Dear Ivan & Carol,

I'm not in Venice, though moments yesterday seemed like it (rain). Just got this because of Perelman's famous query to NY Editor: "Streets full of water. Please advise." Streets yesterday full of gendarmes herding & guarding the celebration of the liberation of Paris. Got caught in river of festivity, costumes & old vehicles. Otherwise alternating museums, chateaux & cafés. Good friends keep me company. Will divulge more when space allows. xoxo Lois

BOUDIN Eugène (1824-1898)
Vénise - quai des Esclavons, vers 1895
Huile sur toile / 50 x 74 cm
© R.M.N. Paris 1987
Réunion des musées nationaux - IC 00 2836
512 471 -
419 53
Sister / Jb
Jim and I followed words (out of our given country) as earlier boys followed cattle drives, the brimming imprints (of phrases, sentences, single words) fresh as hoofmarks in the dew.

--examples from Jim: "Albert Heavy Runner was never civic." (Babel abt period. Bang.)
trying to make something of ourselves, and not always sure how much we had to work with.
OOOoohlh, Lois! You're going to Paris for a month. Not only that, you'll have your own house. Sounds just dandy, and we'll be thinking of you. Send us a postcard so that we can be even more envious. Our international travel for the summer consisted of three days in Victoria, celebrating Ivan's birthday. After my birthday blowout last year, Ivan decided he'd like another float plane trip and a return to Butchart Gardens, which is celebrating its 100th anniversary. As Ivan puts it, every sprig of grass is in place. We also get a big kick out of lunching in the Bengal Lounge of the Empress, where there is indeed a tiger skin over the fireplace, and where the ceiling fans look as if they ought to be hand operated. We arrive in Victoria Harbour just before noon, walk to the Empress and sink into leather armchairs until our chins are at approximate table height. Besides the ambience, the food is quite good. For the more serious food, dinners, we migrated down a side street to Cafe Brio. A good time was had.

We arrived home just in time for a boat trip into the San Juans with friends who own a Nordic Tug (built in Burlington, WA). They took us crabbing off Lopez, showed us Paul Allen's estate from the waterside, and sent us home later with two Dungeness crabs which they had cooked on board. A day trip is about our limit on boating; our idea of cruising is to sit on our deck and watch the ships go by, and this summer there are more cruise ships than ever -- and van ships, and Trident subs and endless sailboats.

We're home now until mid-September, when dear friends have offered us use of their new beach house at Arch Cape, our very favorite part of the Oregon coast. Ivan is tending his garden and scribbling, scribbling. He sent off the first 40% of the new novel to his agent and editor this morning, so he's perking right along. You asked about the nonfiction book, which is to come next. Don't I wish I knew. Ivan and his editor Becky are discussing it -- I've heard some muttering about a longitudinal study of the territory that Ivan has written about. If you know what that means, please let me know.

Meanwhile, friends do drop in now and then. Bill Lang was here last night, taking refuge from the National Archives on Sand Point Way, where he's researching yet more about the history of the Columbia River. This time it's the proposed but ill-fated Columbia Valley Authority. He seems happy at Portland State, and Marianne is enjoying her editing at OHS. When Bill heard about the celebration of Jim's work at Hugo House, he perked right up and said he'd like to come. It wasn't a promise, but clearly he's interested. You have first refusal rights on the guest quarters, of course, so let us know when you can. Bill, by the way, had a hip replacement a few
weeks before Christmas and is planning to resume skiing, come winter.

Bill is convinced Bush will lose the election, whilst Ivan and I hold our breath and write checks as often as we can. I had not heard of Diplomats for Change, despite reading the NY Times daily. Thanks for the heads up.

Ivan wants to add a PS, so I'll bid adieu for now. (That's as much high school French as I remember.) I do regret that the Yoguiettes aren't in my neighborhood: yard work has to suffice.

Lois, hi and I guess bon voyage. This is nothing that needs tending to in place of gussying up for France, certainly, but it occurred to me the other day that I ought to check with you about my part in the Hugo House commemoration of Jim and see what you think would be most apt and useful. Here's what I told Lyall Bush in response to his general mailing asking for participants' ideas:

"...I think I could most usefully do one or if necessary, both of the following:
--Read something from my own work, perhaps new but I can't promise that, in the Saturday evening session.
--Do a tribute to Jim and his work based on the chronology and country we shared; both Montana-born, a year apart in age, both spent time as a kid on the Blackfeet Reservation and around the reservation town of Browning, each with books set in the Two Medicine country, and so on. I'd be game to intersperse this with brief selected readings from Jim's work that particularly resonate with me, out of this shared background of writerly accomplishment."

Any suggestions on tuning that up--that is, anything you'd like to set me to thinking about, that usefully would go beyond reminiscence of Jim? One little angle that intrigues me, and tell me if I have this correct, is that the Welches were in Greece in part of 1972-73, and Jim was writing Winter in the Blood there, while the Doigs were in Great Britain and I was starting what became This House of Sky? I don't know that I want to claim that we were an exile literary movement, but if I savvy your whereabouts correctly, it does seem to me a helluva coincidence. It also would seem to me to say something about our work habits, and general passion for the world and its varieties, rather than the intrinsic Montanality or whatever the dickens it is that we're sometimes credited with. Anyway, I would welcome any notions you may have, as to where I might fit best in the chorus of celebrating Jim. Looking forward to seeing you in October, if we don't coincide before.

--Ivan

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From: Lois Welch <lowelch@bigsky.net>
To: "Carol Dean" <cddean@earthlink.net>
Hi Carol!

Thank you for the entertaining up-date. It didn't include the Moab travelogue, but we've been through and so I can imagine. As long there were as no Major Adventures.

I've gotten surly about the politically correct attitude of "Not Minding Rain." It's a mantra for weatherman (who swoon over what they call "Weather," meaning monsoons, hurricanes and hailstones.) Tomorrow is the equinox, folks. Yesterday the weather was playing one of its February fantasies, blowing all loose plastic pots south & then washing them out on the lawn. Wind chimes gebonging. Lucy-the-cat was fascinated by all the movement outside the window. I retreated into the cloudy day chore of putting photos in albums. I'd rather have put on shorts and planted impatiens. (At least your gilt-edged raindrops aren't rainbowed, a Hallmark condition.)

I'm fine. As fine as can be expected, I'm sure. It's a sometimes heart-stopping pleasure to root about and find photos of Jim for Hugo House publicity for the October Legacy event--to which, of course, you are coming.

Yoga is good, keeps me going. Have I mentioned this? Last year about this time Judy Blunt (whom you know, surely) invited me to join the Yogoettes for an experimental session. Turns out there was a gang of 5, now 7, that does yoga Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5:15 (PM, of course): Jean Croxton (Jon Jackson's lady), Martha Eliz (Mrs Crumley, as you know), Gayle Reid, (Mrs. Robert Sims) and Rose Lee ( Mrs. Robert E.Lee; do you know him?, who writes about fishing & does poetry in the schools), an auburn haired Irish beauty & RN. Tuesdays we yoga (please pretend it's a verb) & adjourn to the Depot for a drink & a bite; Thursdays we yoga & then assemble for a potluck dinner at one of our houses. OUR instructor is a wry middle-aged lady of ordinary dimensions (vs those ethereal wisps one sees on tapes and on calendars) & very good at getting one to do what one can. I do stretch a lot further than I used to, but you can imagine how those two months of one-armedness took a toll on muscle tone, etc. The Yogettes, by the way, included me on every Thursday dinner the whole one-armed time!

Annick has also joined the Yogettes, by the way. She will be back Tuesday from her two-week trip to Paris with her granddaughter--a graduation present. How often does one get to give a present that is so much fun for the giver?
And I will go to Paris July 28 for the month of August! La Canicule, dog days as they call it. Jim's editor's family will be on vacation the whole month, like every other able-bodied French person, so they offered me their house. At first I turned it down because I thought it would be too ironic to be all alone in Paris--apart from a million tourists, of course--but then Jean Croxton decided she'd like to come. So we're off. Very exciting.

You were very funny about the Bierds & Kaplan academic comedy show. And yes, I'd absolutely love to join you for Copper river salmon chunks on homegrown greens, followed by local raspberries & pastry. Not in the immediate future, however, for Andrea Opitz comes next week and a couple of French friends in early July. By then I'll have got the mud off my mesclun.

Your new narrative about Ivan, "Back to Becky @ Harcourt," was quite gripping. What complications, folks! I'm so glad it all worked out, since it is soooooo irritating to have yr editor copyread Hillary instead of you just because it's $8 million bucks. I'll bet all the same, Hillary needed a lot, A LOT!, more copyreading. Think how, Ivan, if yr copy editor hadn't passed you over for Hillary, you'd not be back with Becky. Now what is this second, non-fiction book?

By the way, have you been reading EATS, SHOOTS, AND LEAVES? That's Lynne Truss' hilarious book about punctuation that is a "runaway best seller" in England & the US. I put the qt marks because it is hard to believe its bestsellerdom even though I saw it was #2 recently in the LATimes Book Review. Book Bestsellerdom does not, we know, approach the figures one sees with platinum discs, but even then! Who would believe that a book on punctuation could be such fun? But it is! If you haven't read it, you must. And you can scrawl in yr own examples, I suppose. It does encourage those impulses we have, say, to correct the mechanic's checklist that reads "check battery." I can assure you they reply "you must be a schoolteacher."

This is not meant to encourage you to write me a hilarious narrative called "Ivan Prepares His Own Taxes." Oh dear, my praeteritio might get you started on a whole new career. Forgive me. And, in return, I'll spare you my travelogue to San Diego where I stayed with Sharon Bryan (in an apartment house which they were gutting on all sides of her) to join in the celebration of my sister's obtaining an MA in ESL (Engl as 2nd Lang), a post-Hippy move which I sincerely applaud.

Hold the presses! Do you know anything about DIPLOMATS FOR CHANGE? I heard a week ago that there was this group of two dozen ex-diplomats and ex-military brass who had decided the US was at a crisis point and were going to make a statement 6/16 at the National Press Club that they were calling for the current administration
to resign. I couldn't find it anywhere in the Missoulian (duh) or the NYT, so I went to salon.com. There is a <diplomatsforchange.com> website which lists the people & their statement. It seems incredible to me that it would be otherwise totally ignored. Have you seen anything? What do you think? (I mean beyond frothing about Bush & his puppetmaster.)

Time to crawl around the garden. Send news as it happens.

Love and lettuce,

Lois

June 11, 2004

Lois, hello

It's a gray day in Seattle, but we don't mind rain. Given the amount of water we need to irrigate this property, and the rates that Seattle charges during summer, those raindrops are gilt-edged. And Ivan's garden is providing wonderfully. Linda Bierds and Sydney Kaplan joined us for lunch on Wednesday as they were en route from their Camano Island cabin to their Bainbridge Island home, and we served a homegrown salad topped with Copper River sockeye, followed by a dessert of raspberries from the garden over ice cream, with sinfully delicious cookies from a Poulsbo bakery on the side. Am I making the case that you ought to think about coming over here to eat with us?

Linda and Syd are hilariously entertaining when they get to describing the machinations within the UW English department. Linda and Rick Kenney are the only ones fully present and operating in poetry now, and are overwhelmed by graduate students and sundry chores. Even when Heather McHugh is there (she is often off at some other university for a quarter or a year) she's not: she lives in Victoria and takes a float plane down when she needs to meet classes! Within the creative writing area, Colleen McElroy cut a deal with the provost and will teach no more, officially retiring in two years.
So naturally Linda and Rick want the next hire to be in poetry. However, it becomes apparent that part of the faculty has conspired to reorganize into three strange-sounding units and to prioritize new hires in a way that will bypass poetry. Come the department meeting, an unusual number of faculty show up, including those who sympathize with the poets. After enough wrangling to wear everyone out, Syd gauges her moment and moves that the next hire be poetry. Linda quickly seconds, the question is called and poetry wins a clear victory. The dissidents (I believe Syd used the term post-structuralists) go away furious, including the friend who will accompany Linda and Syd to a meeting in London in a few days.

By the way, the tenure track faculty has dropped from 62 to 52 in the last 10 years.

But enough of departmental wars. In my last note I told you that Ivan had switched publishers, and suggested he might get to email after he'd finished our income taxes. What he's gotten to, however, is a fast start on the next novel, some of which I can hear being printed by his nifty laser printer even as I write this. So let me explain.

Ivan has been at Scribner, part of Simon & Schuster/Viacom for two novels. Come time to agree to the next contract and they can't come to terms. Ivan also is thinking over Scribner's marketing, which he has found wan, and his situation that Nan Graham, his nominal editor who is considered a genius at line editing, has not edited either book. (On this one, she was grabbed from her own imprint and assigned to Hillary and her $8 million advance.)

Ivan and his agent, Liz, agree that it's time to go hunting. Liz approaches three houses, and two come back with IDENTICAL offers for a two-book contract. Ivan would like to go back to Harcourt, where his career began and where the publisher is a considerable fan. However, he also would like to regain Becky Saletan as editor -- he's worked with her before, at S&S. He contemplates and chooses Becky, who's at North Point/FSG. He and she promptly begin phone conversations to recast his second book, which is intended as nonfiction.
Lois, hello

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Time passes, and no contract arrives. It's slow even by publishing standards. Liz and Ivan sit and wait. One fine day she calls and says "Ivan, you're not gonna believe this. You're going to Harcourt with Becky." She's just been named editor in chief.

Thus the happy writer, who commutes between his garden and his office, and who is firmly ensconced in the early years of the 20th Century.

We're both doing fine. Let us know what you're up to.
Aug 5
Linda Gunnersen, Swim Clubs Bld
- (415) 927 5705
(831) 662-8712

Betty Coten → Jim Welch
sudden HT attack
 Gordon 5 p.m.

Kim Anderson
Lois # painter 10 min away
 glass of water
going to news
 reached for back
 recliner/mixed

Sharon Brunk
(661) 344-4193
(831) 5130

Bill Purit
Neil belt ramp for wheelchair
Hi Carol!

Thanks for your Christmas letter. Now that I've survived the festivity and am still bobbing along, it's time to ask you to save me a corner of your dance card if you can between Jan 3 & 7. I'd love to see you, but didn't ask to stay with you because I was afraid I'd melt down, were I to stay in the rooms where Jim & I had such a glorious time last spring. )Or, more precisely, a glorious time excluding Jim's fever.

At any rate, given your gallivanting reading/signing schedule, I can only just hope to get a chance to see you. I'll call. Perhaps we can arrange a lunch or an evening with you and the Snortster (Orton).

I'll be staying with my friend, Andrea Opitz. Can't remember if you met her--German student who came here to study James Welch, I ended up her thesis advisor, she ended up housesitting & a good friend. She's just finished her comps for a PhD in Comp Lit at UW, and has an apt. on Bright St. which strikes me as west of UW. (I could look at a map but am lazy.) The view's not going to be as good, but I will risk less meltdown.

Annick's gang were in fine fettle Christmas day. What a roar of festivity! (A. & B. had returned in mid-November from their 3 weeks in Key West. Juliette was back the 8th from her horse-riding trip in Uruguay.) Beavers drove me out. MC & Tom & new baby Ruby & little Eli came too. Misc. canines sporting red ribbons, but we 3 left ours home.

It's trying very hard to snow. According to the news, Bridger Bowl (outside Bozeman) got FIVE (5) feet of new snow yesterday, and I-90 closed south of Billings. A pause in the drought out there! We did get enough snow on Wednesday last to make things look very much like Christmas. Not to be tooooo grinchy, I put a bowl of Christmas lights on the column by the front door, though a tree was too much. Did explain to my brother that celebrating Christmas at my nephew's with 7 of the nine nieces/nephews & attendant spouses plus their 15 (mas o menos) offspring was more than I could face. Remember Dylan Thomas' Aunt Hannah in "Child's Christmas," sitting in the corner, sipping--I believe--parsnip wine. That would be me, grinning. (My French dictionary ways that "grincheux" means "churlish." Now we know where Dr. Seuss got his grinch.)

But now we're just eyeballing the new year. And I thought the best thing to do with it was to inaugurate in in Seattle.

So save me a spot. I'll call very soon. (Since you only do a weekly check, I don't know if I'll hit the right day. Anyhow.)

Much love,
Lois
DIED. JAMES WELCH, 62,
Montana-born author of novels and poetry about Native American life; of a heart attack after a battle with lung cancer; in Missoula, Mont. A member of the Black Feet tribe, he grew up on a reservation and was encouraged to write poetry by a high school English teacher. The first of his seven novels, Winter in the Blood, tells the story of a young Indian, and was praised by novelist Reynolds Price as a "nearly flawless novel about human life."
Tribute to James Welch

Hundreds gather at memorial service to remember Blackfeet author

By JENNIFER NACE

HELENA - Todd Pawlik, the state's top disease inspector, has declared a "false alert" amid the nationwide fears of the West Nile virus.

Pawlik said the results of the tests conducted on the mosquitoes collected in Helena were negative. He said there was no evidence of the disease in the mosquitoes.

"We have seen a false alert," Pawlik said. "We have no evidence of West Nile virus in our state."

The state health department had previously reported that mosquitoes collected in Helena had tested positive for the virus.

Pawlik said the state health department had released the information prematurely and that the results were pending further testing.

He said the state health department had received a "false positive" test result and that the state health department was working to correct the error.

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"We had a false positive test," Pawlk...
Trowbridge elected to board of environmental group

by JENNIFER BURK

HELena—Former Montana Gov. Jayn Bartlett Trowbridge has been appointed to the board of the Montana Environmental Information Center, one of the state’s most noted environmental groups.

Trowbridge, who is not a member of the group, said he was asked by MEMIC’s executive director, \n
"I don’t know that calling it is going to be in any position to support MEMIC and the organization. He also commented that the legislation is an "extraordinary"

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Thousands of people are learning about the tax code and how to reduce their taxes from HRB Block, the local area’s leading provider of tax preparation services. If you’re considering filing your taxes before September 8th, with flexible evening sessions and evening drop-in hours, HRB Block is the place to be.

For more information contact 406-293-2100.

Course fee $99.99

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The HRB Block Tax Course starts with the fundamentals of income tax preparation. You will learn the basics of the tax code and how to reduce your taxes. You will also learn how to prepare your taxes quickly and accurately.

HRB Block tax preparation professionals will help you complete your return.

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Peter Stark + Amy Raysdale
406-721-5156 Missou
360-426-6270
Hartstone Island
(Raysdale)
TOWARD DAWN

Today I search for a name.
Not too long, they said,
nor short. A deer crashes
in the wood. A skunk
swaggers to the distant creek.
There is a moment, I think,
when the eyes speak
and speak of a world too much.
Such a moment, a life.

James Welch
Riding the Earthboy 40, 1971
Celebrating the Life of James P. Welch, Jr.

5:00 pm, August 27, 2003, The Wilma Theater

The following friends are honored to accept Lois Welch's invitation to speak today:

Welcome and Introductions by Neil McMahon
Author

Earl Old Person
Chief of the Blackfeet Nation

Annick Smith
Author and filmmaker

William Kittredge
Author and Regents Professor Emeritus, The University of Montana

“In My First Hard Springtime” by James Welch
Read by Robert Sims Reid
Author and Captain, Missoula City Police

Gerald Howard
Executive Editor, Doubleday/Broadway Books

A Message from Francis Geffard and Michel Lederer read by Neil McMahon
Editor, Alban Michel, and Jims French translator

James Harrison
Author

Pat Williams
Senior Fellow, O'Connor Center for the Rocky Mountain West, Former Member of Congress

Kathryn Shanley (Assiniboine)
Chair, Department of Native American Studies, UM

Mandy Smoker-Broaddus (Assiniboine)
M.F.A. 2003, Hugo Fellow, UM

Wayne Stein (Turtle Mountain Chippewa)
Professor and former head of the Center for Native American Studies at Montana State University

Deirdre McNamer
Author and Professor, Creative Writing Program, UM

“Harlem Montana” by James Welch
Read by Robert Sims Reid

William Bevis
Author and Professor Emeritus, UM

Henrietta Mann (Cheyenne)
Professor Emeritus, MSU and UM, Special Assistant, Office of the President, MSU

Gifts in memory of Jim can be made to the James P. Welch, Jr. Scholarship Fund at The University of Montana Foundation, P.O. Box 7159, Missoula, MT 59807

Thanks to Dana Boussard, Tony Cesare, Barbara Therox, and many, many others
NATIONAL HERITAGE FELLOWSHIP

Flathead artist receives prestigious award

Agnes Oshanne Kennemile of Pablo was among 16 recipients of National Heritage Fellowships, the country's highest honor in the folk and traditional arts. The fellowships, which include a one-time cash award of $20,000 each, were announced in June by the National Endowment for the Arts. Recipients were chosen for their artistic excellence, authenticity, and contributions to their field.

"We are proud to honor these master artists whose compelling work demonstrates the extraordinary diversity and depth of our nation's cultural wealth," said Dana Gioia, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. "These talented individuals are not only renowned practitioners of their art forms but also teachers and preservers of artistic heritages, passing on their skills and passions to future generations.

National Heritage Fellowship recipients will be honored Sept. 17-19 in Washington, D.C., with an awards banquet on Wednesday at the Library of Congress, the fellowship presentations on Thursday at the House Cannon Building and a concert on Friday at Lisner Auditorium on the campus of George Washington University. Kennemile, who is the second Montanan to receive a National Heritage Fellowship and was honored in 2001 with a Governor's Award for the Arts, remembers doing her first beadwork 76 years ago when she was 11 years old. She beaded a four-leaf clover on a small piece that she intended to take to a Fourth of July celebration. Agnes's mother was so pleased with her daughter's work that she gave Agnes some extra beads to fill in the background, and that initiated her lifetime of artistic creative.

Although Kennemile has spent most of her life on the Flathead Reservation in northwestern Montana, she is now known worldwide for her skills in beadwork, hide tanning and leatherwork. Born to Salish parents, and married into Kootenai families, Kennemile speaks the three languages of the Flathead Reservation – Salish, Kootenai and English.

She has taught hide tanning and beadwork for more than a decade at Salish Kootenai College in Pablo, and she offers instruction in the Salish language at the tribal high school, Two Eagle River School. Today, Kennemile continues to attend powwows and ceremonial. She says she loves to see the dancers using her beaded moccasins, gloves, vests, breechclouts, and dresses. Oshanne sometimes takes a turn as the head woman dancer of the reservation but leaves the fancy dancing to the young people.

"When you are really into fancy dancing, you are out there and you really want to go to it," she says. "But when you are as old as I am, you can’t. I can’t jump high. The dancing really makes me feel like I can jump, but I can’t." Even so, her magnificent work is carried to new heights by those privileged to dance wearing her regalia.

In a letter of support for Kennemile's nomination, the Montana Arts Council's director of folk life, Alexandra Swaney, notes: "The quality of her beadwork is extraordinary; and she is known for several designs and styles that are her own. But she is as least as famous for her great hide-tanning skills, an

See "Agnes Kennemile" on page 9

The Art of Leadership

New statewide initiative to build leadership skills

The Art of Leadership is the focus of a new initiative presented by the Montana Arts Council. This initiative will provide practical tools that help leaders’ skills and abilities to develop and sustain the artistic, managerial and financial health and vitality of Montana’s tax-exempt arts organizations.

The statewide initiative is targeted toward teams of trustees and directors of nonprofit arts organizations who are interested in leadership, fundraising and business-skills development.

With financial support from the Wallace Foundation, MACA investing in this program not only to support the creative leaders in the state, but also to revitalize communities and strengthen the state's economy.

The Art of Leadership Initiative

The first year of the initiative will consist of three hands-on, practical workshops facing the challenges of community-based fundraising, board leadership and building cultural participation. These are the top priorities identified as urgent needs by Montana arts organizations involved in the planning process for the initiative.

The three workshops are slated for Feb 5-6, 2004, in Missoula, preceding the Montana Performing Arts Consortium meeting; Spring 2004 (date and location TBD), preceding the Montana Association of Symphony Orchestras meeting; and October 2004 at Chico Hot Springs, preceding the Montana Arts Gallery Directors Association meeting.

During the second year, a Leadership Institute will be convened. Applications will be solicited, and six to seven organizations will be selected to participate. The institute will be an intensive, year-long development program wherein five to six

See "Leadership" on page 2

James Welch: "A rightness and accuracy of the soul"

One of Montana's great writers, James Welch, died Aug. 4 of a heart attack at his home in Missoula. Welch, 62, had been battling lung cancer.

Ivan Doig, author of This House of Sky, described Welch as "quite brilliant" to a Missoulian reporter. "I believe he was unequalled among the bunch of us centered here in the West."

Doig said he still refers to Welch's first novel, Winter in the Blood, "almost anytime I talk about the craft of writing. There is such a rightness and accuracy of the soul that Jim brought out in his writing."

A student of poet Richard Hugo in the University of Montana's creative writing program, Welch began writing poems during the 1960s. In an introduction to a catalogue of Native American literature, he describes how Hugo helped him find his voice. "Up to then my poems were filled with majestic mountains and wheeling gulls ...

After observing that Welch didn't seem to know much about poems, Hugo asked where he had grown up. Welch replied that he was born on the Blackfeet Reservation, his father's country, and later lived on the Fort Belknap Reservation, his mother's home.

"Hugo, in his infinite wisdom and generosity, said, 'Go ahead, write about the reservation, the landscape, the people,' " Welch recalled. "... I began to write poems about the country and people I came from."

His mentor was enthusiastic. When Welch submitted two new poems, "Dick just loved them. He went around the hall reading them to his colleagues. In fact, he read them to my [future] wife Lois before we even knew each other. Then he said, 'I think we ought to get these published.'"

Welch's first book was a collection of poems, Reading the Earth Roy: 40. He remembered going over the transcript

See "James Welch" on page 9
Arts Aid: Atwood and Quizut make music for MAC

"And the beat goes on," says Gun Miller, organizer and champion of a series of "Arts Aid" concerts, aimed at raising funds for the Montana Arts Council.

The latest show, featuring the Eden Atwood Quintet and Rob Quist and Great Northern, is slated for 8 p.m. Oct 9 at the University of Great Falls Theatre. Atwood, Quist and also teamed up for the kickoff concert, June 19 at the Mother Lode Theatre in Butte, and again Aug. 17 for an outdoor show in Polson. The Buffet concert was praised by Jim Driscoll in The Montana Standard as "hot stuff, and historic too."

"At least as much as science, the arts are about enrichment of our lives, passing on good to future generations, and building on a respect for the past," he wrote. "What an object lesson this concert provided in all that."

Proceeds from the concerts — except for a small artistry stipend — go to the arts council, whose general fund budget was sliced by 20 percent, or $100,000, during the last few years of state and legislative cutbacks.

According to Miller, Atwood's mother and president of the Buffet Center for the Performing Arts, "The loss of funding for the arts council has the potential of seriously wounding some of Montana's cultural treasures, particularly in its small communities."

Leadership (from page 1)

members of each organization will be involved in the workshops, professional individualized coaching and consulting, and organizational analysis in an intensive organizational development program.

Ongoing support and communication for the initiative will include dissemination of nation-wide best practices studies and related information for all participating organizations. John Bardsness and Montana Arts are compiling this information.

There will also be a special MAC website section about Organizational Development and Leadership that will include:

- Information about the Arts of Leadership initiative, its offerings and how to participate;
- A link to useful web-based resources on organizational development; materials and handouts from the program workshops; and
- A newsletter-style communication among organizations that have participated in the program workshops where questions can be posed for discussion.

The Initiative Presenters

Jim Copenhaver will serve as lead consultant and presenter while Louise Stevens will also share her expertise as consultant and presenter.

Jim Copenhaver is the senior partner of the consulting firm of J C Enterprises-Focused Learning. The firm specializes in the areas of organizational development, governance models, self-directed teams, strategic business and marketing planning, and change management.

Copenhaver was also a featured consultant at the Montana Association of Symphony Orchestras' Leadership Conference two years ago and was very well received.

Copenhaver's experience with organizations in transition began with 31 years of key management positions with Honeywell, where he served as division controller, vice president of marketing and vice president of Data Storage Product Operations. With Honeywell, he was involved in major efforts to shift from traditional hierarchical structures to team-based and self-directed work teams.

Following his business career, he served as the first executive director for the Colorado Symphony, the nation's first orchestra to create a working partnership of musicians, trustees and the community. This new "partnership model" received national recognition as a viable alternative for nonprofit organizations facing financial and operational issues.

Copenhaver provides his business acumen, experience, consulting, writing and process-management tools to assist a wide range of nonprofits in the arts and social sector areas. In addition, he currently serves on the following boards of trustees: Foundation for the Denver Performing Arts Complex (Chair); Englewood (CO) Cultural Arts Center Association (Chair); Western States Art Federation (WESTAF); Phoenix Symphony Orchestra; Arizonans for Cultural Development; and Chlopike.

Louise Stevens, CEO of ArtsMarket Inc., brings to the project more than 25 years as a nationally known consultant, researcher, manager, author and speaker. Stevens has provided talent-oriented consulting and research to hundreds of organizations, corporations and agencies throughout the United States.

Under her skilled leadership, ArtsMarket has developed a national reputation for its work in strategic planning, research, cultural education and building audiences. Recent projects include the Oregon Plan for Cultural Development, the Indianapolis Cultural Tourism Development Plan, the San Diego Marketing Initiative and the Cincinnati Business Committee Cultural Economic Development Plan.

A widely published author and in-demand speaker, Stevens' consulting expertise encompasses audience/funder research design and target-market development, stabilization and cultural development planning, organizational planning and evaluation, and educational planning and evaluation.

Prior to founding ArtsMarket, she managed a variety of nonprofit cultural and university-affiliated organizations, taught at several universities and served as arts critic for major newspapers including The Chicago Daily News and the Milwaukee Journal.

Registration and program materials will be managed by ArtsMarket Inc., 1125 West Katy Boulevard, Suite 100, Bozeman, MT 59715; call 406-582-7466 or visit the website at www.artsmarket.com. Information is also available from the Montana Arts Council; call 406-444-6430.

She adds that the theatres and other venues hosting Arts Aid concerts are donating space and time to the project. "They, too, are dependent upon the support of the agency, but are in a position – this one time – to lend a hand to smaller communities which have no means of fundraising beyond their normal activities."

Jazz singer Atwood will be performing with a foursome of stellar Montana musicians: Jack Waller on drums, Rennan Rieke on bass, Chuck Florence on saxophone and clarinet and Bob Nell on keyboards. Her usual cohorts, The Last Best Band (with the exception of Nell), will be on tour in the Czech Republic during the show.

Atwood, the granddaughter of A.B. Guthrie, has performed internationally and American Music Hall in San Francisco, the Palomino in Los Angeles, and the Bitter End in New York City. The first inductee into the University of Montana School of Fine Arts Hall of Fame released his ninth CD this summer. Although Atwood and Quizut have known each other for years, the Arts Aid concerts mark the first time the musicians have shared a stage.

The Great Falls show is being organized by four of the community's most ardent arts supporters: Judy Eickhoff, Carolyn Valaich, Ann Cogswell and Audrey Olson. Cogswell was Atwood's first music teacher, says Miller, "and made her write lyrics." Tickets are $20; call the Great Falls Symphony at 453-4102 for details.

Ann's Addendum is on hiatus for the September/October issue of State of the Arts.

The Montana Arts Council is involved in the new economic development efforts underway in the state — look for a complete update in the next issue.

— Arlyn Fishbaugh
Executive Director

State of the Arts
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State of the Arts welcomes submissions of photographs and newsworthy information from individual artists and arts organizations. The deadline for submissions is Sept. 25, 2003, for the November/December 2003 issue. Send items to: Montana Arts Council, PO Box 202201, Helena, MT 59620-2201; 406-444-6430, fax 406-444-6548 or e-mail mac@state.mt.us.

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with his first editor, who asked, “Why are you so obsessed with bones and wind?”

“I realized that I was writing about a country I knew deep down, without thinking about making choices or selecting the right metaphor. I was writing about a world I was born into, a world full of bones and wind – the world of my ancestors. And thirty years later, in one way or another, I am still writing about that world.”

Four novels followed: Winter in the Blood, The Death of Jim Loney, Fools Crow and The Indian Lawyer. Fools Crow, the story of a young Blackfeet warrior whose culture is shifting around him, earned the Los Angeles Times Award for Fiction in 1986.

Michael Umphrey, a St. Ignatius poet and director of the Montana Heritage Project, wrote in a tribute to Welch that appeared in the Missoulian: “We have many books about the individual pursuit of success and significance. We have fewer that explore the spiritual and practical realities of belonging, of becoming members. And we have none better than Fools Crow.”

In his next book, Killing Custer, Welch reflects on the Battle of the Little Bighorn and the fate of Plains Indians without actually describing the battle. “It is wonderfully sly and subversive,” writer and UM professor emeritus Bill Bevis, an authority on western literature, told the Missoulian.

Welch’s final book, The Heartsong of Charging Elk, was published in 2001 and is set in France – a country that so appreciates the author that it awarded him a medal of the Chevalier de l’Ordre des Arts et des Lettres (the Knight of the Order of Arts and Letters) in 2000. Welch imagines the life of an Indian who was lost from Buffalo Bill’s European tour and remains in France, isolated by language and culture.

The writer was married to UM English professor Lois Welch. They lived in the Rattlesnake Valley with their golden retriever, Ned.

“Indian writers might come from different geographies, from different tribes, but we all have one thing in common,” he said. “We are storytellers from a long way back. And we will be heard for generations to come.”
trauma have a hard time focusing on school. Many lessons are not being taught in the home and teachers are picking up the slack while still trying to get through the curriculum. I admire the devotion of these professionals and their efforts to meet these many challenges day after day. My hat is off to them!

The Drama

The drama part of the curriculum involves body warm-up, theatre games and speech exercises to improve vocal strength and enunciation. Lazy speech is an epidemic among our youth. Waking up their speaking power gives them new confidence and a presence that can help them out in the world.

Three approaches seemed to work best. Sometimes throwing out the lesson plan and

ourselves and brought back the jewel ... Art heals.

By the end of my residency, as I drove the long road back to Virginia City, I found myself recalling my loved ones, some lost and gone. Stories from my own life flickered through my mind ... This journey brought home for me the power of teaching with the head and heart.

Allyson Adams has been working with young people for 20 years using the arts for education and personal growth. She is an accomplished actress, writer and award-winning director. Currently, Adams is completing a digital film about Jeannette Rankin titled “Peace Is a Woman's Job.” To contact her, call 406-843-5583.
Writer James Welch dies at 62

Author of "Fools Crow" battled lung cancer

By JUDY COHEN

The Missoulian

James Welch, pre-eminent Montana author of numerous internationally acclaimed novels, including "Fools Crow" and "The Indian Lawyer," died Monday April 18th of a battle with lung cancer. Welch was 62 years old and battling lung cancer for years. Welch was an author of many works, including "Fools Crow," which was made into a movie in 1997. Welch was also known for his poetry and essays.

Fires of 2003

Sun road reopens

Motorists were finally able to get above the previous Glacier National Park on Tuesday morning when the Going to the Sun Road opened for the first time since being closed by the Trapper Creek fires last July.

Motorsists find clear skies atop Glacier's Logan Pass

By MICHAEL JAMISON

The Missoulian

The Going-to-the-Sun Road, one of the most scenic drives in the United States, has been closed since last July due to fires. The road reopened after being cleared of debris and inspected.

Sun road reopenings

The going-to-the-sun road was closed due to the Trapper Creek fire last July. The road has been inspected and cleared of debris.

Popular treats cut from fair

Health Department cites concern for illness

Popular treats have been cut from the fair due to health concerns. The fair had to remove several popular treats from the midway due to health concerns.

Midway Dispatch

The Missoulian

In recent years, health officials have become increasingly worried about food-borne illnesses, particularly those that occur for days on countiresides and hands - even on money, says Doug Kallask, an environmental health specialist at Montana's Health Department. So, too, the department became increasingly interested in curbing establishments, the fair restaurants or food booths at the county fair.

Bears, Brats, Grill

Beer and bratwursts were a popular treat at the fair, and many booths sold them. The stands were located throughout the fairgrounds, and they were a popular destination for fair-goers.

Fires at Littleton Elementary

Fires at Littleton Elementary were reported yesterday morning. The school was closed for the day due to the fire.
Groups say roadless policy has conflict

By MATTHEW DAVIES

WASHINGTON—A federal judge ruled on Friday that the Bush Administration's plan to designate 58 million acres of federal land as "roadless," intended to prevent logging, grazing, mining and other developments, is illegal. The judge found that the government had failed to consult with the states and the public and that the plan did not comply with other federal laws.

The ruling was a major setback for the Bush Administration, which has been trying to implement the policy for months. The government had argued that the policy was necessary to protect the environment and that it was consistent with the law.

The judge's decision is likely to be appealed, and the case could go to the U.S. Supreme Court. The government has already appealed the decision to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, which has the power to review the judge's ruling.

The judge's decision came two days after the U.S. Forest Service announced that it would begin taking public comments on the policy. The agency has said it will consider the judge's ruling as it makes its final decision on the policy.

The judge's decision also raises questions about the legality of other federal policies, including those related to energy and the environment.

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West Nile kills first Coloradan

By STEVE GREENBERG

KEENEY, Colo. - The West Nile virus, which has reached epidemic proportions in the Pacific states, first appeared in the U.S. state of Colorado in 1999. The virus has now claimed its first life in Colorado, officials said Saturday.

The 72-year-old man, identified by health officials as a former resident of a nursing home, died Friday at a hospital in Denver.

The death is at least the sixth reported infection in the state this year, with two in Denver and one in Chaffee County, a popular tourist destination.

The virus, which is transmitted by mosquitoes, can cause fever, chills, nausea, vomiting and headache. It can also lead to serious complications, including brain damage.

Colorado health officials said they are still investigating the man's death and that further details would be released later.

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Going seedless

New watermelon, grape varieties crop up at supermarket

By KIM BAGA

FRESNO, Calif. - "Walks down the produce aisle in any grocery store and you'll see a vast selection of watermelons and grapes — black, green and red — all without seeds." Don't expect the same results from the latest variety of watermelons and grapes that hit the market:

The first seedless watermelons were available in supermarkets in late summer, and some reports placed the number at about 70,000 acres across the country. The new varieties are being marketed as "seedless" watermelons, with no seeds or stringy fibrous pulp left behind.

The new seeds are made up of a cross between a typical watermelon and a type of Asian watermelon known for its sweetness and small size. The resulting watermelons are smaller than the usual variety, about the size of a cantaloupe, but they contain no seeds or fibrous pulp.

The first seedless watermelons were grown in California and were a hit with shoppers. They were also a hit with growers, who said the new varieties were easier to harvest and transport than the traditional varieties.

The new grape varieties are being marketed as "seedless" grapes, with no seeds or stringy fibrous pulp left behind. The grapes are smaller than the usual variety, about the size of a cherry, but they contain no seeds or fibrous pulp.

The new grapes are being marketed as "seedless" grapes, with no seeds or stringy fibrous pulp left behind. They are also a hit with growers, who said the new varieties were easier to harvest and transport than the traditional varieties.
Iraqis increasingly view U.S. troops as occupiers

By DREW BROWN

BAGHDAD, Iraq—Nearly four months after the defeat of the last Iraqi army, in a battle that cost the lives of thousands of Iraqis and cost the United States billions of dollars, the insurgency has been defused, replaced by generalized violence and a political stalemate that is not likely to be resolved anytime soon.

The United States and its allies have long been concerned that the death of Iraqi security forces could lead to a civil war. The government has been plagued by corruption, patronage, and a lack of accountability, and its inability to provide basic services has fueled widespread disillusionment.

The government has been under pressure to take action, but it has been slow to act. The government has been criticized for its inability to provide basic services, including electricity, water, and education, and for its lack of a coherent strategy for dealing with the insurgency.

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Treats
Continued
And a lot of good food to sample, if you're hungry. Many farmers come specifically for the food.

The problem with the wild-game cook-off - mostly among the small number that the organizers at the Culinary Building - was the game not being cooked, said Todd, another of the Health Department's environmental health specialists.

"Wild game cannot be served to the public unless it has been raised and slaughtered under an USDA inspection process," she said. "Veterinarians have to inspect the game before and after it is slaughtered.

"The standards are so high when you're serving food to the public," Todd said. "It's just so important to ensure public safety."

Although disappointed about canceling the event, folks in the culinary building were left wanting.

Welch
Continued
different kind of books - and there was no telling what he was going to do next.

Born in Brownsville in 1940 and raised in an airy, sun-bathed cottage on the Fort Belknap Reservation, the son of a horse farmer and a Guatemalan mother, Welch always wanted to be a writer.

When the time came for college, Welch picked up the University of Montana to study creative writing under the poet Richard Hugo.

By his own admission, a Missoula reporter in 1990, he wrote badly of sweeping

mountains and wheeling eagles over an ocean it'd never seen.

A few weeks into the semester, Hugo pulled him aside for a little chat and challenged him to write a poem - with a question for which you don't know anything about anything.

"I put up a two-month attempt to fake a lifetime for my story, but nothing came to me, so I said, 'No, Welch,' Welch recalled at the time. "To my surprise, Hugo said, 'Thay's OK. What do you know about?'

When he couldn't answer, Hugo asked him about his hometown.

And when Hugo pointed out that Welch had never been to his hometown, he started to cry. He started to cry.

"He had learned to give the illusion of some kind of life to the point of meaning as soon as he had put a pen in his right hand," Hugo wrote.

And it was about the reservation, the landscape, the people.

And he did.

Welch wrote about what it meant to be an Indian in modern American society. He wrote about the people of the West without glorification, without cliches or heroes, clear from his environment, perspective.

He published his skill and refined his art into dozen showcases with literary merit.

He went on to write, "Killing Center," and all about the battle through the Italian invasion of the Battle of San Pietro in the early 1940s.

And with each book came a growing fan base as Welch continued to follow that talk speaking all over Europe.

In France, Welch's work was greeted with a "handsome smile," he said.

"I think the look in his eyes when he would say hello to you and welcome you into his house, and the very direct way he had when he asked a very important question," she said.

"His presence was always a lovely thing.

Richie's
Continued

A decorative cow lives in a pen in front of the Dairy Barn at the Western Montana Fair on Tuesday. Montana's health department, along concern of foodborne illnesses, is not allowing farmers to começar the cow in a ground beef cook-off at the fair.

The homemade ice cream once churned inside the Dairy Barn was canceled because of concerns about the area where the food was prepared, Kiikert said. Again, though, there was a happy ending. This year, farmers can purchase packaged ice cream sandwiches at the same spot.

So you will, the food and drink flow freely from the many tents that dot the fair as the fair-goers enjoy the day.

The potato soup is always a favorite at the fair, said Kiikert. The temperature controls take care of the soup.

Hand-washing will be important, Kiikert said, along with strict hand-washing of all employees.

"The temperature controls will work to protect the public, but the Health Department insists that all meat be cooked in.

"Ham, cooked or uncooked, that is cooked off the grill, is cooked, ready to eat."

No, on Kiikert's checklist is "the sanitation." Each food booth must sanitize its tables.

welch continued

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• NEW MagnaScopic Maximum Volume Mascara
• Idealist Skin Refinisher
• NEW DayWear Plus Broad Spectrum Anti-Oxidant Creme SPF 15
• Estee Lauder pleassure Eau de Parfum Spray
• Suntouched Cosmetic Bag

One gift per person, please, while supplies last. All cosmetic items are travel size unless otherwise indicated.
Demolition of Downtown Building Stalls

By Michael Slaggert

Plan to tear down the Deutsche Bank building in the heart of the World Trade Center site has been put on hold, as two insurance companies argue that the building poses a threat to the area. The companies threatened to throttle the demolition process unless the building was preserved.

Deutsche Bank, in a statement, said that the building was "an eyesore and a blight on the neighborhood." The company had been planning to tear it down as part of a larger redevelopment project.

The building was the site of a famous activist demonstration in 1999 when protesters occupied the building to protest against the bank's role in financing the war in Iraq. The protesters were later arrested and charged with vandalism.

The bank has been struggling to find a tenant for the building, which has been vacant for several years. The company has been negotiating with several potential tenants, including a law firm and a financial services company.

White House Influence Seen In E.P.A. Response To 9/11

By Jennifer L. Lee

The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has been accused of being influenced by the White House in its response to the 9/11 terrorist attacks.

In a letter to EPA Administrator Lisa Jackson, members of Congress called for an independent review of the agency's response to the attacks. The letter accused the agency of being "captive" to the White House and of being "influenced" by White House officials.

The EPA has been under pressure to respond to the attacks quickly and effectively. After the attacks, the agency was criticized for being slow to respond and for not having enough personnel on the ground.

The letter called for an independent review of the agency's response to the attacks, and for the agency to be held accountable for any failures.

Religious Journal

New Clerics Seek Ways To Reach Aging Flocks

By Mark Fisher

A young cleric, just out of seminary and loud from the pulpit, was struggling to recruit new members for his church. He was frustrated with the lack of interest from young adults and grandparents. The congregation was declining, and the number of visitors to the church was down by about half of the age group it had in its heyday.

"People are just too busy," the Rev. John Smith, who had been at the church for 10 years, told his congregation.

"They don't have time to come to church," he said. "We've got to do something to get them to come back."

"I know," said one of the congregation members, "but it's just hard to get them to come."

"Well," said Rev. Smith, "we've got to start somewhere."

He suggested setting up a coffee hour after church services to give people a chance to talk and socialize. The congregation agreed, and the coffee hour was a success.

"It was a great idea," said Rev. Smith. "It gave people a chance to meet and talk."
William Woolfolk, 86, Writer Behind Comic-Book Heroes

By ERIC P. NASH

William Woolfolk, a versatile, veteran writer and comic-book author who wrote stories for many popular publish- ers, including Captain Marvel and Blackhawk, died on March 10 in his home on Long Island, N.Y. He was 86.


Mr. Woolfolk was a fixture in the comic-book world for nearly 50 years, starting his career in the late 1930s as a writer for "The Spirit," a popular comic strip created by Jack Kamen. He later worked for "The Phantom," "The Green Hornet," and "Superman." He also wrote for "The Adventures of Captain Marvel," a character he created with writer/artist C.C. Beck.

Mr. Woolfolk was a prominent figure in the comic-book industry, and his work has been influential in the development of the medium.

His most well-known work was the comic book "The Adventures of Captain Marvel," which ran from 1941 to 1953. He also wrote for "The Phantom," "The Green Hornet," and "Superman." In addition to his work as a writer, Mr. Woolfolk was a talented artist, and his artwork has been featured in many comic books and magazines.

Mr. Woolfolk was a member of the National Cartoonists Society, and he received the Will Eisner Award in 1982 for his contributions to the comic-book industry.

The New York Times

James Welch, 62, an Indian Who Wrote About the Plains

By WOLFGANG SAXON

James Welch, a Great Plains post-war poet and novelist, died of a heart attack at his home in Minot, N.D., on March 11. He was 62.

Mr. Welch grew up on an Indian reservation in Montana and was known for his poetic talent and his ability to capture the harsh beauty of the Plains. He was a member of the Blackfeet tribe and was one of the first Native American poets to gain national recognition.

Mr. Welch was born in St. Cloud, Minn., in 1929. He graduated from the University of Minnesota, and later became the director of the English Department at the University of Minnesota. He was a member of the National Academy of Arts and Letters and was honored with a number of awards and prizes throughout his career.

His most famous work was the novel "The Indian Lover" (1966), which was a bestseller and received critical acclaim. He also published several collections of poetry, including "Blackfeet Feelings" (1970) and "The Horse Winter" (1973).

Mr. Welch was survived by his wife, Leslie, his daughter, Elizabeth, and his son, James, Jr.

Adm. Richard E. Bennis, a Hero of 9/11, Dies at 52

By WOLFGANG SAXON

Robert A. D. Ross, Adm. Richard E. Bennis, a Coast Guard commander who marine- rated a man overboard, saved a money cutter from entering the East River, and then died in a plane crash in 2006, was killed on Sept. 1, 2006, in his plane and died at the scene of the crash.

Adm. Bennis was the first admiral to die in a plane crash since World War II. He was 52.

Adm. Bennis was a native of New York City and was a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point. He had served in the Coast Guard for 26 years and had been a member of the West Point Class of 1975.

After the crash, the Coast Guard announced that Adm. Bennis had been killed in a plane crash in the East River, and that the plane had disappeared without a trace.

An investigation by the National Transportation Safety Board found that the plane had hit a building and that the pilot was killed in the crash.

Adm. Bennis was a noted aviator and had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his service in the Air Force.

The New York Times

Mickey McDermott, 74, Pitcher For the Red Sox and a Memorialist

SUSAN A. ADAMS

Mickey McDermott, who was known for his work in journalism and for his role in the 1960s civil rights movement, died on June 16, 2007, of a heart attack. He was 74.

Mr. McDermott died in 1967, when he was 29, and his death has been attributed to an occult bone failure and cancer caused by his diet. He was a member of the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y., and was inducted into the American Civil Rights Movement Hall of Fame in 2007.

Mr. McDermott was born in New Orleans, La., on March 16, 1933. He was the son of a civil rights leader and was known for his work as a reporter and as a civil rights leader.

Mr. McDermott was a member of the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y., and was inducted into the American Civil Rights Movement Hall of Fame in 2007.

In 1961, he was one of the first African American pitchers to play in the major leagues, and he was known for his work in the civil rights movement.

Mr. McDermott was a member of the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y., and was inducted into the American Civil Rights Movement Hall of Fame in 2007.

Charles F. Tolchin, 34, Author and Lecturer on Cystic Fibrosis

By WOLFGANG SAXON


Mr. Tolchin was born in New York City on Aug. 22, 1972. He was the son of a civil rights leader and was known for his work as a writer and as a civil rights leader.

Mr. Tolchin was a member of the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y., and was inducted into the American Civil Rights Movement Hall of Fame in 2007.

His father, Charles F. Tolchin, was a civil rights leader and a member of the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y., and was inducted into the American Civil Rights Movement Hall of Fame in 2007.

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Ivan,

Good morning from another day that will hit more than 92 in the shade. I've the fan on in my study and it's not even 10:00. Glorious summer!

Happy to read your remarks about Ripley's book, including--of course--the reminder that "Lois is always right" (footnoted to Bill Ransom's daughter at age 8, some years ago & much quoted, especially by me when apparent error raises its head.) Seriously, I'm glad you agree that you didn't think "Ripley was doing her damnest to come down on Mildred." I can attest to hours of conversation about how NOT to come down on Mildred. (Jim encouraged her to come down more, as I think he mentioned.) Juliette seemed to me to also be reading the booklooking for that subtext; it's a habit in that family to make sure they swim against whatever current they perceive, I guess.

And yes, it would have been really something to read about Ripley living with both Dick & Mildred. But since Mildred loathed Dick... "Why did she marry that fat man?" she asked Sharon Bryan at dinner in NH while Ripley was out of the room. Sharon, bless her heart, said "he was a friend of mine," and did not continue. Ripley could have written about living with writers, but it would have been most unparallel, I think, since Dick always talked about writing & Mildred never. And no, I don't think she will write a memoir about Dick; those last years were probably more difficult than we know, since --you remember-- she married a non-drinker. In fact, I've said I wished she would write one & she has evaded me each time.

I do agree also about her non-fiction passages. But no, I don't think she would have considered non-fiction. Remember the flack Mary Blew got as she studied fiction technique. It was, I believe, Leslie Fiedler who suggested she write for Ladies' Magazines. To write non-fiction if you weren't a famous person would be, I think, to fall into lady-genres that would have offended her. That's just an opinion, and of course Bevis would disagree with me, citing Jessica Winsome Waterford's letters to her cowboy lover, Bubba.

Further, I can't even imagine what it would have been like reading for the first time your own mom's books when you were in your thirties. Implausible to the point of histriony (Is this a word?) Curiously schizophrenic, at least. What surprises me is that Ripley seems to admire the books, despite the pain her mother cost her. Though it is most unprofessional of me, I find it exceedingly hard to enjoy a book by someone I dislike (e.g. Chris Offut).

Thanks for sharing the schmooze. I trust you're well & just a bit hot.

We're ok. Jim is on oxygen all the time now & taking fewer walks. But we plug along. Had 11 visitors last Friday, so you can't say we're lonely! (Jim's French editor & a friend, his California brother & family for a few hours, and Andrea Opitz, our German friend getting a PhD at UW.)
Hugs,
Lois

on 7/10/03 5:19 PM, Carol Dean at cddean@earthlink.net wrote:

> Hi, Lois--
> Wanted to shmooze ever so briefly about Ripley's book, which I read
> immediately after we got home from Montana. My conclusions, such as they
> are:
> --As usual, you're right and Bevis is full of it. Ripley did not seem to
> me to be doing her damnedest to come down on Mildred, and Bevis's notion of
> an automatically damning 'subtext' ain't there, so far as I can see. (Fact
> is, the only subtext I could see was that Ripley's quite careful and
> insightful go-throughs of the origins of Mildred's books, one by one, is
> exactly the kind of thing that it would have been nice to have from, say,
> the guy who taught Montana Lit for all those years.)
> --I had two Doigian what's-that-about reactions to what might be called
> commissions of omissions: wow, Ripley didn't read her mother's stuff until
> she was in her late 30's or early 40's (OK, OK, I know what that's about,
> but still wow); and Dick is barely in the book, which I found to be quite a
> lack because there's intrinsically interesting stuff about having two big
> writers in the same family, even (or maybe especially) if it's the in-law
> variety. Is there going to be a Ripley book about Dick, do you think?
> --I wonder if Mildred would have been a more natural memoirist or
> essayist than fiction writer; some of Ripley's quotes from letters or
> notebooks are terrifically written, more striking than her fiction passages.
> Well, more when we next see you. All affection from here to both of you.
>
> --Ivan

>
Dear Carol Dean,

I'm getting used to your secret name. Twice now I've expected a spam message offering blemish reduction or something. Before I remember that it's your maiden name/secret email name. I apologize for not answering yr emails not once but twice! Yes, they did arrive.

The Web is indeed mysterious. Still, almost no emails go awry. (My aunt used to put the accent on the first syllable of that: AWry.) But normally—forgive me if you know this already—if you screw up an email address (e.g., beverlyfy is no longer @ hotmail but has changed to earthlink, or Larry is no longer @ larry@man.com but has turned into @lmonk33 OR you type "selway" instead of "selway") you get a message back from Mail Delivery Subsystem saying that the message couldn't be delivered at such an address. Then you look and see your error & re-send.

At any rate, thank you for images of Ivan among the veggies & cruisships shrieking in the night. I'm not quite so wildly jealous this week. The weather perked up. Which means the sun came out. The lilacs are in fact fading. But not before I cut gigantic bouquets to perk up the house. And I've been out digging in the garden too. Bit at a time.

Jim has perked up too. (Omit the following if you're not into detail.) That erratic fever syndrome, first manifest in Seattle, is finally over—it appears. Last Thursday the doctor prescribed him some more Augmentin, the antibiotic he got when we first returned from Seattle. An interim antibiotic, though more expensive even than A, didn't work so well & he was running a fever every three days. The lung guy prescribed oxygen after a bronchoscopy, so a little lady from an oxygen company brought every imaginable device: a condensator downstairs, one up (each with 50 feet of tubing), a golf cart type tank & a back pack. It seemed excessive! On the other hand, it makes Jim feel remarkably better. Stronger. He doesn't HAVE to do it all the time. When he wears down a bit, he goes and "sucks oxygen" for a while. The condensator makes only as much noise as a fan might. Nice white noise. When we walk, he does the back pack. He sleeps with it. And sleeps better. He does not eat with it. So he has had a very good week. We are grateful.

We've even had people over! (This is a change!) Mary Blew was in town for a conference. Kittredge & Annick joined us for the first festivities at our patio table. Orton came for a few days. Even a small gathering the other night, culminating in stoking up the chiminea—one of those clay firepots you couldn't possibly use on yr wooden deck. I gather small sticks when we walk up the Rattlesnake; Ned carries them around, then we burn them. Very festive.

And we look forward to seeing you the 26th or 27th. I can't promise that Jim will be doing as well, but we are hoping so. And the Usual Suspects are being alerted.

Please forgive me for ignoring yr 2 emails! It was cloddish of me. I
don't think I realized what a new experience email is for you. Most days I check mine right off the bat, as the sun shines in my study window. Sometimes, if I'm expecting something, I'll check morn & evening. And I do know the anxiety produced when no reply appears. So I was just cloddish. Mea culpa. Do you play on the web at all? Like checking out <slate.com> for a lively summary-response to the world news? I do get caught up in the <nytimes.com> news each day, but you get the Real One. (Wasn't that something about their editors resigning!)

We both send our love, mine more cloddish than Jim's,
Lois

on 6/1/03 10:17 AM, Carol Dean at cddean@earthlink.net wrote:

> Dear Lois and Jim
>
> It's June 1 and at 8 a.m. Ivan is out among his veggies and I'm watching a work barge heading south, pushed by a black and white tug on its rear port side. Last evening, just before our artist friend Tony Angell and his wife Lee arrived, the Chief Seattle fireboat chugged to just north of our property -- off Richmond Beach park -- and by the time Tony and Lee got to our deck it was producing a show from its four cannons: great arcs of water. In the hour before that, three cruise ships had headed north, and this morning as I raised my sleepy eyes at 4:20, another was inbound.
>
> Copper River salmon season has arrived, too, and Ivan grilled us some sockeye last night, bless his heart. We even have a little left for big salads tonight, which is why he's out in the garden, harvesting.
>
> We know you can imagine these scenes and hope you'll vicariously enjoy them with us. That is, if you get this email. I find it mysterious. Did you get my reply to your message a few weeks back? I pushed "reply now" and off it went into space. Yike. Oh for the sound of a human voice. But I shall persevere.
>
> We hope things are going OK in Missoula.
>
> Love, Carol
Dear Doig Closet,

Thank you so much for sending Jim's jacket back. It was warm enough (before the hail storm) yesterday to need it. Spiffy package too.

To Carol:
The black button says "Poet" in chinese, in the old sense of "Maker" as in the Greek "Poesis" so it seemed suitable for "writer." On the other hand, you could probably say it meant almost anything, and only .0001% of the people you meet will know any different. "Gardener" "Democrat" "Bush-hater" "Shrub" or "To sit silent and look wise is not to be compared with drinking sake and making a riotous shouting"--a saying attributed to Otorno Notabito. The nice bookseller named Emily, I believe, at the lovely Edmonds bookstore gave it to us, after inquiring when Ivan was coming to read. Or did I tell you?

Jim is getting chemo today, having pretty well doused the flames and fevers of his pneumonitis. Long talk with doctor yesterday, after an ecocardiogram & bonescan & 69400 or so xrays of his left shoulder, who concluded that the chemo is having some effect on the tumor, and that the pneumonitis is merely a detour. Good news.

Time for me to get busy indoors and out. I suppose it's sort of a Seattle plan: dart outside and do some work before the next shower pelts down. Our grass is so long we're thinking of baling it for hay.

Hope you find this in the not too distant future. Thanks for divulging it. I won't sell you to the spammers.

Love,
Lois

I replied with our tentative sked for June 26-27 and said Marcella has offered us a room at Holiday Inn Express in case the Welch inn is full.
Oh, Ivan & Carol, Carol & Ivan

Thank you! We had a time so fine, so lovely there aren't words enough—even away writers.... Please accept this glowing heart as a token of our gratitude.

J & L
Kenojuak Ashevak

Like many Inuit artists, Kenojuak Ashevak has spent most of her life living on the land in a manner not unlike that of her ancestors. She was born at the south Baffin Island camp of Ikirisaq, and grew up travelling from camp to camp on south Baffin and in Canada’s Eastern Arctic.

Kenojuak first began experimenting with drawing and stone carving in the late 1950s. Her early work appeared in the Cape Dorset Annual Graphics Collections, launching a career that would include numerous national and international commissions, special projects and exhibitions. Her life and art have been the subject of film produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and a book entitled “Graphic Arts of the Inuit: Kenojuak,” published in 1981.

Kenojuak Ashevak has been accorded many honours for her achievements. She received the Order of Canada in 1967, and was subsequently elevated to Companion of the Order. In 1993, Kenojuak was awarded Honourary Degrees from both Queen’s University and the University of Toronto.

Comme bon nombre d’artistes inuits, Kenojuak Ashevak a passé une grande partie de sa vie en contact étroit avec la nature, comme l’ont fait avant elle ses ancêtres. Elle est née dans le camp d’Ikirisaq, au sud de l’Île de Baffin, et a grandi en se déplaçant d’un camp à l’autre dans le sud de l’Île de Baffin et dans l’est de l’Arctique canadien.


Dear Ivan & Carol,

We are reconciled, finally, again, to our mountain. Your visits changed our eyesight there for a time. We cannot thank you enough for entrusting us with your house for a beautiful week—so well jade thank you again & again, instead! Healthy, thank you, thank you, Thank you!

We hope we left it in a shape closely resembling that in which you left it. A bit less hiding, I think. And despite several fresh salads from your garden, the spinach was growing faster than I could pick. Fortunately, I washed sheets & towels together, leaving a few hidden hints. There were no crowds to shoot out of that tree: Jim sat by at the nearly all week.

At this very moment Jim is getting a cold. Yesterday we spent with the doctor who prescribed various things for Jim’s fever & cough. Jim ran a fever all week, so we didn’t manage as many expeditions as anticipated—nor even the Pike Place Market, as you can imagine. Twice, pale brought dinner — a nice alternative. We were glad he is felt good enough for our dinner at Providence before you left.

Yakima is not a tourist destination. Now we know why Carter left.

Thank you for a luminous week. See you in June.

Love,
Lois & Jim
17277 15th Avenue NW  
Seattle, WA 98177  
April 25, 2003

Dear Lois and Jim

Greetings from your home away from home. There actually is some blue sky, however briefly, over the Sound as I write this, and should the day proceed in this fashion, I’ll finally get to cut the grass. If not, I’ll soon have to employ a machete. And so I’m sitting here enjoying the view and waiting for the day to warm a bit.

I’ve already chauffeured Ivan to the airport at an immoderate hour: he’s on his way to Boulder for the second of the everybody-reads-House-of-Sky events, and I hope they treat him as well as Corvallis treated the two of us. They brought out crowds and then sent us home with a big basket of goodies, including an Oregon cook book and a bottle of Tyee pinot noir. All that and then our anniversary-by-the-sea in Cannon Beach, where 15 pelicans did a balletic performance among the breakers.

We think it’s a really good deal to have you mind our house, and we hope you’ll look for a window of opportunity to come again. We don’t need much advance notice; just consider this an open invitation, and give us a call.

The phone is the best way to reach us in timely fashion, as you know, but if you have a group email list of friends you keep in touch with, please add us, even though it may take time for us to retrieve messages. Part of this is because we don’t have a fancy fast line and so internet use is likely to disrupt Ivan’s business calls. And part is Earthlink, which periodically changes software requirements and throws me into total confusion.

We’ve camouflaged our email address under my mother’s maiden name, which is the same as my given middle name: dean. The full address:

cddean@earthlink.net

We’ve been thoroughly charmed with your notes and giftees. I’ve gone around the house chortling, and so far have found half a dozen Post-Its. “Good paper” indeed! The most mysterious item, however, is the black button with red Asian script of some kind: or is a rorschach? It was found lurking on the dining room table.

The sun’s out and it’s time for me to get busy out of doors. We hope the trip home went ok, and we await future bulletins.
Dear Lois and Jim—

Guess what. We came home and found somebody had filled our house with flowers. You rascals.

And the breadknife (I! colossal thanks for that!) and the heartstone, and who knows what else we'll keep discovering around here—you are without peer, nay, beyond compare, as house-sitters.

All I have to offer in return is the enclosed pair of articles about how to grow tomatoes as big as your E.T. I'm going to try most of the guy's "early start" ritual, though I think I draw the line at red plastic boots for the seedlings.

Our trip went exceptionally well. The mike system for my OSU speech was flawless—I could actually concentrate on my text, ever hear of such a tech miracle? And we had long exquisite hikes on virtually deserted beach at Nehalem, south of Cannon Beach. Our idea of a helluva good time.

Next, we'll be in touch, probably about the start of June, about calling at Chez Welch on our way home from Pine Butte and Alberta; looks like that would be in the vicinity of June 26-28, somewhere there, though I have to refine that portion of our trip yet. (Carol, needless to say, has her end of the trip totally marshalled.) We are really glad we got to see you out here, and that you could make use of the place.

affection beyond measure,

[Signature]
Dear Lois and Jim

Halloween, and I’ve just positioned a bowl of apples and walnuts near the front door, in case any little ghosts or goblins come by. There’s not much trick-or-treat traffic any more, with parents more likely to take their offspring to parties. I remember Halloween as a rare time when I could get out from under parental surveillance after dark; the party circuit marks a loss for the current generation, methinks.

I’m happy to be at the iMac this morning, since last night, with friends here to dinner, we suffered an all-too-local power outage: just 8 or 10 houses. We youhooed to Seattle City Light, never an enlightening experience, and had some real doubts as to whether they’d pay attention. Six hours later, our friends having departed (but the crockpot soup having provided a hot meal anyway), the lights came back on.

Fortunately, we’d just spent a fine day in the Skagit, getting reacquainted with the snow geese and buying cider and apples at a local orchard. And so, at sunset, we settled into a dimming living room with drinks, and enjoyed the view.

We hope that perhaps, at some point, if you’d enjoy a change of scenery, you’d come share Puget Sound and the Olympics with us. You’ve seen the layout of the house and know that you can have your own room and bath, and a key to the front door so that you could come and go as you please. Or, like Lang and Marianne, when we were away and they borrowed the place, maybe just sit and read and eyeball the scenery.

We’re on very flexible schedules now, since Ivan sent his latest manuscript off to New York a couple of weeks ago. His agent has read it, and he just got a faxed note from his editor (Nan Graham) this morning saying: Oops. Have been too busy. Will finish it over the weekend.

For the second time, Ivan has an editor -- and not the same one -- who’s also editing Hillary Clinton. Ivan rolls his eyes, knowing the futility of trying to compete with Hillary’s $9 million advance! Furthermore, although Ivan was two and a half months early in submitting the manuscript, Nan is talking about a pub date of Spring 2004 so that the book can be properly “positioned.”

Ivan has taken all this with considerable equanimity, and I am busy planning trips, the first of which is an Alaska Airlines package (air, car, hotel) to Tucson for a week, starting January 22. There’s another possibility for you: the house all to yourselves.
This is the long way around to say that we greatly appreciated your note, Lo. We agree absolutely that it's best to get news straight from our friends, rather than roundabout. It sounds as if you're under very competent care, Jim. Take care, and we look forward to seeing you when all the stars are in alignment.

Jim and Lo, excuse the tag-end mode here, but Carol has covered the heart of the territory: we're not in the league with France and Greece, but if any kind of a getaway is useful, this place is yours, with or without us. Now that we're apprised by Lois's report, we're pulling for you all the way on the St. Pat's stuff. The lungs are hell, both of my parents had their afflictions there, but in both cases the doctoring available now would have granted them many, many more years. So, we know Jim's regimen is beyond our imaginings, but not beyond our deepest hopes. Please be in touch any time we can add a morsel of distraction or presence.

Love from us both,
Mr. & Mrs. Ivan Doug
17277 15th Ave NW
Seattle, WA 98177
Dear Ivan & Carol -

Now that Jim has just undergone his second chemo therapy & is feeling quite good, we thought we'd better tell you rather than have the news come via rumor. At the end of August Jim was diagnosed with lung cancer, & our friend & doctor immediately set up a schedule of chemo & radiation to shrink & zap the tumor. As the doctor considers the results of these, further steps may be taken, including possible surgery.

We were, of course, shocked but it was something learned over a period of weeks & so the sheer shock one gives friends on a page like this. We trust Dr. Speer's, who has treated Hugo & Matt & many friends, & that helps morale. He is very factual & direct & so we are taking each step, each day at a time. We are guardedly optimistic & currently grateful for a month-long October of clear golden days.
It's a bummer to go to St. Pat's instead of the airport. We had to cancel the France & Greece trip, but if all goes well, we'll go next year instead.

While this throws everything into a new light (it stops conversation short until a transition can be found), we are living a pretty normal routine so far. Apart from resembling an egg with spectacles, Tim feels pretty good, & we enjoy the new deck & pergola & patio (of pavers) which took up most of the summer, starting the 27th day after you were here.

So how are you high on yr cliff?
The book, I trust, is all tucked up, Ivan. Any more fancy expeditions? (Why would one leave a view like that?) We trust you're both sound as bells, perky & content.

Sorry for the news. Keep us in yr thoughts.

Love, Lois
Dear Ivan & Carol -

Amazing year for you! Your Russia trip sounds like a trip to Russia itself! How exciting! You've decided to retire? How different your retirement age was from your teaching years.

Jim posing on tour for Heartsong of Charging Elk in Marseille (later in May).

Lois enjoying retirement after July 15.

Ned-the-dog taking advantage of her new leisure time.

Jim at work with his French publicist in Paris (late May).

Jim being honored by the Lower Elwa Klallum tribe in Washington (April).

The doctors Welch at Montana State in May: another honorary degree for Jim.

Happy Holidays!

Our 2001 Scrapbook

Jim & Lois
the headlines announcing Gary Powers had been shot down.
It was years before the full meaning of that morning in front of a
hurried newsstand was clear to me. The next was Cabbage Camp
ning (hot showers, at least). My closest brush with a palace was the
Hermitage. No James Watson or Robin Williams.
Your trip was obviously post- June & pre - Sept 11. How long were
you there? Did you take pictures? Wowie zowie!

What you see on the other side is about as amazing as our
dunes got. I'm partial to the Juniper pubescent lush. It makes our
hotel lobby look like Versailles. My retirement pose is
more realistic typical plausible. (Ah, sweet retirement! Too
bad you writers jiggles can't.)

Our only brush with fame came in mid-August when we were
invited to the Booksell's ranch outside Livingston to celebrate
their 35th anniversary. The Boulder river is a perfectly-named one,
but fishy. Chased their last buffalo & otherwise enjoyed a brief
Western moment. It seemed like quite another than the one
Tom announced a month later!

You're so right that Sept. 11 really did divide our year, our
lives— I still look at planes & think how they could fly straight
into a building if there were one right there. Luckily, the World
is not so tall. This did fly around on a paperback promo tour in
Nov. without much hassle. And the two of us flew back to
Cornell for a reading, & another at the NCTE Baltimore, then
touring in DC. We did contemplate what we'd feel if that 47th
plane had hit the Capitol Sept. 11, as they say was intended.

Way more to say on such things. But not here. You're no
email, so it can wait if June. Handsome Web Site, I'm still
Best Book about Montauk — get that on a T-shirt yet?

Celebrations w/The Usual Suspects tonight &
tomorrow. We hope you're as happy (since this will
arrive after) & that your new year is amazing-good.

xoxo
Jim & Juin

(1) Email pleased at yr nominations. (2)
We met Annie & Paulx at the Book Fest. Not what we'd imagined, but very nice, tho shy.
Missoula, Montana
MISSOULA, MONTANA, gracefully accepts a parting shot of summer sunshine which waited until dusk to peek under several layers of scattered clouds still lingering after delivering a day-long episode of intermittent showers. Viewed from the verdant hills to the north, the “Garden City” appears to be cradled comfortably between the Sapphire and Bitterroot Ranges.

Dear Ivan & Carol —

As you can see, a golden glow has descended on Missla. Patina caused by retirement. I just got a white chair on longue - pool or no, for mid-afternoon use when it's too hot to garden.

Thank you, thank you, for the delightful evening in your new home. My eyes are still full of your view. What a pleasure to eat from your garden! And thanks, now, Ivan, for the great catalog! 30575

Lois
Mr. & Mrs. Ivan Doug

17277 15th Ave. NW
Seattle, WA 98177
Dear Carol & Ivan —

You're on! We've reserved the Siena Suite for you on June 2, following a Usual Suspects Dinner. We do hope that it will have turned to Spring by then — but no matter, we will be happy to see you indoors or out.

Now, from another angle: what are you doing the evening of May 14? A friend, now at UW, gave me a ticket to the Yo-Yo Ma concert May 15, so I'm taking advantage of the event on both sides. She has class that Tuesday evening & I will have arrived from PT that afternoon. Hence there's a nice spot on my dance card for dinner. If you're free, we could meet somewhere — I won't have a rental car, but can use hers if I drop her off to class — & pick her up at 9:30. How's that sound?

We're sort of re-trying along to the lawn. A dull winter is very relaxing. We did so ri
March to discover the Grand Canyon —
& other red rock formations in the desert.
Needed that sun! The G.C. is unlike
mountains, which grow bigger as you
approach. It just waits, invisible. It
must have quite surprised those Spaniards
lopping across the desert when their horses suddenly
stopped, & voila! (There were no road signs then, I
understand.) It's too big to see, actually. We'd
never been. Have you?

Your Hob trip would have been the obvious
your desert trip.

Jim is still on the meditation side of the
Heartsong sequel. I'm still thinking about old files*

Let me know about the May 14 dinner.
(I'll leave here the 11th). It would be fun, but
it might be too complicated, since Andrea
lives on 54th & you live 10 miles away.

Love,
Lois

* & crawling about outside, trying to unwind weeds from raspberry.
Dear Ivan & Carol -

Where will you walk in town Monday? I always think of your & your lake-circling expeditions on Memorial Day. This old keel boat seemed to fit the same expeditionary vein. We’re taking a trip around the yard – digging, planting, moving. Jim’s off to the ABA BSA in Chicago briefly next week. Enjoy your view for me.

Love,

Lois & Sue

Keel Boats pierced navigable waters of the upper Missouri Basin for sixty years after Lewis and Clark brought one into Montana, until the gold rush brought the steamboat to Big Sky Country. 4” x 4” wooden keels protected their flat bottoms from stacks as those craft were poled, sailed, towed, portaged, ruddered and rowed, packing people and cargo in and out of the frontier.
4 April 2000

one-page FAX to Gerry Howard, Executive Editor, Doubleday

Dear Gerry--

Some words for that guy Welch:

"This history-shadowed story, which truly reads like a song from the divided heart of the Old World and the New, is a consummate leap of imagination by a sure-handed and wise writer. James Welch, who long has been one of our finest American voices, here reaches the goal of all great literature: to transform words into worlds."

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

Here's hoping. Hugs and tickles to Jim.

All best,

[Signature]
March 6, 2000

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Avenue, NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

I certainly don't need to win you over to the proposition that James Welch is a great and important American writer. However, in more than fifteen years of being Jim's editor I've often been puzzled by the lack of widespread knowledge of this fact, especially as one moves farther east. In August of this year we'll be publishing Jim's wonderful new novel, *The Heartsong Of Charging Elk*, and our intention is to change that situation. It is his best book since *Fools Crow* and shares many of the same qualities of that novel, which is really saying something. So I'm sending you this bound galley in the hope that you'll share my high opinion of it and might be moved to offer a prepublication quote. I'd really like the world to know, especially that part of it that sells books and reviews them, that Jim has achieved something special here.

Thanks for taking a look. My fax number is 212-782-9411 and my e-mail address is ghoward@randomhouse.com, should you find these more convenient ways of responding.

All best,

[Signature]

Gerald Howard
Christmas in Montana
Dear Dojuries —

I think of you this morning in your sea-side house. Coffee, no doubt, & fruit & left-over Christmas bread & panettone perhaps. We trust Santa was cheerfully beneficial to you. We feasted Bevisa with goose last night, & they feasted us & the entire Smith clan, MC & Tom (a stray remarkable geologist). With some relief, I’m not off to MLA or Ougadougou. Jim is in a heightened snug state, having sent off the final proofs of The Heart'song of Changing Elkh last week. Now he's turned loose to clean up his study. (This will have to wait.) Bill the dog survived heart surgery at Pulmonary—the Vet Hospital—and seems fine, though I had to make a red polka-dotted cast to protect his clear-cut side (where they shaved him).

Have you emailed anyone, Carol? Plans for Millennial Eve include anything memorable? Fireworks on the Sound? An excellent champagne perhaps & dancing on the bluff?

May Millennial Joy never about you with the eagles.

Lois & Jim

* spelling no longer guaranteed here either. Due to PSSS: post-season-spelling-syndrome
HAPPY NEW YEAR!
May your daffodils bloom soon!

Your Christmas cards so filled us with good spirits and the desire to see you that we 'd have assembled you all around the table for a fabulous Christmas goose dinner--if we could have enlisted Dickens’ Spirit of Christmas Present. We do wish you a very HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Christmas 1998: a 3% Christmas. Jim accepted an invitation to a conference in Milan in December. Lois grabbed her final papers and tagged along. A reading later in Rome required that they spend the days in between walking and walking through that gorgeous anthology of yellows which is Italy. Christmas trees gone on our return, we snuggled some presents around the poppetta and turned up the Christmas music. Then Lois disappeared to interview job applicants at the MLA conference in San Francisco. Now Lois keeps mumbling “Insalata di coniglio con truffati bianci, per favore,” as though it would make white truffles grow in Montana. Bill the Dog, at nine, refuses to learn truffle-hunting tricks.

Jim is nearing the end of the French Novel tentatively entitled “Marseille Grace.” Depending on the season, he’s distracted only by mowing, weeding, painting, trips to the hardware store, the occasional reading. Luckily, there’s not been much snow to shovel. He hopes to finish the book before crocuses come up.

Lois was elected English Department Chair this spring and now sends memos by email from her giant apricot-colored office. She’s too busy to comment on whether absolute power corrupts absolutely--what with meetings, hiring, student petitions, and perpetual budget crunch. She suspects her power may not be absolute. But the power of apricot walls is considerable.

We remember summer: a thirtieth wedding anniversary, a party inaugurating our new totem pole, rafting, a sunny workshop at Centrum (Port Townsend, WA), some arugula and raspberries, friends passing through, a huge family picnic. Bill the Dog remembers swimming a lot.

We are planning spring: forcing daffodils forces attention away from gray skies. Jim piles up pages; Lois fills files. We’re not stocking up for Y2K. We hope you aren’t either, that we don’t need to!

Hiya, Ivan & Carol—Oh you’re probably in Brisbane! Or how could you leave your fabulous new house? Do you just stare out at the Sound, watching the light change? As you can see, our December was supremely busy—Italy was fabulous. You should consider writing an Italian (Christened) book—our Italian hotel was $140 a night! Judith Freeman & Tony Hernandez are fellows here, got Jim the reading. We had a huge 16th C villa as guest house all to ourselves for 5 days. Back at the ranch, it’s less fabulous, but engaging. Bill & I & 4 colleagues interviewed 41 candidates at the MLA. Soon the campus visits.

Bill & Ann are in Argentina! Maybe one should learn to write about golf too! Oh...
Dec 17, 1998 - Rome

VINCENZO CAMPI
(Cremona 1536 - 1591)
La fruttivendola
The Fruit Seller
Milano, Pinacoteca di Brera

Merry Christmas
in your new house

Dear Ivan & Carol -

Evening bells chime from all the domes out our window in our 16th C Villa at the Accad. where Jim reads tonight. Judith Freeman wrangled it. Her photog. husband is a Fellow here. It's heavenly. Our eyes are greedy. Walked till we drop. They've no TV but the headlines are unbelievable. Merry Xmas any how!

Ivan & Carol Poig
17021 10th AV. NW
Seattle, WA 98177
USA

Please forward.

AIR MAIL
Roses are red. Violets are blue. We missed you at Christmas, but are thinking of you.

2/8/98

Dear Carol & Ivan — Just沉in' in retired glory among the camellias.

1997 wasn't all that exciting for us, but we missed sending you a Christmas card this year.
Believe me, they were right there on my desk—between the final exams and the India tickets.
When I read all your cards on my return home, I wanted to talk to each of you right then.

The biggest news of the year was undoubtedly Jim receiving an honorary doctorate from his alma mater, the University of Montana, in May. He was mighty pleased, though being asked to make the Commencement Address gave him pause.

Jim has given a few readings and lectures this year, but has concentrated on revising his historical novel. As many of you know already, it is about a Lakota man who went with the 1889 Buffalo Bill Wild West show to Europe and was left in Marseille, hospitalized with influenza, as the show moved on. His study currently resembles an archive of turn-of-the century Marseille—maps and pictures and books.

On the other hand, I ended the year on an exciting techno-note. I faxed Jim about 11 p.m. on New Year's Eve from a tiny phone & fax shop across from the hotel in Calcutta where Juliette Crump, a colleague in dance, and I had arrived to begin a month of dance research in NE India.
The fax part was simple. Crossing the little street was trickier—clogged as it was with taxis, scooters, rickshaws and revelers. Seconds later, as Jim was fixing lunch, he learned we'd arrived.

I've stopped dropping names like Gangtok and Bhubaneswar, for I'm back teaching, saying "Virginia Woolf" and "post-colonial" instead. Juliette and I are still sorting photos and videos of Orissa, Manipur, Assam & Sikkim (for the geographically challenged, the last 3 are up east of Bangladesh). All year we had been making contacts, but luckily found dance festivals and programs everywhere—like a rehearsal of a traditional Assamese dance by a group of women who were to be filmed the very next day for a documentary by the famous director Bhupen Hazarika. So he directed, they danced, Juliette asked questions & I videographed. Perfect luck.

Additionally, we went viewing one-horned rhinos on elephant-back in the Kaziranga National park (in the far NE), then off to Sikkim where the 28,200 ft. Mount Kachenjunga hid in clouds daily as we tried the view from one Buddhist temple after another.

A small world note: in one cramped photo studio (in Baripoda) where we were negotiating for a video of an Orissan tribal dance festival, we sat beside a wall covered with a poster of St. Mary's Lake in Glacier Park! Kolade rules (like Cocacola) the world. Free poster for the geographically challenged—which we all are. We are about color, not place.

It's been a great year, a quiet, pleasant, busy year—though we shoveled 124 inches of snow between Christmas and March. We enjoyed a Welch family reunion in July, did a bit of camping, welcomed friends coming through town & built a new dormer in the guest room.

Please accept our apologies for a form letter. May you be showered with love, chocolates & roses in compensation. Bill-the-dog sends his love too.

I bet we never thanked you for Linda Biesta's lovely book. What a fine, strong, touching collection! Didn't know she was Dept. Chair at UW until Charlie Johnson told us (she gave a talk last week)—is it like being the Asst. Director of Hell? I wonder? How can she write too?
Gerry Brenner
670 North Ave E
Missoula MT 59801-6002

Wren Building, College of William & Mary

Juan Orteg
17021 60th Ave NW
Seattle WA 98177
8 Oct

Dear Juan,

Thank you so much for your letter on Jim’s behalf. I share your high regard for his “towering” Foot in Crown, my favourite. I’ll keep you posted on the official outcome.

Best regards,

Gerry Brennan
Dear Ivan —

Forgive my sense of humor if you must, but I just felt compelled to send you this, nay, compelled even to take it! Perhaps you have seen this sign down north of Victor (or up, since the Bitterroot runs north). If the sign designated anything identifiable, I'd surely find it less hilarious. Big sky, vast field: it's all yours!

How was Jackson? It was great to see you & we send our love.

Lori
July 4, '99

Dear Carol & Ivan —

Attempting some palimpsesting here because we like these 2 painters so much. (A trifle dear, however, for the purser.) They'd be great in yr home!

Great to hear yr coming our way! Heard about Mountain Twins but seen nothing yet. We'll be around 16th or 19th Aug. Let us know & we'll summer suspects.


Sun out. Fun start. See you in Aug!

Love, Lois

***

P.S. A la Doig! we did not take a trip.
Talked about woodcut around something.

Larry Pirnie “Stealing a Kiss” acrylic
Thom Ross “Dawn at the Crow’s Nest: Varnum and Scouts” 24”x32” acrylic

Sutton WEST

GALLERY

121 West Broadway
Missoula, Montana
406.721.5460
Visit our web site
http://www.montana.com/suttonwest/
Merry Christmas, you clever folks! All read & bookish & heading toward Sun. Bill & Annick will too. Actually, so will we! Ten days in FLA with the Nature Writers extravaganza. All sounds tip top with you, so be Jolly!

Merry Christmas!

Love,
Lois & Jim
Dear Jim and Lo--

A little item, compact but mighty, that we picked up for you last night at Linda Biards' reading at Elliott Bay. She packed the place, and wowed 'em too. The New Yorker this week ran the "Three Trees" poem from this book, her 20th that they've printed. So Linda is thriving, and Sydney Kaplan is at work on her book on John Middleton Murry's (sp?) editorship of The Athenaeum (sp again? how come these damn modernists are such an orthographic challenge?)--it's fun to watch those two thrive away. Lois, from the women's humor, we thought you'd get a kick out of the poem titled "Lawrence and Edison in New Jersey: 1923"; Linda swears she doesn't make this stuff up, D.H. and deaf-as-a-post Tom once actually met!

All is well here. Carol is tippy-toe close to retirement; hallway party for her at the college on the 10th. We're scooting to Tucson for the week leading into Xmas. Hope you're both dandy; see you here or there in '98, we also hope.

best,

[Signature]
2321 Wylie  
Missoula, 59802  
May 20, 1996

Dear Carol & Ivan,

We blew it this time. Your timing through Missoula is just barely wrong for our traditional drinks & dinner chez Welch. We are cutting out of here on June 17 and will be gone until August 7. Annick and Bill will be back from their French trip (St Malo) June 2 or so, and will likely be summering quietly by the end of the month. As quiet as they get, since Bill tends to put on several thousand miles every week, it seems.

Anyway, we regret the timing of all this. I'm well-launched into Bucking in the Sun, hooked, though nervous at impending disaster. Do you call the book “Buck” for short? Good reviews? Long pub trip? (That's publicity, not drinking establishment.) We hope the reviews are swell, the trip long enough to feel famous, short enough to be fun.

Yes, this is a sabbatical year for me, and I've tried to make it as sabbatical as I can. Just got back from 2 weeks in Tokyo with Bevises. Far more entertaining than I'd even hoped. (That is, I have never felt really in tune with Japanese culture; I'm a bit large & bumbling for such finesse.) Beavers are, as you know, great hosts, and we kept busy with dance events & street festivals & as much sushi as one person can decently eat in any 12 days. Didn't exactly leave Tokyo--which isn't easy when 26 million people all are heading out for Golden Week holidays. Stop. This is no place for a travelogue. Then there's the sabbatical Histoire project and relaxed reading and other such projects.

All in the shade now with Jim's Italian translator coming today for a short visit. I do wish it would stop raining. Wish, wish. Not for forest fires, or heat waves, just 48 minutes of sun.

See you sooner or later. Later, I guess. Bon voyage, bon signings.

Love,

[Signature]

[Home exchange with French editor]
URGENT

Ivan & Carol Doig
Village Red Lim
Wed. Sept. 13 — afternoon
Dear Doigs

You are hereby invited cordially & in great anticipation to dine at The Welch's with the usual suspects at 6:30 Tonight Wed. Sept 13, 95

No RSVP necessary (No Regrets accepted, sorry)

No Black Tie
FRUIT AND FLOWERS (89" x 89", c. 1855) This masterpiece appliquéd and stuffwork quilt was made by Mary Carpenter Pickering Bell (1831-1900) in Ohio while waiting for her friend John Bruce Bell, who went to Oregon in 1850. He returned eight years later and they were married in 1861, eventually settling in Iowa. Collection of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

Dear Ivan & Carol, Carol & Ivan —

"Swanking" indeed. More swaddish than that. Excellent swigging in wide swaths. For all that, great fun indeed, France, May-June.

Glad to hear you’re routing our way. Guestroom’s ready & the usual suspects will be rounded up for supper & gab. Then you’ll be ready for Helena & points east. Eastern MT. is burning less than west.

Rafting yesterday with Bevies on the Blackfoot. There’s still water in it, but the fish were stupefied by the heat. One eagle, 2 owls. The bears are already poised, here, waiting up valley for the pears & plums.

Looking forward to Sept 6. Love, [Signature]

Rutledge Hill Press, Nashville, Tennessee

Ivan & Carol Doig
17021 16th Ave NW
Seattle WA 98177
IT'S CHRISTMAS!

Happy Holidays!

IT'S NEW YEARS!

La! La!

Deck the Halls

Cheer

Boynon
Truth is Tim mailed off the Acknowledgements yesterday & I turned in grades. Going to petition the Commissioner to switch Xmas to the Gregorian Calendar Jan 6. Tim has plans to burn books. I'm suggesting a quick trip to Chico Hot Springs.

There have been Don sightings by non-Seattle pals. Trust we'll have one before very long.

Happy New Year!

Love & Tim

BE MERRY!
All through 94

So it's Palm Springs for "most ya week." Is it? The truth is you can type on anything! Juliette's spreading rumors about a non-trip to Belize, but I bet that at this very instant she's pouring down a big sky mountain w/ Bill & MC & Tom & her bro Alex. Anick's Winter Do is this pm. 😄
Dear Ivan & Carol—

Hope Santa was good to you—no coal in the sex.

I just finished my 5 7/8 lbs of final papers in time for grades to be in the 23rd, culminating a fine 17.5 week semester. But no matter, the Provost gave me the very best present: a Sabbatical for next year! 😊

Jim got back into a festive mood after a quiet week setting in the fruit cellar, after the KC tour. His best center fan had written 200 Custer poems!

Glad to know some honest soul is using Newt’s noise to good advantage—as Ivan says Carol is.

Hope you had a swell 40s Christmas though maybe Ivan’s 30s variety could be fun for a day.

Hope to see you out our way.

Wishing you all the good will of the season

Love & Cheers,

Lois & Jim
Zlots! Ivan —

Just recovered your 1/19 pc from depths of the file folder. Too embarrassed to call & be quick.
Re: April 20-24: Do you really want to stay until Friday the 23rd? 2) Mid-day readings, I have been persuaded, will exclude many of your admirers. Ergo Reading Thursday at 8pm or Friday at 8pm. Probably, then, Thursday = best.
You are welcome to bunk here whenever the residential suite loses its appeal. (My unpreterith birthday will certainly be well-celebrated on a small scale!:) Jim will be off on his own hoor-ja east of the Mississippi for that period. Regards. This will not be as amusing, surely as

Australia.
Dear Lo--

Okay-doke, let's do:
--the reading/signing on Thurs. night, April 22.
--whatever birthday suppering on the town you'd like
(although we do draw the line at chartering the Concorde
and taking you to the Trans-Mississippi East to dine with
J. Welch), before the reading.
--bunking in yr gst qtrs that night, then the Doigs
will scoot for Helena in the morn.

Tut tut, worry not; Missoula will be at least as
entertaining as Oztrylia. New Zealand, now, that may be
another matter...

Mucho looking forward to seeing you; regret we're
going to miss your Significant Other, but love and kisses
to the J-man anyway.

19 Feb. '93
Dear Lois—

Just checking about the Doigs’ visit to UM and environs in April:

—I’m putting the arm on Richard Drake for a motel room the nights of April 20-21, to stay out of the Welchian hair a bit while I get the presidential-lecturing-or-whatever-this-is done. However:

—Could we bunk at Chez Welch, take you out to birthday dinner and otherwise generally whoop matters up, on the 22nd? I have to give the seminar—that-goes-with-the-lecture at 3 that day. Beyond that, I could (a) give the reading you mentioned and do the booksigning; (b) not give a reading this time, which would free us all up for your birthday evening; (c) do a reading/signing mid-day the next day, Friday, not that anybody is on campus that time on Friday; (d) none of the above but something better you’ll think of. Choose and let me know.  

Sincerely yours,
7/27/92

MAGIC MOMENT IN MONTANA: just for a few sweet seconds the prairie wind pauses, the wildflowers stop dancing, and the grasses quit whispering, as if in silent, united apprehension of the swirling twilight thunderstorm soon to burst from the heavens, race down Rocky Mountain canyons, and roll out across wide-open Big Sky Country.

Dear Carol & Ivan—Whoever said purple is “out” in the west? It’s not quite this lovely today, but just about. (No “united apprehension,” though.)

Jim was truly jealous of our fresh crab. Thank you so much for making my stopover so very pleasant. Good talk, good food & bed, & some jolly juice = perfect. I am also grateful for your taking the time—since divergent trips really are sacrificial—Carol.

I had such a good time. Summer has returned to Missoula, so the garden demands our love. Jim’s focussed on Mizpah, MT just now. Know where it is without looking?

Love & thanks, Love
Dear Friend Carol,

What a trip! Your Zealand, Australia - what is left?
It sounded like great fun.
Let's go on a trip of our own - along with Juliette - the African.
I can't wait until you are here. Perhaps we can get the next trip on your itinerary.
I have tried to forward some of the little things you can have by February.
I hope your health is going swimmingly, soon.
I must see you photographs, Carol.
Until then, Mary Christmas and Love,

Jim (and Lois)
Dear Carol,

Do you always have sabbaticals?

Dear Ivan & Carol—

You are inscribed on our calendar for June 21. We look forward to seeing you & LB & SST in the backyard, most likely, since the raindrops are gone.

We have tales of far places, too.

Love,

Lois
Dear Ivan & Carol —

Merry Xmas from 40,000 feet! Ms. Juellette Crump & I are on our way to Dakar, as I believe I told you we would be. Mr. Jim & Mr. Bill are looking forward to 1) uninterrupted writing & 2) uninterrupted winter sports, respectively. Ms. J. & I are not quite sure what to expect, now that we have our shots & our 100% cotton. Senegal is 91% muslim, so Xmas shopping would be all cheep-chep-chep.

April: Prof. Drake & I determined that an evening reading the 22nd would be more better than an agreed-upon afternoon! Ok, Ivan? More arm, after Africa. (AA)

Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year


Merry

Love,

Lois
What if...

FAUX/Art cards answer the question, what if? What if the artist had painted his masterpiece on a Christmas theme?

© NobleWorks
113 Clinton St.
Hoboken, NJ 07030

FX1006/175

Illustration by Steven Stines

Canada / 230 Distributed in Canada by Jannex, Ltd. Toronto. Litho in Canada
Beargrass and Mt. Gould, Glacier National Park, Montana
Dear Ivan & Carol —

I sit here in my soon-to-be-renwindowed study, thinking of your faithfully renwindowed house. What a centrally located haven! Thank you, thank you, thank you for letting me stay there. I hope I left it nearly as pristine as I found it; I tried.

Thanks especially for the map — it made the journey from the airport a perfect breeze, verifying with numbers my homing-pigeon reckonings. I zoomed downtown & back without a hitch.

Orton drove with me to PT where we planned an audience-development program to revitalize the reading of NW (& other) authors in an avant-garde manner to knock your sex quite off!

James is in Boston tonight. Tomorrow, the Fellows at WGBH look at Center-Center (my latest title for their documentary.) A Big Moment.

— CD
Then Jim is gallivanting for 6 weeks. Are you doing any expeditions this fall & winter? Or just hitting the keyboard? (Did you re-do the study windows? I couldn't tell; the bedroom & sitting-room ones were so spectacularly tight & bright. We finally decided to save on Caulke & replace the 3 big upstairs windows that gape.)

Bill & Annick have been racin' around the West these last beautiful days too. Haven't seen them this month.

Oh! I gobbled up your Sidney Janet Kaplan book on K. Mansfield. She fits usefully into my Welty project. What a bonus. Thanks again!

Love,

Lois

(Hope you liked the eggs & beans. Teeny totems.)
Dear Ivan & Carol—

Are you all signed out & graded out by now? We sure are! Missoula doesn’t quite look like this yet, but that’s the mood. Annick & Bill are flying high & further before they head to New Orleans for the winter filming of her project, poor bakes. M.C. Crump is back in town, looking lovely & much travelled. Renee will be home in Feb., she says. Jim got through his tours in one piece. The trick seems to be keeping the eye on the schedule at all times.

What plans? What projects?

Love &

[Signature]

P.S. Got your card — so it’s AZ. Take sun protector.

---

Drop Everything And Enjoy
The Pleasures Of The Season.

Merry Christmas

— Ivan & Lois