Christmas 2011

Dear Family and Friends:

The days are getting short; we have to stop working outside by four o'clock. We are looking forward to Winter Solstice when the wheel of the sun will reverse its course and hurtle back to midsummer and luminous nights. It's been a beautiful December, little rain and sunny days at least part of the time. We are glad that the rains are holding off and the animals are not slogging in mud.

We are well. What else can I say? We still enjoy getting up early, after a cup of latte graciously served in bed by Elizabeth, for a half hour of talking and planning the day before us. But that doesn't mean that encroaching age isn't taking a toll on our bodies. Last year Elizabeth tripped over a threshold and crashed into the concrete floor, fracturing her shinbone, and tearing the miniscus and cartilege. The damage was repaired with arthroscopic surgery. This year she lost a battle with a recalcitrant cabbage she was trying to dislodge. She succeeded, but when the cabbage let go of the soil, Elizabeth was hurled to the ground and in trying to brace herself, broke her wrist clean through. After six weeks in a cast she is as good as new except for occasional pains probably in response to the changing weather. Not to be outdone, Henning, when running after some calves in the field, stepped into a hole in the ground and rolled both ankles. The right ankle healed very quickly, the left still gives him trouble six months later and throws him off balance, which he fights with daily exercise and occasional massages. So perhaps we should retire from farming and sit in a chair? There's little chance of that. The daily work on the farm, with the animals and all, is much too joyful for that!

Family:

At this moment, Mother is arranging Scrabble tiles on the dining room table. That activity keeps her busy all day. We just mess up the tiles, she puts them in rows or squares, and checks with us to see if she has done it properly. There are no words there, of course – she just arranges the tiles as she does the strings of her bib. We have tried spelling out her name, but it means nothing to her any more. She calls Elizabeth "Jean" most of the time, after her two best childhood friends. If she is tired or stressed, she asks about her father. The oldest memories are the last to go, I guess.

Mom goes with us whenever it is practical – to church and to concerts, for example. She spends much of that time tugging at Elizabeth's sleeve or patting our hands, which makes worship and listening a little difficult, but she does like to be with us. Whenever we are in the car, she's in the front passenger seat and Elizabeth in the back, behind Henning, and she turns around every few seconds to see if Elizabeth still there. She interacts pretty well with other people, but gets anxious if we disappear. Coffee time at church means that Elizabeth sits with Mother, and Henning refreshes them with cookies in between his after-church conversations. If we cannot take her to an evening event, we have one of her caregivers give her dinner and then put her to bed.

Her physical needs take a lot of time – daily showers and dressing and pills and three meals a day (her appetite is excellent, thank goodness!) Our latest problem is that manufacturers have discontinued overnight diapers. So we are paying over $1.00 per diaper for fairly thin ones, and having to change them frequently, and we have to wash her bedding every day, even if we change her during the night or in the early morning. If she gets enough sleep, she is cheerful when we get her up, which makes the morning routine a whole lot easier than when she is crabby and protests every move we make. She will be 93 the day after Christmas.

Johann is in touch with us regularly and spends a few days every month on the farm, to sleep, rest up from his strenous job at the fire department, enjoy the good food, work in his woodshop, and carry on long conversations with us about everything. Johann was seriously injured this year while fighting a fire, third degree burns on both hands. For a while it looked like he might need skin transplants, but the wounds have healed remarkably well, and he is back on the job after a couple of months of recuperation.

Johann and Henning took a few days this autumn to visit Henning's older brother, Folker, and his wife, Hanne, in California, both of whom are suffering the ravages of Alzheimer's, Folker severly. He still recognized Henning but a real conversation was no longer possible. Remarkably, he took his brother outside to give him a dressing-down about some imagined slight that supposedly happened decades ago, but was satisfied when Henning acknowledged the reproach—some things never change in the dynamic of relative authority between siblings even when the mind fails.

Käthe and Johann will be with us for a few days over Christmas, to help us cut a fresh tree in the forest on Christmas Eve and decorate it with live candles and traditional toys Henning brought with him from Germany many years ago, together with a straw creche his mother made and a traditional straw goat, symbol of life's renewing biological power celebrated side by side with the rebirth of Spirit in human life, at Yule. Käthe, who not long ago completed her master's degree in education (social studies, psychology, history and English as a second language), is about to leave for a year in Guatamala, where she will be developing an educational program in a remote village, working with a group, Amigos de la Cruz, that is based on Lopez Island and is run by two remarkable women and friends of ours, Nancy Bingham, a potter, and Pat Thorpe, a professional photographer. The people in the village are mostly Mayan speaking, with Spanish as their second language, which Käthe hopes to perfect while there.

Finally, some fond memories of the visit of Henning's grandnephew, Jonas, this summer. He had wanted to spend the year with us and attend school on Lopez Island, but the government lately adopted the rule that foreign students can only come for that length of time if they go through an official student exchange program and are not placed with family. None of us wanted that and so Jonas could only come on a three-month visitor's visa. But what a three months it was! Can you imagine a 15-year old in your home for that length of time without ever so much as a cross word or misunderstanding, always cheerful, ready to help, considerate and never making demands, and loving everything about the farm, the food, the work, the animals and the people? Every day, there he was: "Oheim Henning, Auntie Elizabeth, what can I do today?" Working tirelessly like a man. He made many friends on the island, boys, girls and adults, and cut a wide swath among the prettiest of the girls. Here are two of our favorite anecdotes: Henning was digging thistles in the field, a hot day and a nasty job. There comes Jonas. Can I help? Sure.

Worked all day until in the afternoon when some boys showed up, wanting to take Jonas to the beach. "Sorry, but I can't go, I'm helping Oheim Henning dig these thistles!" Needless to say, Henning sent him on his way anyway. Another day, a bevy of beauties drives in: "Can Jonas show us the farm?" So he shows them around, waxing profound about sustainability. That done, he takes them into the house, and there we find him serving tea in fine china cups. The girls were entranced! We offered to adopt him, but his parents didn't want to hear of it. So, good luck and much love to you, Jonas! Come see us again!

The Farm:

This year we reached several milestones in our fifty-year journey toward farm self-sufficiency, without going into debt, a journey that started in 1970. For several years now the farm has provided nearly all the food for the people living here, as well as all the animal feed, all the fertility inputs for vegetable, fruit, grain, forage and hay production, and all the wood fiber for home heating as well as for construction. A couple of seasons ago we dug our own well to allow us to secede from the community well that had to be chlorinated to meet state regulations, and we installed a roof catchment system to impound 750,000 gallons of rainwater in a pond from where it is distributed for irrigation using solar energy. This year we were able to close the loop of self-sufficiency by installing enough solar panels on two roofs to produce 16,000 KWHours per annum, nearly enough to meet our needs, and with federal, state and power company rebates will be able to recover the entire cost of the installation over ten years, a 9.5% annual return on our investment (better than anything the stock market has to offer).

The other milestone was that, while we have been baking our own bread for decades, until now we had to buy the flour, but no more! Working with a grain breeder at Washington State University, Henning developed a five-year grain rotation on three acres, including barley, oats, winter and spring wheat, and rye. This year we produced a metric ton of rye which we grind in a nifty German grain mill to produce the flour we use the most, to bake a wonderful sourdough bread that has fermented for several days. Not only that, but we have just completed an outdoor, wood-fired oven in which we can bake both pizza and bread and use the residual heat to cook roasts, vegetables and potatoes in a Dutch oven. The oven uses a lot of wood and we laid in a year's supply of split alder to supply bi-weekly baking sessions intended to produce enough bread to supply a whole-diet CSA (weekly, pre-paid consumer shares) to include not only seasonal vegetables and staples, but also meat, eggs, cheese, fresh bread, grain and flour, and various processed foods from vinegar to jams, sauces, salsa, and more.

The third milestone reached this year is that we have been appointed a mentor farm under the National Biodynamic Apprenticeship Program (https://www.biodynamics.com/nabdap-s-s-homestead), a 2-year training program, which means not only that apprenticeships are long enough to get the job done, but also that apprentices come here with the understanding that biodynamics is not merely a set of skills, but a different philosophy of farming and farm economics, and a different way of seeing nature that ultimately transforms the farmer and farming practices. We have currently two interns who are preparing for admission to the apprenticeship program, and we have some excellent applications for the next season.

In the meantime we continue teaching our twice-weekly high school class in ecological food production and host farm visits and day tours from nearby colleges. In January 2012, we will host a group of 20 students from Tacoma School of the Arts, a public high school, for a 3-week introduction to biodynamics. Besides working and studying on the farm, the students will also work at the school garden at Lopez Schools and with the Lopez Island Conservation Corps in restoring wetlands.

We close with the best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Henning and Elizabeth

Lopez Island, December 12th, 2009

Dear friends!

It's a very old saw: as you get older, time seems to fly faster and faster! How is it possible that on the day after Christmas Grandma will turn ninety-one, a month later Elizabeth will be fifty-nine, a couple of months down the road Henning will celebrate his seventy-third, the month after that Johann will turn thirty-four, and Kaethe will be thirty-seven in May! But we are all healthy, even Grandma who's spending her third year with us, cheerfully descending into dementia but still enjoying food, sleep and visits from neighbors, who come to spend time with her nearly every day.

Kaethe has finished her master's degree and teaching certification, but the job market is not promising for new teachers. Johann is establishing himself firmly in his fireman's career, while also spending much time on the farm building beautiful and useful things in his spacious and well-appointed workshop, and engaging us in long and thoughtful conversations. We've had six interns, apprentices and trainees on the farm this year, some of them eager to learn, their young minds open to new ideas and willing to be transformed by working close to nature throughout the cycle of the seasons; others recalcitrant, unable or unwilling to commit themselves to learning at a deep level.

The saddest thing to happen this year was that our lovely dairy cow, Loveday, died after a long life of birthing numerous calves and providing us life-giving, delicious milk. She also became an important model for other farmers and homesteaders on the island who followed our example in reviving home dairies, and some of whom came to the farm to learn from us how to care for dairy cows, how to milk and how to process this precious fluid into yoghurt, Quark, soft and, lately, hard cheese. Yes, this year we took cheesemaking to the next level and learned to make wonderful raw-milk cheddars, feta, brie and other varieties, all of them bursting with such flavor that we wonder how we ever ate the cheese you can buy in any store.

We knew that Loveday was getting old, of course, and after she gave birth to her last calf, Chloe, we wondered whether she would regain her strength and make it through the winter. So we stopped milking her and put her out to pasture to take care of her youngest. In the meantime, however, we acquired another Jersey cow, a bred heifer by the name of Abby, who has since given birth to this deerlike creature we have named Circe, and who is about to be weaned as her mother continues to supply us with milk even in winter. And so the life cycle continues.

The other important thing to happen this year was that we used a generous grant from a local foundation to build an ambitious website for ourselves, www.sshomestead.org, where you can now find a great deal of information about the farm and our various

programs, as well as many pictures. So if you want to know the latest about us, pay us a visit online!

In the meantime winter has set in in earnest. The temperatures have been much below freezing for a couple of weeks now, waterlines and ponds have turned to solid ice, and we struggle with keeping cows and sheep fed and watered. We have been promised snow this weekend which will mean less severe cold. The house, however, is cozy with a fire burning in the stove, we sleep longer hours, and we are grateful that the farm is providing us with so much good food, good shelter, good work, and joy!

In that spirit we wish a very merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year, and of course good health and a glad heart.

All our best,

Henning and Elizabeth

Dear Ivan and Carol,

We enjoyed your Christmas letter, as always. *

I read The Eleventh Man with a great deal of pleasure, if that is the right word for such a sad book.

Rumor has it that you might be coming to Lopez in the ~~Fall~~ spring when Tony Angell launches his beautiful book here. If so, please give us a call. It would be great to see you again, share a meal, cup of tea, glass of wine, walk on the beach...

Wishing you a peaceful holiday season—

Elizabeth

Xmas 2010

Dear friends,

It's almost Christmas again, and time for us to send you some reflections on what the year has brought.

We won't say much about the discouraging national and international news concerning the near-collapse of the world economy, climate deterioration, wars and violence, and the like – only that more than ever we are convinced that living on a farm and growing our own food provides the kind of home security that makes immediate and personal sense.

Climate change on the farm-
This has been the year of extremes, a cold and wet spring that never really turned into summer, followed by a surprisingly warm and benign autumn when corn, tomatoes, and melons ripened belatedly. Then in the fall a killing frost wiped out the green vegetables in the homestead garden, a severe storm leveled numerous trees, and heavy rains overwhelmed our flood control systems and filled our 750,000 gallon irrigation pond in one night.

Infrastructure improvements-
Since buying the neighboring ten acres from the heirs of our good friend Jim Gardner a couple of years ago, we have improved the house inside and out to provide a place to live for a young Mexican family of five. Rafael and Veronica Velasquez, their son Rafaelito, and their twin daughters, Fatima and Lourdes, are a wonderful addition to our farm community who take great care of the house and work hard. Rafael is a sturdy help to Henning in maintaining the farm, and as soon as the little girls are a bit older, Veronica will be working with Elizabeth in dairy and food processing.

Besides the house, we have also worked on improving the surrounding pastures, clearing forest, brush and rocks to reconstruct and upgrade old fences, laying in underground waterlines for the cattle, and restoring soil fertility through rotational summer grazing and winter feeding of hay.

Another major project involved rebuilding an ancient haybaler we bought from a neighbor and, with the help of another neighbor who is a good mechanic, stripped down completely, sandblasted, painted and rebuilt, to give us independence in our hay production, another important step in farm self-sufficiency.

Henning is currently working on constructing a two-wheeled tractor-pulled spray rig for biodynamic preparations to solve the longstanding problem of how to apply the preparations on all of our fifty acres under management.

Our farm website (www.sshomestead.org) which was completed this year, has had some unintended effects such as bringing a constant stream of young people to the farm, most of whom stay only a short time, once their starry-eyed enthusiasm for "living close to the earth" meets the daily grind of getting up early in the morning and putting in long days of hard labor, even on weekends, and clean up their own messes to boot. Johann commented

that we were attracting hippies, but we have the impression that there is a general decline among the young in the land in their ability to think clearly, plan for the future, make commitments, work hard and stay the course. Elizabeth quips, "the young seem to want choice; they just don't want to choose." The contrast to our Mexican immigrant family could not be more pronounced.

Teaching and research-
Elizabeth and Henning continue teaching the high school class, "Farm, Food and Sustainability," which brings a dozen or so young folks to the farm twice a week to learn about animal husbandry and vegetable and fruit production including culinary skills like baking bread and making butter and cheese. The class, which has evolved over 8 years, is now paid for by the school, and thus a significant income source for the farm.

Elizabeth completed a description of the K-12 Lopez Island Farm Education (LIFE) program, including the elementary curricular state requirements, and requirements of the Federal Wellness policy for public schools, met by this program. Nothing pleased us more this year than the genersosity of the community, with the leadership of the Lutheran congregation, in supporting the LIFE program by contributing funds and by attending the fundraiser dinner at the school.

Henning completed his 2-year work with the National Academies of Science, resulting in the book-length report, "Toward Sustainable Agricultural Systems in the 21st Century" published by the National Research Council this fall. Henning is not entirely happy with the report since it largely ignores such central issues as food quality which, admittedly, is difficult to measure by means of reductive science.

The on-farm research project (2004-7) which tested the efficacy of biodynamic sprays in regulating soil pH (substituting for lime), and which Henning reported on in an article published in the Journal of Biodynamics, is the subject of an expanded study placing biodynamic forage production in the larger context of farm sustainability. The study, written by university scientists in collaboration with Henning, has been submitted for publication in a peer-reviewed journal. An expanded group of scientists and farmers has just submitted a new 3-year grant request to SARE (Sustainable Agriculture, Research and Education, a federal grant program) to replicate the forage study on several area farms.

Henning is working with the Lopez Community Land Trust to experiment with local grain production with the goal of returning some measure of food self-sufficiency to the island community. On several farms and small plots non-GMO and non-proprietary seed grains are planted to ferret out what strains of wheat, barley, rye, oats and other grains might be grown in our soils and climate. On the farm, Henning has planted 3 acres of rye, plus a number of smaller plots of various grains, and he has developed a 5-year rotation plan alternating grains, legumes and other cover crops to keep grain fields in good health and fertility. The cover crops will be grazed by sheep and cows to maximize nutrient cycling. The Land Trust has established a grain-CSA, inviting folks on the island to share in the grain harvest by subscription.

Besides the usual workshops, classes and farm tours, Henning together with Professor Gigi Berardi from Huxley College of the Environment (where Henning is adjunct professor), this year hosted a large group of students for an extended on-farm introduction to biodynamics, followed by a week-long stay at the Goetheanum in Dornach, Switzerland, where the group enjoyed lectures and discussions exploring the continuities between Goethean science and biodynamic research and practice.

While traveling in Germany on his way to Switzerland Henning had searching conversations with family, local folks, farmers, and the head of a folk high school, on the effects of the current crisis in agricultural and food systems on culture and public health. A sizable portion of Germany's strong, export-based economy is built on high-skill, small- and mid-size industries located in rural areas where they have replaced farms as the principal source of employment, while more and more of the food supply is imported from global markets. To the traveler the German landscape appears beautiful and well-ordered, but leaving little room for direct interaction with nature as experienced by people whose lives and livelihoods are daily intertwined with animals, plants, soil, water, light and air embedded in the seasonal cycles of life and death. The question of what effect such a "nature deficit" might have on physical and mental health and the general culture (a topic receiving some attention in the U.S. today: see Richard Louv, *Last Child in the Woods: Saving Our Children from Nature Deficit Disorder,* 2005) elicited the reproach that such a question reflected an arrogant elitism, a response demonstrating that in Germany (as in the U.S. and most of the industrialized world), economic concerns tend to take precedence. From the biodynamic perspective, however, becoming fully human requires a living relationship to nature (beyond tourism and re-creation). The farmer sees himself as an organism that is continuous with the organism of the farm, which in turn is continuous with the cosmos, all of which is nature. So farming is not just food production, and its cultural significance rests on the internalization of the organic oneness of the human self with nature. The symbolism of bread and wine in holy communion beautifully expresses that link.

Another research topic on our mind this year concerns the difference between A1 and A2 milk (see *Devil in the Milk: Illness, Health and the Politics of A1 and A2 Milk,* by Keith Woodford, 2009). It appears a genetic shift several thousand years ago that befell their European ancestors, causes the milk of certain cows, mostly the black and white Holsteins and Friesians, to contain a significant amount of beta-casein type A1 which epidemiological research has linked to heart disease, autism, schizophrenia, and type 1 diabetes. Brown cows, such as Guernseys, Swiss Brown, Jerseys and the like seem to be less affected although, because of cross breeding, color alone is no guarantee of any individual animal being free of the genetic mutation. So what to do? The obvious answer is testing, but of course an enterprising corporation, the A2 Corporation, immediately patented the A2 gene and now claims legal rights over commercial transactions involving A2 animals and their offspring or products. As a non-commercial farm, we may not be affected, but are not certain of this. In the meantime, we are testing our two Jersey cows and, instead of pursuing breeding by artificial insemination with semen from untested bulls (or from bulls tested under the aegis of the A2 Corporation), we are currently testing

a locally available, anonymous bull calf as our next breeder. His dam is a good milker, and her sister tested A2, so the lead is promising. We will know shortly.

Family-
Elizabeth's mother, Evelyn, who has been living with us nearly four years now, is gradually losing both language and control of bodily functions, but we are still able to take care of her. It helps of course that we live on a farm and while Elizabeth teaches at school three days a week, Henning is here most of the time. It also helps immeasurably that our island community has a wonderful hospice organization funded by local fundraising, that sends volunteers several times a week to sit with Mother and talk to her, take her for walks or for rides in the car. On Sundays we take Mother to church, and the pastor always brings her communion at the rear of the church (she has difficulty walking), and members of the congregation greet her, all of which gives her delight.
Elizabeth's brother, Bill, five years her senior, lost his wife, Mary, to long illness a little over a year ago, but is doing well now and in good health himself.
Käthe, who finished her master's degree in education and earned her certification in social studies, remains one of the millions of unemployed, with little chance of employment in Seattle where hundreds of teachers were let go because of budget cuts. She is working part time jobs and is exploring her talent and interest in art.
Johann is firmly established at the fire department in Bellevue and as a medic finds himself as a first responder in traffic related and domestic emergencies. In his off time, he often comes to the farm where he designs and builds unique pieces of furniture and other creations in the beautiful workshop he constructed for himself here.
Elizabeth and Henning are both well and robust, in body as well as in mind. They continue to enjoy their work, both on the farm, in school, and in the larger community, although they occasionally long for some time off to visit a big city, an art museum, go to a symphony or a ballet. But you can't have everything, can you?

We wish everybody a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Henning and Elizabeth

Hi, Joan and Carol -
Good to hear your cheery news again this year, especially that Book 13 has been birthed!

all the best,
Elizabeth



S & S Homestead Farm, Lopez Island. Original Watercolor by Tom Hoffman, 2007

Dear Joan and Carol,

Loved your Christmas letter - The Whistling Season is hugely popular on the island, the favorite of reading groups who are rewarded for their good taste by a gift of Earthlight, Wordfire from me.

We are doing well, despite colds that keep hanging on. (Henning brought his from D.C.; I acquired mine locally.) We have been very grateful for the help of friends in feeding cows and setting fences during Henning's recovery.

I love the news of blueberries and lettuce -- those elemental things keep us fed and grounded, too.

Would love to see you again —

Best wishes,

Henning + Elizabeth

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Happy Advent!

In some ways, this is Elizabeth's favorite time of year: the race with rot (canning, drying, and preserving) is over; she can take her time with the non-perishables, such as making applesauce and jam and kim-chee and sauerkraut. The animals are settled into their winter quarters, and we feed and care for the sheep, chickens, and beef and milk cows twice a day, which we both enjoy very much. Even though it is December, life is in a stage of promise – a new ram is breeding our ewes, last spring's lambs are roly-poly, and winter crops in the garden, cold frames and greenhouse are providing us with fresh vegetables every day.

Our household has doubled in size: Mother and Kaete are living here now. Mother moved up here in June, just after we finished the remodeling that made the house large enough to absorb another person, and gave us the light and space we badly needed. The first two months were rocky for all three of us, but since then, she has settled in nicely, almost always cheerful and grateful to be here, appreciative of the beauty around her. She still clings to the idea that she is going home at some point, but doesn't get adamant about it.

Kaete is living with us while she does her year's teaching internship at Lopez middle and high schools. She sleeps in the "Punk House" (a cabin Johann built), takes her meals with us, and does much of her work for teaching (and for the classes she's taking at Seattle Pacific University toward her Master's in Teaching degree) at school. She is having a rich experience here. In a larger, urban school, she would have interned with one teacher in one subject. Here she is working with five different teachers in different subjects and with different age and ability levels, and is able to observe all those different models, and develop her own style of teaching and classroom management. She is happy to be here, and we love having her – conversations at the dinner table have never been livelier or more engrossing.

Johann has just completed his formal training at the Fire Academy. He graduated a week ago in a moving ceremony which Henning attended, and is just beginning his probational year in the Bellevue Fire Department. Becoming a fire fighter has been a long-pursued dream, and we are delighted for him. The Academy has been a huge challenge, but he has come out of it smiling, and confident.

Two other people have become very important in our lives this year – Jesse and Lisa. They arrived in September 2006 to turn our south field into a full-fledged vegetable and berry CSA, and they have done a wonderful job. We found Lisa employment in the elementary and middle schools, teaching children about nutrition, soil science, and food growing and preparation; partially as a result of her efforts (plus a lot of help from S&S Homestead Farm, the school, and community), our school now has *the* banner Farm-to-School/Farm-to-Cafeteria program, where children help grow and harvest the food that is eaten at school.

Unfortunately for us and the community, Jesse and Lisa are leaving for California to get married and take over Jesse's mother's vineyard and start a vegetable CSA there. We will miss them so much. One story suffices to express the kind of people they are. On the day they were to fly to Chicago to spend Christmas with Lisa's family, the hoop house in our garden blew down in a typical winter storm. They stayed and worked with us to get it in place again, risking missing the ferry and their flight. They showed up every morning last winter, when snow and ice made morning chores a challenge, helping us carry hay and grain and water to our animals.

We had Thanksgiving dinner with them, Johann, and Jesse's brother, Casey, and his girl friend, Melissa, both of them marvelous people, and it took us fully half an hour to get around the table so each of us could express what we're thankful for. It has been a wonderful year.

Trying to find a replacement for Jesse and Lisa has been a challenge, to say the least. We have had numerous candidates; Henning has spent untold hours corresponding with them, having phone conversations, and hosting them. We have discovered that there is a tendency to inflate resumes and for people to casually pursue a position they aren't qualified for. We have had people fly from places as far away as Arkansas and California, stay with us, share meals and conversations, take days of our time, and then suddenly remember that they have school debts they must pay, or a partner who does not want to move here, or that they are exhausted and can't take on such a large project, or that they really want to travel to South America in a few months. It has been bewildering and discouraging. Ironically, we finally did find somebody right here on Lopez Island, a promising young woman, Firadha (a Sufi name), who is about to graduate from Evergreen College in agroecology, and is partnered with a son of island friends, Cedar. Firadha has never run a CSA on her own but has worked in responsible positions on several farms. With some help from Henning, she (and Cedar, who wants to continue his boat building but also devote a couple of days a week to farming) will be able to do this project. We have to remember that the goal of the project is to create new income streams for a future farm manager who will take over the whole farm once we have been able to hand it over it to a community trust.

We do have two interns who will be coming – Jackie Freeman in February, for a one-to-two year apprenticeship, and Alex Swanson in June for a summer internship. Henning met Alex, who is studying at a college for homeopathic medicine in Seattle, at a presentation on "Ecological Livestock Raising" Henning gave for Washington State University; the herbal preparations with which biodynamic farmers treat their soils, are essentially homeopathic in nature, and Alex seeks to deepen his academic study with hands-on training in biodynamic practices on the farm. Jackie, who is a professional chef and wants to develop on-farm educational programs for cooks, health care personnel, teachers and other interested adults, has been here twice. She is an intelligent, energetic and very personable young woman, and we look forward to her being here.

Henning, ever the traveling planet (although he doesn't like travel and can't sleep when away from home), is moving into a new sphere. He has been appointed to a committee on farming sustainability by the American Academy of Sciences. (The Academy was established by President Lincoln to advise Congress on Reconstruction after the Civil War and has continued as an advisory body for policy since then). It is an eighteen-month appointment, and Henning will spend about a month just in meetings during that time, and much more on research and writing; he has just returned from Washington, DC from the first of the meetings. The committee of twenty members, some of them academics (earth science, soil science, soil physics, energy studies, hydrology, horticulture and plant breeding, agricultural economics, sociology, agroecology and environmental studies), some extension agents, and two producers, one large, Fetzer Vineyards, growing wine grapes on 2,800 acres, and S&S Homestead Farm representing ecological food production on the small, community-based scale. The study is supported by grants from the Kellogg Foundation and the Gates Foundations. Kellogg is mostly looking for advice on sustainability at a time when fossil fuels are shrinking, when globalized production and distribution systems may soon no longer be viable, and when half the world is starving and the other half suffering from clinical obesity and related diseases from too much and low quality food. The Gates Foundation is looking for technologies that might be transferable to Subsaharan Africa and other developing countries to deal with impending food shortages in those parts of the world. Congress is

looking for advice on how to shape agricultural policy through the Farm Bill. Universities and other educational instututions, including public schools, are looking for direction in curricula on agricultural sustainability and eco-literacy. County Extension is looking for advice and what to tell local communities of small farmers and distributors.

Elizabeth's contributions to the food system in this country are more direct, that is, on the level of food preparation and nutritional wholeness which she enjoys articulating for our customers. The food book she has been pecking away at for years now has had its first, informal, distribution – we have duplicated the vegetable section for Jesse and Lisa's CSA customers. The response has been enthusiastic, and now many folks are ordering copies as Christmas gifts. It gives Elizabeth the nudge to get the other sections finished and illustrated, and get the whole thing published.

Elizabeth is also teaching this year, and enjoying it very much. She has an English 10 class, an AP English class, a seminar in advanced readings, and the "Ecological Food Production" class, which she and Henning and teach here on the farm. Although she teaches every day, she is home by 1:30 most days, so can do afternoon chores and get dinner ready without time pressure.

Altogether, this has been another good year, full of good work and good health, the never ending wonder of plant and animal lives, of living in a good community.

The highlight of the season was no doubt the celebration of Henning's 70th birthday, attended by every one of his seven brothers and sisters (and some of their spouses), including Juergen (and his wife, Lois), whom Henning had not seen in many years. This has been the first time ever, we think, all of us have sat around the same table together at the same time, a wonderful experience that we are deeply grateful for. All us of spent three packed days together (and some came earlier and some stayed later). Elizabeth cooked every meal from farm-produced foods, Henning baked cakes, and everybody drank more coffee than a crew of stevadores. We ate a celebratory meal outside on a surprisingly cool May evening, and danced on a wooden platform Johann had constructed. Eberhard gave a deeply moving Sunday sermon in our beautiful little wooden church on a hill in the center of the island, on what Scripture says it means to get old. Afterwards the whole congregation shared in cheese cake and Gugelhupf Henning had baked. Then off for a picnic at a wild beach, topped off with powerpoint presentations of photos from Henning and his siblings' lives lovingly assembled by Heike and Folker. The next day was spent cruising on a motoryacht through the San Juan Archipelago, a glorious day of sunshine, good food, good talk, and family feeling. We will long remember the event, and we express our deep appreciation to everyone who made the long and arduous trip to this out-of-the-way corner of this great country.

We wish you all a very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Elizabeth and Henning

Xmas '04

Dear Ivan and Carol,

So good to hear from you, and know that, as always, Ivan has a book in the works, and you two are going for restful and exhilarating trips in order to renew body and spirit. I am really looking forward to this next book! Some of my favorite characters and time periods will be there.

Henning and I greet you in the dark days of the year, lightened by Christmas festivities, including many local concerts and readings. We love looking into the faces of the talented chorus singing *The Messiah* or reading *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, and seeing our friends and neighbors. The short days don't let us accomplish what we want to outdoors, but they make for long, cozy evenings. From the study where I write, I can hear the bells of the sheep where they are grazing close to the house, and see the light from the chicken coop. The beef cows and their three (so far) new calves are cuddled up in the pasture across the road. Loveday, our milk cow, is chewing her cud. Ursa, our German shepherd, guards the door, and Loki (the cat) is asleep under the dining room table. We all have our jobs on the farm, and Loki's is to rest for all of us. He does it well.

This should be a season of rest for Henning and me, as well, but we keep taking on new jobs. Henning has planted heirloom strains of winter wheat in a former pasture, and he works daily in the new south garden, which he planted this year in crops that need a lot of space. Even while he digs and mulches in the south garden, he continues to seed and transplant in the main garden, so that we have fresh lettuce, broccoli, mustard, kale, chard, cabbage, carrots, turnips, Brussels sprouts, leeks, mache, and spinach, for ourselves and our customers. We are also supplying the school cafeteria with fresh greens every week. We are assisted in this by five high school girls who arrive every Monday afternoon, chattering and giggling, to harvest vegetables for the school, and transplant, compost, weed, and otherwise care for the vegetables they will prepare for their classmates. On Thursday afternoons, I meet with these students at the school to discuss readings, write reports and articles, and watch and discuss videos that relate to farming issues. Henning and I enjoy the girls so much. The farm rings with laughter when they are here.

Much remains the same about the farm, and much has changed. This year, Henning installed a solar-powered pump that draws water from the pond to the gardens, so that we don't use electricity or well water for irrigation. We also installed a holding tank for well water, and Johann built a shelter for it that includes an elegant little bunkhouse with beds that will host guests or interns. We call it the "Punkhouse".

Johann has been living in New York for the past few months, working for a cabinetmaker. He is enjoying his work there, and the complete change of scene from the Northwest, but will return here to live permanently. He is interested in turning to "green construction" where homes are built and remodeled using recycled materials, with a minimum of waste. Johann and Kaethe will spend Christmas on Lopez with us, which we anticipate with joy.

Kaethe, after many years in retail (mostly selling clothes) has gone back to school. She is taking classes in history, geopolitics, and Spanish, and is planning to take a second degree (her first is in psychology), which will qualify her as a teacher. She loves the learning: she is on the phone with one or the other of us at least once a week, to talk about politics or history. I had to leave Lopez for Thanksgiving to take care of my mother; Kaethe came up for that week to stay with Henning. When I returned, I found the dining room table covered with books of history and philosophy, and knew that they had spent their time learning and talking, when they weren't milking the cow or weeding the garden. It is so good to see Kaethe resume her education.

Our grief and anger over the outcome of the September election and the fact that the current Federal administration will now oversee a soaring deficit, a falling dollar, a tragic war (over 1,000 American and 100,000 Iraqi dead, as of this writing) a continuing destruction of the environment, the alienation of former allies, continuing increases in the cost of health care and education, the shift of the tax burden from wealth to labor and a greater divide between the rich and the poor in this country and all over the world, had to be short lived. We cannot simply continue to be angry and disillusioned. Henning and I realize that communities will have to take care of themselves, and state and local organizations will have to provide health care, food security, hospice care, environmental protection, and educational support for people who need it. The Federal government has adopted the morality of corporations that are strip-mining the world for the financial benefit of their shareholders, and will be of no help to anyone except those who keep them in office.

Teaching during this time has become an intense experience. Every morning, I lead the flag salute for exactly three students in a class of twenty. (Seventeen sit or stand in respectful silence, but cannot bring themselves to pledge allegiance to a flag that has betrayed their vision of a wise and compassionate country.) I try to teach my students to read widely, think deeply, and challenge popular culture. For the

most part, my classroom experiences are powerful and wonderful, and I know that I will miss teaching literature, philosophy, language, and writing. I will miss students' eager questions and insights, and the kindness they show to me and to each other.

I will teach the rest of this year and one more, and then I will retire. I will be only fifty-five, but I will have taught for thirty-two years. I could not bring myself to leave work I love so much, except that I have so much to do here. The farm has become a teaching station, my students coming here to take classes and do internships. There is so much reading, writing, learning and teaching that Henning and I want to do together. Just as he left formal teaching to go on to new work, so will I. We have plans to expand farm production and feed more people than we presently do, and extend our educational outreach.

We will be working with Lopez Schools, Washington State University, and the Lopez Community Land Trust, to develop our program. As ambitious as we are for large goals, we are anchored in getting up and having coffee together every morning, milking the cow, checking on the calves, feeding the chickens, caring for the plants, and rejoicing in the beauty of this place. Years ago, when Henning began to do a lot of lecturing, writing, and hosting conferences and farm tours to educate others about the viability of small-scale farming, I said, "Remember, if you stop shoveling cow manure, making compost, and caring for calves, you will lose all credibility." I am happy to tell you that he is still doing all the daily chores that keep him close to the farm, and still finds time to teach others.

We send you our warmest wishes for a joyous Christmas season.

Elizabeth + Henning

Elizabeth and Henning



Dec 15, 2003

Dear Ivan and Carol,

The beautiful lady on the card is Loveday, Queen of the Farm - at least the Dairy Queen. With her, we've closed the loop of self-sufficiency, and now produce everything we need -- with the notable exceptions of gasoline, soap, and toilet paper.

Henning, like the universe, keeps expanding: we now have four gardens, a greenhouse, a loop house, twenty five beef cows (including the Gang of Four, our newly born calves), pregnant ewes, laying hens, our faithful Ursa, and Loki the cat. We all have our jobs on the farm. Loki's is to sleep for all of us. He does it beautifully.

This is my third year of teaching half time. I have promised to retire when Henning is seventy -- in three years -- which will allow me to finish all those books and projects that lie about me now, half finished.

I received a copy of Prairie Nocturne, which I am saving for Christmas break. I peeked at it, and am delighted to have Susan Ruff to look forward to. Thank you!

Your lives and work sound, as ever, fulfilling. It's great to hear that the next book is underway. Your words are always close to us. Heike, my favorite of Henning's sisters, is coming from Germany to spend Christmas with us, and copies of This House of Sky and Earthlight, Wordfire, are already wrapped for her.

Henning joins me in wishing you a joyous, feast-ful holiday season. Next time you head north, we hope you can stop in at the farm.

All the best,

Elizabeth

December 21, 2002

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Christmas greetings from our house to yours! So good to here that there is another Montana book in the works, especially that Susan Duff ("You're worse than snot!" is still one of my favorite lines, behind "I have did it all!" and "I fucked the pig!") will be featured.

Our Thanksgiving was relaxed and festive. Kathe and Johann were here, and both pitched in with dishes and farm chores, and we had time for some quiet talks. Johann graduated from UW last June. He is still supporting himself making cabinets and custom windows, and he is training for a career as a firefighter-EMT. Kathe manages a chi-chi clothing/jewelry/folk art store in Seattle. She likes the creative side of the work, but is learning hard lessons about the retail business. They will not be here for Christmas. Last year, in order to accommodate Sally's desire to have the kids with her on Christmas day, and the fact that both Jo and Kathe had to work until late on the 23rd, we crammed three days of activities into one, and the kids, without having had any rest, dashed back to Seattle on Christmas day. It felt like living in a time-lapse film. We've agreed to biennial celebrations with the kids. My mother is coming up this year, which will be great. She's going to travel most of the way by train, and stay about five days. She will thoroughly enjoy all the to-do; she especially loves the live candles we have on a fresh tree every year. She has had a hard couple of years: she suffered from shingles for two years, and the medications the doctor gave her to mitigate the pain affected her memory. She is still soldiering on, but she feels mentally diminished and occasionally frustrated by her growing lack of mobility.

Henning and I are flourishing, though the work is often daunting. I am teaching half time for the second year. Last year was easier, because I taught three small classes, and could get most of my work done at school. This year I'm teaching four classes, three of them large, and the preparation and paper grading often spill over into my time at home. It's my own fault. I was scheduled to teach two English classes and a first year Spanish class, and I volunteered to teach (without pay) a fourth year Spanish class for two students who just spent six months in Argentina, came home fluent, and did not want to lose their edge before going off to college. On one hand, I love working with them (and at a level that hones my own skills); on the other, it's an hour out of my planning time that costs me dearly. Senior portfolios and projects, college essays and letters of recommendation are also daily obligations now. I have made progress, however – I'm sleeping more, reading more, and enjoying daily morning coffee and evening dinners with my sweetheart.

Henning has also gone back to teaching. In collaboration with the high school biology teacher, he is teaching an agricultural science class. He has fourteen students, who spend some time each week at the farm, and the rest of their time in the high school science lab. The students love the farm visits, and often head out of my class saying, "We get to go to the farm today! We're going to take manure samples! We get to see the pigs!" Henning has serious goals for these students; unfortunately, the collaborating teacher sees this as an opportunity to take a rest, and offers very little support: she does not follow through on lab work, does not distribute the readings Henning supplies, and

demands nothing of the students. Since many of them are honors students and are genuinely interested in the topics Henning presents, they are being cheated. It's a shame. If he had an enthusiastic co-teacher, this could become an important course.

His teaching is, of course, on top of everything else. The orchard, vegetable garden, sheep, pigs, chickens, beef cows, and dairy cow, are primarily Henning's responsibility. We make a nice profit from vegetables, beef, pork and lamb, but our real gold mine is Loveday. This one charming Jersey cow supplies fifteen local families with milk and all its byproducts. For us, these include fresh milk, butter, buttermilk, yogurt, cream, and cream cheese. Loveday is a beautiful animal, patient and funny and generous, sometimes a bit of a princess, but always delightful. She structures our day around two daily milkings, and our diet around her wonderful milk.

Loveday is more than a great cow, however. After church last Sunday, I was processing milk – into cream, butter, yogurt, and cream cheese – and it struck me that having a milk cow is a religious expression. For us, God is primarily manifested in the ongoing creation. We experience that in raising all of our plants and animals, but Loveday is a daily, immediate manifestation. Twenty-four hours a day, she creates protein from cellulose, and gives it in her milk. We pet her, groom her, feed her, and watch the growth of her calf in the changes in her body. If we're out in the field, she follows us in case there are apples or ear-scratches in the offing. You can't be closer to a food source, nor to the ongoing miracle of creation.

Of course, the obligations to customers, winter garden, and animals keep us close to home. We have to leave in shifts, if we leave at all. In February, Henning is going to take Johann to Germany for his college graduation gift, to visit family and to see the reconstructed Berlin. I would love to go just to visit the anthropological and art museums in a city that was closed off to the West for so long and is now becoming a major cultural center. But they will be gone three weeks, I'm teaching during that time, and need to take care of the animals. Henning has also been invited by WSU to participate in a weeklong trip to Cuba this spring. Since the collapse of the Soviet Union, Cubans have grown their own food organically, much of it in urban gardens, most of it without machines or fossil fuels, and supply nearly all their own needs. They have a lot to teach us.

Interns for 2003 will not arrive until late spring. This spring and summer we had a girl from Texas, a man from Seattle, a girl from Sweden, and a man from India. It was quite an experience. I taught them how to seed and transplant. I also taught them to cook and bake bread and process foods, partly from our philosophy of teaching people to grow what they eat, and eat what they grow, and partly from sheer self-preservation, so that I did not have to cook three meals a day for six people. Henning taught them how to prepare soil, care for animals, build fences, manage water, handle tools, plant and care for seeds and seedlings, and to think about the farm as a single organism, every part of which serves every other part. We had mixed results from the interns, as one must always have when people have their own habits and agendas, and find it hard to internalize the fact that 6 am is a real hour in which feet hit the floor instead of the hand hitting the snooze button. But watching Johanna – our best intern of the four – vault fences to pet the sheep, tend the herb garden, and marvel at the growth of plants, made it all worthwhile. I will never forget the morning that she and I scalded, plucked, and cleaned fourteen chickens that Henning had obligingly beheaded for us. She was so full of wonder at the process, at what the innards were and how they worked, that the work became a source of pleasure

and learning, rather than a grisly chore. I tell all our interns that it costs us financially and emotionally to have them here and to teach them every day, and our reward is that farms like ours will spring up in their footsteps, and that we hope they will live differently because they have been here. In Johanna's case, that will be true.

Our educational outreach for sustainable farming practices keeps reaching farther and farther. This October, Henning and I were the keynote speakers at a Food Security conference whose focus was to have local farms supply school cafeterias. As always, we enjoyed writing together, thinking together, and making contacts at the conference. We have, since, had several requests to publish our speech, and requests for farm visits from people who heard it.

The really absorbing life is here. Our four new calves, Ophelia, Gertrude, Laertes and Hamlet (Henning is honoring the play I'm presently teaching) are sturdy, beautiful darlings. We put a collar on Hamlet a few days ago – to make it easier to catch him when castration time comes – and even kneeling in my second pile of manure in two days could not diminish the pleasure of holding this warm, beautiful, trusting little animal. Do I sound sentimental? Only because I am.

Henning and I send our best wishes for a peaceful Christmas for you, for all of us, and a rich, busy New Year. (No problem there, I am sure.)

All the best,

Elizabeth

Dear Ivan and Carol,

It looks from your Christmas letter that you have been doing some serious digging in the dirt. At first glance, I thought those leaves were an enormous manure pile, but that's **our** stock in trade. How great that you are settling in to your new home.

I hope that this letter doesn't end up being printed in Urdu. My old word processor (bought before Henning and I got married) finally gave up the ghost. Or, rather, no one makes printer ribbons for the old dot-matrix printers any more. Long story short, it took me two trips off island, considerable patience and disillusionment with the CompUSA people, and several weeks of fooling around before I could return the original purchase (totally unsatisfactory), and buy and set up this nice little Sony laptop. I still don't know how to do more than the basics, but after all the time, money, and frustration, I'll settle for what I can get.

Things on the farm are going as usual – last year's cows and pigs and sheep are now residing in various freezers all over the island, including ours, the winter garden feeds about thirty people, including us, and the straw bale house (for year-round apprentices) is nearly finished. Henning is really glad. Since summer, he and the interns have given three days per week to that house, and have neglected other projects in order to get it done. But the house is elegant in line and finish. Interns all over America will be competing to live there. The irony is that Brian, our current intern, has been here since last April, and will be making way for a new intern next April. He has been working on the intern house since early summer (it was supposed to be finished in October, and of course, it isn't). He will be able to move in about the time he has to move out. Our other interns, Bill and Elizabeth, saw the writing on the wall and wisely got out of here in September.

As well as farming and building, Henning is up to his ears in committee work: he's on the state Tilth Board, the county conservation board, and the board of the local Land Trust. The Land Trust's big project right now is building a local food processing center, where local meat could be processed and sold to local people. It's been Henning's goal for six years to get this off the ground, and part of the island's drive toward self-sufficiency. All has gone well – they even found land for the site -- and then the neighbors on that road got their hackles up. The last newspaper headline read, "Lopez Neighbors Say Channel Road Is Not Slaughterhouse Row". Since animals would be slaughtered and cleaned in-field, the carcasses trucked to the processing center and the offal trucked off-island, it's clear that the neighbors don't know what they're talking about. But, as usual, that doesn't stop them from talking. So tomorrow Henning has a public meeting to fill everybody in and ward off lawsuits. Sigh.

Our one tragedy is that Ursa was hit by a car on Thanksgiving Day. Her back leg was smashed, and the bones are in little pieces. Fortunately, there is an excellent orthopedic vet in Anacortes, and he put the bones back together with pins; now she has a bar running from the bottom to the top of her upper joint which holds the pins in place. She came through the surgery and recovery just fine, and is being very sweet and patient about it – but we have three long months to go before the bones can knit. Helgi, her son and playmate, knows that his mother is hampered, and doesn't tempt her to romp. He goes up to her for kisses, and then backs off. I go out and drink my morning coffee with

her every day, groom and pet her every evening, and she gets lots of loving attention from everyone.

Next year will see a big change in our family arrangements. I have applied for, and been granted, a half-time contract. At school, our days are divided between A and B days, during which different classes are held. I will teach B days, on which Spanish, Non-Fiction, and elective classes are held. My good friend and colleague, Steve Adams, will teach AP English, English 9, and one elective. So I will teach Tuesdays, Thursdays, and every other Friday, and the rest of the time I'll be at home.

Being at home is becoming more and more important. Right now, my weekends consist of trying to clean the house, cook meals for varying numbers of people, do the laundry, bake bread for the coming week, pick food for customers, grade papers and prepare for Monday's classes. If there is a community event, I'm too tired to attend. If there is an emergency, as there was with Ursa, everything else goes by the board. As much as I love teaching, I want to be at home.

The farm is growing – not in size, but in significance. Thanks to Henning's outreach (he now lectures regularly to small farm groups) our place is affiliated with WSU and with Oregon State. It has become a teaching farm and a research center. We want to become self-sufficient, and to teach others how to do so. The health of our world depends on people raising their own food, as they all did before World War II. I know that this sounds grandiose, but when we consider the inroads being made by genetic engineering and food moguls, the number of people giving up meat because the hormones and antibiotics in it are horrible health risks, the amount of illness and disease related to foods poisoned by herbicides and pesticides, the species wiped out by the misuse of land, we feel that any contribution we can make is worthwhile.

Anyway, next year I intend to get a sweet Jersey cow and make my own butter and cheese. People are already lining up for the milk. With the help of Janelle, our intern for next year, I intend to produce a food book. Janelle has a degree in nutrition, and presently cooks for people in Seattle who have special dietary needs. She comes up every weekend to work on the farm. Unlike previous interns, she can cook, which is a real blessing.

This year, Henning and I are observing the entire Christmas season rather than just cramming the whole thing into two days, which we've done in the past five years. So we have brunches with Brian and Janelle on Advent Sundays. Henning has made an Advent wreath and decorated the house, and I intend to start baking as soon as I can.

Hope your holidays are everything wonderful. Ivan, you have a big fan club on the island, and I hear from its various members on a regular basis. What's the latest book about, and when does it come out?

All the best,

Elizabeth

December 16, 1999

Dear Ivan and Carol,

I am looking out at a wet, relatively warm, December night, hoping it stays that way. It is too stormy to walk to school in the mornings, but by afternoons I wish I didn't have to get my car home -- a bit of sun (or at least a cessation of downpour) would make that de-tox time most welcome. But Henning has a meeting tonight, as is typical, so I drove home right after school to get the potatoes baking and the beans herbed and the steaks stuffed with garlic.

This school week has been incredibly long. The kids are tired and in need of vacation, and getting them to respond to reading assignments and essays has been like dragging them, backwards, through sticky mud. I sympathize with them, though. I have been stuffing their homework in my backpack all week, looking forward to the coming break when I can grade all those papers at leisure.

Thanksgiving was great. My mother, brother, and his wife drove up to celebrate with us, and the visit was just the right length -- long enough for good conversation and great food (all of it produced on the farm except the whipping cream and the wine, and the whipping cream, at least, will be ours next year when we join a milk co-operative and milk a friend's cow once a week), but not so long that we got tired of either.

The "kids" (Käthe is now 26, Johann 23) will be coming up for Christmas Eve. Käthe will be bringing her soon-to-be-husband, Casey, who is a sweetheart. He loves us, loves working on the farm, and is presently moving from job to job, but always upward. Käthe, <u>finally</u> graduating from college at the end of this quarter, is now contemplating a career as a paralegal or as an elementary school teacher. Because she is fantastic with children, I'm pushing teaching. Casey wants to finish his education; they want to start a family. A lot on their plates.

Johann, now in his third year of college, is supporting himself as a cabinet maker for a firm in Seattle. He is very good at it -- he built and installed our new kitchen counters, and his handiwork is visible all over the farm, from the new feed room to cutting boards in the barn kitchen. He is here as often as possible, and we love having him.

Henning and I are flourishing. Henning made the transition from university teaching to farming and doing community service very happily. His last book, <u>All the World's Reward</u>, which is a collection of repertoires from Scandinavian storytellers, came out a couple of months ago, and that was nice, but seems more like an echo from the past than a reflection of his life now. He is farming. That includes all of the livestock, a big garden -- we feed twelve customers as well as ourselves all year round -- and projects, projects, projects. He has also become a teacher of farming. In the last article the local paper did about us, I am quoted as saying, "We used to feed people. Now we're teaching people to feed themselves." This last summer, that meant seven interns. They work on the farm along with us, and also do reading and hands-on research for academic credit. Henning is now an adjunct professor for WSU. He gives numerous presentations, is a board member of local, county, and state farming and conservation organizations, and travels a lot. The damned phone never stops ringing.

The life suits us both. Our goal is self-sufficiency, and we're teaching other people to grow, eat, and process their own foods. Sometimes having all those apprentices and interns around wearies me -- it seems like I've lost my privacy and precious solitude. Sometimes, I just get tired of cooking two meals a day for 6-8 people. Sometimes I dislike a particular intern and do not want him or her in my laundry room or at my table. But I know that what we're doing is important, and I like seeing people learn to bake their own bread, make seeds grow into plants, harvest and eat what they grow.

My other life is school. This is probably the best year of teaching I've ever had. This is due, in part, to the fact that a film-making class (taught by a local film-maker) and an alternative program for non-academic students have drawn off many students who are not learning sharks, and whose reluctance and bad behavior slow classes down. So this year I have students who would go right on writing, arguing, reading aloud, if I walked out mid-class and never came back again. What a joy!

I did not thank you when Mountain Time arrived in the mail, but Henning and I both enjoyed the return of Mariah and especially the mountain hike part of the book. You have a number of dedicated fans on the island, all of them eager to talk about the latest tome. The picture of Ivan (taken, I think, by the Seattle Times) in Puckish pose behind the typewriter keys is behind me in the study as I write. Do we ever get to Seattle? Rarely, but we'd love to join you at some great restaurant when we do next time. Glad to hear that your new house gives you a great view and other pleasures.

All the best,

Henning + Elizabeth

Dear Ivan and Carol,

What a delight to get your Christmas letter – first one in these sobering months that made us chuckle. It's good to know that Ivan's writing is right on schedule, that *This House of Sky* has been acknowledged (again) as the excellent work it is, and that you both are making the most of Carol's "retirement" (i.e. change in the work you do).

September 11 was like the curtain rent in the temple – it signaled a whole new way of thinking and behaving for all of us. We handled the day well at school – kept the kids away from the horrors broadcast on TV, let them talk if they needed to, kept them informed, and carried on as normally as we could. It was hard for me to look into the faces of the senior boys, and see their inner conflicts reflected there – a real sense of patriotic duty struggling with the fear that their lives, so well planned and serene before, would be forever changed if they were called to fight.

Beyond the need to put terrorists' heads on spikes (Henning and I have no problem with that at all) we believe that there is a long moral struggle ahead. I hope our nation's leaders learn some humility to mitigate their hubris, and guide us in changing a way of life that exploits other nations and the world's environment.

Henning and I are scaling our response to global health, environmental, economic and political crises to what we can do as individuals: growing food for our neighbors, educating people about self-sufficiency, and becoming self-sufficient ourselves. For many years now, the farm has been supplying most of our needs, and its own. It is nearly a perfectly closed system, where all foods and fertilizers are produced on our own acres, and consumed close to home. This year we are closing the gap: Henning received a small government grant to develop an experimental project in small-scale grain production, and we have purchased Loveday, a beautiful Jersey cow, who will calve and begin producing milk (and, secondarily, butter, cheese, cream, and yogurt) in April. I have named the unborn calf Fezziwig (after a character in Dickens) because the father is a Scottish Highland bull, and they look like overgrown Teddy bears. Loveday is a darling. I spend time every day grooming and spoiling her, and time every evening squeezing a tennis ball to build up those milking muscles in my arms.

Our garden is flourishing – we supply over twenty-five people with vegetables each week, including folks served by the food bank. We are working on The Food Book, which started with my providing recipes to our CSA customers who did not know how to make kale or chard or turnips or beets or bok choi or other winter vegetables into delicious dishes, and is expanding into teaching people the importance of growing, or buying, local, organic, seasonal foods, and educating them generally about nutrition and agriculture. Henning also regularly lectures to garden clubs, community groups, university classes, and various agricultural organizations. We get phone calls all the time from people who have read about him in the paper and want to come visit the farm and learn how to do what we do.

We are also processing applications for internships. We have grown beyond providing a "cool place to be" for young people who think it might be fun to spend a summer on Lopez, who want to finish out a semester from an agricultural college, or have a distant vision of a homestead with a few chickens and goats. We now accept only applicants who already have degrees in agriculture or have access to land that they can farm. We have accepted a young woman whose family has 700 arable acres in the Napa

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Valley, a woman with a degree in agronomy, a young man with a degree in agriculture from a college in Sweden, and (possibly) a man from India who owns a farm already but wants to work his the way we do ours – with a focus on self-sufficiency and sustainability.

My ability to do one more thing on the farm is due to my changing to half-time teaching this year. I teach three classes: Non-Fiction, AP English, and Spanish II. The classes meet on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and every other Friday. It is having the best of both worlds. I get to teach, and have rich relationships with students and colleagues, and I get to bake, cook, garden, farm, and interact with the animals – an embarrassment of riches.

(It says something about the farm that, even though our main goal is to feed ourselves and teach others to do the same thing, we have, in just a few years, gone from two full-time positions to one half-time position, with no change in our financial fat.) The one surprise about the change is that I have not been able to get to all the things I thought I would have time to do. But when I realize that Henning and I, for the first time in our marriage, have time to talk, to read to each other, enjoy a social life, do community work, and attend church every Sunday – I guess that's where the time goes. I don't think when I die that I'll be fretting over not being able to wash the floors one more time.

Kathe and Johann will be coming for Christmas, and we'll be able to house them in the straw bale house that Henning built for interns. It is a jewel box of a house, heated with a wood stove, large enough for two people, with charming details. The kids enjoy staying there: they can talk all night by the fire, sleep in, and join us for breakfast and chores when they scramble out. It seems odd to call them "kids" – Kathe is twenty-eight, Johann twenty-five. She is managing a chi-chi clothing store, he is earning his way through school as a cabinet maker. Johann has also spent time in Kenya and in Ecuador this past year: he is majoring in wildlife science in the School of Forestry at the UW, and, like many young people, is using his travel bug to go to places where he can see the problems of undeveloped nations, and think about ways to solve them. I have great faith in his generation to think and work unselfishly and creatively.

We wanted Mom to join us, too, but she is in constant pain from her back and leg, so we'll put off a visit until spring, when she will be feeling better and the weather makes my driving both ways less chancy. We really regret her not being able to join us. As one of my favorite columnists writes, "This year, 'I'll Be Home for Christmas' is a far more meaningful song than 'Santa Claus is Coming to Town'". Time to embrace each other.

We will certainly check out the web site (this from a man who types on an Olympia or some other such antiquated beast?). But then, I have nothing to say – I am the only person I know who will have nothing to do with e-mail and barely acknowledges the existence of the telephone. Henning gingerly deals with both; last month he discovered, through Internet, that he has relatives in Argentina. He sent them an e-mail, and the next day I received a phone call from Conrado Sehmsdorf in Buenos Aires. We carried on in a mix of Spanish and English, but I had a hard time understanding what he said – not because of the languages or the distance, but because he was trying to find out why his e-mail reply had bounced back. I had no idea what he was talking about. He must think his cousin's wife is a troglodyte. Anyway, he sent me kisses, which is a gallant Latin kind of thing to do.

Henning and I send you our best wishes for a peaceful home life and rowdy adventures abroad!

Elizabeth

December 15, 1977

Dear Ivan and Carol,

It's been a long time since we've heard from each other. So, here are our fondest Christmas greetings and some news from the "S. and S. Homestead:"

In November, Kathe and Johann came up here for Thanksgiving weekend, and we had a wonderful time -- best, I think, we've ever had. They are both doing well. Kathe is still at the University, hacking away at a degree in psychology. Johann is taking a full load of courses at Seattle Central Community College, and working twenty-five hours a week with a cabinetmaker. His training in Germany has really paid off -- he has been steadily employed since his return.

Henning and I will spend Christmas Eve with the kids and their mother in Seattle, then drive down the The Dalles to have Christmas Day with my mother. This takes a great deal of planning: we have two sets of people lined up to feed the animals while we're gone. Not easy to find them, and not easy for them to feed the animals. It requires a lot of knowledge and precision, and we have made the arrangements with some trepidation -- every time we have someone here to do the work we normally do, there's a foul-up somewhere, sometimes resulting in the death of a fowl.

Our animal kingdom is full to the borders. Every cow had a calf this year, so now we have twenty-five cows, calves, and steers, and Peter the Great, our sweet-tempered bull. We have twenty-two chickens, and nearly that many eggs every day. (Fortunately, we have a lot of egg customers, too.) Our two ewes are at a neighbors', being bred, we hope. That trip was great fun. After a lot of trepidation about our pets being picked on in a strange flock, we enjoyed watching them chase after the startled ram, bleating, "Look! It's a Ma-a-a-nnn!"

Besides the livestock (no pigs this year, but we'll have some next year) we have Loki and Ursa. Loki is a fairly low-maintenence cat, and Ursa has become so beautiful, such a good guard dog and sweet companion, that we've decided to breed her. Come summer, we'll have puppies!

We slaughtered thirty chickens, two lambs, and three cows this fall (two of the cows were pre-sold) and so our freezer is full. We processed most of the meat ourselves. I finally bought a pressure canner, so our shelves are full of canned chicken, beef and chicken broth, spaghetti sauce, and mushrooms, as well as the usual salsa, fruit, jams, pickles, beets, herbal vinegars, and applesauce. I've sold about $500 worth of canned goods, and Johann re-stocks his larder from our shelves and freezer about once a month in return for his summer labor.

Henning has just finished his term at the U., and is now free until mid-January. He has created a model farm here, and has taken courses in livestock and pasture management, so that now he is a Livestock Advisor for County Extension. Guests arrive constantly (often unannounced) to take a tour or, more often, camp here and work with us for a couple of days. (Sigh). Ten years ago, I married a nice man who had a modest garden. Now I'm married to a nice man who has an orchard and fruit garden (East of Eden) and a huge vegetable garden (West of Eden) two barns, and a lot of animals. He has a 4-H organic gardening group, is on the county Watershed Commission, and on the board of the Land Trust. In the past couple of years, he has turned the interests

of the Land Trust to sustainable agriculture, and he is now working (with help from a USDA grant) to build a processing center where local farmers can have their meat inspected, slaughtered, processed and sold locally. His vision is to have local farmers feed local people. Very simple to envision, very complex to realize.

We are at the point of no longer being able to manage this place without help. Fortunately, people keep turning up who want to learn about farming and are willing to work for food. My own role, while I'm still teaching, has gone narrower and deeper. I raise all our seedlings from seed, and sell or give away the excess plants. I raise a lot of flowers, which I interplant with the berries and vegetables, and which are in nearly as much demand as our food products. I do the transplanting, the harvesting, and the processing, and Henning does all the rest. (On an organic farm, that's a lot.) I have mixed feelings about the scope of what we've taken on -- we're feeding about five families now, nearly year round -- but Henning is in his element. He has always wanted a strong link with community, and now he's feeding and educating people, starting families out with their own gardens, reveling with the animals. He is happiest feeding cows, tending chickens, and lingering over dinners with me. He is about to build a huge greenhouse, because my endeavors have long outgrown our little space on the back porch. The work does keep us close to the earth, to loving animals, and to each other.

Last fall, a group of Jehovah's Witnesses made their way into West of Eden, where Henning was working. They asked solemnly if he were ready for the coming of the Kingdom of God. He looked around, smiled at them, and said, "I'm standing in it!" That about sums it up.

I am still teaching full time. I have terrific colleagues, a world-class principal, and wonderful kids. But I also teach over 100 students in six different classes, which is two classes too many for me, and not enough teachers to give them the individual attention they need. I intend to hang in there full time for three more years, then go half-time, so that I teach from September til January, and another (young, energetic) teacher takes the spring course and the agony of not-going-to-graduate seniors.

Well, I have rattled on too long. Please do get in touch again. Hope to see you on Lopez again, despite Ivan's feelings about water. Have a wonderful Christmas!

Love,

Elizabeth

Fondest wishes for Christmas!

Jenny.

July Something, Sunday Afternoon

Dear Ivan and Carol,

At last the animals are fed and in their various daytime places (chickens out in the yard eating bugs, baby chicks in a spacious pen, learning to eat bugs, the cows down and chewing their cuds, the pigs napping in their pen, the cat asleep in the hay, Ursa the Wonder Dog off with Henning and our guests); Henning has taken his sister and his daughter off for a hike and a swim, and I am FREE! First two hours all summer when I haven't been dashing from one chore to another. Two pans of peas picked, shelled and frozen, the Swiss chard seedlings transplanted. It's too hot to be out in the garden and if I wait long enough, maybe the elves will do the dishes.

It has been a crazy summer. Henning finally got the cooler room finished, so we're almost set (lacking a few implements) to do our own butchering, hanging, cutting and wrapping this year. As he was finishing that project, the roofers arrived, removed the old cedar shakes (we now have enough kindling for the next fifteen years) and installed a nice new composition tile roof. They also installed a skylight in my study, which is now a bright cheerful room instead of a cave. They replaced the deck, which was becoming rotten and dangerous, and built a spacious woodshed onto the west part of the house, facing the barn. It gives us a divinely shady spot where I do a lot of work and we all do a lot of eating. I'm going to miss that space when Henning fills it with firewood. They also built a rose arbor -- beams that run up from the east deck railing and onto the roof. That's where the climbing roses are, and we are going to plant more, so that that part of the deck will have a roof of roses next year. They were a wonderful crew, energetic, skilled, incredibly hard working and considerate of the fact that they were in our home. In the weeks they were here, I never heard a four-letter word or had one of them come into the house with boots or without asking. We all enjoyed each other so much I threw them a barbecue the last day they were here.

As soon as they left, haying began. Henning cut and raked the hay on our place and a neighbor's (with his terrific new John Deere and his requisite green tractor cap -- no snoose yet), and then we got one of the old-timers to do the bailing. He's a pro -- no breakdowns, no whining, no windrows left unbailed. Then, <u>bucking</u>! All my promising high school kids are either too small or already working, so Henning contacted a young local man (in his twenties and strapping) who is trying to survive on dish-washing jobs. His response? "Gee, I have to think about my body. I hear that's hard work." So the buckers were Henning; a young Mexican man who's working on the island this summer; Elke, Henning's sister, who is fifty-four and comes up to my shoulder; Sarah, a young intern for the land trust who is interested in farming; and me. Raoul speaks no English, Elke very little, and Sarah wanted to practice her French, so the bucking went on in four languages, sometimes in the same sentence. Whenever she passed me a loose bale, Elke would murmer, "Zees one is dahnger-ous," which always made me feel as if it were about to blow up.

We have enough hay to sell some excess this year, and are making a modest return on selling our vegetables at the Saturday Farmers' Market. That's a lot of work. It takes me three hours to pick, wash, bundle, price and lable whatever herbs, seedlings, vegetables or fruits we want to sell, and then it takes Henning

three hours to set up our magnificent market umbrella and table and to sell the stuff. We set our prices very low at the beginning, because we believe that organic produce should be within everybody's buying power. But we were unwittingly underselling other farmers, and earning twenty dollars for six hours work made us feel silly. So now we've raised our prices for the rich, and quietly give produce to people whom we know can't afford it.

Some of these folks live from the local food bank and from grocery store leavings. Twice a week I pick up boxes of cast off produce from the store, and often run into sad-looking people who are picking out a few potatoes, a couple of ears of corn, to feed their families that evening. Often I find small boxes of produce with a choice mixture of still-edible fruits and vegetables, and know that the produce people have these hungry folks in mind, and are setting out a dinner tray for them.

The islands are at a turning point right now. Too damn many retirees building their fifth home here, in which they will spend about a month during the year, and in the process, destroying the environment, sucking up the water, and jacking up the property taxes of their neighbors. On the other side are young families, many of them trying to live by subsistence farming and part-time jobs.

Henning has entered the fray. He's now on the Board of the Land Trust, a controversial group who built the two communities of beautiful little houses near the village -- affordable housing for people who can't buy land, can't afford the exorbitant rents and can't spend $200,000 on a house. He's working on farming issues, as you might expect, and there are some exciting projects going forward. The Land Trust has a weekly study circle as well as regular meetings, and he brings home information that makes me cringe. Did you know that seventy percent of all the foodstuffs you buy is grown, stored, processed, shipped, controlled, by <u>five</u> companies? Diversity, nutrition, safety -- what's that? One of the goals of the Land Trust is to make local foods available to local people, and Henning is working on getting a meat inspector on the island, so that local people who raise good organic lamb, chickens, beef, pork, trout, don't have to ship the animals off for slaughter, and people living on an island covered with healthy cows and sheep don't have to buy Mystery Meat from Iowa.

Ah, off the soapbox, Elizabeth. Time for the real purpose of this letter, which is to thank Ivan for the gift copy of <u>Bucking the Sun</u>. I had to snatch half-hours with it after school was out, and I was agog with the amount of research it must have taken. I kept pausing on details and wondering, "Now how did he find that out?" I thought the set piece on Neil's temporary eclipse-blindness was superb. Like the grizzly piece from <u>Mariah</u>, I will use that in my classes.

I kept thinking, "Ashes to ashes, and Duffs to Duffs," as I was reading. (Sorry, but I really did.) It is a hard book, in a way. None of the uplift and sense of personal triumph as in your other books. I remember having Professor Simonson ask at my defense, "Don't you think Doig's books are tragedies?" and replying honestly that I did not, I thought they were realistic. And <u>Bucking</u> is realistic -- an unprettied-up story about an unpretty time and place. I thought a lot about your earlier books as I read. They all convey the sense of the triumph of the individual human spirit in the face of incredible emotional and environmental disaster and drain, but none of them have been unrealistic.

I thought about your books again the other night when

Henning and I were having dinner with friends, good people who want to be optimistic about the future of the world and of the islands, and they asked Henning if he did not feel great about the work he was accomplishing in the community. He said, "In the face of overpopulation and the gentrification of the islands, in the face of the national picture of farming and marketing, what I'm doing is trivial. I'm doing it because I can only change the part of the world I live in. But is the move toward organic foods going to bring down Cargill? That's a joke." And I thought about Jick, and about Angus, who carved out their lives according to their best lights in the face of those kinds of odds. Plant your tree. Tend your garden while the world explodes, because that's all you can do, and it makes your own life meaningful. Bucking is different. It's like Lear, which is the only tragedy in Shakespeare's canon that does not end on a note of uplift, of the establishment of a new order. Did it feel different to write this book?

I assume you are busy with readings, book-signings and all the hoo-hah that you cheerfully endure after each book, and I hope all the reviews are as positive and energetic as the one in The Oregonian, written by Ellen Emery. I went to high school with her. She was my Big Sister -- senior paired with freshman to show the ropes -- and I it was a pleasant surprise to see what she's doing now.

Well, the folks are on their way home by now, the elves did not do the dishes, and it's time for me to relinquish my free time and get on with chores. I hope you are both well, that your summer is going splendidly, and that we can get together with you some time within the foreseeable future.

All the best,

Elizabeth

Dec. 17

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Good to hear from you, and especially good to hear that Bucking the Sun has left the typewriter and is now OUT THERE. I look forward to reading it, and thinking about how it fits in with your other work. Life sounds as if it's doing its best for you both.

Henning and I are doing very well, getting more and more involved in farming and ranching. We now have five yearling calves, three young'uns born this summer, five cows and a bull. I should say four cows, since this is old Lily's last day. Henning is out there now, waiting for the man who is going to kill and butcher her. We are supposed to be able to do this ourselves, but the cooler room in our barn kitchen is not quite completed, and we haven't yet bought a saw or grinder. Lily is too old for anything but hamburger, so we're going to have her butchered professionally, and hope we can do the job ourselves next time.

Our chickens are laying record numbers of the best eggs in the world, some of which we sell. We feed them only what we grow ourselves, plus some organically grown barley, and they run free most of the day, going after bugs. They are really a lot of fun.

Ursa the Wonder Dog, our beautiful shepherd, is a year and a half now, and after months of difficult training (she is a very willful dog) she is nearly perfect. She is also very loving, and a very happy dog. She trails after Henning all day, and is a great help with the cows. In fact, Thanksgiving morning, a neighbor appeared to tell us that our five yearling calves had gotten out. Henning and I took off in different directions to look for them, and I had Ursa with me. She promptly found them, rounded them up and headed them back toward the pasture. What a good girl!

Loki the Fire Cat has decided that the fireside is his place for the winter. From a tiny little kitten we found crying in the woods he has become a good sized and quite satisfactory cat -- cuddly but also independent. Since he and Ursa grew up together, they are good friends. It's fun to watch Ursa give him a bath. He and I did have a session on Thanksgiving this year. He got up on the counter after the turkey, and, as I reached for him, launched himself off the counter. His claws are like razors, because in summer he's outside climbing trees all day, and he caught a back claw in the back of my hand and opened a long, deep wound. I made it through dinner, but had to drive to the emergency room in Anacortes that evening to have five stitches taken in it, and missed the last ferry home. I walked around all bandaged for ten days or so, trying to keep the hand out of water. (I did get the doctor to say I shouldn't do dishes for a year, but that didn't stick.) I have a nice long scar now, but fortunately no nerve or tendon damage.

People at school are used to seeing me turn up bruised or bandaged from one thing or another -- and to having me have to leave class to go home and chase escaped cows back into the pasture if Henning isn't home. Only on Lopez do people readily understand that kind of emergency.

Our horse, Chris, is now twenty-four but doesn't know it. He races around the pasture like it's a Derby track and pushes the calves around. Henning and I are talking about adding sheep and a pig and maybe Angora goats to our menagerie. We no longer seem to be able to do just one thing at a time. Henning's big project

this year was to build a beautiful loafing "shed" (It has the floor space of a house) for the calves. It's a pole building, made mostly from scavenged lumber and old telephone poles, and a noble building it is. The calves love it, and we've been able to make friends with them because the space is enclosed.

In the summer, our two gardens (one for fruit and flowers and one for vegetables and flowers) and the orchard keep me busy. This year we began selling extra produce to the grocery store, and next year we'll sell at the Farmer's Market, so we get the profits. Henning has been serving on the board of the Land Trust as agricultural consultant -- who would have thought that this studious professor would become a master of pasture and king of the crops? But he's very happy, and so am I, despite the endless days. He still goes down to Seattle once a week to teach a seminar or two, stays the night, and comes back the next evening. It's good for him to keep in touch with the University that way, and he's often able to have coffee or spend an evening with Kathe, who is at the University, studying psychology.

Johann is in Germany, taking an apprenticeship in carpentry. He's done a year and a half, and has that much more time to go. He's still ambivalent about it, but we are convinced, as we watch jobs disappear all over America at a frightening rate, that it's good for him to be trained in a viable trade before he goes on for a formal education.

School is going very well this year, mostly because of an excellent new schedule that allows me to teach elective classes, a super new principal, and a couple of terrific new secretaries. My colleagues are the best, and the students are neat. Having them for four years allows me to watch them grow as students and individuals, which is a real source of personal and professional pleasure.

I finally came to terms with a years' long allergy, went to a naturopath, and he slapped me on a diet that excludes wheat, all dairy products, beef, eggs, and most of the fruits and vegetables I spend all summer canning, freezing and drying. I lived on lettuce and brown rice for awhile, de-toxed myself, and then began adding foods back. For awhile it was a choice between eating and breathing. I still haven't isolated specific foods, but the difference is dramatic. Most of the time I can breathe now. Last night we had our yearly faculty potluck, I ate what I pleased and immediately broke out in a skin rash. Time to go back to brown rice, I guess.

We're not having much of a Christmas this year -- school doesn't get out til the 22nd, so I have no time to do the usual baking and shopping and decorating. Johann is coming home from Germany, and he and Kathe and their mom and her husband will come up to spend Christmas with us. I guess we will just have to do it all then.

The land is full of life here -- an eagle who is overwintering entertains us every day with his "Skee-yous" and acrobatics in the air, and the little winter birds keep us feeling cozy. I so enjoyed your visit last summer, and hope you can repeat it when Henning is here.

All the best from us --

Elizabeth

& Henning.

July 14

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Well, Farmer Giles is in Norway by this time. I comfort myself by thinking that the passable food and friendly flight attendants of SAS made the trip bearable, but he really didn't want to go and I hope this will be the last time. He took with him the manuscript for the third book in the Scandinavian folklore series, a collection of folktale repertoires. He and a colleague will give it a final going-over while he's in Norway, and then it's off to publishers. His lack of enthusiasm for finishing this project (he did the translations while we were in Germany, five years ago) tells me that this will be the last book, too. He's all into pasture management and compost these days.

It will be wonderful to have you here at last, and I'm looking forward to meeting your friends. Since I don't know where they live, the easiest way to tell you how to get to the ol' S&S Homestead is this:

Start from the school. It's at the crossroads of Center and School Roads. Drive up School Road for a mile. There will be a curve to the left, and then you'll come to Lopez Sound Road. Turn right, ignoring the Dead End sign, and we're the second mailbox on the left. The mailbox isn't marked, but you'll see an open field and fenced maple trees on the right side of the driveway, and a big barn and fenced garden ahead of you.

17 July '95

Dear Elizabeth--

Come hungry. I plant to ply you with pasta and French bread and wine, and then give you a thorough tour. Shall we say 12:00?

~~And more seems terrif. See you at noon on 29th.~~

We're much looking forward to catching up with your

~~See you on the 29th.~~ ~~Lopez life, been too long between gabs.~~

All the best,

all best

Elizabeth

June 22

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Life is young and easy under the apple boughs and happy as the farm is home. Good to hear from you. We are in the full swing of summer. I have not yet checked out of school -- still have my room to clean and books to sort and stuff to turn in to the Powers -- but I am through with teaching and too busy freezing peas, raspberries, strawberries, black and red currants and gooseberries to bother with the leftovers at this point.

Henning is off-farm today, taking his brother and sister-in-law to meet the Airporter in Mt. Vernon. Eberhard and Gretel arrived last Thursday. They are delightful people, and we really enjoyed their visit. Henning was an exemplary husband and host, getting them out of my way so that I could do the garden work that has been tugging at me for nearly a month and taking our guests off to see the wonders of the Northwest. We held our best-ever Midsummerfest the other night, crowding ten people around our table. Wish you could have joined us.

July 28-29 is not the best date in the world, since Henning will be teaching in Norway then, but I'll take what I can get. Please bring your friends for lunch on the 29th. I can give you a tour, point to the John Deere and say, "That's a tractor," (which is about the only thing I can do with it) and enjoy seeing you again.

This day is hotter than hell, and Ursa the Wonder Dog (a long-haired German Shepherd) follows me from house to garden to barn to outbuilding to garden shed with her tongue hanging out. The cows (with only one calf so far, but more on the way) are congregated around the pond. Tree swallows, barn swallows and cliff swallows have built about ten nests in the barn and are swooping around eating bugs and feeding babies. Our mother hen is brooding her eggs and the rest of the chickens are trying to scratch out my flower beds. Loki, the little red cat, who checks in mornings and evenings for a cuddle and a raw egg, is spending the day stalking around in the woods. Chris, the great provider of fertilizer, is out in the pasture looking weird in his fly mask. Life blooms and burgeons. And I have to get back to it, so I'll close.

Looking forward to seeing you next month!

All the best,

Elizabeth

9 July '95

Dear Elizabeth & Henning--

Regrettable that we're going to miss seeing Farmer H. pn the 29th; were much looking forward to seeing him perform wheelies with the John Deere. Another time, definitely!

As to the lunch invitation, Elizabeth, we all four say dandy. Let me know what time you'd like us to show up, and give us the directions, and we'll present our sweet selves.

Your description of the farm sounds utterly fecund. We look forward to the tour.

all best,

20 June '95

Dear Elizabeth and Henning--

Summer is icumen in, so can the Doigs' wobbly San Juan intentions be far behind. Okay, here's what's been evolved or devolved or something: friends who have been asking us to visit their San Juan place since about, umm, the dawn of this century called and asked if we could coincide with them up there--i.e., Lopez!--on July 28-29. I squinted at that date and at August, when I have to shape up the rest of the draft manuscript of my book to get it to my editor by Labor Day; and said OK, July 28-29.

So. We're going to put up at these other good people's accommodations, this time, but would there be a chance for us to come by on Saturday the 29th and say hi (we promise to ooh and ahh, too)? These friends we're quite sure you would enjoy, both as fellow Lopezians and good bright folks--they're Mark and Lou Damborg, he's an electrical engineering prof at the UW, she's an exec with Junior Achievement; Iowa/Michigan farm/smalltown folk--Henning can show them his tractor and they'll know what it is!

Let us know whether this fits with your schedule any, and if it doesn't, we'll simply keep aiming toward Chez Farmer Giles sometimm into the future.

As to us, Carol is two days into summer vacation and hasn't quite touched the ground yet--looong teaching year, this one was, she says--and I keep banging out words. The book stays big and ambitious, while I just want it to be done soeI can just sit back and take out a comma, and the next day put it back in. No big news here, that I can think of; went to San Francisco for a fund-raiser for the Stegner Environmental Wing of the new SF Public Library, and between myself and Bill Kittredge and Gretel Ehrlich and Terry Tempest Williams and Barry Lopez we brought down the (opera) house. We left town before the San Franciscans had a chance to turn to each other and ask, "Who were those guys?"

Hope you're summering gloriously. Good garden here, albeit sulking in the cloudy weather.

best to you both,

April 7

Dear Ivan,

Your letter from Feb. 3 has been repeatedly buried under piles of schoolwork, recommendations for ambitious seniors, and tax stuff. My other excuse for delaying so long is that we've been waiting to hear from members of the Annual German Exodus about their arrival dates. Every year, half the population of Germany empties itself into Lopez, sometimes unannounced. This year, Henning's eldest brother and his wife are arriving in May. Used to be that his relatives would call and find out the date of my last day of school, and arrive five minutes after I got home. They have decided not to bother with that any more, and now arrive whenever the weather looks good and the ferry lines aren't too long.

Since my mother is also coming for a week in May before she takes off for Wyoming, I think it would be best if you and Carol could come in August. By that time, Henning will be back from Norway, and I won't be burdened with school. (Don't let my anti-guest vitriol put you off -- Henning and I will be delighted to have you; both of us feel it's been way too long.)

I am on spring break right now -- in fact we did something unprecedented and left the farm, including chickens, baby chicks, horse, cat, calves and cows in the hands of a reliable high school girl, packed up Ursa the Wonder Dog, and went to California to visit Henning's brother and sister-in-law, who live in the hills outside Mariposa. It was a great trip, despite having to drive for four days in order to spend three with them. Their place is backed right up against Yosemite, and Hanne and I spent a day happily hiking the meadows and trails around booming waterfalls while the men went cross-country skiing. The next day, we all went on a wildflower hike. It was supposed to be for senior citizens, but it was nine miles along a cliff at a forced-march pace, with the leader shouting back along the column, "Indian paint brush! Indian pinks! Fairy lanterns! Lupin!" There was no test at the end, thank God, except the test of my endurance. But the countryside, and the flowers, were beautiful, and if I can do that again when I'm a senior citizen, I'll be proud.

We enjoyed our visit, but drove like mad people to get home again to our own place. The tulips, hyacinths and Greek wood-flowers are out, the animals thriving, and it's good to be home.

Monday, back to school. I am enjoying teaching, and wish I had time to do the preparations I want to do. But the student population has doubled in the last five years, and so has the committee work and all the other non-teaching nonsense. I really enjoy the kids, but it is becoming more and more difficult to do the job I want to do.

Farmer Giles is flourishing. He sends his best.

I am enclosing my first bad review, which I shrugged off without any difficulty. Please burn it after you've given it to the alligators, unless you can get ahold of the reviewer, in which case...

Best to Carol. Hope your spring, and your book, are both going well.

Love,
Elizabeth

8 Feb. '95

Dear Elizabeth--

Just a quick note, to accompany the copy of my response to the U. of ID Press marketeer. Which, as you see, isn't a hell of a lot of help this year...

Carol and I are both wobbling out of winter okay, just now getting over serial colds. I've sent a stack of manuscript to NY, probably about 2/3 of the Fort Peck novel; my agent liked it ("very excited" is the current agently buzzphrase) and now to see how my new editor responds. Regardless of how she responds, I plunge back into the writing next week, for as along as it takes to get a full draft of the book, after having spent this week clearing off my desk(s).

Congrats on the Idaho Y'days review, nifty indeed. Hey, better the guy should like Earthlight than my every tic.

About our coming to the farm: what would you guys think of a Friday overnight, among such possibilities as May 5, 12 or 19? That'd put us all ahead of the summer visitor season, I guess? I know you'll still be in your teaching year, and maybe that squelches the notion, but otherwise we're off into I don't know what, August or beyond. Talk it over, let us know what you frankly think. Happy El Nino winter/spring in the meantime.

all best,

January 2, 1995

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Happy New Year! Our Christmas and New Year's celebrations were quite divine, but I am not going to miss baking or sweeping up fir needles for a long time.

A couple of days ago, I received a letter from the new sales and marketing manager of Idaho UP, and a copy of a nice little review from Idaho Yesterdays. I enclose copies of both, plus my response to Ms. Harvey-Marose's letter. Hope it's ok that I put you on the spot about sending another copy of your reading schedule. If it isn't, just give me a call, and I'll contact her. Sending lists like that eats up a lot of time.

About the review -- I'm surprised that Maguire missed Heart Earth, and a bit more than surprised that someone writing for a journal of history would find the "narrative asides" "egregious," and a "history classroom" "less enchanting" than a "fictional spell." (Well, I've managed to mangle his prose in the process, but I think he's wrong.) Anyway, it's nice to know that someone is still paying attention to the book. Since it was my first, last, and only literary child, and it is damned good, I'd hate to have it just disappear.

All continues to hum on the S&S Homestead. Our tulips are already shyly showing, and I hope we're not hit with a freeze. There is always more to do than time to do it, and heaven only knows how I'm going to handle my part of the farm and housework after I go back to teaching on the 28th of this month. If Ed McMahon would just walk through that door...

I loved your comments about bees. The Newt Gingriches (he seems to come in multiples these days) sneer at the "honeybee subsidy" as a sort of symbol for all the waste perpetrated by the down and dirty democrats. Perhaps they don't realize that 85% of all the food we eat depends on pollinlization from those little critters, and that hives of honey bees are schlepped all over America to do the work that used to be done by native bumble bees and various kinds of flies, which have, in most places, been exterminated by spraying. Farms on Lopez Island, in fact, get sub-contracts to raise early-blooming veggies for the Skagit Valley, because we still have all our native bees.

As you can probably tell from that last paragraph, honey bees are one of our next acquisitions, along with sheep and pigs, possibly a second horse and definitely a mate for Ursa. Thirty animals are just not enough for Farmer Giles.

Do sit down with your calendar and figure out possible dates to come and spend a day or ten on our farm. I guarantee good food and no work, whatever Henning says.

All the best,

Elizabeth

December 16, 1994

Dear Ivan and Carol,

How good to hear from you! Nice to know that Carol is still inspiring aspiring writers and scholars, and Ivan is inspiring the rest of us! While you are teaching and typing, Henning and I are, indeed, tootling around our island paradise -- training the dog, feeding horse and cat and cows and calves and chickens, putting the gardens to bed for the winter.

I have been "not working" this semester (my colleague, Corinne, teaches from September to January, I teach from January to June), but I took on a couple of part-time jobs -- I taught for Skagit Valley College this fall, and am still doing some administrative work for the local school district. The Skagit job was fun, although I found the salary insulting, the commute (by ferry) insupportable and Interactive Video pedagogically revolting. But the students were great. The district hired me to do some administrative chores because the hotshot principal from California we hired resigned on the first day of school. The Whiny Wife Syndrome, we suspect. We get a lot of that here. Sorry for the sexism, but it always does seem to be the wife: a man (like our latest doctor) gets a job on the island, and the wife can't handle being so far from her family, or Nordstrom's, or whatever. Divorce looms, and the man takes off. Life in the islands isn't for everybody.

It does seem to be for us, though. Henning still has to teach one class per week, but it's a twenty-four hour turnaround from here to Seattle and back. I think we are healthier and happier than we've ever been. We have an abundance of animals to care for: my own favorite is Ursa the Wonder Dog, a beautiful long-haired German Shepherd who, after a rather trying puppyhood, is becoming a great stock dog. Last week, the bull led the cows in a general breakout and rebellion, and Ursa, just seven months old, herded them away from our house, barn, and roses, back into their pasture.

Loki, our "found" kitten, is in charge of general sloth and indigence. He caught and killed multiple shrews and mice and one rabbit during his first weeks with us, and then, figuring that he'd made his stripes, sank into laziness. Henning is disappointed, but I love to cuddle him and Ursa loves to chase and chew on him.

The chickens (among the last in America to be real chickens, good for meat, eggs, and brooding their own young) are producing enough eggs that we are selling them now. Henning has gotten involved with CSA (Community Supported Agriculture) and it may be that next year we will be feeding more than ourselves. We'll see. Right now, Henning is completing a rail into our barn cooler so we can hang the beef we slaughter (that'll teach those cows!) and, as always, I am putting up all the vegetables, fruits, berries and herbs we can't eat immediately.

Ivan, your signing hand hasn't been busy enough. Earthlight earned exactly $ 00.00 this year. Apparently, the reading public would rather read you than read about you. I was so surprised at no royalties this year after last year's fine response that I wrote to Peggy Pace. I was sent a print-out that indicated that a lot of books had been marketed, but none purchased -- at least not enough to warrent money for the author. Ah, well. I look at our copy of that book and am still happy about it. I loved writing it, and appreciated your collaboration more than I can

say. Future scholars will still have to answer to me.

I am very eager to see the new novel. Fast-paced? Give me a break, Ivan. Thank God, not one of your works, except The Sea Runners, is fast-paced, and that one is deliberately so. Maybe Heart/Earth could be considered fast, but the last chapter lingers with me still.

Carol, I hope you are happy in your teaching. The Republican Revolution and Bush Rimbaud (or whatever his name is) phenomenon should be keeping your blood pressure up -- but don't let it get to you. There is hope. San Juan Island County, which is conservative and rapidly becoming a Rich Man's Preserve (fourth house for many, farmlands destroyed so some rich SOB's can spend two weeks of their summer in an ugly, ostentatious house), still managed to elect a Commissioner who is female, lesbian, intelligent, creative, articulate.

Henning and I hope you'll come up this summer and see our wonderful place. Let's make plans well ahead of time: his relatives always call in January to find out when I get out of school so that they can arrange to arrive five minutes after I'm home. But with notice, we'll plan walks on the beach, wonderful food, long conversations over wine, and we promise we won't make you have anything to do with mending fences or tending cows!

Love,

Elizabeth and Henning

P.S. I don't promise any such thing! This is a working farm, not a gentleman's tax write-off!

H.

3 Dec. '94

Dear Elizabeth & Henning--

Hmm. '94 seems to have gone somewhere while I wasn't noticing. You do come to mind often, if for no other reason than the winsome bookbuyers who thrust copies of Earthlight, Wordfire at me to be signed. If you notice a few extra pennies in your royalties, Elizabeth, it is because of me and my amenable little pen.

How's life in North Eden? We thought last summer was pretty close to blissful weather, so we hope you were absolutely gagga, loping around your acreage on your tractors and such. Here at Doig Urban Produce, we had lettuce from, I think, April 28 until well past Labor Day, and we're still eating the frozenrraspberries from a stunning berry crop. Sometime last spring a guy was doing some yard work for us, and commented that my raspberry bushes looked great but of course it'd all depend on the bees. That got me to fretting, as I thought I'd seen a dropoff in the bee population the previous summer (we keep a patch of fireweed out back, a good site to do bee census). But came the ultimate bee day, when I was sitting here in the house and could hear them buzzing and bumbling over the raspberry blossoms; symphonic, by God.

Other than growing stuff and, umm, eating, I've been hammering away at the next novel and am finally beginning to feel the end is in sight. (One year and 28 days down the pike yet, maybe, but in sight.) What's the book like, huh, Elizabeth, you're asking? Well, I'm trying like hell to keep it fast-paced, scene-shift after scene-shift, but of course you know me, big set scenes make themselves known every so often; and while I say "fast-paced," it's probably going to be my longest book yet. As my Scottish Clydeside Red character in this one might say, I have to hope there's a "potentially useful parrradox herrre." Oh, speaking of books, Greg Matthews of U/Penn-Erie finally got his book of interviews with western writers out. (Talking Up a Storm, U/Nebraska Press) I remember talking to him for that in '89 or '90; you really were a speed streak with Earthlight, see? Carol and I on our travels this year got over there to the mother ship, the U. of Idaho (I was hired to make a speech in honor of their retiring provost; it was kind of sweet, how much everybody seemed to like the guy) but I didn't run across anybody from the UI Press.

We're bopping off to San Francisco and Monterey for 5 days just before Christmas, but otherwise are going to peck away at life as usual. We both hope that when '95 and this book of mine are both over, we'll manage to see more of friends. Do keep in touch, let's see if we can have meal together or something before another 365 days go by.

all best to you both,

Jim

Dear Ivan and Carol, December 27

Hope you had a wonderful Christmas, that California offered sunshine and your friends have provided much Good Cheer of the liquid, solid, and conversational kinds. Mom was with us for a week -- she is, as I write this, on the ferry for Anacortes, headed home. The china and silver are packed away, Henning came out of the bedroom this morning chanting, "Vegetables! Coarse Bread! Potatoes!" in a celebration of simple foods, and I am anticipating a long day of getting dog hair out of the furniture and rugs, wrapping up the breads, pies and pastries for the freezer, and getting life back to normal. We did have a nice Christmas, and celebrated Mom's birthday in fine style, but I have to say I'm glad to have all the fuss and bother at an end, and look forward to hard work and simple foods again.

All is well on our island paradise. The weather has been cold and dry, fog in the mornings, but (thank God) no snow. Henning is working in the new barn, finishing my summer kitchen. We moved the old refrigerator out there and bought a smaller, quieter one for the house. We moved both the chest and the upright freezers out there, and we'll see if we need a third one. I do seem to keep finding new ways to preserve what we grow. The kitchen cabinets and a new stove are in place, and we need only the final plumbing, wiring and window framing to make it work-able. Henning put an old table out there, painted the walls and ceiling a soft, cheerful yellow, installed lights. It is warm, snug, and about twice the size of my kitchen in the house.

In fact, the whole barn is snug. It was a bit disconcerting to go out there during one of our nastier storms (when the power was off and the wind was blowing through the house) and find that the chicken coop, mow, hayloft and kitchen were all warmer and quieter than the house. I guess we know where we'll be spending cold winter evenings from now on! By this time next year, we'll have sheep, a pig, poultry (chickens for sure, and maybe ducks, geese, pheasant, and turkey -- we'll see), a big bounding dog, and a cozy cat. Henning has his letter of resignation all written (it's actually partial retirement -- he'd teach two classes per quarter for two quarters) and is only waiting for me to sign a contract with the Lopez Schools before he submits it. I am still, officially, a substitute teacher. The woman I'm replacing, Corinne Thwing, asked for full year's leave of absence this year, and a half-year contract after that. That means that she would teach fall semester and I would teach spring semester -- but "my" job has to be advertized, and they have to consider and interview all applicants. I can't imagine not being offered the job, but I'm not counting my chickens. Corinne also tells me she does not want to come back and teach any more, which means I might be offered a full year contract, but I'll cross that bridge when I come to it. It will be a choice between teaching from September to June and making a fat salary but having very little farming/-gardening time, and teaching only from January til June, making a salary we can just live on, but having lots of time to garden, bake, preserve foods. Henning is torn. On one hand, he really wants me home with him as much as possible. On the other hand, he is trying to decide whether the next tractor (larger, newer, with a front loader) should be a Ford or a John Deere. Last time I knew, they weren't giving those things away, and a fat salary would be nice. At this stage, however, my choices are a "mute" point (one of my favorite Henningisms). It is very unnerving to have everyone I know say to me, "I saw the English position being advertized. What's going on? Aren't you going to be here?" Until

January 12, when applicants (including me) have been reviewed and interviewed, I'll continue to have nightmares about being unemployed and Henning's having to continue at the University. I'll be glad when that's over.

In anticipation of our NEW LIFE, we have started a new garden next to the barn. The old one by the pond will be dedicated to fruit and flowers -- we have added a peach tree, cherry trees, and an apricot, as well as raspberries and black currants to the apple, pear and plum trees, the gooseberries, blueberries and red currants. We had a few strawberries and canteloup vines last summer, and we'll expand both considerably, and put in beds for asparagus and artichoke. Near the barn, we'll have our vegetables, herbs, a grape arbor, and kiwi -- we get lots of sun there -- and I'll plant peonies and a dogwood. Henning and I have become Flower Fiends. Mom gave us some beautiful rose bushes a couple of years ago, and I started planting annuals amid the vegetables. This fall I planted bulbs for spring flowers, and some perennials by the house, and I'll add annuals to them in the summer. I'm also preparing a bed for perennials by the outbuilding. Flowers are a lot of work, but the colors and scents, as well as the leap in bee, bird and butterfly populations, are so wonderful!

I was hugely pleased to hear that Earthlight is selling; thank you for signing those thousands (you did say thousands, didn't you?) of copies. I have loaned my copy of Heart Earth several times, and hear deservedly lovely things about it. My superintendent in doing a side-by-side reading of Earthlight and This House of Sky, and now and then says something perceptive (meaning complimentary) about both. So glad the new book is coming along; I can't wait to read it. I won't ask for finishing dates at this point, but you are obviously piling up words at a terrific rate. Must be nice to work on something massive again.

Henning and I are doing splendidly. We are more than tired of a commuter marriage, eager to get Johann graduated so that we can leave Seattle behind except for Henning's overnight there when he teaches his classes next year. Ever since we married in 1987, we have been in transition, one way or another. Raising the kids, my having a contract only from one year or one semester to the next, our living in Norway and Germany, moving from one apartment to another, never settled, nothing permanent. Now we are on the tiptoe edge of living here, forever and ever. I can't tell you how much I love teaching and living and shopping and attending church and having friends all within a close radius, the mix of professional and personal life that comes from living in a real community. Every day I get to come home, instead of being here only on weekends and then having to go back to Seattle to make a living. The butcher is on the school board. The woman who serves at communion runs the bookstore. The girl who cuts and rakes our hay, and the boys who buck it, are my students. The guys who man the Aid Car are my friends and colleagues at school. Life feels coherent and complete here.

Mom complains about how hard I work (as if she had not set the example, herself!), and I ask her how many people are lucky enough to have their childhoods, all over again. That's what it's like here -- a new Hood River, all my own, with a sweet husband who is ready to exchange his leather patches for overalls.

We both send you our very best, with heartiest good wishes for the new year, and our ever-renewed determination to get you up here for a visit when the eagles fly again.

all the best Elizabeth

3 September

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Egad! The summer is over -- school starts tomorrow -- and I don't feel as if I've had a summer yet. Henning's father stayed with us for NINE WEEKS; Henning and Johann and our contractor, Paul Hayward, built a barn that is precisely twice the size of the house; and I gardened, preserved, cooked, cleaned, baked, did the laundry and the shopping and the general factotuming. Henning's father decided that it would be a good thing to make paths through the woods (he's a Prussian, and to him underbrush is a sign of serious moral decay) and to establish our eastern boundryline, which has never been surveyed. So out he went every day, machete, brushcutters and axe in hand (he's only eighty-eight) to make superhighways through our poor little woods. Now the difference in these projects is that what Father did will last a couple of years, what Henning and Johann did will last about two hundred, and what I did had to be done all over again the next day. Oh, well.

When I had worked myself sick, I stomped off to Wyoming for a week with my mother and her partner (the one Mom asked you to sign a book for, Ivan). He owns and runs a three-hundred acre ranch near Lander. There I cooked, baked, and cleaned, but also took long dawn walks and went horseback riding up and down mountains (the horse and I survived). Ray sent me home with a backpack full of frozen elk, antelope and deer meat (he literally shoots his year's supply from his bedroom window every winter) and I arrived just ahead of the onslaught of Henning's nephews (Father's grandsons) who were coming on a Pilgrimage to the Patriarch. One from Germany, two from California, one of whom brought his wife and two small sons. Our original happy idea of having them camp out in the woods was rained out the first night and after that every sofa, bed and rug was taken up with sleeping bodies every night. But they are a vigorous, fun, lively group, and we did enjoy having them.

As a result of all the company and the usual summer rush to preserve all the garden produce before it rots, I received <u>Heart, Earth</u> several weeks before I had a chance to read it. I must confess to double tuggings -- delight at seeing the book, and a sinking sense that <u>Earthlight</u> is obsolete before I've received my first royalty check. But I finally got a day to myself, and devoted it to the book. It's lovely, Ivan. The last chapter especially I wanted to read slowly and fast, taken by the wonderful structure (you've never done that before, I think, moving from scene to scene that way) and also struck with foreboding because I knew how it had to end. I'm looking forward to spending more time with it, a second, slower read.

Henning and I are rather worn out by our summer -- hope yours has been less strenuous -- and yet the results have been good. Henning has to be back in Seattle by mid-September and will then start that dreadful commute up here every weekend, up on Thursday, back on Sunday night. I am hugely grateful that, at last, I am forever home, that I live and work in this wonderful place, and that it will only be another year before Henning is up here full time as well.

Time to go water the maple trees, which are looking a bit forlorn. All the best to you both --

Elizabeth

12 April '93

Dear Mitzi--

Huge thanks for the hardback EARTHLIGHTS! They're lovely.

Early this summer, the Macmillan publicity dept. and I will work out my schedule for signings of my Sept. book, HEART EARTH, and I'll pass along to you a copy of that calendar for you to peruse for stores that might want EARTHLIGHT.

all best,

Dear Mr. Doig: April 6, 1993

Enclosed please find 2 cloth bound copies of Dr. Simpson's book EARTHLIGHT WORDFIRE, please accept these books with our compliments.

Thank you very much for your continued interest in our books.

Sincerely,

Mitzi Carlson

Mitzi Carlson
Marketing Manager

12 April '93

Dear Elizabeth--

Mirabile dictu, Mitzi sent the Doigs a couple of hardback EARTHLIGHTs, free even! (Carol and I had been kicking ourselves we didn't specify some payoff in books for their use of her pics; Mitzi must have been listenin'...) Dick Brown, who did that terrific blurb for you/me, told me he called Mitzi a wk or two ago to ask the whereabouts of the book, which hadn't yet showed up at the U.oof Oregon bookstore; M'zi thanked him for asking so nicely, as they've received real abuse from some people demanding to know where/when there're going to be any copies of the book. What a writer you are, Eliz.--producing an instant collectors' item.

See you June 18; let's check by phone abt a week before, OK?

And now Carol and I go east to the West.

Idaho
University of Idaho Press
16 Brink Hall Moscow, Idaho 83843
208-885-6245

April 16, 1993

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave NW
Seattle, Washington

Dear Mr. Doig:

Enclosed please find two copies of Dr. Simpson's book. Please sign it and drop it in the mail. This book will be auctioned off by an organization that supports scholarly publishing and which has sent two members of the University of Idaho Press staff to career enhancing workshops this year.

Thank you so much for the post card--I'll look forward to hearing from you but I may not--I'm expecting number 3 this September and may not be around for much of the fall. My current intern, Mike Spinosa, is a very capable young man and will gratefully use any information from you.

Thank you so much for your support.

Sincerely,

Mitzi Carlson

Mitzi Carlson
Marketing Manager

Director/Editor 208-885-7564
Design/Production 208-885-7925
Sales/Marketing 208-885-6245
Order Fulfillment/ Customer Service 208-885-5939
Fax 208-885-5555

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4 June '93

Dear Mitzi--

Am not sure whether this will reach you before maternity does, but below is my best-guess list of the main stores where I'll be doing booksignings this fall. The Sept. schedule, mostly Montana & Washington stores, is pretty definitely set, and I'm enclosing the calendar of that, with specific bookstore numbers; I hope it all helps a little with EARTHLIGHT, WORDFIRE.

Avon

15 May

Dear Evan and Carol,

Welcome home! Just wanted to send you the latest from Idaho Press, Mt. Doing (see review). I love the kudos, -- now if they'd just send money!

Hopey is busting with spring, Farmer Giles + wife staggering around to wrestle it under control. Hope you are well + rested and that the novel is writing itself by this time.

I'm on the fly -- I'll write a decent letter soon.

All the best,

Elizabeth

1 May 1998

Dear Ivan and Carol,

It's a rainy old day here, cold enough that I had to make a fire in order to get the bread to rise. Henning is out finishing off the last of the fencing on our newly-leased land, and (as soon as the bread is out of the oven) I'm going to head out to the garden to plant flowers. I've grown carnations, dahlias, morning glories, larkspur, zinnias, godetia, snapdragons, marigolds and poppies from seed in the greenhouse, hardened them off in a cold frame all week, and today they're going in the ground, rain or no rain. The peas we optimistically planted in February are only about two inches high, so I'm hoping for a real spring soon.

Thinking of you motoring around the Promised Land, hoping the weather is better than ours. Mom is now in Wyoming with her sweetheart (he is seventy-two, and owns and works a ranch that makes ours look like a city park) and she tells me they keep waking up to snow. Ray has already put in the alfalfa and one of his mares is about to foal, so he is understandibly anxious about the weather. At least the wildlife around here seems to think it's spring. A menage á trois of randy bunnies keeps us endlessly entertained, and there are a buck and three very pregnant does munching on our meadow. We've nesting mallards and occasional otters in the pond again, swallows darting and eagles sailing serenely overhead. How I wish you could see it all!

It is inexpressibly sweet to come <u>home</u> every day after school now, take a glass of wine and wander out to the pond to see new life appearing, then come in to a cozy house and get to work on the next day's lesson plans. Work is going well. I really like the kids, and they apparantly like me -- they keep asking whether or not I'll be their teacher next year. The signs look good. Corinne does <u>not</u> want to come back to teach here -- after eight years she's had enough, and really wants me to replace her. She and I have agreed that she will request that the School Board give her another year's leave of absence so that she can pursue other projects for awhile and let me teach for one full year so I can effectively teach a half year. After that, we'd split the year, ideally, though chances are Corinne will decide to retire. It has not been easy trying to operate as if I'm a staff member, having to remember that I have no contract after June. I'm hopeful, but won't believe anything til I've signed on the dotted line.

Ivan, I saw your obit for Wallace Stegner in the <u>Seattle Times</u> (<u>Newsweek</u> did a nice one, too) and have been passing both around to various Doig and Stegner fans. Your write-up was wonderful -- all the intimacy of your relationship with him, all the understanding of what living in the West can mean. He will be much missed, and your article showed precisely why.

My book is finally in the UW bookstore -- I was down last weekend for the second time since I MOVED HOME -- scrounging around for copies of books I want to teach next year, and came across it. A sweet shock. I wanted to sing out, "Hey, everybody, I WROTE THIS!" but managed to control myself and just give the copies a furtive stroke or two.

We're giving up the apartment in Seattle as of June 1. Henning and Johann will be living here this summer, and paying $850 a month for an empty apartment doesn't make sense. Our landlord apparently took our lease-breaking in stride, and is now

advertising the place for $920. Hope he manages to rent it -- it will save us a potential lawsuit. But it does mean that we're having to pack up and move out weekend by weekend, another strain on both of us. Henning arrives here every Thursday evening and throws himself into chores, then drives back on Sunday to throw himself into teaching. I can't wait til Jo is out of school and Henning is here all the time, out of the moral sewer called the University of Washington, with both the kids launched into adult lives and no longer needing parental support. Käthe is doing well in that regard. She's in London right now, studying drama and history, and seems well on her way to something or other. Jo has one more year of high school, and then will be on his way to something or other. Jo has become such a terrific young man in the past few years. It's amazing to remember that when I came into his life he fit under my arm, and now he towers over me. He's good company. I love being here, but I do miss taking care of My Men full time.

Well, we finally heard from Henning's father. After multiple false starts and changes of plans, he's decided to arrive on June 14 and not leave here until about five minutes before I have to start teaching again in September. That puts a royal kibosh on our plans to have you here on the 18th and 19th, I'm afraid. We would have no place for you to sleep. Since my school term isn't out until June 11, I have no real hope of squeezing you in, because school might end for the kids on the 11th, but I'll have papers to grade and grades to turn in, and I'll be a wild woman trying to get everything done and the house sort of clean before Henning's father arrives. Damn, damn, damn, damn, as Henry Higgins said. I will be in Seattle in July for various dental and medical checkups, and maybe we can get together then. But I'm really disappointed. I want you to see our habitat, and be able to take evening walks here, to catch the special hush of this place. Whenever I think of evening walks, I think of my favorite of Henning's nephews, Christian, who came to spend a week with me last summer. A charming, very intelligent young man, he was able to catch the Lopez rhythm effortlessly. He and I spent an evening stalking deer, seeing who could come closest before the animals distainfully strolled away (he won, at eleven meters) and then we sat on the dock at the pond, talking in whispers, because that's the mood this place inspires.

Well, the bread is out of the oven, and I'm off to the garden. I'll talk to you when you're home from your latest adventure. Greetings from the Chief Homesteader.

Love,

Elizabeth

P.S. U. of I. Press sent me a copy of a really nice review of Earthlight that appeared in Montana Library Focus, done by Gregg Sapp, Focus editor. "No dry literary exegesis," he writes, "this can be read by anybody who appreciates Roig in particular, or Western American literature in general." Hoo! E.

7 June '93

Dear Elizabeth--

Rec'd your letter and card, and we understand about the lack of room at the inn. As we're about to have guests from New Zealand, probably not a bad idea all around to put off our island visit. Give us a call when you're in Seattle, let's see if we can get together for a meal or whatever, okay?

Our trip around the West was magical, despite huge colds caught in Santa Fe.

Have just mailed the U. of Idaho Press a copy of my bookstore-appearances schedule for this fall, so they can try to piggyback Earthlight onto it. And in about an hour, I begin the audio cassette recording of the new book, Heart Earth. So, I think we're thriving. Best to Henning.



Northwest Folklife

*The **Northwest Folklife Series,** with Louie W. Attebery as General Editor, is intended to acquaint a wider audience with this diverse and dynamic region and the broader region—the West.*

Folklife was selected as the umbrella for the series since it encompasses folklore and tradition, or the processes by which elements of a culture are transmitted by imitation and word of mouth rather than by formal, academic means. Important scholarship is made available through the series in order to reach a variety of readers including individuals with academic interests, members of business, government, and commerce, and interested general readers.

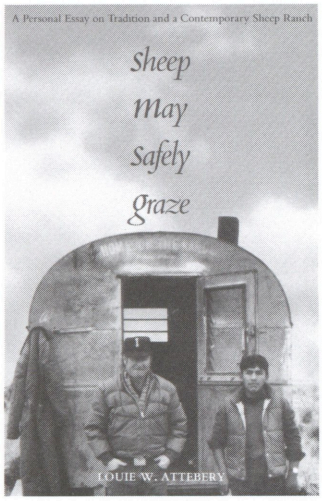
Earthlight, Wordfire
The Work of Ivan Doig
Elizabeth Simpson

Now in its 2nd printing

"In marvelously expanding our understanding and appreciation of Ivan Doig's splendid literary achievement, this wise, forthright, original book significantly and readably enriches our knowledge of Western American history, society, literature, and folklore." —Richard Maxwell Brown, Beekman Professor of Northwest and Pacific History, University of Oregon

"Scholars and general readers will be especially drawn to the author's revelations about Doig's western voice, his large understanding of the shaping power of place, and his thorough use of folkloristic materials."—Richard W. Etulain, Director, Center for the American West, University of New Mexico

256 pp., 6 x 9, 18 photographs, biblio., index, -157-6, paper, $19.95



Sheep May Safely Graze

A Personal Essay on Tradition and a Contemporary Sheep Ranch

Louie W. Attebery

With fewer and fewer examples of sheep ranching to be found in Idaho, Louie W. Attebery examines the context of one contemporary sheep ranch and the traditions operating, in this instance, over three generations in an American livestock family named Soulen.

This is a powerful statement about hard work, dirt, and what some people would call job satisfaction or psychic income. Within the very heart of this family's activities, tradition may be seen to operate with great vitality. Some things are done now pretty much as they have been for who can say how long. It is also within these traditions that variability occurs, demonstrating the dynamic nature of tradition. *Sheep May Safely Graze* captures a vanishing lifeway and makes an important contribution to folklore and western studies.

192 pp., 5 1/4 x 8, 59 photographs, index, -158-4, paper, $15.95s



Lives of the Saints in Southeast Idaho

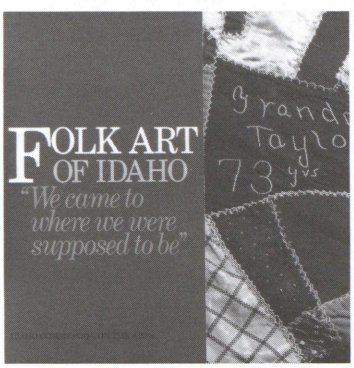
An Introduction to Mormon Pioneer Life Story Writing

Susan Hendricks Swetnam

"Although fall house cleaning was quite a task, I enjoyed it. Father would always be on hand with a big sack of candy and that was great. Our big front room was all covered with homemade carpet, and straw was used underneath for padding. It was always my job to take out the tacks from around the edges, then we would all tug on the carpet to get it out to the clothes lines where [we] would beat it with [a] broom until it was clean. . . ."
—from *Lives of the Saints in Southeast Idaho*

In this ground-breaking study, Susan Hendricks Swetnam presents materials from extensive collections of the life stories of pioneers. The merits and uses of these documents have been overlooked by scholars. The author explains how these materials may be mined for information on pioneer lifestyles, folklore, women's history, and social history and gives numerous examples of the types of information they contain.

184 pp., 6 x 9, bibliography, index, -150-9, paper, $12.95



Folk Art of Idaho

"We came where we were supposed to be"

Steve Siporin

This publication of the Idaho Commission on the Arts in honor of the Idaho State Centennial provides a comprehensive look at the state's folk art traditions from saddlemaking, to wood carving, to quilting, and other traditions including Native American works.

120 pp., 8 1/4 x 10 1/2, color & b/w photographs, biblio., -112-6, paper, $11.95

Idaho
University of Idaho Press
16 Brink Hall Moscow, Idaho 83843
208-885-6245

September 14, 1992

Ivan and Carol Doig
17021 10th Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98006

Dear Ivan and Carol Doig:

Enclosed please find advance copies of our book EARTHLIGHT WORDFIRE: THE WORK OF IVAN DOIG written by Dr. Elizabeth Simpson of Lopez Island, Washington.

Employing critical approaches to western writing suggested by Doig's work, working from what his texts told her, and interviewing Ivan Doig, who shared his papers and personal photographs with her, Elizabeth Simpson has constructed this first thoroughgoing introduction to Doig's writing.

> "I would like it emphasized that this is the first comprehensive, book-length study of Ivan Doig's work, and was written for Doig's readers, as well as for scholars. Although the book is specifically about Doig's work, it does suggest new ways that western writing can be examined in terms of folklore, history, landscape and style. Many of the photographs in the book, including the cover photo, are by Carol Doig." *Dr. Elizabeth Simpson*

Doig's work, like Mark Twain's, appeals to a broad audience, and this study provides students, teachers, scholars, and readers who love a gook story with a unique, approachable perspective on one of the West's most important contemporary authors.

At this point I would like to request an endorsement suitable for possible quotation on the cover of Dr. Simpson's book.

I expect the book to go to print by September 25, 1992, therefore, please FAX me your endorsement soon at 208-885-5555.

Please call me with questions. Thank you in advance for your interest in this book.

Sincerely,

Mitzi Carlson

Mitzi Carlson
Sales/Marketing Manager

Director/Editor 208-885-7564 | Design/Production 208-885-7925 | Sales/Marketing 208-885-6245 | Order Fulfillment/ Customer Service 208-885-5939 | Fax 208-885-5555

The University of Idaho is an equal opportunity/affirmative action employer and educational institution.

22 Feb. '93

Dear Mitzi--

Here you go, the $50.88 check for 3 copies of EARTHLIGHT WORDFIRE. Thanks for providing them.

regards,



August 19

Dear Ivan and Carol,

I have been plugging away at the page proofs (in between watering trees, making jam, canning pears and figuring out the forty-fifth clever way to use zuccini) and finally mailed it off yesterday. The "missing" endnotes were right there in manuscript, but I obligingly retyped them.

I'm pleased with the typeface they chose. Idaho has a reputation for turning out classy-looking books, so I'm very glad Wayne turned me down. I would have had to adapt their format and only use one photo of Ivan (probably something stuffy & professorial?).

Thanks so much for reading the proofs. I adopted all of your corrections & suggestions, and asked Idaho to send me copies of the photos with the corrected page proofs and some facsimile of the cover, which I'm dying to see.

Have a wonderful time in New Zealand, you two. You will be filled with new zeal and energy, I'm sure!

See you upon your triumphant return!

Best from Herring -

Love,
Elizabeth



Island Imagery

Joyce Lund
Rt. 2 Box 3342
Lopez Island, WA 98261

San Juan Islands

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

19 Feb. 193

Dear Elizabeth--

From mi casa to su casa (or something): the worst pic Bill Stafford ever took. You can now write another book, making the case that I do not really exist at all, am simply a very wan hologram.

Real busy here. Carol is grading, grading. I'm going great guns on the next novel, the Fort Peck Dam biggie, I think from determination that this whole year is not going to get pissed away in the production-promotion process of the book that's already done. It, Heart Earth, incidentally has been going along nicely in that process; I'll probably have galleys and a rough of the cover within the next 2-3 weeks.

Aha, so Henning has entered the Rural Guy brotherhood, borne in by that tractor. Tell him to watch out for the following signs in himself: a snoose-box outline appearing in the backpocket of his pants, a gimme cap that reads something like FERTILIZER IS A WAY OF LIFE, and a tendency to imbibe beer and football. You mentioned our ever coming up there and seeing if the island place is anything more than a Potemkin Village of your imagination: we're going to be driving around--Montana to the Southwest--from about late April to late May. So how about some weekday (ferry traffic lines and the Doigs do not get along) in early or mid-summer--whatever fits your situation best, and we'll try to jibe with it?

You'll be thrilled/depressed to hear that the Oregon Historical Society is sold out of those copies of yr bk. If you've got any fresh bulletins about its availability, drop a line or call, hmm?

All for now; it's Friday afternoon.

best from us both

Ivan

31 January

Dear Ivan and Carol,

So good to hear from you last week, and know that Heart/-Earth is practically on the bookshelves (at the rate things are going, it will beat Earthlight) and that you're already deep into the new novel.

Carol, if you're having the same experience I am, teaching is fun but taking way too much time, and the quarter stretches long before you. I got thoroughly spoiled during my month off, and it is still a bit of a shock to work from 7:30 until 3:30 and then have to start grading papers and preparing materials for the next day!

My first week went very smoothly (even got a congratulatory card from one of my students) with the exception of one kid who has been everybody's headache for years. That, of course, is the drawback of teaching high school -- the emotional drain of dealing with young people who have a long way to go to adulthood. If I hear the term "low self-esteem" one more time ... The other students, for the most part, are delightful, and have been well-trained by the teacher I'm replacing this term. She is off repairing her blood pressure, which stands as a good warning, I think. Whether this job will be mine full time, or we decide to split it and each teach a half-year, or she decides to come back permanently, is still up in the air. Corinne needs some time to decide what she wants to do, and I'm going to see what ravages I undergo before I make any promises.

It is heavenly to live here at last, to be able to stay here instead of making the weekly runs to and from Seattle. Henning is still doing that, but he "stacked" his teaching (doubled the number of courses) in the fall so that this quarter he can be up here for long weekends. And The Professor is really becoming Farmer Giles. He bought a used tractor, ("used" is the word -- it's forty years old) and discovered what a boon that is to his reputation on the island. As he was driving it from place of purchase, all the men he passed flashed him trucker signs, high fives, etc. Male Bonding is a Matter of Machinery, I guess.

Today I'm moderating a panel of Lopez writers for public consumption, and it's a rather sad business, because I still have no copies of my own book to show off and brag about. The hard-backs finally arrived from the printer, 115 copies, and I had to sign them, repack them and send every last one off to the Boise Public Library. That was hard. But the book looks really classy, though they did manage to misspell Harold Simonson's name on the back cover. Stop chuckling, Ivan.

As soon as the weather here gets irresistable, I'll start leaning on you to come for a weekend. In the mean time, the best to you from Farmer Giles and me.

Love,

Elizabeth



Dear Joan and Carol, Dec. 7

I feel just like the kid on this card. Thank you so much for your hospitality and generosity this weekend. My mother is still soaring from it, and I felt as if I'd been handed the keys to Portland (and to book marketing).

I do hope to hold Bill and Dorothy (now Carolyn) to coming to Hopes, and I'm also going to ask Robin Lody. I devoured Ricochet River on the bus trip home -- it's wonderful.

I promise (now you have it in writing) not to ask either of you to perform on Hopes besides being our guests this spring / summer when the eagles are back and the weather is good. Those obligations include sleeping as late as you want, taking long walks by yourselves, eating Hopes beef, and taking saunas and swimming in the pond (optional).

Hope you had an easy trip back. I was greeted by my two Cookie Monsters and a stack of papers to grade -- deflation from Madame author to Working Mother took no time at all! (Or maybe that's inflation.)

Love to you both,
Elizabeth

Marjanca Jemec-Bozic ★ Yugoslavia • Yougoslavie ★ Unexpected Surprise • Surprise inattendue • Sorpresa inesperada.

For the well-being of the world's children ★ Pour le bien-être des enfants du monde ★ Por el bienestar de los niños del mundo ★ На благо всех детей мира ★ 造福世界儿童。



United Nations Children's Fund
Fonds des Nations Unies pour l'enfance

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The Convention on the Rights of the Child became international Human Rights law in September 1990 after 20 countries ratified it. It emphasizes all children's rights for survival, protection, development and participation.

La Convention relative aux droits de l'enfant est devenue loi internationale en septembre 1990, après avoir été ratifiée par vingt pays. Elle met l'accent sur les droits de tous les enfants à la survie, à la protection, au développement et à la participation.

17021 10th Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98177
August 12, 1992

Elizabeth

Hooray! It's wonderful to see Earthlight, Wordfire in page proofs. They came yesterday, at a very good time in our schedules, and so we have them perused, on the theory that it's best to do these chores as quickly as possible.

Ivan has read the cutlines, his works, chapter notes, Chapter 19, and a few possible problems that I lobbed his way. I read the body of the work, pretty much as a general reader would, along with a wary eye for typos.

It looks good and reads well.

Thinking about other possible problems, in due time you'll want to match photos with cutlines in some fashion. One way is to simply match photocopies of the pix with each appropriate cutline.

Best to you and Henning.

Fondly

August 11 (or so)

Dear Ivan and Carol,

I got a call from Peggy Pace a couple of days ago -- she's the new director at U. of Idaho Press -- and she is sending you a copy of the page proofs. She was delighted that Carol and I will both be reading the proofs, and I told her I would read carefully enough that a proofreader's services would not be required. Carol, if you would like to mark whatever you come across (please feel free to read for content or whatever you like -- don't feel obligated to inch through the thing), I will send your copy back to Idaho with mine whenever we're finished with them.

All is well on the S&S Ranch, though we're finding that playing catch-up on projects too long left undone is undoing us. But the incredible peace and beauty of the place is deliciously renewing, despite the fact that we're working our butts off.

Hope your summer continues to be productive -- and that it's even occasionally relaxing. I'll give you a call when I'm back in the city in September.

All the best,

Elizabeth

Idaho
University of Idaho Press
16 Brink Hall Moscow, Idaho 83843
208-885-6245

August 7, 1992

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

Dear Carol and Ivan Doig,

Enclosed please find the initial pages for Elizabeth Simpson's Earthlight, Wordfire. Thank you for being willing to read them and make corrections on them. The book designer has asked me to remind you that these are rough pages and page breaks may be adjusted. If you have any questions, please call me. It is a pleasure to be working with you on this important book.

Sincerely,
Peggy Pace
Peggy Pace
Director

Director/Editor 208-885-7564
Design/Production 208-885-7925
Sales/Marketing 208-885-6245
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MIT LUFTPOST
PAR AVION
BY AIR MAIL



Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177
U.S.A.

Henning K. Sehmsdorf
Elizabeth Simpson
Zimmermannstr. 46c
D-3400 Göttingen
Tel. (05 51) 37 22 87

MIT LUFTPOST
PAR AVION
BY AIR MAIL





Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177
U.S.A.

Dear Ivan, June 1, 1991

Summer has arrived, apparently not needing the approval of spring, because we had none. Hope the weather your way has also improved. We had a wonderful time on our grasshopper tour of eastern Europe and southern Germany; we took Johann with us to Prague, and he was instantly won over by the fact that the city greeted us with fireworks, Mozart and half the population of the city crowded onto the Charles Bridge. As it happened, they were also celebrating the opening of the spring music festival, but we thanked our host for all his trouble anyway. The papers we gave there were well received and it was a moving experience to be in a part of the world where history is happening. The landscape looks like hell -- open pit mining and nuclear power plants in the rural areas, filth, dust, and major carbon monoxide in the urban. However, I am happy to report that all those gloomy articles my mother keeps sending about how former Warsaw Pact countries are in major economic and political difficulties and people are bewildered and not at all sure they wanted a change in regimes in the first place, are wrong, at least according to our sources. The picture is not rosy by any means: prices have quadrupled, salaries merely doubled. People are not used to working. The environmental problems are causing serious illnesses. But the students and professors we talked to are ecstatic about being out from under the old regime. In fact, we saw a ballet choreographed to that effect. We also went to a performance of Mozart's Figaro and to As You Like It, which even though performed in Czech, was so well produced we didn't mind the language difficulties. We sent Johann home to Göttingen after he ate all the ice cream Prague had to offer, and went on to Budapest, which is my favorite city. Less romantic an experience than we had two years ago: the same environmental problems exist as in Prague, so that a short walk results in gritty eyes, filthy clothes, a headache and frizzled nerves. We also had a real taste of what it must have been like to live under the old regime. We were on a bus on our way to the train station when a "controller" got on and gave us a Kafka-esk time about the fact that, although we had bought tickets, we had not cancelled them. Instead of doing what anybody in the West would do, that is, realize that we were dumb foreigners who needed to be shown how to cancel tickets, she screamed at us in Hungarian, tried to get us to give her our passports, threatened to bring the police, and finally tried to keep us from getting off the bus. A real lesson in what it must be like to live in a country where public servants are turned into petty bullies, and people do not dare make a misstep. Henning did not, to the controller's considerable dismay, take the lesson.

The transition from Prague and Budapest back into Austria and Germany was shocking. Western universities are positively Trumpian in comparison to eastern. We were warmly received everywhere, and relished the art galleries and the music, but the contrast in wealth is horrifying. I made committments to our hosts in both Prague and Budapest to send books. They often have thirty students in a seminar and five books among them. Considering that I can buy good used copies in Seattle for about a dollar apiece, I am happy to send them whatever I can. How anyone there ever gets an education is beyond me.

We got home in time to celebrate Käthe's eighteenth

birthday and send her off to Paris for a two-day orgy at the Louvre before she flies back to the States to assume an adult life. Mixed reactions on all sides; the anguish of beginnings and endings. Her leaving made me restless -- we are on our way to Oslo in less than three weeks. So much to do, so little time, as someone in Yellow Submarine once remarked. I am presently creating an index for Baby (makes me feel like an amateur all over again) and writing a paper for the WLA conference in Colorado next October; it's on landscape as a structural principle in Winter Brothers. I'll send you a copy, though it's pretty much a redaction of that section of my dissertation. Will you and Carol be at the conference?

Ah! My really good news! I have a job for next year! Mark Patterson called to tell me I could throw myself on the train for Prague instead of under the wheels -- the U. has decided to bear with me another year and offer me a 2/3 position as an Acting Instructor. Two classes per term. I am hugely relieved, since all my other letters received the predicable response of "Thank you very much but..." (At least, I was relieved until I read the note in your letter about the English Department's descent into the bowels of Southcenter. Makes you wonder.)

I was also relieved to hear from the woman who is copy-editing the Earthlight manuscript. She sounds quite competent, though she did call the book Earthlight, Fireword in her letter. She tells me that the only permissions I have to get are from your publishers, all else falling in the domain of "fair use." She suggests that I paraphrase anything I do not analyze, which I think is fine -- the original was, after all, a dissertation, where you have to demonstrate everything. Now that I am a lady and a scholar, I can just assert. Ah, power. The other good news is that they can use all of the photographs. Heaney and I originally agreed on five, and I sent them twenty to choose from. I am so pleased that they will use them all, because they are all so good, and so appropriate. I thank you and Carol for providing these, and I think they will enhance and "authorize" the book no end.

Ivan, thank you so much for writing to your publishers on my behalf, and for foregoing your shares of permission payments. That is really generous, since you have every right to those shares. I have already written to all of the publishers except for HBJ, so we'll see what transpires. As for working with a long-dead author, hoo hoo hoo. Who could share good conversation, salmon and white wine with Chaucer? (Unless the New Age folks are right, in which case we are all in trouble.)

I am pleased to report that "coffee grounds," according to my resident Scholar In Germanics, refers not to any part of human anatomy, but rather to the residue occasionally found in underwear. Reasonable term of reference for women who do the family's laundry. The German term is "Kaffeesatz," (coffee grounds). Henning last heard it when he was a boy (apparently it isn't part of contemporary scholarly discourse) so we don't know how current it is.

We leave here for Oslo on June 18. We're not sure of the route, since we'd like to bicycle part of the way and Denmark will no longer transport bikes by mail or rail (talk about backward thinking!). We'll be in Olso by July 1. Our address:
Professor Henning K. Sehmsdorf
c/o ISS
P.O. Box 10, Blindern/ 0313 Oslo 3/ Norway

later, after checking permission copies against the addresses you listed.

Before I wrote to you, I had already sent permissions requests to Bee Butler at Penguin for English Creek and Sea Runners, and to Cathy Fox at Atheneum for Rascal Fair + Mariah Montana, providing pg. ~~nos~~ numbers + first + last phrases. I will now write to HBJ about Sky and WB. Since I used paperback editions for all but RF + MM, those are the folks I contacted. I will give publication history for all books, I guess in the bibliography.

I gave the publishers my Hopey address, so I won't get any bills til August. That is good news about the non-refundable advance. If Heavy is only running 1000 copies... I am going to write to him about that. That has to mean he plans to market the book only in libraries, and I think it belongs in bookstores as well. Writing a book is wonderful. Publishing a book is something else again. Aaargh!

Hope all is going well for you -- love to Carol, greetings from Henning.

Love,
Elizabeth

13 March '91

Dear Elizabeth--

Hey, congrats on snowing them at the U. of Idaho Press. You know, I never managed to get my dissertation published...how do you do it?

Sorry to have dropped off the edge of the correspondence earth, but Carol and I had our mail held here when we went to Arizona in mid-January and so when we got home yesterday both your letters were waiting. I'll hustle this into the mail today in the hope it'll be at Lopez when you get there and help you in your scheduling. I guess the main message, logistically, is that I can try give you what afternoon(s) you need, for any talking-over or interviewing, the week of March 25, or even better the next week; give me a call when you're ready, okay?

Bibliographic stuff: mostly for entertainment, I'm sticking into this envelope the liveliest Mariah review and interview (can't wait to see what you're going to do with the San Francisco notion that "Mariah" has major huevos) but more substantially there's now a complete set of Mariah reviews at the Shoreline College library, or in a pinch, we could loan you our set. As to the composition of Mariah, I think I could best provide what you want in conversation (or by phone, even); if it's any preliminary help, I am sending the short piece my publisher's publicity dept. had me write about the writing/research of the book. There is a line in there which I don't know if I've used anywhere else, possibly pertinent to your mulling a title for your book: "The past has its own voice." There's also on the wall here an old Oregonian review with the headline, "Words that dance to a mountain tune"; maybe something like that, or "dancing to the tune of words"?

The preface: let me think about that, look at your schedule and mine, etc., to see if it's something I can take on.

Hope this'll do it for now, until you get the ground of Lopez under you. Welcome back.

all best

Feb 22, 1991

Dear Ivars,

Hope you and Carol survived the winter -- ours here is still going on, and we're heartily tired of it, but it was nothing in comparison with what the Pacific Northwest has endured this year. Mark Patterson is taking care of Hopey for us, and it was with great relief that we heard from him that no pipes burst and everything is still afloat (I think he means that literally.) Another Hopeyian friend, Paul Hayward, told us that friends of his, who just arrived from Saudi Arabia, tell him that Hopeyians look worse than Middle Easterners right now; it's been that hard.

I am Doiging down to dark these days, and I have to confess that Mariah has knocked Sky out of first place in my hit parade. Boy, that's hard to say, makes me feel disloyal. But I've read Mariah several times now, and laugh and cry in the same places each time, find more to think about each time. The grizzly stories are among the best any time, any where, by anybody. I just hope I can do justice to the book. Henning sneaks it away from me in the evenings, and our over-coffee-in-the-mornings discussions of his last-digested passage are really helpful.

Which brings me to several favors I'd like to ask. My publisher set a July 15 deadline, but what I'm hoping is to add the Mariah material before March 15, at which time I'm

flying home for three weeks, mainly for the purpose of getting the revised manuscript on disk. The first week I'll have my mother with me on hopes — probably until March 24. Then I'll be free (make that "unscheduled") until I fly back to Germany on April 7. I doubt that I could get a copy in your hands before we meet, and the ideal time would actually be somewhere around the 25th so that I could incorporate your comments into the manuscript. If that doesn't work, could you jot down some notes on the composition of Mariah? How the idea took shape, what travel and research you did in preparation? Just a paragraph would do.

Second favor: could you send me bibliographic information about major articles + book reviews written about you, ditto anything (besides Mariah) you have published since my dissertation was finished? I'll run the question through the MLA computer + check the obvious sources when I'm on campus in Seattle, but MLA doesn't list everything, and my time there is going to be brief.

Third and Biggest Favor: Would you write a Preface for the book? It's being marketed through a folklore series, and James Heaney, the editor at U. of Idaho Press, would like to foreground folklore, but the topic is up to you, as far as I'm concerned, as is the length. I'm going to revise the dissertation's conclusion and turn it into an introduction, but keep it a response to Stegner's statement

about there being no regional writing in the West, and your having achieved the same things Faulkner does. The Reader (Bredahl, I suspect) also wants me to include a discussion of my own methodology: I'm tempted to say, "Well, I opened Ivan's books, and there it all was!" but I don't suppose that will satisfy an academic.

Last But Not Necessarily least Important Favor: I am having a ~~k~~ hell of a time coming up with a title. Usually my titles for papers and articles are these elaborate, evocative, be-colored things. But I just called my dissertation "Ivan Doig" until somebody on my committee said it sounded like a biography. So I tacked on "An Introduction to the Work of ...," which Heany diplomatically changed to "Ivan Doig: an Introduction." Now that seems to me to be clear, servicable and to the point, but Heaney wants to foreground folklore. Johann, ever helpful, suggested "Ivan Doig: the last western Punslinger." Cute. I keep waiting for a pungent line to leap out of Mariah, but it hasn't so far. If you have any suggestions, I would be most grateful.

Anything you're going to mail should be sent to the Lopez address: Rt. 1, Box 1118
Lopez Island, WA
98261

Phone: 468-3335

Mail from the States is taking up to three weeks to get here.

Another flower ~~fann~~ for our buttonholes: Henning has been invited to come to Prague to lecture, and the host professor graciously extended an invitation to me, as well, to give a lecture before their English dept. If you're not already hot stuff in Prague, you will be.

Henning is up to his ears in several projects, the kids are fine; Käthe and I are attending evening classes in German, trying to ~~pass~~ prepare ourselves for a Zertifikatsprüfung which will be another piece of paper to wave to prove we have used Our Time here, as Beth McCaskill might say. Mark tells me the job market is non-existent in Seattle -- I may be bagging groceries next year.

I'll call you once I'm on the island. I hope the readings, bookstore signings and so on aren't weighing too heavily. Henning sends his best to you both.

Me, too!

Elizabeth

Jan. 11, 1990

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Eeeek! Just wanted to approximate on paper my first response to a letter from James Heaney, U. of Idaho Press, which included a publication agreement for the publication of -- are you ready? --
Ivan Doig: An Introduction. Nice opening for a new decade, hmmm? The letter was mailed on Dec. 11 and made reference to another letter sent a week before, which I have not received. That one probably contains specific revision suggestions. So at this point I have no idea, beyond the incorporation of Mavis, what needs to be done. I suspect when I read it again myself, I'll want to make changes. I have no copy here, which is probably all for the best, since there's no point in fooling with it until I read Mavis. I'm flying home on March 16 for a three-week stay and, hopefully, for job interviews (anything in the wind, Carol?), and I'll run a copy from my computer and get a copy of Mavis and bring them back with me. The deadline for the revised manuscript is July, 1991. Makes me want to drop everything here, come home and write!

Our life/work in Germany is going well -- Henning keeps taking on more projects and somehow getting them completed; I am plodding along with my Frontier class, always wishing for more time with this fascinating subject. I have a month-long break from my German class -- the next quarter begins

on the 28th. The kids are doing well; Kathe speaks German so well and so fast she goes past me in a blur. Johann is doing well at school after several months of struggle.

We had a delightful Christmas and New Year's. Henning's eldest sister and her husband joined us for Christmas and among other things we took our first trip into the former DDR. The landscape is quite beautiful, and there is an enormous feeling of triumph in driving past the now-abandoned guard towers and dismantled wall. (We did not check to see if they've removed the land mines, however.) The air pollution is horrible. They burn a soft, low-grade coal which turns everything gray and smells to high heaven. I wish the Germans were more enthusiastic about the rebuilding ahead of them: the western folk seem to begrudge the whole thing, and complain about the cost, are full of ~~dowy~~ stories about East German laziness + inefficiency.

Well, my friends, I lift a glass to all of us and bid you to do the same. Ivan, I have had nothing but pleasure in working on your work, and look forward to more. Hope the New Year, New Decade is full of wonderful things for you both.

Love,
Elizabeth

+ hello from me and best wishes for the new year. I'm looking forward to seeing you both in the summer. Henning.

May 10. 1991

Dear Ivan,

I had a horrible dream about the book last night -- when it came out the cover was wrong, it was full of pictures of ferry boats and large groups of people I had ever seen before, and my name -- misspelled -- appeared only in small, faint print on the cover, eclipsed by lists of names of people I've never heard of. I had to wake myself out of that one and talk myself into daylight and reason again. I now understand why you get right on to the next project, after doing a little rocking and garbage-moving.

My nightmare is not entirely unfounded, however. I am paying the penalty for being a first-time-published person. As I've said to you before, one should never write a first book, any more than one should build a first house. In this case, I got a cheerful note from the publisher, telling me the manuscript has been received and sent on to a copyeditor. Then he told me that I had to get permission to quote from the publishers of everyone I quote from, (must be at least thirty different writers, not counting you) and that he would be happy to advance me $500 from royalties for that purpose. Royalties? What royalties? They are planning to print only 1000 copies, and after my mother buys those, what will they do? But I confess to real stupidity about forgetting about permission to quote. How many books have I seen with that on the copyright page? I guess I have thought of this as a scholarly work, not a profitable one, and scholars should be able to quote anybody. We are, after all, poor and humble folk. Ah, well.

I'm diatribing because 1) I expect you to laugh (sympathetically, please) and remember your own beginnings and 2) because I need some information. James Heaney sent me a couple of pages from U.S. Publishers with the addresses of your publishers. So I have made out permission request forms for Atheneum (Mariah, Rascal Fair) and Penguin (English Creek and Sea Runners) but for Sky and Winter Brothers, both published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, he marked Harper and Row. Is he wrong? Am I wrong? Has there been a corporate takeover? Who controls the rights to those books? I would really appreciate your sending me the name and address of the publisher -- I used the paperback editions for both books. As for the others, I'll have to wait til I get home in August. I brought a copy of the manuscript, but left off the bibliography. I have looked up some of the books in the English Seminar library, but often the publishers are different from those of the editions I used, and usually there are no addresses given.

Earthlight, Wordfire is going to come out in April of 1992, by the way, clothbound, at a list price of $21.95. I suspect it will be barely ahead of the one you're working on now, you prolific author, you. I am told by a folklorist friend that Idaho Press has a very good reputation and puts out classy editions.

Very little news here. Henning's colleagues, who have ignored our existence for nearly a year, are now waking up to the fact that we leave in a month, and are shoveling out the invitations. Lovely, but Germans entertain with such a vengeance. Dinners, long, involved and heavy, begin about

eight p.m., which is the time I'm usually folding my tents and sneaking off to the bedroom with a book. Before I had any command of the language, I used to take embroidery along and just stitch while other people talked -- to prevent that glassy, incomprehending smile from lasting too long. But now I understand just enough to sort of follow conversations, and so can't bury my face in the current tablecloth I'm decorating.

I am happy to say that the kids have both become fluent -- Käthe really so, Johann on a less sophisticated level. He uses so much slang that if I could understand him I couldn't understand him, and I have discovered that it's dangerous to pick up his phrases and use them at apparently appropriate moments. I discovered that one of his favorite words, with which he expresses enthusiasm, agreement, or approbation, actually means "horny." I very nearly used it in German class one day to express approval of a fellow student's observation -- fortunately Käthe caught me in time.

We leave here on the fifteeth for our stay in Prague, which I'm very much looking forward to. I have written a paper about the uses of landscape in contemporary western literature, and I hope I have an audience. It's possible that they think of western literature in terms of Zane Grey and John Wayne and Louis L'Amour and won't come. But I'm very eager to see the city. We're going on from there to Budapest, which will also be wonderful. Henning and I were there two years ago just before they kicked the communists out, and the atmosphere was humming with emotion and nervous anticipation. But colleagues at the University also expressed real skepticism that anything would change meaningfully, and I want to hear what they have to say now. We're going on from there to Vienna, Saltzburg and Munich. I wish that were going to be as romantic as it sounds on paper, but Henning is giving lectures in all those places, and must get back for his teaching obligations here, so we'll have about eighteen hours in Vienna and about eight in Saltzburg. We have reached the magical stage when the children are old enough to stay by themselves -- Johann will go with us to Prague and then return and stay with Käthe for a week. I anticipate empty cupboards and huge piles of laundry, but traveling alone with Henning will be worth it.

In June we are going to make a short trip to Steinatal, to the boarding school where Henning spent seven years. Most of his really great stories come from there, and I'm eager to see the place. I want to write those stories down, if only for Käthe and Johann, and I need to see the sites first. I have discovered that the writer's life suits me very well. I love working alone during the day, turning words around. We'll see if anything comes of it. It isn't lucrative, but it sure is fun.

Hope all is going well for you on the new manuscript. I am looking forward to reading it (and probably writing about it: have you realized you're stuck with a Boswell?) Hope spring quarter is going smoothly for Carol.

Henning and I send our best to you both.

Love,

Elizabeth

April 5

Dear Joan,

Here are prints and negatives I won't use, after sorting and thinking, and the negatives Price was going to send you. Seemed easier to mail them myself.

Despite my clipping minutes yesterday I was three hours late getting to Chehalis, mostly sitting in traffic in the rain. Does anybody but me think we need a light rail system? heavy rail system? bus system? horse trails?

I am about to Mail the Manuscript! It is a thrill, and I am impatient to see it out.

Many thanks to you and Carol,

Love,
Elizabeth

12 February 1991

Dear Johnson,

Carol was right, on all counts (so what's new?). The alumnus (I think that's you) piece is wonderful -- I especially like the description of your Elliot Bay reading, though I am of the firm opinion that no reading (or audience response) can beat the one at WLA a couple of years ago.

Henning and I are drowning at the UW, editing Northwest Folklore, teaching our hearts out (I have three classes this quarter, which amounts to more hours than I like to think about -- three o'clock in the morning is my normal rising time these days -- and trying to get books and projects on the road. We live, as Käthe used to say, for our weekends. We are still covered with carpenters, contractors, plumbers, electricians and mud in odd places up on Lopez, but the rewards are coming in: we baptized the sauna last weekend and this weekend will be planting forty red maples along the driveway, putting in walnut, filbert, almond and Crimson King maples around the house. Can we entice you for a visit this summer?

Earthlight is in the slow, grinding process. Jim Heaney left last summer without word to us hopefuls, and we're now in the hands of a new editor, who tells me that the book is scheduled to come out next fall, rather than this spring. The good thing about that is that I'll get the page proofs in June when I really have time, and you and I can go over the captions then, and I'll have a chance to reconsider the index I wrote in Germany. But hell, this is taking a long time from acceptance to shelf.

In the mean time, converts are falling on their knees. My good friend Chris called from New York to tell me that a copy of This House of Sky reached out from a sidewalk pushcart and grabbed her not long ago. Chris had been convinced that whatever dissertation work I might be doing was my own brand of folly -- Western literature? Son of Zane Grey? -- and picked up the book out of sheer loyalty. And then couldn't put it down. And called me up to tell me so, and to find out in what order she should read the rest of your books.

By all means, dinner in March. I stole a recipe for a deee-vine smoked-salmon fettucini from a local Italian chef -- can we tempt you?

Wonderful to hear from you; Love to Carol, and thanks for her as-usual perspicacity.

All the best,

Bozo



Dec. 17

Dear Ivan and Carol,

Season's greetings! Ivan, I keep seeing your name for readings and book-signings around town -- hope they are going well and that your tour was pleasant and free of weirdos. Käthe said that her English teacher announced the Elliot Bay session and she (Käthe) felt quite smug, and sang to herself, "My parents know him / He comes to din-ner!"

I think the introduction to the new sky is quite wonderful, quite personal -- a real catch at the throat, especially the ending. I'm eager to see it on the shelves. Carol, thanks for sending the copy for Henning's colleague in Iceland. Be interesting to see if she feels she can translate it effectively.

No word about the page proofs. I'm going to call Idaho -- Christmas break is an ideal time for me to read them, make up an index and get together with you about the captions.

We are presently ricocheting from Seattle to Hopey every weekend, flogging carpenters, plumbers, electricians, & "contractors into finishing the outbuilding and the downstairs bathroom in the house. The outbuilding is nearly done -- a beautiful cedar structure, combination pantry, woodshop, garage, laundry room and sauna. Since it is so elegant (and cost as much to build as the house did) we may just

move into it. We may have to, at the rate the house remodeling is going!

We wish you a very relaxed and happy holiday--

All our best,
Elizabeth and Henning

Mary Granville Delany (1700-1788) ★ United Kingdom • Royaume-Uni • Reino Unido ★ Hieracium Dubium ★ The British Museum, London.

For the well-being of the world's children ★ Pour le bien-être des enfants du monde ★ Por el bienestar de los niños del mundo ★ На благо всех детей мира ★ 造福世界儿童。

unicef
United Nations Children's Fund

90104 Printed in Canada



Carol Millard ★ Canada • Canadá ★ Garibaldi Lake, Avalanche Chute with Wildflowers • Fleurs sauvages et avalanche au bord du lac Garibaldi • Lago Garibaldi – nieve de avalancha y flores silvestres.

For the well-being of the world's children ★ Pour le bien-être des enfants du monde ★ Por el bienestar de los niños del mundo ★ На благо всех детей мира ★ 造福世界儿童。

unicef

United Nations Children's Fund
Fonds des Nations Unies pour l'enfance

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Printed in Canada/Imprimé au Canada

The Convention on the Rights of the Child became international Human Rights law in September 1990 after 20 countries ratified it. It emphasizes all children's rights for survival, protection, development and participation.

La Convention relative aux droits de l'enfant est devenue loi internationale en septembre 1990, après avoir été ratifiée par vingt pays. Elle met l'accent sur les droits de tous les enfants à la survie, à la protection, au développement et à la participation.

April 1

Dear Carol,

I wish I could say, like Good Help does, "I have did it all." Not quite true, but this will give you an idea of what I have did. Thank you much for the straight talk and for the letter.

Monday night sounds splendid. We can go to Gaspare's (I'll check to see if they're open), head to the Santa Fe cafe again, or anyplace else you like.

How about a drink at our place first? I promise to give you some scotch with your water this time. Our apt, as you remember, is on the corner of 15th & 86th --

see you at six?

Wonderful to hear the smiles in both your voices -- nothing like a combination of good work and good rest!

Best from Henning —

Love,
Elizabeth

April 3, 1992

Screening Committee for English Instructor
c/o Personnel Office
Shoreline Community College

It is with great pleasure that I write this letter of recommendation at the request of Elizabeth Simpson, who is applying for a tenure-track position in English. Her resume makes obvious her solid teaching background, her interdisciplinary and multicultural interests, and her scholarly achievement. I will comment on her professional skills, inside and outside the classroom, as I have observed them.

I first met Elizabeth in 1989, after she had called Ivan to ask for an interview. She explained that she had chosen his work for her dissertation topic and that she had reached a point in her research where his answers to several specific questions would be most helpful. Ivan was of two minds: apprehensive lest his work be deconstructed, yet encouraged that a scholar would want his comments. In his careful way he arranged a 45-minute interview in his home office, where Elizabeth conducted an admirably professional session, and left us liking her. Several times after that she and Ivan sorted through his work, and we invited her to dinner on a couple of those occasions.

When we saw a preliminary draft of her dissertation, we were elated with its accuracy and readability -- points not lost on the University of Idaho Press, which is about to publish an updated version. Ivan is particularly intrigued with her folkloric insights, which have added to his own knowledge of what is going on in his work. An example: He was sure that his grandmother, whose formal education ended in the third grade, did not talk in cliches, as one reviewer of <u>This House of Sky</u> suggested. What, then, was she doing? Using folkloric sayings, said Elizabeth, as roadmaps through life.

While Ivan was finding a professional partner in the explication of his work, I was planning a course in the literature of the American West, and I asked Elizabeth to lecture about style to that first class, in the Fall of 1989. What I had in mind was a model which students could emulate as they read other writers. Elizabeth's presentation was outstanding, melding high scholarship, free of jargon, with an engagement of students. I went home and told Ivan that here was someone who could <u>teach</u>, as well as do the scholarship.

I recommend Elizabeth in strongest terms and without reservation. She is creative, scholarly, personable and student oriented, and she has an outstanding record of achievement. She can teach many subjects, and has done so at several levels. She is well organized and has taken assignments at short notice and made them a success. All things considered, here is an ideal candidate for the Shoreline Community College faculty.

Sincerely

Carol Doig, Professor
Humanities Division

RESUME

ELIZABETH SIMPSON

Permanent Address:

Rt. 1, Box 1118
Lopez Island
WA 98261
(206) 468-3335

Seattle Address:

8601 15th Ave. N.E.
Apt. 301
Seattle, WA 98115
(206) 527-9581

EDUCATION:

PhD, 1989: English (specializing in American literature)
University of Washington
Dissertation Title: "An Introduction to the Work of Ivan Doig"

PhC, 1986: University of Washington

MA, 1977: English and Education, University of Oregon

BA, 1973: English, University of Oregon

TEACHING EXPERIENCE:

UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN, GERMANY

1990-1991: Lecturer
Graduate Seminar: "Concepts of the Frontier in American Culture"

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

1991-1992: Instructor

1990: Instructor

1985-1990: Teaching Assistant

1984: Research Assistant

1988-1992: Interdisciplinary Writing Program:

Instructors in this program teach writing within disciplines other than English: IWP courses are linked with courses in the arts, physical sciences, social sciences and humanities. We read extensively in the target field, attend lectures and work with the lecturers. In writing classes, we instruct students in the writing process according to the conventions of the target discipline.

I have taught writing classes linked to the following lecture courses:

Honors Arts and Sciences 262 (Music in African Societies)
Honors Arts and Sciences 251 (The City in Western Tradition)
International Studies 202 (Cultural Interaction)
Art History 200 (History of Ideas)
Art History 201 (Survey of Western Art -- Ancient)
Scandinavian 330 (Scandinavian Mythology)
Anthropology 202 (Cultural Anthropology)
Geography 100 (Cultural Geography)

1991-1992 Literature

English 392, 393, 394
These are evening courses offered through University Extension for matriculated and non-matriculated students, who may or may not be working toward a degree. This sequence covers American literature from the early nineteenth century through the modern period.

1985-1988, 1991: Composition and Literature
Full responsibility for designing and teaching the following classes:
English 181 -- Expository Writing: clear, correct, coherent writing
English 111 -- Writing about Literature: analytical and interpretive writing
English 121 -- Issues, Topics and Modes: persuasive writing, using literary models
English 206 -- Reading Fiction: literature course, writing required
English 352 -- American Literature: The Early Nation (1820s-1860s)

ST. MARTIN'S COLLEGE, LACEY, WASHINGTON

Summer, 1986: English/History 392 -- Frontier
Readings in literature and history on concepts of the frontier in American culture
Education 482 -- Teaching English
Designing composition-based curriculum for English at all levels; Graduate seminar for teachers
English 299 -- Introduction to Fiction
Literature and writing for non-native speakers

Summer, 1985: English 395 -- Regional American Literature
Literature of New England, the South, the Midwest, the Northwest

W.F. WEST HIGH SCHOOL, CHEHALIS, WASHINGTON

1975-1983: Literature and composition --
remedial, mainstream, advanced 9-12
Social Sciences -- Latin American History 10;
World History 11-12; Psychology 11-12;
Anthropology 11-12
Spanish -- 1,2,3,4; 9-12

PHILOMATH MIDDLE SCHOOL, PHILOMATH, OREGON

1973-1975: Language arts, 7,8

AWARDS:

Outstanding Young Educator, Lewis County, 1982.

PUBLICATIONS:

BOOKS:

Earthlight, Wordfire: The Work of Ivan Doig. University of Idaho Press, 1992.

Nordic Folklore: Recent Studies, ed. in collaboration with Profs. Henning K. Sehmsdorf, University of Washington, and Reimund Kvideland, University of Bergen, Norway. (Bloomington, Indiana: University of Indiana Press, 1989.)

The Folk Arts of Washington State, ed. with Jens Lund, Washington State Folklorist. (Tumwater, Washington: Washington State Folklife Council, 1989.)

ARTICLES

"'Bring Forth the King's Remembrancer!' Folklore as History in the Work of Ivan Doig" Forthcoming in the volume of essays edited by Barbara Meldrum. (Proceedings of the 1989 Western American Literature Conference)

"Voices of the Folk: Northwest Traditions in Sometimes a Great Notion," Northwest Folklore Fall, 1988.

"Mount St. Helens and the Evolution of Folklore," Northwest Folklore, Spring-Summer, 1985.

"Tutoring the Non-Native Student in the Regular School Program," Classroom Practices in Teaching English, (NCTE) 1982-83.

In progress: A paper on conferencing techniques, in collaboration with Catherine Beyer, Kim Bogart-Johnson and Wendy Vardaman, lecturers in the Interdisciplinary Writing Program.

CONFERENCE PAPERS:

"Folklore as History in Ivan Doig's Montana Trilogy." Western Literature Conference, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, 1989.

"Peeling the Bark, Sowing the Wheat: Folklore and Tradition in the Work of H.L. Davis." Western American Literature Conference, Eugene, Oregon, 1988.

"Voices of the Folk: Northwest Traditions in Sometimes a Great Notion," American Folklore Society Conference, Albuquerque, 1987.

"Culture Worldview in the Literary Text: Cotton Mather and Henry David Thoreau," American Folklore Society Conference, Cincinnati, 1986.

"Mount St. Helens and the Evolution of Folklore," American Folklore Society Conference, San Diego, 1985.

LECTURES:

"Writing in the Workplace," workshop for Creative Living, Seattle, Washington, September, 1991.

"Getting Beyond 'Blank-Page-Itis'" Conference on Community, Ellensburg, Washington, October, 1991.

"Realizing the Country: Contemporary Western American Literature" University of Prague, May, 1991.

EDITORSHIPS:

Regional Editor, Northwest Folklore, 1985-1991. (Caldwell, Id: The College of Idaho)

Assistant Editor, Northwest Folklore, 1991-present. (Seattle: University of Washington)

BOOK REVIEWS:

Ride With Me, Mariah Montana. By Ivan Doig. For Western American Literature, Fall issue, 1990.

CURRENT MEMBERSHIPS:

National Council of Teachers of English
American Folklore Society
American Studies Association
Modern Language Association
Western Literature Association
University of Washington Folklore Committee

SERVICE: (W.F. West High School)

Department Chair, Foreign Languages

Supervisor for student teachers in English and Foreign Languages

District Committee, Textbooks
District Committee, ITIP Training
District Committee, Learning Styles
District Committee, SLO's and Evaluation Procedures

Curriculum Design: Advanced Placement English:
Collaborated in designing the curriculum for Advanced Placement English 11-12
Designed curriculum for Honors English, 9-10
Designed curriculum for Writing Improvement courses for students in need of special help

Faculty Advisor, International Club
Faculty Advisor, Freshman Class
Faculty Advisor, Scholarships and Applications

Director/Producer of student and faculty assemblies

Director of 1978 production of "The Glass Menagerie"
1979 production of three one-act plays

Producer of 1980 musical "Camelot!"

10 Feb. '92

Dear Elizabeth--

Carol instructs me that you ought to get a Boz copy (as in Boswell) of this Northwestern U. alumni magazine piece about me, so here one is. I just hope it's as praising as she tells me it is. Isn't Vladimir Horowitz a jillion years old, as well as, um, seriously dead?

Anyway I feel better than that, despite the literary equivalent of tennis elbow: suitcase elbow, which I guess I got while schlepping my suitcase around in airports during the Mariah Montana bookstore tour last fall. Having been typing with a yuppie-like tennis-elbow band around my forearm. Carol meanwhile is not only teaching up a storm, she has a quarter of sabbatical coming, this spring. We hope you and Henning are perking along at the UW, and have carpenters out of your hair on the island. Maybe in March, we could all go out for a meal?

all best,

Ivan

6 Nov. '91

Dear Elizabeth--

Here's the introduction to the forthcoming hardback re-issue of This House of Sky that I mentioned to you on the phone. Mainly wanted you to see it for your own info, but if you see anything wonky in it, let me know, OK? You know the Doig canon better than I do by now.

The WAL review of Mariah looks even better in print than it sounded when you previewed it to Carol and me. Thanks a jillion. And for the great meal the other night, too.

Next week begins the Mariah paperback publicity tour. In the great words of Mayakovsky, "I go off to read in all the directions there are." Will be in touch when life simmers down a bit in Dec., but do give a call--Carol will be on hand here if I'm not--if you see any questionable points in this intro. Also, she'll know my whereabouts if you need to reach me for anything about Earthlight.

all best,

Mva

Dear Joan,

Thanks so much for the names & addresses for comp. & review copies, and for the loan of the mailing list. I xeroxed the whole thing and sent it, along w/ all the other stuff, to the marketing manager at U of I press. If she does nothing more than make those contacts, the first print run will be sold out in a week.

Shall we say 6 p.m. on Thursday the 31st? Steaks from our own hapless beef? Our apartment is easy to find -- just cross the freeway on 145th, go ~~th~~ to 15th N.E., turn right and follow 15th to 86th. Our apartment is a big cement thing right on the corner. The 301 doorbell is a bit moody -- if it doesn't respond, knock.

Looking foward to seeing you and Carol again!

Best,

Elizabeth

20 Oct. '91

Dear Elizabeth--

6 o'clock on the 31st is fine and yes, we'd love to have steaks. See you and Henning then.

20 June '91

Dear Elizabeth--

I'm sure that just what you wanted in Oslo was some more permissions red tape, right? Anyway I figured I'd better get this to you, even if you are trying to have a good time. I've kept a couple of photocopies, incidentally, so don't feel you have to guard this with your life. It looks to me like HBJ is being minimalistic about this, though you'll have to see if they're going to go easy on the fees.

Whether or not you're in good odor with HBJ, I just got word that I am: I've talked them into re-issuing a hardback edition of This House of Sky. Now if HBJ just doesn't go bankrupt before it finishes dealing with both of us (a very real possibility, actually)...

Hugely enjoyed your letter. Thanks to Henning for explicating the intertwinings of German slang and underwear--the guy really is a folklorist, probably will get a paper out of that, you suppose? Am going to go out and pop this in the mail, the only shot for a couple of days--manuscript, company, carpenters and I forget what else have been occupying life here. Had a terrific summer day here yesterday, today it's raining like billy hell.

all best,

Ivan

p.s. Huge congrats on the UW teaching job. I gather that the English Dept. Southcenter confab was just their usual kind of snit. Heard that Dick Dunn is finishing up as chair (see, if you can hang around long enough, you'll get chairs who've forgotten you're a UW grad and be perfectly glad to keep you on the premises); Jerry Bacharach of the History Dept., whom I think well of, is heading the search committee--I think somebody from in the Dept. is to be chosen.

HBJ

HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH, INC.

ORLANDO, FLORIDA 32887 TELEPHONE: (407) 345-3983 TELEX: 568373 FAX: (407) 352-8860

PERMISSIONS DEPARTMENT

June 10, 1991

HBJ Ref: UNIV IDAHO PRESS/Simpson

Dr. Elizabeth Simpson
c/o Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenu N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

We are in receipt of your correspondence dated May 23, 1991 regarding permission to reprint excerpts from your books THIS HOUSE OF SKY (Seq. #24421) and WINTER BROTHERS (Seq. Num. 24422) in EARTHLIGHT, WORDFIRE: THE WORK OF IVAN DOIG by Elizabeth Simpson. To consider granting your request for permission, we will need the following XX'd information:

__xx__ Please supply exact material by opening and closing words and page numbers in our volume.
_____ Please supply us with a copy of the material you wish to reprint within the context of your volume.
_____ Adapted or abridged material must be submitted for approval.
_____ Please indicate how you wish to use this material; as a chapter heading, epigraph, or in context.
_____ Please provide us with a photocopy of the title and copyright pages of our volume.
_____ In how many copies will the material be reprinted?
_____ Please provide the anticipated number of copies that will be published in all printings of this edition (example: 20,000 copies, 50,000 copies, 100,000 copies).
_____ This is an anthology and we ourselves had to obtain permission to reprint it in our volume. Please apply directly to the original source cited.
_____ This is not our publication. Please recheck the source.
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_____ Is your work a trade volume or a textbook?
_____ Please indicate who will be publishing your volume.
_____ Please indicate the estimated price of your publication.
__xx__ In what market will your volume be distributed? (United States, Canada, throughout the World?)
__xx__ Will your book be published in a hardbound or paperbound edition, or both?
_____ What is the scheduled date of publication of your work?
_____ Please provide name and address of party who will be issuing the check for any permission fees.
_____ Please provide daytime telephone number where you can be reached.
_____ How will you bind our material? (hardcover, softcover, spiral, 3-hole punch, etc.)
__xx__ Other: As I have yet to receive a request from Dr. Simpson herself, I am forwarding this letter to her in your care.

In order to keep our records current, please supply any requested information COMPLETELY, and include our Ref. and Sequence number(s) as mentioned above within 90 days. If it is not received within that time, we will assume that you do not wish to pursue the matter further and your request will be considered withdrawn.

Sincerely yours,

Ellen Goulet

Ellen Goulet
Permissions Assistant

HBJ

HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH, INC.

ORLANDO, FLORIDA 32887 TELEPHONE: (407) 345-3983 TELEX: 568373 FAX: (407) 352-8860

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Ellen Goulet

Ellen Goulet
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