Gregory McNamee

April 23, 1992

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan Doig,

About this time last year, I chanced to read your *Winter Brothers*, a terrific book that Barry Lopez had recommended to me long before. I understand that it's no longer in print, and wonder whether any publisher has plans to reissue it; I'd buy several copies immediately if your book were available.

There are any number of university and small commercial presses--Washington, Nebraska, Broken Moon, and Confluence come to mind--that would seem likely publishers for a new paperback edition. I have contacts there and with many other houses (I was editor-in-chief of the University of Arizona Press before leaving it a couple of years ago to write full time) and would be very pleased to lobby them on your behalf if no one else is doing so. This is enlightened self-interest; as I said, I'd like to see the book given new life if only so that I could have a copy of my own.

My friend Tom Miller, who was kind enough to give me your address, asks that I tell you that his Cuba book is in Lee's hands and should appear later this year. Tom tells me that Wickenburg figures in your new novel, and so I'm enclosing a few manuscript pages about the area, taken from my forthcoming anthology on Arizona in literature, *Desolation's Dwelling*.

I hope this finds you well and prospering.

Best wishes,

Greg McNamee

1128 East Tenth Street ✪ Tucson, Arizona 85719
(602) 882-4340

11 May '92

Dear Greg--

Appreciated your letter, and the good words for WINTER BROTHERS and concern for its publishing fate. Actually it never has gone out of print--still chugging along at 2,500-3,500 copies a year in the original HBJ Harvest trade paperback--although I suppose it's pretty scarce on bookstore shelves. Anyway, it should be orderable by bookstores, or directly from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1250 Sixth Ave., San Diego CA 92101; occasional hardbacks show up at dealers such as Lee Nash at Authors of the West in Dundee, Oregon.

Thanks too for the Wickenburg pages. Strange to think of my wandering WWII parents and five-year-old me in the same territory as Priestley.

In haste--am about to leave for a speaking gig in Portland--I hope maybe our paths will cross sometime. A high five to Tom Miller.

best,

Ivan

The English novelist J. B. Priestley (1894-1984) spent the winter of 1935-36 at a guest ranch near Wickenburg, where he worked on a novel he subsequently abandoned. Perhaps by way of consolation, he wrote Midnight on the Desert, an account of his stay. Published by Harper & Brothers in 1937, his book was an instant success, so much so that the publisher, humorist, and syndicated columnist Bennett Cerf offered this anecdote to his readers some years later:

> J. B. Priestley is a disillusioned man. The first place he revisited on his last trip to America was the frontier town of Wickenburg, Ariz., which he had rapturously lauded some years previous in a novel [sic] called Midnight on the Desert. But all the simplicity and charm he had written about had vanished; in their place was a string of gaudy cafes, juke boxes, and neon lights.
>
> "What caused this horrible change?" he demanded of a native.
>
> "You did," accused the native. "You and your blasted book! Tourists began pouring in here the day after it was published!"

For all that, Wickenburg remains a fine small town on the heavily traveled road from Phoenix to Las Vegas, Nevada, its population not much larger than it was in Priestley's day, its nights still full of Coyote's stars.

Let me begin with what I can remember quite clearly. It was at the end of my stay on the ranch in Arizona, last winter. We were not leaving America yet, but we were leaving this ranch very soon, and I had things to do. There was the usual accumulated litter of letters and odd papers to be gone through, and most of it destroyed. But that was not all. I had decided during the evening to burn certain chapters, many thousands of words, of the book I had been writing. . . . Midnight was the hour for such a deed.

I left the patio, where we were housed, for a little hut that was my working-place. I remember a particularly fine glitter of stars, with no moon, and with the desert hills so much starless indigo at the base of the sky. A freight-train was clanking down the valley. It gave that long, dissonant, mournful cry of American trains, that sound which seems to light up for a second the immense distances and loneliness of that country. I had to do some lighting up myself, with a torch, in order to pick my way past prickly pear and cholla and cat-claw and other hooking and spiny growths, vindictive by day and devilish so late at night. The hut was in a little thicket. The sand between the curled dead leaves glittered in the light of my my torch; and that would be the specks of fool's gold [pyrite], with which all these dry river beds and their banks are gilded. It looks much prettier than real gold. Some day perhaps it will be worth as much as real gold.

An enormous silence had followed the train; an ironical silence, like that which comes at the end of some noisy epoch. They kept early hours at the ranch, except when there was a dance at <u>El Recreo</u>; and there was nobody stirring anywhere; and not a sound even from the coyotes. In the silence, slowly picking my way, I thought about this Arizona country. The New World! It seemed to me the oldest country I had ever seen, the real

antique land, first cousin to the moon. Brown, bony, sapless, like an old man's hand. We called it new because it was not thick with history, not a museum and guidebook place. Man had been here such a little time that his arrival had not yet been acknowledged. He was still some season's trifling accident, like a sudden abundance of coyotes or cottontails. The giant saguaro cactus, standing like a sentinel on every knoll, was not on the lookout for us, had not heard of us yet, still waited for trampling dinosaurs. There is no history here because history is too recent. This country is geology by day and astronomy at night. It offers a broad view of what is happening generally in the solar system, with no particular reference to Man. But it has a magnificent routine. The early mornings, in winter, are cold, very fresh and pure. Then, under the burning noons, the red cardinals and the bluebirds flash among the cottonwoods, as if nature had turned outrageously symbolic. The afternoons are simply so much sunlight and aromatic air. But at sunset the land throws up pink summits and saw-toothed ridges of amethyst, and there are miracles of fire in the sky. Night uncovers two million more stars than you have ever seen before; and the planets are not points, but globes. As I reached the door of my hut and switched off my torch, I looked up and noticed yet once again, with a shrinking sense of unfamiliarity, how all the constellations had been monstrously misplaced. I was far from home.



Dear Carol and Ivan,

Happy holidays from Jyl and P.

We have news to share of my first book, sold last year to Villard Books and nearing completion. P have even learned that my agent, Chuck Verrill, is now a partner, Ivan, with yours.

P am embarrassed with my rough efforts to be in such company. P can hope – and do – that some will rub off on me.

WISHING YOU
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Good to hear of your alter-hemispheric adventure.

Cheers –

Paul + Jyl



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PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

+ 125A 15245-3 +

Mr Sue Davidson
4811 N E 107th
Seattle WA
98125

SEATTLE, WA 981
PM
26 OCT
1992

19
USA

Waller Hall
Salem, Oregon

Willamette University
Sesquicentennial
1842-1992

© USPS 1991

Ivan Doig
17021 – 10th NW
Seattle, WA 98177

10/21/92

Dear Ivan:

Thank you for your card of Oct. 16. I understand; and yes, of course, some time past the end of 1992 will be fine, although I'll try to get some sample writing off to you before then and a version of a vital....

What I really want to know is how you've managed to cling to the typewriter obviously employed for your post-card, instead of crippling yourself w. a word processor, printer, etc., as I have so irretrievably done. Can one hope to GO BACK? all best, Sue

JOANNE GREENBERG
29221 Rainbow Hill Road
Golden, Colorado 80401

September 30, 1992

Mr. Ivan Doig
c/o Atheneum
Macmillan
866 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Dear Mr. Doig:

I have just read DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR, and as the originator and sole judge of the world famous (in Evergreen) Order of the Kumquat Literary Award, I want you to know that you are one of the Award's esteemed selections for 1992.

I have been giving this award for thirty years, and it has included many notables who went on to win national book warards. The Kumquat Award is usually regarded by the winners with complete disinterest because it carries no monetary accompaniment. What it does carry is a fan letter (you are reading it now), and ten public mentions of the work, which will spread your name all over the place, wherever I go.

Not only are you a beautiful writer--RASCAL FAIR is poetic and full of Scottish loveliness, but also I think that that wit is what eventually developed into the laconic understated style that we call western wit. We came out to Colorado about thirty-six years ago, and didn't get it at all at first. We were used to the much more flamboyant eastern style. Western wit grows on you-maybe like tamarisk. I also love the depth of your novel and its remarkable staying power in my mind and thoughts. I found it completely believable. Books like that sing in and become part of a person's experience.

My best,

Joanne Greenberg

16 Oct. '92

P.S. I also enjoyed your
RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA.

Ten kumquatian mentions. I've had prizes without nearly that much compensation.

I'm just home from trying to tell New Zealand and Australia about the writing of the American West, and I seem to have arrived into some kind of Colorado Week in my life. David Lavender, of Telluride origins, came through town for lunch on Monday. Then your letter. And if I'm remembering right from my hasty look at it, you and I are New Writers of the Purple Sage together in Russell Martin's revised (although, woe, not unto that goddamn title, huh?) anthology. It perks me up to think of us all reading each other. I hope your own work is going well, and that we get to cross paths someday; inevitably in Colorado?

best, and much appreciation

SUE DAVIDSON
4811 NE 107th
SEATTLE, WA 98125
(206) 363-0260

September 23, 1992

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

Dear Mr. Doig:

Some months ago, I received a letter from Ingrid Wendt, an Oregon poet of my acquaintance, saying that she would like to recommend me for PEN membership. As two recommendations are required, Ms. Wendt sent me a list of Seattle-area PEN members whom I might want to contact. My contacts with those few on the list whom I've met are remote in time; on the other hand, you will probably recall the not-so-distant occasion of our meeting.

Appropriately enough, the occasion of that meeting was a March 1989 event to which you brought greetings from PEN American Center. (Please see enclosed program.) I do not need to acquaint you with the larger circumstances; however, the local ones are relevant. After my vain pleadings with executives of the ACLU of Washington, the Washington Library Association, a couple of independent bookstores, etcetera, to sponsor a public reading of Rushdie's banned book, I decided, like the Little Red Hen, that I would have to do it myself. Happily, I was able to enlist the help of talk show host Mike Siegel, a person I'd not previously met. (There was not and never has been such an organization as FAR.) Also happily, the established organizations I'd earlier attempted to enlist were then moved to sponsor an outdoor reading at the Seattle Public Library. Other groups in Western Washington were inspired to follow suit. Thus, in the end, there was a fairly loud chorus of affirmation of free expression and protest against terrorist persecution.

The purpose of the foregoing history is to identify myself to you. I was, of course, not suddenly born into concern with writers and writing in the winter of 1989. I'll be glad to give you my credentials as a writer and an editor, if you are amenable to pursing the matter of co-sponsoring my candidacy for PEN membership. Please telephone, or drop me a line, to let me know whether or not I should shoot off some sort of vitae to you. I am eager and, I think, able to serve and further the work of PEN.

Yours sincerely,

Sue Davidson

Sue Davidson

16 Oct. '92

Dear Sue--

I'm just back from some time in New Zealand and Australia and beginning to tend to mail, so please excuse the delay.

Yes, if you still want me to vouch for you to PEN, I guess I will need to see a vitae and, as I savvy it, a bit of your writing--copies of a couple of articles, opening few pages of a book, whatever is best illustrative. As I'm working toward a deadline on my own next book, and sundry other stuff is piling up on me, it may take me past the end of the year to do any PEN recommend for you; if you know anyone who can get to it faster, please feel free to use them instead, okay?

best wishes,

6 Oct. '92

Dear Tim--Winton

This may be more a Christmas present than a literary offering by the time it reaches you, but in any season it's a sampler of some of the writing we're trying to do in our West up here. Jim Welch is located in Missoula, the poet Linda Bierds here in Seattle a stone's throw from Carol and me. Of my own stuff, This House of Sky was my first book--hell, I didn't know you weren't supposed to do a memoir before you'd done anything to deserve one--and Ride with Me, Mariah Montana the finale of my Montana trilogy, I hope more orlless understandable even without the first two novels.

Onward Carol and I went from Perth, to abominable weather in Adelaide--although we enjoyed the good cheap eats there in the loony casino they've installed in the old railroad station; have to say, though, I don't think two-up makes it as a casino game of chance--and not much better in Melbourne, where just about the first person we bumped into was Tom Keneally, in town, as he said, to preach sedition. (We now possess probably the only Australian Republican Party bumper sticker in Seattle.) Then the trip home, and Carol back to teaching and me back to the next book...Perth and all that was a marvelous journey for us, and we're pleased we had the luck to meet you amid it. When Greywolf and Elliott Bay summon you again, we'll hope to resume the conversation.

all best,

Ivan

GARY JENNINGS

Dear Ivan --

What the fuck is this? Newsweek this week devotes three pages to the "emergent Western writers" and doesn't even mention your name!

About once a year, the NYTBR and the Washington Post ask me to review some book. Evidently they've decided I am the Butcher of Book Reviewing, because all they send me is shit like the works of Michener, McCullough, Follett, et al, on which I can wreak havoc.

I keep pleading, literally pleading, for them to send me a book by somebody like Ivan Doig, Ron Hansen, Dick Yates... but so far, no dice.

I think what we need is not more "creative writing" programs -- a redundancy; a note to the milkman is creative writing; the only alternative term is "penmanship" -- but a wide-scale PR program, for which, of course, none of our publishers would pay.

Anyhow, just wanted you to know that I -- like yourself, no doubt -- am exceedingly pissed off.

Cordially,

Gary

P. O. Box 1371
Lexington, Virginia
24450
7 July 1992

13 Aug. '92

Dear Gary--

Yeah, well, Newsweek and its once-every-ten-years rediscovery of the West. I'm in such great company of writers they didn't include--Louise Erdrich, Barbara Kingsolver, Craig Lesley, Mary Clearman Blew--that I figure some researcher screwed up and they printed the B list instead of the A.

I know what you mean about the iron categorizations of book review assignments. I'd love to review a biography once in a while, but nobody ever offers one. Bob Wilson at USA Today has been the most amenable I've reviewed for--actually let me suggest and do a Scottish detective novel.

Things are going pretty good in this household. Carol and I are getting ready to go on a USIA reading tour I'm doing in New Zealand and Australia, HBJ is bringing This House of Sky back in a new hardback edition, hallelujah, and so far Atheneum is still holding steady enough to do my next book in '93. It's a living, whether or not Newsweek thinks so. Really appreciate your letter, which ranks right up there with Norman Maclean's profane reaction when I didn't get a Guggenheim, decade ago. Speaking of "ago," I'm still in touch with Susan Richman, who I guess would have handled publicity on your books when you were with Atheneum; she's part-timing at Warner now. Damn few others, except some on the sales force, left at Macmillan/Atheneum from those days. You likely know that Tom Stewart is a staff writer at Fortune now? Anyway, it's particularly fine to hear from somebody like you who shares the notion that to be a writer means to keep on keeping on. I hope you're thriving at it, too, Gary.

best, Ivan

p.s. Give a call if you ever book tour this way or whatever.

School of Music
University of Washington

June 14, 1992

Dear Ivan, and Carol,

I have just returned from four days in Kalispell/Whitefish, playing musical "God(ess)" to the annual state Music Teachers' Conclave: recitals, lectures, master classes, and rather boring luncheons with good-willed, will-be-pedagogues!!

Reason (raison) to write you: during one social table hour I (proudly) raised your name as an acquaintance, and cited your recent award at UW, and your Reading: Alors!! Behold! I was sitting amongst a group of RABID DOIGIANS!! You would have been bowled over! Everyone had a favorite, and I animated the evening like no other, with my topic — What a pleasure! I ran off to Kalispell bookshop, to buy a copy of "House of Sky" for my host in Kalispell, who hadn't read it (!!!) When you have time, (ℙ), send two lines to the couple enclosed, Who recited at the table, your opening paragraphs of House of Sky + English Grade. (I swear) They would treasure it!

Enjoy your trip to Montana — let's have dinner sometime??

KEEP IN TOUCH!!

Warmest Regards — Robin

School of Music, DN - 10 / University of Washington / Seattle, Washington 98195 / (206) 543-1200

28 June '92

Dear Robin--

Carol and I and a couple of friends had three great days in Whitefish just after you were there; the weather even lifted at the right times for hikes in Glacier Park. Then we went over the mountains to my home country, Dupuyer etc.; had a great time, but the drought there is grim.

Am sending a signed bookplate to the Brewers in Libby; thanks for fomenting enthusiasm for my stuff. I always imagined musicians talked about composers, not guys who write about sheep.

Really enjoyed David Wolff's performance--and watching you watch him perform--at the Faculty Club shindig.

all best,

Jim


BRUCE T. BUCK
'92

MAY 13, 1992

IVAN,

I TOO AM A MONTANA WRITER.

I APPRECIATE ALL THE INSPIRATION OVER THE YEARS. PERHAPS SOMEDAY SOON I'LL GET MY SPY IN A WHEELCHAIR NOVEL PUBLISHED. YOUR NOVELS, A.B. GUTHRIE'S, MY DAD DALE BURK ARE PROBABLY THE BEST FROM MONTANA. LOOKED FORWARD TO MEETING YOU FOR A LONG TIME. THEY ALL THINK HIGHLY OF YOU AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA.

Sincerely,
Bruce Burk

THESE CARDS ARE MY LATEST PUBLICATION. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE ONE.

"Last of the Wild Bison, in Montana"
By Bruce T. Burk

At one time, the bison was widespread in the Great Plains of the American West. After the Europeans settled North America, by 1900, fewer than 1000 bison remained. Now most bison habitats are at small parks, private ranches and refuges in Alberta, Montana, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Wyoming in good numbers. Bison are sometimes called buffalo, inappropriately, because buffalo live only in Africa and Asia. The bison is dark brown, the head is massive and it mostly eats grasses.

A portion of the profits of these cards is donated to the protection and management of big game and non-game animals.

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3211 SE 148
Portland, OR 97236

Printed on recycled paper



11 May '92

Dear Noah-- adams

I nabbed one of these for you about as quick as it came off the press. Didn't have much to do with the book myself except to pontificate in a foreword, but I think it is a nifty piece of work, the first ecologically inclusive portrait of these North American rain forests-- and as I savvy it, you've tromped around with Jerry Franklin on some forest story or another? If you and Neenah haven't seen these Olympic Peninsula rain forests, put 'dum on your list.

Carol's on sabbatical this quarter, reading Western literature, while I sit around here trying to peck out the damn stuff. To my surprise not to say amazement, out of the blue came a USIA offer to send me on a reading/speaking tour of Australia and New Zealand in September. Carol thinks that's pretty nifty, too; they'll pay my way and I'll pay hers.

all best, to Neenah too

Ann

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR®

Ashland, Oregon 97520 (503) 488-3987

2/24/92

Dear Ivan,

Thanks very much for your kind note. It's always a bit dicey when a source or subject of a piece turns out to be a friend. I have gotten several good reports, including one from a woman who wrote: "When I read his books last year, I was so tempted to call him in Seattle, but understood him to be a very shy man....It will be fun to share your article with friends and acquaintances whom I know are also devoted to Doig's books." (Aside from fame and glory, I want to know how you handle devotion from women you've never met.)

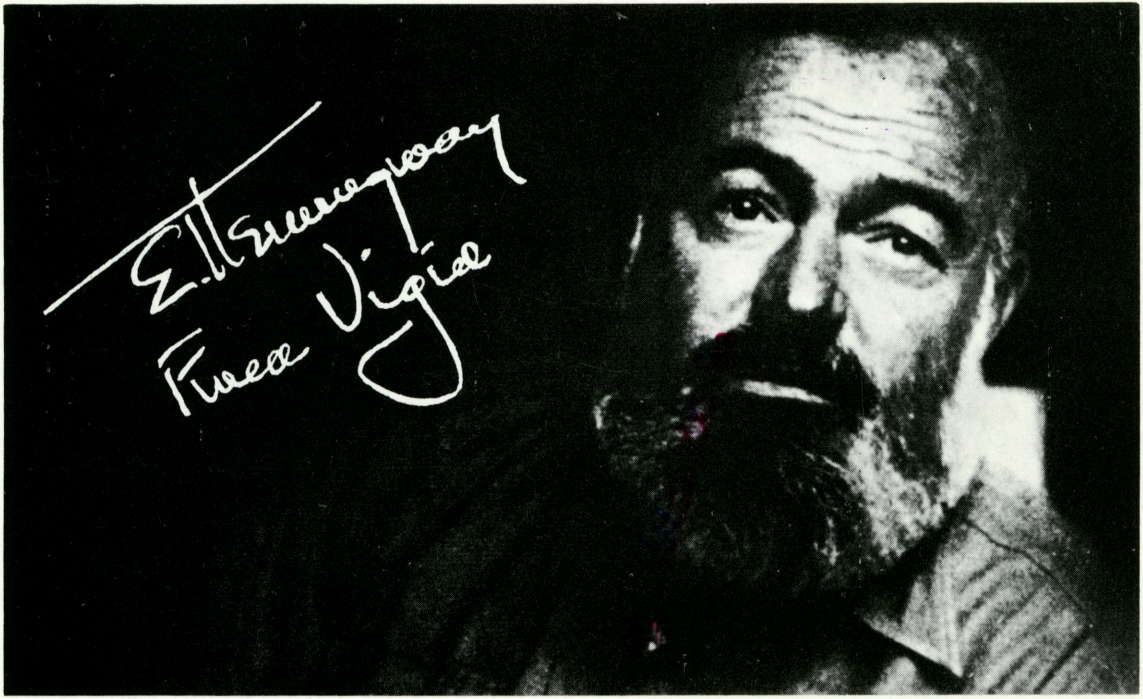
Thanks too for the invitation to use your house while you and Carol are away. I am sure we would find a way to do it except for the fact that I'll be on a three-week, 3,000-mile trip myself - with a Monitor photographer throughout the northwest quadrant of the US for story-gathering and grassroots sniffing. This will include my first-ever time in Montana, where among other things I hope to interview Bill Kittredge and James Welch. (I just finished Fools Crow, and you were absolutely right.) If you have any other tips for news or feature pieces, please let me know. Our rough route is Portland across Washington and the top of Idaho to Montana, then south through Wyoming to Colorado and back west through Utah and north Nevada. Thanks for the suggestion on your painter friend Thomas William Jones. Yes, I would like to follow up on that, although if he's out on the Washington coast I don't think I could make it this trip.

Meanwhile, have a good trip yourself to the South. I wouldn't pass up Australia either. We look forward to seeing you both next time in Ashland.

Regards,

Brad Knickerbocker

CHAMBRAY & WRITING


E. H. Emmanuel
Finca Vigía



Dear Ivan -

Love ya -

best,

Ernie

Ivan Doig
17521 10th Ave NW
Seattle
WASHINGTON
98177
USA

Colección VIGIA
Museo Ernest Hemingway
La Habana,Cuba

Ernest Hemingway,c.1950

16 March '92

Kirks

Dear Ruth--

A bit belated (where does a writer's time go, huh?), but I wanted to say thanks for the evening you put on for Jerry and Phyllis and me. I had a great time, and surely the food was up to Yoshi's standards.

Speaking of whom. Have you ever thought of writing the story of Yoshi and the Kirks? It entrances me, the way you all worked that world-record visit out. And the language, the language--you and she as Louie's "bother things". Children's book? Memoir?

We're well here, Carol now included; the cold ran its runny course last week and she's just now finishing her last day of classes until next fall--blessed springtime of sabbatical. Except for April 17-26, we're pretty much going to be around home this spring, and if you get up here for UWP reasons or whatever, give us a call for a meal, a drink, an overnight, whatever.

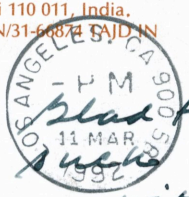
And did you hear me the other night when I told you to get a place big enough in Port Angeles for us to mooch an occasional overnight from you?

all affection--
and thanks for letting
me hitchhike with you
and Jerry on that
beautiful book--

Alva



The Taj Mahal Hotel
Number One, Mansingh Road, New Delhi 110 011, India.
Phone: 3016162 • Telex: 31-61898 TAJD IN/31-61874 TAJD IN
Cable: TAJDEL • Fax: 011-3017299





Hey Dude — Glad to hear I'm in August company with The Cowboy Hall of Fame Awards. Can't wait for the ceremony next week.

Nice piece on you in S.A. Times. You better get on down here one of these days — The fans — including. This one — are waiting.

Chers, Judith

Old Delhi

Ivan Doig
17021 10th N.W.
Seattle, Wash.
98177

Feb. 20, 1992

Ian —

Thanks for your note. I just got back from 6 weeks in India — Amazing time. Traveling with a photographer, Tina Barney, who got a buggy — heir for us to do a collaborative project together. The project? In the works — we'll see.

About PEN — any center is okay — still PEN — But I've decided to throw my lot in with the Westerners.

By the way — just learned my novel "Set For Life" has ~~won~~ won this year's Western Heritage Award for best Western Novel from The Cowboy Hall of Fame. Wouldn't miss the award ceremony next month. I'm thrilled —

Take care,

Judith

27 Feb. '92

Dear Judith--

Hey, big congrats on the best western novel prize. (Greatest choice since I won it!) I hope the Cowboy Hall of Fame ceremony is as memorably loony as the time I was there; LeRoy Neiman did them a kind of neon-colored portrait of Kirk Douglas, that year, and the hesitation before any applause started was the most eloquent silence I've ever heard. Go prepared to take notes.

India, wow. You seem to be keeping busy. Glad to hear things are perking for you. Maybe see you in a year or so; close friends have just moved to the LA area, multiplying our reasons to visit...

all best,

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR®

Ashland, Oregon 97520 (503) 488-3987

2/18/92

Dear Ivan,

Here's a copy of the Monitor with the piece I finally produced on this character Davis. And also, very belatedly, the tapes you so kindly loaned for the drive back to Ashland (which made the 8-hour drive fly).

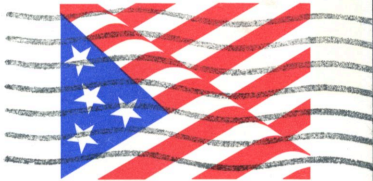
Trust all's well with you and Carol. Ashland is lovely as usual. Look forward to your next visit.

Best

P.S. Thanks, too, for the Linda Bierds collection. Always a real treat to be introduced to a new poet.

Pyshe
115 Montgomery
Steilacoom, WA
98388

TACOMA, WA 984
PM
12 FEB
1992



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

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Ivan,

2/12/92

Thank you for the call & the card. I'm sorry you're not available but I understand. I put my poetry manuscript in the mail yesterday & am working on a story & new poems. Also, I have a reading coming up in Olympia. Busyness abounds.

Can't wait for your next book!

Best to you & family,

Bronwyn

PILGRIM'S REST
RD1 Box 90
Broad Run, Va. 22014

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

January 30, 1992

Dear Ivan,

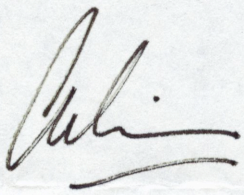
What a delightful consequence of all this back and forth between us. I feel as though we are now on a first-name basis. Can we go on meeting like this?

Just wanted to let you know what a resounding success the books were to Joel and John. Thank you so much for being so good about my pushy attitude.

I see that "Ride With Me" is out on tape through Books On Tape. Just ordered "Dancing," which I read several years ago but would now like to listen to. I'll be picking up "Ride With Me" as soon as I'm done with the other.

Can't tell you how much pleasure you bring me in the car. Oh Dear!

Best,



Adrienne Cook
(703) 347-1960



STOLEN SEASON

A Journey Through America and Baseball's Minor Leagues

December 24, 1991

Dear Ivan:

You'll probably remember me--Larry Schneider's friend, who knocked on your door a few years ago while I was writing an article for the Los Angeles Times on Seattle. Introductions done, I wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA. Such a wonderful novel, with such memorable characters, flawless dilogue and so much history of Montana! My early '92 reading will be the first two books of the trilogy. (All three are on sale at my local Olson's.)

I'm now working out of The Times' Washington, D.C. bureau and had intended to drop by your signing at Olson's in November. Unfortunately, an assignment got in the way. I'd appreciate it if you'd signed the dog-eared copy enclosed to me and would personalize the other to Jack and Merritt Atwood. (It's a book you signed at Olson's) The Atwoods are old East Coast pals who have lived for several years in Freeland, WA, and are big fans of yours.

I had an adventure the McCaskills would have enjoyed in '89. I bought a second-hand RV (mine broke down more than theirs did) and took a 16,000-mile journey around the country, researching minor league baseball. I spent two weeks in Montana with the Pioneer League (Helena, Butte, Billings and Great Falls). Knowing that we share the same interest in Chief Joseph, I'm enclosing a story I wrote recently for The Times. Riley would have done a beautiful job with the material.

Thanks for signing the books. With best wishes,

David Lamb

David Lamb
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3 Jan. '92

Dear David--

It means a lot to me that you got a kick out of Mariah Montana, and that Riley and ilk didn't sound too bizarre to you. One of the nicest compliments I've had is from a friend who's a photographer on the Great Falls Tribune, who read the book and wistfully said he sure wished he worked for my invented paper instead.

Too bad we couldn't have crossed paths at Olsson's, but it was astonishingly a mob scene there anyway. There was a 45-minute-long line, which for me is about like a RFK Stadiumful. The Mariah paperback has gone into a 4th printing, my 1st book (This House of Sky) is being re-issued in a 14th anniversary hardback, I've just been the reader on the audio cassette of Norman Maclean's A River Runs through It--I'm beginning to become deluded that there's a living in this yet.

Here's hoping the Washington bureau is nifty for you, and please pass my regards to the Schneiders. Maybe Carol and I can cross paths again with you, there in your Washington or here in ours.

best,

Ivan

p.s. Thanks for the Nez Perce piece. That topic could seduce a writer for life, couldn't it.