB — The scene for author Ivan Doig's readings was set by the description of an Arizona campfire discussion among a group of conservationists, livestock industry representatives and farmers.

"How do we stop the lights from marching up the valley," David Livermore of the Utah Nature Conservancy said about that chance fireide chat he and some others had a while back.

"Good line," retorted Doig, seated next to Livermore Saturday, waiting for his introduction. "I think I will steal that."

Quite a compliment from a Western wordsmith who can turn metaphors as pithy and efficiently as a lizard moves on slick rock.

The tall Livermore continued: "To stop this juggernaut of growth we need to find common ground. Ivan understands that. He interprets that as well."

So laid the foundation for Doig's reading to the Utah Nature Conservancy at the Pack Creek Ranch, a working ranch converted to a guest ranch tucked in a cottonwood grove nine miles up the La Sal Loop Road south of Moab.

For some, Doig is an acquired taste. For others, Doig's writings grip the escarpment strong enough to make that landscape an enduring character.

The Montana-bred and Seattle-based writer has published nine books about life in the West.

His tenth, a continuation of the Scottish heritage on the eastern edge of the Bob Marshall Wilderness in Montana, is set for publication next year.

At the root of what he does is bring a sense of place, if not understanding, to the clash of the old and new throughout the West, he said.

"Maybe America isn't as much a place as a process," he said after reading from his works. "America needs a sense of place to include the sense of larger community and include a place for the next people who will be here to share it.

"It's pretty plain it's not the West as we grew up," he continued. "It changes in front of our eyes. I've been to Grand Junction."

Since dialogue and story-telling are powerful in writers of the West, Doig规避了 his interpretation of western American character "as one motif in a larger literary orchestral composition."

He said he tries to break through the compartments we've set in the West of growth versus preservation.

He believes it is important to find language that will register with people.

A description of an eastern ridge line of a Montana wilderness is the "crest of the rocky shores of Malibu." So much of the West, he said, was shaped by the oceans of bygone years. If more people understood that, they might just find more of a common ground.

Doig stopped in Moab at the request of the conservancy to tour the recently purchased Dugout Ranch.

Even that inspired a sense of curiosity.

"The Redd family," he said about meeting the long-time owners of the Dugout Ranch south of Moab. The way he said "The Redd family" was as if he impressed them in his mind for some future storyline.

His characters, like most great writers of the West, he said, were shawn during an impressionable childhood.

"Good God, the hopeless algebra of lineage," he said from his new western manuscript about a son and father's family tug of war.

Doig writes with a yellow legal pad and a manual Royal typewriter. Such a process, he said, helps him get it in the fingers.

"I'm not sure there will ever be a time in my life where the lead pencil will not exist," he said.

What's uncertain is the way human characters are shaping themselves at the turn of the century.

He fears the re-emergence of feudal England of the 18th century with the landowners and adjacent dwellings of the serfs dominating the West.

There is another side to the changes, though.

"What are the new opportunities with the miniaturization of people's needs," he said in reference to the explosion in technology, "Some bright kids won't have to leave Grand Junction, Paonia and Ringling, Montana, where I'm from. They can help substantiate the economies of small towns."

Even on that, though, Doig reflected.

Part of his power came from being forced out of his landscape of choice. He moved to make a living.

"It sent me to school in journalism," he said about attending Northwestern University in Chicago. "Otherwise I would be a rancher."

And all those stories might be only in his mind, he said.

Brush fire burns 2,000 acres in Douglas County

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

DECKERS — Authorities evacuated dozens of residents and campers near a wildfire that started Sunday almost two years to the day from the outbreak of the disastrous Buffalo Creek fire a few miles to the north.

Ed Nesselroad of the U.S. Forest Service said the Big Turkey Fire had covered more than 2,000 acres by Sunday night. About 70 firefighters battled the blaze and two air tankers dropped retardant on the fire which was being driven by winds up to 45 mph.

"We went through all this two years ago with Buffalo Creek. I don't want that to happen again," said Shar Ferguson, owner of the Deckers Store. Her store, which sells groceries and camping supplies, is about nine miles from the fire. Her home is only five miles away.

Firefighters from Douglas, Jefferson and El Paso counties were called in, and another 200 firefighters from around the region were on route, Nesselroad said. A helicopter also was expected to arrive today.

The fire was burning lodgepole and ponderosa pine on terrain that was largely accessible by road, he said.

The cause of the fire, spotted at 1:45 p.m., was not immediately known. Dry weather of recent weeks prompted the forest service to rate the fire danger as "very high."

Sgt. Atilia Dunes of the Douglas County sheriff's office said residents of 18 homes and about 30 campers initially were evacuated from the Big Turkey Creek Campground area to a resort here.
succeed in school, despite their frequent upheavals. His English teacher completed this pro-education trio. Of her, Doig says, “If you were interested in cracking a book, Francis Tidyman would start cracking them for you. She got me started writing for the school paper and yearbook.” Doig’s career path in journalism became clear.

After college, Doig married his wife Carol, and headed to the Pacific Northwest, settling in a northern suburb of Seattle. “I thought I’d get a Ph.D. and become a journalism professor,” he says. “Well, I got the degree, but professoring didn’t look so hot, so I tinkered with poetry and freelance writing.”

In 1976, Doig wrote his first book, the autobiographical This House of Sky, which recounts his growing-up years in Montana. He just finished his eighth book, Backing the Sun, which will be published this spring.

Now far from the “big sky” country of his birth, Doig revisits those landscapes in his mind and in his books, painting word pictures of them and the life the land fosters. “I try to write about the ground under us and what the land has meant to us and what the country is turning into. There are great, powerful themes in land. In this country, we have a long and complicated history of flooding to the land, and then emptying it out. In the first part of this century, 250,000 people moved to Montana, but few ended up staying in the slots marked ‘This is the American Dream for you,’” Doig says.

Besides the land, my constant fuel is language — using it and seeing what I can make happen on a page with it. Right now, I have more book ideas than I can get to. I need to take time and sort through them and choose which one I’ll work on next. I’m not interested in stories about people dwelling on their problems. I prefer telling the stories of people who get on with things.”

That means people like his father and grandmother, and the settlers, schoolteachers, ranch hands and rogues who populate his books. In short, the people of the West.

Editors note: In addition to This House of Sky, Doig has written Dancing at the Rascal Fair, Heart Earth, Winter Brothers, English Creek, Sea Runners and Ride with Me, Mariah Montana.

Cairns, like this 10-footer near Conrad, Mont., served as landmarks for the early shepherders described in several of Doig’s books.
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Makah different from Montana Indians

By BERNICE KARNOP
For the Tribune

While Montana's Native Americans launched arrows into prairie bison, the Makah Indians of the Northwest coast, harpooned grey whales in the Pacific Ocean. This skill, and the right to hunt whales guaranteed by treaty, sets the Makah apart from other Indians.

The culture of these whalers seemed to disappear in the years following the establishment of the reservation at Neah Bay, Wash., in 1855. However, their past had merely gone underground. Over a century later it was unearthed.

Starting in 1970, University of Washington archaeologists excavated part of an ancient Makah village at Ozette, which had been buried by a mud slide for at least 500 years. In 1980, "Winter Brothers" was published. Doig incorporates his own commentary with excerpts of the unpublished diaries of J.G. Swan, who arrived on this coast from Boston, in 1852. Swan chronicled Makah life in the early days of the reservation.

He also gathered specimens of their art and culture and sent them to the Smithsonian from 1859 until 1866. "Swan's observations are invaluable as firsthand description of Makah life at a time when major aspects of the aboriginal culture were still highly visible," states the Handbook of North American Indians, published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1990.

The discoveries at Ozette, a little more than a dozen miles down the coast from Neah Bay, were unique because the combination of clay and seeping underground water preserved wood and fiber arti-

A cultural museum at Neah Bay, Wash., focuses on the aboriginal Makah Indians.
Makah: Fascinating Indian artifacts displayed

FROM 1P

facts. Ordinarily, organic material is destroyed by the Olympic Peninsula's heavy rainfall, dense vegetation, swift rivers and battering tides.

The Makah Cultural and Research Center at Neah Bay, built to display the artifacts, opened to the public in 1979. The Ozette Archaeological collection is the largest collection of its type in North America and one of the most significant. "We showcase pre-contact Makah life in a way no one else can," said executive director Janine Bowechop.

The long houses uncovered at Ozette were made of thick cedar planks. Floor deposits indicate family living areas, food preparation areas, and storage areas. Outside, archaeologists found storm sewers made of cedar planks and whale bones, built to control the water as it passed through the village. These sea mammal hunters occupied Ozette for at least 2,000 years, the final exodus occurring in the 1920s.

Weaver's looms and spindle whorls were excavated along with cordage, basketry, garments, hats, sleeping mats and cradle baskets. Wooden wedges, fish hooks, bows and arrows, and wooden bowls provide evidence of other technological pursuits.

True Makah art unveiled at Ozette inspires today's artists and basket makers.

"With the discovery at Ozette came 'affirmation' of our heritage," states the Makah Nation brochure. A whale dorsal fin effigy is carved in wood and etched with a thunderbird and serpent, bejeweled with inlaid sea otter teeth. A wide-eyed image carved into the front panel of a kerfed-corner box, has inlays of sea otter and pile perch teeth.

Along with the artifacts from Ozette, the museum, displays a replica of a 60-foot longhouse, complete with a villager's panoramic view of the Cape Alava coast where Ozette nestled between the forest and the sea. Full-sized models of the sea-going cedar canoes and the 18-foot long harpoons explain the whale hunt, as does Doig's book, which is on sale at the museum.

The museum is open from 10 a.m. till 5 p.m. in the summer, Wednesdays through Sundays for the rest of the year, and admission cost is $4.

Neah Bay is 65 miles west of Port Angeles via State Highway 112. The road follows the Strait of Juan de Fuca with views of the rugged coastline and forested mountains. The scenery isn't the only reason to plan extra driving time. It's narrow and winding and full of logging trucks.

Ivan Doig book is a guide to the Olympic Peninsula

Using "Winter Brothers" by Ivan Doig as a travel guide to the Olympic Peninsula, you add to your own view the perspectives of J.G. Swan, who kept a journal about this area from 1862 until 1890, as well as those of Doig a hundred years later. Listed below are some of the places you may read about and visit.

Port Townsend. Swan lived here in its heyday before the beautiful Victorian mansions were converted into bed and breakfast inns. The old port, established in 1851, lies on the point of land where the water of the Strait of Juan de Fuca turns south into Puget Sound.

Sequim. The Scenic Drive Route from here wanders past old barns backed by the snowy Olympic mountains. It passes the Olympic Game Farm, the home of animal movie stars for 40 years. A bit farther is the Dungeness Spit, the longest natural sand hook in the world and home to over two hundred species of birds, wildlife and the Dungeness crab. It is also the driest point on the west coast north of San Diego. Both Swan and Doig visited the lighthouse at the end of the spit, a six mile walk for you.

Port Angeles. This is the main entry point to Olympic National Park. Hurricane Ridge is about a forty minute drive. Eidz hook curls out into the bay, providing a great view of the city, forest, and the Olympic mountains.

Lake Crescent. The mountains, including Storm King Mountain, plunge into this glacial-fed lake like they do in Glacier National Park. From here, a 1-mile trail leads to 90-foot high Marymere Falls.

Cape Flattery. Don't expect to drive to this northwestern most edge of the contiguous U.S. It's a bit of a walk, but just this summer the Tribe's Cape Flattery Trail Restoration Project converted the mud trail into a fine plank walk with a safe overlook at cliffs, caves, pounding seas and Tatoosh Island. Sea otters have been re-introduced to this area, and, in season, watch for migrating grey whales. The rough logging road from Neah Bay was not well marked.

Lake Ozette. The largest natural fresh-water lake in Washington, and the northwest entrance to Olympic National Park's 57 miles of Pacific coastline. A 3.3-mile planked trail leads through the forest to Cape Alava, the site of the Ozette dig, which has been closed and sealed. At Cape Alava you'll see rugged sea stacks, sea birds, and tame deer.
Every holiday shopping season, people call the newspaper's books office to ask for help. They want to get a gift for a family member or friend, but they have no idea what to buy.

Requests for recommendations abound in two categories. The most common is classics. Requesters want to know the title of the one all-time great book everyone should own. Failing that, they're in search of the unknown: Tell me a book he/she ought to read but probably never heard of.

No two book critics, or even two people who read, would offer identical suggestions. But here's my list, a mix of well-known and little-known books that contain moments of absolute literary magic.

1. The Complete Works, by William Shakespeare. Both my sons have received this from Dad. No one can truly understand the possibilities of the English language until he or she is well-versed in Shakespeare. If it's financially possible, give The Complete Works and not just one play. You can get a moderately priced edition for about $45.

2. The Once and Future King, by T.H. White. Children love this book for the heroic tales of King Arthur and Lancelot and Guinevere and the rest. Adults will, or at least should, be amazed by White's profound lesson in moral philosophy. This is the ultimate anti-violence sermon, and the most lyrical book I have ever read.

3. Goblin Market and Other Poems, by Christina Rossetti. In 1862, Rossetti set the literary world on its sexiest ear by publishing Goblin Market, a work of wild erotic fantasy that even today will start your glands secreting.

4. Look Homeward, Angel, by Thomas Wolfe. One critic who disdained this book described it as a novel in which the author becomes intoxicated by his own prose. That's absurd. Wolfe unleashed a torrent of language that is sometimes overwhelming in its intensity. Incidentally, Wolfe's command of printed language has been the principal inspiration of novelist Pat Conroy (The Prince of Tides, Beach Music).

5. The Winding Stair, by William Butler Yeats. There are so many magnificent poets who go unread by modern audiences. Any Yeats collection would be a superb Christmas gift. (Of course, it would be hard to go wrong with Emily Dickinson, T.S. Eliot, Robert Burns or Langston Hughes, either.)

6. This House of Sky, by Ivan Doig. Ostensibly an autobiography, the themes of family duty and devotion are invaluable lessons.

7. Moon Palace, by Paul Auster. There are some of us who think Paul Auster is the greatest living American writer. Any of his novels are choice. I like Moon Palace best because it's the first Auster book I ever read. A young man drifts from homelessness into the employ of an eccentric genius. There are descriptive passages that ought to be carved in marble somewhere.

8. Cowboys Have Always Been My Weakness, by Pam Houston. Glittering short stories; each one perfect in itself. I particularly recommend this as a gift to men who don't seem to understand anything about how women think and feel. Every woman I know who's read this swears Houston is her twin sister.

9. The Cattle Killing, by John Edgar Wideman. Oh, this book is tough to
figure out. Imagery is everything and story coherence is not a major concern. It’s hard to follow these adventures of a young itinerant black preacher in 19th-century Pennsylvania, but readers who stick with it will be rewarded.

10. Something Happened, by Joseph Heller. Everybody thinks Heller only wrote Catch-22. Well, Something Happened is a much better book. It’s bleak. No, dark humor even occasionally lightens the tale of a businessman whose life is going wrong. Something happens to all of us in our lives, usually at about the time we set aside our dreams. Heller captures this perfectly.

11. The Story of Civilization, by Will and Ariel Durant (10 volumes). OK, this is a big present. It will take years for the recipient to read the collection in its entirety. But a story this complex takes awhile, and the Durants are superb guides through history.

12. Yankee From Olympus, by Catherine Drinker Bowen. A “fictionalized biography” of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes; this book really blazed the path for subsequent works like Norman Mailer’s The Executioner’s Song. Some of it happened, some didn’t, but when readers finish Yankee From Olympus they’ll have a much better grasp of American history from the 1700s through the first rumblings of World War II.

13. The Making of the President 1960, by Theodore White. Want to know when the American political system switched from smoky back rooms to presidential primaries and media sound bites? It wasn’t when Kennedy nipped Nixon—it was when Teddy White wrote a book explaining how he did it. Every successful presidential campaign since owes a debt to this blueprint that White obligingly provided for future generations of political wannabes.

14. My Antonia, by Willa Cather. It’s probable Cather is becoming one of those writers most modern readers have heard about but have rarely read. This novel of Bohemian immigrants on the Nebraska frontier certainly ranks with the finest American fiction.

15. The Mysterious Stranger, by Mark Twain. Surely everyone has already read Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. The Mysterious Stranger was published after Twain’s death, and this tale of a fallen angel among close-minded country villagers is a dark reflection of the author’s own struggle with religious dogma.

(Jeff Quinn is associate books editor of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram. Visit the Star-Telegram’s online services on the World Wide Web: www.startelegram.com)

NYT-12-17-97 1844EST

(END)
Bookstore patrons surprised when president drops by

By Fred Brown
Denver Post Political Editor

President Clinton popped in to the Tattered Cover bookstore in lower downtown Denver yesterday for a half-hour browse, surprising other bookworms and emerging with an eclectic selection of four volumes.


Actually, "popped in" is an understatement. The president's 25-car motorcade rolled to a stop on Wynkoop Street, lights flashing, while motorcycle cops held noon-hour traffic at bay and spectators crowded the sidewalk in a cold, driving rain.

Denver lawyer Jim Lyons, an old friend of the Clinton family, brought the president a decaffeinated café latte to sip as he picked up and leafed through a dozen or more books in the cozy store.

"We heard he was coming exactly two minutes before he actually did," said Joan Walker, the bookseller who was at the president's elbow throughout the brief browse. "Everybody had to scramble."

Customers who were in the store when the Secret Service secured it, allowing in no new customers, were incredulous at finding themselves within 20 feet of the president.

"I don't think they understood; none of us did. It was a total surprise, but a wonderful one. Just wonderful," said Walker.

Clinton, an avid reader, donned half-frame glasses to peer at Bill Moyers' "The Language of Life."

"I'll tell you what's a great book — this 'Emotional Intelligence,'" he exclaimed to Denver lawyer Michael Driver, who was also in the bookstore entourage. "It's a very interesting book," Clinton said. "I love it. Hillary gave it to me."

At one point, a tentative Jennifer Robertson, an interior decorator from a nearby shop, approached the president. "Is it possible to tell you I think you're doing a very good job as president of the United States?" Clinton shook her hand and thanked her.

Lyons said Clinton first visited Tattered Cover's main Cherry Creek bookstore during the 1992 campaign.

"We had a dinner in Cherry Creek, and we told him he had to visit this book store. And then we couldn't get him out of it."

The LoDo branch opened a year ago, and Clinton wanted to see it.

And those books with the intriguing titles?

"The Masculine Mystique," subtitled "the politics of masculinity," is described in the liner notes as "a political manifesto around which men can gather to save their lives, save their friends and families and save the earth."

And "The Moral Animal" is self-described as "why we are the way we are, the new science of evolutionary psychology."
Dear Mr. Doig,

I am writing to tell you about a radio series called StoryLines America. The goal of StoryLines is to bring together readers and writers to discuss thirteen important books that communicate something meaningful about the regional identity of the Northwest United States. Each week we will devote a two-hour call-in program to a discussion centering on one of the books on the list. Your book This House of Sky is one of these books.

I would like to invite you to take part in the series by talking with the show’s hosts by phone on the evening of the broadcast. The program about your book will air on November 16, 1997.

Before we discuss the specifics, I’d like to give you some background information on the series. StoryLines America is a project of the American Library Association. It is funded by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. StoryLines is essentially a “book club of the air,” bringing together authors, scholars, and readers for lively discussions about our regional literature. We will broadcast a series of thirteen programs, each Sunday evening from October 5 through December 28, 1997. They will be live, call-in programs, and they will air between 7:00 and 9:00 p.m. MST. We will make the programs available nationally to the 550 stations of the public radio system. (We don’t know yet how many of them will bite.)

StoryLines is a spin-off of a previous series about Montana literature called The Big Sky Radio Show. This House of Sky was on that series too, and you were kind enough to join us for a discussion on the air. I worked on The Big Sky Radio Show, so I can tell you that it was extremely popular with listeners -- the phones rang constantly and we had a large and loyal listenership throughout the series. The guests enjoyed it too, saying they appreciated the opportunity to talk about the books and ideas that mean so much to them.

Our theme this time is literature of five northwestern states -- Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming. (We are also producing a second series about Southwest literature, which is discussed in the enclosed brochure.) Each program’s discussion will center around a particular book, but we will take off from there to explore the myths, stereotypes, beliefs, and values that shape regional identity and help give residents a sense of place.
The hosts of StoryLines America are Paul Zalis and Lowell Jaeger, who write and teach in northwestern Montana. Some of the authors who have already signed on to join Paul and Lowell on the air are Bill Kittredge, Kim Barnes, Ken Kesey, Sherman Alexie, Mary Blew, Katherine Dunn, Chip Rawlins, and Judy Blunt.

The American Library Association will distribute StoryLines America reading lists in communities that are broadcasting the series. In addition, libraries in these communities will stock up on books from the list. Once the series is over, the libraries will also carry cassette tapes of the radio programs.

Now for the details: If you decide to participate, we will call you some time between 7:00 and 9:00 MST on the evening of the broadcast, November 16. You will speak with Paul and Lowell -- and possibly callers as well -- for approximately twenty minutes. (We can choose a specific time for the call and discuss what questions we'll want to address when the date looms nearer on the horizon.) The American Library Association will provide a modest stipend of $50 for your time.

I am sending you a StoryLines brochure and assorted other StoryLines propaganda. The complete book list is given in the brochure. I hope you are available to talk with us on the air. I know our listeners would appreciate hearing what you have to say.

I will be vacationing in Europe (my first time!) August 11 - 30. I hope you will contact StoryLines America's Executive Producer, Paul Zalis, while I am away. Then you and I can work out the details together when I return. Thanks for hearing me out.

Sincerely,

Amy Roach
Co-producer, StoryLines America

Amy Roach
2012 Dayton Street
Silver Spring, MD 20902
home office: (301)649-5445
e-mail: Amy3Roach@aol.com

Paul Zalis
Sky Lodge, Rainbow Drive
Bigfork, MT 59911
home office: (406)837-4181
e-mail: pzradio@digisys.net
(906) 728-4711

Both / Nola / 5:50 / Voice check
- can hear show thru phone
- summary of book
- Margaret Kingsland
- @ 7 let her know if I want to stay on
- read title passage
- how to order ALA/AACB audio tapes. show

144 - # Valley

Sun. after / 243-4159 studio
Amy Roach 12–3 min. (stay title)

Storyline

6:20–7 p.m. (94)

Paul will call in the before going on air

Dick & Melvin on phone at same time

craft
Dear Ivan:

Here's the copy of the show. Thanks again for being on — it was a pleasure, & I know our listeners greatly enjoyed it. We were sorry — as you'll hear — that you couldn't join us the 2nd hour — but oh well.

All best & Montana sends winter greetings too.

Beth Judy
To find out which public radio stations and libraries in your area are participating in StoryLines America, contact:
The American Library Association
Public Programs Office
50 East Huron Street
Chicago, IL 60611
Telephone: 800 545 2433
ext. 5045
Fax: 312 280 3224
E-mail: malittle@ala.org
Beginning in Fall 1997
in the Northwest
and the Southwest

StoryLines America
invites you to:

Read
a selection of the best
fiction, poetry and
essays about your region
of the U.S.

Listen
to authors and special
guests talk about
these works on your local
public radio station

Call In
and share your comments
on a special toll-free
telephone line

StoryLines America
spotlights the best
of America’s regional
literature

StoryLines America is an
innovative live radio
series that features
the best writing from
this country’s heritage
of dynamic regional
literature.

The Northwest and the
Southwest—areas with
rich and widely varied
literary traditions—
are the first regions
in the series spotlight
during Fall 1997.

StoryLines America
listeners have the
opportunity to read
thoughtful and revealing
fiction, poetry and
essays about the area
they live in, and, by
dailing a toll-free
telephone number, to
share their reactions
over the air with
program hosts, authors,
special guests and a
large radio audience.
Discussions explore
the myths, stereotypes,
beliefs and values
that shape regional
identity and help give
residents a strong
sense of place.

Public radio stations
host 13 programs

Public radio stations
throughout each region
will air 13 weekly
programs beginning in
Fall 1997. Each program
features a different
book and each book
serves as a catalyst for
examining important
historical and
contemporary issues
in the region.

Public libraries lend
books and tapes

Listeners can borrow
the 13 series books
and obtain study
guides and supplemental
reading lists from
participating public
libraries. Tapes of each
radio program will
also be available.

Northwest
StoryLines America
program list
1. The Way West
   A.B. Guthrie, Jr.
2. Coyote Stories
   Mourning Dove
3. Honey in the Horn
   H.L. Davis
4. The Surrounded
   D’Arcy McNickle
5. A River Runs
   Through It
   Norman Maclean
6. No-No Boy
   John Okada
7. This House of Sky
   Ivan Doig
8. Runaway
   Mary Clearman Blew
9. Owning It All
   William Kittredge
10. One Flew Over the
    Cuckoo’s Nest
    Ken Kesey
11. Housekeeping
    Marilynne Robinson
12. Of Wolves and Men
    Barry Lopez
13. The Business of
    Fancydancing
    Sherman Alexie

Southwest
StoryLines America
program list
1. Ramona
   Helen Hunt Jackson
2. With His Pistol in
   His Hand
   America Paredes
3. Death Comes for
   the Archbishop
   Willa Cather
4. People of the Valley
   Frank Waters
5. House Made of Dawn
   N. Scott Momaday
6. Ceremony
   Leslie Marmon Silko
7. Pocho
   José Antonio Villarreal
8. Bless Me, Ultima
   Rudolfo Anaya
9. All the Pretty Horses
   Cormac McCarthy
10. The Milagro
    Beanfield War
    John Nichols
11. Face of an Angel
    Denise Chávez
12. In Mad Love and War
    Joy Harjo
13. The Brave Cowboy
    Edward Abbey

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September 9, 1997

Ivan and Carol Doig
17021 10th N.W.
Shoreline, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan and Carol:

Coming back from Edmonton through a corner of Montana we thought of you. I'm sure we must have been very close to the Canadian pastures your sheep grazed in *This House of Sky* when they stretched the boundaries of the reservation. We were delighted by the very nice visitors center at the Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump near Fort McLeod, where we learned details about Piegans and Bloods that make Welch's *Fools Crow* more meaningful.

What prompted me to write, though, is what happened to us in Spokane. We had planned to be in Spokane on a Saturday night so we could attend St. Mark's Lutheran Church on Sunday and see a 30-foot mural of the Ascension painted by the son of our pastor. When I bought a newspaper to be sure of the times of their worship services, I found the enclosed article. I have known Paul Manz by reputation for 25 years as an outstanding organist, composer, and leader of worship, and suddenly we had an opportunity to hear him play. When we arrived on Sunday, we learned that the service would consist entirely of readings and hymns. The readings were selected by Stephen Ringo, the poet, who is a member of that church. We were especially pleased to find a passage from *This House of Sky*, which the pastor said was chosen both for its connection with the hymn which followed and for its treatment of the dignity of work, Labor Day being the following day. I thought you would enjoy having a copy of the article and the service. The church was packed (twice) and those present very much appreciated the music and the readings.

I hope things are going well for both of you. We are keeping busy—Lil in the garden, I in the church office, both of us addicted to the Mariners on television. We keep reading and, of course, waiting for the next Doig book.

Hope to see you soon,

Wayne and Lil McGuire
Prelude: *Aria*

Welcome:

**543 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Verse</th>
<th>Instructions</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>verse 1</td>
<td>all sing</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| verse 2 | women; men join at "Have you not seen . . . . . . ."
| verse 3 | men; women join at "Ponder anew . . . . . . ."
| verse 4 | all, rise                  |

*Paul Manz*  *Pastor Finch*

**Lobe den Herren**

Text: Joachim Neander, 1650-1680; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1828-1878, alt.

Tune: Ernewerten Gesangbuch, Stralsund, 1665

---

**Reading**

*Proud Music of the Storm* from *Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman

Now Asia, Africa leave me, Europe seizing inflates me,
To organs huge and bands I hear as from vast concourses of voices,
Luther's strong hymn *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*,
Rossini's *Stabat Mater dolorosa*,
Or floating in some high cathedral dim with gorgeous color'd windows,
The passionate *Agnus Dei* or *Gloria in Excelsis*.

Composers! mighty maestros!
And you, sweet singers of old lands, soprani, tenori, bassi!
To you a new bard caroling in the West,
Obeisant sends his love.

---

**242 Let the Whole Creation Cry**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Verse</th>
<th>Instructions</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>verse 1</td>
<td>choir in harmony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>verse 2</td>
<td>all in harmony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>verse 3</td>
<td>all</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Salzburg*

Text: Stopford A. Brooke, 1832-1916

Tune: Christoph Anton, d. 1658
Reading
Psalm 118:20-23

369 The Church's One Foundation
verse 1 all
verse 2 women; men join at "And to one hope . . . . ."
verse 3 all in harmony
verse 4 men; women join at "And the great Church . . . . ."
verse 5 all, rise

Aurelia
Text: Samuel J. Stone, 1839-1900
Tune: Samuel S. Wesley, 1810-1876

Reading
Lying in a Hammock at William Duffy's Farm in Pine Island, Minnesota by James Wright

Over my head, I see the bronze butterfly,
Asleep on the black trunk,
Blowing like a leaf in green shadow.
Down the ravine behind the empty house,
The cowbells follow one another
Into the distances of the afternoon.
To my right,
In the field of sunlight between two pines,
The droppings of last year's horses
Blaze up into golden stones.
I lean back, as the evening darkens and comes on.
A chicken hawk floats over, looking for home.
I have wasted my life.

649 I Want to Walk as a Child of the Light
Refrain: all
verse 1 women
verse 2 men
verse 3 all, Refrain - all in harmony

Houston
Text: Kathleen Thomerson, b. 1934
Tune: Kathleen Thomerson, b. 1934

Reading
Luke 13:34

641 Peace came to Earth
verse 1 women
verse 2 all
verse 3 men
verse 4 all

Schneider
Text: Jaroslav J. Vajda, b. 1919
Tune: Paul Manz, b. 1919
Reading

*Altarwise By Owl Light* by Dylan Thomas

Now stamp the Lord's Prayer on a grain of rice,
A Bible-leaved of all the written woods
Strip to this tree: a rocking alphabet,
Genesis in the root, the scarecrow word,
And one light's language in the book of trees.
Doom on deniers at the wind-turned statement.
Time's tune my ladies with the teats of music,
The scaled sea-sawers, fix in a naked sponge
Who sucks the bell-voiced Adam out of magic,
Time, milk, and magic, from the world beginning.

---

**551** Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

**verse 1** all
**verse 2** all in harmony
**verse 3** all, rise

---

**Offering**

---

Reading

Psalm 148:1-13

---

**558** Earth and All Stars

*All on Refrain*

**verse 1** all
**verse 2** choir
**verse 3** all
**verse 4** congregation
**verse 5** men
**verse 6** women
**verse 7** all

---

Reading

Psalm 23 — (Spanish)

---

**476** Have No Fear, Little Flock

**verse 1** choir women
**verse 2** all
**verse 3** choir men
**verse 4** all

---

**Hymn to Joy**

Text: Henry van Dyke, 1852-1933
Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827

---

**Earth and All Stars**

Text: Herbert F. Brokering, b 1926
Tune: David N. Johnson, b. 1919

---

**Little Flock**

Text: Luke 12:32, stanza 1; Marjorie Jillson, b. 1931 stanzas 2-4
Tune: Heinz Werner Zimmermann, b. 1930
Reading

At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners by Gerard Manley Hopkins

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, death, age, aques, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me morn a space,
For, if above all these, my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
When we are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if Thou hadst sealed my pardon with Thy blood.

518 Beautiful Savior
verse 1 women
verse 2 men
verse 3 all in harmony
verse 4 all in unison

Schönster Herr Jesu
Text: Gesangbuch Münster, 1677
Tune: Silesian folk tune, 1842

Reading

From This House of Sky, (memoir) by Ivan Doig

For so potent a piece of time, noon was not exact at all. It never meant to us high twelve o'clock, any more than to the early English countryfolk who accounted their noon at three p.m., the ninth hour after sunrise. Noon meant instead the controlled curve of the day from morning into afternoon, where the beginning of labor crossed into the lessening of labor. A gradual passage, which the sundial still expressed better than the clock. The blankness of the sundial on an overcast day would have said more truthfully how vague time became when clouds curded grayly over the valley. Once or twice I can remember a two-day rain, which was all the rain we could imagine, and the loss of two working-noons in a row was befuddling, ominous. More than enough testimony, each time, that the sun's topmost moment of arch stood as a necessity in our world of ranchcraft.

320 O God, Our Help in Ages Past
verse 1 all
verse 2 men
verse 3 choir in harmony
verse 4 women
verse 5 all in harmony
verse 6 all, rise

St. Anne
Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
Tune: William Croft, 1678-1727

Paul Manz, Organist
Cantor, The Evangelical Lutheran Church of Saint Lake
Director of the Paul Manz Institute of Church Music.
Artist in Residence, Christ Seminary-Seminar,
Lutheran School of Theology, Chicago, Illinois

Recordings of Dr. Manz's works are available for purchase in the narthex.
PAUL MANZ

Paul Manz serves the church as recitalist, composer, teacher and leader in worship. He is Cantor at the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Saint Luke, Chicago, Illinois and is Director of the newly established Paul Manz Institute of Church Music. He is Professor Emeritus of Church Music Christ Seminary-Seminex at the Lutheran School of Theology, Chicago.

A Fulbright grant enabled him to study with Flor Peeters in Belgium and Helmut Walcha in Germany. The Belgian Government invited him to be the official United States representative in ceremonies honoring Flor Peeters on his 80th birthday and his 60th year as titular organist of the Cathedral of Saint Tombaut in Mechelen, Belgium. At that time, Flor Peeters referred to his former student as 'my spiritual son'.

The esteem and respect with which Paul Manz is regarded can be seen in the many honors he has received. He has served as National Councilor of the American Guild of Organists; he has twice been named one of the "Ten Most Influential Lutherans"; he was honored by his church and community for his years of service to the Church. He has been the recipient of many honorary doctorates and awards.

Paul Manz has concertized extensively in North America. He has appeared with the National Symphony Orchestra at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Orchestra Hall and with the Minnesota Orchestra under the direction of Charles Dutoit, Leonard Slatkin, and Henry Charles Smith. In addition to his many recital appearances, he is in great demand for his hymn festivals.

Dr. Manz's musical compositions are internationally known. His organ works are extensively used in worship services, recitals and in teaching. His choral music is widely used by church and college choirs both here and abroad. His Motet, "E'en So, Lord Jesus, Quickly Come," is regarded as a classic and has been frequently recorded.

The Organ

St. Mark's pipe organ (Opus 498, A.D. 1997) is a 31 rank instrument built by W. Zimmer and Sons of Charlotte, North Carolina. The family heritage of W. Zimmer and Sons, pipe organ builders, dates to the 17th century in Germany.
June 14, 1996

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

I very much enjoyed the reading in Iowa City a couple of weeks ago. Thanks for signing all those books. It was well worth the drive from Missouri. I always find Iowa City a good place to visit, and it was nice meeting you however briefly. Just before the reading I heard two ladies talking about how much they liked your work, and one of them said the other writer is Wallace Stegner--high company indeed but I agree.

I have enclosed two copies of Firsts magazine. One copy was sent by the editors of the magazine to send to you and the other has a brief article by me on Civil War fiction. It is a slight thing, but it was fun to do. I have never received so much attention for anything I have written. The magazine does get some devoted readers. The advantage I see on doing an article on your writing is that I will have a little more space for each work.

I have just finished rereading This House of Sky which I found once more a magnificent book. I grew up in rural Utah which parallels your upbringing in some ways, but I envy your chance to see the world without the trappings of religion; it clouds everything in Utah. My colleague and I--the one you met in Iowa--are in the beginning stages of talking about an article that focuses on This House of Sky as the background for the Montana trilogy. I do need to do something a bit more scholarly than the Firsts article.

In the meantime I am rereading your work and will send you some questions for a telephone conversation in September. I thank you for your willingness to this and wish you the best in your writing this summer.

Sincerely yours,

(COLPIN)

Larry Olm

Equal Education and Employment Opportunity
22 June '96

June 14, 1996

Dear Dr. Olpin—

In haste, before my wife and I go to Montana to finish up this long bookstore tour, here are a few pieces about my work that you might otherwise have trouble finding. The '57 piece by Wm. Robbins is still the only one that focuses on the craft of what I do. The Contemporary Authors entry I'm sending simply because it's a new one, with "biographical/critical sources" I compiled myself out of my files, and the Bucking the Sun reading-group guide has the most recent autobiographical note I've done, plus "discussion points" that my wife Carol (who teaches a "Literature of the American West" course once a year) and I formulated. I hope some of this is helpful.

regards,

Sincerely, Yours

[Handwritten signature]
Bookstore patrons surprised when president drops by

By Fred Brown
Denver Post Political Editor

President Clinton popped in to the Tattered Cover bookstore in lower downtown Denver yesterday for a half-hour browse, surprising other bookworms and emerging with an eclectic selection of four volumes.


Actually, "popped in" is an understatement. The president’s 25-car motorcade rolled to a stop on Wynkoop Street, lights flashing, while motorcycle cops held noon-hour traffic at bay and spectators crowded the sidewalk in a cold, driving rain.

Denver lawyer Jim Lyons, an old friend of the Clinton family, brought the president a decaffeinated cafe latte to sip as he picked up and leafed through a dozen or more books in the cozy store.

"We heard he was coming exactly two minutes before he actually did," said Joan Walker, the bookseller who was at the president’s elbow throughout the brief browse. "Everybody had to scramble."

Customers who were in the store when the Secret Service secured it, allowing in no new customers, were incredulous at finding themselves within 20 feet of the president.

"I don’t think they understood; none of us did. It was a total surprise, but a wonderful one. Just wonderful," said Walker.

Clinton, an avid reader, donned half-frame glasses to peer at Bill Moyers’ "The Language of Life."

"I’ll tell you what’s a great book — this 'Emotional Intelligence,'" he exclaimed to Denver lawyer Michael Driver, who was also in the bookstore entourage. "It’s a very interesting book," Clinton said. "I love it. Hillary gave it to me."

At one point, a tentative Jennifer Robertson, an interior decorator from a nearby shop, approached the president. "Is it possible to tell you I think you’re doing a very good job as president of the United States?" Clinton shook her hand and thanked her.

Lyons said Clinton first visited Tattered Cover’s main Cherry Creek bookstore during the 1992 campaign.

"We had a dinner in Cherry Creek, and we told him he had to visit this book store. And then we couldn’t get him out of it."

The LoDo branch opened a year ago, and Clinton wanted to see it.

And those books with the intriguing titles?

"The Masculine Mystique," subtitled "the politics of masculinity," is described in the liner notes as "a political manifesto around which men can gather to save their lives, save their friends and families and save the earth."

And "The Moral Animal" is self-described as "why we are the way we are: the new science of evolutionary psychology."
Clinton breaks for cappuccino and books

President and governor browse Tattered Cover

By Dan Luzadder
Rocky Mountain News Capitol Bureau

President Clinton took a half-step back from the world on a drizzly Wednesday morning and for a half-hour immersed himself in the quiet of one of Denver's favorite bookstores. Secret Service agents barred the doors of the Tattered Cover in lower downtown while Clinton and Gov. Roy Romer lingered in the aisles. They had coffee — Clinton had a decaf cappuccino — leafed through histories, biographies and fiction, and watched the rain.

"It was a perfect rainy, snowy Wednesday to be browsing," said clerk Katheryn Perky Adams.

"No one bothered him," Adams said. "It was simply great. He's wonderfully and deeply read."

Clinton left with four books — a mix of introspection and escape.

He picked up The Masculine Mystique, Andrew Kimbrell's book subtitled The Politics of Masculinity; and Inca Gold, Clive Cussler's western thriller.

Romer added two books to the president's stack: a slice of western fiction — Montana author Ivan Doig's Dancing at the Rascal Fair — and The Moral Animal, psychology by Robert Wright.

Neither Clinton nor Romer picked up My American Journey, by potential presidential candidate Colin Powell.
succeed in school, despite their frequent upheavals. His English teacher completed this pro-education trio. Of her, Doig says, “If you were interested in cracking a book, Francis Tidyman would start cracking them for you. She got me started writing for the school paper and yearbook.” Doig’s career path in journalism became clear.

After college, Doig married his wife Carol, and headed to the Pacific Northwest, settling in a northern suburb of Seattle. “I thought I’d get a Ph.D. and become a journalism professor,” he says. “Well, I got the degree, but professoring didn’t look so hot, so I tinkered with poetry and freelance writing.”

In 1978, Doig wrote his first book, the autobiographical This House of Sky, which recounts his growing-up years in Montana. He just finished his eighth book, Backing the Sun, which will be published this spring.

Now far from the “big sky” country of his birth, Doig revisits those landscapes in his mind and in his books, painting word pictures of them and the life the land fosters.

“I try to write about the ground under us and what the land has meant to us and what the country is turning into. There are great, powerful themes in land. In this country, we have a long and complicated history of flooding to the land, and then emptying it out. In the first part of this century, 250,000 people moved to Montana, but few ended up staying in the slots marked. ‘This is the American Dream for you,’” Doig says.

“Besides the land, my constant fuel is language — using it and seeing what I can make happen on a page with it. Right now, I have more book ideas than I

can get to. I need to take time and sort through them and choose which one I’ll work on next. I’m not interested in stories about people dwelling on their problems. I prefer telling the stories of people who get on with things.”

That means people like his father and grandmother, and the settlers, schoolteachers, ranch hands and poets who populate his books. In short, the people of the West.

Editors note: In addition to This House of Sky, Doig has written Dancing at the Rascal Fair, Heart Earth, Winter Brothers, English Creek, Sea Runners and Ride with Me, Mariah Montana.

Culens, like this 10-footer near Conrad, Mont., served as landmarks for the early sheepherders described in several of Doig’s books.
February 22, 1996

Ivan Doig  
17021 10th Ave. NW  
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

Thank you for your assistance on the February ‘96 Cooperative Partners. We enjoyed working with you.

If you would like additional copies of Cooperative Partners, please give my office a call at 612-451-4584.

Again, thank you for helping make this issue a success.

Sincerely,

Linda Tank, director  
Marketing Communications

Enclosure
Please review the story for accuracy. The photos won't fax but I think the copy should be readable. We will be happy to send you pictures after the story is published in February.

Thank you for your assistance. You can call me at 1-800-232-3639 ext. 5145 with any questions.
A sheep-killing spring set Ivan Doig on the path to becoming a writer. As a result of all that cold rain and sleet, Doig, the son of an itinerant Montana ranch foreman, dropped out of FFA and took up typing. Typing class—and the tutelage of his high school English teacher—eventually led Doig to a scholarship at Northwestern University, a major in journalism, eight books and a life-long love of language.

Sitting on the sunny, pine-fringed patio of his Seattle home, Doig reminisces about the events that shaped his life and continue to provide the source of inspiration for his writing.

"My forebears were attracted to the West by sheep," Doig says. "Life was tough enough in Scotland that they made ideal immigrants. Consequently, I have this long rope bridge of relatives who were hardworking and stubborn about staying on the land."

Doig's father was one of those stubborn Scots. After his wife died, he joined forces with his mother-in-law to raise his son in a nomadic kind of life, zig-zagging across western Montana in search of steady, paying work.

"We bounced across Montana, working in lambing and calving sheds, contracting hay, feeding stock, my grandmother cooking for the ranch hands," Doig recalls. "You could say we were at the top of the peasant heap. My dad was often the foreman, but we never owned the ground under our feet."

But his father and grandmother appreciated and respected education, and encouraged Doig to succeed in school, despite their frequent upheavals. His English teacher completed this pro-education trio. Of her, Doig says, "If you were interested in cracking a book, Franks 'Dor'ymen would start cracking them for you. She got me started writing for the school paper and yearbook."

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Now far from the "big sky" country of his birth, Doig revisits those landscapes in his mind and

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Dear Sheri—Thanks for the chance to look this over; 2 small changes, both on this page.

My appreciation to you & Patti.

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Visions of a new frontier

Revolutionary microscope is helping researchers make giant leaps in everything from birth defects to cancer

BY WARREN WILSON
P-I REPORTER

In 1883, Dutch researcher Anton van Leeuwenhoek ushered in a new age of science when he peered through a hand-ground lens and, for the first time, described a living cell.

Three centuries later, biologists in Seattle are using an innovative high-tech microscope to make a similar leap forward, peering deep inside cells to study structures and processes never seen before — the delicate machinery that controls birth defects and infertility, how some cancers begin, even the details of how we hear.

Paul Goodwin reveals in his “incredible good fortune” to manage the Image Analysis Laboratory at the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center, where the microscope, called a DeltaVision, is installed.

“I get to do the ‘aha! part,’” says Goodwin, whose casual, blue-jeans-and-no-necktie manner belies the seriousness and passion he brings to his work.

He compares the moments of discovery in his lab to “the feeling that Balboa had when he crossed the Isthmus of Panama and saw the Pacific Ocean, or that Galileo had when it finally dawned on him that the night sky was full of stars.”

The DeltaVision microscope uses revolutionary gains in fields ranging from mathematics to chemistry to produce sharp, three-dimensional images of structures so delicate they are destroyed by other viewing systems.

A new way of seeing:

Shutter
Filters light, allowing only specified wavelengths to enter fiber optic cable

Arc lamp
Projects beam of light through fiber optic cable to illuminate specimen

Fiber optic cable
Conducts and distributes light evenly to lens

Photo diode
Measures intensity of light beam

Polychromic mirror
Located below stage, reflects light to lens, allowing only light of specific colors to pass

Objective lens
Collects and focuses light that is reflected from specimen

Microscope stage
Where specimen slide is positioned for viewing

The Montana landscape not only provides a home to writer William Kittredge, but permeates his writing, as well.

A motley collection of writers offer up their visions of the new American west

By JOHN MARSHALL
P-I REPORTER

The term “Western writer” once conjured up images associated with Louis L’Amour, cheap paperback novels covered with romanticized images of gunslingers, wranglers, rustlers, marshals and outlaws.

Now along comes a Western writer named Terry Tempest Williams, a stylish woman from Utah with piercing green eyes. This Mormon by upbringing, this naturalist by training insists, “I think it’s easy to say, yes, there’s a character in the American West and it’s the cowboy. But I think that’s been very damaging. And I also think that’s an old story.”

The accuracy of Williams’ assessment is underscored, time and again, during “WestWords,” the evocative new documentary on six Western writers produced by KCTS-TV’s Jean Walkinshaw. The show airs tonight at 9 on Channel 9.

The “new” story of Western writing is its connection to the land and its rich and varied voices, as Walkinshaw demonstrates with her “WestWords” profiles, which include not a cowboy writer among them. Instead, she focuses on Williams, Rudolfo Anaya and Tony Hillerman of New Mexico, Maxine Hong Kingston of California, William Kittredge of Montana and Ivan Doig of Seattle.

Walkinshaw, 69, has devoted much of her distinguished career to bringing the literary world alive on public television. Again, she demonstrates her particular forte — a remarkable ability to prompt thoughtful and eloquent responses from her writer subjects, complemented by rich visual images.
**Scope:** Demand to use the device jumped

"Nonanover," it can move an object in precise steps as small as 10 nanometers. For comparison, a typical human hair is 100,000 nanometers thick.

When Sedat and Agard heard about the device, they purchased one and found it so well-suited to their system that they eventually approached Applied Precision about engineering the microscope for commercial sale.

As important as the hardware improvements, Sedat said, have been dramatic improvements in fluorescent probes — chemicals that let the researcher zero in on specific components or structures inside the cell.

In 1991, they approached Applied Precision about building a commercial version. It took a couple of years to evaluate the idea, and in 1993 the company decided to go ahead.

The unit at the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center was installed just last year and is the only one in the Northwest. Prices range from $120,000 to $200,000 depending mainly on how powerful a work-station computer is included.

Of course, with so many advances occurring in so many fields, no single system — the DeltaVision included — is the last word in microscopy. Bayer College of Medicine researcher Michael Mancini faulted its lengthy processing time, and says its computer interface is unnecessarily difficult to use. But further gains in computer power will bring faster output, and Seubert said Applied Precision is eager to listen to people such as Mancini to help refine the interface.

"The time lag can be a serious drawback, the images themselves are clearly superior to those of the closest competitor, called a confocal microscope," said Steven Smith, a professor of molecular and cellular biology at Stanford Medical School.

"For the highest resolution, most beautiful and most quantitative images you get the best results with digital image restoration," Smith said. "There's pretty much no question about it."

Smith noted that the biggest advantage of the DeltaVision is its ability to work with existing infrastructure.

"It's not just an increment, it's a big change," he said. "It's a new way of thinking about how to capture and work with images."

Maxine Hong Kingston is one of six writers exploring the relationship between their writing and the American west in "WestWords."

**West:** A mixing of myth and modernism

From Page C1

One of the regular visitors is David Battaglia, an obstetric-gynecological faculty member at the University of Washington, who for several years has sought to understand the causes of miscarriages and birth defects and why such problems become more common as women get older.

Some of the problems involved damage to the chromosomes, the rod-shaped bodies in the cell nucleus that carry the genes. So Battaglia decided to examine human egg cells at the University of Washington using a more powerful microscope when the 23 pairs of chromosomes divide into two matched sets. He collected eggs from two groups of 20 women — one group 20 to 25 years old, the other 40 to 45 — and cultured them until they were mature. Before working with the DeltaVision, he used a confocal microscope and found striking differences among the two groups of eggs.

Of those from the younger women, 83 percent were textbook perfect; the chromosomes had divided into two disc-shaped "plates," each a mirror image of the other.

Among the older group, however, only 11 percent were normal; the

From Page C1

the water bug and start exchanging information . . . and, . . . they told each other that we are all the same problem we have, we need to help each other. It is never clear to this day what this means.

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by transmitting electrically coded information generated by sound waves from the ear to the brain, he said.

The DeltaVision images show the "very, very fine processes of the nerve that we were not able to see with other types of imaging," Tempel said.

Another set of images that was captured this summer is shifting the standard view of mitochondria, the tiny engines inside our cells that convert sugars into the cell fuel called ATP.

From two-dimensional microscope images, scientists for decades have drawn mitochondria as puffed up, sausage-shaped, like tiny pills, Goodwin said.

The new, three-dimensional images showed that they are instead long and tangled, like noodles.

Not all of what goes on in the image lab is pure work. Goodwin and Sanchez were poring over slides, painstakingly searching for cells with extra pillars, when suddenly Goodwin cried out, "Oh, cool!"

He directed a reporter's eye to what looked like a gossamer veil, glowing a pale orange. It was a fluorescent dye, floating gracefully in an ink-black sea.

Nothing significant, he admitted. Just strikingly beautiful.

But if the researchers occasionally take a moment to enjoy their art, they are driven by the urge to learn, to discover, to solve a problem.

"I hate cancer," Goodwin says.

"Cancer took my mom."

With the DeltaVision images, he said, "I think we got a little handle on the bugger."

"The fact is," Doig says, "many of us grew up as American peasants."

"Coming from families that had to scrape by on existence has produced a rootedness to the land in many of these writers. This connection verges to the spiritual, but has its political character as well."

These writers serve as beacons of conscience, as writers often do, offering words of warning about what is being threatened in the West, or is already lost.

Anaya puts it this way: "The spirit of these places — where we can be rejuvenated, regenerated and understand our spiritual connection to the earth — have to be preserved. And the developers of the West don't understand that. So I think it's incumbent on us, as poets and writers, to remind our communities of the relationship we have and how important it is. And if we lose it, we lose part of our identity."

Williams, too, speaks out of resolve mingled with sadness: "As a people, we are recognizing what we are losing is our land," she says. "Therefore, a lot of us are writing out of sense out of sense of loss, writing out of a sense of love, writing out of a desperate attempt to preserve what remains."
A BREAK IN THE LANDSCAPE

Grassland: The History, Biology, Politics, and Promise of the American Prairie
By Richard Manning
Viking Press

By JENNY FLYNN
Earlier this fall I drove north from Great Falls on a road so straight I barely noticed it; instead, I watched the late afternoon light cast my car in a stipped shadow that sped across gold and brown fields of wheat. You Are In Montana Country, road signs informed me. Eat Beef! That night, in a thin-walled trailer along the Hi-line, I tried to sleep as overfull grain trucks crested by to dump loads at the grain elevator.

The man who lives in that Hi-line trailer told me the more he looks, the more variety he sees in the landscape outside his door, but to me it looks just pretty—pretty gold fields, pretty uniform, pretty flat. “No one I know would consider a clear-cut pretty,” writes Richard Manning in Grassland. “Yet people hang photos of wheat fields and speak fondly of amber waves of grain.” Manning’s task is to peel back the superficial image of the uniform prairie to reveal, as his subtitle suggests, the region’s “history, biology, politics, and promise.”

“We are all creatures of the grass,” he claims, because humans are grassland animals, and because grasslands define and explain the great empty middle of our continent.” He begins and ends with the story of an elk named Earl who in the late 1980s wandered out of the Sweet Grass Hills and landed, nearly three years and 1,800 miles later, in Missouri. The country Earl traveled forms the books landscape.

And that landscape is sweeping, in both its physical presence and its historical range. Manning touches on almost everything that’s ever happened on the plains—hunting, nomadism, mass extinction, government subsidies, fire, agriculture, ranching, drought, the creation of literature. Reading Grassland, I learned about bison evolution, weed invasions, and why wheat farmers stripe their fields in beautifully geometric fallow bands.

Amid this teaching, Manning argues that in grassland, a place where “catastrophe itself is a condition,” the only way to

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WRITING FROM THE HEART OF THE WEST
AN INTERVIEW WITH IVAN DOIG

By DAN OKO
Born in White Sulphur Springs in 1939, Ivan Doig was raised by his father, a rancher, on the Rocky Mountain Front—where many of his books take place. The book that brought him to prominence, This House of Sky: Landscapes of a Western Mind, a memoir, recalls that world of his childhood in a manner rarely paralleled by Doig’s contemporaries in the American West.

In both his fiction and non-fiction—such as the celebrated McCaskill Trilogy: English Creek, Dancing at the Rascal Fair and Ride with Me, Marah Montana—Doig treads the line between the epic romance of history and the struggle that permeates real people’s lives.

Currently, the award-winning author lives in Seattle—within a half-mile of Puget Sound, he says—and is working on a book that takes place in Montana during the Great Depression. Once again, Doig says, he is employing his hard-earned research skills (Doig has a Ph.D. in history) as well as his capacity as a novelist to create an accurate fictional portrayal of a time most Westerners don’t remember.

Doig was in Missoula last month to collect the Governor’s Humanities Award, and to take part in the Center for the Rocky Mountain West’s conference “Montanans, New and Old, and the Search for a Workable Future.” While here, Doig took time to discuss his writing and literature in general, as well as Montana’s past and its future.

Independent: People in the Northern West seem very aware that the landscape plays an important role in our regional sensibility. As someone who lives in Seattle, grew up in rural Montana, and wrote a book subtitled Landscapes of a Western Mind: What effect do you think living in the West has on people, and writers in particular?

Ivan Doig: Big biological, bioregional neighborhoods of the earth shape us—through the weather patterns, through how the landscape registers on our minds and so on. A friend of mine at the University of Oregon, the historian Richard Maxwell Brown, is going to write his book on the Great Rain Coast—the place I call home. What does it mean to be held-up all winter out there in the rain? Like we saw with the Northwest Coastal tribes, if you’ve got that time on your hands, salmon in the streams and cedar to work with, you can become world class artists.

Out here in the oasis civilization—Wallace Stegner put the tag on it—distance has to be adjusted to. People can live as far apart as if you lived at opposite ends of Spain and still be friends, chums, drinking buddies, even neighbors. You get the unusual combination of people knowing each other from one end of the state to the other.

If you travel around this big landscape and begin talking with people, it only takes a sentence or two usually till “Oh, hell yeah, you went to highschool with him, well I’m married to his cousin” or whatever.

You’re often described as a regional writer—in the best sense of the word. How do you feel about that ghettoization of your work?

Ivan Doig, shown here with his “primitive laptop,” was recently awarded the Governor’s Humanities Award.

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Doig

continued from page 8

I read what my friends are doing, and stuff that looks particularly interesting. I'm interested in what the Australians are doing; what Nadine Gordimer is doing in South Africa, and the other South African writers.

But out there—often in the old colonies of the British Empire—that's where the force field of writing has been for the past two or three decades. Tired, interior stuff has been coming out of New York and London, probably Paris as well, whereas the vigor to me in writing has come out of the edges of the world.

Of your contemporaries, who do you think is going to be read fifty or one-hundred years from now?

Of the Montana gang, Jim Welch has probably made the biggest leap into the... hell, let's say it, into the soul of the people he's trying to write about. Fools Crow takes the form of a great imaginative leap I can think of out of him. Jim's work will certainly be read. Mary Clearman Blew, teaching down at the University of Montana, is another Montana contemporary of mine, born two mountain ranges over in Lewistown country. Balsanoort, Mary's most recent book, is a leading example of what historians are calling grassroots biography and autobiography in the West. I think Balsanoort will be read in the league with [William] Carmack.

Ismael Kadare is another writer who is going to be remembered. He's an Albanian of all things—not much known in this country—bucked away the Iron Curtain for most of his career. His books are coming into English, often through French. It gets pretty watered-down there. But direct translations of Kadare's work are often as good as Gabriel Garcia Marquez.

Being both a fiction writer and a non-fiction writer, is there a difference in the tasks and processes for you?

You can make stuff up in fiction. (Laughs.) I don't believe in the "novel journalism"—as it was called twenty, twenty-five years ago. I guess it's called creative non-fiction now. If you're allowed to amalgamate quotes and do comedy, you can do that. And so forth. God damnit, that's fiction! That's what fiction's always been. In fiction you make up characters and let facts spin out into imagination.

Immediately, when you're writing non-fiction, journalistic ethics come in. You hew to what was actually said and done. But that doesn't mean you can't have imaginative forms of writing. There is often more to a story than the straight-ahead narrative—what do things look like in the moment, things of that sort.

In my books, my books are often full of italics. I began getting into that as a freelance magazine writer. That kind of second voice or background murmur of italics came out of a journalism idea, but I'm trying to use it artistically.

Tell me about your work in progress.

It's in full-manuscript form in New York at this moment—well on its way to being in print in the middle of next year. The title is Bloodaxe, which is a saying my dad had. Whenever you had to drive into or work into the sun at dawn or dusk, my dad would say, "We gotta buck the sun." It was about my driving the tide or bucking the wind.

The novel is about a Montana family trying to pull itself up out of the Depression in the 1930s. They end up working at Fort Peck, one of the biggest New Deal projects, and at the time, without questioning the biggest earthmover in the world. Ten thousand men, most of them Montana, who had hiring-preference, worked on the Fort Peck Dam.

Out there south of Glasgow on the Missouri River, on the bald prairie where there hadn't been anything but gophers, all of a sudden there were more than a dozen boomtowns.

It was a very pugilistic, emotional time in Montana. By 1933, Montana had been in the Depression for damn near 15 years already. The great dust storm that put dust on the table of the Great Depression did not come out of Oklahoma, it came out of Montana. There were grasshopper infestations. There was every damn kind of thing against the people trying to make it on the land in the late-20s and early-30s. Fort Peck became a kind of Promised Land all of a sudden.

At this point, I was going around researching the McCaskill Trilogy, a lot of titles, I'd be talking with people who had been young in the '30s. Time and again, Fort Peck became the most talked about place. That's where they felt they got their start in life: first job, first love, first drink, first experiences with various kinds. I'm using that milieu, along with the work of the Great Depression leftist politics taking place in the northeastern corner of Montana in the late-20s. Plentywood, the county seat of Sheridan county, can be reached by Bolshevik administration.

Grassland

continued from page 8

endure is to accept the events we call disasters (drought, fire, wind). Endurance and acceptance of "the story the land calls forth" ultimately create a "state of mind, called freedom"—the grassland's only tenable human lifestyle, and humans' best hope for living a life integrated with nature.

While Manning's argument is a bit tortured (if intriguing), Grassland adds something to a conversation occurring in some recent environmental histories of the plains, such as Ian Frazier's Great Plains and David Wolter's Dust Bowl. Wolter, perhaps the best historian of the region, has written that in America, the plains were "at the front edge of our collective imagination." Manning would return them there, not as a treasure waiting to be exploited or as a burned-out vision of failure, but as a place where humans can reintegrate themselves with nature.

This is a good book, and any one interested in the prairie or in contemporary environmental theory should read it, but it isn't without its flaws. Manning, a former tree-trimmer, assumes the roles of reporter, historian, science popularizer, philosopher, literary critic, and essayist. He is best as a reporter. He writes most confidently from the field, as in the chapter "Seeds." His tour of the Flying D Ranch with Ted Turner's manager gives the reader a fence-crawling view of that millionaire's innovative form of bison ranching and the landscape, animals, people, and money that it is possible.

But his journalist's distance at revealing the self mars his attempts at personal narrative. The first chapter ends badly. Manning casts himself for getting involved in his material, he even acting as a type of guide for the reader with an introduction that "reeks of the first person." Later, he collapses his father's standard parenting line, "I am your father and I don't have to be fair," into the voice of Yahweh speaking to Job about creation. Very few writers could get away with a direct move from Dad to God without a little humor, and Manning doesn't make the attempt.

Also, for all the talk of journalism as an art and of stories, the book lacks a sustaining narrative. Earl the Elk's story acts as a frame—that is, he appears on page eleven and again on page 288—but his journey seems merely convenient. His is a good story, but it doesn't articulate the central problem of human relationships with grassland. Finally, the work's thematic (rather than chronological) organization provides unity within chapters but sacrifices narrative links between them.

Although many will disagree with Manning's policy conclusions—he supports, for example, the intensive cattle grazing, but only in some areas—his book clearly marks some relief in the grassland's apparent uniformity. In a landscape where the view is limited only by the curve of the earth, such landmarks help.
Winning the West with Words

by Heather Mitchell

“If there is a renaissance in western writing, it’s because as a people we are recognizing what we are losing, and what we are losing is our land. Therefore I think many of us are writing out of a sense of loss, writing out of a sense of love, writing out of a desperate attempt to preserve what remains.”

—TERRY TEMPEST WILLIAMS

There was a time, not so long ago, when Western literature was dominated by a mythology of cowboys and Indians. But those days are gone. Teepees, tomahawks, six-shooters, and spurs have been replaced by a new, abundant, and thriving generation of literary voices writing from a wide range of human experiences. This explosion of Western regional literature has fostered audiences on either side of the Rockies, prompting some national critics to call it nothing less than a renaissance of words.

In WestWords, a one-hour documentary from KCTS/9, six prominent Western writers, all born, reared, and still living in the West, are interviewed on their home turfs, reading excerpts from their works and discussing what it means to them to be part of this emerging literary tradition. Loosely defined as “western” by their commitment to place, these six writers—Maxine Hong Kingston, Ivan Doig, William Kittredge, Rudolfo Anaya, Tony Hillerman, and Terry Tempest Williams—are all informed in some way by their environments, by their neighborhoods, by what they see in their own backyards. From the arid mesas of the Southwest, to San Francisco’s Telegraph Hill, to the soggy bluffs of the Pacific Northwest, contemporary Western writers are drawing inspiration from their surroundings.
For New Mexico native Rudolfo Anaya, the convergence of nature, creativity, and spirituality is vital to his writing. "The spirit of those places where we can be rejuvenated, regenerated, and understand our spiritual connection to the earth have to be preserved," he insists. "If we lose that relationship, we lose part of our humanity."

And for Utah native Terry Tempest Williams, whose Mormon family settled in Salt Lake City in 1847, being of a place is not the same thing as being from a place. One is about rootedness, while the other presumes relocation. "My ancestors' bones lie here," Williams states, "and I feel certain that mine will too." It's a commitment to place measured in generations, not mere years.

Yet for many Western writers, including others in WestWords, being of the West means freedom both of necessity and of choice. "People have moved around a lot out here simply because boom or bust has made them go hither and yon as work presented itself or didn't," says Doig. Hillerman has said that Western writing "tends to reflect the type of people who are attracted to the West... They tend to be people who haven't deep roots."

In the work of William Kittredge—who's been called "one of the deans of modern Western fiction" (with William Stegner widely regarded as the dean)—wilderness and solitude are tacitly connected to self-awareness. "Each September after the Labor Day tourists had gone home, his father took time to camp in the backcountry, to hole out, as he said, and let his whiskers grow [continued on page 10]
[WestWords continued] and learn to smell himself again. You go and forget who you are, his father said, when you never get wind of yourself. The time that don’t count, his father liked to say, meaning a thing John Muir said about wandering the mountains: the time that will not be subtracted from the sum of your life.

WestWords producer Jean Walkinshaw is quick to point out, however, that all this talk about landscape and wilderness doesn’t mean that Western writers can simply be labeled and shelved together as nature writers. “I do think that they all write quite eloquently about their surroundings and their lives. And very often, their lives are in relationship to the landscape; so much so, in fact, that the landscape can sometimes become almost a character,” observes Walkinshaw. “But,” she continues, “it’s not just nature that they are writing about. Take Ivan Doig, for example—he writes so wonderfully about human relationships, the tensions and passions. Or look at Hillerman’s detective novels; they’re so full of suspense and drama. And then there’s Maxine Hong Kingston, who has really captured the language and mood of San Francisco in the 1960s.”

Walkinshaw, herself a third-generation Westerner, knows of what she speaks. She has devoted more than 20 years of her life to filming Western writers (see “Literary Lights” below). Now, in WestWords, working closely with photographer Tom Speer, Walkinshaw has taken filmed readings by the six featured authors and created visual backdrops to accompany their stories and memoirs. As each of the writers read, these not-quite-literary cues offer what Walkinshaw calls “visual equivalents,” reminiscent of the authors’ written words: a panorama of a Northwest forest; glimpses of Montana’s wide-open highways and local saloons; snapshots from a San Francisco bus ride; the interior of a Southwestern church during mass. The effect is a documentary as rich visually as it is in language and ideas.

WestWords is the culmination for Walkinshaw of a career steeped in Western words. “I’ve been interested in Western literature forever, having grown up here,” she explains of her lifelong passion for the subject. And it is a passion she seems to be sharing with a larger and larger audience every day.

WestWords credits:
JEAN WALKINSHAW, producer and editor; TOM SPEER, photographer and field director; JOHN KEEBLE, literary advisor and consultant; JEFF TASSEN, original music; MARC PINGRY, aerial videographer; GALE FRANCO, off-line editor; CLEVE TICE, post production; BILL FAST and TOBY HIGASHI, audio.

Photography credits from page 8:
(from left) Jerry Bauer, Carol Doig, Geoffrey Sutton, Marion Ettlinger, Barney Hillerman, Michelle MacFarlane.

LITERARY LIGHTS

Producer Jean Walkinshaw’s reputation for thoughtful and literary documentaries has earned her a loyal following throughout the Northwest. Her half-dozen earlier works on literary forces are:

- Three Artists in the Northwest (includes profile of Theodore Roethke; 1976)
- Winter Brothers (Ivan Doig; 1982)
- Spirit of Places (profiles of Charles Johnson, Colleen McElroy, and Frank Chin; 1983)
- Momaday: Voice of the West (1992)
- To Write and Keep Kind (Raymond Carver; 1992)
- Remarkable People: Charles Johnson (1994)
Bookstore patrons surprised when president drops by

By Fred Brown
Denver Post Political Editor

President Clinton popped in to the Tattered Cover bookstore in lower downtown Denver yesterday for a half-hour browse, surprising other bookworms and emerging with an eclectic selection of four volumes.


Actually, "popped in" is an understatement. The president's 25-car motorcade rolled to a stop on Wynkoop Street, lights flashing, while motorcycle cops held noon-hour traffic at bay and spectators crowded the sidewalk in a cold, driving rain.

Denver lawyer Jim Lyons, an old friend of the Clinton family, brought the president a decaffeinated cafe latte to sip as he picked up and leafed through a dozen or more books in the cozy store.

"We heard he was coming exactly two minutes before he actually did," said Joan Walker, the bookseller who was at the president's elbow throughout the brief browse. "Everybody had to scramble."

Customers who were in the store when the Secret Service secured it, allowing in no new customers, were incredulous at finding themselves within 20 feet of the president.

"I don't think they understood; none of us did. It was a total surprise, but a wonderful one. Just wonderful," said Walker.

Clinton, an avid reader, donned half-frame glasses to peer at Bill Moyers' "The Language of Life."

"I'll tell you what's a great book — this 'Emotional Intelligence,'" he exclaimed to Denver lawyer Michael Driver, who was also in the bookstore entourage. "It's a very interesting book," Clinton said. "I love it. Hillary gave it to me."

At one point, a tentative Jennifer Robertson, an interior decorator from a nearby shop, approached the president. "Is it possible to tell you I think you're doing a very good job as president of the United States?" Clinton shook her hand and thanked her.

Lyons said Clinton first visited Tattered Cover's main Cherry Creek bookstore during the 1992 campaign. "We had a dinner in Cherry Creek, and we told him he had to visit this book store. And then we couldn't get him out of it."

The LoDo branch opened a year ago, and Clinton wanted to see it.

And those books with the intriguing titles?

"The Masculine Mystique," subtitled "the politics of masculinity," is described in the liner notes as "a political manifesto around which men can gather to save their lives, save their friends and families and save the earth."

And "The Moral Animal" is self-described as "why we are the way we are; the new science of evolutionary psychology."
Racicot gives first Humanities Awards

Native son Ivan Doig: Humanities are how ordinary people live

By GINNY MERRIAM
of the Missoulian

Montana-born writer Ivan Doig has earned a collection of writing awards for his seven hardcover books.

But the award he'll accept tonight at the Montana Theater -- the first annual prize for scholarship in the Governor's Humanities Awards -- is something special.

"To me, it was kind of moving that I was getting this for being a scholar -- the bones under the art," he said in an interview in Missoula Thursday. "This one had a stamp of approval on it."

Doig is known for his big novels full of human striving, central Montana scenery and meticulous historical contexts. From "This House of Sky" through "Dancing at the Rascal Fair" to "Heart Earth," his research has taken hundreds of index cards, thousands of miles in cars and hours and hours in small county libraries.

"That's why it's so terrific," said Doig's wife, Carol, a professor of mass communications at Shoreline Community College in Seattle and Doig's good-natured research companion. "Somebody finally caught on to how much work this is."

The Humanities Awards began with Gov. Mark Racicot, who wanted awards that honor the humanities and parallel the Governor's Awards for the Arts, said Margaret Kingsland, director of the Montana Committee for the Humanities.

"I really think the bottom line is the governor's public recognition that good humanities programs
WASHINGTON (AP) - Allegations from within that the FBI crime lab cannot be trusted could throw hundreds of cases into question nationwide.

FBI officials said a review of 250 cases has found no problems so far, but Attorney General Janet Reno said Thursday she had ordered the Justice Department's inspector general to investigate the allegations by Special Agent Frederic Whitehurst.

Whitehurst, a chemist, has alleged that FBI testimony regarding crime lab evidence was rigged or slanted in some cases to help the prosecution.

Some of the biggest cases in recent years are being investigated, including the O.J. Simpson trial, the World Trade Center and Oklahoma City bombings. A Georgia mail bombing case investigated by FBI Director Louis Freeh in his days as a prosecutor. Whitehurst's allegations, coming back several years, came to public attention because Simpson's defense attorneys want to call him to the stand to undermine damaging testimony by another FBI analyst, Roger Martz. Whitehurst has accused Martz of slanting lab findings in other cases.

But Whitehurst's allegations could have an impact far beyond the Simpson case since the FBI crime lab is involved in thousands of cases each year.

The Washington-based lab, spends about half its time performing studies for state and local law enforcement agencies. It has experts in chemistry and toxicology, hair and fiber, explosives, documents, photography, paint, tire tracks, ballistics and even feathers, among other specialties.

One example of its work occurred at the home of 12-year-old Polly Klaas, who was kidnapped and murdered. The FBI crime scene search team discovered a partial palm print that the local police in Petaluma, Calif., had not been able to find with more limited technology.

A 1994 audit of the FBI laboratory's forensic services by the Justice Department inspector general discovered some sloppy tracking of evidence records, unclear documentation requirements and not enough proficiency training or supervision of reports. But most of the problems were fixed, according to an FBI response and a second analysis by the inspector general.

**FBI lab accused of rigging evidence**

In EXISTENCE, Page A-11

**Pony express, a felony**

PHILIPSBURG - Sheriff Don Dee Kennedy said Thursday he has in custody an alleged "serial" horse thief who traveled through the mountains on horseback from the Drummond area to Darby on three different stolen horses before he was apprehended almost a week later.

As he exhausted each mount, the thief would steal a fresh horse and continue riding toward Idaho, leaving the foot of the horse behind, the sheriff said.

The horseback odyssey took six days. Law enforcement officials from two counties and the state of Idaho were ultimately involved in the search for and apprehension of Roy Lee Lyons, 28, who is believed to be from Idaho.

Lyons will be charged with at least two counts of felony theft, and other charges may be pending in Idaho. The thief of the stolen horse, the sheriff said. Another person is also under investigation in connection with the theft of the first missing horse. That horse allegedly was taken from Idaho and pastured in the New Chicago area about three miles south of Drummond, where Lyons was staying for a time, and where the horseback ride began, the sheriff said.

All the horses were ridden to exhaustion and are "pretty beat up," the sheriff said. But they have been returned to their rightful owners.

See EXPRESS, Page A-11

**Bosnia edges toward peace**

SARAJEVO, Bosnia-Herzegovina (AP) - NATO called a temporary halt to its aerial pounding of Serb rebels while a U.S. envoy tried to clinch an agreement on withdrawing the Serbs' big guns around Sarajevo and edge the country closer to peace.

Richard Holbrooke raced across the Balkans for meetings with top officials, and sources said he was close to winning a deal for the guns' removal.

So far, Serbs have chosen to weather almost daily airstrikes of military sites rather than pull back the weapons at least 12 miles from the Bosnian capital's fringe.

Securing a Serb withdrawal could significantly advance the beleaguered effort to bring 3 years of bloodshed in Bosnia to an end. It would allow NATO to move back from its openly aggressive stance, which has the Serbs bristling, and would bring a cease-fire to Sarajevo, a city whose streets have symbolized Bosnia's descent into war.

It would ease tensions between the United States and Russia, which was enraged by the bombing campaign, and add impetus to mediators' efforts, which gained momentum last week with an accord among Bosnia's warring parties over a possible future political arrangement.

Muslim-led government forces and Croat allies persisted meanwhile in their ground campaign, easily capturing several key towns. Tens of thousands of Serb civilians were reportedly fleeing the advance.

See CULTURE, Page A-11

**Sullivan put the humanities on the air**

The Montana Committee for the Humanities had an idea for a television program. Bill Sullivan of KPAX-TV found a way to put it on the air.

"We did an interesting thing," said Sullivan, KPAX's general manager, about the program, "Montana This Morning.

"I thought it was a fun thing. They apparently thought it was more important than that.

That "they" refers to the Humanities Committee, which honors Sullivan at a Friday-night ceremony with one of its Governor's Humanities Awards.

"Montana This Morning," an interview program that ran each weekday morning on every CBS station in the state, featured interviews with artists, writers, politicians and others. After each interview, producer Glenda Wallace and KPAX staffers painstakingly edited them into five short chunks for broadcast during "CBS This Morning.

During an interview on Thursday, Sullivan recalled how he was approached by members of the Humanities Committee and its director, Margaret Kingsland. At about the same time, Sullivan said, CBS changed the format of "This Morning," allowing local stations to take over five-minute slots in the broadcast. The idea was that big stations could use the slots for local news.

KPAX and other Montana CBS stations didn't have news departments big enough to produce local news for a morning show. But Sullivan saw an opportunity in the proposal from the Committee for the Humanities.

"I said, 'Margaret, let's put together some kind of proposal to go the other See SULLIVAN, Page A-11

By MIKE McNALLY of the Missoulian

**WASHINGTON**

Some of the biggest cases in recent years are being investigated, including the O.J. Simpson trial and the World Trade Center and Oklahoma City bombings.

In LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCY, Page A-11

**Bill Sullivan, general manager of KPAX-TV, will be honored for the program "Montana This Morning."**

By KURT WILSON of the Missoulian

See DOUG, Page A-11

Ivan Doig, who will receive the first prize for scholarship in the Governor's Humanities Awards tonight, says one of his favorite accomplishments is "making it in life as a professional writer."
Ivan Doig paints a moving portrait of his mother

Doig thought that chapter of his life was written - the war years - until he received a cache of letters left to him by his late uncle Wally Ringer, his mother's brother. The brother and sister corresponded during World War II, when Wally was fighting in the Pacific and the Doig family moved for a time to Arizona to work for the war effort.

"Her own voice, there in ink to Wally aboard the U.S.S. Naut in the Pacific theater of combat, sometimes brims with brine (We spent Saturday making formal and catching mice), and at other times glints sharp nation of isolated landscape and spooky nearness of those prisoners, heart-racing amplitude of the night's sounds of the desert. To live, to belong to a family, is to possess private constellations of remembering and 'Heart Earth' came to me, as a writer, from the sparks of memory and imagination that fly upward out of her letters." Although Doig is intimately associated with Montana in the minds of many readers, he and his wife Carol have lived in Seattle since 1966. His father, he says, was a big champion of education, and Doig, now 54, fled his home state for Northwestern University near Chicago. He has never looked back - except in his books, including the Montana trilogy based on the McCaskill family. Doig will make a special appearance at Fireside Bookstore from 4 to 6 p.m. Thursday. He will sign copies of his books and answer questions.

Good deed: The annual fund-raiser could raise $15,000 for medical programs for the poor.

By Fritz Satir

Every year, more than three dozen noble fires are magically transformed by local designers into a "Christmas Forest," awash in white lights and brilliant colors. And in true Christmas spirit, it is all for the benefit of those less fortunate.

On Sunday, hairdressers and homemakers, nurses and teachers, interior decorators and florists gathered in the Westwater Inn ballroom to decorate trees and adorn wreaths for the sixth Annual "Christmas Forest" benefit.

The four-day celebration, including tonight, ended Sunday evening.

Tonight, professional auctioneer Kip Toner from Seattle will auction off the trees for $500 to $2,500 - and maybe more. Many of the trees, which range from four to 10 feet tall, will be purchased by banks, medical groups and local businesses which will display them in their lobbies. But individuals buy them, too.

The money goes to a wide range of programs, including important preventative programs.

At the Perinal Clinic, for example, many of the 70 percent of the young women who receive obstetrical care are smokers enrolled in a smoking cessation program, said Dr. Larry Brewer, medical director.

Funds allocated to the clinic also go to publishing literature in Spanish and other languages for the 7 percent of non-English speaking patients, Brewer said.

Here's a look at the trees you can
Author Ivan Doig pounds out his fiction on a manual typewriter. The word processor he received as part of the 1985 National Endowment for the Arts grant sits under a dust cover in his Seattle office.
van Doig may be the son of a cowboy, but he is not one to jump two-fisted into an interview. He'd rather be writing books.

Doig is telling me about the time he was invited to speak with a group of literature students who were reading his work. He was introduced, he says, as "the man behind the words." He gives me a flabbergasted stare, and the story seems to be over.

"So?" I prompt. "How did you respond?"
"I said 'Huh?'" He drops his mouth wide open in mock speechlessness, and with that, the story is over.

In fact, he does not believe that he is "behind the words," nor that he should be, nor that anyone should care. Doig is a businesslike man, and his business is to create books that are lovely, moving and true. If there is anything antithetical in that, it is lost on one of Seattle's finest fiction writers.

The man behind the words has a ready laugh and wary eyes, an open heart but a careful brain, and a face that is oddly uncertain between the two. The soul of a poet and the mind of a clerk — not an unusual combination for a writer. Whatever the mix, though, it has been a successful one for Ivan Doig.

The 48-year-old transplanted Montanan has carved a comfortable literary niche for himself, based on nationwide critical esteem and sales that are brisk, if persistently regional. But that may be changing, with a new Doig title in the bookstores this week. "Dancing At The Rascal Fair," his fifth book and third novel, seems targeted at greater commercial savvy in an effort to boost Doig's following in those populous reaches where the average reader may not know a buckrake from a bellwether. Even so, "Dancing" is of a piece with Doig, set in the northern Rocky Mountain country where the author grew up.

It is that land of his birth, that connectedness to a place where he no longer lives, that has inspired all of Doig's best writing. It is not easy to explore a man who has written beautifully about himself, and then stood aside from his work as if it were all the most ordinary stuff in the world. He can joke that "my life is an open book," but his eyes say something different. They say the books are on the shelf, have at 'em, leave your money in the till and feel free to draw your own conclusions.

The conclusions start in the southwest of Montana, in the high, dry Smith River Valley, in the little town of White Sulphur Springs, where an old lady lives who remembers a thing Ivan Doig cannot — a time when his mother was alive.

In 1943, when Ivan was 4, his father headed the haying crew on the Buckingham Ranch. "Charlie was very genial, very Scotch, very opinionated," recalls Theresa Buckingham, a lively septuagenarian. "You know, you can tell a guy by the way he wears his hat, and his was always cocked."

Charlie was a top hand, and Charlie loved Berneta. Small and frail, Ivan's mother "had a nice head," in Berneta's phrase. She also had asthma, so she darkened her little side-house on the Buckingham Ranch to keep it cool, and read to the children through the heat of the afternoon.

That would be the Buckinghams' girl, and Ivan. Even then he was quiet, and no quick study. "One day I was in the kitchen cooking, when he came up and told me did I know he could count? He went 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 with his thick little fingers, so slowly and laboriously, and my Susan was so much the quicker that I thought she must be the smarter. I sure had him figured wrong."

But time moved neither laboriously nor slowly, bringing them too soon to a night when the asthma killed his mother in a herder's cabin in the Bridger Range, with 6-year-old Ivan in the bunk to hear the cessation of her breathing, to see a lantern suddenly lit, to chill to his father's tear-choked voice — and one day to remember.

And to write. In "This House Of Sky," published in 1976, Doig told the sequel to "the death on the summer mountain," looking back on the half-orphaned child he was without a trace of self-pity, but a hard-won joy in what he calls his "gift-passage into a grown-up world" — his life at the side of that job-hopping, beer-drinking, wise-cracking, and fiercely loving son of the sagebrush named Charlie Doig. He writes memorably of nowhere saloons and tough-luck homesteads, of small-time losers and smaller-time winners, of the cobbled-together "brink of a family" his father endured — and then something deeper, for the sake of his son.

After his mother died, "Ivan lived from pillar to post," Buckingham recalls, shifted constantly from house to house among a colorful assortment of town families in order to attend school in White Sulphur while his father hired out as a sheep hand in one corner or another of the Smith River Valley. The boy seems to have been welcomed by his guardians' own children on account of his vast personal library of comic books. "He was brought up on funny-books," says Buckingham; "Charlie got him all he wanted."

Doig refuses to acknowledge any reservoir of pain dammed up behind his memories.
of those times, but Buckingham may have a clearer recollection.

"He was so lost," she says simply. "A lost little boy."

"I wasn’t really aware of that," he claims. "What we were really aware of was getting by. Finding a place for Dad to work, a place for me to live. Quotidian realities." He laughs, the kind of laugh that is like a shrug of the shoulders.

A boxful of comic books; no mother, but a stack of fantasies — that, and a sense beyond remembering of having been read to by a sweet woman in a cool and darkened house.

You can’t tell Ivan Doig is a writer by looking at him, any more than you can look at that gorgeous Montana countryside and tell that it kills people.

In his writing, the land and the language feed each other. He fashions a tough and knotty prose full of the language of unschooled, tough-tongued working people, folks who use their minds to feel with.

My people were poor in money, rich in words," he says without noticeable pride.

He was the dream of Valier High School in the northern wheat country when he turned his back on Montana and went away to Northwestern University near Chicago. There he got his bachelor’s degree and a master’s in journalism, and he plied that trade in heartland Illinois for four years before returning west in 1966 — not home, but to Seattle and the University of Washington, where he sweated out a Ph.D. in American frontier history before turning full time to the rigors of free-lance writing.

It poses a bit of riddle why this wordsmith with Montana at the heart of him chose early on to keep it at arm’s length. The answer begins in economics and ends in death and defeat. First came the revelation that he hated sheep, then the grateful awareness that he loved words, and finally acceptance of the sad fact that there were no jobs for a young writer in Montana.

But there is more to it than that. The West as a metaphor is all over Doig’s writing: a heartless bigness and a going away, a cutting loose, a setting free — to what? "The most unfree souls go west, and shout of freedom," observed D.H. Lawrence, and Doig, born in the West, has long since put that home to the east of him.

There is only one reason why Americans have ever followed the setting sun — to leave the past behind. The unforgiving distances, the extremes of weather, the living always between a promise of success and the imminence of catastrophe, the hard foothills that after three-quarters of a century gave his Scottish immigrant family nothing more marketable than character — all seemed to culminate for Ivan Doig in the slow dying of his father, from emphysema, in the early ‘70s. He now goes back, but only to visit.

In Seattle, he lives a well-regulated life
small brush-stroke of unobiterated topography, to the living-place of this self-described "suburban druid." Beguiling weather, yet Doig has a habitual eye on winter, and his expression beneath the baseball cap emblazoned "Doig Bros. Grain Co., White Sulphur, Mont." is all November.

You know, you can tell a guy by the way he wears his hat, and this guy wears his way down low across the forehead, dead level.

As he stoops to the job, blue jeans and an old work shirt conceal what might be the awkward curves of an unhorsed cowboy, something lean, tense, and smaller-than-expected in the build. But from the neck up, he is a lumberjack with horns.

The beard is the main thing, full-face and the color of hot coals ashing over. When his mouth is closed, he might as well have a faded bandanna cinched up tight below his nostrils like a drover in a dust-storm; when he talks, the beard splits crossways in the middle and words come out of it, broad, baritone, unWestern and unmusical in their jerky-jerky flow, as different from his writing as any words could be.

He ushers me into his study and begins describing for me the realization of every writer's dream — critical acclaim for his first book, plus the sales figures to carry it along — in cautious language that seems unwilling even yet to risk breaking the bubble.

"This House Of Sky" was nominated for the prestigious National Book Award, and enabled him to do whatever he pleased for an encore. There followed "Winter Brothers," "The Sea Runners," and "English Creek," the first Montana novel.

"Doig's is a remarkable achievement," notes the UW's Simonson. "In less than a decade he has earned a reputation placing him atop Pacific Northwest's literary Mount Olympus."

But is it only the Northwest's literary heap he's entitled to? How does an author living in Seattle and writing about Montana or the Northwest coast make a splash in a continental nation whose literary nerve-center happens to be located in a few Manhattan high-rises?

"He's not well-know here at all, why should he be?" barks an assistant manager of Doubleday Books on Fifth Avenue in New York City. "Look at his subject matter — rodeos? sheep shearing? Fourth of July picnics? — What is there to make him known?"

"Every writer is a regional writer," soothes Tom Stewart, Doig's editor at Atheneum Books. "Joyce was a regional writer. Proust was a regional writer."

"Those of us whose books draw on a region," sighs Ivan Doig, "we hope we're writing about a bigger country: life!" Then the sudden laugh, the glint of light off the Coke-bottle glasses. "Of course, we all are regional writers, but to sell cosmetically!"

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IVAN DOIG

He sells less than cosmically, to be sure. Until recently, he admits, his career was "entirely underwritten" by his wife's teaching. The aggressive marketing of "Dancing At The Rascal Fair" is a frank assault upon the bestseller lists, but it isn't easy for a writer who occupies uncertain middle ground between the fashionably highbrow auteurs and those facile fantasists who sell like toilet paper in the supermarkets.

He is a punctual creator, creature of work-habits deep in the pink-cheeked grain of this former sheepherder, hayraker, journalist and historian. His books are meticulously researched, carefully calendared, and cushioned from the ebb and flow of inspiration, which he prefers to keep corralled in large gray file boxes on his shelf labeled "Dialogue" and "Montana Lingo." Deriding the romantic view of writing, he calls himself a craftsman, not an artist, and he is proud of it.

"I do like to think that if you work the craft as well as you can, it tends toward art — aspires, reaches toward art. But I don't need self-discovery, I'm already here." A burst of laughter to deflate that balloon. "No, writing is an act of discovering the possibilities of language."

It is tribute, then, to his craft, or art, whichever you choose, that his firmly managed books seem rather inspired.

"Why not?" he shrugs. "We're lots of things in life. We're bundles, not single reeds."

"But you're very methodical," I say.

"That's inspiration." He lifts his head in a chuckle and the light makes sudden mirrors of his horn-rims.

The poet John Berryman has written of every writer's yearning to be "back from wherever, with it said." Ivan Doig smiles wistfully and allows as how there's something even sweeter, which is to say it again.

To that end, every morning around sunrise, he seats himself at a typewriter and circles back. His next novel, projected for completion in 1990, carries the intoxicating title "Ride With Me, Mariah Montana." He worries over it like an engineer over an equation, but whatever is lost in all the circulations was lost somewhere back in the Smith River Valley and is found again in the words on the page and the books on the shelf, of which there is now a new one. And the next after that will be here in 1990, put your money on it, not in 1991.

In Seattle, Ivan Doig dreams his careful dreams in a room his mother would have enjoyed, because it is cool and shaded. His desk faces west.

BEN GROFF IS A SEATTLE-AREA FREELANCE WRITER.