

Los Angeles Times

SACRAMENTO BUREAU

July 29

Dear Juan:

Great title! Great jacket!

Great Story!

I remember The Great Falls
Stark! We were driving to Glacier
N.P. in 1968 or 69 when our 6-7-year
old daughter Tracy came down with
Appendicitis in Great Falls. She
could clearly see "Mr. Stark" from
her hospitable room window.

I moved back to Sacramento

→ 2 -



in Dec. 1996 as an editor
Walter. Happy to be met y
Los Angeles. Happy to be near
the mountain. Have a
wonderful job with great
hours and not much ~~stress~~
Stress.

So I should write Sunday ---
I've been on a heavy duty orgy
for the past month. 2
I keep thinking if I read
his books, and read about
him as much (The Reynolds bio)

-3-

maybe I can become
E.A. maybe I'd be
better off being Ivan Poy -
or at least writing like
him. Oh well, I can or - -

Come Visit Samuels -
85 miles from the nearest
good skin area!

Congratulations on the book
and best wishes.

Bill Stary



Dear Wan: what a nice letter to start the week with! Thank you for your kind words about Matador. It is still around - never un-optioned by Hollywood for 45 years - Andy Garcia being drafted for the part currently! I'll believe it when I see it.

If you find "ghost Hunting in Montana," read the chapter on Charles Conrad's Indian son - a heart-breaking story worthy of a Doig novel. A fuller account is in an interesting book called Half a Silver Dollar, (Mt. Press, Missoula, 1983) by James Murphy. I'm starting to read all of G. Doig. actually from Blas on Tape (which also distributes Matador on Tape) Henry's Fork in 2 off weeks! Best to you - Barnaby

The Write Stuff at Santa Barbara

By Adrea Mach

TWO ESSENTIAL ingredients – Californian creativity and the personal touch of Barnaby and Mary Conrad – have made the Santa Barbara Writers' Conference a unique event in the literary world. Participating this year, for the first time, I had the opportunity to rub shoulders with best-selling authors, find motivation in the workshops and exchange ideas and concrete plans with people dedicated to the written word.

Barnaby Conrad, who created the SBWC 26 years ago, is at once laid-back and larger than life. This lively, charismatic 76 year old is a man of multiple talents and careers: a complete polymath. He has been a matador, diplomat, personal secretary to Sinclair Lewis, artist, sculptor, musician – and author of 28 books. His most famous one is *Matador*, a runaway best-seller in the 1950s, which is still a classic and has sold five million copies in 28 languages. Conrad seems the quintessential Renaissance man.

Yet, talented and engaging as he is, the conference might not have flourished without Mary, his elegant wife of 35 years. They form a perfect team. He concentrates on the product: she on the people, all of whom she knows by name. Together they have been the driving force and inspiration of the conference since its inception in 1972. "The secret is the intimacy," said Barnaby without hesitation when I asked him what sets Santa Barbara apart from other conferences. "The open, interactive, informal contact between organisers, participants, workshop leaders and guest speakers."

A little north of Los Angeles and south of Big Sur and San Francisco, Santa Barbara is an upmarket beach community frequented by Hollywood habitués. The Miramar, which has hosted the conference every year since 1974, is Santa Barbara's only true ocean-front resort. Its conference facilities are expansive; yet there are so many workshops that many of them are held in the small bungalows that form part of the sprawling complex, complete with beach, palm-shaded pools and tennis courts.

Originally a seaside farm, the Miramar was transformed into a hotel in 1887 and gradually expanded into a year-round resort of world-wide repute. In its heyday, it hosted such guests as US Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, the Prince of Wales, and the Queen of the Netherlands. The Rockefellers, the Du Ponts and many more who often arrived by private train or yacht were showered with geranium petals as part of their welcome.

In contrast, we writers, who descended almost 400-strong this year upon the Miramar were showered with words – primarily English words, although the conference's participants came from as near as just across the freeway to as far away as Switzerland, France, the UK, Russia, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Japan, Australia and even China. For non-Californians, the informality and enthusiasm were disarmingly infectious; everyone was on a first-name basis.

Unlike many other literary get-togethers, SBWC participants undergo no advance screening. It is simply first-come, first-served, which accounts in part for the high degree of diversity. An impressive 65% of this year's participants are repeats; many have made it an annual event for decades.

They included students and teachers, full-time mothers and grandmothers, full-time bricklayers and a rich layer of best-selling authors. All mingled easily, the common denominator being their commitment to quality self-expression. Over the years, more than 100 books and countless short stories and articles have emerged as a direct result of this conference.

Of the many who have made good, one is former student and comedian, Fannie Flagg, whose book, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*, became a best-seller and then a film; another is Spencer Johnson, co-author of the hugely successful book, *The One Minute Manager*.

Then there is Frances Weaver (75) to remind us all that embarking on the road to literary fame can be a later-life adventure. An unpublished perennial at the conference for almost twenty years, she was at last discovered at the age of 72 by agent Michael Larsen and hit the big time with *The Girls with the Grandmother Faces* followed by *I'm Not as Old as I Used to Be*, and a regular slot on the *Today* show.

Frances now spends part of each year as resident literary light on Crystal Harmony cruises. Not bad for a young-at-heart senior citizen with a sprightly mind, a bright sense of humour and an ability to learn from the conference.

High-profile guest speakers put Santa Barbara in a class by itself. Well-known writers who have come to share their stories over the years number in the hundreds and include: Maya Angelou, William F. Buckley, Jr., Erskine Caldwell, Jackie Collins, Paul Erdman, Fannie Flagg, Alex Haley, Ann Lamott, James Michener, Robin Norwood, Eva Marie Saint, Artie Shaw, Danielle Steel, Irving Stone, William Styron, Amy Tan, Eudora Welty and Gore Vidal.

Equally important are the agents, editors and publishers who appear each year, giving tips on the practical aspects of writing and looking for fresh talent.

True to form, the 1998 conference featured such best selling authors as Mr. Sci Fi, Ray Bradbury (*The Martian Chronicles*, *Fahrenheit 451*) Sue Grafton (the alphabet mystery series beginning with *A is for Alibi* that made her and her female sleuth Kinsey famous), Iris Chang author of the highly acclaimed non-fiction, *The Rape of Nanking*, and the perennial, much

beloved philosopher-cartoonist and quarter-century patron saint of the conference, Charles 'Sparkey' Schultz of Peanuts and Snoopy fame.

I found it a totally new experience to meet such best-sellers, to sense the private personality beneath the public persona, to hear about the behind-the-scenes roller coaster rides of a writer before – and after – making it big. Everyone starts small.

And the workshop leaders never tired of reminding us that 'success comes before work only in the dictionary'. Writing a publishable, not to mention best-selling, piece generally involves endless variations on the themes of time, discipline, hard work and editing. These teachers have been put through the paces many times themselves. In fact, eight of this year's crop of 30 published workshop leaders are themselves former students. It shows. Caring, nurturing, professional and unendingly patient, they balanced advice and criticism in just the right dosage so that I came away enriched and motivated.

They also bonded with the students, both in and outside of class. One, a humorist cum jazz pianist, lured us to a wonderful little cafe high in the hills for an unforgettable evening of music and ribald conversation. Despite the late nights, we got up each morning at what seemed like dawn. This may be laid-back California but the pace at Santa Barbara is fast.

The programme featured a never-ending stream of workshops, panels, guest speakers, one-on-one sessions with agents and editors, late night readings and critiques, contests to enter and awards to win.

The pattern is well-established. It begins with two workshops daily from 9.00 – 11.30 am and 1.00 – 3.30 pm.

Topics run the literary gamut from fiction (short story, mystery, romance, science fiction and novel); to documentary and creative non-fiction (biography, autobiography, magazines, and travel; to screen writing, dramatic writing, poetry, juveniles, humour, right brain experiences, editing, marketing and publishing). Participants may stick with one workshop throughout the week but are encouraged to sample the literary smorgasbord.

Following the workshops are two additional daily lectures, one at 4.00 pm usually focusing on practical aspects like self-publishing, and one evening programme at 8.00 pm, usually featuring renowned guest speakers on various aspects of writing. Then, for the truly stout-hearted, there are so-called pirate workshops from 9.30 pm till around 2.00 am where participants read their own works and are critiqued in depth.

Even the most ardent student could not crowd in the entire range of activities – but we tried. After all, it was only one short week. To prepare, I asked Barnaby what books I should read in advance. "Well mine, of course, especially *The Complete Guide to Writing Fiction*, he answered with a twinkle in his eye, adding,

"Yeah, and I also recommend Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. For anyone with imagination, it's got literature's steamiest sex scene. There they are, driving around Paris for six hours in a carriage that keeps 'appearing and reappearing, sealed tighter than a tomb and tossing like a ship' – and all that without Viagra." Vintage Barnaby.

Obviously, the man himself makes Santa Barbara special. But I found three other features unique. One was the accent on the visual impact of a story. With its proximity to Hollywood, it is no wonder that Santa Barbara featured several screen writing and dramatic workshops and that people frequently worked in terms of visual scenes, often commenting on the viability of a piece in terms of its adaptability for television or cinema.

A second feature was the marketing aspect. Agents, editors and prospective publishers scour Santa Barbara because they know, as Barnaby puts it, that "It's not unlikely that the next literary big hitter will be discovered at our conference." And, especially in the States and Great Britain, marketing and promotion are indispensable parts of success.

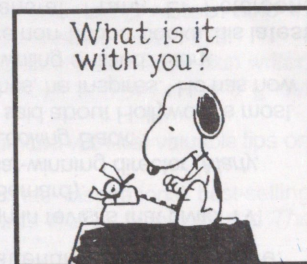
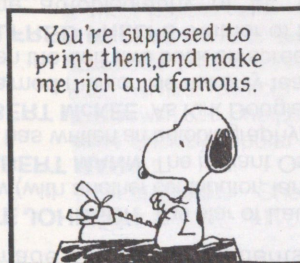
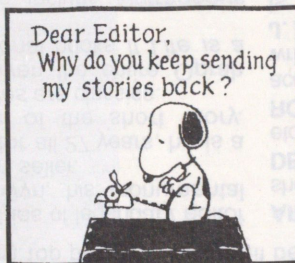
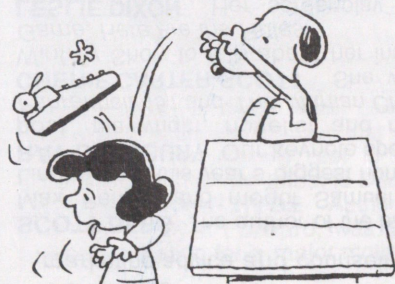
The networking aspect, though a part of all writers' conferences, was particularly open and heart-warming. With contacts so convivial and support so sincere, for the short space of a week at least, one forgets that writing is a lonely profession.

Finally, though, the last morning, devoted to awards, readings and just plain fun, arrived. As I sat in the large auditorium, savouring the wealth of new friends and contacts, experiences and inspirations, I could already sense the groundswell of energy that will carry me towards next summer and another encounter with the 'write stuff' at Santa Barbara.

**This article appeared
in a fine new magazine,
World Wide Writers, in
1998.**

**It was writtern by Adrea
Mach, a Canadian who
lives in Switzerland.**

**The publication urges
writers to send their
short stories to Box
3229, Bournemouth,
BH1 1ZS, U.K.**



Maybe we can get you here one of these years.

SANTA BARBARA WRITER'S CONFERENCE

THE 27TH YEAR

"A lovely time." - **Gore Vidal**

"Very valuable!" - **Sidney Sheldon**

"The best in the nation." - **James Michener**

"The Jenny Craig for flabby prose." - **David Holden**

"An important and wonderful week." - **Elmore Leonard**

"A most stimulating time - a glorious week!" - **Eudora Welty**

"On the last day a lady said: 'I now feel I can say I'm a writer -

that's how we greenhorns feel at the end of the week.'" - **Lisa Angle**

"The Conference has become the major punctuation of my life." - **Charles Champlin**

"One of the finest experiences of my life - a turning point for me." - **Dr. Thomas Armstrong Ph.D.**



*Mary Conrad will make every effort to find a compatible roommate if double occupancy is preferred and no individual specified.

NO DEPOSIT REFUNDS AFTER MAY 15th.



BARNABY and MARY CONRAD

Author of 27 books including the best-sellers, *Matador*, *Name Dropping*, *The Complete Guide to Writing Fiction*, *Learning to Write Fiction from the Masters* and his latest, *The World of Herb Caen*. Barnaby Conrad, with his wife Mary and a dedicated staff, directs this event.



THE MIRAMAR

The rustic and charming seaside resort, the Miramar, just off the freeway at Montecito, has been the site for all but two of the Conferences. Besides the safe beach, the hotel has two swimming pools, two restaurants, an auditorium for 600, and tennis courts.

"Thank you again for inviting me to the world's greatest writer's conference."

- Ted Geisell (Dr. Seuss)

"My first book came out of the Conference!"

- Fannie Flagg (Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe, Welcome to the World of Baby Girl)

"I learned more in six days about good writing than in the last six months of reading handbooks or in the two other conferences I've attended . . . plus I sold a short story I did in class to a major magazine."

- David Clayton Carrad

"It changed my life - I walked into a group of people who completely understood me, who dreamed dreams every bit as big as mine . . ."

- Peggy Wyman

San Diego

"Wow! - What a wonderful time! I learned more in a week than I had in the last year."

- Tom Callos

Hilo, Hawaii

"SBWC offers aspiring talents opportunities to have their work seen by professionals who can help them reach publication."

- Los Angeles Times

JUNE 18TH - 25TH, 1999

Announcing

THE
BELLWETHER PRIZE
FOR FICTION

*In Support of A Literature
of Social Change*

1999-2000



Barbara Kingsolver

Introducing the Bellwether Prize for Fiction

At the request of Barbara, I am sending you this brochure, either to update your own information, to pass it on to someone you know who may have an eligible manuscript in the works, or for yourself.

Thanks—

Emma Hardesty
Assistant

July 2, 1999

P.O. Box 31870, Tucson, AZ 85751



How to Submit Your Manuscript

Deadline for submissions is October 1, 1999. For an application form, send SASE to National Writers United Service Organization, Bellwether Desk, 113 University Place, 6th Floor, New York, NY 10003-4527.

Applicants for the Bellwether Prize must be U.S. citizens who have some previous publication record, but who have not previously published a book that sold more than 10,000 copies. Your submission must be an original, previously unpublished novel of at least 80,000 words in length. *All submissions must be accompanied by an application form and \$25 processing fee.*

Judging and Publication

Manuscripts will be judged by a panel of distinguished literary authors whose work exemplifies the category of fiction endorsed by the Bellwether Prize. The winner will be announced in May, 2000, with publication to follow promptly. The winning author will enter into a contract with the participating publisher, with a first hardcover printing of at least 10,000 copies. Publisher for the 2000 Bellwether Prize novel is HarperCollins.

Defining a literature of social change

Qualifying manuscripts must show outstanding literary merit and, in content, address contemporary or historical issues in a manner that advocates social responsibility. Fiction of this type is greatly valued by readers throughout the world; the Nobel Prize for literature has frequently celebrated this tradition in the works of such writers as Nadine Gordimer, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Miguel Asturias, George Bernard Shaw, Thomas Mann, Wole Soyinka, and John Steinbeck.

“Socially responsible literature,” for the purposes of this award, may describe categorical human transgressions in a way that compels readers to examine their own prejudices. It may invoke the necessity for economic and social justice for a particular ethnic or social group, or it may explicitly examine movements that have brought positive social change. Or, it may advocate the preservation of nature by describing and defining accountable relationships between people and their environment. The mere description of an injustice, or of the personal predicament

of an exploited person, without any clear position of social analysis invoked by the writer, does not in itself constitute socially responsible literature. "Social responsibility" describes a moral obligation of individuals to engage with their communities in ways that promote a more respectful coexistence.

Clear, analytical and literary accounts of political and social injustice (either current or historical) include the following excellent examples: *Beloved*, by Toni Morrison; *Snow Falling on Cedars*, David Guterson; *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Harper Lee; *Crows Over a Wheatfield*, Paula Sharp; *Bastard Out of Carolina*, Dorothy Allison; *The Women's Room*, Marilyn French; *Memoirs of An Ex-Prom Queen*, Alix Kates Shulman; *Mean Spirit*, Linda Hogan; *Cloudsplitter*, Russell Banks; *The Bean Trees*, Barbara Kingsolver; *The Color Purple*, Alice Walker. Other contemporary contributors to this tradition include Michael Dorris, Louise Erdrich, Ursula Hegi, Ursula K. LeGuin, Grace Paley, Marge Piercy, and John Edgar Wideman.

These authors notwithstanding, issues of social responsibility have in recent decades held a less commanding place in U.S. literature than in the wider world. Social commentary in our art is frequently viewed with suspicion. Its advocacy does not fall within the stated goals of any major North American publisher, endowment, or prize for the arts. The Bellwether Prize was conceived to address this deficiency. We would like to see the place of conscience in our nation's artistic landscape restored to the same high position it holds elsewhere in the world. By means of this prize we hope to enlist North American writers, publishers, and readers to share in this crucial endeavor.

*The Bellwether Prize
was established and funded by
Barbara Kingsolver
and is administered as a non-profit agency
through the National Writers' United
Service Organization.*

Fiction has a unique capacity to bring difficult issues to a broad readership on a personal level, creating empathy in a reader's heart for the theoretical stranger. Its capacity for invoking moral and social responsibility is enormous. Throughout history, every movement toward a more peaceful and humane world has begun with those who imagined the possibilities. The Bellwether Prize seeks to support the imagination of humane possibilities.

The Bellwether Prize for Fiction, awarded biennially, consists of a \$25,000 cash payment to the author of the winning manuscript, and guaranteed publication by a major publisher. The author will collect royalties in accordance with a publisher's contract.

The Bellwether Prize is unique; no other major North American endowment or prize for the arts specifically seeks to support a literature of social responsibility. Its intent is to advocate serious literary fiction that addresses issues of social justice and the impact of culture and politics on human relationships. The prize is awarded to a previously unpublished novel representing excellence in this genre.

25 Oct. '99

Dear Judy Fuller--

Appreciated your recent letter of invitation to the Longview Public Library speakers' series, although please note that I have a new address (in the letterhead, above) since the one the Center for the Book gave you.

Sorry to say, next spring isn't feasible for me. I'm just now concluding a year in which, with a new book published, I've done some 40 public events, and I simply have to take some uninterrupted time now to get going on my next book. As to future years, I can't say yet whether I can be available, and for that matter the customary fees I'm being offered now may be a burden to your budget; the three most recent fees have been \$5,000; \$4,500; and \$7,500. I know that sometimes public institutions are able to draw on public patrons for funding for events of this sort, and I hope that's your situation, whether or not I'm an eventual speaker; in any case, I wanted to be frank with you about the fee picture and the fact that I do have to pick and choose pretty carefully among the speaking invitations I'm now receiving.

I do have a suggestion for your 2000 series: the Portland writer Craig Lesley will have a new novel published soon after the new year, I believe, and might be available as part of his book promotion tour. Craig is writer-in-residence at Willamette U., and a longtime teacher and speaker; should you want him as a candidate, his phone number is (503) 282-9842.

Best wishes with your series.

Sincerely,

Wendy



P.O. Box 128
Longview, WA 98632-7080

October 6, 1999

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Dr. Doig:

The Washington Center for the Book gave me your address. I had attempted to go through your publisher but when I called, I did not get a name to contact so I decided to try to reach you directly. If you would like me to contact your agent or publisher's representative, please send me the information.

The Longview Public Library is planning a writer series for next February and March called **Northwest Voices, Live at the Longview Library**. Last spring I attended a special workshop for public libraries given by the American Library Association called "Live at the Library". The purpose of the workshop was to encourage and assist public libraries in presenting author programs to their communities.

For this first series at the Longview Library, we have decided to focus on Northwest writers including some of our own local writers in the lower Columbia area. We would like to invite you to be our lead presenter with a program on Saturday, February 5, 2000, at 3:00 p.m. here in the library. If you are interested and available, we would like to sponsor a no host dinner following the presentation to allow interested readers and writers to visit with you in a more informal setting.

I would like to know if you are interested, available for that date (if not, perhaps you might suggest another date in February or even March) and what your fee would be for such a presentation. We will cover your expenses including lodging on Saturday night if you are willing to spend the night.

I look forward to hearing from you soon. Thank you for your time in considering this proposal.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Judy Fuller".

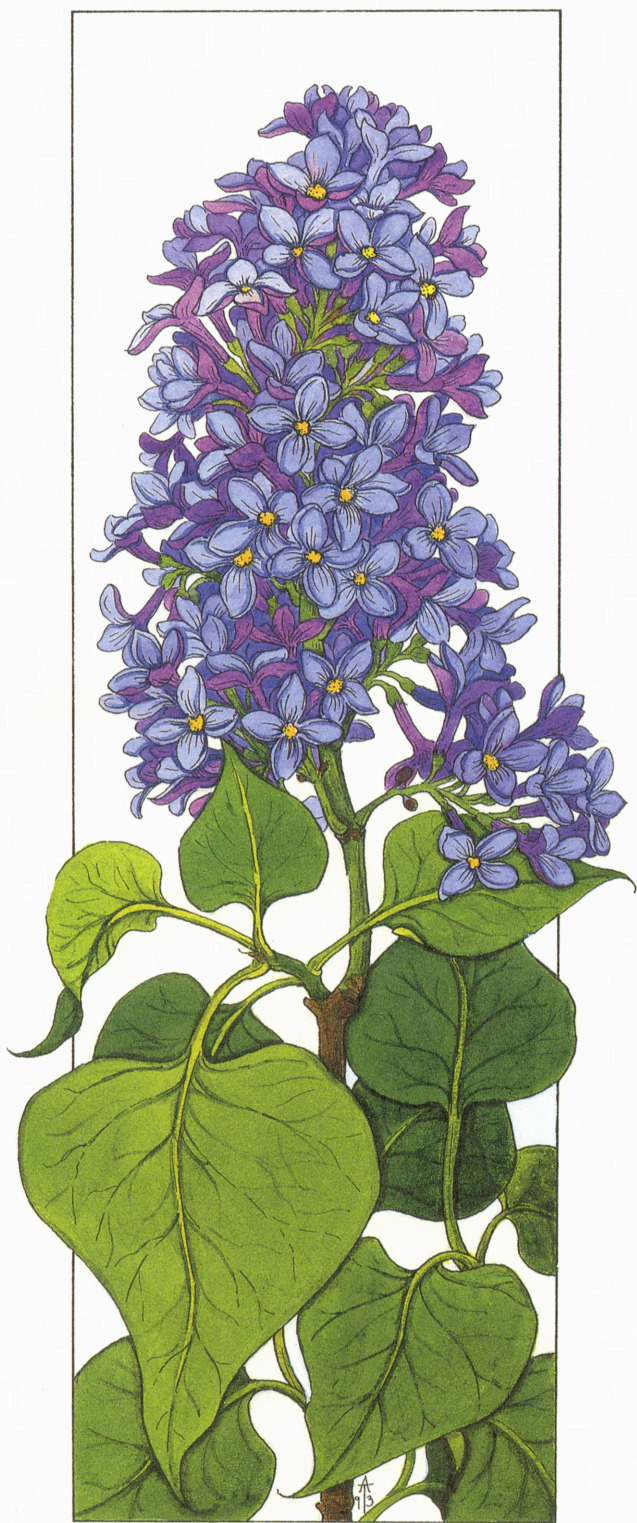
Judith K. Fuller, Special Projects Librarian

June 10, 1999
Box 114
Irasburg, VT 05845

Dear Mr. Doig,

I'm a long-time fan of your books - Ted Hagland introduced me to your work 20 years ago - and I've asked Harry Foster, my editor at Houghton Mifflin, to send you my latest novel, The Fall of the Year. If you don't have time to look at it right now I'll more than understand. In any event, I'd love to meet you sometime and tell you in person how much your books have meant to me and my family, including my son, Jake, who now lives in, and writes about, Montana!

Very best,
Howard Frank Mober



[Carlene Cross, Bainbridge Is., WA, June 1999]

Ivan,

Thank you
again for the
very wonderful
endorsement quote.

You and Carol
have been so
generous to me. I
appreciate it more
than I can say.

Good luck with
the knee!

Carlene

Please tell Carol hello
for me.

L I L A C

Syringa vulgaris

Lilacs grow wild in the quite rugged terrains of eastern Europe and Asia. These hardy deciduous shrubs and small trees survive harsh winters and hot summers. Our cultivated lilacs also grow best where winters are cold and summers are sunny. The word lilac can be traced back to a Sanskrit word meaning dark blue. Lilacs bloom each spring in a variety of shades of blues, lavenders, whites and pinks. Their fragrance is legendary.



by Ivan Doig
BY Ivan Doig
IVAN
DOIG
by Ivan Doig
Ivan Doig
BY IVAN DOIG
By Ivan Doig

17277 15th Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

Bill--Had to do this in a helluva hurry, obviously.

But if something is better than nothing, maybe it'll serve? Hope to see you and the divine Ms. J. when we bobbasheely (heh heh, look it up if you have to) throw

12 July '99

bobbasheely (heh heh, look it up if you have to) through Missou.

love and tickles,

Avon

one-page FAX to Steve Rice, advertising manager, U. of Oklahoma Press

Steve, hello--

Some words for Bill Bevis and his Shorty Harris book:

"Death Valley bespeaks drama, quest, adventure at one of the earth's great!"

extremes. Using fiction as his compass, William W. Bevis in this debut novel goes prospecting for the soul of a goldseeker, on the inspired literary hunch that the true riches of Shorty Harris were found in his extraordinary life."

--Ivan Doig, author of Dancing at the Rascal Fair

Good luck with the book, and my regards to Bevis when you talk to him.

sincerely,

Huan Dong



University
of Oklahoma
Press

Marketing and Sales

4100 28th Avenue N.W.
Norman, Oklahoma 73069-8218
Fax: 405-364-5798
Web: www.ou.edu/oupress

June 29, 1999

Mr. Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

As per the suggestion from Bill Bevis, here enclosed is a copy of his new book *Shorty Harris*. Please send your quote to me, and I will use it in our new literature brochure, to be printed in August, and in any forthcoming ads for *Shorty Harris*. Your efforts are appreciated. Please call or e-mail me if you have any questions.

(405) 325-3199 srice@ou.edu

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read 'Steve T. Rice'.

Steve T. Rice
Direct Mail and Advertising Manager

Home:
2500 Raymond
Missoula, MT 59802
406-728-2774
Email: bevis@selway.umt.edu

University of Montana
Department of English
Missoula, MT 59812
Office: 406-243-5231
Fax: 406-243-4076

William W. Bevis
Professor of American Literature

May 18, 1999

Jim Crumley, Jim Welch and Ivan Doig:

I had suggested you three to Oklahoma in September, with addresses, for possible blurbs for Shorty Harris. Galleys came out in October, and when Jim and Jim received nothing, I reminded the press in December. Absolutely nothing was done, and the cover appeared in March with two reader report blurbs signed Professor Lyon and Professor Holthaus (good guys, bad presentation...). Kittredge, editor of the series, had a fit. I was mad as hell; academic publishing can be pretty frustrating.

The press is now very apologetic, but is balking at reprinting the cover. However, they are planning more advertising this summer with some special hype, and would use the blurbs from now on. Soon you should be receiving books from O. Press and a letter (of apology, I hope), requesting something by July or so.

I know you all are busy; any help would be appreciated. Some quick entries into the book:

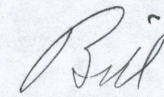
- Chapters 13 through 16 (about 30 pp)
- Part 4 (c. 50 pp)
- Part 5 to end (c. 80 pp)

I suppose I should be recommending the opening -- Prologue and chapters 1 & 2 (another 50 pp) -- but that's not my favorite section and what the hell, then you might as well read it all, and doesn't that violate blurb conventions?

Sorry they messed up so badly on this; I'm embarrassed to have to enter the process at all.

Whenever you need a blurb from "Professor Bevis," let me know.

Best,



Bill

*Ivan - I hear
you'll be in Mola
mid-August. Hope to see you then.
Juliette & I just returned. The sky
looks bigger now.*

Molly Gloss
3133 N.E. 54th Avenue
Portland, Oregon 97213

(503) 284-1699

24 May 1999

Dear Ivan,

This begging letter presumes greatly on our acquaintance. I hope it doesn't presume too much.

I've recently finished a new novel called Wild Life, which is scheduled for publication by Simon and Schuster in April, 2000. I think this is a book you might like, and of course I want it to have every chance of success. I wonder if you would consider reading it in manuscript or galleys, and offering a brief comment to the publisher--assuming of course that you *do* like it?

It concerns a woman living in Skamokawa, Washington (on the lower Columbia River) in 1905--a mother of five sons, and an outrageous feminist who supports her family (she is without a husband) by writing popular adventure stories with intrepid girl heroes. She gets involved in an adventure herself, searching for a lost child (not one of her own) in the Cascade forests. This is a book set mostly in our dark Northwest woods, and which uses the sasquatch legend as a metaphor for wilderness. My editor, Roz Siegel, has called it "Mary Shelley meets Greystoke," which doesn't come near describing the book, of course, but makes a slight gesture in the right direction. Ursula has told me she thinks it's my best work yet.

I know that you don't blurb many books, and I imagine you must have some pretty hard and fast rules for requests like mine. If you say No, I'll certainly understand. If you say Yes to reading it, and later say No to making a comment, well, I'm a big girl, and I won't throw myself under any trains. On the other hand, if you read it and like it, I might throw myself into your arms! I am forward enough to ask this of you, only because I know you are forthright enough to say No if it's not something you want to do--or have time and energy to do right now, as I've heard through the grapevine that you'll have a new book coming out this year, and perhaps the promotion for it will keep you busier than a one-armed paper-hanger (as my dad always says). At any rate, I have asked Roz not to send the book to you unsolicited, so if you choose not to read it you need do nothing. On the other hand, if you're willing to take a look at it, will you send me a note or give me a call? Or if you want to skip the middle woman, you can reach Roz Siegel at Simon and Schuster, 1230 Avenue of the Americas (14th floor), New York 10020. Her direct number is 212-698-7305. I know that reading a book in manuscript can be a pain in the neck, so if you do ask to see it, and you prefer to wait for bound galleys, you can say so. Or if you're willing to see the book sooner, I'll be sure the manuscript you receive is at least bound and two-sided so you won't have to turn over loose pages in a box.

Thanks for considering it. And I hope you are finding time to write, and that it's going well.

My best always,

Molly

BARNABY CONRAD III
2101 PACIFIC AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94115

TEL: (415) 563-7418
FAX: (415) 885-4290
E MAIL: BARNABYC@aol.com

Sept. 27, 1999

Dear Mr. Dory,

My father passed on a copy of
your letter to him and I couldn't help
seeing your kind interest in my
book Ghost Hunting In Montana. Unfortunately,
it went out of print and never
went into paperback. I do, however,
have a stock of them and
here's one signed to you. I loved
This House of Sky. I also quote
you on p. 154.

Warm regards
Barnaby

Wendy Smith

November 12, 1999

Dear Ivan,

I don't like to think how long *Mountain Time* has been sitting on my bedside table—the only mountain I spend time on these days is the pile of biographies and memoirs I assess monthly for Amazon.com, which cuts down considerably on my fiction time.

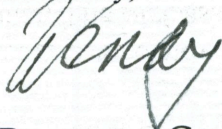
But when I finally cracked open your novel last week, it grabbed and wouldn't let me go. I loved the contrast between the characters' modern neuroses and the timeless grandeur of the natural world around them. Without making a big deal about it, you reminded us that we ignore that world at our peril (I liked Mitch's "terrifying suspicion that he was beginning to understand extinction from the inside out"). Yet I also thought you did some fascinating things in the Seattle section, pinning down an urban setting that hadn't seemed to interest you before. Even the language there seemed different—I won't say edgier, because your characters always have plenty of edge, but it had a citified tone and snap to it that suited Seattle and seemed new for you.

When everyone moved on to Montana, of course, the rhythms and the concerns were more familiar. The McCaskill sisters are as ornery and delightful as ever ("Bobbsey Twins from Hell" indeed!). My own father died last year, so you had an unfair edge in Lyle's story, but I thought you handled it with great dignity and respect for the mystery of what men choose to hold on to, without sentimentalizing the impossible old SOB. The finale was a page-turner—but then, you always could spin a story! Congratulations on a new exploration with a lot of the old strengths in it. That Doig prose gives me the same pleasure it always has: solidly rooted in the Montana soil, but with an upward lift that always makes me feel I could climb it all the way to that house of sky.

Joe and Luca and I are headed to Southern California in a few days for an old friend's wedding and a short vacation. I'm astonished to report that Luca is now four, although he's so tall he looks like a six-year-old. He's doing well in pre-school but appears to be another withdrawn writer-type: can't be persuaded to do anything until he's observed everyone else trying it out and has thought it through himself for several days, if not weeks. He's fond of his friends but spends hours wrapped up in his own world—which at the moment consists largely of construction machinery, Thomas the Tank Engine, and dinosaurs. Did you know there are about ten times as many species and names to learn as there were when we were kids? I am now incredibly knowledgeable about Baryonix, Plateosaurus, and Parasaurolophus—not to mention the difference between a bulldozer and a backhoe, plus the names of Thomas's two coaches (Annie and Clarabelle). Who says having children kills your brain cells? (Well, maybe the ones associated with a good night's sleep...)

Hope you and Carol are well. If Scribner drags you into New York and you have some spare time, do come visit. We still remember fondly our wonderful meals and strolls through the Pacific Northwest—let us show you Brooklyn, which is great in its own way.

Affectionately,



email: wblackhall@aol.com

220B Bergen Street

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217

(718) 855-0263

Monday

Dear Ivan,

I hope this doesn't give you a heart attack! or make you stuck up (hard to imagine), and I hope you'll still talk to me. I was just really stumped at first about how to tell everything about you and why you're important in 15 inches. (You'll notice I didn't manage to work in "inert javelin thrower at Valier High School.") I have a great fat file on you, but I didn't get my idea until I read again your foreword to the anniversary edition of "House of Sky." Being a person who still grows vegetables, makes her own bread and cuts her own firewood, I think you know how to do all the important

things. Most of all, it gave me an excuse to re-read that first page of "House" and just knock back in my newsroom chair, struck dumb by the genius of it. If I ever forget why you are one of my literary heroes, I remembered. Ivan, you are truly wonderful. I love the way you are downright Victorian in your love of the drawn-out, perfectly ^{wrought} sentence during which the reader gets a whole world but never loses sight of what's the subject of every clause or what's modifying what. It's the same reason I love George Eliot and could never get into Hemingway - anybody could do that.

I finished "Mountain Time" this morning at 1 o'clock. You know how I feel about that Mariah (self-centered and inconsiderate of others, now morally reprehensible for sleeping with her sister's boyfriend), but that dear Mitch, and Lexa, and his dad, saved it — not to mention that Doig prose. I first slipped into it a few weeks ago during a blizzard on a fishing trip to the Wise River — spent more time in the tent reading than fishing, but that's OK. I insist in a Doig novel that the landscape is a character, and you didn't disappoint. Is that a real backpack trip? If

4
so, I think my sister and I
need to tromp it. And once
again, you've caught the
conundrums for those who
work in the odd profession
of newspapers, now lumbering
toward the tar pits to join
the dinosaurs.

What's next?

Hope you both are well
and happy. Best to Carol.

Best,

Ginny

1 Nov. '99

Dear Ginny--

Would you believe, an actual reader of the *Missoulian* had sent me a copy of the illustrious 100 supplement, and just as I was about ready to place a whimpering call to the paper and beg for another to send in to Scribner, here came the copy from you and your note. Thanks doubly. I'm quite touched by the job you did, not only where I was concerned but the nifty pieces on Norman and your granddad. Not so incidentally, I now have a better grasp on your granddad, after reading that piece, than I ever did before. So, you and the *Missoulian* both came through nobly.

You wondered about that backpack trip in *Mounain Time*. About half of it is actual, Ginny. I made up the Phantom Woman mountain part, the fire tower and so on, but the mountainslopes that reminded me of the ocean floor tilted on its side and the pleasant campsite (although there's no waterfall that I can remember, and the limpid fishing hole is actually elsewhere) do exist, or did when Carol and I trooped in there in '77. It's the hike that starts at Swift Dam, northwest of Dupuyer. We went in along the South Fork of Birch Creek--and the multiple fordings of the creek are for real, and scary; we just luckily hit a dry summer there in July '77 and would not have wanted the South Fork any deeper--then through Gateway Pass, along Gateway Creek, then north along Strawberry Creek (where the campsite and fishing were) to the North Fork of Birch Creek, and followed it back out to Swift Dam. Five days and forty miles, I think it was, without ever seeing another person. You know, of course, that Dupuyer and that general area is now Grand Central Station for grizzlies. They were not nearly as evident in '77, and even so we did have that experience I give to the characters in the book, the muddy pawprints feeling their way around the tepee. I'd hesitate to go in there now, but you know the balance of hiking risks and rewards in that country better than I do, any more.

It was a kick to see the Merriam sisters at my reading at Fact and Fiction. Since you asked, I am getting underway (ever so damn gradually, because of the extensive *Mounain Time* booktour) on the next one, which will pluck Angus McCaskill's prize student from that one-room school in *Dancing at the Rascal Fair* --her name is Susan Duff--and follow her through the suffrage movement, WWI, and entanglements of the mind and heart with a couple of men, to the Jazz Age, the mid-1920s. Looks like it'll be set in Helena, the Two Medicine country, and New York City. Scribner likes the look of it, gives me credit for guts instead of craziness in tackling the NY stuff, and so I'll see what happens, in this slow-motion race called writing a novel. Meanwhile, may see you next spring when I have to give a speech at Big Sky; Carol and I don't know how much of a Missoula stopover we can make, but we're going to try. Hey, again, thanks a helluva bunch, for the good stuff down through the years. See you when we can.

Best,



S I M O N & S C H U S T E R

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Bob Bender
Vice President
Senior Editor
Trade Division

August 4, 1999

Ivan Doig
17277 15th NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

David Laskin had suggested that you might be interested in seeing the bound galley for his forthcoming book, *Partisans: Marriage, Politics, and Betrayal Among the New York Intellectuals*, which Simon & Schuster will publish in January. Coincidentally, we had also been planning to send you another bound galley, for David Roberts's *A Newer World: Kit Carson, John C. Fremont and the Claiming of the American West*. They are very different books, but I thought both might be of interest to you.

David Laskin's *Partisans* is a fascinating portrait of the generation that dominated New York intellectual life from the 1930s through the 1960s—and of the complex tangle of literature, politics, and passion that drove this group, which included Mary McCarthy, Edmund Wilson, Philip Rahv, Elizabeth Hardwick, Hannah Arendt, Jean Stafford, and Robert Lowell. In the period after the World Wars and before the radicalism of the 1960s, they were the last generation of public intellectuals – defining not only the key political and literary issues of the day but also, in the case of the women, laying the groundwork for the feminist revolution, and a world that would soon eclipse their own.

David Roberts's *A Newer World* tells the story of “the other Lewis and Clark,” the intrepid adventurers Fremont and Carson, whose explorations helped to spark a war with Mexico, bring about the seizure of California, and open the West to American settlers. It examines in depth the relationship between Fremont, “The Pathfinder” and expedition leader, and Carson, the expedition scout and famed Indian fighter who tried to reverse the genocidal policies he was asked to carry out. In his dramatic recounting of their joint expeditions, David Roberts provides a modern perspective on a major episode in our nation's history.

I hope you will enjoy both books. If you are impressed by either (or both!), we would welcome a quote for the jacket; or perhaps you would consider reviewing upon publication. In any case, thank you in advance for your consideration, and I hope I have not overwhelmed you. It's quite rare to have one person suit two books like this.

Cordially,

Bob Bender

Frank Dorig

900 University St. #70
Seattle WA 98101-2729
11 September 1999

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave NW
Seattle WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

I got your address out of an old address book of mine, *and I hope it is still applicable.*
This was put down after some chat we had at a meeting at which you spoke and I was in the audience. You made some kind of reference to me, and I made it clear that I was among your admirers. No contact since, alas. Except for my continuing to read you and enjoy your reporting on Montana. What was the title of the last Doig I read--about an older man traveling around the state with a younger couple--the wife his daughter, a journalist on a specific assignment for her paper.

rarely I write now in behalf of an idea I have long had--
an enemy to nominate you for membership in the Monday Club, a town-gown affair to which I have belonged since about 1960. We meet only eight times a year--on Monday nights at which we have drinks from 8 to 6.30, dine from 6.30 to 7.30, and then have a paper, ending no later than 9. Ordinarily I would just nominate you, it would be voted on, you'd be invited to come to a meeting as guest, and then there would be the election. But procedures have changed slightly since our debate about having women members. This proposal was voted down. So now we ask people in advance whether they'd accept membership if elected. That is what I am doing here. I should acknowledge that I was against women members, only because I see nothing wrong in liking to socialize with one's own sex, and this organization has no political overtones.

If this attitude seems to make me illiberal, I can only report that I have nominated our two black members--Hubert Locke, who used to be Dean of the School of public affairs at UW; and Charles Johnson, the novelist. Hubert is a regular attendant; Johnson is mostly at home working on numerous writing assignments.

The idea is to have a wide mixture of types, U and non-U provided only that each member can come up with a paper every four or five years. Charles Odegaard, former president of UW, was a lively member, but he is now inactive because of Alzheimer's. The UW Dean of Medicine has usually been a member. John Corbally, ex-university president, and more recently head of the McArthur foundation, has been a good member, as has Ancil Payne, once head of a broadcasting company. I can identify other members if you would like. I particularly liked two federal judges, Don Voorhees (now dead) and his successor Bill Dwyer. Bill had to resign, he said, because of a rule about Federal Employees being prohibited to hold membership in any organization that had any kind of membership restrictions. Bill told me that if it had not been for that rule, he

would certainly have stayed in the ^{club} ~~club~~ after the vote against having women members. The lawyer Bill Golding, who absented himself for a while, has recently resumed membership.

I have long had you in mind as an excellent possibility for membership. I have not acted on this impulse because I knew that you were a friend of Walter Wilkinshaw for a long time, and would naturally consult with him about it. Walter was pro-female-members (I thought maybe less from strong conviction than from domestic influence, but I could be wrong), and so I feared he would advise you against the club. But now I have decided that it is better to take that chance. I hope that you will like the idea of membership and will encourage me to go ahead with your nomination.

By the way, the detective writer Aaron Elkins is an enthusiastic member. After living for a while in the east and then in Carmel, Ca., the Elkins are returning to Seattle, and he was eager to resume his membership in the Club. I was glad to push it, and it is arranged.

I hope that you will want me to proceed with your nomination.

With best wishes, yours sincerely,

^{Bob}
Robert B. Heilman

20 Sept. '99

Dear Bob Heilman--

We must be the only two men left in the world who write letters to one another by typewriter. Certainly I appreciated hearing from you again.

And I am quite touched, Bob, that you thought of me for the Monday Club. But alas, I am no good at joining, and you'd simply be wasting a membership on me. Maybe my early-morning (very early) writing schedule is too much on my mind, but I rarely go out on weeknights, and there just is no realistic chance that I'd make it to the Monday Club on any regular--or even irregular--basis. So, thank you immensely, but I can't have an unconsummated membership on my conscience; bestow it where it will do some good!

Yours must be one of the more capacious address books of the Puget Sound country, by now. Please amend my address, as Carol and I moved a year ago to where we now overlook the Sound and the Olympic Mountains. Our new listing:

Ivan & Carol Doig
17277 15th Ave. NW
Seattle WA 98177

Life is going well for us. I have a new book out, my ninth, and as you'll see from the enclosed review, it has occasioned some delectable overpraise. I am run ragged this autumn with bookstore readings/signings, speeches, and the like, and I wonder if one or the other of these is on your calendar or might fit:

--Nov. 5, 7:30 p.m., a speech to the UW Friends of the Library

--Nov. 10, 6-9 p.m. at the Rainier Club, I'm to receive something called a History Maker award (along with Jim and John Ellis, and the mayor's wife). I'd need to wangle you in to this event, but could do so if you'd like to attend. My part in the evening is to pop up like a jack-in-the-box, say two minutes of thanks, and sit down.

Enough for now. Again, thanks for proffering the membership, and all best wishes.

Ivan

465 Growlers Gulch
Castle Rock, WA 98611
August 2, 1999

Simon & Schuster
Rockefeller Center
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

Mr. Ivan Doig:

I am a writer and teacher living in southwest Washington. I recently learned that Mountain Press Publishing in Missoula will be purchasing a book manuscript about logging in the Northwest that I have been working on for the past two years. I realize that the topic has been covered from a number of angles, most effectively, I believe, by Bill Dietrich in his excellent book *The Final Forest*. Knowing that, I decided to tell the story from a family perspective and, by doing so, to personalize a subject that is often examined from a distance.

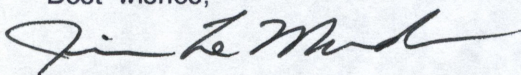
Beginning in 1911 with my maternal grandfather's arrival in Castle Rock, logging has been the economic thread which has held our family together. This continued through my father's working career, which ended in 1985, and extended to the lives of eight first cousins who went to work in the woods during the 1960s and 1970s. Two were climbers who topped and rigged spar trees for Weyerhaeuser and also won world titles in speed climbing events; one is a truck driver who has logged two million road miles; another is still cutting timber, even though he is fifty-nine years old; one was killed in 1966 in a logging accident; two were victims of a downsizing movement that hit the timber industry during the 1980s and left them, and thousands of others, adrift; another runs loading machine for Weyerhaeuser and deals daily with the possibility that the company may jettison its union workers and outsource its entire logging operation. When I started the project, my goal was to tell the story of my family's experiences in logging well enough that it would effectively represent the dynamic history of logging in the Northwest as a whole. I am pleased with the result.

I am writing to see whether you might be willing to read the manuscript and---provided you like it, of course---agree to write a short blurb. I thought of you for two reasons: first, your work makes wonderful use of the family saga, and, for that reason, I thought you might find the approach I have taken appealing; second, you are one the most respected writers in the Northwest, and I can think of no one whose recommendation I would value more.

I am the author of an essay collection titled *South of Seattle* that was released by Mountain Press in 1997. (Mary Clearman Blew, Bob Pyle, and Jack Nisbet wrote blurbs for that book) *South of Seattle* has sold well and received encouraging reviews. Although I have not made any breakthroughs at the national level, my non-fiction has appeared in a number of regional publications, including *Seattle Weekly*, *The Oregonian*, *The Bear Deluxe*, and *The Tacoma-News Tribune*. I mention this not as an attempt to exercise my ego but to let you know that this is not a self-publishing project. Although I continue to teach full-time, I am serious about writing.

The galleys should be ready in April or May 2000. If you are interested, I can have Mountain Press send you a copy. Regardless of your decision, thanks for taking the time to consider this request. I am a long-time admirer of your work. Best of luck with future projects.

Best wishes,



Jim LeMonds

20 Sept. 1999

Dear Jim LeMonds--

Congratulations on the book contract. I am going to have to beg off on providing a blurb, however--I'm simply swamped with such requests, currently. From what I've seen of Mountain Press's output I think you're in good hands. Best of luck when the book comes out.

in haste,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be "Jim LeMonds", is located at the bottom right of the page. The signature is fluid and cursive.

8-20-99

Byron Ricks
31523 NE 40th St., Apt. B
Carnation, WA 98014
Byricks@aol.com
ph: 425-333-6486

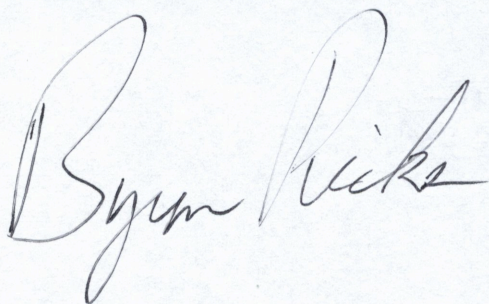
Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

If you recall, a few years ago we talked about writing (initiated by a mutual connection with Richard White), which helped inspire me to write my first book, *Homelands—Kayaking the Inside Passage* (published in July by Bard/Avon Books).

I want to share *Homelands* with you, as I think some of the territory covered here will be of interest. Any comments you would like to share are most welcome. I have long enjoyed your work. Here is the first of mine.

With gratitude,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Byron Ricks". The signature is fluid and elegant, with the first name "Byron" being larger and more prominent than the last name "Ricks".



TERESA JORDAN

STAR ROUTE, BOX 87

DEETH, NV 89823

(702) 752-3250

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The Open Road is produced by the Western Folklife Center with generous support from the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund and the R. Harold Burton Foundation. *The Savvy Traveler* is produced by Marketplace Productions and made possible by major grants from CPB and Microsoft's on-line travel service, Expedia.



TERESA JORDAN

Aug 3, 1999

Dear Ivan -

I'm so pleased to know you are coming to the Salt Lake Book Festival in September.

I'm very anxious to see & hear Mountain Time and it will be grand to see you. Hal and I, too, will be participating in the event.

I'd love to have coffee, a drink, or a meal while you are here if you had

any time. And if there are others in SC you'd
like to see, I'd be happy to arrange a
small get together-

If any of that sounds good, you can
reach me at the Nevada address thru Aug
25, + at the Salt Lake address after that -
or on email (tj@theopenroad.org) any time.

I know your time will be short,
+ if this doesn't work, I'll see you at
the reception for sure.

all best,

Teresa



[San Francisco, CA, September 15, 1992]

Mr. Doig -

Just wanted to let you know once again that ~~it~~ it was a pleasure to meet you. I didn't think I was nervous until I opened my mouth and a bunch of sentence fragments popped out. But it is always nice to find ~~that~~ someone who has achieved your success remains friendly and approachable. I'm sure that attitude is part of what's enabled you to keep it going.

So I also appreciate your willingness to take a look at my novel. I wanted to let you know that we're still in the rewrite phase, so the galley won't be

out for awhile. But I'll send it out to you as soon as I get them. Best of luck with your book.

Regards

Russ Rowland



Dreaming Star Studio

RR2 Box 2081
Charlotte, Vermont

0 5 4 4 5



Flying Home III
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Emily Bissell Laird

DSS-934 US 1.75 Canada 2.25



Printed on
recycled
paper

11 Aug. '99

Dear Teresa--

Your note was timely, as Carol and I are about to hop in the car and do the Montana booktour for *Mountain Time* for the next few weeks. (Kalispell to Miles City: we'll see a lot of country, whether or not we sell many books.) I see by your biz card that you're now bi-state in addresses. I hope the Salt Lake one is still standing after yesterday's twister? Are we going to have to add an occasional tornado to the weather in our books?

Glad to hear you and Hal will be at the Book Festival--your "Open Road" stuff looks great, although it's unfair that you can handle a palette as well as words. The damnable reception is the only shot for us to get together, sorry to say. The Salt Lake gig got patched on to my trip to the Tattered Cover, so I come to town on the afternoon of the 17th, do a reading and signing at The King's English, change shirts and tackle the reception and the rest. The morning after, I'm zipping home as early as I can catch a plane. So let's huddle aside as best we can there at the reception, so I can catch up with the doings of you two, okay? Thanks immensely for getting in touch and for the pack of terrific postcards; we'll expend them promptly.

Looking forward to Sept. 17th. All best,

April 13, 1999

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

Thanks for your suggestions, which I'll follow up on. And best wishes on your upcoming surgery: hope it's not for something drastically serious. (I'm impressed by your plans for post-operative reading. I'd probably just rent a video of "Amazon Women on the Moon.")

If you'd like to speed up to my pace, I need to gradually slow down toward yours: the time you spend is apparent in the meticulous craftsmanship of your writing. Your patient rewriting and perfectionism is a model that writers like myself take inspiration from, even if we fall well short - and our editors are a bit more impatient. The nice thing about writing is that there's always more to learn from the example of the pros like yourself.

And yes, the view up here is wonderful: especially compared to my dark corner at the Seattle Times, where I put up a poster of Hurricane Ridge as a "virtual window." If you're ever up this way, don't hesitate to give a call: 360-588-0118.

Bill

Bill Dietrich

April 2, 1999

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

Sometime I gotta buy you a beer instead of just making blurb requests, but since you're one of the best novelists I know I can't resist asking you to consider taking a look at my latest novel and (possibly) saying something nice about it.

Since we met at Eric Nalder's house I've had a first novel published, "Ice Reich," and have written a second for Warner Books with a more serious theme: the human tug between civilization and wilderness. "Getting Back," set 50 years in the future in Australia, makes no claim to being high-brow literary fiction, but it is an attempt to discuss some important issues in contemporary life through the medium of popular fiction. Despite its time and setting, the book is my commentary on contemporary business culture and Seattle gridlock. It would help immensely to get some early endorsement. If you aren't able to take a look, perhaps you could suggest some authors in the Northwest who might. I'd also appreciate any comments or advice you'd care to make: I want to improve my writing and consider you a superb stylist and craftsman.

If you have the time to take a look, please let me know so I can pass your name on to my publisher. You can reply by e-mail (wdietrich@msn.com); phone (360-588-0118) or letter (11660 Marine Drive, Anacortes, WA 98221.) Thanks for your consideration!

Bill Dietrich

Bill Dietrich

8 April '99

Dear Bill--

Eric and Jan had told me you're leading the literary life in Anacortes now--congrats. Whatever the view is, it ought to be better than Fairview Ave. N., right?

who I think

Gonna have to take a medical excuse on blurbing this time around, Bill. I have knee surgery coming up in 3 weeks, a load of chores to wrestle off my desk before that happens, and I've taken a vow to be free of any obligations except rehab physical therapy and sittin' and readin' Yeats and Dick Hugo and other craft stuff for those couple of months. Sorry I can't soldier for you, this time around. If your book can be called futurist, a guy is real good (although he's usually called sci-fi) is Greg Bear. Depending how much behavioral science you're sneaking in, would William Calvin of the UW be pertinent? Terry Tempest Williams, for environmental concern? Other than that, I'm short of ideas. If you're acquainted by now with any of the veteran bookstore people in your area--Norman and Patti at Watermark, Mary Scott in Mt. Vernon--you might have a conversation with ~~xxx~~ them for ideas.

Yeah, let's hope our paths cross before we each write too many more books. I envy you your ~~pace~~ pace; I'm a 3-year-at-a-time noodler.

all best,

War

May 8, 1999

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

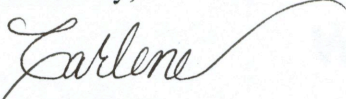
Thank you again for helping me the other day. I was relieved and quite happy with the editing job Health Sheffield did. The cover is still up in the air. However, it will look something like the one enclosed.

I know that you must get numerous requests from authors to write an endorsement paragraph and hesitate to add to the stack. However, I would be immensely honored if you might consider reading my manuscript and doing so. I ask out of my great admiration for your work.

I heard about your writing in 1989, when I took a class from Carol at Shoreline. I picked up a copy of *This House of Sky* and was stunned by the way it affected me. I laughed and cried my way through it and afterward began to think about the West and my childhood in terms that I had not previously considered. In one sense, I think my writing of *The Undying West* began then. I started to realize the deep strength and adaptability in people of the West--as I quoted the story of your grandmother on page 203. ⁴

I realize that you must be very busy and if this isn't possible, I certainly understand. If you decide to, I will need the quote by June 7 as the book goes to press by the end of June. Either way, thank you again for your help and for the beautiful books that you have given us on Montana.

Sincerely,



Carlene Cross
4070 Crystal Springs Drive NE
Bainbridge Island, WA 98110

phone: work (206) 270 3328
home (206) 780-3548