16 Feb. '85

Dear Bob--

Good to hear of you and your works. I'm pleased you reviewed WRITERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE, as it hasn't had much attention. Maybe Viking/Penguin will have some luck with the paperback as a continuing seller. I first saw the book in Missoula, the day I was signing copies of ENGLISH CREEK. Along came Bill Kittredge to say hi, and saw PURPLE SAGE for the first time. Then along came Jim Welch, and saw it for the first time, too...I don't know where DeMarinis and Ford were that day.

I have to give you a frank turndown on looking at your ms, something I never ever do. Partly it's a matter of time; I'm asked at least once a week, and some weeks almost daily, to give ms advice. But more than that, I'm philosophically against it. I absolutely believe a person shouldn't take editorial advice except from somebody the term truly fits: an editor, a person who has the power to bring a book into print. Given that the whole world doesn't agree with my own reading likes and dislikes, I think I shouldn't interpose myself into the author-editor equation. And so, I don't. I do feel free to pass along names to editors who ask me if I know of anybody with a manuscript, and contrary to what people seem to think, that happens exceedingly rarely. The only editors who've done so in the past few years are Scott Walker of Graywolf Press, PO Box 142, Port Townsend WA 98368, and John Woods, Trade Dept., Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1250 Sixth Ave., San Diego CA 92101. Feel free to give either of them a query letter saying I told you I know they're on the lookout for new writers. Otherwise, my recommendation is always that a person choose half a dozen publishers whose books he admires; select a senior editor from each, in the Literary Market Place rosters; and send simultaneous submissions of the best 30-50 pp. (the pp. you like best) of the ms, with a brief cover letter. My impression is, perhaps because of how it's treated me, that publishing is a much more open enterprise than reputation has it.

Well, enough. I simply wanted to get this into the mail to you, while I'm on my way to the post office. Congratulations on the movie career: we'll watch for you!

best,

Robert Gish ●

I'm not in your league as a writer; however, I do think (presume?) of us as kindred spirits in the "word."

Hope to hear from you, Ivan. And thanks for all those since SKY! And congratulations on the National Council for the Arts award I noticed that you just received.

Sincerely,

Bob

P.S. My daughter landed a role in an upcoming movie, "Desert Bloom" with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams. It was quite a family adventure. My wife and I had small speaking parts(I'm now a member of the Screen Actor's Guild, if you can believe it), and my daughter (aged 14) proved to be a real trooper, and quite a talent. Watch for the film at your local theater in September or October. Columbia (with Carson Productions and Sundance) is releasing it.

Also, just read CONTINENTAL DRIFT by Russell Banks. Fine novel!

Part of my old article on SKY finally did run in a journal published by the Owl Creek Press in Missoula.

1926 Merner Avenue ● Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613● (319) 268-1653

Robert Gish ●

February 14, 1985

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

Dear Ivan:

I haven't written to you in quite a long time. I first reviewed THIS HOUSE OF SKY for the CHICAGO TRIBUNE back in 1978. I regret that book review editors have not sent me your other books to review during the intervening years. But I've kept up with them on my own. I just got my hands on ENGLISH CREEK (waited for weeks for a B. Dalton order to make it to Cedar Falls) and am reading it now.

I did review WRITERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE which, as you know, has an excerpt from SKY. That review ran in the KANSAS CITY STAR. I gave PURPLE SAGE a good review and said good things about you--but I had a very short space and much to say about many writers.

Anyway, you've been on my mind lately. I treasure your letters (the three or four I have); especially I remember, even without rereading it, the letter you wrote telling explicitly about your utter fascination with words and language--something your books reveal in every line.

I finished the Horgan book (G.K. Hall, 1983) and did a long chapter on British exoticism for a history of the modern short story. Those two things I'm happy about. I've done several articles recently for SOUTHWEST REVIEW, NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, and SOUTHWESTERN AMERICAN LITERATURE. I review regularly for the STAR and for the BLOOMSBURY REVIEW out of Denver. And I have two contracts for literary biographies with university presses. But, I'm turning more and more to narratives and fiction.

I just finished a short manuscript (160 pages) entitled, HUNTERS: A REMINISCENCE. I organized it around the lives of six men, six "hunters" who influenced my growing up--my father, my uncles, my brother-in-laws; a friend who is now a professional hunter. If I sent the ms to you would you have the interest and the time to read it and give me your frank opinion? Maybe, if you think it shows promise, recommend someone in publishing that would consider it?

1926 Merner Avenue ● Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613 ● (319) 268-1653

85

CONGRESS

Pat Williams of the United States of America Montana

Dear Ivan,

I have just finished reading your Honors' lecture at M.S.U. Bill Tietz sent it to me last December!

It was fine. My thanks for your good works — they have given us enjoyment and they have helped explain 'the place'.

I'm currently enjoying English Creek. Jack is having trouble with Bubbles — not serious, I hope —

Thanks for the inscription! Best, Pat

5 Dec. '85

Dear Lee--

I'm considerably astonished myself, to hear House of Sky found its way to North Carolina. Yes, I'm with you in believing our regions are our literary constellations to steer by. There's a line by John Fowles in the intro to The Book of Ebenezer Le Page, a novel I love: "Provincialism is not merely lacking city taste in arts and manners; it is also an increasingly vital antidote to all would-be central tyrannies." So we defend more than one faith, the way we write.

I gladly signed the book for Hal, and because of the curious circumstance that the paperback of English Creek is considerably more legible than the hardback, I'm sending you one of my Penguin freebies. They never told me they were re-setting the type, so I never had to proofread the p'back. On the other hand, I notice in there that where I originally had a haying crew in the bunkhouse, they're now in the bunhouse--settin' around in their Stetsons eatin' croissants and hot crosses, I guess.

The books I'd like signed are coming by book-rate slow boat. But I'm enclosing with this the review of Family Linen by my bookstore friend, who in more ~~than~~ ways than one would be at home in your pages. Best wishes for the holidays, and I hope the words are flowing steadily.

Ivan

Dear IVAN -

I was astonished and happy to receive your letter: I am a big fan of yours and have been since my first encounter with This House of Sky, which is the most beautifully written book I know of. It has been really important to me in so many ways, notably by showing me how the more regional we can be, the more universal we are - -

Anyway, thanks. Of course I'd love to sign any books for you. And I'd like to ask you a big favor: can you please sign

(over)

English Creek for my (new!) husband, HAL? I'd like to give it to him for Christmas - an ulterior motive being, of course, that I want to read it myself. Thanks so much.

All best,

Lee

P.S. - Enclosed is postage money to send it back.

James Fenimore Cooper, famed author of the Leatherstocking Tales, stands in the center of Cooper Grounds on the site of Cooper's old home, Otsego Hall.

Pub. by Peter L. Hollis, Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326
Kodachrome by Peter L. Hollis

MADE IN U.S.A. CARD-TEXTER PRESS

Nov 4 1985

ORANGE CO. N.Y. P.M. NOV 5 1985

Daddy, I have finished English Creek and enjoyed it very much. It's funny that the mother often speaks with Capital Letters. I know what he means by that. I find it a flaw that the narrator is still living in the area -- the tone of the book indicates that he has moved away. What do you think? I look forward to the sequel. Love, Monique

Sinclair Lewis
USA 14

post card

Bel Lillard
1629 Sunset Plaza Dr.
Los Angeles CA 90069


JAMES
FENIMORE
COOPER
1789
1851

Richard G. Lillard
1629 Sunset Plaza Drive
Los Angeles, California 90069

November 24, 1985

Dear Ivan Doig:

Thanks very much for your note. I very much liked English Creek. It caught me as few novels do nowadays. Much of it gave me a rich vicarious thrill. Since I was reviewing for Forest History Society I emphasized the U.S. Forest Service materials, but in early versions of the review I had detailed praise for your Fourth of July--for the picnic, the rodeo, and hotel dinner, and the dance. You caught the world you knew--and know--and that I knew from the sidelines during seven summers in California national forests and my years in Missoula (living in the home of a retired timber cruiser) and on Valley Ranch, up the South Fork of the Shoshone from Cody.

I urged my daughter to read the book. She is a corporation lawyer with a downtown L.A. firm. I told her there was much of me in the story. I enclose her postcard, yours if you want it. I am struck by her point about point of view: that the narrator, who lives there, sounds as if he had moved away (as you have). I didn't notice this, and it may not be a valid point. It's a point that has always bothered me about Huckleberry Finn. The alleged point of view is Huck's but clearly much of the stuff (as from Hamlet) is Twain's. The discrepancy does not keep me from enjoying Huck. I found no such discrepancy in English Creek,, perhaps because I am used to the first-person point of view in novels and prefer it to the third person--just as I prefer autobiography to biography.

I hope that our paths will cross, as you say. Why not have them cross for sure in Vancouver in October of next year, when Forest History Society holds a three-day conference on U.S.-Canadian timber relationships? If you can't make Vancouver I'll have to make Seattle.

Very truly

Richard Lillard

I nominated your book, in vain, for the Los Angeles Times annual literary award.

Dear Richard--Appreciated your letter. I doubt that I'm a good bet for the Vancouver conference--I'm a rare conferee, and if I go anywhere next fall it'll likely to be MHA in Billings, sheerly out of curiosity. But let us know if you pass through here on your way north.

Thanks for trying with the LA Times nomination; I admire that paper, but their view of the West rarely goes north of San Francisco, since the passing of Bob Kirsch.

Best for the holidays and '86.

PATRICK F. McMANUS
P. O. Box 13237
Spokane, WA 99213-3237

November 13, 1985

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021-10th Avenue N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Ivan,

It was great to hear from you. With all my excursions to Montana, I thought surely I would meet up with you over there sometime.

Just got back from a book promotion tour, and you will be happy to know I found the new paperback editions of your books everywhere I went. I picked up a set in Milwaukee, of all places. They helped me retain my sanity after radio and TV interviews in which the interviewers either expected me to be a comic or thought I had written a book about grasshopper control.

I hope to get you to inscribe a copy of ENGLISH CREEK for me. Ted Lucia said he would see if we all might be able to get together for lunch when I'm in Seattle next week promoting. If that doesn't work out, I'll mail it to you, if that's okay.

Best,

Pat

2 Dec. '85

Dear Pat--
Have diligently watched the Seattle skies the past few weeks, but instead of you I've seen only several zillion snowflakes. I take it our Lucian lunch has to wait for spring thaw? If so, please do send your English Creek and I'll happily sign it up; you did a grand job the books I sent you. Nacho thanks. And best wishes to you and your words the rest of this season and '86.

Patrick F. McManus
PO Box 13237
Spokane WA 99213-3237

17 Oct. '85

Dear Pat McManus--

We haven't met but you've undoubtedly felt my envy from the direction of Kalispell, where I was merrily signing record numbers of my book last fall and the bookstore people kept saying, Gosh, that's almost half as many as Pat McManus sold.

Anyway, good on you, and how about if I sell a few more for you. If I provide 'em and postage, would you be game to sign up one for my buddy who is outdoors editor of the Great Falls Tribune, and another for myself?

Maybe our paths will cross sometime, on the book road. Meantime, I hope you keep thriving.

regards

8/27/85

Ivan -

Thank you for the flattering request.

Yes, the paperback thing was good news. I've been doing some radio-phone pyramo interviews for the book - and need that to finish soon now, for my own sanity, & to get back to work on a novel.

Glad to hear all is well with you. Housequests - & writing tension, ah yes: how wholeheartedly I sympathize with that one.

Cheers,

David C



beetle, inscrutably mute

Pablo Neruda

Bill Gulick
Route 3, Box 319
2465 Cottonwood Road
Walla Walla, Wash. 99362

Phone 509 525-5882

July 6, 1985

Dear Ivan:

By now you no doubt have learned that it was Craig Lesley's book Winterkill that won the Spur Award in the Best Novel category. I haven't read it, but both my wife and I did read and greatly enjoyed the copy of English Creek you so kindly sent us. Like all your other books we have read, it is absorbing and so believable that it reads more like non-fiction than fiction.

For the first time in many years, all the Spur Award winners were present at the banquet to receive their awards. When I was Awards Chairman some years ago (1963) I insisted on a policy of notifying all winners and their publishers, so that they would have an opportunity to be there (while pledging them to secrecy) or at least to send a delegate. Somewhere along the way, that policy has been discarded; but I urged the incoming President, Judy Alter, to reinstate it.

My trip to San Antonio was a hasty one, leaving here Monday June 24 and returning Monday July 1. At first I planned to drive to Portland and fly out of there because ordinarily the round trip air fare between Walla Walla and Portland is $150 or so. But my travel agent discovered that some of the big airlines give rebates to the feeder lines like Cascade, so by routing me via Delta and Western, I flew from Walla Walla to Portland and back on Cascade for only $15 more.

Jeanne stayed home to avoid the heat---so it never got above 85° in San Antone and Oklahoma City, where I spent the weekend with my brother, while it was in the 90's in W.W. and hit 105° the day after I came home.

I talked to my Doubleday editor about cutting the manuscript into two novels, with a third possibily to be written, and he was receptive to the idea. Now all he has to do is sell it to the high brass, whoever they might be. Used to be, I knew them---but of late years they seem to have turned all the decision-making over to computers.

Best,

Bill

11 July '85

Dear Bill--

Thanks for being my San Antone proxy. Craig Lesley is a buddy of mine, and if I couldn't win I was glad he did. I was startled that he beat Louise Erdrich in both categories, as her book won all the national prizes except the Pulitzer and everyone who's read it tells me it's splendid. The second night after the WWA awards, I was having a drink in the Ritz Bar in Missoula when I was paged for a phone call, and it was Craig, giving me particulars on San Antonio.

You're definitely right that the winners ought to be notified, so that they can be on hand and not leave the matter to chance. Almost any author will show up, and almost any publisher will pay his way, if definite results are in prospect.

Glad to hear you got the Nez Perce book(s) sorted out with your editor. Your solution certainly sounded logical to me.

Whooee, it was hot and dry in Montana. 4 p.m., July 5 in Great Falls, it was 101 and a 50 mph hot wind blowing. Among the topics I was researching was the drought of 1919, but that was too graphic.

Regards to your good wife, and I hope the manuscript words are flowing in flood tide for you.

all best

WILLIAM L. DWYER
27TH FLOOR, ONE UNION SQUARE
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98101-3143

July 2, 1985

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 - 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan:

I wonder if you would be kind enough to return the favor with your new book, copy enclosed.

Sincerely,

Bill

ss

Enclosure

GRETEL EHRLICH
Shell,
Wyoming 82441

Dear Juan,

I was touched by your comments about my book ~~—~~ & almost even more so about the ranch work. As you know it's (the work) always a hitch (but a beautiful one too) & while the ranchers I ride for say lots of things about me, they've never said ~~anything~~ anything I do is "poetic" & even if they thought it they wouldn't say it. So thanks.

I've read & liked your work all along & when my husband & I drove through White Sulphur last year we liked it enough to have lived there too.

Someone graciously sent me an invitation to the recent awards in Missoula at which you were honored. I'd thought of driving up to say thanks to you & to visit Annick & Bill but it's a days drive each way & I couldn't justify the time away from your writing. We're having an unlikely hot dry this year so when I'm stumped on my book I go out & kill grasshoppers &

shoot prairie dogs. Each sliver of grass counts. Yes.

Annie Dillard, Ted Hoagland + others of us are helping Antaeus put together a "Nature-writing" edition. I gave them your name — in case you have a non-fiction piece you'd like to submit to Dan Halpern. The deadline is April 15, 1986.

By coincidence we share the same agent — did you know that? — And Liz speaks of you often. If you come this way — (it's on the way to nowhere, however —) you are always welcome — always food, booze + beds available.

Thanks again so very much for your generosity + kind words.

All the best,

Gretel

July 2, 1985

17 July '85

Dear Gretel--

Until I got a thanks note from Liz Darhansoff for doing my blurb for SOLACE, no, I hadn't known we share her as an agent. You won my comments on other merits, mainly your own but also Pat Mulcahy's, who waited a respectful 90 seconds after meeting me at the ABA in San Francisco before asking if I knew of your work, and if so, would I... Anyway, I'm glad my words chimed right to you, especially about the chores.

My wife and I are just back from three weeks in Montana. Best part was time with Bill Kittredge and Annick Smith and Norman Maclean, all of whom are percolating nicely. Worst was the drought which you too are afflicted with. I do hope you'll write a piece about the grasshoppers. I couldn't fit that particular affliction of the 1930's into my last novel, even though I'd gathered considerable material, but I found time and again that the grasshoppers and the efforts to battle them were the most vivid memories of Montana farm folk who'd gone through the Depression years. And just as reliably, I find that my urban friends know zero or less about any of that.

More generally, let me say how glad I am that you're writing about the West. Among us land-leavers, your perspective is greatly valuable.

I've tucked away your mention of the Antaeus issue, though I don't think I'm going to have any stray prose for it. Pretty much all I do any more is work on my novels, and full-time doesn't always seem enough, even so.

I have a hunch that our ~~paths~~ paths will cross somewhere--one of my theories of the West is that everyone who knows Kittredge will eventually meet everyone else who knows Kittredge--and until then, may SOLACE and any subsequent of your words thrive.

best,

1211 S. W. 21st
Apt. 206
Pendleton, OR 97801
June 12, 1985

Dear Ivan:

Book goes forward under separate cover. The inscription's single virtue is sincerity.

Forgot to tell you in my last how much I enjoyed English Creek. A beautifully evocative piece of work. I think it superb.

Glad to hear Winter Brothers is being used at Corvallis. And should be. It's an education in style.

Whatever else our summer is, it'll be hot. We'll be here until October while my wife audits the Confederated Tribes, Umatilla Indian Reservation. Since we've been coming here for the past five years we're among friends.

And maybe we'll get in some fishing.

Regards.

Sincerely,

Malcolm Clark, jr.

18 June '85

Dear Malcolm--

A spiffy inscription on my Eden Seekers, for which thanks very much. But it's depressing for a guy of my handwriting to see yours; how is it possible for you to excel both in writing (literary division) and penmanship? Unfair.

Pendleton summer, huh? I'll think of you today as Carol and I head across this state to Pullman, where I'm to talk about, yes, Winter Brothers. Then it's on to Montana for three weeks and, I hope, another book.

all best--see you in Portland
one of these times.

MALCOLM CLARK, JR.
325 S.W. HAMILTON STREET
PORTLAND, OREGON 97201
(503) 241-0221

May 15, 1985

Dear Ivan:

Didn't use the card because it's a bit small for my printer and I have a few things to say. Only my wife can decipher my handwriting.

Thanks for the kind words. Winter Brothers was a hard book to review in so brief a space. I admire it greatly and could easily have paid it two pages of compliments and have plenty left over. But if you found the little I wrote satisfactory, I am content.

I will be delighted to autograph your copy of Eden if you want to send it along, but would rather take care of the return postage myself. Just send the book and I'll scribble in it. Don't worry if there's a little delay. My wife and I expect to be in and out of town during the next several months and the turnaround may take a week or two.

Best regards.

Sincerely,

Malcolm Clark, jr.

Dear Malcolm--

Thanks much, for immortalizing my copy of E Seekers. Recently was at OSU, to my astonishment found W Bros being used in sundry classes. I should have brought along your review to sell 'em.

best, and happy summer

P.O. Box 1048
Seattle, WA 98111

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

Enclosed is the form for the NEH fellowship. Mercifully it looks short. I guess the main concern is whether I can do a good job and complete the **American Voices** project as proposed. I think I have already proven myself on both those counts.

I have already written the Northwest oral history **River Pigs And Cayuses** and a sequel about Vermont (The New England Press, forthcoming.) I am now applying for funds to write up this winter's Texas sequel, to research and write one about the South, and to do a national volume lofted from the same pattern.

I think this is an exciting project; I hope you do, too.

Thanks again for your help,

8 June '85

Ron--

Mailed the NEH today. All good luck.

Ron Strickland

They'll die unheard. The river pigs, the stump jumpers, the cow chousers, the biscuit shooters, the bindle stiffs, the gandy dancers--the working people whom Dr. Strickland so avidly interviewed for RIVER PIGS AND CAYUSES and will seek out for the rest of his AMERICAN VOICES, they will go from us unheard if his project is not funded. That would be a wound not just to American folklore, but to our history and literature as well. I speak here as a Ph.D. historian-turned-novelist; in both my 1978 nonfiction book THIS HOUSE OF SKY, nominated for a National Book Award, and in my 1984 novel ENGLISH CREEK, winner of the Western Heritage award for best fiction of the year, I benefited beyond all saying of it from the rural interviews and reminiscences preserved in the files of the WPA Montana Writers Project from the 1930s. And like Ron Strickland but without his stamina and skill, I frequently do oral-history interviews for the sake of my current writing. Let me say with utter frankness, such work is a race with the undertaker. Time and again I have been in the nick of time to talk with the people of the Montana homestead era I'm now writing about, before they died or lost their coherence. Time and again I've been just too late. We can't afford not to let Ronald Strickland attain the lasting lore of these voices for us.

Dr. Strickland is a professional acquaintance rather than a friend; I think I've met him twice at gatherings of Northwest writers. So, my evaluation of him is strictly on the basis of his published work, the end result of such a project as he proposes in AMERICAN VOICES. That work I can only call energetic and skillful and invaluable.

5 June 1985

Ivan Doig, writer (THIS HOUSE OF SKY;:WINTER BROTHERS; THE SEA RUNNERS:
ENGLISH CREEK

self-employed; books published by Atheneum and Penguin

June 1, 1985

Dear Friends,

Greetings from sunny New Mexico! Well, Garth and I had an adventurous time lugging ourselves and our U-Haul over the mountains, and now we're comfortably settled in a beautiful house about four miles north of Santa Fe. Our address is 247 Hyde Park Estates (ritzy, eh?), Santa Fe, NM 87501, and our phone number is (505) 983-2463.

The Great Spirit, as always, has been good to us. We're living with three good friends, Kevin McGowen, Janice Bigornia, and Sandy Phelps in a large solar house in the hills, surrounded by mountains and pine forests (of the somewhat sparse and scrubby but nonetheless beautiful Southwestern variety--you know, a backdrop of stony, beige-to-iron-pink desert soil sprinkled with juniper, yucca, cactus pads, and splashes of hardy wildflowers.

Our nearest discernible neighbors, aside from Sandy's loveable cat and the other humanoids who inhabit well-spaced dwellings hereabouts, include the families of Raven, Robin, Nutcracker, Magpie, Hummingbird, Gray Squirrel, Jackrabbit, and Cricket. (Others soon to be discovered.) No mosquitoes, even at this time of year, 'cause there ain't no stagnant water. In fact, there's hardly any running water except from the faucet, since most of the creeks have already been baked away for the tourist season.

Garth's favorite pastime during the day has been sunning himself on the deck, belly-up, and by night gazing at the dazzlingly bright moon and stars. Mine has been eating enchiladas and French pastries, stalking pine trees, getting lost in Santa Fe (the streets were laid out by mules several centuries ago), and gawking at thunderstorms, rainbows, and sunsets. The sky puts on a never-ending display almost daily, and at times we feel a part of it. When we have the windows open the wind sweeps through the house as though we were living in a fire lookout on some mountaintop.

Garth has slept rather fitfully since we got here, probably owing to the change in altitude (8,500 feet--about 1500 feet above the city itself) and the upset in his hibernation habits, not to mention the sheer excitement of a new life opening up for him.

Needless to say, we're both excited. So far New Mexico and our new home are all and more than we had hoped for, and we've barely tapped the surface. Tomorrow we're going out to Bandelier National Monument to visit some mountain lions. The next day (maybe--just maybe) we're going to plug in the computer and get down to business.

We hope all goes well with you, that you're enjoying life and doing what you love to do. Drop us a line if you want to say hello. We'd love to hear from you.

Bearhugs and Best Wishes,

Brandt and GARTH

Ivan-- I tried to get ahold of you before I left, hoping we could have one last cup of coffee together. I plan on shuttling New Mexico and Washington, not unlike the way you shuttle between Montana and Washington, so I'll look you up next time in. Meanwhile, I'm working on children's stories and steeping myself in the land and people here. By the way, Garth is a friendly little hand puppet (grizzly) I've had for a number of years who has taken to sitting on the console of my computer recently and dictating some pretty good yarns. Keep in touch. - Brandt

23 May '85

Dear Bill-Barr

Hey, I'm greatly pleased with your piece in the Montana Mag of History. Insofar as I know what I'm up to, yours sounds like a pretty plausible explication of English Creek. As ever, I appreciate the time and brainpower you put into the article. And I know Bill Lang was entirely happy with the piece.

The good times still roll here. Carol and I have finagled hotel rooms from my sundry publishers, so we're about to head for San Francisco to the American Booksellers convention. And English Creek has been nominated for another prize, the Western Writers' Spur Award. Just had a phone call from my Portland buddy Craig Lesley, saying his Winterkill has been nominated too, so the two of us have two-thirds of the fiction nominations from that shoot-em-up bunch of writers; surprises me. Dare I hope that Lesley-Doig-Welch-Kittredge etc. are becoming the main western gang (commercially speaking) and the old six-gunners are starting to want to tag along with us? Having said that, I'll now watch Craig and me lose to some paperback titled Gutshot at Gopher Creek.

Not much else new here. Have a good old time in Europe, you and Juliette.

best,

9 May '85

Dear Priscilla--

Say, I appreciated that WINTER BROTHERS review in your spring issue. I've just been to Oregon State and the book is going strong in courses there. Malcolm's review was one of the deftest I've had, and I'd like to tell him so--would you please forward the enclosed to him?

My regards to the Vaughans.

best,

9 May '85

Dear Malcolm--

You are a fellow of no small benefits. The review of WINTER BROTHERS you did for OHQ I think is the ultimate word on that book, literarily as well as chronologically. Thanks greatly for the care and deftness.

Also, this gives me a shot to correct what I forgot to do when I came to the OHS authors' jamboree last December: ask you to sign my copy of EDEN SEEKERS. Would you? If you're game and have faith in the US Mail, just let me have your address on the enclosed post card and I'll ship you EDEN and some return postage. I hope you and your words are thriving.

best,

The Spring Valley Press Box 306 Langley, Washington 98260
206·321 1277

17 April 1985

Dear Ivan,

All the time you winning this award, we're getting a little tired of setting that name of yours over and over, the guys in the back shop are starting to complain and like that, we were thinking maybe you tell us the names of your next five-six books, we can set them all at the same time, save a little time, save a little money, what the hell, you know?

And congratulations once again!

Best regards,

Scott

Scott Freutel

3 May '85

Dear Scott--

I wondered how many PNBA awards I was going to have to accumulate here on the Freutel Wall of the house before you'd offer big-pressrun rates. I am glad your sense of decency, not to say economics, has come to the fore. But there is the problem that all the titles I've managed to think of, you've already printed me awards for. Do you deal on the basis we used to in filing news stories-- NTK, "more to come"?

I was doubly glad to hear from you, as it gives me the shot to tell you how handsome the English Creek award is; the Freutel work does make a grand display here.

all best. see you sometime.

Charles Robert Hoffman 2237 marin avenue, berkeley, california 94707 (415) 527-2063

11 April 85

Dear Ivan :

By now you must be well along with the second part of your trilogy , but it will do no harm to report , after just finishing ENGLISH CREEK , that I found it one of the most satisfying reading experiences of my life .

That handsome encomium from Stegner on the book jacket was right on the mark .

That great old time tennis star William Tilden , with whom I once rallied briefly as an awestruck youngster , had a standard piece of advice " Never change a winning game . "

Well, Ivan , you are on to a winning game . Keep it up .

Regards

Bob

P.S. Dear Ivan and Carol —
I am also awestruck at your common effort — a magnificent achievement.
We are still hoping to get to Seattle but this spring and summer will be in Bermuda and Scotland so yours it will be awhile. Meantime, if you're down this way, be sure and stop by.

Best. Betty

9 May '85

Dear Betty & Bob--

My gosh, you two: we're good enough friends you didn't have to like English Creek that much! But I'm tickled silly that you did. And thanks immensely for taking the trouble to write and say so.

It sounds as if this may reach an empty house, while you're traveling. So, on a look-what-you're-missing basis, I'll tell you there's some chance Carol and I coincide(d) with the American booksellers convention in San Francisco, May 24-27. If so, I'll call to see if you're home; and if you're not, you have to try us up here sometime.

All best. We think fondly of that great Berkeley evening with you.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

BOX 3353, UNIVERSITY STATION
(307) 766-6452



THE UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

LARAMIE, WYOMING 82071

4/8/85

Dear Ivan Doig,

Thanks for having Atheneum send me a copy of English Creek last fall. I did enjoy it (in small part from having spent time with pack-horses and a scatter rake--not on top of the stack if I could possibly avoid it) and admired both its humor and seriouness.

More to the point, I talked Western American Literature into letting me review it. They just come out quarterly, so it will be a while before it appears--next fall they say. Though slow, they reach a good deal of the Western Literature teachers . . . eventually!

It was good talking with you and hearing you read here last spring. Not many visitors here interested in talking about "Western" writers and sheep. Abbey was to come last week for a one-day blitz of the sinful, but at the last minute was lamed by a kidney stone and couldn't make it. . . .

Hope your writing is going well.

Regards,

Bob Roripaugh

Robert Roripaugh

15 April '85

Dear Bob--

Great good news that you're reviewing English Creek. You think it's rare for a sheep ranch kid to show up at Laramie on a speaking gig: except for Dick Etulain, son of a Basque, it's unheard-of for a book to get a review from somebody who knows something about sheep.

Knowing the similarity of our backgrounds, I thought you might like to see the enclosed "home" article. Whenever we get together again, I'd much like to talk about how you see your past in your present.

Kittredge passed through here last weekend, on a reading-speaking stint. Read a story of his (Iowa Review, some years ago) I'd never heard of, titled "The Phantom Silver," a mock-biography of the Lone Ranger, which I liked quite a lot, and I told him I hope he'll do some more playful stuff like that. Jim Welch is at Cornell this semester, plans to finish his historical Blackfeet novel this summer. I've seen only one paragraph(!), which was terrific. As for me, I'm 25,000 words into the homesteader novel about the McCaskills and feel like I'm just getting started. Had the good news that English Creek has won the Western Heritage award for best fiction, from the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City--and here I thought I took a poke at cowboys every chance I got in the book. You never know.

all best, Bob. Give a call
if you pass this way.

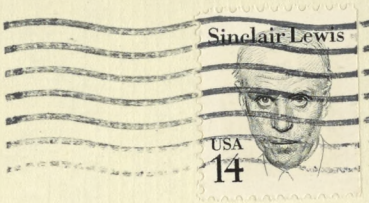
4/15/85

BUTTE, MT 597
1PM
16 APR
1985

Dear Ivan--

Short note apropos of nothing but to tell you that a) I recently did a mag story on a quite impressive Quaker man named Jim Corbett, who may soon be going to jail for helping Salvadorans & Guatemalans cross the U.S. border into "sanctuary," and despite having a Harvard M.A. in philosophy he is a quiet charming fellow who grew up in a sheep-ranching family in Wyoming, so after interviewing was done b) I naturally sent him a copy of This House of Sky, which I expect he will appreciate right to his toes. Cheers

David Quammen



IVAN DOIG
17021 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA.

98177



beetle, inscrutably mute

Pablo Neruda

19 January 85

Dear Ivan,

Thank you for your letter--I hope you are soon past the flu. The holidays fade from memory until the next year. I paln to spend Chirstmas through early January in a snow cave high in the Iris mountains next year.

Thanks for your words about Norman Maclean--I remember the last time that we talked (1981) he was haunted by time, the feeling that he didn't have enough of it left to do what he wanted to do.

I'll send along a bound copy in the most readable possible form--I do jnow that the book is between me and Bill Decker. And I did have a very short list of western writers who I wanted to look at it.

I am read ing English Creek now--which I ruthlessly avoided while I was at work on mine own book--it's marvelous.

The enclosed tape has some Montana stuff on it--Feather Ben is for an old fart I met in Eddy's bar in Missoula, Myles Keough died with Custer, and China Polly, though in Idaho, would have fit a number of places.

cheers,

PETER BOWEN

23 Jan. '85

Dear Peter--

Hey, thanks for the tape. Carol and I will play it some quiet evening around here, and hoist a toast Boiseward.

Also, something finally tickled through to me: that I think I have a Bowen, a barely-glimpsed forest ranger, somewhere in English Creek. Wanted to tell you that the name is what it is because on the shelf in front of me sits Biography, by Catherine Drinker Bowen; she and some of my other favorite women (Tomlin, Reinking) got their names bestowed into Eng Crk just because I wanted to.

Anyway; good luck with both your music and your book.

regards

29 JANUARY 85

DEAR IVAN,

CATHERINE DRUNKER BOWEN (MY GREAT AUNT SOMETHING REMOVED) HAS BEEN ONE OF MY FAVORITE WRITERS SINCE I FIRST READ YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS AT AGE 12 OR SOMETHING.

BOWEN IS A WELSH SURNAME MEANING "WELL-BORN" — ADOPTED BY THE DESCENDANTS OF THE CUSTOMARY NOBLE HORSE THEIVES AND ALL-PURPOSE NUISANCES.

THE SURNAME IS THE FOURTH MOST COMMON BRITISH ISLES EXTRACTED ONE IN THIS COUNTRY — WESTERN ILLINOIS AND THE EASTERN HALF OF IOWA ARE THICK WITH THEM, AND OF COURSE, THIS BEING AMERICA, ANY NUMBER MIGRATED TO OTHER STATES.

BILL DECKER PUT MY MANUSCRIPT IN THE UPS MAW THURSDAY LAST. WE HAD A GOOD CHAT OVER THE TELEPHONE. I AM NOW GETTING THE GOOD OLD WESTERN RITE-OF-PASSAGE TREATMENT, THE ONE THAT GOES LIKE THIS:

"YOU CALL THAT A HORSE JUST BECAUSE IT'S GOT LAIGS ON EACH SIDE OF IT..... SON, YA RIDE LOOKIN' LIKE A TURD HIT WITH A CLUB..... THINGS GOD SENDS ME TO WORK WITH....."

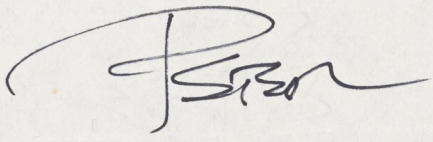
WE NOW ENTER INTO THE PHASE OF THE WRITER/EDITOR RELATIONSHIP WHERE THE GREETING GOES FROM "DEAR BILL" TO "LOOK, DUCK BELLER, YOU FARINA-FACED GLOB OF PUKE, YOUR CRETINOUS MISAPPREHENSIONS ARRIVED TODAY, AND.....

AT BOTTOM, OF COURSE, WE ARE BOTH ENJOYING THE PROSPECT OF INDULGING IN THE FINE OLD WESTERN CUSTOM OF COMMUNICATION BY MORTAL INSULT, AND WE WILL BOTH, NO DOUBT, GLEEFULLY SEND COPIES OF OUR CORRESPONDENCES TO THE TWO EASTERN GENTS AT HILL & CO, JUST TO KEEP THEIR HAIR UP A LITTLE.

ENGLISH CREEK IS A FINE BOOK.

LOOKS LIKE I'M GETTING A LITTLE PLACE IN OVANDO, TO WRITE IN BETWEEN HATCHES ON THE BIG BLACKFOOT RIVER AND THE HOLY PURSUIT OF DUCKS. DO YOU FISH? I HAVE A COUPLE OF BOATS, IF YOU AND CAROL WOULD LIKE TO FLOAT THE RIVER. THE FISHING IS 50-50, BUT I DO LIKE THE COLONY OF BANK SWALLOWS, THOUSANDS OF THEM, WHO NEST IN ONE OF THE CLAY BANKS, AND A PAIR OF OSPREY WHO CAST MORE GRACEFULLY THAN EVER I COULD.

CHEERS,



15 Jan. '85

Dear Peter--

Good news about your novel being accepted. When the time comes, yes, you can have your publisher try me with bound galleys for a blurb quote or a book for a possible ad quote. I guess I prefer the latter, just because I do find galleys a chore to read. Can't promise anything, as my own writing schedule ruthlessly has to come first, but I do always try in these instances.

Let me say, though, that I hope you're not lodging a lot of faith into comments from me or Kittredge or Guthrie or anybody else. If they happen, they make a person feel pretty good for a day, but in the career of a book they're only meringue. The sole person whose opinion counts (besides the most vital one, your own) is your actual editor, the guy in charge of seeing the book into print and of deciding what they're going to do with it in terms of number of copies printed, ads, etc. Nobody else, including Bill Decker if he's not fully shepherding the book at the publishing house, has much helpful magic. (Incidentally, I've only met Bill once. He's a friend of somebody I know in NY, and taken with House of Sky--I guess--he invited Carol and me to dinner when we were back there some years ago.) And be not abashed about being a first novelist, a phrase I think should be legislated out of existence. If you get a novel published, you are a novelist, at least in that instance. All of us who aren't Faulkner--which is to say all of us--have to learn about each book we write as we write it.

As to news of Norman Maclean, no, I haven't had any for about six months, when he and I passed through Bozeman about a week apart. He was in fettle then, telling the Chronicle reporter who asked him why he'd left Montana as a young man: "because if you stayed you had to kiss the ass of the Anaconda Company." As to how he is, I think you've already divined it: haunted by time, the conjunction of being in his 80s and having a heart not as good as it was and a novel he has been working on for years. Norman will tell you if he doesn't want to be interrupted. But if you're asking me if I'd ask something of him if I were in your situation: no, I wouldn't.

This is in some haste, as I'm trying to pull out of holidays and flu to resume a full-time writing schedule. But best of wishes for the novel and all else of life.

9 January

Dear Ivan,

A couple of years ago I called you while I was in Seattle making a public nuisance of myself at the folk festival. At the time I had shagged my novel to Madrona and God am I glad that I did not have the critter accepted there.

Each time that I talk to you I feel I must re-introduce myself--for the sufficient reason that if I were you I wouldn't have the faintest idea who I was. I met you at the '79 Missoula Writer's Conference and babbled for a moment about This House of Sky, that I had had Ross Higgins as next door neighbor as a boy and had spent a couple of Saturdays in the late '50's blowing inoffensive gophers into eternity and no doubt menacing health and good temper among the hands.

The novel that I began in Missoula in '79 has after the customary oddessey (I had, for a time, the William Morris Agency peddling my book. I will some day write a very funny story about all of that. That ended with some gum-chewing young lady edior at Scribner's saying to me, between smacks, "YAH, ISPENT OUT TO TWO YEARS IN LINCLON, NEBRASKA,YAH KNOW, HEMINGWAY COUNTRY" and you can guess the rest of the story.

Well, I persevered, since I have always wanted to be a writer for the excellent reason I am too simple to do anything else. By a stroke of extraordinary luck the book ended up at Hill and Company, a new outfit in Boston. Hill is every wwriter's dream--at least every first novelist's.

One of their two acquisitions editors is Bill Decker, and after clearing his throat and remarking that I sure had a hell of a lot to learn about writing novels he bade them take the thing.

I was in shock by the time it had dawned upon me just who Bill Decker was. He and Anne came out to Boise in September and Anne and Melissa went off and had fun while Bill heaved a great sigh and.....anyway I lived through it. And I did the rewrite this fall and though I know that there will be a great deal more work it does indeed resemble a novel about three-fourths of the way there.

Publication is set for the spring of 1986. I, of course, am asking if you could possibly read the book and comment upon it. I have asked Bill Kittredge and will soon be writing Bud Guthrie. If there was a sufficient time for you to look at it and the understanding that if you did not like it that would be fine, too. I have admired your work for some time (the publisher suggested a couple of perfectly nice folks down in Livingston and retreated rapidly when I told him that I was a Montanan, and further the only one I thought could write for sour owlshit down there--and that only occasionally--I couldn't stomach personally) so I thought I would ask.

I also wanted to know if you knew how Norman Maclean is. We have spent a few times together (he calls me Paul, as nice a compliment as I can think of) and have talked at length and with great enthusiasm, but I am frankly afraid of either interfering with something he is doing--he has told me often how time haunts him--or if he has troubles I know nothing about I am afraid to add to them.

Whew, well, so much for that.

Bill Decker (I get this from Anne) is pursuing a job in Bellingham. I gather that there is a writing program rearing up there and he and Anne would like (she says) to get out of New York City. I seem to remember Bill saying that he had had something to do with something you did sometime and I guess he is looking for any contacts that might be out there.

Melissa and I may be coming out to Seattle in February to escape the filth and fog of Boise and to see friends. If you are in I would love to have a beer with you and Carol (I have never met her, she sounds wonderful--I am such a babbling idiot on the telephone I stammered out a request for your address and hung up).

Good luck with whatever it is you both are working on.

cheers,

PETER BOWEN

Peter Bowen
1204 North Fifteenth Street
Boise, I daho 83702
208 3427951 343 4949

P.S. Melissa called from her office and said "Ivan Doig has a new book coming out about Scots Montana Ranchers, a trilogy."

So I called the bookstore and said, "Dan, will you go over to Ivan Doig's new book and find me the name of the family?" "Thank you Dan."

Now that I am done with the rewrite I can finally sit down and enjoy English Creek.

2 Jan 85

Thanks for the card, Ivan. Bets and I spent the week of xmas at the tip of Baja Mexico, eating seafood, drinking margaritas, roasting on the hot sand beaches. As you might suspect, it was hateful.

Rocky Mtn News finally published the review of ENGLISH CREEK, which I am enclosing "in both versions". I like your D. H. Lawrence pose best. I submitted the review on 11th November but the News is, as we used to say on the Musselshell, "slower than smoke off of shit." My printed words can't begin to say how much I loved your book. Not liked, loved. Jick and his Dad stand out and I hope no one asks me to pick between them. Life is land and place certainly, but mostly it is people, and your people were a feast, Ivan. Whether I, or any reader, ever met them before doesn't matter a whit. Wherever the Front is in this country, it's the people who give it life, form it; otherwise it's just a postcard. There are a lot of postcards in the West; that's why it's been treated so shallowly by so many fictioneers. There is an essence in <u>place</u> that only the true artist catches. You caught it; it helped that my own memories could make me feel it again. Like Hemingway said once about something else, "...hard to do...hard to do." Actually, I am going to skip over other Montana writers and go to a Canadian as the other "best painter" of the West ~~that~~ who is "bone in." Paul St. Pierre in last year's SMITH AND OTHER EVENTS, he knows what ice looks like on a stock tank, what a coulee can do in sunset. If you haven't read his book, sing out and I will mail you up my copy. It will be worth your time. He is not better than you, Ivan, he simply knows where the old horseshoes are and how they look in rust. I will read about your Two Country many more times in my life. Whenever I want to go home.

Yes, we missed you after the dinner that night, and it's too bad. You were busy with fans, Bets and I got tied up, the minutes slipped by and suddenly it was time for the Dieters to go home. We're morning people, we are in hames at 6:30, and 10:30 pm pushes the sleep shadows hard. And it's a long ride with no moon to our suburban digs. So, that's our excuse, fairly given, and we're stuck with it, damn it. So much I wanted to ask you about our Editor Tom. I am totally disenchanted with him. I think he's a good "word" editor and then his abominable administrative flaws take over. He gets worse not better. Bil Gilbert (WESTERING MAN) my good Arizona desert compadre is of like mind. I may yet be forded to make a voodoo doll and get out my warbag of needles. I myself of course am known internationally as Mr. Organized. Those less friendly call me a clerk. No matter, I wish Mr. Stewart would put his apron on once in a while and spend some time behind the counter. I hope he sends you BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN, whose official birthday is 21 January.

Ivan, we'll meet again, I'm sure of it. In the meantime, be advised that if you don't watch out you're going to become my favorite writer.

yore pard, dieter

B

8 Jan. '85

Dear Bill--

Just a quick thanks before I get down to the business of writing a novel again. The RM News review was great; indeed, it made me feel years younger, until I realized the mug shot in the early edition wasn't me. Your words were inspired. I wish I could bank the reviews Eng Crk has had.

I hope your woes with Tom may settle down as the newly-moved Atheneum office and his new assistant do. The good news I can report is that book distribution seems to be a lot better now that Macmillan is running it; at least they got Eng Crk out in time and quantity, whereas Sea Runners was always too few, too late, a performance which had me about as ticked off then as you are now.

Good luck with Beyond the Mountains; I'll pass along any reviews I see up here. More than that, I may ACTUALLY GO OUT AND BUY A COPY.

best to Bets

P.O. Box 85627
Seattle, Washington
98145-1627

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CRAIG SCHEAK
206-323-6247

JUAN —

Yes - I'm STILL AROUND.

AND you MUST BE LABORING on ANOTHER NOVEL. Good!

THOUGHT you might like this

BEST

CRAIG

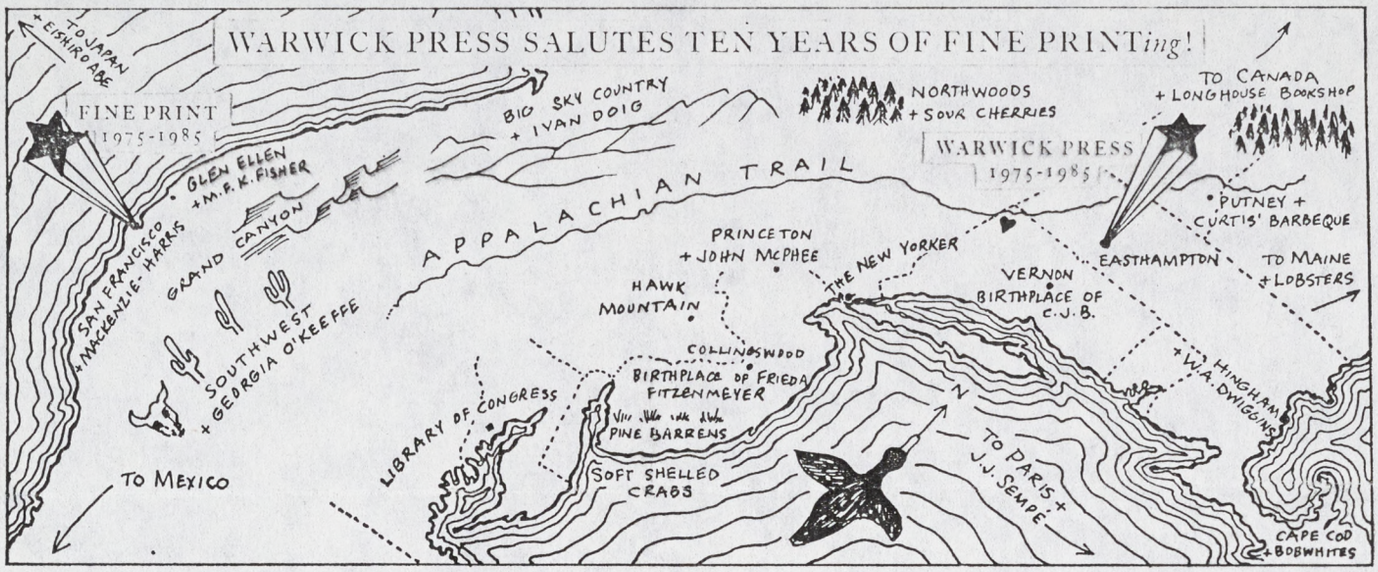
8 Nov. '85

Dear Craig--

Yeah, I liked the Warwick Press map of the US pretty much. Thanks for sending it; I wouldn't have seen it otherwise.

Aren't we about due for our paths to cross again? Look around yourself, see if I'm there.

best



of his or her work? Do not be cowed by reputations; do not believe for one instant that just because a binding is by a Fellow of the Designer Bookbinders it has received a *nihil obstat*, and that if it looks dull or silly to you it must be because of your own lack of taste. If you have gone to the trouble of informing yourself of the difference between good and bad in bindings in terms of craftsmanship and feel yourself possessed of a reasonably cultivated aesthetic sense, then by all means make judgments upon what you see. It is not only your privilege, it is your responsibility. For not until we begin to look at what we see with clear and critical eyes will the quality of designed bindings in the English-speaking world improve.

What might be done to improve the situation? The first thing I would like to see is an exhibition mounted which might legitimately be called "Masterpieces of Contemporary English and American Bookbinding." I would restrict it to English and American binders because, however much I admire French bindings, I am sufficiently chauvinistic to want to encourage in my own country the making of masterpieces —which should be, as Cyril Connolly suggested, our chief aim. Moreover the French and Anglo-American traditions in bookbinding are too different to blend happily. In France there is a designer, who usually gets the lion's share of the credit, supported by a rather anonymous group of artisans whose peerless virtuosity in their very specific tasks makes possible the realization of the designer's vision. By contrast, in England and America, with a few exceptions, a single individual performs every function required in the making of a binding, from designing to sewing to finishing. A competent individual working alone can produce one fairly complex binding in a month. Had Bonet been required to do every part of each of his bindings by himself, he would have had to work steadily for 137 years to achieve his output. Exceptional talent is required to produce a brilliant binding in the Anglo-American tradition. One must have an original mind, a perceptive eye, and extraordinarily well-trained hands. How rare a combination, and how wonderful when encountered! I believe there is a special spiritual excellence attached to a binding that is entirely the creation of one individual; other things being equal, I prefer such a binding over one created by a small army of artisans.

As I have suggested, there are perhaps ten binders at work in England and America who produce excellent work with reasonable consistency. But who are the ten? Who is going to make the difficult choices? Who is willing to alienate the binders not chosen—binders who are, perhaps, one's own friends? And who dares arbitrate taste, after all? I hear these objections raised every time I broach the subject. But is it really impossible? Let us say that we wanted an exhibition of ten bindings each from ten binders. A call goes out for binders to submit slides of fifteen designed bindings they have executed. Immediately all but about twenty-five binders are eliminated, for the simple reason that most binders haven't done fifteen designed bindings. Then if you don't want to be responsible for choosing ten from the twenty-five, you form a committee, of course—committees being the best way known to evade individual responsibility. Seriously, in choosing the final ten, taste in design need not and should not play too large a role. For I believe that in judging art, good taste is often achieved at the expense of originality. The truth is, inconsistent craftsmanship will eliminate by easy consensus a number of those remaining. In the end, of course, judgments will just have to be made. In fact, if I have but one point to make, it is that such judgments are *necessary* if a standard of superlative quality is to be established and maintained. Even the ten binders selected would not have all of their work displayed indiscriminately—a selection would be made from the examples submitted. The end result should be, could be, an exhibition displaying a great variety of styles and techniques, and not a *single* inferior piece of craftsmanship or design.

I should acknowledge that excellence is occasionally recognized in this country. The Guild of Book Workers has sponsored three one-man shows at the Watson Library of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for Frank Mowery, Gerard Charriere, and Michael Wilcox, all three deserving individuals. The Guild has also set up a Committee on Standards



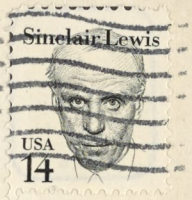
Jackson Lake and Mt. Moran

10. VII. 85

Dear Wen:
I'm having Stella on
Dan/Michener funds to
spend a 7-mo residency
at:
FINE ARTS WORK CENTER
24 PEARL St. Box 565
PROVINCETOWN MA 02657
Keep in touch!
Mike Wanner

SEATTLE. WASH. PM AUG

Published by Yellowstone Park Co., Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming 82190



the Continental card

Wen Doig
17021 15th Ave NW
Seattle WA 98177

JACKSON LAKE with an almost perfect reflection of the Teton Mountains in Teton National Park.
B1958-Color Photo by Art Dexter

MIKE ROBERTS
BERKELEY 94710

HPBooks, Inc.
A Subsidiary of Knight-Ridder Newspapers, Inc.

September 19, 1985

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

Dear Mr. Doig:

This March we will publish a book called Kim Williams' BOOK OF UNCOMMON SENSE, enclosed in galley form. You may know of Kim Williams through her radio commentaries on National Public Radio's ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. If you do, then you already know that Kim is a lively, witty and seriously amusing (or amusingly serious) essayist with stimulating opinions and advice on such matters as Health, Food and Diet, Nature, Rituals, Aging, Death, Marriage, Politics, etc. If you don't know about Kim, I'd like you to take my word for it; she is all of that and more.

The enclosed book galleys are a compilation of essays on the aforementioned topics, and a few others, too. We hope that you have the time and inclination to read through them and pass on your reactions to us (by late October) to be used as quotations on the book's jacket and back cover. Use the enclosed addressed/stamped card for quotations if you like. If you prefer to contribute an introduction to the book, please let me know.

Thanks in advance for your help in this project. If you have any questions, please call.

Sincerely,

Theodore DiSante
Editorial Director

Encs.

sent 9 Oct. '85: Along life's trail of dusty confusion, Kim Williams is our burbling brook. Throughout these pages her thoughts leap, tumble, bubble, glitter and swirl, always in clear sparkling prose. Hers is one of the most refreshing voices in America today.

Mail: P.O. Box 5367, Tucson, Arizona 85703 U.S.A.
Telephone: (602) 888-2150
Street: 1019 W. Prince Road, Tucson, Arizona 85705 U.S.A.
TELEX No. 551538
Cable: HPBooks Tucson

Doubleday

Office of the Vice-President

January 9, 1985

Dear Ivan:

Congratulations on your Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts.

The list is quite distinguished but all the better because you are on it.

Best,

Sam (:)

SSV:sc

Samuel S. Vaughan
Editor-in-Chief

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

P.S. In case you didn't see the Sunday New York Times version, here's how it looked.

Dictated 1/7/85

Doubleday & Company, Inc. 245 Park Avenue, New York 10167 Telephone 212 953 4697

17 Jan. '85

Dear Sam--

Appreciated the NY Times clipping. The NEA $$ are truly welcome news. I may yet make a living out of my profession.

all best

Simon&Schuster

Herman Gollob
Vice President
Senior Editor

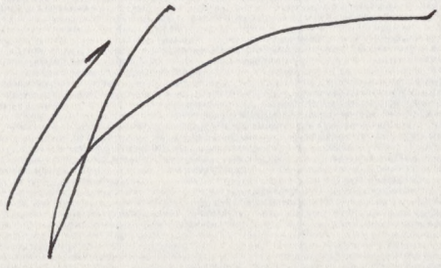
January 7, 1985

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

Dear Ivan,

To coin a phrase, I'll keep my fingers crossed.

All best,



Simon & Schuster Building
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020
212 245 6400
A Division of Gulf & Western Corporation

Simon&Schuster

Herman Gollob
Vice President
Senior Editor

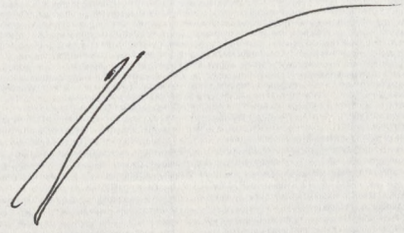
January 9, 1985

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

Dear Ivan,

By the way, I assume that the next novel in your English Creek trio is committed to Atheneum, but if not, I'd welcome the chance to read it.

Best,



Simon & Schuster Building
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020
212 245 6400
A Division of Gulf & Western Corporation

17 Jan. '85

Dear Herman--

Liz Darhansoff is working on keeping me committed to Atheneum for the next English Creek book. I've been happy with Tom Stewart so far. If anything happens to uncommit me, I'll certainly bear you in mind. Thanks.

all best,

Simon&Schuster

Herman Gollob
Vice President
Senior Editor

December 18, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
c/o Atheneum Publishers
115 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10003

Dear Mr. Doig,

It may be presumptuous of me to send you a novel as vast as John Byrne Cooke's THE SNOWBLIND MOON, but if you read the prologue, I think you'll discover that this novel may be long but it's not going to be tedious. In fact, I think it's one of the finest novels ever written about the American West. And what makes it all the more remarkable is that it's Mr. Cooke's first book.

We're giving this novel a huge push because we think it deserves it. I hope you agree, and I look forward to having your reaction.

Best wishes.

Yours truly,

HCG:djg
Att.

Simon & Schuster Building
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020
212 245 6400
A Division of Gulf & Western Corporation

4 Jan. '85

Dear Herman Gollob--

The Snowblind Moon has duly reached me, although at an unpropitious time. I'm settling in at the typewriter for the next novel in my *English Creek* trio, and usually all other projects get put aside at this point. I'll try to find some time, but as you say, *Moon* is a big read. Be assured I'll pass you my response promptly if I manage to have one.

Meantime, my congratulations to Mr. Cooke and best of luck to him. If S&S is giving this book a huge push, I believe his luck may already have arrived.

regards