venir of what?” With it on my desk, I think of us four, young, complex Americans in Rome, standing together by the Tiber at a certain moment in the history of the world.

David Plante is the author of “Annunciation” (Ticknor & Fields).

STAR TURN
ON A TRULY
STEEL GUITAR

By Ivan Doig

We plunked the steel guitar player onto our dining room window ledge and a constellation was born. Not a player of a steel guitar, mind you, but a steel player of a guitar. Machine-steel, to boot: his body made of a bolt three inches long (three-eighths-of-an-inch waistline, thinner than even Giacometti ever thought of), a deftly bent washer soldered beneath the bolt head to form a cowboy hat brim with a divvy crimp, and lanky copper wire arms and legs. That guitar on which he’s strumming something obviously country-and-western with industrial earnestness? A steel belly figure eight, made from two washers joined. He hitchhikes home with us from Montana, from a Glacier National Park gift shop, with no expectation attached, just a doodad my wife, Carol, and I liked the toolbox whimsy of. But on the long runway of the window ledge, tunes of light instantly began to play on him. Dawn is a backlight that wondrously brings up the color of his copper extremities, a warm limber mood to kindle the day with. (Careerness, doesn’t take much to imagine this is him when he played backup for Ian Tyson in the Calgary session that produced the best working-stiff song ever, “Summer Wages.”) In noon light, he shadow casts, stretches mightily in performance for his lunch companions, us. (Parleyed that Calgary gig into a little time in Nashville, goosing Garth and howling Wynonna.) Then the drop of curtain behind him at night and he is there in solo star turn, only his metal and mettle against stark expanse. (Career got cross-threaded there somehow in Nashville, and now he’s back on the circuit of county fairs and beer mills, Great Falls, Mont., to Las Cruces, N.M.)

So, while I know that this five-inch-high performer is supposed to be merely red-mindful of my native northern Rockies, the big-hatted jukebox West I grew up in, the constant surprise has been our guitar player’s worlds of light. Unexpectedly, he keeps giving lessons in the nuts and bolts of beauty.

Ivan Doig is the author of “Heart Earth” (Atheneum).

THE DOG ATE MY CASTANETS

By Mavis Gallant

I get rid of more things than I keep but I have the castanets I bought in Málaga, in 1953. My notebooks, 1950 to 1958, disappeared a few years ago (how and why I don’t know) and so I can’t put a name to the thin old woman who taught the playing of castañetas as an art. She took me to a store in a street near the cathedral and made sure I picked the cheapest kind, not too large, lacquered glossy black, tied with bright red woven cord. I wanted something bigger, professional-looking, but she had already guessed I was going to be a bud pup and that the best would be a waste of money. She told me to decide right away which pair I would play with my left hand and never to switch. That same day a young dog I had acquired in Madrid got hold of one and left shallow tooth marks in the paint (the wood was nearly weightless but as hard as stone) and so I had a way of identifying “left.”

The red cord has faded to a shade of feuille-mort. On the rim of a right-hand castanet a patch of the lacquer is worn away, revealing the grain of the wood. The patch also shows that I was a sloppy player. When the teacher was not around (she came twice a week) I strung the castanets on my thumbs, instead of a finger, and drummed the nails of the right hand and used the left as a sort of clapper. Probably I liked the sound, but the method was inept and without style.

I rented a flat on the second floor of a house in a suburb reached by tram. From my terrace there was a view of the sea at one end. The other overlooked a Moorish sort of villa, where four little girls were learning to play the castanets correctly and to dance. They were expected to be on display whenever their parents had guests. I never saw them wearing anything but white dress-
Dear Mr. Doig: Here is the edited version of your article for The Sophisticated Traveler. Could you please review it carefully, and then telephone me (collect, of course) at (212) 556-3623 with any additions or corrections you might have. May I say what a pleasure it was talking with you yesterday. Sincerely yours, Agnes Greenhall, Sophisticated Traveler magazine.

By IVAN DOIG

Some summers I watched the neigh-1 boring family of mountains from first light to last. Although they loomed near enough that I could feel their breath, the wind, I had never in their midst, and only our locally prominent ones did I know by name: Walling Reef, Heart Butte, Split Mountain. The rest of the northern Montana Rockies, above the grainfield where I was a teen-age tractor driver, were an anony-2 mous wild clan - a temperamental skyline where a hundred summits sat and shared the sun one moment, veiled themselves from one another in rain squalls the next. Outsider though I was, the reliably unpredictable behavior of that mountain throng fascinated me. Someday, I promised myself, I would go up there among them.

At the end of one of those summers I glanced away from the mountains toward college and career, and when I looked again I was 20 years older, all though the mountains didn't seem to be. Someday had arrived, and was al- ready departing, as my wife, Carol, and I climbed the trail out of my remem- bered mountains on the Fourth of July, 1977. Our backpack trip into the Bob Marshall Wilderness had been glori- ously solitary: only sun, frost, wind, wildflowers and us. We had dined on trout caught in Strawberry Creek. We had not been dined on by grizzlies. Now, after four hiking days and 30 meals at the knees and in the laps of the moun- tains, we abruptly were riding on a shoulder. Behind us, below us, lay the Continental Divide. Ahead, our exit...
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By IVAN DOIG

Author of 'English Creek' (Athameum).

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a colossal bowl of steep rock-and-timber slopes, and beyond, through a cracklike notch, the northern Montana plains, patterned into the chocolate and gold of strip farming. Suddenly I recognized the exact peak we were on. Hadn't I gazed at it for entire summers from those fields? A squall came, dived on us, scurried us into the shelter of jack pines. As we waited out the weather tantrum, I inspected our map for the name of this familiar mountain to add to those — Bighorn Mountain, Cap Mountain, Crooked Mountain, Bum Shot Mountain. <PLEASE VERIFY SPELLINGS> I had been memorizing as I encountered them. This final member of the clan was called simply, rightly, Family Peak.
AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

Author of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair"

They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigmellands and Potburn and Mayshiel and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously pacifies himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."

There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."
They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigielands and Potburn and Mayshiel and threescore other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven’t come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper’s notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary “Should we or shouldn’t we?” colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoeestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

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Family Fourth
by Ivan Doig

"Frost on the tent, huh?"
--Ivan Doig, 5:30 a.m., July 4, 1977

"Nope. It's inside the tent."
--Carol Doig, 5:30:02 a.m., July 4, 1977

Some summers I watched the neighboring family of mountains from first light to last. Although they loomed near enough that I could feel their breath, the wind, I had never been in their midst, and only our locally prominent ones did I know by name: Walling Reef, Heart Butte, Split Mountain. The rest of the northern Montana Rockies above the grainfields where I was a teenage tractor driver were an anonymous wild clan—a temperamental skyline where a hundred summits sat and shared the sun one moment, veiled themselves from one another in rain squalls the next. Outsider though I was, the reliably unpredictable behavior of that mountain throng fascinated me.

Someday, I promised myself, I would go up there among
behavior of that mountain throng fascinated me. Someday, I promised myself, I would go up there among them.

"Up here you see how the country looked before they put buildings on it."

--Carol Doig, noon, July 4, 1977

At the end of one of those summers I glanced away toward college and career, and when I looked again I was twenty years older, although the mountains didn't seem to be. Someday had arrived and was already going as my wife Carol and I climbed the trail out of my remembered mountains. Our backpack trip into the Bob Marshall Wilderness had been gloriously solitary; only sun, frost, wind, wildflowers and us. We had dined on trout caught in Strawberry Creek. We had not been dined on by grizzlies. Now after four hiking days and thirty miles at the knees and laps of the mountains, we abruptly were riding on a shoulder. Behind us, below us, lay the Continental Divide. Ahead, our exit—a colossal bowl of steep rock-and-timber slopes, and beyond through a cracklike notch, the northern Montana plains patterned into the chocolate and gold of strip farming. Suddenly I recognized this exact peak we were on. Hadn't I gazed at it entire summers from those fields? A squall came, dove on us, scurried us into the shelter of jackpines. Yes, this was the familiar behavior of my mountains.

"It's clearing. So where does the map say we are?"

--Carol Doig, 12:30 p.m., July 4, 1977

"On a place named Family Peak."

--Ivan Doig, 12:30:10 p.m., July 4, 1977
As we waited out the weather tantrum, I inspected our map for the name of this familiar mountain to add to those--Mt. Richmond, Mt. Sentinel, Crooked Mountain, Bum Shot Mountain--I had been memorizing as we encountered them. This final one of the clan was called simply, rightly, Family Peak.
N.Y. Times
taxi

walks til 5pm. our

your several

100 m.

Even Campbell

(212) 556-3623

Wine Cell

Agus
phone call 22 April '85

Cail Winton (212)-753-5143
free-lance Sophisticated Trav.
pt. 2 - twice a year
Oct - High Reds & Low Reds
12 words = min regions
400-wd piece - mid-June
one-range: from Peak
effect it has on me
memory piece
hear writer’s voice very clearly
power

send it to Liz: or Michael Leahy
Travel Ed
Dear Gail--

Here's my mountain piece for the Sophisticated Traveler issue. I'm also enclosing 3 photos from that hike, and we do have some color 35 mm slides of the Family Peak area if they're of any use to you. I didn't see that the exact location of Family Peak was essential to this mood piece, but for your reference, it's an 8,095-foot summit 15 miles southeast of Glacier National Park in northern Montana.

Should you need to get in touch with me about the piece or pics, here's my more-or-less schedule:

now to June 18, here at home.

June 20-29, in Montana, (406)933-5319.

June 30-July 15, wandering in Montana, unavailable.

July 15-Aug. 1, here at home.

August, unavailable.

from Sept. 3 on, here at home.

Thanks for thinking of me for this assignment. Regards from Carol and me to Frank.

best,

enc: 3 b & w photos

p.s. If possible, I'd like to be identified in the bio line as author of the novel English Creek.
Sarah T
- Amor Classics - Boyeman: No!

4 terms: Mar-May Sept Nov
< 6 mths.

NZ?

2500 words/US$2500

do Park, West of South, for her.
Tree
53. hunt
54. Dec. 1, 43 yrs old
   Robert Rowe
55. I drunk
13. dialogue

14. Journal
17. Swedenborg
22. masturbation
23. blackbirds
24. "Trying to imagine...
25. Tecumseh
26. Linnaeus, Newton, cross-bred corn
29. mutton
30. wild turkeys in corn
36. mutton
37. mutton, 9 p.m. drunk
37. cross-bred corn
38. "Barked my cabin "quote."
39. Fanny dialogue
41. insect polterge
42. Little Bear, 12 yrs old
46. dialogue: 1 seen as pastor
48. cross-bred corn
51.2 long dialogue
Tree of Life

700 yrs. - beginning

Nov, 1911

Bartham - (2 1/2)

556 - 1297

Sep. 9
Dear Bob--

Hereewith, the Tree of Life review, and I assumed you need the bound galley back, too.

Points that need checking or other attention:

--p. 1, my description of Nissenson (whose previous work I don't know) as "author of three previous works of fiction": that's a compression of the info on back of the galley's "Brief Description" page, "the author of the novel My own Ground (and) two collections of stories..."

--p. 2, my quotes are from:

Tree, bottom of p. 2, "I joined the crowd..."

"top of p. 2h, "Trying to imagine funny..."

"middle of p. 25, "'Make no mistake,' said he..."

The Flanagan quote, "Problems of the craft," is from the opening page of The Year of the French.

--p. 3, my point about the omission of section in the land info will need to be checked against the actual book—opening page, in the graf beginning "I am indebted as follows"—to be sure that it's still not there. Hated to make this point, but section, township, range is the absolute basis for landholding in the American rectangular survey system.

--p. 4, my quote "Chapman wagged his tongue..." is from Tree, p. 66.

--last line of 1st graf, let us pray "genius" doesn't come out "genius".

best,
THE TREE OF LIFE

By Hugh Nissenson

Illustrated. 163 pp. New York:

Harper & Row. $15.95

By Ivan Doig

Why are diaries so dear to us? The ones in the shelf neighborhood nearest where I write are almost daily company to me: "A Treasury of the World’s Great Diaries" with its tidbits from Pepys and Stendhal and the clipper ship captain Joshua Sears; magisterial volumes of Virginia Woolf; the indelible childhood epics achieved by Helena Morley of Brazil and Anne Frank of the Holocaust; the vivid jottings from the Oregon Trail and other westward journeys compiled by modern scholars such as John D. Unruh, Jr. and Lillian Schlissel—and of course, the most entrancing and intransigent and insistent diary of all, my own.

At hand now we have Hugh Nissenson’s inspiration, a novel wrought in the form of a pioneer’s diary. I’m more than happy to report that Mr. Nissenson, a New York City author of three previous works of fiction and a memoir, isn’t just gimmicking literary modes together in "The Tree of Life." He toils like a stump farmer to create verisimilitude of life on the Ohio
frontier.

"I joined the crowd at Williams' Tavern and got drunk," runs the straightforward style of fictional diarist Thomas Keene, Harvard-educated backwoodsman, once a minister, now an "infidel" and whiskey dealer. Keene succinctly tallies for us the tasks and dangers of pioneer life in 1811-12, his yearning for the young widow Fanny Cooper ("Trying to imagine Fanny naked and abed"), and the onset of murderous strife between whites and Indians ("'Make no mistake,' said he. 'Tecumseh plans to butcher us all.'"). It is story aplenty, as diaries often hold behind their day-by-day matter-of-factness.

Diaries also have the sometimes perplexing habit of holding life at peculiar angles, and Mr. Nissenson's experimental model is no exception.

"Problems of the craft," mused the Irish poet bog poet Owen MacCarthy in Thomas Flanagan's "The Year of the French," a work which in marvelous fashion contrived memoirs, letters and a diary on behalf of that truer truth, fiction. (Not coincidentally, Mr. Flanagan's image-seeking MacCarthy is a supreme portrayal of an educated person in back-country life during parlous times, that awkward squad into which Mr. Nissenson has enlisted his Thomas Keene.) "The Tree of Life" is so diligently detailed that an occasional slip of the pen
looks all the more grievous. One occurs on the opening
page, where Keene records his purchase of land in
Richland County, Ohio, as "160 acres, T21, R18".
Township and range are indeed two of the essential
locating coordinates in the rectangular survey system
which cross-hatched the American earth from Ohio
westward, but the third and most vitally personal to a
prideful new landholder would be the section, the
specific numbered square mile—the street address
within the vast land grid, so to speak—wherein his
own, his private quarter-section of domain, is
situated.

Perhaps that's a speck to any reader who didn't
grow up in constant rural awareness of sections, but a
more spattery question in Mr. Masseon's
novel-as-a-diary is dialogue. My experience of
diarists is that they, even as you and I, tend to
remember mainly in paraphrase. So, when Keene
frequently transcribes an entire page or more of
verbatim line-by-line quotation, it unfortunately
seems an astounding knack of recall even for a Harvard
man. Problems of the craft.

Alongside such smudges—the diary is the most
democratic form of literature—"The Tree of Life"
displays numerous small glories. Such as the
puzzlement of both Keene and the local minister as to
Tree of Life

looks all the more grievous. One occurs on the opening
paragraph of the 11th chapter of "The Iliad."

Now me at the point of

which I have been talking. 

which I have been talking.

Now me at the point of

which I have been talking. 

which I have been talking.
where the corn a neighbor is casually hybridizing fits into the natural order of things. Such as Keene's steady incisive reports ("Chapman wagged his tongue all afternoon") on that exasperating and beguiling genus, the neighbors.

"I'm amused to find how its grown a person," wrote Virginia Woolf of her diary, "with almost a face of its own." In his imaginative try at blending diary and novel, Mr. Nissenson has grown for us not merely the face of tormented Tom Keene, but a better than passable likeness of the past.

Ivan Doig's most recent work is the novel "English Creek." He wrote of the Pacific Northwest diarist James C. Swan in "Winter Brothers."
Dear Sarah--

Herewith, as the saying goes, the Soph. Traveler 400-worder.

If you need any illustration with this, I have a couple of possibilities. One is a 35 mm. color slide by my wife Carol, whose pics have graced the Travel Section before; a terrifically winsome shot of a border collie at ease in the back of a Landrover, just his head poking up, and a shepherd's crook leaning against the bumper. The other is a woodcut-ty illustration of a dog herding sheep, kilted Highland herder in the background. Just let me know if you need 'em, okay?

I'm about to hustle off to Oregon for my final booksigning stint of the year; Carol has my whereabouts the week of Dec. 7, and thereafter I'll be home by the phone.

epiphanously yours,
14 March '88

Dear Sarah—

The sheepdog piece: I liked it all, the format, the placement, the illustration. You and Bob Stock, in the days when he was running the Sunday travel section, have been the two joys to write for at Mother Times.

The check even came!

Could you do me the favor of passing along the enclosed note to the illustrator, Merle Nacht? I liked his sheep and dog a lot, and thought I might as well say so.

Otherwise, I'm whacking away at Som of Rascal Fair. So far so good, on schedule to finish the ms at the end of '89 and publish in '90. Scribble scribble scribble, eh?

all best wishes

14 March '88

Dear Merle Nacht—

I just want to say what a pleasure it was to have your deft illustration appear with my article on sheepdog trials in yesterday's Sophisticated Traveler supplement of the NY Times. In fact, I'm so taken with it I wonder if you'd be willing to sell me the original, if indeed it's large enough to frame and put here on the wall of my writing room?

As a general rule I don't do magazine pieces any more, preferring to spend all my energy on books. This time, though, I'm glad Sarah Ferrell of the supplement coaxed me into it and we coincided there in the pages.

best wishes
Dear Sarah--

Our names neighboring on a page of the Book Review a week ago were a reminder; I haven't lost track of the notion of doing a Travel Section piece. But I have had some happy distraction recently. I was awarded one of the 199 fiction fellowships given by the National Endowment for the Arts for this year, and along with the money will come a year's use of a word processor. Alas this coincided in January with my start on the Scotch Heaven novel. I hope to get life settled down, and a solid article proposal thought through for you, this month or early next.

best regards
sheepdog commands: Come by (to the right?)
Come away (to the left?)
Lie doon.

Rob Lewis, 121 Evergreen Rd., Philomath, OR 97370: young sheepdog trainer
I met in Or. St. U bookstore, April '85; he knows my books;
he's worked with sheepdogs in Scotland, on Skye (Dunvegan)
Any glass can hold liquid. A rare few can hold light.

We’ve harnessed light by generously endowing crystal with lead, and inscribing it with deep, prismatic cuts. A slow, ancient process, but centuries of “progress” have suggested no other way to achieve the unequalled fire and brilliance of Waterford.*

WATERFORD
Steadfast in a world of wavering standards.
In the past twenty years, Geoff Billingham has raised more champion Scottish Border Collies than you can shake a crook at.

But more than winning, what he really enjoys is teaching a new dog the old tricks.

The good things in life stay that way.
EDINBURGH OPEN SHEEP DOG TRIALS
(Affiliated to I.S.D.S.)

in aid of

THE ST. GEORGES FUND FOR ORPHAN CHILDREN

on


House of Muri Farm, Milton Bridge

on North Side of A702 Biggar Road

adjacent to previous venue at

Mauricewood Mains.

Commencing 7.00 a.m.

Judge - P. Hetherington, Girvan

Course Director - A. Beaton

Admission 75p

Snacks and refreshments at the field

Car Parking Facilities
ORDER OF BALLOT

1. J. Hastie, West Lethams, Saline, Fife.
2. J. Wilson, Mayshiel, Craugh, Duns.
4. A. Mcgregor, Dryden, Roslin.
5. D. Lamb, Firthmains, Roslin.
7. O.G. Wright, 1 Nether Horsburgh, Innerleithen, Peebles.
8. A. Watson, 8 Kelvin Drive, Torboothie, Shotts, Lanarkshire.
9. G. Davidson, Mountmarle, Roslin.
10. R. Fortune, Goldburn, Biggar Road, Edinburgh.
11. J.J. Paterson, Howanalee Farm, Robertson, Hawick.
12. T.J. Davidson, Craighill, Gardens, Beattock, Moffat.
13. C. Guthbertson, Hallinard, Penpont, Thornhill.
15. J. Welsh, Stickle Leight, Cairnryan, Stranraer.
16. R. Shennan, Tarden, Turmerry, Girvan.
17. A. McFern, Culnaghtric, Auchancairn, Castle Douglas.
18. R. Dalziel, Potburn, Betrick Valley, Selkirk.
21. G. Carnochan, Carrot Farm, Luggleshan, Glasgow.
22. J. Bathgate, Easter Dawyck, Stobo, Peebles.
23. D. Shennan, Knockgerran Farm, Girvan, Ayrshire.
27. J. Dickinson, Whitelaw, Newlands, Belford.
29. A. Cutter, Burnhouse Mains, Stow, Galashiels.
32. S. MacFarlane, Beattock Farm, Moffat.
33. G. Redpath, Shoestanes Farm, Heriot, Midlothian.
34. W. Mcillan, Holhouse, Straiton, Maybole, Ayrshire.
35. R. Fortune, Goldburn, Biggar Road, Edinburgh.
36. D. Lamb, Firthmains, Roslin.
37. J. Shennan, Knockgerran, Girvan.
38. G. Davidson, Mountmarle, Roslin.
39. O.G. Wright, 1 Nether Horsburgh, Innerleithen, Peebles.

SPECIAL PRIZES (Except overall winner)

English Cup, donated by English Grain Merchants for
the highest pointed employee.

G. Mathers Cup for the highest pointed farmer.

Spillers Challenge Cup for the winner of the local
section.

The Jock Gilchrist Driving Trophy for the handler
with the best drive. Donated by Mr. and Mrs.
R. Brock.

Pair of Presentation Sheep Shears, donated by the
manufacturers of 'YOUNG'S SHEEP DIP' (Local
representative Mr. W.J. Stoddart, Wanton Wa's
Penicuik, Midlothian (Telephone: West Linton
50599) for the runner up in local section.

I.S.D.S. "Young Handler Award" Rosette and £3 for
the best young handler. (25 years or under)
SINGLES

1st  Dofos Challenge Cup - Donated by Dofos Frozen Foods, West Bowling Green Street, Edinburgh, and £25.

2nd  £15

3rd  £10

4th  £8

5th  £5

6th  £3

7th  £2

8th  £1

40. T. Wilson, Toverhouse, Hill Wynd, Lauder, Berwickshire.
41. J. Wilson, Mayside, Cranshaw.
42. M. Peugniez, Almagill Farm, Lockerbie.
43. J. Bathgate, Stobo, Peebles.
44. J. Dickinson, Whitlaw, Newlands.
45. T. Davidson, Craigielands, Beattock.
47. Mr. J. Thomson, Moorbrook, Dalry, Castle Douglas.
48. G. Carmichael, Badlesmey.
49. J. Haste, Saline, Fife.
50. J. Paterson, Robin's, Hawick.
51. C. Cuthbertson, Penpont, Thornhill.
52. N. Gull, Glenshee, New Cumnock.
54. A. Cutting, Stobo, Galashiels.
55. K. Anderson, Jedburgh, Roxburgh.
56. A. MacGregor, Dryden, Roslin.
57. A. Watson, Shotts, Lanarkshire.
59. R. Dalziel, East Kilbride, Selkirk.
60. B. McParlane, Listonshiels Farm, Dalerno.
61. R. Sheenan, Turnberry, Girvan.
63. J. Welsh, Stranraer.
64. L. Paterson, New Galloway, Castle Douglas.
65. J. MacRae, 12 Cameron Brae, Edinburgh.
66. W. Rae, Cossock, Castle Douglas.
67. A. McFern, Auchencraig, Castle Douglas.
68. W. Hislop, Berwick.

*Denotes those eligible for local section.
RULES

1. The judge's decision is final.

2. All bitches in season will be run at the end of the trial and any person with such a bitch must notify the Course Director who will arrange for the dog to be run as stated.

3. The Committee will not be responsible for any loss of, or damage to the property of competitors or spectator or personal injury.

4. Dogs must be kept under control at all times and when not competing, must be kept away from the trial field. Any dog disturbing another competitor's run will be disqualified.

5. No dog may run more than once.

6. The handler of any dog causing injury to sheep will be responsible for same.

7. No competitor will run two dogs after the lunch time break other than at the discretion of the Course Director.

8. All competitors should report to the Course Director as soon as they arrive at the field.
12 August 1988

Dear Ivan--

Thanks for your note. I am delighted to hear that the Times sent you a couple of prints that were--presumably--better than what appeared with the recent article. I would have checked to make sure that you knew about it; but, after seeing their choice and how they cropped it (not to mention their decision to leave you unidentified), I thought it would be just as well if you didn't know. Publication of the story was delayed so long that I had concluded that the photos (which I never saw) were a disaster, and I'd never work for them again.

The offer to let you look over my shoulder does, of course, stand. It would be my privilege. There isn't a month that I wouldn't be shooting something at the Rep, the Symphony or a similar circumstance. If there is a time that is particularly good for you, just let me know. And if something looks especially interesting, I'll let you know. You probably have sources you could tap at the dailies but, if not and if you want to watch a working photo-journalist as well, I'm sure I could set you up with one of the Seattle Times shooters I know.

Work goes well and I'm busy. There will, in fact, be a couple of photos in Sunday's New York Times of Northwest composers (in Arts & Leisure). They sent me an advance copy, and though they aren't quite as well cropped as I shot them, their fate was far better than yours.

Enjoy your vacation. I look forward to renewing our acquaintance soon.

Warm thoughts,

P.S. Tessa and I enjoyed the parts we were able to hear of This House of Sky. I have the book and hope to get to it soon. (I do think, however, that Mr. Estelle should be forbidden to read anything requiring an accent.)

5234-36th Avenue NE
Seattle WA 98105
(206)526-9981
July 29, 1988

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig,

Thought you'd like these prints of you riding the rails and working diligently into the darkness. We used one in a recent Amtrak package. I'm enclosing a tear sheet.

I enjoyed your sheepdog trials piece in the last Sophisticated Traveler.

May I make a pitch? It'd be lovely to have a piece by you in the Travel section. Perhaps something on Montana, and how the vastness shapes life. There's so much there — prairie and grizzly and bronco roundups and cowboys and glacier. So much to appeal to Easterners trapped in school districts and ties and breakfast meetings...

Forgive me. This started out as a simple, I'm passing along ... letter.

With regards,

Nancy Sharkey
Dear Chris--

I got a great kick out of my anonymous fame in the NY Times Sunday travel section on July 24. In fact, the Times with surprising grace sent a couple of prints (the dining car one use in the piece, and the very nifty shot you got of me typing in my compartment) and wondered if I ever want to do them a piece about Montana. Maybe eventually...

I haven't forgot your offer to let me kibitz a real working photographer sometime. After mid-September, if you ever have a day's worth of photography with the Rep or Symphony or somebody, where I could gawk without being in the way, I'd happily be available. There's no rush--I have another year of work on this book--and I only want to hang around in some circumstance where I won't be bothersome to your work.

Speaking of which, I hope your work is going well. I am blessedly taking some time off from writing until after Labor Day.

best wishes,

---

Dear Nancy--

10 Aug. '88

Many thanks for your thoughtfulness in sending along Chris Berrion's shots of me on the Empire Builder. I'd already enjoyed my anonymous fame in the dining car pic in the article, and Chris's shot of me typing in the compartment is quite wonderful. It was a bonus for me, on that train trip, to watch Chris at work.

Well, a travel article about Montana: how about a definite maybe? Which is to say, I'll know better by next spring if I can muster such a piece for you; I'm at work now on a novel about contemporary Montana and every thought I have about the Big Sky and its space has to be aimed into that mass until I get a full first draft done. If you wouldn't mind nudging me about next March 15th, I could see then if I might do the kind of piece you'd like. Meanwhile, my appreciation to you and the Travel section.

best,
Books of The Times

With the Maoris Against the Colonists

By CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT

Kimball Bent, the laconic hero of Maurice Shadbolt's stirring new historical novel, "Monday's Warriors," is a Yankee from the state of Maine who in 1859 somehow managed to get himself "borrowed" by the British army, "when I wasn't looking," to aid and abet, as the narrator puts it, "the reddening of the world's maps, sweating and swearing in Cork and Poona, Calcutta and Pondicherry, and now even more remote estuaries of empire."

When Kimball winds up in a regiment on the North Island of New Zealand, trying to put down recalcitrant Maori tribesmen, he begins to weary of his service. But his superiors are so far from excusing him that in response to his disinclination to continue they flay the skin off his back with whippings. A more sympathetic officer befriends him, takes him on patrol in the woods, orders him to disrobe and begins a sexual advance. Kimball is considering a word of protest when a volley of Maori bullets carries his seducer's life away.

Kimball's saviors have no better use for him, but when he persuades them of his dislike for the British and of his possible value as a spy, they reluctantly drag him along with them. He soon finds himself in the presence of a small, ugly, one-eyed man who sports a dark suit, a bowler hat, a gold watch-chain and a silver-capped cane, and who professes to be a Methodist preacher. This is Titoko. This is the guerrilla strategist who will fight the foreigners nearly to a standstill.

Titoko, as the Maori chieftain is called, wants peace, so long as the colonists, who are cutting down the forest and planting grass, stay south of the Waingongoro River. But the only boundaries colonists respect are those set by lines on the map, not by the "whims of alpine water." A provocation on one side leads to a response on the other. Surveying pegs lead to a raiding party and the battle is shortly joined. What Titoko has designated a sabbath year of peace becomes Monday's war. Kimball Bent fights alongside the Maori leaders, a Shakespearean fool who keeps his powder dry and shoots straight. But if the story is old-fashioned, it has contemporary implications. As Titoko devises his brilliant but ultimately hopeless guerrilla campaign, you brood on such subjects as the American Revolutionary War, the conquest of the Plains Indians, the war in Vietnam and the destruction of the world's rain forests. The proverbial machine is plowing up the garden again, and whether or not you are for progress theoretically, in this particular case you root for the garden.

Mr. Shadbolt is not solemn about these matters. He is a New Zealander of English, Irish, Welsh and Australian convict ancestry who has published four collections of short stories, several works of nonfiction and eight novels, including "Season of the Jew" and "Among the Cinders." He has fashioned a wry style for his narrative that paints the New Zealand landscape vividly:

"Against his better judgment" Kimball "breakfasted on two mouthfuls of rum... The forest fell away from his feet. The sea was bold in the distance; tall to the west was Mount Taranaki with a turban of cloud. It was as fine a day as any to be alive and unfettered. By way of celebration he transferred more rum from canteen to belly."

The story the novel tells actually happened, more or less. In an afterword, called "In Fact," the author affirms the careers of Titokowaru and his American adviser, whose reputation for turncoat ferocity lives on in New Zealand in the words of parents who warn their children not to wander off "or you'll be caught by Kimball Bent."

As for the Second Maori War, as the conflict this novel covers is formally designated, "The Encyclopedia of Military History," by R. Ernest Dupuy and Trevor N. Dupuy, notes: "In the end it was quelled more through diplomacy than by force of arms. As a result, the Maoris became a respected element of an integrated nation."

But the author's sly humor rules the day. One major development of the story is the sexual activity Kimball enjoys with another warrior chieftain's daughter, named Rhi. This activity, as Rhi bluntly tells Kimball, is known in Maori talk as "a wriggle." Perhaps Mr. Shadbolt is trying to prepare us for this aspect of his story with his epigraph, which is taken from E. M. Forster, of all people. It reads: "Failure or success seems to have been allotted to men by their stars. But they retain the power of wriggling, of fighting with their star or against it, and in the whole universe the only really interesting movement is this wriggle."

Despite Mr. Shadbolt's attempted mischief here, one can rest certain that Mr. Forster did not for even an instant have the Maori meaning of this word in mind.
Eden Lipson - (212) 556-7156
- 3/31 125th Feb
- Soda in #6-700 wds
  # 350-
Dear Eden—

Made time at the end of this week to do the Shadbolt review. As they say, herewith.

All is well here. I'm trudging along on schedule to finish my next book by next Jan. 15, recently did the reading for the audio cassette of Norman Maclean's A River Runs through It, am trying to figure out how to take the USIA up on an invitation to send on a reading tour overseas. You got any extra days in your weeks, send them my way, would you?

If you see my phone buddy Sarah Ferrell tell her hi, and no I can't do a Sophisticated Traveler piece for her just because I did a review for you.

all best,
MONDAY'S WARRIORS

By Maurice Shadbolt

308 pp. Boston:

David R. Godine. $21.95

By IVAN DOIG

Sometimes the best thing to do is just listen to the page:

"In the morning, cloud was lifting and rain lighter. The temperature was no easier, with breeze frosty in their faces. Much of the mountain had been whitened by overnight blizzard. The land lifted underfoot; forest had begun winning back the old Maori trail, sometimes hiding it altogether. As they hacked their way higher snow tumbled from tree-tops and melted in their hair. They camped the second night in a cave behind a waterfall, beside a smoky fire. Outside their shelter wind grieved among trees. Titoko silently worried at an itch on his leg. 'A week,' he said.

'Or less,' Kimball told him.

'What then?'
'Toa mowing hell's meadow.'

"My thought too," Titoko said. "Thank you for thinking it."

"That's what grandsons are for," Kimball suggested. "And, if you don't mind me asking, why are we here again?"

"Go to sleep," Titoko said."


What is it about that land that tunes up its writers into literary ventriloquists who always unmistakably sound like nobody else?

Shadbolt's maximalist, when-in-doubt-be-vivid style capiously suits this novel of the wars between the Maori tribe and the British colonial tribe in the mid-19th century; to his characters, caught up in a struggle that scorched everybody's earth, it was a maximal time.

The plot of Monday's Warriors can only be corralled, not enumerated. In the sample scene quoted above--and this is a story with well over a hundred separate scenes--Shadbolt doesn't dawdle--"Titoko" is Titokowaru, a Maori military tactician who gave the British troops fits; Kimball is Kimball Bent, "a fleck of fable in history's eye" who has deserted from British garrison duty and, to his own constant surprise, has adapted so far into the Maori side of things that he's become Titokowaru's confidante; Toa is a Maori leader mercurially trying to figure out whether to be Titokowaru's lieutenant or his rival; and always out there, a week away or maybe just the range of a rifle, is the tide of white colonization and more war.

This doesn't begin to include such complications as Titokowaru's
Olympian womanizing, Bent's marriage to Te'a's daughter, some plug-ugly British soldiers out to claim the bounty on Bent, and general frontier psychoses. Shadbolt's busy handling of all this sometimes produces boggling stretches of dialogue; for instance, the Maori leadership's extended sessions of pithy sentences back and forth, back and forth, can get to be a bit gnomic, but doubtless that's one of the author's points. All in all, the novelist manages a legerdemain that keeps his tale simultaneously winsome and gory. The nearest American work I can think of would be that of Stephen Becker in the wry ferocity of, say, The Last Mandarin.

Shadbolt can be wonderfully sly. (Don't miss the double-entendre he seeds into the narrative from the book's apparently innocent epigraph.) Every imperial arrogance of boundaries traced onto maps of tumultuous tribal geography gets its comeuppance in a parley between Titokowaru and a colonial magistrate named Booth. To Titokowaru's observation that he can't quite discern the New Zealand government's "splendidly straight line" leaping through the curves of the Waingongoro River, only "tree, rock and water," Booth dutifully recites: "It is not incumbent upon those who draw maps to have personal knowledge of the terrain."

"You tell me this line is the work of blind men?" Titokowaru ripostes.

"In a sense," Booth is forced to agree.

"Send men with sight," Titokowaru suggests.

To even greater stakes, Shadbolt propels the reader through Titokowaru's meditative counsel to the Maoris to halt six years of war--"Let this be the warriors' sabbath"--onward, under the relentless colonial push, to
warriorism again: "Monday is here."

"The fear of using the full span of language," it was Anais Nin who said to all writers, "would be like denying ourselves the use of an orchestra for a symphony." Maurice Shadbolt's is orchestral work.

Ivan Doig's most recent books are "Ride with Me, Mariah Montana" and the forthcoming hardback re-issue of his memoir, "This House of Sky."
for The New York Times, Sophisticated Traveler supplement
editor: Sarah Ferrell
first North American rights only

By Ivan Doig

We plunked the steel guitar player onto our dining room window ledge
and a constellation was born. Not a player of a steel guitar, mind you,
but a steel player of a guitar. Machine-steel, to boot: his body made
of a bolt three inches long (3/8th-inch waistline, slimmer than even
Giacometti ever thought of), a deftly bent washer soldered beneath the
bolt head to form a cowboy hatbrim with a divvy crimp, and lanky copperwire
arms and legs. That guitar on which he's strumming something obviously
country-and-western with industrial earnestness? A steelbelly figure 8,
made from two washers joined.

He hitchiked home with us from a Glacier National Park gift shop with no expectations attached, just a doodad my wife Carol and I liked the toolbox whimsy of. But on the long runway of the window ledge, tures of light instantly began to play on him. Dawn is a backlight that wondrously brings up the color of his copper extremities, a warm limber mood to kindle the day with. (Careerwise, doesn't take much to imagine this is him when he played backup for Ian Tyson in the Calgary session that produced the best working-stiff song ever, "Summer Wages.") In noon light he shadowcasts, stretches mightily in performance for his lunch companions, us. (Parleyed that Calgary gig into a little time in Nashville, goosing Garth and howdying Wynonna.) Then the drop of curtain behind him at night and he is there in solo star-turn, only his metal and mettle against stark expanse. (Career got cross-threaded there somehow in Nashville and now he's back on the circuit of county fairs and beer mills, Great Falls to Las Cruces.) So, while I know that this five-inch-high performer is supposed to be merely reminidful of my native northern Rockies, the big-hatted jukebox West I grew up in, the constant
surprise has been our guitar player's worlds of light. Unexpectedly, he keeps giving lessons in the nuts-and-bolts of beauty.
AT HOME WITH LASSIE AND HER ILK

By Ivan Doig

Author of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair"

They run daylong, the competitors from Jedburgh and Craigielands and Potburn and Maryshiel and three score other Scottish map dots. Late and just now unlost — we nearly haven't come at all, what with the wee directions provided in the Edinburgh newspaper's notice of this event and then one of those travel-weary "Should we or shouldn't we?" colloquies about the uncertainties of aiming a rented car and our mortal selves down the left side of the road into the back lanes of the Pentland Hills — my wife, Carol, and I arrive as the entrant from Shoestanes Farm is gliding around the green course, a sleek speck in pursuit of four larger specks.

I stand stock still and watch. The silky movements of that trailing figure, splendid in the grass; the canny doggedness as he scrupulously paces himself until, with a last flourish, he takes command of his charges.

"Lassiehund," the German tourist next to us explains to his small son as he points to the panting pride of Shoestanes Farm.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the trial they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long, enveloping dash — a maneuver that, during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood, we called "way 'round 'em, Shep!" Then, in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, the dog must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

In miniature, then, a sheep dog trial replicates the timeless ritual perhaps first performed by Abel, that biblical keeper of sheep, with a first wise dog at his side: the seasonal movement of livestock to fresh pasture. "Transhumance" is the technical word for such a rhythmic journey of replenishment, from the Latin for "across" and "earth."

There in picture book countryside, where one kept expecting James Herriot to pop over a hill with a lamb in his arms, dog after dog had his day. And watching them intently perform their bred-in-the-bone task, across the earth from the Montana sheep ranches of thirty years ago, I felt something surely akin to transhumance's rhythm of renewal. I believe the word for mine is "travel."
for The New York Times, Sophisticated Traveler supplement
editor: Sarah Ferrell

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and Potburn and Mayshiels and threescore other Scottish map dots.
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pride of Shoestanes Farm and explains to his small son.

Well, yes and nein. The border collies in competition there at the Edinburgh Open Sheep Dog Trials are smaller, about knee-high to a person, and distinctly less cinematic than Lassie in nose and mien. At least as brainy, though. Consider the "trial" they are expected to perform. When four sheep are released several hundred yards up the field, the dog whose turn it is sets off on a long enveloping dash—a maneuver that during the sheep drives into the Montana high country of my boyhood we called "'way 'round 'em, Sheep!"—and then in response to signals from his distant handler and by dint of his own combination of shadowing and creeping and outfoxing, he must herd the mercurial quartet of sheep past or through a series of obstacles until ultimately finessing them into a tiny pen.

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Ivan Doig's latest novel is "Dancing at the Rascal Fair."
Katy Roberts, editor at NYT Magazine (212)556-4501

--called wk of July 16 '90 to ask me to do impressionistic piece on Seattle's growth, told her sorry, no. We agreed I'd let her know if there's anything I ever want to do for NYTM (have since thought about the Valier water project; or possibly Fort Peck Lake's "decline"?). She seemed pleasant, stressed that she's from northern California originally, misses it a lot.
Across America by Rail

Eastward From Seattle on the Empire Builder

By NANCY M. DEBEVOISE

The train skimmed past the freshly mowed hayfields of western Washington in the long shadows and golden light of late afternoon. A narrow dirt road curved in from the countryside to parallel the tracks, and I leaned on the window sill in my private compartment to watch a man in a pick-up driving alongside the train, idly scanning the windows. When he got to mine, I lifted my wine glass in a toast. He grinned and tipped his cowboy hat, then gunned down off the road.

My trip on the Empire Builder from Seattle to the Montana Rockies was sprinkled with similar exchanges. As the train whizzed through crossings and skirted backyards, playing fields and garden plots, people often cheered our passage with waves and smiles, which we returned like friendly children. The modest comforts offered by private quarters on board are long enough to last. The trains have little in common with jet travel, that sensation of fake air, canned music, plastic food, enforced togetherness and instructions delivered in such airship gibberish as, “At this time, we ask that you extinguish all smoking materials.”

Spired the tortures of a cramped plane cabin and the attentions of a seatmate you hate, you can stretch out in your own compartment and watch the world go by or wander the length of the train, stopping to sample the view from the observation car, or have a drink in the lounge car before dinner.

A plane trip through the West shows you what rocks, roads and ridges look like from five miles up, while a Western train trip gives you an intimate look at geography, geology and history. Outside your picture windows are abandoned lumber flumes and gold mines, famous dams and infamous kilting fields, sagebrush and rimrock, glaciers and gorges.

Even the names of Amtrak’s long-distance trains evoke the romance of the rails: the Empire Builder, Coast Starlight, Desert Wind, City of New Orleans, California Zephyr, Night Owl.

I began a monthlong exploration of inns and ranches in Montana’s Rockies by flying from Washington to Seattle, where I boarded the Empire Builder bound for Chicago. While waiting to depart, I learned about the Empire Builder, a train so well known for its journey through the Rocky Mountains that it is sometimes called the “Rocky Mountaineer.”

Heading West, With a Change in Chicago

By WILLIAM BORDERS

It was a humid July afternoon, and Lexington Avenue was sweaty and rank as I puffed out of a taxi at Grand Central Terminal, bound for Pikes Peak in Colorado.

My backpack attracted a few curious stares from pin-stripe commuters, but within moments the vacation started, in my cozy little air-conditioned roomette, as I laid out my map of the country, my Amtrak timetable, my mystery novel and my frosty can of beer.

“All visitors off the train, please,” the conductor called out, evoking another era. We were off, and as New York City slipped away behind us, so did the concerns of living there.

Three days and two nights later, I emerged from the Amtrak train at Chicago’s Union Station, having crossed the midwest in 2,972 miles, to continue my week’s travels — no longer than a couple of weeks in the mountains.

And getting there really was half the fun.

My endorsement of Amtrak comes with two cautions: First, forget about the gilded age of rail travel. It’s over, at least in the United States. Amtrak’s clean, modern fleet is much nicer than it was a few years ago, but it’s no Orient Express. Second, expect to spend a considerable amount of money.

As you chug along, you see not just the panoramas featured in the ads but also places you might never otherwise go, like Waukon, Iowa, where the wide front porches and huge shade trees call to mind Sinclair Lewis, or the corn fields around Ottumwa, Iowa, where you get a tangible sense of America’s agricultural abundance.

On the train, you also get an awareness of geography. Even though I grew up in St. Louis, I never knew until I crossed both rivers on the train, that the Mississippi River
United States Virgin Islands

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The American paradise. United States Virgin Islands

*Prices are per person, double occupancy, valid thru 12/31/86. Flights subject to change, certain restrictions apply. Packages subject to cancellations charges. Not responsible for errors or omissions.

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Equipment
In addition to coach cars, Amtrak has three kinds of sleeping equipment in regular service: Superliners, Heritage cars and Slumbercoaches.

In a beleaguered Superliner sleeper, operating only west of the Mississippi since it is too tall to go through Eastern tunnels, compartments vary from economy bedrooms without shower to deluxe bedrooms with shower. There are also family bedrooms for up to four passengers and a room for handicapped travelers.

The economy bedrooms have two facing seats that fold down into a bed, a headboard, a top bunk that pops down from the ceiling, a small closet, adjustable air-conditioning, reading lights, a call button, a mirror, a towel and a washcloth.

Amtrak cars in use east of the Mississippi, accommodations range from one-person roomettes (feet) to two-person bedrooms. All have toilets and washbasins. Slumbercoach rooms, also in the East, accommodate one or two people.

Amtrak is testing a new sleeping car called the Viewliner for use on Eastern trains. Viewliner cars have two rows of windows.

newsomewhere, and they seem to care, proudly explaining that this mountain tunnel is 6.2 miles long, for example, or pointing out the likeliest place to spot elk and deer. At stops, the conductor will tell you if there is time to take a quick photograph, and he will snap the shutter for you if you want. Amtrak also publishes detailed trip guides, which can alert you to sights.

I knew the scenery would be spectacular out West, but I was unprepared for all that we passed even before Chicago. On the Lake Shore Limited (successor, so far as the route is concerned if not in equipment, to the 19th Century Limited), the train goes north up the Hudson River Valley, passing West Point and the grand old mansions where Edith Wharton's people liked to hang out on weekends.

And like the rest of the attendees, the dining car waiters seem to know that you are on their train for an adventure, not just to get

Continued on Page 28
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FOR THE LIBERTY VACATION & CRUISE CENTER NEAREST YOU, SEE THE BACK PAGE OF THIS SECTION.
The residents of Seoul don’t just walk the streets. They attack them, barricading along with elbows and chips and tights, almost defying anyone to get in the way. There is nothing hostile in this. Restraint is simply not a conspicuous element in the city’s character.

Like many Asian capitals, mountain-ringed Seoul is a swirl of contradictions — gleaming skyscrapers plunked alongside rickety shacks, chauffeured limousines sharing streets with weathered men who carry charcoal briquettes on A-frames.

This summer, as attention turns to the Olympics Games, scheduled to begin in Seoul on Sept. 17, the city faces itself on the threshold of a new era of prosperity and international recognition.

There is concern about possible terrorism by North Korea or from other sources, but nothing concrete has surfaced to suggest that travelers must worry. In addition, South Korea’s personality has been ruled domestic politics, producing a recent surge in anti-American protests and street clashes.

The climate is the city’s main avenue. Admission for each is about 75 cents.

On the Kyongbok grounds is the National Museum, which displays ancient artwork and folk crafts. It is open from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., closed on Monday; admission is 70 cents.

One has to join a travel bureau tour to see Itaewon, the uninhabited village in the Korean demilitarized zone where the armistice ending the Korean War was signed in 1953. It is worth doing. The bus tour takes part adventure, part propaganda — offers an unusual opportunity to glimpse a bit of history and also to appreciate some of the stark latter-day realities on the Korean peninsula.

If you go, be prepared to spend a full day. Remember also to carry your passport. The tour price is $36, and it includes lunch at a United States Army camp. Reservations should be made 24 hours in advance at any tourist bureau office.

The weather is warming. On the other hand, it introduces travelers to Seoul’s fascinating network of underground shops, which stretches for miles and heights South Korea’s commercial frenzy.

A finer appreciation of the country’s roots can be obtained on the grounds of ancient palaces, most of which were built during the Yi Dynasty (1392 to 1910).

Changdok Palace, in the northern part of the city, is the best preserved of the five Yi Dynasty palaces, a collection of traditional buildings crowded by Sweeping, tiled roofs. Alongside it is Piwon, or the Secret Gardens, a graceful hideaway dotted with moss and rhododendrons. Alongside it is Piwon, or the Secret Gardens, a graceful hideaway dotted with moss and rhododendrons.

Getting Around

Buses run from Kimpo International Airport to downtown Seoul, but taxis are low priced and make more sense.

The 25-minute ride into town in a regular cab (small and uncomfortable out of luggages) costs about $14. Tipping is not expected, but at those prices, why not? Beige “call taxis” are also available.
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Front Range of the Rockies and crossing the Continental Divide. For 235 miles, the train runs beside the Colorado River, skimming along America’s ceiling through aspen forests and craggy canyons. The bleakly beautiful flat-topped mountains called mesas begin near the Utah border, as the afternoon shadows lengthen, and evening falls somewhere near Provo, Utah, in the 7,000-foot mountains of the Wasatch Range.

Boise, which is 2,011 miles west of Chicago, comes up at 7:10 in the morning. Both times I have made the trip, the porter has awakened me in plenty of time with orange juice and hot coffee served in my room. And both times the porter proudly pointed out that we were pulling in precisely at 7:10.

But time is really not all that important on the train, as you realize during a nap or an idle daydream in the desert. In fact, if gliding along comfortably across America can make you wonder, even temporarily, why it is that you feel you have to hurry all the time back home, well, then, that’s part of the vacation, too, isn’t it?

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Lake Superior

Wildflowers on Madeline.

In the lake region, the lake region can be a place of peace.

The Park Service maintains a historic site here on Little Sand Bay. It is the Hokerson Brothers Fishery, one of the many independent fishing camps that sprang up in the region to harvest Lake Superior's prodigious quantities of lake trout, whitefish and herring.

Commercial fishing began in the Chequamegon area in the 1850's, and from the late 1890's to the mid-1900's the Hokersons, three-generation Swedish brothers, gave up subsistence farming to run a more lucrative fishing operation. They retired when overfishing and the rising prices of the precious tars made it unprofitable.

T he camp includes the tumbling pine sheds (where gill nets were made and repaired), the herring shed (where the winter herring season people gutted, salted, and packed the fish in barrels), and the quaint little Thistle, the Hokerson's now-retired fishing tug.

It is an idyllic place, tidy in the way a Scandinavian enterprise tends to be, and quiet. Up here on the brink, with the camp close by and the view out to sea, a visitor can really begin to feel the peacefulness of Chequamegon Bay.
Celebrate Washington’s Classics this summer

At the National Gallery of Art — The Art of Paul Gauguin (through July 31) and The Flag Paintings of Childe Hassam (through July 17). Frank Lloyd Wright: In the Realm of Ideas (July 1 through September) at the National Museum of American History.

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Dear Ivan,

Thanks for your note -- sounds like the British invasion of Macmillan has set you back a pace. I'm sorry.

I'm off to the Grand Canyon (for the first time). I'll be back the week of May 22 and will try to call then.

I'm a sucker for reunion stories.

And I think we're loosening up on expenses.

Talk to you then....

Best,

[Signature]

Nancy
Dear Ivan,

Hope your winter of work was a smashing success and that you have lots of stray observations you could share with our readers. I'm still intersted in a piece about Montana; one thought is how space shapes character, with a strong focus on the land. Another (and I don't know how much of this you've seen) is rodeo: the*statx* seems like Montana is the home of real cowboys and real cowboy shows. Colorado and Nevada have the glitzy professional shows. It'd be fun to make a pass by the real corral.

Or maybe you have something a lot less predictable than my Easterner's ideas -- and a lot more real.

Best regards,
Dear Nancy--

This is in haste, as I'm about to **maximize** catch a plane for--of all places--Montana. It's symptomatic, though. As work on my novel is turning out, this coming summer is going to be the period I truly roam Montana, think about space etc. (I won't load you with a writerly tale of why I've had to rejig schedules, but in short it's a consequence of the takeover trend in publishing--when Maxwell bought Macmillan I lost my editor, have had to put off travel to concentrate on crafting the early part of my ms for new editors, and so on.) I know that'll make it too late for any piece for you for this summer; do you want to talk to me about aiming toward '90, or is that just too far off? I'll be back next week if you want to give me a call. There is one long shot idea--a town reunion--we might **discuss**, though it's in August, and again, too late for this summer, huh? And I'd probably have to go back to Montana especially for it; any expenses provided by the revered Travel Section these days?

Thanks for thinking of me again; sorry I'm so damn busy, but...

All best.

[Signature]
Dear Nancy--

Many thanks for your thoughtfulness in sending along Chris Bennion's shots of me on the Empire Builder. I'd already enjoyed my anonymous fame in the dining car pic in the article, and Chris's shot of me typing in the compartment is quite wonderful. It was a bonus for me, on that train trip, to watch Chris at work.

Well, a travel article about Montana: how about a definite maybe? Which is to say, I'll know better by next spring if I can muster such a piece for you; I'm at work now on a novel about contemporary Montana and every thought I have about the Big Sky and its space has to be aimed into that ms until I get a full first draft done. If you wouldn't mind nudging me about next March 15th, I could see then if I might do the kind of piece you'd like. Meanwhile, my appreciation to you and the Travel section.

best,

[Signature]
THE TREE OF LIFE
By Hugh Nissenson.

By Ivan Doig

W HY are diaries so dear to us? The ones on the shelf nearest where I write are almost daily company to me: "A Treasury of the World's Great Diaries," with its tidbits from Pepys and Stendhal and the clipper-ship captain Joshua Sears; magisterial volumes of Virginia Woolf; the indelible childhood epics achieved by Helena Morley of Brazil and Anne Frank of the Holocaust; the vivid jottings from the Oregon Trail and other westward journeys compiled by modern scholars such as John D. Unruh Jr. and Lilian Schissel.

At hand now we have Hugh Nissenson's inspiration, a novel written in the form of a pioneer's diary. Mr. Nissenson, who lives in New York City and is the author of the novel "My Own Ground," two collections of stories and a memoir, "Notes From the Frontier," isn't just slapping literary modes together in "The Tree of Life." He toils like a stump farmer to create verisimilitude of life on the Ohio frontier.

"I joined the crowd at Williams' Tavern and got drunk," runs the straightforward style of the fictional diarist, Thomas Keene, Harvard-educated backwoodsman, once a minister, now an "infidel" and whiskey dealer. Keene succinctly tallies for us the tasks and dangers of pioneer life in 1811-12 and describes his yearning for the young funny Wanny Fopper ("Trying to imagine Fanny naked and abed") and the onset of murderous strife between whites and Indians ("Make no mistake," he said, "Tecumseh plans to butcher us all."). It is story aplenty, as diaries often reveal behind their day-by-day matter-of-factness.

Diaries also have the perplexing habit of holding life at peculiar angles, and Mr. Nissenson's experimental novel is no exception. "Problems of the craft,"

Ivan Doig's most recent work is the novel "English Creek." He wrote of the Pacific Northwest diarist James G. Swan in "Winter Brothers."
written so well so often and revealed so little about his personal life. Curiously or unconsciously, Stevens excused himself from the long work — and that one is tedious. While his youthful poems strike the conventional personal notes, by the time he returned to poetry in early middle age he had abandoned any confessional need in writing. "I am a lawyer and live in Hartford," he wrote the managing editor of The Dial when asked for a biographical note. "But such facts are neither gay nor instructive." Mr. Bates must realize that if not gay, the facts of this poet's life are instructive. Using material from the Holly Stevens and Brazeau books as well as from considerable original research in the family papers, he parallels the facts of Stevens' life with the development of his poetry. While what emerges is hardly satisfactory from his letters, and not the least interesting aspect of Mr. Bates' book is his virtual construction of a miniature biography from scattered documents. Mr. Bates judiciously examines them and compares their rhetoric, preoccupations and ideas to poems written at the same time. These comparisons reveal some surprising coincidences, especially in poems and letters from the 30's, when Stevens confronted Marxism. Challenged by a harsh review in the Marxist journal New Masses, the conservative Stevens tried to reconcile the differing demands of the imagination and Communism in a series of surprisingly sympathetic poems. Mr. Bates sees these poems, published by a private press in a book called "Owl's Clover," but "excluded from Stevens' Collected Poems," as crucial in the poet's ultimate affirmation of pure poetry. Mr. Bates handles these comparisons deftly, although in his chapter on Stevens' work and marriage he occasionally links Mrs. Stevens too literally with figures in the poetry, especially the "Interior Paramour" of the final poems. One wonders if this uncharacteristic pashiness can be a common-sense delimiter, and virtually, by excessively romantic impersonal Stevens whose ample mature oeuvre conspicuously lacks love poems to his wife. Many of Mr. Bates' critical observations are not original, Stevens and other poets, for example, have been much discussed elsewhere. Mr. Bates' innovation comes from integrating previous literary scholarship into an extended biographical examination of the poet. In doing so, he may frequently consider the manner and concerns of Stevens' poetry emerged from the pressures of his life. Stevens, for example, devastated by the deaths of his siblings, became obsessed with recapitulating the past through genealogy. Meanwhile, his highly philosophical poetry became increasingly grounded in the images of rural Pennsylvania and concerned with themes of familial identity. Mr. Bates' intelligence and discretion in applying evidence from Stevens' life to his poetry makes this study a model for the new biographical literature currently enjoying a revival in the universities.

**Wallace Stevens: A Mythology of Self,** documents how the poet's life ran a soberly determined course worthy of his most stolid Pennsylvania-Dutch ancestor. The young Stevens accepted his father's stern advice that his primary concern should be, "Starting with nothing, how shall I sustain myself and perhaps a wife and family — and send my boys to College and live comfortably in my old age?" Although his estranged father further maintained that if not gay, the facts of his Stevens suppressed the exuberant side of his nature to pursue this bourgeois ideal. After leaving Harvard University in 1900 he spent only nine months as a journalist in New York before switching to law. He chose a dull but lucrative legal specialty, postponed his marriage to "the prettiest girl in Reading" for years out of an exaggerated financial prudence, delayed having his first child for another 15 years and eventually left his beloved New York for Hartford to recoup a faltering career. Not until he was in his mid-30's, when his personal and professional life seemed secure, did he seriously return to his undergraduate dream of poetry. By the time Stevens achieved literary fame late in life, it no longer mattered to him. Successful, reconciled to Hartford and married to an unhappy but stable marriage, he had already created a sustaining cycle of office routine and domestic privacy. He rejoiced his business associates but allowed no intimate friendships. Virtually no one was admitted into his home. Likewise he largely ignored the literary world, usually turning down the readings, lectures, recordings and interviews for which his contemporaries furiously competed. He wanted only to continue thinking and writing in private, as he had for decades.

Criticism in the 30 years since the poet's death has made the stature of his work unavailable, but until recently it contributed little to explain the man. Until the publication in 1977 of the collection "Souvenirs and Prophecies: The Young Wallace," edited by his daughter, Holly, and Peter Brazeau's 1803 editorial biography, "Parts of a World: Wallace Stevens Remembered," the intensely private man behind the poems seemed a mystery. Stevens remains an enigma.

Most troubling to the average reader is not theintellectual challenge of Stevens' poetry, which is considerable, but the relentlessly abstract and impersonal focus. Directly or indirectly almost all of his work is about poetry. Few poets have written so obsessively about a single subject, and probably no lyric poet has.

**Dana Gioia** is a businessman and poet. His first collection, "Daily Horoscope," will be published next spring.