



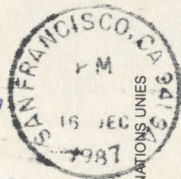
Season's Greetings
Meilleurs Voeux
Felices Fiestas

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Landscape • Paysage

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UNITED NATIONS CHILDREN'S FUND

Post Card

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave, NW
SEATTLE, WASH.
98177



- Congratulations
+
Merry Christmas
[whichever comes
first...]

Jim Hemdon

Printed in U.S.A.

87178



Ivan & Carol - Thanks for
all the post cards Happy Holidays
& notes - I've been remiss



- Hope this finds you well -
Love
Efrat
& Preso



Dear Ivan & Carol,

Happy holidays to you!

Life at LIFE under our new editor is busier than ever, thank God! And as the magazine gets better, we get stretched — which beats sitting around! The new activity is a tonic — even if a bit wearing at times —

I loved reading "Rascal Fair" — It became my all-time favorite commuting fare* (to date, that is) what's next? I look forward to it/them —

All best to you both —
and here's to a productive
new year!

May Every Happiness

Be Yours this Holiday Season

Warmly,
Jan

JANET MASON

*That's when I get my
best reading done! to-ing
& fro-ing to N.Y. from NYC!

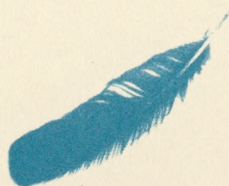
DARK-EYED JUNCO

(*Junco hyemalis*)

Painting by Catherine McClung

Entirely gray except for its plain white lower breast, belly and outer tail feathers, this elegant-looking finch is also aptly known as the slate-colored junco. In the North, many people associate the appearance of this little visitor in the fall as a sign that the first snow is not far behind. Juncos breed in the cool forests of Alaska and Canada and south into the mountains of Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania. In winter, the birds search for seeds in open woods and brush from Ontario throughout the eastern United States and northern Mexico. An eager visitor to feeders, the junco's song is a loose trill—a more musical version of the chipping sparrow's call.

This card represents a gift to the National Wildlife Federation.
It reminds us of the need to conserve and use wisely all of our natural resources.



To
Paint
a
Portrait
of
a
Bird

First paint a cage
with an open door
then paint
something nice
something simple
something lovely
something useful . . .
for the bird
then set the canvas against a tree
in a garden
in an orchard
or in a forest
hide behind the tree
without a sound
without moving . . .
Sometimes the bird comes quickly
but he could take long years
before deciding
But don't get discouraged
wait
wait years if necessary
as the quickness or slowness of the arrival
has nothing to do
with the painting itself

When the bird comes
if he comes
observe the most profound silence
wait until the bird enters the cage
and when he has fully entered
softly close the door with a brush
then
paint out all the bars one by one
being careful not to touch any of the bird's feathers
Then paint in the tree
choosing its most beautiful branch
for the bird
and paint in green foliage and a fresh breeze
sun dust
and the sounds of insects in summer
and then wait until the bird decides to sing
If the bird doesn't sing
it is a bad sign
a sign that the painting is bad
but if he sings it is a good sign
a sign that you can sign
Then you gently pull out
one of the bird's feathers
and you write your name in a corner of the picture.



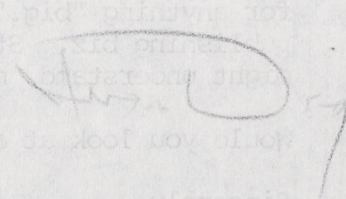
26 Feb. '87

Dear Ms. Horswill--

Nope, I never look at other people's manuscripts. I have about a dozen reasons why I think it's a bad idea for anyone except a professional editor to render judgment on a piece of writing, but I'll simply cite you the main one, that if I ever started doing it I'd never get any of my own work done. (A nice guy I may be, by Jud Moore's definition, but Superman I ain't.) I'm also contending with an aggravating eye problem, which means I have to parcel out my time and energy pretty carefully--no phone calls, please--so let me get down to the couple pieces of advice I ~~have~~ have, such as they are. For evaluation/criticism of your manuscript, I suggest you get in touch with one of two groups (their membership somewhat overlaps) here in town who specialize in providing editing advice: Seattle Editors, phone 524-4202, or Editorial Consultants, 323-6475. These groups are women who are or were professional writers or editors themselves, and they're very high calibre minds. They of course charge a fee, as any self-respecting professional would. As to how to submit the manuscript, I'd recommend getting a copy of How To Get Happily Published, by Appelbaum and Evans, and draw ideas from there. Names of agents and editors are in Literary ~~Market~~ Market Place, when you're ready to submit the ms. A piece of advice that I've read, and that sounds good to me, is that you might use as a sample not the first chapter, but whichever portion of the manuscript you like best; of course, a synopsis should accompany that.

Beyond that, I simply have to say that from my experience and that of my published friends, each book has to find its way into print by its own route, through the brain and perseverance of its author. I wish you luck.

cordially





EMILY J. HORSWILL

127 NW 40 Seattle, WA 98107

632-8044

February 15, 1987

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

Dear Ivan Doig:

I write at the urging of Professor Brenner, English Dept. Montana University, supported by Jud Moore. But first:

I love your work. You might be the best: I also might be prejudiced due to backgrounds that mesh: that is, assuming the gossip surrounding you isn't all myth. I had thought that I was unique on the present day scene. Did you really herd Montana sheep, too?

Then, too, when I write autobiographically, my memory waxes wishful at the point where the edges of it grow fuzzy, and likely the other way round. I'm also fuzzy on whether "This House..." was plugged as autobiographical novel or autobiography.

But samples of my novel, MONTANA WINDS, are presently under scrutiny by the Guggenheim Foundation, along with my heavy writing credits, both journalistic and creative. This began with Jud, who during a bout of research, read my synopsis and first chapter, then passed it to Professor Brenner who wrote me stating he wanted a first published copy to recommend to novel's classes as a "teaching tool."

However, my contact with publishers and agents raises doubt about any published copy-- unless an editor or agent looks at a sample! Truly, present day reaction to a first book is, at best, uncivilized. It's "Who the hell are you to disturb me in humanus erectus position": get on your knees. Mine, belonging to an independent critter, are tender. But carry on and you'll get a horror story--a shocker, but what publisher would publish it?

As a final note, I can only say ^{do} they have me intimidated, usually not easy. Could have something to do with my rural background and distaste for anything "big." You just missed the new corporate monster publishing biz. Still both Professor B and Jud say you're a nice guy, might understand, might lead me.

Would you look at a synopsis and first chapter of MONTANA WINDS?

Sincerely,

Emily J. Horswill

Wow!

**FROM THE TURBULENT GRANDEUR OF THE
HIGHLANDS TO THE INTRIGUE OF ROYAL CASTLES...**

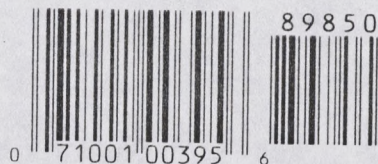
With the bold passion of Iain Fraser's pirate blood and the breathtaking brilliance of Dallas's dark-haired beauty, their tempestuous daughter Sorchia confronted a world seething with political strife. Yet it was not just loyalty to Mary, Queen of Scots, that swept her into the perils of court treachery and intrigue. For even as her heart whispered, "Shameless," she was compelled to follow the man whose dark and mysterious eyes had touched her very soul with impossible dreams—a man who wore the garb of a priest!



Wow-woo!

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PASSION'S
TRIUMPH



MARY
DAHEIM

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*Just thought "Creek" is
"English" a gift for a friend
I still can't figure out how come you
don't have no naked people
on your covers...*

MARY DAHEIM

Author of LOVE'S PIRATE

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TRIUMPH

A DARING AND MAGNIFICENT LOVE STORY
THAT CAPTURES THE EMOTION OF A TURBULENT ERA

*Has
head
in book,
not
permitted
on Romance
covers.*

Christmas 1987

Dear Everybody:

Traditionally, Americans dwell upon the many things for which they are thankful at this time of year. In that vein, as a typical, ordinary, just-plain-folks family, we would like to do the same, while allowing for some qualifications as well as amplifications, towit:

1. We are thankful for the roof over our heads. We wish it would not have had so many holes in it and that it had not leaked, dripped and, upon occasion, even GUSHED during the course of 1987. The four plumbers who tried to solve the problem (which has been going on for five years) weren't a lot of help. Dave did his best, at one point caulking everything in the bathroom that didn't move, including Barbara who had turned to stone while applying a beauty mask. I suspect that we had more water inside our house than the rest of the state did outside all year. My favorite theory about the leak came from the nitwit plumber who said (GET THIS) that it was because we'd had too much rain this summer and it was leaking in from the gutters. This man is now, we hope, safely put away in a home for the Very, Very Weird.
2. We are thankful for our health. This is misleading, as what we ought to be thankful for is the health of our dentist's bank account. Dave had six (6... count 'em...6) root canals this past summer and spent so much time with Dr. Bob that ugly rumors began to surface. ("Who was that dentist I saw you with last night?" "That was no dentist, that...etc." You get the picture.)
3. We are thankful for sunshine and clear blue skies. This is a blatant lie, and any of you living within a 300-mile radius of this letter's source must recognize the irony. Through August, the lack of rain was a nuisance, but by September, with rationing in effect, it was a Big Pain, and come October, not even the greatest of geeks dared to wish anyone A Nice Day lest the words be taken as encouragement of yet more warm, dry, sunny, horrible, depressing weather. Finally, with November looming before us, with the roses and primroses and even our noses in full bloom, the citizens marched on the state capitol in Olympia, waving umbrellas, stomping about in their galoshes, clutching their raincoats, and demanding that the Governor MAKE IT RAIN. (For those of you NOT living within a 300-mile radius, this is A TRUE STORY.) By some fiendishly clever bureaucratic trick or plain dumb luck, the rains finally came about two weeks later.
4. We are thankful for our children. Yes, we are. We are, for example, thankful that Katherine passed her driver's test without running over a State Patrol officer. We are thankful that she is gainfully employed at Thriftway where she is frequently run over by grocery carts guided by Tofu-crazed Yuppies. We are thankful that Barbara got to go Back East (in MY day, that meant Yakima) to see New York, Washington, D.C., Virginia, and somewhat to her surprise, North Carolina, as she didn't realize at first that's where she was. We are also thankful that she is once again running the after-school day care program at St. Anne's while still attending Shoreline Community College before transferring on to the University of Washington well before her fortieth birthday. We are thankful that Maggie has a new puppy, especially since the doggie lives with Angie, the babysitter, some two blocks away. We are also thankful that Mag made her First Communion in May and did one of the Epistle readings and made the spiritually mature statement that her favorite Communion gift was My Little Pony Gets Dentures.
5. We are thankful for the many professional opportunities and challenges that have come our way to aid us in our growth as human beings and otherwise make us plumb crazy. For example, Dave took a course in computers and word processing this summer, returning from each session in a slightly less amiable mood than Ivan the Terrible. Each diatribe would go on until he'd become quite calm, say in an hour or two, and he'd always conclude with the single word, "DUMP." For three weeks I thought this was a description of the class—until I found out it was the instructor's name. (This, alas, is also true and may explain a lot.) In addition, Dave did 80 hours of volunteer work at the Seattle Repertory Theatre where he wrote

an excellent article on Arthur Miller for the company's magazine. We are most thankful that no one at the Rep saw fit to change it in any way, which is more than can be said for the title of my new book (due out in March from Avon, \$3.95 at your local book stores, and worth every penny—it's already being hailed by critics as "...one of the most important books of the decade."*). My rather classy title, "The Sorceress", was turned into "Passion's Triumph" with, of course, the usual sleazy cover. All my principles are once again violated, unless the blasted thing makes Big Buck\$. We are not so thankful to Procter & Gamble which carelessly suffered a net loss of \$435 million the second quarter of 1987 due to what must be construed as gross goofiness. In consequence, they stopped paying their authors for the novelization of certain Soap Operas. Since I was doing "Dallas," so to speak, I remain among the unpaid...until they get another Bag o' Bucks.

6. We are thankful for living in the land of the free and the home of the brave... right up to the point where some wretched dirt-bag ran up behind Barb last February and hit her in the head with his gun, fracturing her skull, puncturing her ear-drum, and breaking a bone in her face. Barb was only a block away from home, returning about 8 p.m.; apparently this loathesome creep (who was wearing a ski mask in 56° weather) thought she had seen him attempting a burglary. She hadn't—but it turned out that he'd been committing all sorts of mayhem around the neighborhood for months and Police Were Baffled. Not to mention STUPID. Dave got the Block Watch going again and during our first meeting, one of the neighbors in attendance had his house... yeah, you know...BURGLED. No, the crook was never captured.

7. We are thankful for Small Things: Tessie, the Turtle; Elsie, Lance Dorgan and Spike, the goldfish; and Chimo the Hamster. Mag says Chimo is a VERY smart hamster: "Every morning," she told her Dad, "he gets up and eats his breakfast and makes his bed. (Pause.) Except sometimes he eats his bed and goes to sleep in his breakfast." Dad wasn't impressed—he's been getting students like that for years.

8. We are thankful for the opportunity to See the World. This past year we visited such locales as Reno, Victoria, Vancouver, Spokane and Twisp. Yes, we had seen them all before, but so what. Personally, I'd forgotten what Twisp looks like.

(Not much.)

9. We are thankful for the appreciation of the Finer Things in Life exhibited by our children. While all three have shown tastes and interests which are above the price of rubies (not to mention diamonds, sapphires and emeralds), Kath has gone beyond the bounds of the pedestrian (and not only when she's driving...) to the sublime. Kath doesn't aspire to the boardroom so much as to the Designer Room. She's the only 17-year old we know who has put Designer Earplugs on her Christmas list (Mag snores). Kath has saved money to buy a car and insists she can get a real steal on a 1951 Bentley. She's right, she'll have to steal it.

10. We are thankful for our family and friends. Very much so. Inasmuch as I turned 50 in November (pause for appropriate comments such as, "No! You don't look it!" "Why, I'd never guessed!" "But it seems like only yesterday that you were 49!"), my family surprised me with a party of friends and relations. Yes, I WAS surprised. And pleased, especially in that I almost didn't make it, having fallen flat on my face at the Northgate Mall while Dave was stalling in order for everyone to assemble at home.

So we've counted our blessings, and in truth, you are among them. That being the case, we all wish you and yours a happy, holy Christmas and a joyous New Year—with as many blessings as you can stand.

Yours,

Dave, Mary & Girls

*This is a lie.

December, 1987

MERRY CHRISTMAS

We hope we don't throw our friends and relatives into a state of shock by actually mailing our Christmas cards so they will (we hope) arrive before Christmas. Kathryn has a student teacher who is in her last few weeks so she is doing the teaching, which means that for the first time in memory, piles of work don't get dragged home at night. Consequently there is actually time to think about other things like Christmas greetings.

Ralph is still diligently working at the study of Japanese. This fall he managed to talk Kathryn into joining him using a proposed trip to the Orient next summer as an incentive. At this point there is very little need for any current linguist to start trembling with fear lest he lose his job due to her mastery of the subject, but she has at least learned the proper way to greet people and say thank you and excuse me. We are still working on, "Where is the restroom?"

This past summer we went to Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island for the first time and found the only thing wrong with the trip was that we didn't get to stay long enough. Lots of things were put off "till next time." We also spent a week at a cabin in Minnesota which gave us time for a good visit with Ralph's parents. Kathryn's mother, sister, and grandniece were with us so we had the rare chance to visit with both sides of the family at the same time.

Zora enjoyed her year as a reporter for the Midland, Michigan, newspaper, but decided more schooling was in order so she is now a first year law student at Case-Western Reserve University in Cleveland. She thinks her classes are exciting, stimulating, and fun (?). She has $2\frac{1}{2}$ years to go so let's hope her enthusiasm continues. The violin hasn't been out of its case since law school started, but we are hoping that isn't a permanent condition.

Eric attends Toledo University, just down the street a ways, and lives at home. He was away most of the summer learning how hard lots of people have to work so that lots of others can have a good time at Cedar Point Amusement Park in Sandusky, Ohio. He is an assistant scoutmaster and plays in the university orchestra and church handbell choir.

Ralph's parents are still living in their little house in the frozen north, but his mother's health is not good so they are starting to think about perhaps moving to a place where care for her is right at hand. Jim (Ralph's brother) was here from his home in England for a time in the fall and Ralph was able to get up there for a few days at that time.

Kathryn's mother spends most of her time trying to keep track of an ever growing group of descendants. She acquired another great-grandson this summer. She still lives in her big house, bakes for every bazaar that comes along, and in general keeps busier than many people 20 years younger.

So went another year in our lives. None of us did anything earthshaking, but we muddled through pretty much the same as everybody else.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Ralph Eric Kathryn Zora

(over)

Ezs

Dear Ivan and Carol:

Ah, so you've gotten the review, so I don't have to dig around on my desk to find the ones I meant to mail to you. How efficient are publishers and their tearsheet services. You know there was an interview in the Chicago Tribune. It is in the pile of papers I carry back and forth to work, but I haven't read it yet. Fame creeps up like little cat's feet.

So, soon after you read this you will be returning to the gulag to start the next book. It sounds like a lot of discipline to me. I listen to Gary Hart re-enter the race _ five minutes on television and then bank a cheap shot or two off the backboards for an hour or so, discuss the problems of the Toledo Symphony with the fired director and our music critic, return ~~home~~ to the office to write another one about a Democrat who defied his party to become vice mayor with the aid of four Republican votes (5 out of 49) and then drove slowly home through what the press calls ice-slick streets, take my piano lessons, eat dinner, advise my son to go to a private college, and then sit down to write Christmas cards. That's what I did between 12 noon and 8 p.m. today. The morning was spent editing the editorials written yesterday, reading the paper, drinking coffee, and generally jawing.

Hart by the way is crazy. Spent too many years with his head too close to the sun. On the other hand, what's he got to lose. Nothing. Maybe he can gain a little respect back, and there is always the chance the novelty of it will get him third place in New Hampshire, and so he goes. Paul Simon came to our office briefly -- first of the Demo-Republican 12-pack I've seen this year. He remembered me very well, of course. I can be useful to him I suppose. He dined at our house, you may remember, and we dined at his house. I invited him again, but said he might have to wait eight years or so to take me up on it because our ~~room~~ house would not have enough room for the press, the secret service, the retainers, and the man carrying the black box.

I made a quick trip to Los ~~San~~ Angeles. Santa Monica, actually. It was a conference on the economics of the Pacific Rim, and for a change it was helpful. I also walked along the actual rim and got immersed in the subject when a wave came in and wet me up to the knees. City looks a little run down. The problem may be that there are so many shack-like houses, one even sporting his and her privies. It was right off the beach. A guy was building sand castles, sitting in a puddle of water, though it was only 60 degrees. He quit about sunset. I got the willies just watching him. Also there were ~~three~~ identical twins, weighing about 250 apiece. One was loudly protesting his arrest by three, four, five, or more ~~Sax~~ Santa Monica police officers who looked afraid of him. Southern California looks like a Martian landscape from 31,000 feet up. And that's about all I know, Orville. I see Bob Hartley is president of Bellevue C of C. I wonder if it is a paid job; I would think not. We are going through a lot of changes here, too, and one result is that I probably will not move up the ladder any further. No real problem with that, because I never thought I would. I hate publishers, though. Perhaps I'll return to academia yet, or else write the definitive tale of a young boy growing up in northern Minnesota. Been done by Garrison Keillor, you say? Fiction is more fictional than life. However, I do like your work. It does have a sense of place, although perhaps the same can be said of God's Little Acre. I guess I like This House of Sky and the Sea Runners best. Drop me a line before you turn to the task, if you can spare the time. Best wishes for prosperous 1988.

Ralph

P.S. I doubt I'm a good reviewer of fiction. —

GARY JENNINGS

18 December 1987

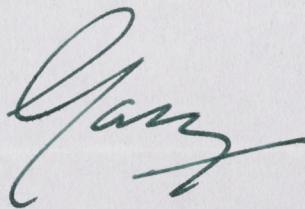
Dear Ivan --

The enclosed was sent to me by Atheneum along with some reviews of mine own work.

While I was pleased to have the chance to read this -- and most heartily concur in the sentiments expressed (hell, I should only get such raves...and deserve them) -- I know how chaotic things can get at Atheneum, so I was afraid maybe they'd neglected to send this to you.

Congratulations...

...and all best wishes for
a merry Christmas and a
happy, productive, profitable
New Year,



Dec. 22, I sent Gary a Xmas card of thanks, plus:
"Dammit, I told Atheneum to word-process that Bill
Tazewell review before sending it to you, changing all
the 'Doig' to 'Jennings' and 'Rascal Fair' to 'Spangle';
just what we want in our Xmas stockings, a generic
Good Review.

Yup, my book had a good autumn. Which means it sold
a respectable fraction of what yours is doing. Hurrah
for us both! And thanks for passing that review along."

Dear Ivan,

14 December 1987

Sorry to be so slow with this. It's taken us a while to get caught up with ourselves and figure out what remains to be done and what needs to be done next. We're off to a good start, I think, and anxious to get on with the weekly show-making.

I am enclosing an article that Noah and I ran across last week while we were eating homemade chicken noodle soup at the Moose Cafe in Hayward, Wisconsin. (We took off for a few days in search of quiet, a few inches of snow and a cross-country trail. We found it all in Wisconsin) I thought this was a fine piece. I liked "Big Sky Guy" but wondered about the "fur trees".

Let me thank you again for coming to be with us. We all enjoyed meeting you and Carol and wish you nothing but happiness and great success. And happy holidays from Noah and me.

All my best,

Neenah ^{Ellis}

Chicago Tribune

435 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

PETER GORNER

312/222-4350

12-10-87

Dear Ivan,

Here it is. Hope it's ok.

Thank Carol again for the
help on deadline.

I'm going to name
Something Mariah Montana.
We already have enough
Kids. Maybe a dog.

Thanks Again.

Pete

16 Dec. '87

Dear Pete--

Wow. If a fountain pen produces writing with the flow of yours, I'm gonna have to go get myself one. All fall Carol and I had been remarking to each other how herky-jerky the writing has seemed in the interview pieces; hell, maybe it's just me, but we've had to wonder whether those VDTs have any t-r-a-n-s-i-t-i-o-n-s in them. Your article, though, is handsomely of a piece, and a damned accomplished piece at that. I'd give a nickel to know where you ferreted out that quote about my thesis. I figured I had the only copy of that, here in a private billet-doux file, but since I don't see any burgling footsteps from you leading up to this house, there must have been another version loose in the world.

I'm now done with the promo season, can catch my breath for a few weeks and then resume on the next book. "Rascal Fair" has done really well, indeed boosting me a rung or two up the writing ladder. Although the publisher and I are pretty sure the book can't crack the NY Time bestseller list--there simply are too many others out there with truly massive print runs--it did produce enough blips around the edge a few weeks ago that the Timesters "called for a book," as they saying goes, just in case it did make the list and they had to dab in a description of it.

Mmm, yeah, well, okay, I think a Gorner pooch trotting around Chicago-land answering to "Mariah Montana" would be pretty nifty, all right. As you proclaim yourself childreaned to the max, I guess you're not in the market for an idea that friends of mine in Great Falls had; they named their first daughter Tana, and have always proclaimed themselves disappointed that the second child didn't turn out to be a boy so they could have named him Monte and called out through the neighborhood, "MonTE! TaNA!" Honest. My home country is even stranger than you might think.

Thanks, greatly, for the craftsmanship. Give a call if the Trib ever ships you this way.

best wishes

1200 Lakeshore - 11A
Oakland
CA 94606

2 December 87

Early greetings for Christmas
+ New Year, 1988
and (belated) clipping
and my notes for your file (if
useful).

It was a pleasure to hear you and
meet you at Black Oak. The next week
my presentation went well: yes,
I included a report on your evening.

I had elicited murmurs, gasps,
chuckles etc. throughout my reading/
talking (and a few snatches of song).
Several folks stayed over — most
notably one who said she'd been in
every Ttl Forest & Park as a child because
her engineer-father was a road con-
sultant and another who wanted to
talk about Sea Runners.

You'd mentioned you'll be at the Bancroft
some time & if you'd like to share a meal
we can do one here, or go to your choice of
one of our favorite spots or our choice of one
of your favorites — In any event

Victor and I truly appreciate your books — and were delighted that you came to B.O. last month.

Sincerely,
Esta Wolfram

(415/835-8117 answered only by humans,
so please call back if we're not
home + you can eat!)

(From Esta Wolfram, November 1987)

George R. Stewart (1895-1980) wrote Fire in 1948. Although it is fiction it was based on careful research. Fires are still headline events. This novel takes us inside of them at no risk to ourselves.

Ivan Doig (born in Montana, now living in Seattle) has completed two novels of a projected trilogy. In both, English Creek and Dancing at the Rascal Fair, forest fires are part of the background.

Stewart's Fire is an 11-day diary. Though the fire that he calls "Spitcat" is fictional, its portrait is accurate due to research and on-site observation. Doig's English Creek examines a critical time in the life of a forest ranger's family. A 1939 fire, which involves the teen-aged narrator, is vividly detailed. In his acknowledgments Doig says "the Flume Gulch fire is my own concoction," but he documents the sources for it and the other fires he mentions. Dancing at the Rascal Fair describes a 1910 fire in a brief but effective passage.

Both authors consider problems of land management and competing ideologies even among those who wish to preserve: what controls to impose on use, what logic to follow during crisis, how best to heal damaged land. The people in each book are affected by the fires. The focus in Fire, mainly on Spitcat, is reversed in Doig's books. For Doig, forest fires and many other events are the backdrop for his characters' interactions: romance and history weigh more!

English Creek is America in 1939, Dancing at the Rascal Fair 1889-1919. The McCaskills and the Two Medicine country become very real in both. Which book to read first? So well are they crafted that one wins in either sequence. The narrator of English Creek has unanswered questions, setting us up for Rascal Fair which solves these puzzles. Yet if one reads the saga of the family from its immigrant beginnings first, English Creek will follow with our time. (In a recent evening at Black Oak Books Ivan Doig told us the third book's people are 1989's citizens: we look forward to its publication.)

Fire is currently available in paperback from the University of Nebraska Press.

English Creek and Dancing at the Rascal Fair, hardcover: Atheneum. (This House of Sky, Winter Brothers, The Sea Runners and English Creek are now available paperback.)

Alameda Co. Medical Auxiliary Books Group
Meeting Nov. 20, 1987 - 10-12 a.m.

11/30/87

Dear Joan,

Here is this, at last. I wish I'd had Hansel & Gretel beforehand. It is a tremendous book. I don't know when I've read such a story - a saga, truly - about growing up.

(McMurry, go at your heart out!)

Saying, it was fun to talk to you, and I trust we will meet again.

Best,

W. H. Kern

4 Dec. '87

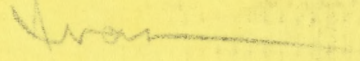
Dear Mike--

Hey, thanks: (a) for doing the nifty article on me, and (b) for sending along a copy, which almost never happens. And I'm pleased House of Sky reads okay to you. At booksignings this fall, I've had people show up who knew someone in that book, sometimes my folks, sometimes even me.

Things have gone well with Rascal Fair. Harper & Row recently outbid Penguin for the paperback rights; I notice with delight ~~and~~ amazement that the decimal point is moving a place or so to the left in the financial figures for this book. Still a few digits short of McMurtry, though.

One last bookselling swoop, down the Willamette Valley in Oregon, and then I relax, if that's the word, through the holidays and become an actual writer again the first of the year. I hope '88 brings all good things for you and the Tarawa book, Mike. Call if anything brings you to this corner of the country, please.

best,





Forest History Society, Inc.

701 Vickers Avenue, Durham, North Carolina 27701 / Telephone (919) 682-9319

November 18, 1987

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

Dear Ivan:

"Dedicated to Vernon Carstensen." Land sakes, is that the same Carstensen who answered his own questions during seminar, while we sitters-at-his-feet waited in vain (sometimes vainly) for a chance to chime in? And are you the same McDoig who used to shock us all by brrring about writing for money? Who would have guessed how we would turn out?

Gail read Dancing first, as I was committed to finishing at least two of the books that I was working on. I was intrigued, for occasionally she would sob, but then exclaim later that there was some "good stuff" too. To think there was a time that you and I would blush when someone would say "stork" in mixed company!

You should know that I am basking in your acclaim, for clearly it was my penetrating questions during seminar that sharpened your mind. At least, that's what I am telling everyone who asks and some who don't. I used to brag that my cousin's wife was Van Cliburn's cousin, and that accounted for my musical talent. You see, I was lead clarinet in the Vashon High School marching band and often had to explain how I could handle it. Of course, there were only two clarinets on Vashon, and since mine was the only one with all its pads, I got to be lead. But why play down my achievement? Anyway, you have replaced cousin Van as my lead-off faculty party anecdote.

We are both well and living the hectic life that is appropriate for these times. Trips to Australia next May and Czechoslovakia in September have us already reeling with jetlag. We anticipate that CSSR will be the more enjoyable, since we liked Hungary and Yugoslavia (why is it that I keep thinking that CSSR is a near-acronym for Christian Science Reading Room?), but we are keeping open minds.

No trips to Seattle for a year, after we have our annual meeting in Portland sometime in October. So unless I bump into you in some airport, I/we will see you in about eleven months.

Sincerely,

Harold K. Steen,
Executive Director

HKS:dar

Hi, guys. I'm glad to hear, Gail, that you persisted past the more snuffly parts of my latest opus pocus. And as for you, Pete, OF COURSE I had to dedicate the book to Vernon--it was the only way he'd let me out of seminar!

I got home just last night from the last of my book huckstering travels, the Great Willamette Valley Bookstore tour; saw Dick Brown at UOregon, Bill Robbins at OSU. Carol meanwhile was finishing up grading, so as of this morning we're, done, done, done with everything that began on Labor Day. It's truly been a great

autumn

for us;

this was the fabled "breakthrough" book where people east of Billings actually bought copies. A goodly proportion of the 52,000 in print have been sold, and Harper & Row outbid--that's o-u-t-b-i-d--Penguin for the paperback rights. Who knows, maybe there's a living in this yet. See you in Aug.

109 N. 81st St.,
Belleville, Ill.,
Nov. 15, 1987

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

Send signed SKY

Dear Ivan:

No, you don't know me; but I got pretty well acquainted with you recently at the home of my kid brother, Ben, on Hilton Head Island, SC. My wife, Rose, and I spent a week in October with Ben and Jeanne. I happened to mention to Ben one day that I had just finished reading a very good book called "Dancing at the Rascal Fair." "Who was the author?" he asked. "Some guy named Ivan Doig," I replied. He was flabbergasted. "Ivan Doig!" he repeated. "I was his faculty advisor from his freshman year to his last year in graduate school. He helped me with the high school institute, he ran the school when I had my heart attack, I introduced him to the woman he married, and Jeanne and I stood up for them."

Ben then proceeded to show me his collection of Ivan Doig books, most of them autographed. He hadn't yet heard of "Dancing," but he has a copy now. I brought your address home with me. When we arrived home on Oct. 22 I discovered that I somehow had lost all the notes I had so carefully made while reading the book. That, and a return of pollen-induced sinus problems made writing the review a difficult chore. But I got it finished and it was in today's Post-Dispatch.

I am ten years Ben's senior and was the first member of our family to go into journalism. Being the oldest in a family of modest means I wasn't able to go to college. I had begun covering sports for the East St. Louis Daily Journal in my sophomore year at high school (\$2 the column) and I continued on that tack, switching to general news in 1928. Left the Journal in 1931 to become East St. Louis correspondent for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and was 42 years there, winding up as director of training. Have also done some teaching at area universities.

When I retired in 1973 I changed careers, becoming a regional historian. I have published two books, "Echoes of Their Voices" and "Captains of the Wilderness," both covering the era of the American Revolution on the Illinois frontier. I could easily have converted the second book to readable fiction but at my age I decided it would be best to add some facts to

our state history. The first book sold out after 6500 sales, which is pretty good regionally, but I'm having a little trouble with "Captains" because of the advance in costs. However, it is by far the better book. It resulted from discovery of long lost documents in 1974 and eleven years of research.

I have been reviewing books for the P-D since 1951. I have, in turn, been the "authority" on crime books, war books and books by and about journalists. When I began researching 18th century America I suddenly became the frontier and western "expert." However, I never heard of Ivan Doig before "Dancing at the Rascal Fair" because my reading has consisted of research and the books sent by the P-D book editor to review.

Some day before I pass on I hope to become acquainted with more Doig books. Right now I am asked to read two tomes, John Jakes' "Heaven and Hell" and Gary Jennings' "Spangle." That's almost 2,000 pages of reading!

Hope I have done justice to your book in this review. I seldom hear from authors, but a few years ago I did receive a note of appreciation from a perfect stranger, Oliver Lange, for my review of his book, "Land of the Long Shadow." He lives in Washington state, too.

Hope the sales of "Dancing at the Rascal Fair" are doing as well as expected.

Sincerely,

Carl

Carl R. Baldwin

Salem, Oregon, Dec. 9

Dear Carl--

A fine surprise to hear from a Baldwin other than Ben, and one bearing a handsome P-D review of my novel as well. I'm awfully glad you liked RASCAL FAIR. It was, as my Montana father would have said, a real bearcat to write; the history of Montana's homestead boom is complex and pretty much unresearched--the dissertations and scholarly monographs haven't been done, so I had to rely largely on interviews with people who were kids on those homesteads about the time of WWI. Actually, maybe that gave me livelier material than the scholars would have, humm?

Yes, Ben and I go back a considerable way--to my first days as a freshman at Northwestern in the fall of '57. He and Jeanne have been invaluable people to me; not only have Carol and I been married 22 years, as a direct consequence of having met through Ben and Jeanne, but your brother and another radio-TV newswriting instructor at NU named Peter Jacobi taught me to write for the sound of language--for the mental ear, so to speak. Quick leads, crafted words; for me it started back there with those guys hovering over my classroom typewriter.

Incidentally, Carl, you are not as unknown to me as I was to you. Ben used to mention you with pride.

You wondered about the track record of RASCAL FAIR. It's doing very well, with 52,000 copies in print and excellent reviews. As you'll note from this paper, it also has me on the promotional road, answering my mail in hotel rooms between booksignings. I began that about Labor Day and am about done, after this Willamette Valley tour. When I get home to Seattle in a few days I'll send you a copy of my first book, THIS HOUSE OF SKY. Ben is briefly but vitally in it.

thanks so much for your letter,
and good luck with your own
work.

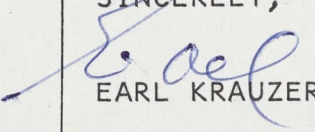
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MR IVAN DOIG
17021 TENTH AVE N. W.
SEATTLE WASHINGTON 98179

DATE		PURCHASE ORDER NO.	
QUANTITY	UNIT	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
NOV 3, 1987			
DEAR IVAN:			
THOUGHT THAT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO HAVE THIS			
REVIEW FROM THE BOSTON GLOBE. I GOT YOUR ADDRESS FROM			
MY SON STEVE. BEST WISHES.			
SINCERELY,			
			
EARL KRAUZER			
<i>Thank You</i>			
BAGS	-	BOXES	-
CUPS	-	TAPE	-
TOILET TISSUE	-	TOWELS	-
TWINE	-	WRAPPING PAPER	

16 Nov. '87

Dear Earl---

Thanks terrifically for zipping that Boston Globe review to me. As you well knew, that's the kind of review a writer can't wait to see!

Enjoyed seeing Steve when I was huckstering this latest book in Missoula some weeks ago. He looked thriving, and I was intrigued to hear he'll be working on fiction, instead of movies or tv (I forget which--they seem to be indistinct to me), for a while now. It'll be my turn to mail in Krauzer reviews.

again, appreciation
and all best wishes

Alice Digilio
412 S. Fairfax St.
Alexandria, Va. 22314

Oct. 11

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Toig,

I do apologize for my slowness in writing to you. The ABA + your visit to Book World seem like $4\frac{1}{2}$ years, rather than months, ago. It was such a pleasure meeting you both, and you were so kind to send me the books. I look forward to reading them. A Montana friend of mine, who's settled in Alexandria just down the street, has been telling me about "The Horse of Sky" since it was first published.

Part of the reason for my tardiness is that I've changed jobs + am now a reporter for the Metropolitan news section. I started my career in journalism as a reporter and have been anxious to get back to it at some point. An opportunity arose at summer's end, so I left at it.

I'm thoroughly enjoying it, and although I miss "Book World," it is nice to be a "common reader" again instead of a professional one. Instead of keeping up with the latest books these days, I'm writing about Virginia politics and the gobbling up of Old Dominion farmland by housing developments.

But I shall keep up with you. And I look forward perhaps to seeing you again.

Best regards,
Alice Dugilio

28 Oct. '87

Dear Alice--Congrats on the new job. My hunch is that Virginia politics has more drama, lust and general mayhem than books do anyway, huh? Think of it as reviewing life!

I was through the Post building a week ago (on my way out from Book World I got lost and ~~asked~~ said to a young guy that I needed help getting out of the building; "We all feel that way sometimes," he assured me) when Mike Kernan interviewed me for the Style section, and wish I'd managed to cross paths with you. Maybe another time, though. Keep Carol and me active in your Seattle file, okay?

all best,

28 Oct. '87

Dear Craig--

The prints are sensational, Craig! I immediately moved to put the signed one on my wall, and Carol just as promptly said No no no, something that good has to be framed. So, framing is ahead. It truly is a terrific job of catching me; old Brian Lanker would be proud of you, I bet.

I'm just back from an East Coast trip where I was shot by photogs at the Washington Post and the Chicago Tribune. Nothing as good as your work. And now I pace my way through the rest of this autumn of booksigning etc.; thanks for your part in getting it off to such a notable start.

best wishes

Thank You

[N. O'Connell, Seattle, WA]

10/24/87

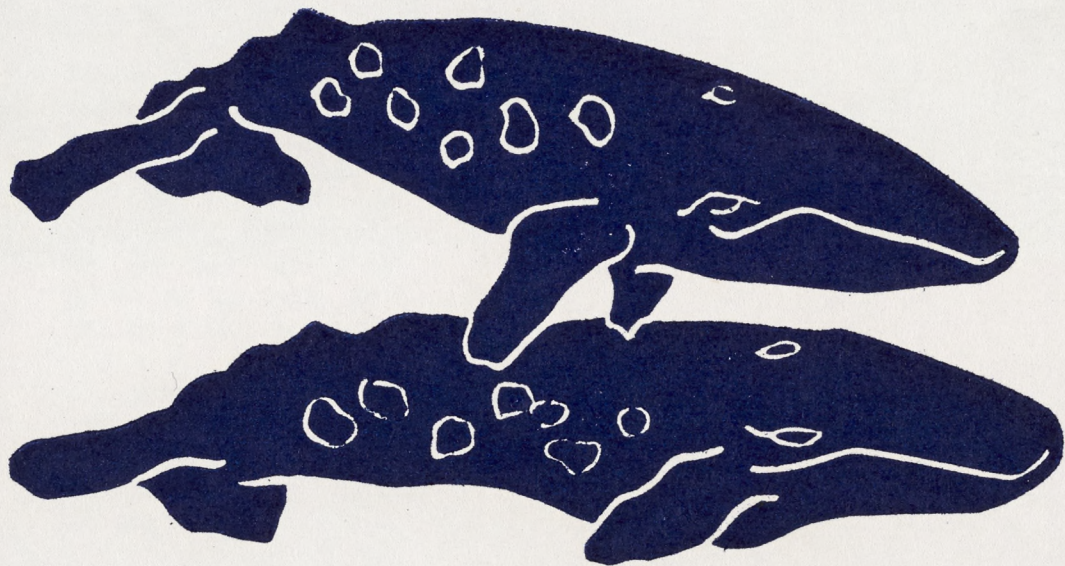
Dear Tom,

Hope you are pleased with the book and the presentation of your interview within it. I hope the interview might help clarify and call attention to the wonderful work you do in your writing. Thanks again for being the guinea pig - my first interview - and for your help in bringing it all together. Your integrity in approaching your own life and work has given me an admirable goal to emulate.

Best wishes,

Nick

CREATIVE  PAPERS
BY C.R. GIBSON



10/17/87

Dear Mr. Doig--

I was wondering when your story would make it into print! Being most accustomed to the next day turnaround of newspapering, I almost gave up looking for it. God forbid if I ever try a book!

Here are a couple of prints for you. They turned out okay; not perfect, but I can live with them. I think the smaller print is actually better than the larger print, which is intended for you.

For later publication, your publisher should write to the Times, care of the newsphoto department, telling how the picture is planning to be used. I have color, too, but I think you have to beg for it if it hasn't been published in our rag.

I hope to run into you again! 'Rascal Fair' is certainly getting rave notices. I haven't cracked it yet, but will soon.

peace--- *Craig Fujii*

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© JOHN SOLLID *John Sollid* 1.00

[E. Tallent, Espanola, New Mexico]

18 September 87

Dear Mr. Doig,

Thanks very much for the handsome copy of Dancing at the Rascal Fair.

I look forward to reading it.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Tallent
Elizabeth Tallent



WORLD BOND

100% COTTON

Elizabeth Tallent



JAMES JOYCE
LINOLEUM CUT BY RACHAEL ROMERO © 1983

14 SEPTEMBER 1987

DEAR IVAN —

THANKS FOR YOUR CARD —
I'LL BE HAPPY TO GRAB A CUP
W/ YOU ON THE 1ST. ALMOST MISSED
YOU — AM TRAVELING TO SEATTLE MYSELF
SAT. NIGHT — MY WIFE IS ON A LIB.
COMM. THAT MEETS AT U.W. NOW AND
THEN — AND I'M READING AT ELLIOTT
BAY. I HOPE YOUR TRAVELS GO WELL.
A HARD BUSINESS, BUT THIS NEW BOOK
OF YOURS IS FINE — SHOULD BE A
REAL BOOST. SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF
WEEKS. DAVID LMLG



KATMAN, POSTAL BOX 31, BERKELEY, CALIF. 94701



IVAN DOIG
17021 10TH AVE NW
SEATTLE, WA
98177

bonnie remsberg



Dear Ivan,

You probably saw this, but just in case.... Noone
should miss such gorgeous words...

Living in Northern California, now, on the coast, just
above Half Moon Bay, South of San Francisco. Ever get
down this way? If so, would love to get together.

All the best,

Bonnie Remsberg

4 Sept. '87

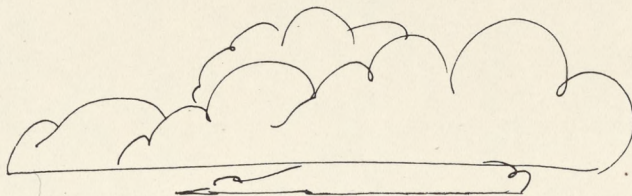
Dear Bonnie--

I much appreciated the copy of the review you sent. My
editor had called me, saying "Have you heard what happened
in San Francisco?" Didn't know if he meant earthquake or the
Giants won or what. So, it was great to actually lay eyes
on the review.

And welcome to the West! Carol and I once in a while do
get to your part of the coast, whenever we suffer an
unquenchable yearning for Monterey. Our paths may indeed
cross on California soil some time. Meanwhile, ~~wish~~ you know
where we are. Both of us were glad to hear from you, and we
hope the words are flowing well.

all best

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Labor Day 1987

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

Dear Ivan Doig,

Once again some words from Massachusetts. Thanks to your rascally new book I am having trouble getting to work on time. I try to be strict with myself. Only five or six pages before work, then more after. I want this book to last as long as possible. I lie in bed, taking in the breadth and scope of the Two Medicine country and wonder how your brain can make the twists and turns it does to have all those words come out as they do. I savor your sentences.

This May I was fortunate to visit Boise. Though it is not Montana, it is the same big sky. For the first time in my life I could finally see far enough. I understand now what was only in my mind's eye.

Thanks for the new book.

Sincerely,

Carol
Carol J. Blinn





THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY

T. H. WATKINS

VICE PRESIDENT • EDITOR

August 20, 1987

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

Hope your eye affliction has cleared up by the time you receive this; I can't think of anything more aggravating (or terrifying) than eye trouble beyond simple astigmatism.

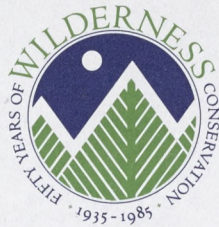
People are beginning to respond nicely to my pleas for Stegner support (N. Scott Momaday just checked in the other day, as did Hughes Rudd, the TV guy, an old student of Wally's from the early 50s and now resident of Southern France, we should all have it so hard).

Good to hear that the new nuvvle is being greeted with enthusiasm. When can we expect to see it given the gross luminosity of print? Stegner's own new book, I hear from his and my agent, is getting a groundswell of its own. May all the good guys win!

In the meantime, I enclose a copy of the new Audubon, with a piece on Wally's consi carrer that I did some time ago. Hope you enjoy. And recover.

Best,

T.H. Watkins



THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY

T. H. WATKINS
VICE PRESIDENT • EDITOR

June 12, 1987

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue, NW
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan:

The enclosed copy of a letter to the Swedish Academy is self-explanatory--among other things, it explains how little I know of how things get done in the arena of Nobel nominations. In spite of my ignorance, I am convinced that Stegner's name and work needs to be put forward as forcefully as possible; for my money, he is the most deserving of those who have been nominated as candidates to become the next American recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature.

If you feel as I do, I urge you to write the Academy yourself and get friends and relatives to do the same. My information, such as it is, says that the deadline for action in any given year is November 1, so anything you care to say should be said as much before that time as possible.

Sincerely,

T.H. Watkins

19 July '87

Dear Tom--

I came back from a Montana trip to your letter etc. on Stegner's behalf; certainly you're making a worthwhile and valiant effort there. I'll do what I can, with a support letter and trying to spread the word, although I'm only about half-functioning at the moment: am sort of in the ultimate good news-bad news situation, the good news an extremely promising reception at the publisher and among booksellers for my Sept. novel, the bad news a minor but aggravating as hell eye ailment that restricts reading and writing time. This too shall pass, I guess...

regards



THE WILDERNESS SOCIETY

T. H. WATKINS

VICE PRESIDENT • EDITOR

June 12, 1987

Professor Lars Gyllensten
Permanent Secretary of the Swedish Academy
Svensky Akademien
Kallargrand 4 (Borshuset)
111 29 Stockholm
SWEDEN

Dear Professor Gyllensten:

You will forgive me if I am a bit uncertain of how one goes about putting the name of someone before the Academy as a possible nominee for the Nobel Prize in Literature. I have been told that it is necessary to provide the members of the Academy with as many copies as possible of the published works of the author in question, so I am sending you herewith eighteen titles of the works of Wallace Earle Stegner, American novelist, historian, and essayist. I put his name before you as the one American writer above all others who may be under consideration at this time as most deserving of this great honor.

Stegner became 78 years old in February of this year. He wears his learning and the honors that have followed as lightly as his years, yet both are quite as weighty as those carried by anyone who has been working in the vineyard of the word over the past half-century. More weighty than most, as a matter of fact. He received his PhD in literature fifty-two years ago. He has taught at the universities of Utah, Wisconsin, Harvard, and Stanford. He founded the Stanford Creative Writing Program in 1946 and directed it until his retirement as Jackson E. Reynolds Professor of Humanities in 1971. Many of the more than one hundred writers who passed through that program went on to produce enduring and even important work: Eugene Burdick, Wendell Berry, Robin White, Robert Stone, Ken Kesey, N. Scott Momaday, Edward Abbey, Peter S. Beagle, James D. Houston, Don Moser, Harold Gilliam, Ernest Gaines, Judith Rascoe, and Tillie Olson, among others. Larry McMurtry, a Stanford Fellow under Stegner, won the 1986 Pulitzer Prize for fiction with Lonesome Dove; so did Momaday, in 1969, with House Made of Dawn.

1400 EYE STREET, NW, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20005

(202) 842-3400

In the 1930s, scores of other writers were touched by his thinking at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, an annual event where he taught periodically beside such luminaries as Robert Frost, Archibald MacLeish, Bernard DeVoto, Catherine Drinker Bowen, Louis Untermeyer, and Robert Hillyer. His own twenty-six books include twelve novels; two short story collections; two biographies; two collections of essays; three histories; the edited publication of DeVoto's Letters; the editing of a conservation book; an edited version of John Wesley Powell's Report on the Lands of the Arid Region of the United States, the classic 1878 study of western geographical imperatives and their human consequences; One Nation, an investigatory report on life in America written as World War II was drawing to a close; and, thirty-five years later, American Places, a collection of essays on the natural and human landscapes of the country written with his son, Page. His thirteenth novel, Crossing to Safety, will be published this fall.

His short stories have been chosen for seven annual volumes of The Best American Short Stories and four volumes of the O. Henry Awards anthologies. He has written both fiction and nonfiction for nearly every major magazine in the United States and many of the minor ones, some of them long dead. He has been editor-in-chief of one magazine, The American West, and has contributed in one editorial capacity or another to several more, including The Saturday Review. A bibliography of his published stories, articles, critical essays, book reviews, and unclassifiable bits and pieces runs to thousands of items. He has won both the Pulitzer Prize (Angle of Repose, 1972) and the National Book Award (The Spectator Bird, 1976) for fiction. He has received three Guggenheim fellowships, has been a Fulbright Lecturer in Europe, Greece, and the Middle East, has taught a season at the University of Toronto, has a collection of honorary degrees, is a member of the National Institute and Academy of Arts and Letters, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Phi Beta Kappa.

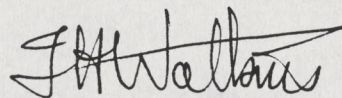
The man is a reliquary of American letters, a compendium of the national literature, himself a major contributor to what he once called "the great community of recorded human experience." At its deepest and most significant level, his contribution has been deeply rooted in the land and the complex ways in which it has helped to shape the psychology and emotional life not only of himself and those around him, but of an entire national experience. "West is a country in the mind, and so eternal," American poet Archibald MacLeish wrote. It certainly has been a country firmly in the mind and work of Wallace Stegner. Just as surely as the western experience shaped us as a nation, it has informed the spirit and intellect of Stegner's writing. It is neither a casual nor a superficial influence; it has precious little to do with cowboys and even less with Indians--at least as representative myths. It runs deep, down to the marrow where imagination lies, and is all of a piece with the man.

No other major modern writer of fiction has known so much of the West from personal experience, none has so steeped himself in its history, and none has done so much with what he found in both. "As a regional writer," Wendell Berry wrote in the winter 1985 issue of the South Dakota Review, "he seems to me exemplary. He has worked strenuously to know his region. He has been not just a student of its history, but one of its historians. There is an instructive humility in his studentship as a historian of the West . . . He has the care and scrupulousness of one who understands remembering as a duty, and who therefore understands historical insight and honesty as duties. He has endeavored to understand the differences of his region from other regions and also from its own pipedreams and fantasies of itself. He has never condescended to his region--an impossibility, since he has so profoundly understood himself as a part of it. He has not dealt in the quaint, the fantastical, or the picturesque. And, above all, he has written well." Filtered through intelligence and the gift of vision and language, the regional then becomes the universal. And so, some would say (myself among them), eternal.

Stegner's fiction has satisfied the principal dictum of literature: it already has lived beyond its time, and in so doing has given resonance to the life and lives it represents and interprets. His history--itself another branch of literature when in his hands--is nothing short of essential to a proper understanding of American life.

I respectfully urge the members of the Academy to give full consideration to the life and work of Wallace Stegner.

Yours very sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "T.H. Watkins", with a stylized, flowing script.

T.H. Watkins



IDAHO'S HIGHEST HONOR...



... THE TWENTY-ONE-POTATO SALUTE

2566ER

Dear Ivan,

Dancing at the Rascal Fair is an
excellently fine novel. I send you
special congratulations.

Cheers,

Cort

...THE HIGHEST HONOR...

...THE TWENTY-ONE-POTATO SALUTE...

A very faint pencil sketch of a scene. On the left, there are several tall, thin trees. In the center, a car is parked. To the right of the car, there are two figures, possibly people, standing. The drawing is very light and appears to be a background or a very light sketch.

[Authors' Corps, Cambridge, Md. July 3, 1987]

May 12, 1987

Ivan,

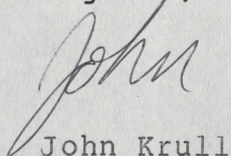
In the aftermath of the Gary Hart debacle and amid the ongoing Iran-Contra follies in Washington, I'm succumbing to one of the oldest American impulses. In three days, I'm going to slip into my little car and head west to visit Donn Fry and his wife, Diane, again.

While I'm in Seattle, I'd welcome the chance to talk with you about your book, "Dancing at the Rascal Fair," in preparation for a feature or review I would be writing when the book is published in the fall. The tentative arrival date in Seattle is May 21. I'll call when I get out there to see if you've got some time to chat.

I trust all is well with you and that the final preparations on the book have gone smoothly. I'm looking forward to reading it. The title alone has piqued my curiosity.

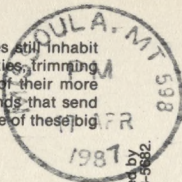
I'm also looking forward to talking with you about the book, and I hope we get a chance to do so.

Regards,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "John", written in dark ink.

John Krull

MOUNTAIN LION! These elusive feline carnivores still inhabit the most rugged and remote portions of the Rockies, trimming various animal populations, wild and domestic, of their more vulnerable members. And when it comes to sounds that send chills up the spine, few can rival the scream of one of these big cats.



4/27 @ 5/4 -
THE NEW YORKER
DYNAMITE!!

Best,

Bryan D. Schotter

314 ELMAS
MISSOULA, MT
59201

Photograph Copyright Jan L. Wassink, 1985. Published and distributed by Big Sky Magic Enterprises, Helmsville, Montana 59843. Phone (406) 793-5982.

GII-001



POST CARD

Address

IVAN + CAROLE DOIG
17021 10TH AVE NW
SEATTLE, WA
98177



28 April '87

Dear Bryan--

I thought you ought to know: some bounder is writing in The New Yorker and using your name.

Big congrats, guy.

best,

Dear Ivan,

I'm totally confused as to when the
ABA is here; I thought April 23. I
can't do call as I'd love to meet
you and your wife if I'm here. My number
is (202) 362-3998.

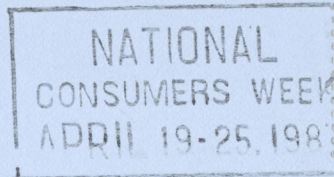
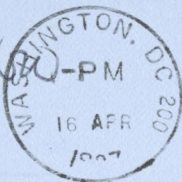
Sincerely,

Phyllis

Theroux

3408 Morrison St. NW

Wash. DC 20015



Ivan Doug

17021 10th Ave. NW

Seattle, Wash 98117

11 March '87

Phyllis
Dear Phyllis--

I'm not a parent, so it must be because I'm in the dark so much that has made me enjoy Night Lights. "Prom Night" became an instant favorite when I read it in the NY Times, and it's just as spiffy in a bookfull of neighbors--you are the only writer I know of who'se fearless enough to tackle that fraught topic: why are kids so fascinated with spit?

They really are lovely pieces of work, Phyllis. (I mean the articles, but probably it applies to your kids too.) Thanks so much for thinking to have Nan Graham send me the book. The gods of publishing Olympus willing, I may be able to reciprocate this fall. Meanwhile I hope Night Lights keeps doing as well as the fulsome addin the NYTBR indicates it's been.

all best

p.s. A thought. No need to respond to this otherwise--I know you're busy--but if there's a chance that you're going to be at the ABA in Washington this Memorial Day week, my wife Carol and I would like to coincide with you there long enough to say hello. That's on the assumption that Atheneum thinks enough of me to give me a plane ticket to DC.

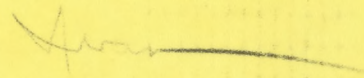
8 March '87

Dear Fredrika--

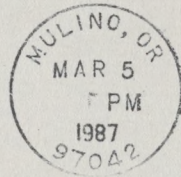
I'm gratified that you'll part with the illustration--here's the \$100, thanks very much. Would you mind signing the drawing for me in some way? I think it'd be keen to have a signed Fredrika Spillman on the wall.

Now to see whether you're going to get a second shot at picturing me; I've finished my next novel, Dancing at the Rascal Fair, and so all that remains is for me to hope (a) that Pintarich reviews and likes it and (b) that you do the drawing. Meanwhile, all best wishes in your own work--and I hope your mother got an A on her essay.

regards & appreciation

A handwritten signature, likely of the sender, is written in dark ink. It appears to be a stylized name, possibly "Fredrika" or "Spillman", followed by a long horizontal line.

Spillman
25000 55 Choctaw Rd.
Mulino, Or., 97042



Ivan Drig
17021 Tenth Ave. N.W.
Seattle, Wa.
98177

Fredrika Spillman

ILLUSTRATOR

25000 S. Schoenborn Rd. Mulino, OR 97042 503-233-2129

Dear Mr. Doig.

I'm so glad you liked that drawing.
It was one of my more fun & fluid ones.
You remind me of an old friend of mine.

In fact - you won't believe this.
Minutes, I'd say 30 or so, before I received
your letter I told this old friend how
much he looked like you & how he ought to
read your book. Hm!!

Yes I do sell the original drawings
for \$100. I'll be very happy to send it
up if you still want it.

Your letter provided mom & I a great
morning. I brought her primroses, violets
& pansies & your letter. We whooped it up a
bit (or do ladies jump & squeal?) She was
writing an essay for school - she asked me for
a crit. The sun was shining - all in all a
wonderful mother/daughter morning. Thank you!

P.S. Glad Harry Crews lives in Florida!

Sincerely,
Fredrika Spillman

14 Feb. '87

Dear Fredrika Spillman--

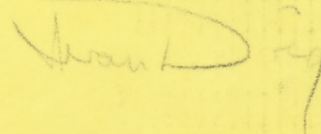
If I heard right the other night in the hubbub while I was signing books in The Catbird Seat, the nice lady who mentioned you to me is your mother. Whether or not I have that quite right, I owe her some thanks, as she inspired me to two steps I've never gotten around to:

First, to thank you for the skill, humor and general pizzazz of your drawing of me for Pintarich's review of my English Creek.

Next, to ask if you'd be willing to let the original come here and grace my wall where I write. If you're not willing to part with it, I'll certainly understand; but if you are, would you quote me a price?

Jack Hart provided me a packet of Northwest Magazines, so I caught up on your latest work. I'm just glad I'm me instead of Harry Crews, huh?

best wishes



1204 N. 15th
BOISE, ID 83702
12 FEBRUARY

DEAR IVAN,

HOPE THINGS ARE GOING WELL FOR YOU. IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR WHEN THE POSSIBILITY OF MONTANA BECOMING HABITABLE AGAIN GAINS WEIGHT.

THE NOVEL I HAD ASKED YOU TO READ IS ONCE AGAIN LOOKING FOR A HOME - THE PUBLISHER WAS DISSATISFIED WITH THE EFFORTS BILL DECKER AND I PUT FORTH.

"WE (IMPERIAL, I ASSUME) PROPOSE A MAGIC MAN WHO WILL DO MASSIVE CUTS AND LINE COPY EDITING" SAID THE PUBLISHER.

"WHAT YOU PROPOSE IS ABSURD," SAID I, "SO HANG IT IN YOUR PINK AND SHELL-LIKE EAR."

THE JOYS OF SCRIBBLERSHIP. SOLD ANOTHER NOVEL, A SCURRILOUS HISTORICAL POTBOILER NARRATED BY YELLOWSTONE KELLY - GREAT FUN, THOUGH. AS A YOUTH, I WAS POINTED TOWARD THE JOURNALS OF GUSTAVUS CHENEY DOANE (BY MERKIL BURLINGAME) (THE POINTING, I MEAN) AND I SUSPECT THE WEST WAS A BIT MORE LIKE THAT THAN, SAY, L. L'AMOUR.

I'LL BE IN OVANDO THIS SUMMER, C/O ECK, GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU'RE IN THE AREA AND OF A MIND TO DO SO.

CHEERS,

PETER BOWEN

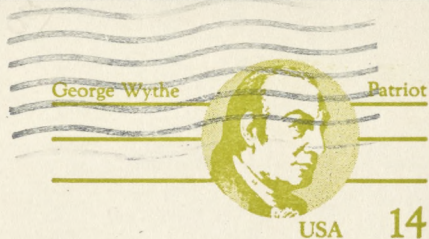
1-7-87

Dear Ivan Doig -

A fan postcard. My friend Teresa Jordan sent me This House of Sky for Christmas - the best of presents. Just finished it, reluctantly, last night, and wanted to thank you, as well as her, for the gift. The aptness of your language & descriptions gave me many smiles - and the book's intensity, its unapologetic nostalgia, a needed catharsis. (I suspect I'm about the age now you were writing it - and unwillingly abetting the decline of several loved relations -) As a writer, I'd love to hear you talk about how the book came, and as a reader, to assure you it continues to live. Thanks.

And best for 1987. Joyce Thompson

Joyce Thompson
5656 40th SW
Seattle, WA 98136



Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Ave. NW
Seattle, WA. 98177

Julian Bach Literary Agency, Inc.

747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017 • 212-753-2605 • CABLE: TURTLES NEWYORK TELEX: 668359

October 5, 1987

Dear Ivan,

Your letter of August 3rd brought me great pleasure.

I have tried to call but have so far been unsuccessful. I know you've been traveling, so I've been trying to track your movements through Atheneum's crack publicity department, but you're too peripatetic for me, I guess. I'm going to keep trying, because I know you're doing some publicity in Seattle later this week.

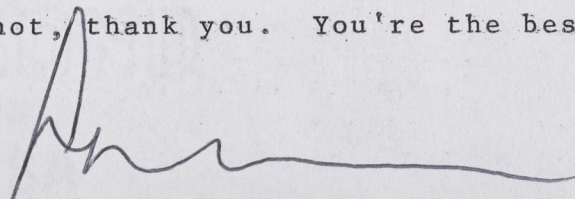
I would love to see you in New York, if you were going to have a moment, but the funny thing is I'm probably going to be in Seattle when you're here. We're going to San Francisco Wednesday night the 7th, then leaving Monday morning the 12th to drive up the coast to Seattle, checking in around the 15th, staying until the 17th.

So I'll definitely keep trying you, on the off-chance that we'll overlap for a day either here or there. In the meantime, I want you to know that I feel great about the idea of you passing my name on to an occasional writer you feel is worthwhile. I prefer quality to quantity in all things, so it's fine with me that it happens only once every couple of years.

In case we don't talk, I like nonfiction that's more social history than straight history (like your THIS HOUSE OF SKY). I like a book that chooses a particular subject, and in exploring it illuminates more than just the facts, ends up telling us something about ourselves that we maybe didn't know. At Atheneum I signed up a book that will be about the search for a cure for tuberculosis, but in so doing will also be about how we feel viscerally about a disease such as T.B. (as cancer, as AIDS), and will be about what a society goes through as a disease runs its course from sort of romantic to widespread to incurable to controllable, etc.

One of my other favorite books is a biography of the Simmons family of Oklahoma, one of the richest black families in the country whose ancestors, four generations ago, were slaves to the Cree Indians and helped settle Oklahoma. Lots of not-very-well-known American history there.

I hope we talk, but if not, thank you. You're the best,
Ivan Doig.



27 Oct. '87

Dear Jack--

of mine

Your tale that they've let a book--2 of them, even!--into Georgia sounds unlikely, but I'll take it, I'll take it. Macmillan/Atheneum put a whole hell of a bunch of copies out into the world this time, and reviews have been good. So, this household is having a nifty autumn.

Glad to hear you're finding time to work at the words. From what you've told me of it, I think the Farallones stuff will find a home sooner (always the preferred choice) or later.

Carol and I were in Mont. for much of Sept., plus a week in Jackson Hole: elk bugling against the Tetons! my god! what mornings! Spent some time with Jim Welch in Missoula; his book of last year, WOOLS CROW, did well and he's feeling good about life. The Missoula gang of writers careens on, but the Montana economy is grim. Maybe Wall St. is gonna make it that way elsewhere, eh?

Best to Claire & Emily.

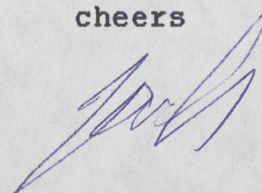
Dear Ivan

You'll be glad to know that you were the cause of some serious apprehension for me when I was strolling by a mostly used bookstore on Saint Simon's Island and noticed two (2) copies of your Rascals on a table with a bunch of other unsorted stuff. The problem wasn't so much what they were doing there, it was what in the hell I was doing there--you know, there south instead of there west. I purchased one, cheap, and would have been upset all afternoon if I hadn't wandered on up into a muddy spartina grass lagoon and found the remains of a big loggerhead turtle. No skull gets the kids going like a loggerhead, and it has no analogue I can think of in the fauna out west. The reptiles make a lot of hay back here, and for reasons yet unknown that touches me.

Anyway, add my congrats to what I'm sure is a tall heap. If they set you up with a publicity tour of Charlotte/Atlanta/Okeefenokee Swamp be sure to get in touch so I can steer you away from the first two stops. And how are you attacking the tail book of the trilogy? Ferociously?

I am still getting a large kick out of teaching kids, this fall in a tiny town about 35 miles inland from Savannah. Emily talks about how well she made out on a cow/calf we bought her. Chewelah house added on to and rented out, although the renter is working off the rent until spring. Have gotten a couple of the most kindly rejection notices about the Farallones book, it's enough to get me rolling on some new work based around south Georgia. Working title, Slow Learner. Claire, meanwhile, has launched a modest publishing biz with a watercolor calendar and a pile of ideas. And we are still trying to find our land legs, noticeably uncentered--you don't meet many people who try to move from NW to SE. There's a ton of good-writing, china-eared novelists around here, but I miss the kind of Doigy tone that I found there on St. Simons. It seems to make more sense.

cheers



c/o Stilson Elem.
Brooklet
GA 30415

27 Oct. '87

Dear Ann--

Glad we at least had a chance to say hello last week. Coincidentally I came home to one of my semi-annual letters from Jack Nisbet, the young writer I mentioned to you. He's back in Georgia teaching writing in elementary schools, and mentions that he's shown his Farallones Islands ms a few places with kindly comments but no takers. Anyway, it impels me to pass along Jack's first book, SKY PEOPLE, to you for a look. (It's my own signed copy, so I'd like it back eventually, but no rush at all.) Jack's wife and a friend published that one, as a little publishing company they called Quartzite Books.

I haven't said anything to Jack about you; I don't know if he even wants an agent, though I'll gladly tell him he's nuts not to, if it ever comes to that. So, you can judge his words in full detachment, Ann, and simply bypass him if his work doesn't seem good enough or right enough. If it turns out that you do want to get in touch with him, his address is: Jack Nisbet, c/o Stillson Elementary, Brooklet GA 30415.

The rest of my trip went as well as the NY days; interviews for the Washington Post Style section, Chicago Tribune, etc. Now if the stock market doesn't make people stop buying books, eh?

all best
***If it turns out you want to get in touch with him, of course feel free to invoke my name if you think it'll help.

cheers

c/o Stillson Elem.
Brooklet
GA 30415

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July 29, 1987

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

Dear Ivan,

I just read the PW review of DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR -- congratulations! Not a word of the review surprised me, and I'm really looking forward to reading the book.

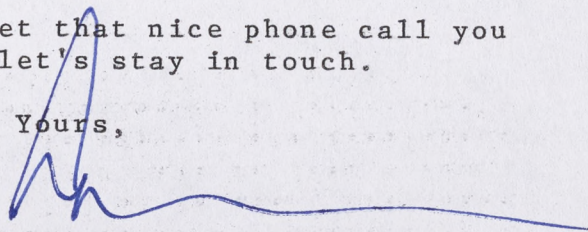
I came here to work a couple of months ago -- selling foreign and magazine rights and gradually building my own list of clients, with the luxury of being selective because I'm not depending on a commission. (I have one ^{client} so far.) Curiously, I find satisfaction and involvement to be, or to seem, much more immediate on this side of the desk. If I have an idea I can act on it without writing a memo to the appropriate department head, getting someone's signature, or following a "procedure" first. All this, and I still work with writers on shaping their books. Wow!

I hope you're well, that your eyes are not giving you any trouble, and that you're forging ahead with Book #3. You're doing for your part of the world what another of Liz Darhansoff's clients did for this part of the world, and I look forward to watching the brouhaha build as we near the end of your trilogy. Between the number of remarkably loyal fans you've attracted, the great reviews you continue to get, and the push that Atheneum will be giving RASCAL FAIR, I think the excitement will be pretty high.

By the way, my friend Dan Frank at Viking tells me of the writing you've done for his line of books, and I think that's terrific. He speaks of you in the most glowing terms.

Anyway, Ivan, I'll never forget that nice phone call you made to me last fall. Thanks, and let's stay in touch.

Yours,



Ann Rittenberg

3 Aug. '87

Dear Ann--

I'm glad you wrote, and even gladder to hear of your new job. I feel better when good people are able to stay in publishing.

Yup, we're starting to have fun now, with Rascal Fair. Beyond the PW review, a PW interview is supposed to happen when Wendy Smith flies out here in a couple of weeks. And it's been notable how much more eager the booksellers are for this book than any of the previous ones. Tom did a pre-pub paperback of 2500, and damn near every bookseller I talk to has read it. So far, so good. Incidentally, I am scheduled to hit NY for a couple of days in mid-October; I don't know how hectic it's going to be, but if I can find time I'll try to reach you for a cup of coffee or some other hello.

While I'm writing this, how do you feel about me passing along your name to an occasional young writer I feel is worthwhile? Sorry to say, they are very occasional; maybe once every couple of years, I meet somebody I think is the real goods. I don't usually pass them along to Liz, because she has her own agenda about clients and because she is so heavily into fiction writers. Also, anybody I'd consider passing along likely would have some kind of track record and some piece of work in hand; I find I don't jibe well with the moonier gee-I-want-to-write-if-I-could-just-get-it-down-on-paper types. They have to be self-starters to get my attention. Anyway, if you'd like me to keep an eye open, give me a call sometime (Carol and I will be here until Labor Day, when we head for Montana and Son of Rascal Fair) about what kind of stuff you're interested in handling, okay?

all best

Julian Bach Literary Agency, Inc.

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November 25, 1987

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

Dear Ivan,

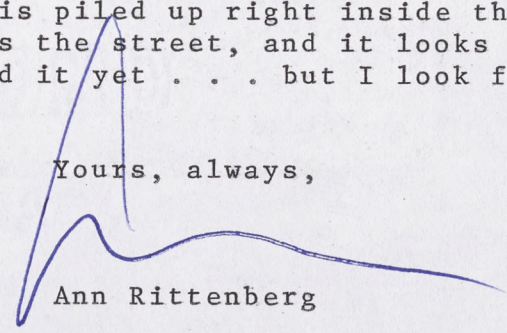
It was a great pleasure to meet you at last. In fact, I'm more pleased than I can say that you stopped by to talk. Let's make it a habit: I'll come to Washington next.

I've read SKY PEOPLE. It's wonderful! Jack Nisbet practically had me quitting publishing and going off to study botany or anthropology somewhere. It was completely fascinating, and he is such a pleasure to read.

So I have written him, and I have used your name. I told him you said he might be working on a new book, and asked him if he'd like to show it to me. I'll let you know what happens, but even if he doesn't need an agent (he thinks), thank you for bringing SKY PEOPLE to me. I have a different view of the world now -- the reason I read in the first place.

DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR is piled up right inside the door at the Barnes & Noble across the street, and it looks extremely handsome. I haven't read it yet . . . but I look forward to doing so soon.

Yours, always,



Ann Rittenberg

Dear Ann—Very pleased to hear you like Jack Nisbet's Sky
People. I hope he sees the wisdom of taking you on as
agent. By the way, I don't know if I made plain to you the

background of Sky People. Jack and his wife and I guess a
friend or two in essence self-published that book; so, really,
isn't it available too for "national" publication? Just a
thought.

All is going well with this wind-down of the Bascal Fair
booksigning season; I'm doing this in a Portland hotel room—
home,
and
done,
on ~~xxxxx~~ Friday!
best,