

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

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The morning of that sparkling frost inside our tent, we started to hike out with brilliant blue above. Before noon, on a section of trail where, behind us, below us, lay the Continental Divide, we were in a sleet squall. When the squall cleared, the view was waiting: the Rockies blading up in all directions, peak upon peak upon peak, with a notch of view eastward to the patterned farmland of the plains.

"You can see how the country looked before they put buildings on it."

--Carol Doig, noon, July 4, 1977.

We aimed ourselves for that notch and hiked out of the Bob with the wind thumping a farewell against the backs of our packs. As it had for five days, the trail remained empty except for us. We had, in our time in that wilderness area, seen not a living soul.

Something, though. By whatever token, the standard journalist that I was when I went into those mountains came out to not only complete the memoir This House of Sky, but to write the Two Medicine trilogy of novels about a century of people on the hem of those mountains and those plains.

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

--Carol Doig, 12:15 p.m., July 4, 1977.

"On a place named Family Peak."

--Ivan Doig, 12:15:10 p.m., July 4, 1977.

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HUNGRY MIND REVIEW

A MIDWESTERN BOOK REVIEW

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April 2, 1996

FAX

212-698-7336

To: Louise Braverman, Simon & Schuster
From: Martha Davis Beck, Hungry Mind Review

Dear Ms. Braverman,

As I indicated on the phone, we would very much like Ivan Doig to participate in "On Tour" in the Summer '96 issue of the Hungry Mind Review. In this feature, we ask a question related to the theme of that issue of the magazine, to a group of writers currently touring with new books. We publish their responses alongside a schedule of their upcoming appearances at independent bookstores across the country. I'm enclosing a sample of the feature, for your reference.

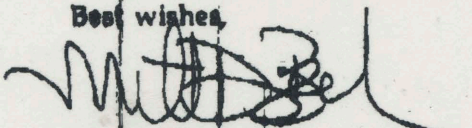
Our Summer issue comes out the third week in May. The issue's theme is *Home and Away*. Its features will include: an interview with Carol Shields, an essay on home by Quentin Crisp, a questionnaire by Dorothy Allison, the 1996 Children's Books of Distinction Awards, an essay by Kyoko Mori, and reviews of new fiction, nonfiction, and poetry. The question for "On Tour" is:

Describe an encounter with a place that made you want to change your life.

Other writers we expect to participate in the feature include William Kennedy, A. S. Byatt, and E. Annie Proulx. Mr. Doig's response can be short—250-400 words is the average range. We would like to receive it by April 17. It can be sent via mail or FAX (see above), and addressed to my attention. I hope he will be interested in taking part in this feature. If he agrees, I will need to get his tour schedule for May, June, and July from you, also by April 17. (If there are dates still to be lined up, they can be filled in later, before we go to press.)

I'll look forward to hearing from you. Feel free to give me a call if you have any questions or need further information.

Best wishes,


Martha Davis Beck
Associate Editor

Ivan - this is not necessary,
but if you are interested
I'm sure they'd be thrilled.
Please just let me or Louise ~~let~~
know what you'd like to do.

Thanks!
Elizabeth

212/698-9527

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for Hungry Mind Review
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Fourth of July High

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

That summer I was trying to find a reconciliation with the Montana I had left, 15 years before. Economic propulsion had sent me out of the state, and then as my father's life dwindled into his long dying, Montana became for me a site of sickness, sadness, strain. But now I was back, trying to write about it--and determined, too, to do something none of us in our family had had time or freedom to do: to go deep into the Rocky Mountain Front, the neighboring family of mountains behind Dupuyer during our sheepherding years, my high-school years.

My wife Carol and I backpacked into the Bob Marshall Wilderness, that start of July, along a little-used packhorse trail, which of course spells unbridged streams. Three fordings of Birch Creek in the first four hours. the water at the last crossing up toward our waists.

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