

3 April '87

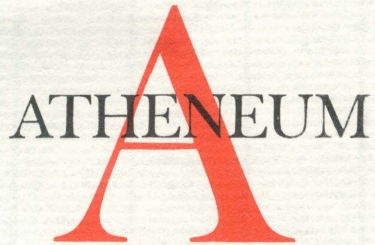
Dear Tom--

I've just had an offer of a speaking engagement in the Philadelphia area this fall--Beaver College, for reasons I'm not clear on except the guy in charge says he's a fan of my stuff. They'd pay my expenses plus \$, so I told him I'd mull it. But I'm not sure I want to do it unless we have Dancing in the streets, so to speak; it also occurs to me that I'd want to check with Susan Richman and see, if I presented myself there at Philadelphia, the virtual doorstep (doormat?) of the East, there could be a few other signings, interviewing or anything else useful to the book. I know a couple of guys on the Boston Globe, for instance, and a few at New Jersey newspapers where my wife worked. So: do you have a guesstimate yet as to a shipping date on Dancing? (The Beaver guy seems to want me as early as possible in the fall, though maybe that's a bit negotiable.) I think I told you my own hope that we can have a really early pub date this time--Labor Day would not be too soon for me. Indeed, if we could get books into the stores in early Sept., I could perform my famous sell-a-book-by-hand-to-every-Montanian tour ~~in June~~ while Carol and I are on an intended trip there, roughly the three weeks after Labor Day, and not have to double back later in the fall to make that Montana circuit of bookstores. In short, Montana and this Philly trip would both be much simplified by early publication, and from about mid-October on I'd be free to flog the bookstores here in the Northwest. What think? Any ouija intimations yet?

best



p.s. Speaking of all this, don't let them Macmillan types reminder English Creek until I get a chance to sell some along with Dancing this fall, okay?



ATHENEUM

PUBLISHERS

115 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY 10003

TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

April 2, 1987

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Ave., N.W.
Seattle WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

Here is the harvest to date. I'll send along the stragglers if they come this way.

Best regards,

Margaret Talcott
assistant to Tom Stewart

Ivan Doig's DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR--Booksellers'Quotations

"It's wonderdul. The look at Montana at the turn of the century, the great characters, the introspection...Rob, Angus, Lucas, all bring much truth and insight to life. I love it."

--Rhett Jackson
The Happy Bookseller
Columbia South Carolina

"Those of us lucky enough to discover Ivan Doig's This House of Sky when it was published in 1978 were rewarded every second year until 1984 with a new Doig wonder: Winter Brothers in 1980, The Sea Runners in 1982, English Creek in 1984. This time, for DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR, we've had to wait three years. It was worth the wait. In DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR, as in his earlier works, fiction and non-fiction alike, Ivan Doig creates a world that is a pure pleasure to visit. Doig's fictional Two Medicine country is a lovingly rendered landscape peopled by authentic characters, ruled by the implacable elements. The writing, as always, is idiosyncratic, original and unfailingly beautiful. If you've never read Ivan Doig before, I envy you the joy of discovery that awaits you here, for there is no one better writing today. "

--Henry Berliner
The Foundry Bookstore
New Haven, Connecticut

"I loved DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR. It has all the makings of great fiction. Doig's characters are thoroughly developed and reflect a sensitive understanding of human emotion, motivation and endeavor. His story is grand in scope and ennobling in spirit--the story of our heritage as seen through the eyes and heart of a truly memorable figure. Doig infuses his novel with a strong sense of irony and stark realism that engulfs the reader from beginning to end. In addition, he has a beautiful and poetic sense of language, , particularly the Scottish dialect that is an integral part of the telling. Doig's deep appreciation and love of nature and the great landscape that was the West at the turn of the century expresses itself throughout. In short, it is an engrossing story, beautifully told. I appreciate the opportunity to be introduced to this wonderful author. "

--Barbara Morrow
Northshire Bookstore
Manchester Center, Vermont

"I read DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR haunted by a sense of what we have lost. When I open Ivan Doig's books I find it once again."

--Michael Benidt, Regional Director
Waldenbooks
Littleton, Colorado

"The book that comes before English Creek--but sequence doesn't matter. Ivan's many admirers won't be disappointed in DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR. He just gets better and better. We are lucky booksellers to have a new book by Ivan Doig.

--Lee Soper
University Book Store
Seattle, Washington

"What a joy to read a book of this caliber. the only disappointing page of the book was the one which said the end ."

--Kim Browning
Dodds Book Shop
Long Beach, California

"I felt when I finished DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR just as I had when I first discovered Ivan Doig's This House of Sky: here is a writer of clarity and grace whose language breathes life into the raw, rugged West, and also evokes the beauty and serenity of the country. RASCAL chronicles the lives of the McCaskills and Barclays, and their neighbors, with empathy and gentle humor. I cared about what happened in this book!"

--Gail See
The Bookcase
Wayzata, Minnesota

Waldenbooks

Southglenn Mall
6911-211 South University Blvd.
Littleton, Colorado 80122

March 25, 1987

Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher
Atheneum Publishers
115 Fifth Avenue
New York City, New York 10003

Dear Mr. Stewart:

Thanks so much for letting me read the manuscript of Dancing at the Rascal Fair. I thoroughly enjoyed the book and was fascinated to be able to see the author and editor's comments and changes.

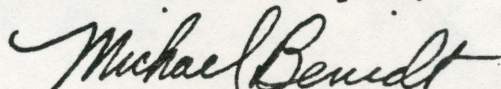
I hope to give you some words worth quoting for the reader's copies, but assure you it is not necessary. Since I've just learned that Waldenbooks won't be attending the ABA Convention this year, you may even want to leave my name off for "political" reasons.

I read Dancing at the Rascal Fair during the Iran-Contra crises, headlines of child abuse and all the horrors of the front pages. I kept thinking, were there as many evil men in Montana at the turn of the century? Bad men, yes -- but evil? I'm sure that part of what touched me so about this book is the overwhelming sense of loss -- not just for a way of life, but a way folks used to be. Ivan is a meticulous researcher and I suppose they really did say "Christ 'A Mercy!" Don't you kinda' wish we still did?

Mr. Stewart, Atheneum deserves honors, praise, riches and fame for publishing Ivan Doig's books. But please don't get your hopes up for a bestseller. Dancing at the Rascal Fair is going to seem about as peculiar in yuppie, upscale America as Angus himself would seem in Bloomingdales.

That is our loss.

Thanks so much again,



Michael Benidt
Regional Director

MB/st

7 April '87

Dear Michael--

I'm glad you got a kick out of seeing the "raw" manuscript of Dancing at the Rascal Fair, with the margin comments. I was hoping somebody would enjoy seeing editor and writer as they armwrestle!

And I appreciate not only your favorable comment on the book, but your heartfelt letter to Tom Stewart. I don't think I was consciously writing a comparison between Angus and Rob's time and our own, but if it's there... Also, no, neither Tom nor I are betting the farm on stupendous sales of this book, although of course we wouldn't turn down any of it if it happened. If we can do middling well, maybe add a few thousand sales to English Creek's total of 24,000, that's probably pretty good for a book of the sort I write. We'll see, we'll see.

I do regret we're not going to cross paths at the ABA, but maybe it'll happen somewhere else. Again, thanks for taking the time to go through that not inconsiderable pile of manuscript; I'll try see to it that you get a signed copy of the ABA paperback version.

all best

7 April '87

Dear Gail See--

Tom Stewart at Albion sent me your comment on my novel Dancing at the Rascal Fair, and I'm ecstatic with it. I equally appreciate that you took the time to read that sizable manuscript--not an easy chore in a bookseller's life, I'll bet. Now I hope we'll cross paths at the ABA, so I can sign up a pre-pub paperback of Dancing to you.

best wishes

7 April '87

Dear Kim Browning--

Tom Stewart at Athenaeum passed along to me your comment on my novel Dancing at the Rascal Fair, and I'm of course ecstatic with it. I appreciate too that you took the time to read that sizable manuscript--not any easy chore in a bookseller's life, I know. I hope now we'll cross paths at the ABA, so I can sign up a pre-pub paperback of Dancing to you.

best wishes

7 April '87

Dear Rhett Jackson--

Tom Stewart at Atheneum has passed along to me your comment on my novel Dancing at the Rascal Fair, and I'm hugely gratified. Not the least of my appreciation is that you took the time to read a manuscript of that size; truly beyond the call of duty. I hope we'll cross paths at the ABA, so I can sign a pre-publication copy of Dancing to you.

best wishes

1 April '87

Dear Paul--

A writer should never be caught admitting this, but I hardly know what to say. Your cover for Dancing at the Rascal Fair is a splendid piece of work. I think I've maybe told you that I always wait eagerly to see your cover, so that I can find out what the book is really about. Your scene of Angus and Rob on horseback, in that big country, of course catches what I'd hoped to convey. As for the lettering of the title, it's equally inspired, in the play and grace you've given it. As Tom Stewart burst out when I mentioned to him the dancelike lettering, "Isn't that MARVELOUS?" It is.

Needless to say, I hereby lodge my order to buy the original cover art from you. I also need to report that, for reasons complicated and probably extraneous, Carol and I will be hitting Montana in September, instead of earlier summer, this year and maybe the next couple. I suppose that doesn't help at all in coinciding with you there sometime? On the other hand, there's a glimmer of a chance I may make it to the East Coast this fall, and if that includes New York, maybe I'll get to buy you a lunch.

Again--my God, do you realize this is the fifth time?--- thanks for a great cover.

DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR

A NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF *This House of Sky*

Ivan Doig





**NORTHSHIRE
BOOKSTORE**

P.O. Box 1163
Manchester Center
Vermont
05255
802-362-2200

Barbara Morrow

March 19, 1987

Mr. Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher
Atheneum Publishers
115 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10003

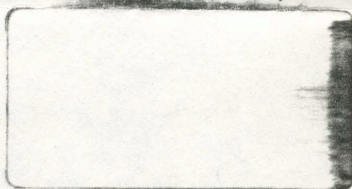
Dear Mr. Stewart:

I loved Dancing at the Rascal Fair. It has all the makings of great fiction. Doig's characters are thoroughly developed and reflect a sensitive understanding of human emotion, motivation and endeavor. His story is grand in scope and ennobling in spirit - ~~the~~ story of our heritage as seen through the eyes and heart of a truly memorable figure. Doig infuses his novel with a strong sense of irony and stark realism that engulfs the reader from beginning to end. In addition, he has a beautiful and poetic sense of language, particularly the Scottish dialect that is an integral part of the telling. Doig's deep appreciation and love of nature and the great landscape that was the West at the turn of the century expresses itself throughout. In short, it is an engrossing story, beautifully told.

I appreciate the opportunity to be introduced to this wonderful author.

Sincerely,

Barbara Morrow



2 cover
sketches

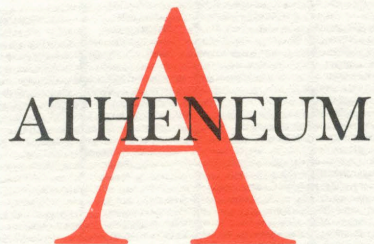


DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR

A NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF *This House of Sky*

Ivan Doig





ATHENEUM

PUBLISHERS

115 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY 10003

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TELEX: 239532

CABLES: SCRIB UR

March 26, 1987

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

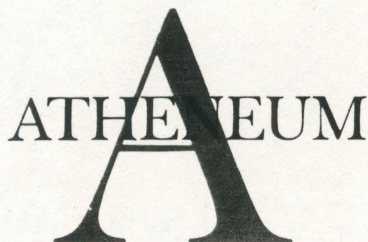
Dear Ivan:

Here are, first, an encomium from Brabara Morrow at the Northshore Bookstore in Manchester Ctr, VT, which is, from what I hear, one of the great stores in the world, and also xeroxes of the jacket sketch. The art on the jacket sketch wraps around to the back, somewhat after the fashion of the design for THE SEA RUNNERS.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

TAS:mt



PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

March 27, 1987

Ms. Barbara Morrow
NORTHSHORE BOOKSTORE
P.O. box 1163
Manchester Ctr. VT 05255

Dear Ms. Morrow:

Thank you very much for your splendid comment about DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR. Knowing what I do of your store, your praise is particularly welcome to me; and I hope that your comment, plus the things that we will be able to do for the book, will help us bring to Ivan's writing the audience it deserves.

Yours sincerely,

Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

cc: Ivan Doig
TAS:mt

March 26 '87
letter

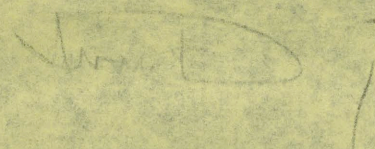
31 March '87

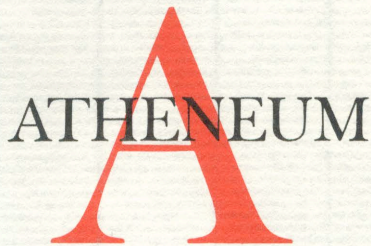
Dear Barbara Morrow--

Tom Stewart at Atheneum passed along your Comment about DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR, and while it's superfluous to say I'm thrilled with it, I'll say it anyway. I know it asks a lot of a bookseller to find the time to read a manuscript of that size.

Small recompense is on its way. I'm going to try to see to it that you and any other booksellers Tom has involved in this, will at least get a signed copy of the ABA pre-pub paperback. (Indeed, if I can muscle him into bringing me to the ABA, I'd hope I could sign one for you in person.) In the meantime, a bit of a reward of my own. Under separate cover I'm sending you a signed copy (sorry I'm down to paperbacks) of my first book, THIS HOUSE OF SKY. Not that you probably need to read anything more about Montana at this point, but...

Truly, my thanks & best wishes.





ATHENEUM

PUBLISHERS

115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003

TEL: (212) 614-1300

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March 18, 1987

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

Dear Ivan:

The first bread cast upon the waters comes back cinnamon toast.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

TAS:mt



ATHE NEUM

PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

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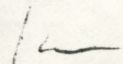
March 18, 1987

Mr. Henry Berliner
TEH FOUNDRY BOOKSTORE
33 Whitney Ave.
New Haven, CT 06510

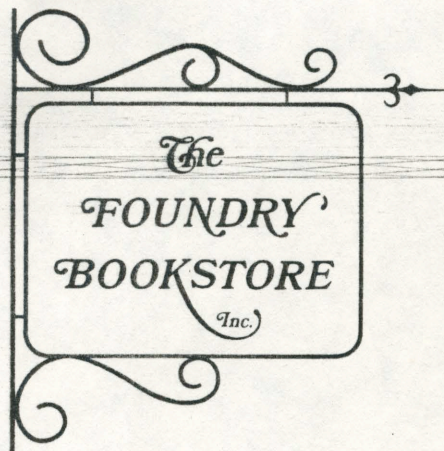
Dear Henry (if I may),

Thank you enormously for your splendid words about DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR. I don't think that you have indulged in hyperbole, and if you are gratifying your ego, it is wonderful to see someone who gets his kicks from saying nice things about other people. I know Ivan will be delighted when he sees your comment, as I am and my colleagues are. Thank you.

Best wishes,


Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

cc: Ivan Doig
TAS:mt



33 WHITNEY AVENUE, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT 06510

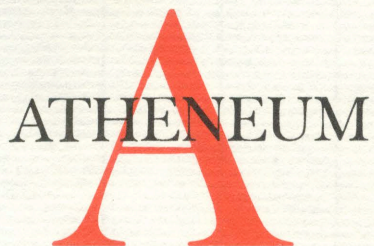
TEL. 203-624-8282

Mary Reigeluth

Henry Berliner, *Manager*

Those of us lucky enough to discover Ivan Doig's "This House of Sky" when it was published in 1978 were rewarded every second year until 1984 with a new Doig wonder: "Winter Brothers" in 1980, "The Sea Runners" in 1982, "English Creek" in 1984. This time, for "Dancing At The Rascal Fair," we've had to wait three years. It was worth the wait. In DATRF, as in his earlier works, fiction and non-fiction alike, Ivan Doig creates a world that is pure pleasure to visit. Doig's fictional Two Medicine country is a lovingly rendered landscape peopled by authentic characters, ruled by the implacable elements. The writing, as always, is idiosyncratic, original and unfailingly beautiful. If you've never read Ivan Doig before, I envy you the joy of discovery that awaits you here, for there is no one better writing today.

Henry Berliner



ATHENEUM

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3/12/84

Ivan -

Go to it.

Tom

18 March '87

Dear Tom---

I'm slamming this into the mail as fast as I can this morning, so I'll just say that my work on the ms is in plain pencil, there was nothing major needed, and full speed ahead.

best



(Queenstown)

Come to Cobh. The tiny seaport that proves there is no such thing as typically Irish.

To all who thought Ireland was a land of quaint churches and dimly lighted pubs, we present the tiny seaport, Cobh (pronounced "Cove"), with its sidewalk cafes and grand cathedral. This unexpected continental charm is a most welcome part of any visit to the Emerald Isle. And it's particularly striking in Cobh, where you can sit and enjoy Ireland's famous hospitality in the spectacular shadow of St. Colman's Cathedral.

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P.O. Box 7728, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
Or call: 1-800-228-5000

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VIA SATELLITE

THE NATION'S NEWS

**SPORTS
FINAL**

**NFL'S CHILLY
PLAYOFFS** 1C
AFC STATS 6-7C



By H. Darr Beiser, USA TODAY
REGGIE JACKSON: 1-
year contract likely

**ALL-USA H.S.
FOOTBALL TEAM**
4C; OTHER WINNERS, 5C

**REGGIE BACK
TO OAKLAND**
STARTED WITH S, 1C

**USA
TODAY**

NO. 1 IN THE USA . . . 4,792,000

WED./THURS.

NEWSLIP

QUICK READ ON THE NEWS

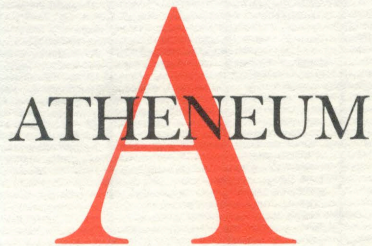
WEATHER: Morning fog, clouds
clearing in Southern Plains
and Midwest

The se of

by Jonathan Saltzman
USA TODAY

Jeana Yeager didn't
much to say after the V
ended Tuesday — but
hearing plenty from
adver

ager
s Tue
e first
work



ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

February 6, 1987

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

In case you want them for posterity's sake, here are copies of the pages that I substituted your revisions for. You might want to use them as place mats.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

TAS:bk

Enc.

STRAITMORE WRITING
15/20, NEW YORK, USA

lead

The star-jagged circle of broken ice. Brown roily water.

Scorpion's head and neck and side, ~~was~~ crazily ^{tilted} ~~tilted~~ as if he was trying to roll in a meadow and dark water had opened under him instead.

I swallowed as much fear as I could and made myself start the wade into the reservoir. ⁴ The embankment was ungodly steep: my first step and a half, I abruptly was in the cold filthy water up to my waist. Eight feet out from me, no, ten, the splashing fight raged on, Scorpion for all his effort unable to right himself with Rob's weight slung all on one side of him, Rob not able to pull free from the thrashing bulk of the horse angled above him.

^{to}
"Rob! Try pull him this way! I can't reach--"

I was in the shocking cold of the water to my breastbone now.

Down in the hole in the water. Chips of ice big as platters bumped my shoulders. The horse and man still six feet away from me. If

I could manage another step toward the struggle, If Rob ^{would} let go his

death grip around Scorpion's neck and reach ~~me~~ toward me--"Rob! This

way! Reach toward--"

disagree -
he wouldn't
tend to
prepositional
nicety at
such a
time.

More sudden than it can be said, they went over, Scorpion atop Rob.

The water-darkened brown of the horse's hip as it vanished.
The ~~mo~~ brand glistening wet there.

Now only the agitated water, the splintered ice.

The reservoir's surface burst again, Scorpion's head emerging, eyes white and wild, nostrils streaming muddy water, ears laid back. I could not see Rob, the horse was between us, I was reaching as far as I could but the water was at my collarbone. Scorpion's splashes filled my eyes and mouth. I managed to splutter, "Reach around him to me, Rob, you've got to." Scorpion still could not find footing, could not get upright to swim, could not--abruptly the horse went under again.

The hammering in my chest filled me as I waited desperately for Scorpion to come up again.

The water was not so agitated now. The ice shards bobbed gently now.

For as long as I could I refused the realization that Scorpion

was not coming up. ^{Then} I made myself suck in breath, thrust my head under the water.

Murk. Nothing but murk, the mud and roil of the struggle between trapped Rob and ^{burdened} ~~trapped~~ Scorpion.

My head broke the surface of the reservoir again and I spewed the awful water. Adair's voice from the embankment was there in the air: "Angus! You can't! They're gone, you can't--"

I lurched myself backward toward the sound of her, fighting the clawing panic of the water pulling down on me, the skid of my footing on the slant of the reservoir bottom.


Then somehow I was on my side, mud of the reservoir bank under me, the water only at my knees. Adair was holding me with her body, clutching me there to the safety of the embankment. Gasping, I still stared out at the broken place in the ice, the silent pool it made. I was shuddering with cold. Knowing ^{that} the hole in the water had Rob and the horse of us both.

#

Seven days now, since Rob's drowning.

More thaw has come. I saw in my ride up to Breed Butte yesterday to check on the sheep that the reservoir ~~is~~^{is} has only a pale edge of ice here and there. Today will ~~shrink~~^{shrink} those, too. From here in the kitchen I have been watching the first of morning arrive to the white-patterned mountains, young sunlight of spring that will be honestly warm by noon. After so much winter, the constant evidence of spring is a surprise. Grass creeps its green into the slopes and valley bottom of Scotch Heaven noticeably more each day. The North Fork's lid of ice has fallen through in sufficient places to let the sound of the creek out into the air. And the first lambs were born the night before last. The sheep we have left I can handle by myself this lambing time, with a bit of help now and then from Varick. Judith made her decision while still in widow black there at Rob's funeral, asking me to run the sheep until they have lambed and then sell them all for whatever we can get. It was there at the graveside, too, that Judith asked me to write the Gleaner remembrance about Rob.

So, here at dawn, the shining mountains up there are the high windows

of memory. My night thoughts were a stopless procession, thirty years returning across their bridge of time, to here and now. I have thought through the past and so words ought to come now, oughtn't they. But which ones. The word is never quite the deed./How can I write what you can read? Whatever words will make all the truth, of course. But there is so much of that, starting so far back. The dock at Greenock, where one far figure turns to another with the words Are we both for it? and that other makes himself say, Both. What began there has not ended yet. This autumn, luck willing, there will be Varick  and Beth's child. Luck willing, maybe other McCaskills in other autumns. And there will be Adair and me, here where we are. This morning as I began to get up in the dim start of dawn, she reached across the bed and stopped me. I had not been the only one with night thoughts processioning through. Adair's grief for Rob was deep but quick; after all, she is a Barclay and life hasn't yet found how to make them buckle. Now she has put this winter away. As Adair held me she told me she will stay in Scotch Heaven as long as I do--which I suppose is the same as saying as long as I have breath in me. It makes everything ahead less hard,

hearing that decision from her. How long before the sheep business and the Two Medicine country and for that matter Montana recuperate drought and from the winter of 1919, there is just no telling what is certain is that I will be buying another band of the woollies at the earliest chance. And the teaching job at the South Fork school this autumn is mine for the asking, Fritz Hahn of the school board has informed me; I will ask. It seems that the McCaskills will get by. We start at the next of life in another minute: Adair will come right out and cook you her famous sidepork for breakfast, old Angus McCaskill, she has just advised me from the bedroom. I am glad she will find this crystal day, the mountains now glistening and near, when she comes.

Lad, at least Montana is the prettiest place in the world to work yourself to death, ay? You were right more often than not, Lucas, handless Lucas who touched my life time upon time.

Angus, you are one who wants to see how many ways life can rhyme.
Anna. The divide between our lives, twenty years of divide. It is permanent at last, our being apart, but you were the rhythm in my

life I could do nothing about. You still are.

See now, McAngus, it's time you had a talking to. Rob. My friend who was my enemy. Equally ardent at both, weren't you, bless you, damn you. You I knew longest of any, Rob, and I barely fathomed you at all, did I.

Hard ever to know, whether time is ^{truly} letting us see from the pattern of ourselves into those next to us. Rob's is my remembrance that will appear in the clear ink of the Gleaner ^{this coming} ~~next~~ week. But where are the boundaries, the exact threadlines in the weave, between his life and ours? Tell me, tell me that, whoever can.

##

dear

We had hay now, but we still had the winter too.

Each day was one more link in the chain of cold. For the first week after our Valier journey, Rob and I were men with smoke for breath as we fed the sheep in the frozen blue-and-white weather.

I would like to say that the Dakota hay and our survival of the blizzard made a poultice for the tension between Rob and me. That we put aside the winterlong wrangling--the yearslong enmity--and simply shouldered together toward spring. I would like to say that, but it would be farthest from the truth.

Maybe Rob would have been able to hold himself in if sheep had not continued to die. We found a few every day, in stiffened collapse; weak from the long winter and the short ration of hay, they no longer could withstand the cold and simply laid down into it and died. You could look on the hay journey as having saved the great majority of the sheep, as I did. Or you could look on the fact that in spite of that journey and its expensive hay some of the sheep still insisted on dying, as Rob did.

It was about the third time he muttered something about "this Dakota hay of yours" that I rapped back, "What, you think we ought

den

to have let the whole damn band just starve to death?"

"God damn it, you didn't hear me say that."

"If it wasn't that, it was the next thing to it."

why don't

"Up a rope, ~~will~~ you," he snapped back. It occurred to me we

really ought not be arguing while we had pitchforks in our hands.

Wordlessly we shoveled the rest of the day's hay, and wordlessly I headed home to Adair and he to Breed Butte. The feedground wasn't far behind me when I heard the KAPOW of Rob's rifle when he blazed away, as he lately had begun doing, at some coyote attempting to dine on one of our dead sheep. The Winchester thunder rolled and rolled through the cold air, echoing around in the white day that had no horizon between earth and sky for it to escape through. Myself, I was not giving the coyotes any aggravation this winter. As long as they were eating the dead ones maybe they weren't eating the live ones, was my wishful theory. But apparently Rob had to take his frustration out on something, and as a second KAPOW billowed through the winter air, the coyotes were the ones getting it at the moment.

dead

Varick and I set out, the snow to our knees in a fresh drift. A drift atop a drift, this latest dune of snow would be. And other layers beneath that as we slogged. October snow. November on top of that. And December atop that, and January, and February.... How many tiers of this winter could there be. This wasn't a winter, it was geologic ages of snow. It was a storm planet building itself layer by layer. It was--

Abruptly I stopped, and reaching a hand ahead to Varick's shoulder brought him to a ^{halt} ~~stop~~ too. When he turned, the apprehension in my manner made words unnecessary.

We looked back. Nothingness. The white void of snow, the blizzard erasing all difference between earth and sky. No glimpse of Rob. No sound in the air but the wind.

We stood like listening statues, our tracks already gone into the ~~whirling~~ ^{swirling} snow we had come out of. Again, yet, ~~nothing~~ no voice from the safety of there.

The bastard.

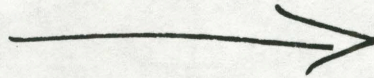
The utter betraying triple-slippery unforgiving bastard Rob had let us come too far. He was letting the blizzard eat us. Letting us

vanish like two sparks into the whirl of this snow. Letting us--

Then a sound that was not quite the wind's.

...arrrr...

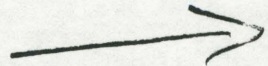
...ough...



dead

three of us was morally certain we had come the right way after veering around the coulee. Hop with that first leg of logic and the second was inevitable: we ought to have come ^{to} the fence again by now. But no fence, logical or any other kind, was in evidence. And what were we supposed to invoke next, against the tricks of a blizzard.

"There's just one other place I can think of for that fence to be," Varick suggested. "The sonofabitch might be under us."



dead

hit and sent them spinning.

Quickly now, it was snowing so hard there seemed to be more white in the air than there was space between the flakes. In front of me Varick's sled was a squarish smudge.

The wind drove into us. No longer was it lazing along the ground. From the howl of it now, this blizzard was blowing as high as the stars.

The Reese horses labored. Varick and I and Rob got ^{off} ~~down~~ and walked on the lee side of our hay sleds, to lessen the load for the teams and to be down out of the wind and churning whatever warmth we could into ourselves. I had on socks and socks and socks, and even so my feet felt the cold.

This was severe travel, and before long the ghostly sled in front of me halted and Varick was emerging from the volleys of wind and snow to see how we were faring. Rob promptly materialized from behind. A gather seemed needed by all three of us. There we stood, with our flap caps tied down tight over our ears and scarves across our faces up to our eyes. Bedouins of the blizzard. One by one we pulled down our scarves and scrutinized each other for frostbite. Rob said of my icy

dead

not much of
a retort

beard, "Whenever you decide to shave, I'll let you

"It's been a lot of years since I had to

I retorted.

I cut this
exchange in my
revised pp. 618-19.

"We're doing about as good as we can, seems to me, ~~rather~~ assessed

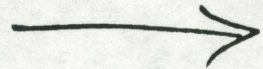
after our inspection of each other.

"I can only see a fencepost or two at a time in this, but ~~that's enough~~ that'll do.

Unk, how's it going with you, back there?"

"Winterish," ~~and that~~ was all Rob replied.

"How about you, Dad--are you all right?"



dend

beard, "Whenever you decide to shave, I'll lend you a hammer and chisel."

"It's been a lot of years since I had to have you as my barber,"

I retorted.

"We're doing about as good as we can, seems to me," Varick assessed

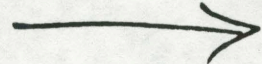
after our inspection of each other.

"I can only see a fencepost or two at a time in this, but ~~that's enough~~ that'll do.

Unk, how's it going with you, back there?"

"Winterish," ~~unlabeled~~ was all Rob replied.

"How about you, Dad--are you all right?"



Lead

"That Blackfeet niece of Mary's." Nancy. And those words from Lucas, echoing across three decades: Toussaint didn't know whether he was going to keep his own family alive up there on the Two Medicine River, let alone an extra. So he brought Nancy in here... "She has a lot of house now," Toussaint was saying. "That Blackfeet of mine"-- Mary--"and kids and me, Nancy asked us to be her house guests this winter." He chuckled. "It beats eating with the axe."

C# —

dead

He didn't move. "I have to remind you, do I. He's the horse of us both."

Then I remembered, out of all the years ago. The two of us pointing ourselves down from Breed Butte toward Noon Creek on my horse-buying mission; that generous side of Rob suddenly declaring itself, clear and broad as the air.)

Angus, ~~you~~ you'll be using him on the band of ^{we own} sheep together, so it's only logical I put up half the price of him, am I right?

And now the damn man demanded: "Get out the cards."

What word is strong enough for all I felt against this person I was yoked to, this brother of Adair's whom I had vowed to persist with ~~because~~ because she wanted it so. Not loathing. Loathing does not even come close. I turned so that Scorpion was not in my vision, so that I was seeing only this creature Rob Barclay. I slowly got out the deck of cards.

Rob studied the small packet they made in the palm of my hand. As if this was some teatime game of children, he proclaimed, "Cut them thin and win," and turned up the top card. ~~From~~ The four of diamonds.

I handed the deck to him. He shuffled it twice, the rapid whirl of the cards the only sound in the bar. Now the deck lay waiting for

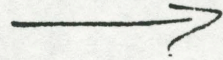
dead

me in his hand.

I reached and took the entire deck between my thumb and first finger. Then I flipped it upside down, bringing the bottom card face-up to be my choice.

The two of us stood a moment, looking down at it. The deuce of hearts.

Rob let out a heavy breath. "All right, all right," he grumbled. "The immortal Scorpion has the luck on his side today. But it's going to take more than that for the rest of us to make it through this goddamn winter."



#

dean

hay, all right, then we'll trot out and buy it. You'd worry us into the invalids' home if you had your way."

I shook my head and took us back around the circle to where this had begun. "Adair and I want to sell now."

"Want all you please. I'm telling you, I'm not selling. Which means you're not."

I had pummeled him down to gruel once, why not pound him again now? And again every day until he agreed to sell the sheep? I was more than half ready to. But the fist didn't exist that could bring an answer out of Rob that he didn't want to give. I drew a steadying breath and said:

"We can't agree, then. So we have to let these do the deciding."

I brought out the deck of cards. "Go ahead, you can cut first.

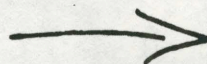
If you draw the low card, you win, we don't sell the sheep now.

If I draw it, I--"

"I'm not cutting at all." He could have saved his mouth those words; his face said them all too plainly.

Damn him, he seemed to take pleasure in being perverse. "Cutting for it is the only fair way to decide," I tried.

"How big a fool do you take me for?" He looked both riled and contemptuous now. "This isn't any case of



deciding how to run the sheep, it's deciding whether or not to sell.

And that takes all three of us to agree--remember that part of Lucas's famous goddamn will? You and Adair trot into town to that lawyer and you'll find out soon enough. I'm not cutting cards over this ^{and} I'm not listening to any more of your mewling about it. And we're not selling these sheep until a year from now."

A —

What walloped me ^{next} ~~was~~ was Ninian Duff's decision to leave the North Fork.

"Ay, Angus, I would rather take a beating with a thick stick." For the first time in all the years I had known this man he seemed embarrassed, / As if he was going against a belief. "But I know nothing else to do." Ninian stared past me at the puddled creek, the scant grass. "Had Samuel not been called by the Lord, I would go on with the sheep and say damn to this summer and the prices and all else. But I am not the man I was." Age. It is the ill of us all. "So, Flora and I will go to Helena, to be near Susan."

That early September day when I rode home from the Duffs' and the news of their leaving, the weather ahead of me was as heavy as my mood. Behind the mountains the ~~weather~~^{sky} was turning inky, a forming storm all the way from the South Fork to Jericho Reef. The clouds lay in a long gray front, woolly, caught atop the mountains, yet beneath them Roman Reef and Grizzly and Jericho still were standing bright in the sun, blue and purple in their cliffs. It was as if the mountains were too big for plain colors of rock and tree; to cover them took gray, forest green, blue, purple.

Despite the homestead houses and outbuildings I was passing as I rode, the valley of the North Fork seemed emptier to me just then than on the day I first looked down into it from the knob hill. Tom Mortensen and the Speddersons, gone those years ago. The Erskines taken by the epidemic. The year before last the Findlaters had bought a place on the main creek and moved down there. Allan Frew, gone in the war. And now the Duffs. Except for George Frew, Rob and I now suddenly were the last of Scotch Heaven's homesteaders--and George too was talking of buying on the main creek whenever a chance came.

dead

"The lambs, you mean. But we always--"

"I mean them all. The ewes too, the whole band."

She regarded me patiently. "You know I don't want ^{me} to."

"This isn't that ~~at~~ this time I don't mean because of Rob and me being like cats tied together by the tails. I can go on with that for as long as he can and a minute longer, you know that. No, I can even put up with Rob, for you. But it's the sheep themselves. There's not enough hay to carry them through the winter. We won't get half enough off our meadows. Oh, we can buy whatever we can find, but that's not enough to fill your hat either. There just isn't any hay to speak of, anywhere, this summer." She still looked at me that same patient way. "Dair, we dasn't go into winter this way. That band of sheep can't make it through on what little feed we're going to have, unless we teach them to eat air."

"Not even if it's an open winter?"

"If it's the most open winter there ever was and we only had to

Dead

With ^{just} one more year ahead of us to the fulfillment of Lucas's will

and the sale of the sheep, Rob seemed to be growing inversely perverse.

to work with.

no #

in mid-March,

A day soon after lambing began when I asked him something he

at first didn't answer all, simply kept on casting glances out the

shed door to the valley and the ridges around. Eventually he rounded

on me and ~~grumbled~~ declared as if lodging a complaint:

"There isn't enough green in this whole goddamn valley this spring to cover a billiard table."

Despite his tone I forbore from answering him that the wan spring wasn't my fault, that I knew of. "It's early yet," I said instead.

"There's still time for the moisture to catch up with the season."

But when the rest of March and all of April brought no moisture, I became as uneasy as he was.

It ought to have been no bad thing, to have us joined in concern

about the scantiness of the grass and the grazing future of the sheep,

the air around us could stand a rest from our winter of silent antagonism.

dead

By that September day when we shipped the lambs and turned toward the short weeks ahead before winter, Davie had recuperated. What was growing darkly apparent, however, was how lethal that malady of his could be. It was the influenza which had ~~been~~ first bred in the army camps. The spread of it was beginning to be called an epidemic, and here in its first appearance in Scotch Heaven, it let Davie live, barely, while it killed his father.

From all we heard and read, the influenza was the strangest of epidemics, with different fathoms of death--sudden and selective in one instance, slow and widespread in another. Donald Erskine's fatality was in the shallows, making it all the more ~~more~~ abrupt and horrible. One morning while he and Jen were tending Davie he came down with what he thought was the start of a cold, by noon was feeling a raging fever. For the first time since childhood he went to bed during the day. Two days after that, we were burying that vague and generous man. Donald and Ninian were the first who homesteaded in Scotch Heaven, and now there was just Ninian.

...Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

I only half heard Ninian's Bible words, there at graveside. I was remembering Adair and myself, our night together in Davie's sheepwagon, our slow wonderful writhe onto and into each other, there on his bedding. Davie had not been in that wagon, that bed, for some days before his illness, tepeeing behind the sheep as he grazed them on the northern reach of the mountain. Had he been, would one or both of us now be down with the influenza? Or be going into final earth as Donald was?

...Ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern...

What kind of a damn disease was this, that could simultaneously find a Davie remote and alone on his mountainside as person can ever be and an army camp of thousands at the end of the continent? Was there some universal infection now, felling a shepherd here, a hundred soldiers there? ...Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was...

Adair and I were silent on our wagon ride home from Donald's funeral. I knew that her thoughts were where my own were, at Camp

Lewis. Winter was coming, Varick's frail season. What chance did he have, there in one of the cesspools of this epidemic?

What chance did anyone have against the
began to be. Suddenly the influenza was spread
countryside.)

mo 41 People were trying whatever they could to
bare windy benchlands, 'steader families were
cellars, if they were lucky enough to have one

they could in their drafty shacks. Mavis and George Frew became

Bernarr McFadden believers, drinking hot water and forcing themselves
into activity whenever they felt the least chill coming on. Asafoetida

sacks appeared at the necks of my schoolchildren that fall. Newspaper

stories said gauze masks must be worn to keep from breathing 'flu

germs. No, said other stories, the masks were useless because a

microbe could ^{pass} ~~go~~ through gauze like a mouse going through a barn door.

Beginning of this
It is an instance of
an overly
expository note
being sounded. This
+ not P. might be
cut and a few
details salvaged
for elsewhere.

Lewis. Winter was coming, Varick's frail season. What chance did he have, there in one of the cesspools of this epidemic?

What chance did any c, the question began to be. Suddenly in the cities, towns, countryside.)
 (mod) People were trying Out on the bare windy benchlands, g in their dirt cellars, if they were lu of keeping warmer than they could in their drafty shacks. Mavis and George Frew became Bernarr McFadden believers, drinking hot water and forcing themselves into activity whenever they felt the least chill coming on. Asafoetida sacks appeared at the necks of my schoolchildren that fall. Newspaper stories said gauze masks must be worn to keep from breathing 'flu germs. No, said other stories, the masks were useless because a microbe could ^{pass} through gauze like a mouse going through a barn door.

May revised pp. 533 +
 personalize + localize
 this. There's still
 most of this if there,
 but I think it's needed
 because people were
 running the list of
 what-can-we-do
 through their minds.
 if it'd take a number
 of additional scenes to
 sprinkle this material
 around - I think we'd
 better keep this moving
 to its conclusion instead.

Lewis. Winter was coming, Varick's frail season. What chance did he have, there in one of the cesspools of this epidemic?

What chance did anyone have against the epidemic, the question began to be. Suddenly the influenza was spreading in the cities, towns, countryside.)

mo 41 People were trying whatever they could think of. Out on the bare windy benchlands, 'steader families were sleeping in their dirt cellars, if they were lucky enough to have one, ^{in hope of keeping} ~~to keep~~ warmer than they could in their drafty shacks. Mavis and George Frew became Bernarr McFadden believers, drinking hot water and forcing themselves into activity whenever they felt the least chill coming on. Asafoetida sacks appeared at the necks of my schoolchildren that fall. Newspaper stories said gauze masks must be worn to keep from breathing 'flu germs. No, said other stories, the masks were useless because a microbe could ^{pass} ~~go~~ through gauze like a mouse going through a barn door.

During all the precautions and debates, the 'flu kept on killing.

Or if it didn't manage to do the job, the pneumonia that so often

followed it did. A year of two wars, 1918--as if the outright bloodshed

in Europe drew with it the shadowy carnage of the epidemic. And

neither had a truce in sight yet.

—



C

Dead

but people were dying of it in those camps. On the casualty lists in the newspapers now, as many were dead of what was being called the 'flu ~~epidemic~~ as of combat. There in the midst of it at Camp Lewis, our son who came down with something in even the mildest of winters; as the months of this year advanced, Varick would be a waiting candidate for influenza. But to wish him into the shrapnel hell of the fighting in France, no, I never could. Twin hells, then, and our son the ~~soldier~~ soldier being gambled at their portals.

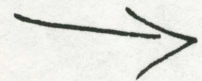
"Dair, I wish I knew," was all the answer I found to give her.

"I wish I did."

#

(last 2 sentences
~~weak~~ - little
 lame

I already cut them
 on my revised p. 511



dead

half-shut. As it ever did thereafter when something pleased him, my son's wise wounded squint of amusement and luck.

"Varick is twice the son you deserve, McAngus," Rob acclaimed when I went by Breed Butte to tell him and Judith of Varick's mend. More, he clapped me on the shoulder and walked out with me to the gate where I'd tied Scorpion. I stopped there, with Rob beside me, just to enjoy all around. I didn't come all the miles from one River Street to live down there on another; this day supported those lofty homestead-building words of Rob's. The first fresh fall of snow shining in the mountains had sopped the forest fires, the air was cleansed and crisp with autumn now, and the view from Breed Butte was never better nor would be. My own outlook just as fresh as the moment. Varick's restored eye, another year in my schoolroom about to begin, the Valier minutes spent with Anna so recent in my mind--I felt as life had just shed a scruffy skin and was growing a clean new one.

Absorbed, I was about to swing up onto Scorpion when Rob stopped me with:

"Angus, I think it's time you had a talking to."

I turned to him with the start of a grin, expecting he had some usual scold to make about ~~my~~ taking the school again.

dead

"You know that Nancy," said Toussaint in making the introduction of his Blackfeet wife Mary Rides Proud to us the next night. "This is another one."

I ^{am} sure as anything I saw a flick of curiosity as Mary looked at Rob. About a heartbeat's worth. Then she moved to the stove and the fixing of supper, as if she were a drawing done of her niece at that moment in the kitchen of Lucas's house, but with blunter pencil.

The household's indeterminate number of leather-dark children eyed Rob and me with wariness, but Toussaint himself seemed entirely unsurprised at the sight of us, as if people were a constant traffic through this remote small Reservation ranch. I see now that in Toussaint's way of thinking, they were, in his mind, time was not a calendar bundle of days but a steady unbroken procession, so that a visitor counted equally whether he was ^{appearing to} in front of Toussaint's eyes at the very moment or long past. Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow/round and round the seasons go. Never more true than in this walnut-colored man whose only sea was the river named Two Medicine outside his back door. Another unexpectedness out of life's deep pocket of them, Toussaint always was to me.

"That Agency, Angus," Toussaint said to me now of the Blackfeet Reservation headquarters as if it was our customary topic. "Tomorrow you can see. If the Agency goes for a walk. It does, do you know. Every so often. The Agency was there by Choteau. Then it walked north to Birch Creek." I remembered now, Toussaint once having told me of watching the bull teams bring the Agency's disassembled log buildings through Gros Ventre to their next site when the

You could delete
the scene @

Toussaint's
I trimmed it as indicated,
in my own review. But the
rest of the scene has
incidental info - Rob

Dead

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Angus taking Toussaint's point about the mighty 186 winter & Rob not - that I think pays off later. I know this is a lull of a few pp. but after the preceding 40 pp. of romancing & dancing, I think the brief change of pace is OK.

dean

~~diminished Reservation's boundary was moved to Birch Creek. "Then it walked north to Badger Creek. Then it walked north to where it is. But that railroad, maybe it will scare the Agency into walking again. One day maybe it will walk to Canada and see the Queen." Toussaint ended this travel narrative with a chuckle.~~

said as we sat to supper,
~~put in.~~ "There's a world of grass up here."

"The buffalo thought so," agreed Toussaint. "When there were buffalo."

"Now there's a thing you can tell us, Toussaint," Rob the grazier speaking now. "Where did those buffalo like to be? What part of this country up here was it that they grazed on?"

"They were here. There. About. Everywhere." Another Toussaint chuckle. "All in through here, this Two Medicine country."

The knit of Rob's brow told me he was having some trouble with a definition of here that took in everywhere. I tried another angle for him. "What, Toussaint, were they like the cattle herds are now?" I too was trying to imagine the sight the buffalo in their black thousands made. "Some here and there, wherever you looked?"

"The buffalo were more. As many as you can see at one time, Angus."

Supper was presented on the table to us the men, but Toussaint's wife Mary ate standing at the stove and some of the children took their meals to a corner and others wandered outside with theirs and maybe still others went up into the treetops to dine, for all that Rob or I could keep track of the batch. Domestic

dead

seen to in a household not their own. Being seen to. Not much of a prospect in life, not much at all. I had sheep waiting and school preparation waiting, but I stood and watched the erect American back of Rob as he took the news of his father's death into the house on Breed Butte. And watched again not half a year later, when word came that his mother too had passed away, dwindled away really. The strangest news there is, death across a distance; the person as alive as ever in your mind the intervening time until you hear, and then the other and final death, the one a funeral is only preliminary to, confusedly begins.

"By Jesus, the woollies do make a lovely sight," intoned Lucas. "If we could just sell them as scenery, ay?"

The time was September of 1896, a week before shipping, and Lucas and Rob and I were holding a war council on the west ridgeline of Breed Butte where we could meanwhile keep an eye on our grazing bands. By now Rob and Lucas's sheep had accumulated into two oversize bands, nearly twenty-five hundred altogether, as Rob kept back the ewe lambs each year since '93 rather than send them to market at pitiful prices. The band he and I owned in partnership I always insisted keeping at a regular thousand, as many as my hay would carry through a winter. So here they were in splendid gray scatter below us, six years of striving and effort, three and a half thousand prime ewes and a fat lamb beside each of them, and currently worth about as much as that many weeds.

"Next year is going to be a bit tight," Rob affirmed, which was

getting to be an annual echo out of him.

"These goddamn tight years are starting to pinch harder than I'm comfortable with," he was informed by Lucas. His Jerusalem, Gros Ventre, was not prospering these days. Nowhere was prospering these days. I noticed how much older Lucas was looking, ~~these days,~~ his beard gray now with patches of black. The years of '93 had put extra age on a lot of people in Montana. "So, Robbie lad, we have sheep galore. Now what in the pure holy hell are we going to do with them?"

"Prices can't stay down in the well forever," Rob maintained. "People still have to wear clothes, they still have to eat meat."

Lucas squinted at the neutral September sun. "But how soon can we count on them getting cold and hungry enough?"

"All right, all right, you've said the big question. But Lucas, we've got to hang onto as many sheep as we can until prices turn around. If we don't, we're throwing away these bands we've built up."

"Robbie," said Lucas levelly, "this year we've got to sell the ewe lambs along with the wether lambs. Even if we have to all but give the little buggers away with red bows on them, we've just got to--"

"I'll meet you halfway on that, how about," Rob put in with a smile.

"Halfway to what, bankruptcy?" retorted Lucas in as sharp a tone as I had ever heard from him.

I saw Rob swallow, the only sign of how tense a moment this was for him. Then he brought it out: "Halfway on selling the lambs, Lucas. I'm all for selling the ewe lambs, just as you say. But this year let's keep the wether lambs."

"Keep the wethers?" Lucas stared astounded at Rob. "What in the name of Christ for? Are you going to make history by teaching the wethers"--which was to say, the castrated male sheep whose sole role was mutton--"how to sprout tits and have lambs?"

"We'd keep them for their wool," Rob uttered as rapidly as he could say it. "Their wool crop next summer. Lucas, man, if we keep the wethers until they're yearlings they'll shear almost ten pounds of wool apiece. And if wool prices come back up to what they were--"

Lucas shook his head to halt Rob and brought up a stub to run vigorously along his beard. "I never listen to a proposition beyond its second if."

"Lucas, it's worth a try. It's got to be." If conviction counted, Rob right then would have the three of us in ^{bullion} ~~gold~~ up to our elbows. "See now, the man McKinley is sure to be President, and that'll be like money in the bank for the sheep business." True, there was talk that McKinley could bring with him a tariff on Australian wool. If he did, prices for our fleeces then could climb right up. Pigs could fly if they had wings, too.

"Angus, what do you say to this new passion of Robbie's for wethers?"

"Maybe it's not entirely far-fetched," I conceded, earning myself a mingled look from Rob.

Lucas still looked skeptical. "Here's the next thing you can enlighten me about, Robbie--how in holy hell do you handle that many sheep next summer?" I knew it already was costing dear on ~~them~~ ^{them} ~~him~~ and

~~Lucas~~ to hire herders for their two bands while Rob and I shared the herding of our one, and for them to add a third herder--

He was ready, our Rob. "I'll herd the wether band myself. Judith will have kittens about my doing it." And well she might, because with Rob herding in the mountains all summer she would need to manage everything else of the homestead. "But she'll just have to have them, she married Breed Butte when she married me."

I regarded Rob for a waitful moment, Lucas glancing uncomfortably back and forth between us. Finally I said what was on my mind and Lucas's, even if it didn't seem to be within a hundred miles of Rob's:

"That leaves just one band of sheep unaccounted for."

"Yours and mine, of course," Rob spoke up brightly. "And there's where I have a proposition for you, Angus. If you'll take our band by yourself next summer, I'll give you half of my half."

I made sure: "On the wool and the lambs both?"

"Both."

Translated, half of Rob's half meant that I would receive three-fourths of any profit--wool and lambs both, the man had said it--on our band of sheep next year. And if wool went up as Rob was betting on...if lamb prices followed...Never listen to a proposition beyond the second if, ay, Lucas?

"Done," I snapped up Rob's offer which would make me money

while he made money for himself and Lucas on the wethers, the risk was theirs and the gain was mine, My hand unstained with random plunder,/but I know rain when I hear thunder. "That is, if Lucas agrees to your end of it."

Lucas studied the two of us, and then the three-about-to-be-four bands of sheep below.

"There are so goddam many ways to be a fool a man can't expect to avoid them all," he at last said, as much to the sheep as to us. "All right, all right, Robbie, keep the wethers. We'll see now if '97 is the year of years, ay?"

"One more sun," sighed the king at evening, "and now another darkness. This has to stop. The days fly past us as if they were racing pigeons. We may as well be pebbles, for all the notice life takes of us or we of it. No one holds in mind the blind harper when he is gone. No one commemorates the girl who grains the geese. None of the deeds of our people leave the least tiny mark upon time. Where's the sense in running a kingdom if it all just piffles off into air? Tell me that, whoever can."

"If you will recall, sire--"

This particular day of the fourth springtime I had watched arrive outside the windows of the South Fork school, I perched myself on the waterbucket stand at the rear of the classroom while Karen Peterson, small but great with the occasion of this, sat at my big deak reading to us from the book of stories. In the trance of Karen's reading, even Daniel Rozier squirmed only ritually, and I

took quiet pleasure in seeing those still rows of oh so familiar heads in front of me. Adam Willox, did you ever have your moments of phrenology there in our Nethermuir school? Try to test the capacities in those young heads against the way they looked from the back? I swear to heaven Susan Duff could have ruled crown of her head. How such chestnut lustre and prec tress had derived from old dustmop Ninian was far beyond Davie Erskine's crownhair flopped in various directions and no definite one, and that seemed distinctly Erskinian. But then there was the bold round crown of Eddie Van Bebber, so that you'd have thought half the brains of the human race were packed under there, and Eddie Van Bebber was only barely bright enough to sneeze.

"Why is it that the moon keeps better track of itself than we manage to? And the seasons put us to shame, they always know which they are, who's been, whose turn now, who comes next, all that sort of thing. Why can't we have memories as nimble as those? Tell me that, whoever can."

"Sire, you will recall--"

Hope, spirit, deftness, kindness, tolerance, passion; I didn't know whether those were on the main neighborhoods on a phrenologist's skull map, but they were on my ideal one as I studied those South Fork and Scotch Heaven heads in front of me. Each, a head that I as teacher was to make into a literate and numerate mind. The impossibly mysterious process of patterning minds, though. How do we come to be the specimens we are? Tell me that, whoever can.

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this section - 199, 199A, 199B - is a bridge, only but it's a rickety one and you can throw the floorings of it. It lacks content or purpose beyond being a bridge. It is talky.

"Oblivion has been the rule too long. What this kingdom needs in the time to come is some, umm, some blivion. There, that's it, we need to become a more blivious people. Enough forgettery. But how to do it, it will take some doing to be done? Tell me that, whoever can."

"If you will recall, sire, this morning you missed a remembrancer."

"Eh? I did? I mean, I did. And what a good idea it was, too. For a change things are going to be fixed into mind around here. Send me this remembering fellow."

"Bring forth the king's remembrancer!"

In time to come, when Susan Duff had grown and herself become a teacher in Helena--I've always been sure that Helena is the better for it--I could wonder if I truly affected that in any meaningful way.

In time to come, during what the fable king would call blivion, I always remembered Daniel Rozier more vividly than Karen Peterson, and in no way under heaven was that fair.

In time to come, when Davie Erskine--

But that was waiting some hundreds of days to come, Davie's time, and memory still had everything to make between here and there.

It began to do so at the end of this same spring afternoon.

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—

Let me give the very day of this. The twentieth of April, 1897. A Montana spring day, which was to say breezy along with sunny, melt and mud along with greening grass and first flowers.

The afternoon was better than my afterschool chore, which was to call on the replacement teacher newly arrived at Noon Creek. Old Miss Threlkeld, who held forth there since Cain and Abel, toward the end of winter had suffered palpitation of the heart, and about this sudden successor of hers I more than half knew what to expect and fully dreaded it. "Ramsay is her name," Ninian Duff reported, "they are a new family to here, down from Canada. Man and wife and daughter. The Mrs. seems to be something of an old battle-axe, I do have to say." Coming from Ninian, that was credential for her indeed. "They bought the relinquishment up there to the west of Isaac Reese," he went on, "with a bit of help from Isaac's pocket from what I hear."

Given the basis that Isaac Reese headed the Noon Creek board as Ninian did ours, I couldn't let pass the opportunity to declare: "Now there's the way for a school board to operate."

Ninian broadly ignored that and stated, "When you find a spare moment, Angus, you would do well to stop by the schoolhouse over across there and offer hello. Our schools are neighbors and it would not hurt us to be."

"Maybe not severely," I had to agree, and now Scorpion and I were descending from the divide between our valleys to Noon Creek, a prairie stream twice as twisty as the North Fork ever thought of being. Scorpion was pointed to the country where I bought him--the

Lead

glimpse, 1892, shows you newborn Ellen, the first of Rob and Judith's girls. You see slow-grazing scatters of gray which are the sheep of one or another of us, maybe mine and Rob's working the grassy foothills west of my homestead, maybe the new band belonging to Rob and Lucas there on the slope of Breed Butte. (Were not stones famously deaf, you would have heard Rob try to the end to persuade me to come in with him and Lucas on that second thousand of sheep, Angus, you're thinking small instead of tall, I'm disappointed in you, man; and from me, to whom deeper debt did not look like the kind of prosperity I wanted, Rob, if this is the first time or the last I disappoint you, you're lucky indeed.) You see rain booming on the roofs in the rare two-day May downpour that brought the North Fork twice the crop of hay any of us had expected or imagined. You behold Ninian Duff coming home from town with a bucket of calcimine, and you watch as every Scotch Heaven household, mine included, quickly whitens a wall here or there. And now your third blink, 1893, shows the General Land Office certificates coming in their majestic envelopes, one for Rob, one for me, 160 homesteaded acres of Montana conveyed free and clear to each of us. (To own land. To be the lord of each spear of grass, king over the spring flowers. Nothing could excel it, I thought then, and the elation on me must have stood out for miles.) You see my life as it was for the rest of that year, achieveful yet hectic as all homestead years seemed to be, tasks hurrying at each other's heels: turn out the last bunch of ewes and their fresh lambs onto new pasture and the garden needs to be put in; do that, and fence needs

ambivalent -
not
the
sentence,
the
image

Lead

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and in and -

No, let's keep this. It's just a poetic location I need to get this necessary bit of dialogue/information in. Help Stamp Out Minimalism.

Lead

168A

mending; mend that, and it is shearing time; shear the beloved
woollies, and it is haying time. You notice an occasional frown as
we lords of sheep hear what the prices are beginning to do in the



dear

finished the wool work just in time to join with Ninian and Donald in putting up hay for the winter. Any moment free from haying, we were devoting to building fencelines. And someway amid it all we were hewing and laying the logs of my house, to abide by the spirit of the homestead law even though I was going to share the first winter under Rob's roof; we were reasonably sure President Harrison wouldn't come riding over the ridge to check on my residency.

Full dark was not far from being on us but we wanted to finish my fenceline. Between bouts with shovel and crowbar and barbed wire, we began to hear horses' hooves, more than one set.

"Traffic this time of day?" Rob remarked as we listened.

"Angus, what are you running here, an owl farm?"

We recognized the beanpole figure of Ninian Duff first among the four who rode out of the deep dusk, long before he called out: "Robert and Angus, good evening there. You're a pair who chases work into the night."

"It's always waiting to be chased," Rob said back. I ran a finger around the inside leather of my hat, wiping the sweat out. Besides Ninian the squadron proved to be Donald Erskine and the new man Archie Findlater and a settler from the South Fork, Willy Hahn. Every kind of calamity that could put men on saddle leather at the start of night was crossing my thoughts. Say for Ninian, you did not have to stand on one foot and then the other to learn what was on his mind.

"Angus, we've come to elect you."

I blinked at that for a bit, and saw Rob was doing the same. What was I, or my generation,/that I should get such exaltation?

"Elected, is it," I managed at last. "Do I get to know to what?"

But I have no children"

"Aye, but you were a
teacher once, man"

right - I'll do this
for you in my

REVISED PP.

"The school board, of course. There are enough families herearound that we need a proper school now, and we're going to build one. We want you for the third member of our school board."

"Together with--?"

"Myself," Ninian pronounced unabashedly, "and Willy here." Willy Hahn nodded and confirmed, "You are chust the man, Anguss."

"The old lad of parts!" Rob exclaimed and gave my shoulder a congratulatory shove. "He'll see to it that your youngsters recite the rhyming stuff, ~~burns~~ before breakfast, this one."

"The fact of the matter is," Ninian announced further, "what we need done first, Angus, is to advertise for a teacher. Can you do us a letter of that? Do it, say, tomorrow?"

I said I could, yes, and in the gathering dark there at my west fenceline the school was talked into shape. Because of their few years' headstart in settlement, the South Fork families had a margin more children of schoolable age than did Scotch Heaven, and so it was agreed to build the schoolhouse on their branch of the creek.

"You here in Scotch Heafen will haff to try hard to catch up with uss," Willy Hahn joked.

"Some of us already are," came back Ninian Duff, aiming that at the bachelorhood of Rob and me.

"The rest of us are just saving up for when our turn comes," Rob contributed. That drew a long look from Ninian, before he and the other three rode away into the night.

It was morning of the third week of August, still a month of

A question that came to me
later might be asked now -
does the saloon make enough
\$ for L. to have as much
venture capital as he
so evidently does?

Dead

might take it between its paws, and he could spoon sugar into his coffee without a spill and stir it efficiently. We learned by Lucas's telling of it that he could dress himself except for the buttoning; "I'd like to have my knee on the throat of the man who invented buttons." That he could wind his pocket watch by holding it against his thigh with one stub and rolling the stem with the other. That, what I had wondered most about, he had taught himself to write again by sitting down night after night, a pen between his stubs, and copying out of an old book of epitaphs. "Stone Stories, the title of it was. It fit my mood. I made myself work at a line a night, until I could do it first try. Then two lines a night, and four, on up to a page of them at a time. Not only did I learn writing again, lads, the epitaphs were a bit of entertainment for me. The Lillisleaf steeplejack's one: Stop, traveler, as you go by/I too once had life and breath/but I fell through life from steeple high/and quickly passed by death. Angus, what would your man Burns think of that one, ay? Or the favorite green bed 'tis a long sleep/Alone with your past. Jesus, that's entirely what I was, alone, after hands. At least--he indicated Nancy, buttering over that now." We learned by Lucas's ironic tale earned good money from the Fanalulu mine before great secret to silver mining, lads, is to quit in time; otherwise, the saying is that you need a gold mine to keep your silver mine going"-- and we inferred from this house and its costly furnishings that those were not the last dollars to find their way to Lucas. We learned as much as he could bring himself to tell us about that

Yes, the saloon - 1 of only 2 in the whole Two Medicine country then - would have been pretty prosperous; literally hundreds of cowboys went through with the cow outfits to the Reservation.

Dead

might take it between its paws, and he could spoon sugar into his coffee without a spill and stir it efficiently. We learned by Lucas's telling of it that he could dress himself except for the buttoning; "I'd like to have my knee on the throat of the man who invented buttons." That he could wind his pocket watch by holding it against his thigh with one stub and rolling the stem with the other. That, what I had wondered most about, he had taught himself to write again by sitting down night after night, a pen between his stubs, and copying out of an old book of epitaphs. "Stone Stories, the title of it was. It fit my mood. I made myself work at a line a night, until I could do it first try. Then two lines a night, and four, on up to a page of them at a time. Not only did I learn writing again, lads, the epitaphs were a bit of entertainment for me. The Lillisleaf steeplejack's one: Stop, traveler, as you go by/I too once had life and breath/but I fell through life from steeple high/and quickly passed by death. Angus, what would your man Burns think of that one, ay? Or the favorite of mine. In the green bed 'tis a long sleep/Alone with your past, mounded deep. By Jesus, that's entirely what I was, alone, after the accident to my hands. At least"--he indicated Nancy, buttering bread for him--"I'm over that now." We learned by Lucas's ironic telling that he had earned good money from the Fanalulu mine before the accident--"the great secret to silver mining, lads, is to quit in time; otherwise, the saying is that you need a gold mine to keep your silver mine going"--and we inferred from this house and its costly furnishings that those were not the last dollars to find their way to Lucas. We learned as much as he could bring himself to tell us about that

4 Feb. '87

Dear Tom--

Here's the housebroken baby, back on your doorstep. Give the kid a good home, will you?

Besides my responses on your flagged ms, there's a packet with my own list of minor changes and corrections, plus revised pp. of (not very) major changes that can be simply substituted into the original ms.

For your quick reference, here's where I dealt with your list of questions in your Jan. 9 letter:

#1, Rob, Judith, childlessness--Rob's sonlessness is the actual point; see revised p. 391, and my insertions for p. 450.

#2, Rob's corpse--revised pp. 669-669A; more elegaic tone--revised p. 670.

#3, too many Montanas--I cut a couple dozen, and will watch for more (also for rampant uses of "now") in copy-edited ms; Montana's glorious side--see revised p. 641.

#4, flu--revised pp. 533-536B.

#5, too much Burns etc.--trimmed verse occurrences by about a third, likewise Scottish jokes.

#6, Judith--She's self-effacing, and I don't see any other way for her to be, amid the Anna-Adair-Nancy population the book more greatly needs. But she does show up a bit more in the touches I did for #1 above, and I put in a brief Angus-Judith scene in revised pp. 598-598A.

Some stuff I did on my own:

revised pp. 594-5--Intensified Angus's revulsion against Rob's demand that Scorpion be killed; here at this critical point, I didn't have Angus upset enough. Also, Rob now stays "dangerously silent" after losing the card cut.

revised p. 574--I was wrong to have Angus bring up a card cut in Rob's refusal to seal the sheep. Angus knows all too well it's an issue ruled by the will. By deleting, this intensifies the final breakdown between them on p. 659--the first time one of them will not abide by the card-cut method.

The rest of my changes I hope are self-evident: trimming some rhetoric out of the blizzard scene, putting in more physical sensations there and at the drowning, etc.

I would like to do a thorough re-read, with an eye to nicking out any further minor bits of language, at the time of the copy-edited ms. That's best done if it can be got to me in the next month; Carol and I are going to California the week of March 23, and the week before that will likely be hectic with getting ready etc.

I'm going to attach a couple sheets that don't pertain directly to the revisions, but otherwise, it seems to me we've revised nobly. I figure revision usually can improve (or sabotage) a book by about 5%; I think we did a hefty 10% on this one. I know it's been a hectic time for you, so thanks doubly for all the re-reading you managed to do. Your effort is appreciated, man.

best

Feb. 4
187

Feb. 4, '87

Tom, this is simply a sporadic list I jotted, of phrases that might be of help in jacket copy. I began it before you read me the catalogue copy, which I thought sounded pretty good. Anyway, on the chance something here is a spark of inspiration:

p. 51--"How are past and present able to live in the same instant, and together pass into the future?"

p. 72--"To send our echo into the canyons of time."

p. 207--"...the women I had met in my life so far were no training for this one."

p. 236--"the two of us a chime of time together"

p. 243--"the intricate come and go that weaves us and those around us"

p. 255--Rob: "You're a great one for yesterdays."
Angus: "They've brought us to where we are."

p. 365--"What can you have in life, of what you think you want? Who gets to do the portioning?"

p. 670A--"What began there has not ended yet."

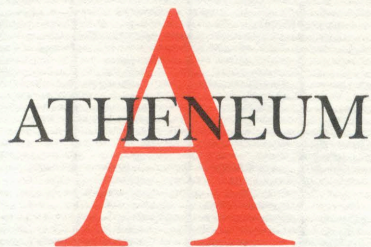
4 Feb. '87

Tom--

In your read-through, you wondered on p. 501--the second appearance of the King's Remembrancer material--whether any permission for it is needed. It's actually my own material, which I invented to justify the final line of the book, make some resonances about the nature of memory, serve as a bridge between sections, and so on. But while I was writing this brief mock version, it did occur to me there might be the makings of a children's book, someday, in the king, his remembrancer, the play of language, etc. I can't say for sure if I'll ever develop this, but for clarity's sake if I ever do, what would you think about running a separate copyright and permission line on it here at the front of Dancing-- "The King's Remembrancer scenes, copyright © 1987 by Ivan Doig, are quoted here with permission of the author." I know it'd be a bit odd, but I've had some trouble in the past getting the clearcut right to quote my own stuff. See any problem?

best

cc: Liz Darhansoff



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January 9, 1987

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

Dear Ivan,

By the time you get this, either the creek will have risen around my desk, or I will have had a chance to telephone you to tell you how happy I am with the entirety of DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR. It really is marvelous--bigger in every way, even in heart (which I would not have thought possible), than ENGLISH CREEK. I am in love with Anna, as I was with her daughter; and I think I might be in love with Adair, too. In addition to the questions I asked you before, when we spoke, there are a few others. I thought I would get them to you now, so that you can begin work on them. My line-by-line comments are likely to be few, because the book gleans so.

#1: Did I miss what you said about Rob, Judith, and children, or did you simply not say anything? It is a question that I found myself asking especially at the end of the manuscript, and perhaps if their barrenness was discussed earlier, you ought to bring the discussion back into your reader's mind. An ideal time to do this would be when Rob drives the wedge between Varick and Angus, and Angus can wonder whether perhaps Rob's childlessness had something to do with his spite.

#2: Rob's corpse. Get it out of the water. In fact, add a couple of pages to the last few in the book. Do they drag the reservoir; does it float to the surface of its own accord, and if so how quickly; etcetera? But also, give us a little more space at the end of the book in which to mourn, in which to feel some sort of elegiac closing of the covers of the story. Not too much, of course; I simply felt that I wanted the last scene to linger a little bit more. Maybe via a little more Judith.

#3: In general, and in particular in the second half of the book, I think there's too much Montana in the book. What I mean by this, is that Angus and his friends keep saying that there is an awful lot of Montana--and they say that an awful lot. At the beginning of the book, when we, too, are

Jan 9-87

homesteaders, this is right; but as we get more familiar with the landscape and its people, some of this can be unsaid, or said less often. We all know that Montana is major character in the book, but you do too much talking about how major she is, after we already have the point. (Speaking of which, Montana shows us nothing but her biggest and worst sides in the last pages of the book--the drought, the blizzard, the mud--and I wonder if there should be some paragraph or even a scene about her glories in these last 75 pages, too. That might seem forced, or sentimental, in which case ignore me.)

#4: During the chapters about the war and the flu epidemic, I felt a little bit as if you were making sure that your story squared with history, rather than making history drive your story. This is a fine distinction, and I am not sure I have made it clear. I just had ever so slight a sense--particularly when you introduced the flu--that you were concentrating too much on world events, rather than parochial ones. Maybe that is the point: maybe Angus should say that these large events suddenly seemed to rob him and everyone of their free will. (That could even get you into an interesting digression about John Knox.) I mentioned this to Liz, and she, who had an uncle who died in the war, and another who died of the flu, felt that I might be wrong. It is, in any event, a subtle distinction. I certainly do not want to encourage you to set the novel outside of time. These are obviously central events in the lives of the characters and of anyone who lived then.

#5: The other things that I talked about on the phone were an overmuchness of quotation from Burns and other poets; a little goes a long way, and a little less of this would be good. I also felt that there was too much of a certain sort of witticism, some examples of which I will send to you. And I do not like the scene on pages 199 and the two following pages, which strikes me as being windy.

#6: Judith. She drops out of the book almost completely--she is never deeply in it--and I think that she needs a little bit more presence as her husband is on his way to his doom. Not a lot. Put her into a scene and give her a couple of lines of dialogue, perhaps.

I will be going over the manuscript with a perhaps hand, and get you some suggestions over the next couple of weeks. Go ahead without me, however. I would like to get this into the hands of a copyeditor and the hands of book clubs and other readers as quickly as possible. And also into the hands of Mr. Bacon. Do you think we can aim for a

homesteaders, this is right; but as we get more familiar with the landscape and its people, some of this can be left unsaid, or said less often. We all know that Montana is a major character in the book, but you do too much talking about how major she is, after we already have the point. (Speaking of which, Montana shows us nothing but her biggest and worst sides in the last pages of the book--the drought, the blizzard, the mud--and I wonder if there should be some paragraph or even a scene about her glories in these last 75 pages, too. That might seem forced, or sentimental, in which case ignore me.)

#4: During the chapters about the war and the flu epidemic, I felt a little bit as if you were making sure that your story squared with history, rather than making history drive your story. This is a fine distinction, and I am not sure I have made it clear. I just had ever so slight a sense--particularly when you introduced the flu--that you were concentrating too much on world events, rather than parochial ones. Maybe that is the point: maybe Angus should say that these large events suddenly seemed to rob him and everyone of their free will. (That could even get you into an interesting digression about John Knox.) I mentioned this to Liz, and she, who had an uncle who died in the war, and another who died of the flu, felt that I might be wrong. It is, in any event, a subtle distinction. I certainly do not want to encourage you to set the novel outside of time. These are obviously central events in the lives of the characters and of anyone who lived then.

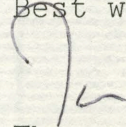
#5: The other things that I talked about on the phone were an overmuchness of quotation from Burns and other poets; a little goes a long way, and a little less of this would be good. I also felt that there was too much of a certain sort of witticism, some examples of which I will send to you. And I do not like the scene on pages 199 and the two following pages, which strikes me as being windy.

#6: Judith. She drops out of the book almost completely--she is never deeply in it--and I think that she needs a little bit more presence as her husband is on his way to his doom. Not a lot. Put her into a scene and give her a couple of lines of dialogue, perhaps.

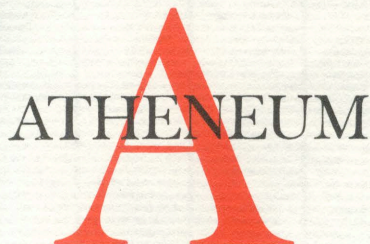
I will be going over the manuscript with a perhaps hand, and get you some suggestions over the next couple of weeks. Go ahead without me, however. I would like to get this into the hands of a copyeditor and the hands of book clubs and other readers as quickly as possible. And also into the hands of Mr. Bacon. Do you think we can aim for a

finished manuscript in the first week of February? What do you want to do about a map? I do not think we need one. We could also use the one in ENGLISH CREEK, and bring it down to date, as it were. Or you might have something else in mind. I'd also like to know how you want to handle the sign at Lucas's place and any other elements of design. Should we more or less make the book a clone of its predecessor/successor?

Best wishes,


Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

TAS:drp



ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

January 9, 1987

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

Dear Ivan,

I'm just starting to go back through the manuscript to do some light sanding, and it occurs to me immediately to wonder if you have reprised Angus's fear of water and his traumatic crossing of the Atlantic just before Rob's drowning. The question is whether you want to make it explicit, this closing of the circle; or how close to explicit you can come without being obvious.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

TAS:drp

STRATHMORE WRITINGS

24 GORTON PLACE, N.Y.C.

3 Feb. '87

Dear Tom--

Before I lose track of this notion:

I've just written a mollifying letter to the New Haven bookstore fellow, Henry Berliner, (although I still don't know what I was mollifying him about) and it occurred to me, thinking of him and the other bookstore ~~readings~~ readers facing our bale of DANCING ms, that it might be helpful if you sent them each a copy of your catalogue copy as a quick intro ~~to~~ *along with* the book. (And if you'll send me a copy, I'll do the same with the few ms copies I've promised out here, to Pacific Pipeline and maybe the B. Dalton regional manager.) This came to mind because once when I was talking with one of the sharpest booksellers out here, I asked him what he thought of some forthcoming book--maybe it was Jim Welch's FOOLS CROW-- and he uncharacteristically hedged his opinion, saying he'd read it in ms and it was a bit hard to catch the drift of the book without jacket copy etc. Which makes me think we might do well to help along readers who aren't used to the raw facts of manuscript life. What you think, Kemo Sabe?

best



p. 82 — of all the things you've italicized in the book, I like this ^{+Crafterly} chest.

p. 88 — Did you say somewhere that Lucas made money mining?

91 — Maybe so.

156 — yours

166 — ~~is~~ cut & combine?

170-1 — cut top line of 171.

188 top — Maybe another transition?
Astride Scorpion, and w/p having meant to —

not
top 188 Tom's suggestion ~~to do~~ might be OK

192 top — ^{staid you,}
x Could he: But he knew as well as I did....

199A — yours

199B — yours

204 — why not just as written, reg. type?

206 — as written

27 Jan. '87

Dear Vernon--

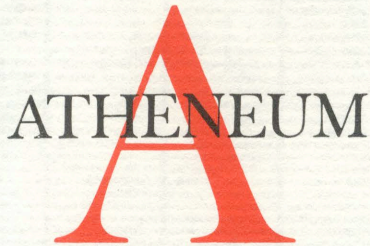
Here are the three pages you so gallantly consented to read.

To try to put this into a bit of perspective for you: my narrator Angus and his chum Rob have just begun work on their homesteads in Montana, in the spring of 1890. Ever since they embarked from Scotland the autumn before, they've resorted to the occasional explanatory pronouncements of a book titled Crofutt's Trans-Atlantic Emigrant's Guide-- which I've based on some actual guidebooks of the era. The underlined material is my attempt, by way of "Crofutt," to give my readers a basic explanation of how homesteading was done, within the rectangular survey system; the tone of "Crofutt" is deliberately 19th centuryish and high-falutin', such as I found in the old guidebooks. So, please catch me in any errors you can. A phone call will be fine, whenever you get to it, and the pages can be tossed then.

By the way, I called Sol Katz last night to verify that early Greek inscriptions were written back and forth, the way the townships are numbered. Did I tell you word processor printers work "boustrophedonically" too?

Many thanks. We're going to have to figure out some way that I can buy lunch.

best



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January 13, 1987

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

Dear Ivan,

As usual, you anticipate me. Your package with the map, front matter, etcetera, has safely arrived and all is being tended to.

Best wishes,

92
Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

TAS:drp

40 West 23rd Street
New York, NY 10010-5290
Switchboard No.: (212) 337-5200
Writer's Direct No.: (212) 337-5327

Viking Penguin Inc.

18 August 1986

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, NW
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan:

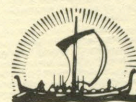
Mirabile dictu; some of us are indeed at our desks, and have been here cultivating a rather impressive pallor throughout the summer. This particular editor was thrilled to be, if only to receive your spirited letter of the 11th. Your question is hardly obscure, and I'm delighted to be able to reply with what may be good news for all. The project editor here who vetted your SCORPIO RISING introduction does indeed do freelance copy-editing and would treasure the chance to work with you again; her name is Elaine Robbins, and her number at Viking is 337-5294, at home 777-1925. Bear in mind the fact that she did not copy-edit SCORPIO RISING, which was published in hardcover by Random House, although she did look after your introduction and is, like all of us, a great fan of yours. Hope this will alleviate future Mazoola/Missoula controversies.

I owe you a letter in any event, as I should share with you the rather sudden news that I will be leaving Viking Penguin for Simon & Schuster's Poseidon Press at the end of the month. This has been the most agonising decision I have ever been asked to make (perhaps I ought to have taken that vacation after all) but in the end I'm enormously excited about the move. Poseidon's list is small, and growing, and wildly successful, and I'll hope to be acquiring fiction and non-fiction, both literary and less so, at the same pace at which you keep up with your correspondence. I'll certainly be in touch with you from there for one reason or another, but I do hope you won't hesitate to call on me if I can be of any help to you whatsoever in the future. My new address is Poseidon, Simon & Schuster Building, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020; the telephone (212) 698-7292.

Warmly,



Stacy Schiff



29 Aug. '86

Dear Stacy--

(a) Congrats, a whole bunch, on the new job.

(b) Thanks for providing the info about Elaine Robbins; I'll be bracing Tom Stewart about hiring her, soon after first of the year.

(c) as in, well, we'll see...what unlikely topics we find to pass back and forth in the mail in the future.

all best

11 Aug. '86

Dear Stacy--

Does the Grail exist? Is there an editor at a desk in New York during August? The calendar will tell, and if it ultimately says September, well, I'll know...

Actually it's snide of me to be sitting around here in mid-summer asking you an obscure question, but I didn't want to let this get away from me. You generously mentioned in the aftermath of my SCORPIO RISING piece that I had an "admirer" in your copy editor for that book. If it wouldn't betray a state secret, and if that person does any work outside Viking Penguin, would you mind providing me the name and address? What I'm doing here is fretting ahead to when Tom Stewart and I start my next novel through the Atheneum production mill after the first of the year; the freelance copy editor who was assigned to my stuff last time (ENGLISH CREEK), despite Tom's admonitions down the chain of command, gave us absolute fits by changing my hard-wrought Montana-isms left, right, and sideways; he saw no ~~insurmountable~~ reason, for instance, for my forest ranger's ironic pun "Mazoola" because that's the way the town is pronounced anyway--which would be news to them in Missoula. So I want not to repeat that experience of having to change so ~~much~~ much stuff back to what it ought to be, and it occurred to me anybody flexible enough to copy-edit SCORPIO RISING just might be my person too.

Life perks along here pretty well, although my other eyelid is just settling down from a siege such as I had earlier in the year. Thank God I've only got two. I hope you're in great manuscripts up to your neck.

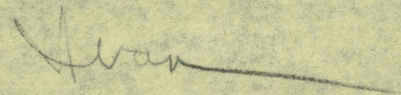
best

29 Dec. '86

Dear Tom--

Done Dancing.

best

A handwritten signature, possibly "Huan", written in dark ink. The signature is stylized and followed by a long horizontal line.

Tom S

ms - lost 75-100 pp. - legible but not pretty
how's business? how ^{much} ~~many~~ ^{cut} in yr list - 35%?

believe Linda B?

where list - early Dec.

pre-pub. p'backs

105 lbs

↓
80 '87

of or this morning

Harry F

Memoirs of an

\$5,500

Linda: feels in regard

for Allen - Moss, 49+ doesn't have room

fit in Jan - if 3mo "going south" - 6 lbs/yr

yr is - only prob - 75-25%

bet than happy in '88

another batch of poems

ready to send NYer;

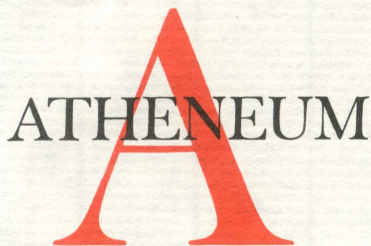
productive

by 9< 1-5 at office

Ingram-Merrill Fndtn

grant

C suggests - deliberately
keep some editing changes on
display in ms if Tom makes
bound "galley" from it - on
theory the booksellers would like
to see writer at work >



ATHENEUM

PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

July 30, 1986

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

Dear Ivan,

Thanks for your letter. I am distressed on your account to hear of the afflictions in your eye. They must be noisome as hell. I am glad, on the other hand, to hear that the novel proceeds apace, and can think of no better way to begin the year than to have it waiting for me when the blood drains from my eyeballs following the ringing in of the new. Let me know if there is anything I can do to help in the meanwhile.

All the best,

Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

p.s. When you have a chance, I would be grateful if you would rummage through your files and your memory and pull out names and addresses of booksellers who have become your particularly devoted fans. I have an idea for promoting DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR, which is to make pre-publication paperbacks, adorn the back of them with blurbs from booksellers and an "Ivan Doig is a national treasure" comment if I can find one of them among the reviews, and give the thing out at the ABA convention, which will be in Washington in May, with the idea being to increase your fandom in the three-quarters of the nation that has not yet seen the light in its full glare. Whether we can do this will depend upon the timing, first (which is to say, a finished manuscript early enough), and your and our researches into prestigious and loquacious booksellers who have already shown that they have good taste.

TAS:ns

Juanraig

good luck,
Jue

Edward R

Barbara Morrow
Northshire Bookstore
Main Street - Box 1163
Manchester etc. VT. 05255

Marsha Berman
Cover to Cover
7188 Cradlerock Way
Columbia, Md. 21045

Gail See

The Bookcase
607 Lake St

Wayzata, Mn. 55391

Neal ~~Conner~~ Coonerty
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Westwinds Bookshop
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Columbia, SC. 29204

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Andy Ross

Codex Books

2454 Telegraph Ave
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David Schwartz

Dickens Books Ltd

5633 North Lake Drive

Milwaukee, WI. 53217

Kevin Mc Caffrey

University of New Orleans Bookstore

University Center Lakeshore

New Orleans, LA. 70148

Wm. Bickman

Kroch's & Brentano's
29 South Wabash Ave
Chicago, Ill. 60603

11 Nov. '86

Dear Lee---

Great thanks for the list of bookstore people; now I suppose I have to finish the novel so we'll have something to sell, huh?

see you...love to Joie

blurbs for Dancing:

Thomas Flanagan

Mary Lee Settle

John Jakes

Gary Jennings

Wm Kennedy

Harriet Doerr

Ronald B Lyche

Guy Davenport

Dancing blurb possibilities:

Russell Hoban

Mary Lee Settle

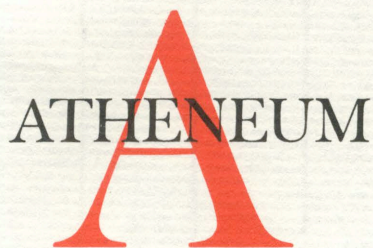
John Kenneth Galbraith

Tom Brokaw

Robert McNeil

Alastair Cooke

Thomas Flanagan



ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

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December 11, 1986

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

Dear Ivan:

Your Christmas letter came just after I returned from a sales conference, where I saw, among others, our mutual friend Jon Rantala and a number of your more serious fans. I was delighted to find in it the comment about Our Lord so loving the world that He did not send a committee to save it, and believe that I will have many an occasion upon which to repeat this remark.

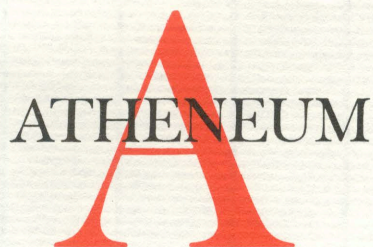
However, as the holidays draw nigh, I realize that I will not have too many occasions upon which to wish you and Carol the merriest of Christmases, the most splendid of Hogmanaie's, and a New Year that will have us rascals dancing indeed.

Best wishes to you both.

Merry Christmas,

Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

TAS:bk



ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

December 3, 1986

Mr. Ivan Doig
18021 Tenth Avenue NW
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan:

Aren't you nice to work at deciphering that chart in PW. Yes, it is a good spot to be in, although much retooling is required to make it work. Fortunately, we should be a fully integrated department well before your next novel needs our undivided attention. I'm looking forward to it. It's been quite a while since I've lost my heart to a book, and I always fall big for yours.

Thanks for keeping tabs on us.

Best,

Olivia B. Blumer
Subsidiary Rights Director

OBB:hkm

Macmillan to Cut Staff, Reduce Frontlist by 35%

More than 20 staff members in the three Macmillan adult hardcover publishing companies will be let go effective December 31 as part of the general division's plan to cut back on adult hardcover publishing operations, Bruno A. Quinson, president of the Macmillan general books division, told *PW*.

The personnel cuts come from the Scribner, Atheneum and Macmillan book companies and include Arlene Friedman, Macmillan senior executive editor; Christine Pevitt, editor-in-chief of Charles Scribner's Sons; Ann Rittenberg, associate editor at Atheneum; and Susan Ostrov, Macmillan director of publicity.

"We made a conscious decision to reduce our combined hardcover list for the three companies," Quinson explained. "Business throughout the industry has been difficult, accounts are returning books faster than ever. There are simply too many books published."

Macmillan plans to reduce its combined hardcover frontlist to 210 books for 1987, down 35% from this year's output of 325 books. In 1988, the hardcover list will be further cut to 175 titles.

In an effort to "employ people to their fullest," Quinson said, Scribner's director of subsidiary rights, Olivia Blumer, will now also handle rights for the other companies. She continues to report to Mildred Marmur, who will oversee subsidiary rights for all of the companies in addition to her responsibilities as president of Scribner.

Wendy Sherman, formerly director of subsidiary rights for Macmillan, has been promoted to vice-president, director of marketing for all adult hardcover imprints. Susan Richman, senior vice-

president and director of publicity for Scribner, will handle publicity for all three hardcover companies.

Tom Stewart, president of Atheneum, and Hillel Black, president of Macmillan, will both continue in their present positions.

In contrast to the hardcover companies, Macmillan's children's and paperback divisions will increase their publishing output. "When I first came to Macmillan in 1982," Quinson said, "the children's division did about \$3 million in business. But now it's gone up to \$17 million and we hope to reach \$20 million. Our paperback operation has also grown in the last four years. We plan to publish 80-100 titles in 1987, up from 60 titles this year."

—M.Y.

Random House Buys Fodor's Travel Guides

Random House has acquired Fodor's Travel Guides and the David McKay Company Inc. from United Newspapers. The acquisition is Random House's first major venture into travel books publishing.

Fodor's was founded by Eugene Fodor to publish *1936... On the Continent*. This year, Fodor's published 121 titles, covering countries worldwide. The David McKay Company, whose list of general titles is distributed by Fodor's, published about 10 titles in 1986.

Robert Bernstein, chairman of Random House, said that Fodor's will have the broad support of the Random House sales force, giving it a strong position in the highly competitive market.

The staff of both companies will remain in place.

Schillig and Nyren Advance At Putnam's

Christine Schillig has been named publisher and Neil S. Nyren vice-president and editor-in-chief at G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Schillig joined the house in 1981 as senior editor and has been vice-president and associate publisher for the past two years. Previously she had held editorial positions at Random House and Summit Books. Among her books are *No More Hot Flashes*, *Smart Cookies Don't Crumble*, *The Rice Diet Report* and *The Cat Who Walks Through Walls*. She has worked with such authors as Bette Davis, Mary Ellen Pinkham and El Salvador's president José Napoleón Duarte.

Nyren joined the company in 1984 as senior editor, having been executive editor at Atheneum. Earlier he had held editorial positions at Random House and Arbor House. Authors he has worked with at Putnam include Tom Clancy, Andy Rooney, Charles Kuralt, Linda Ellerbee, John Katzenbach and Armand Hammer. He has also worked with Jonathan Kellerman, Garrison Keillor, Ed McBain, Ken Follett, Jack Olsen and Betty Friedan.

Somerfield Moves to Dept. Of Education

Benita C. Somerfield, president of Cambridge Book Company, has been appointed special advisor to the adult education division of the U.S. Department of Education in Washington, D.C., where she will play a key role in shaping strategy to combat illiteracy. Cambridge, a member of the Simon & Schuster higher education group, is a leading publisher

of special books and learning materials for adults with basic skills problems.

Before joining Cambridge, Somerfield was vice-president and associate publisher of Contemporary Books. Previously, she spent 10 years directing basic skills training programs for organizations such as Con Edison, Model Cities and City University of New York. She is the author of several instructional books for high school equivalency programs.

William E. Moore will replace Somerfield as president of Cambridge. He is vice-president of sales and marketing and joined Cambridge in 1983 from Globe Book Company, part of the S & S school group. Ronald Thomas, who has been associated with Cambridge since 1968, most recently as vice-president, product acquisitions, has been named executive vice-president.

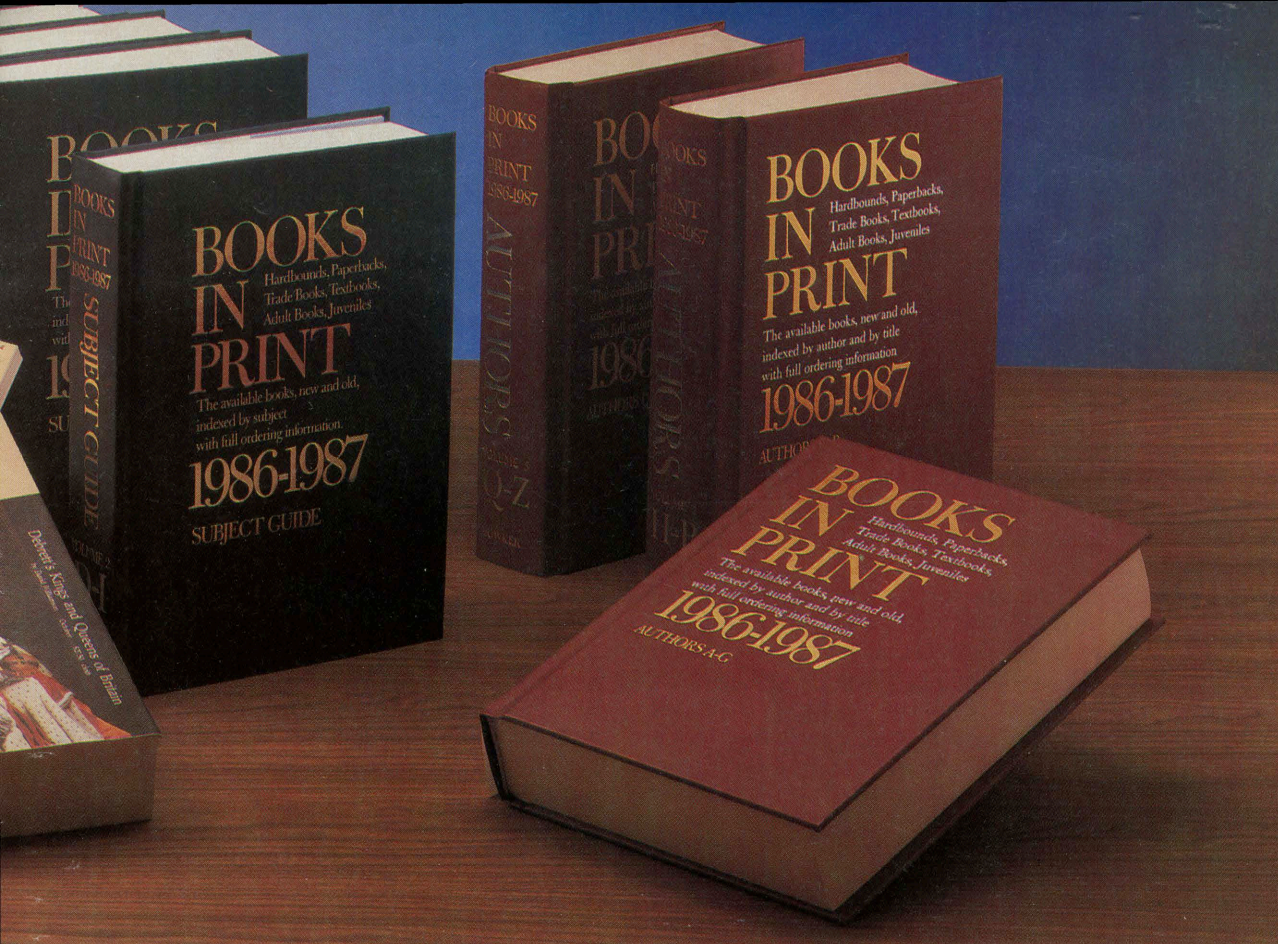
Senate Delays Chief Archivist Appointment

The U.S. Senate adjourned without confirming President Reagan's appointment of John T. Agresto as the next National Archives head.

Agresto's name can be re-submitted by the Reagan administration when the new Congress takes its seat in January, but the Senate's action in refusing to act is generally considered tantamount to ultimate refusal.

The American Library Association and other groups had opposed Agresto's nomination on grounds that he "does not appear to possess the appropriate qualifications" for a position that carries a lifetime appointment.

Also, Agresto came under fire during confirmation hearings for his refusal as acting chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities to enforce affirmative action.



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THE INFORMATION COMPANY
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20 Nov. '86

Dear Liv--

Tea leaves are considerably clearer than the portents that sometimes show up in Publishers Weekly, but I hope it's a promotion for you to be in charge of all Macmillan/Atheneum/Scribners sub rights these days. Here in the western corner of the universe, it sounds like it anyway. So, congratulations!

best

20 Nov. '86

Dear Susan--

The bad news is the cut in Macmillan/Atheneum/Scribner books.
The glad news is that you're going to be in charge of publicity for
the whole place. Tomorrow the world, right?

congratulations.

3 Nov. '86

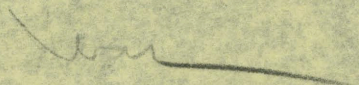
Dear Linga--

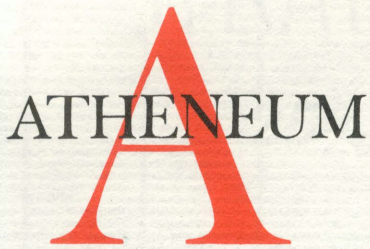
You'll find 3 separate chunks of manuscript in this batch. The first two, fairly short ones, are pieces I've added to the third chapter you read, the one in which Anna spurns Angus and he marries Adair. These take place before the spurning:

--The first is a love scene between Angus and Anna, the only actual one they ever have--just before she goes away for the summer, decides to marry somebody else, etc. Simply have a look at it for anything that seems mawkish or cliched; it's surprisingly hard to write anything Harlequin Romances hasn't already come up with.

--The second scene is a sheep shearing contest, after Anna has left for the summer. On this one, see if you can find any more visual possibilities I ought to include--or tell me if it seems to have enough already--and whether the result of the contest rings true with you.

The third batch is the big one, chs. 4-5, ensuing immediately after Rob's lifted-glass toast to the newly married Angus and Adair at the end of ch. 3. Be as tough as you can on all of this, because this is likely the last crack at it I can give you: if you'd circle any word choices that seem to you weak or not apt, for instance (and turn down the corner of any page where you've commented that way), and particularly watch for visual possibilities I haven't done or haven't done enough with, okay? Also, of course, just a general reading reaction: do the characters and their motivations come across clearly, does the story get too convoluted anywhere? A couple of new bits about the storyline, which I hope help explain a few of the new events in these chapters: Anna will be ~~described~~ described earlier (in ch. 3) as a person who exemplifies "the Scottish verdict"--ie., "not proven," which is the third verdict possible in Scottish law: neither innocent nor guilty, simply the ~~the~~ case was "not proven" to the jury's satisfaction. In short, she's a person who makes her mind up only so far as the facts of the moment--or her emotions of the time--will let her. And with this characteristic, I now have the storyline that when Anna spurns Angus, she tells him it's only definite for then--for as far ahead as she can see--but if she ever finds her life with Isaac is wrong, she'll know to turn to Angus. Okay? Just see if it eventually makes any sense to you--her middle verdict, "not proven" that she'll be married to Isaac forever, that Angus has not lost all chance--in these chapters.





ATHENEUM

PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

July 8, 1986

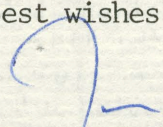
Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

Last week I had lunch with Ken Emerson of The New York Times Magazine, who is interested in publishing pieces by you. He says, "I'll take to heart your suggestion that we assign something to Ivan Doig. As soon as a good story pops up, I'll give him a call."

Which leads me to suggest that as soon as a good story pops up in your mind, you might give him a call.

Best wishes,



Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

TAS:ns
cc: Liz Darhansoff

21 July '86

Dear Tom--

Thanks for your missionary work on Ken Emerson of the NYT Magazine. In the months to come I'll mull if there's some idea to try on him when Carol and I begin roaming Montana for the novel after Dancing at the Rascal Fair. I mean, hell, last Sunday he had both Texas and Harvard in the Magazine, so how exotic can Montana seem, right?

If you cross paths with Ruth Singleton of Scribner's in the hallway, you may hear that I've just turned down a blurb request from her on the basis of eye (lid) affliction. 'Tis true, I've had another bout with these damn glandular swellings--the fourth in the past year, and this time in the other eyelid--but while I've had to lay back from evening reading, the workdays on the ms go okay except when the affliction first roars into the eyelid and then at the end of it when I have to have the swelling excised from under the lid. This isn't greatly serious, mostly it's just boring as hell, and exasperating whenever I do lose some typewriter time. But I thought I'd better let you know, in case word got to you from some other direction.

The novel now seems to want to be seven chapters, some of which already have their faces scrubbed and their shoes shined, some are still getting their socks on. But chances are still good they've all going to be suited up to greet you on Hogmanay.

best

A Memo.

December 6, 1989

Dear Mr. Doig

I am an outreach librarian with the Centralia Timberland Library. My job is selecting and delivering books to the elderly in their own homes, hospitals, or nursing homes.

You have always been one of the recent authors I can take out and give to any of my patrons knowing they will enjoy the story and never be offended by any of the content (That is becoming increasingly rare) So you can imagine how upset I was (to say nothing of the patrons who were eagerly awaiting

trd.

Timberland Regional Library

Service Center: 415 Airdustrial Way S.W.
Thurston Airdustrial Center/Olympia, Wa.
98501 / (206) 943-5001

your English Creek) to find
the print almost unreadable to
anyone over 35.

I don't know how much
pay you have over details like
this in the publication of a book
but if you can help by insisting
on a clear dark print you will
make a lot of people happy

Thanks for listening

Eddie Shea

20 Dec. '84

Dear Eddie Shea--

Thanks for taking the trouble to write about English
Creek. I'll try to put your letter to use with my
publisher when it comes time for the production design
on my next book. It's particularly aggravating to me
that there's a print problem, as I pointed out early on
that the Depression generation is a prime audience of
this book.

Anyway, I appreciate ~~thank~~ your sharing the concern,
and I'll do what I can.

best, and happy holidays

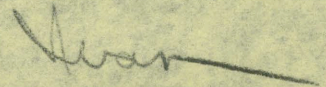
14 May '86

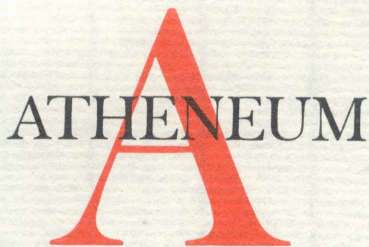
Dear Tom--

I don't think I already sent you a copy of this recent bit of moonlighting. In any case, this is a signed one that you might tuck away for you kids, in case Tony Angell or I ever amount to anything-- I'm told these museum show catalogues, which this really is, amount to rare items eventually.

Manuscript's perking pretty good at the moment. Hope you are, too.

best

A handwritten signature, likely "Alan", written in dark ink. The signature is stylized with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.



ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

March 4, 1986

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

Dear Ivan,

Over the weekend, I was able to read the pages from DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR. What a treat! You have found a wonderful, loose-limbed voice, just the right amount of brogue, and done a wonderful job of setting out your characters. There are a few places where I think the prose or the story wanders a little bit, and I think you might possibly indulge just a bit more in some lyricism, particularly when the Two Medicine country is first described. I also wonder if you oughtn't to be explicit about the fact that you are skipping over the arrival in New York and the trans-continental journey. (In other words say something like "so much has been written about this that I won't bore you with it." I am not sure this is a good idea, I am simply a farmer who raises questions.)

I don't imagine that my small handful of specific comments would be useful to you now, so I will withhold them. Besides, they are extremely small. This is damn near perfect. You are a terrible, horrible human being to have sent only a partial novel to me. Now, for the rest of the year, whenever I have that nagging feeling that something is missing from my life, I will know that it is the remaining several hundred pages of your manuscript.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

** unless you ask*

TAS:ns

8 March '86

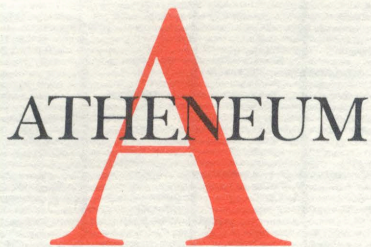
Dear Tom--

What a treat, to have an editor who finds less wrong with my ms pages than I do. And who urges me to be more lyrical, which is like asking a guy who shows up at the party with sheet music in his hand if he would ~~not~~ like to sit down at the piano. You're right that both the story and the lingo wander a bit in this version, and we're going to have to keep our eyes on them, but so far it's because they're searching, trying to figure out how to be plenty without being too much. I still feel that I'm at the trying-out stage with quite a bit of this ms, so I'm hugely pleased that you think as well of it now as you do. Wait till you see it with its party clothes on. I'd toyed with the notion of sending you a next batch of chapters this summer, but if you're happy so far, and you sure sound like it, maybe we may as well wait until I get the whole thing written and do our mutual tinkering then. The manuscript seems to want to be 9 or 10 chapters; besides the two you saw I have 5 more in various stages of maturity, and one of them, chapter 7, The 'Steaders (i.e., the homesteaders who flood into Montana a decade or so after Angus and Rob), I think needs to be long and mighty.

Glad you like the book's voice. Glad you're a guy who knows each book needs its own voice.

Fascinating, that you crossed paths with R.G. Vliet. Before Stacy Schiff picked me, out of left field, for the intro I didn't know his work, and his name had only recently and barely registered with me: he too received one of the '85 NEA fiction fellowships I got. And died before the money was mailed out, so his widow, who'd supported his writing career all those years, didn't even get it. His luck was bad with SCORPIO RISING too, I gather; Random House put a cover on it a person wouldn't even want to touch, let alone open. But when Stacy sent me the book I could see how the guy loved the language, and now that the task is all over, I'm glad I did it.

all for now, Tom. Thanks.



ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

February 27, 1986

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

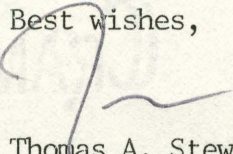
Dear Ivan,

Two things. First, I have not as of the date of this letter had a chance even to begin the pages of the novel that were eventually sent to me from Liz's office. As you know, they thought you had already sent me a copy, and by the time I got my pages I was half way through a crash editing job, which I hope to finish this week, which will leave me the weekend to sit in the jacuzzi of your prose. (I don't mean that it is all wet. I mean that it is warm, bubbling, stimulating and relaxing at once, and I suppose I had better drop this image as soon as I can.) Second, I want to thank you for sending the copy of R. G. Vliet's novel. I don't know if you know that I worked briefly with him when I was at Harcourt. It was really a matter of holding his hand than anything else, for his editor, I believe it was Dan Wickenden, had retired while Russ's book was working its way through production. (This was ~~ROCK~~ SOLITUDES, I think.) A little while after that, he sent in what I think were the first pages of SCORPIO RISING, looking for a contract, and he and I were shot down. He was very unhappy, and even a little bitter. His agent, Lucy Kroll, asked me if I would do him a favor and drop a note to Roger Straus saying that Russ was the real thing. I did. At the same time, unknown to me and to Lucy, Russ wrote a letter to Jovanovich pleading his case. The great man (soi disant) called for the file, saw my letter to Roger, who is his greatest enemy (I think it is the battle between a self-made man and one who had it made, plus two not small egos) and thought that I was that greatest of sinners, one who was not Loyal. Roger, of course, turned the book down, and it ended up at Random House. I always wished that I had fought harder for the book. I have no idea whether a harder fight would have made any difference, except in assuaging the guilt I felt when I read that he had died. He seemed to me, from my slight acquaintance with him, to be such a very modest man. This is not to say, that he did not know how good he was--he knew that--but he never seemed to be haughty or contemptuous toward people who did not know this, too. I'm awfully glad to see that you are lending your name to his reputation, and hope that his strange and beautiful books will get more life thanks to their publication in Penguin.

Mr. Ivan Doig
February 27, 1986
Page two

But why didn't they put your name on the cover?

Best wishes,



Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

TAS:ns
cc: Stacy Schiff - Viking/Penguin

21 Feb. '86

Dear Linda--

Just a quick Reader's Advisory, here. I'm working over the next section of my manuscript, and it seems to make best sense to get the next four chapters ready, which will introduce the last necessary characters and carry the book to (I hope) a turning point, before expending your time. So, I think that's going to be April, maybe mid-April. I'll try give you a couple weeks' warning before the stuff is ready, okay?

I hope poems are happening steadily for you. See you.

best

Seattle trade magazine house.

GARETH STEVENS:

Gary Carpenter has joined the company as vice-president, finance and operations. He was formerly vice-president, finance for Ideals Publishing Corp. and, before that, division controller at Western Publishing.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS:

Jane Waldman has been appointed promotion and export sales coordinator and manager of the exhibits program. She joined the press in 1984 and was formerly assistant to the promotion director...

Angela Von Der Lippe has been named science editor. She joined the press in 1984 as associate editor for science and medicine. Before that, she acquired trade science books for Birkhauser, Boston and was the American editor for Suhrkamp and Insel Publishers, Frankfurt.

LEA & FEBIGER:

Carroll Cann has joined the company as executive editor. He will develop books in all fields but with special attention to publications in internal medicine and surgery. Cann was the longtime executive editor at W. B. Saunders.

RANDOM HOUSE:

Lisa Moore has been promoted to developmental editor in the college division.

ARBOR HOUSE:

Chuck Thompson has been named director of design and manufacturing. He was previously production editor and, before joining Arbor House, was production manager at St. Martin's Press.

ATHENEUM: Trish Lande

has been named editor. She joined the company in 1984 as an assistant editor and was most recently associate editor. She previously held editorial positions at St. Martin's Press and Crown

Publishers Inc. ...

Ann Rittenberg has been named editor. She joined the company in 1980 as editorial assistant and was most recently associate editor. Prior to Atheneum, she worked at the *St. Petersburg Times*.

DOVER PUBLICATIONS:

Paulette Lewin Chase has been appointed publicity manager. She joined the company in 1984 as advertising copywriter after five years as a publicity assistant at WLIW, the Long Island public television station.

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS:

William Dickerson has been named vice-president of the catalogue group and will direct the manufacturing division in Reno, Nev., which will begin operation in late 1986...

John P. Ashelman has been elected a vice-president of the magazine group. He joined the company in 1978 and is manager of central region magazine sales...

Richard M. Sawdey has been elected a vice-president of the company. He joined Donnelley in 1974 and has been secretary since 1983... **David C. Hart** has been elected a company vice-president and will continue as general counsel. He joined the legal department in 1970... **Carol Kriekard** has been named assistant secretary. She has been an attorney in the secretary's office since November 1984.

BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS BOOKS:

James L. Knapp has been named director of food and drug chain sales for the retail book marketing profit center.

ADELE LEONE AGENCY:

Richard S. McEnroe has joined the agency as associate representative. He was formerly editorial assistant and anthologist at Ace Science Fiction. McEnroe will be closely involved with the agency's new Open Door program, offering represen-

tation at a reduced commission to promising new writers in the science fiction and fantasy field.

ADLER & ADLER:

Denise Berthiaume has joined the company as marketing manager. She was formerly manager of advertising at the *Wilson Quarterly*... **Barbara J. Smith** has joined the company as controller. She was formerly a public accountant with Beers & Cutler.

SPHERE BOOKS:

Rob Shreeve, nonfiction editorial director, has announced that he is leaving the company to set up his own list. Shreeve has been with Sphere for three years and was previously with Macmillan and Hutchinson.

COMMONWEALTH COMMUNICATIONS:

M. David Detweiler has been named vice-president, publishing division.

JAMESTOWN PUBLISHERS:

Diane Noiseux has joined the Providence, R.I., company as production supervisor. She was most recently a graphic artist at Cogens Inc.

ROBERT UBELL ASSOCIATES:

Elaine Cacciarelli has been appointed database director of the New York-based book and journal packaging company... **Mark P. Meade** has been appointed assistant database director. He was previously associate editor of Computer Group Publications at EIC/Intelligence.

WRITERS HOUSE INC:

Athos Demetriou and **Deborah Pursch** of the Writers House scouting department have been assigned as New York scouts for the Istituto Geografico De Agostini in Italy and Virgin Books in England. They can be reached at 21 W. 26th St., New York, N.Y. 10010; (212) 685-2400.

NEW WOMAN:

Sarah Medford has joined the magazine as books editor. She was assistant books editor at *Self* magazine for the last two years.

SAN FRANCISCO REVIEW OF BOOKS:

Arnie Williams has been named editor. He replaces Ron Nowicki, who founded the magazine in 1975 and will remain publisher... **Charles Stableford** has been named art director.

Lynne C. Franklin has been appointed the New York literary representative of the Dutch publishing company UNIEBOEK BV. She can be reached at 386 Park Avenue South, #1903, New York, N.Y. 10016; (212) 689-1842.

HAWORTH PRESS:

Bobbe Siegel is now the exclusive foreign rights representative for Haworth Press, a New York-based publisher. Siegel can be reached at 41 W. 83rd St., New York, N.Y. 10024.

D. C. COMICS: Mike Gold has joined the editorial department as senior editor. He will be responsible for developing and editing new projects.

LITTLE PROFESSOR BOOK CENTERS:

Lisa Emmer has joined the company as operations manager. She will be responsible for the franchise's training program and operational consultation. She was with Horizon Bookstores of Michigan, and was a staff writer for the *American Bookseller*.

Visitors

Sven-Erik Bergh, chairman of the Bergh Publishing Group in Switzerland, will be in New York through January 23 to attend the PEN Congress. He can be reached at the Harvard Club or care of Joan Knight at (212) 860-8599. □

Tracy Cabot's smash sequel to
How to Make a Man Fall in Love With You

HOW TO KEEP A MAN IN LOVE WITH YOU FOREVER

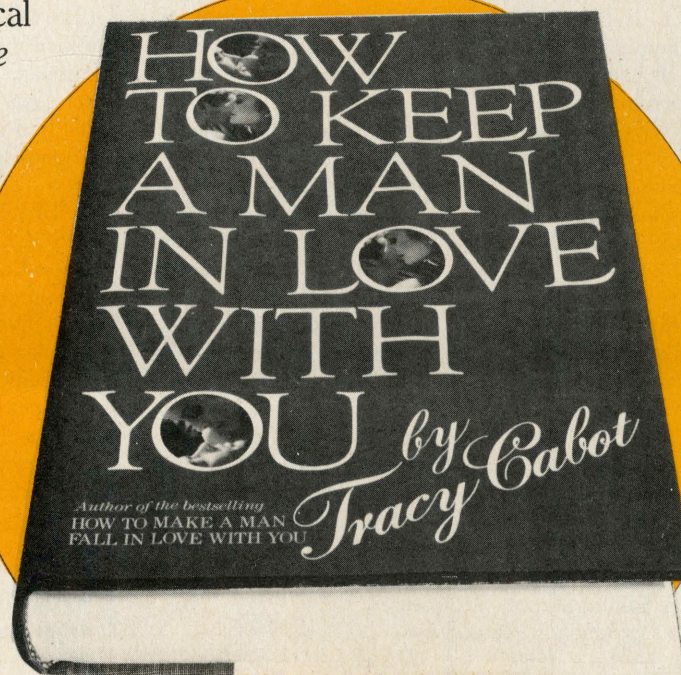
Once a woman finds her man, can she finally relax? Hardly. Now she has to worry about holding on to him—and today's divorce statistics are not encouraging.

For all the women who successfully employed the seductive strategies in her previous bestseller, Tracy Cabot now provides new ones for *keeping* those newfound husbands and newly minted relationships. From how to pinpoint a man's special needs and read his "Love Language" to sexual techniques for renewing romance, these strategies are guaranteed to work in any relationship, no matter what stage it's reached, and with any man, no matter how difficult he may be.

Filled with expert tips and practical advice, *How to Keep a Man in Love With You Forever* is the ultimate how-to for every woman who wants *her* relationship with *her* man to remain fresh and exciting for a lifetime.

MAY / 0-07-009508-6 / \$15.95

- * 50,000-copy first printing
- * \$35,000 advertising/promotion campaign
- * 100% co-op advertising available
- * 17-city national author tour



Pure Gold for Booksellers

McGRAW-HILL 86

11 Feb. '86

Rittenberg

Dear Ann--
^

This is a bit belated--it takes some time for news to seep out to me from the murk of Publishers Weekly's new format--but congratulations on becoming an editor. Not only is the title advancement deserved, it's earned.

best

[Signature]

13 Dec. '85

Dear Linda--
^

Birds
What I have in mind on this manuscript sample is not a word-by-word editing job, but simply(?) a perceptive reader's evaluation. Along these lines:

--I need to know whether my narrator's italicized scraps of poetry etc.-- what I call at one point the baggage of the mind that comes with him from Scotland--works okay. That is, does it seem to you the kind of stuff a guy like this would have in his head. Also, of course, your opinion of whether the poetic lines scan satisfactorily; most of them are Robert Burns, but a few of them are Doig.

--Does the story hold you? Too much of anything anywhere, or too little?

--I'm still working on the characters, but could stand to know if any need particular attention.

--Across the curve of the book, Angus and Rob are to move from being rather typically randy 19-year-old males to middle-aged men caught, at least in one case, in deep and troubled love for a woman. ~~For~~ From your point of view, how obnoxious or not do you find their allusions so far?

--Finally, the voice of the book. Does it sound complete, believable, distinct? What I'm striving for is the sound of intrinsic narration, a voice that has its own self; a piece of writing that is ineffably what it is, ~~mayhem~~ Your poem "Child in the Wagon," for instance, to me has the kind of distinct sense of being itself that I'm seeking. I simply want a general assessment on this, whether the voice sound too this or too that to you; if in the course of reading along, you come onto single words or phrases that you think don't ring right--please just circle them and I'll contemplate them.

If possible, I'd like to have this back on Jan. 6 or 7. Merry Texas Xmas.

Shan

p.s. Please be as tough on this manuscript as you can. At this point I need hard scrimmage, not cheering.

13 Dec. '85

Dear Linda--

What I have in mind on this manuscript sample is not a line-editing job, but simply(?) a perceptive reader's evaluation.

13 Dec. '85

McGRAW-HILL announces:

Joseph J. Marcelle was appointed publisher of the newly-formed business and economics, computing, and engineering discipline group.

Phillip A. Butcher has been appointed publisher of the arts and sciences group of the college division.

Cydney C. Martin has been appointed sponsoring editor in the engineering and computer science group of the college division. She will be responsible for the acquisition and development of textbooks and software.

Elisa Adams has been appointed senior editor in the college division. She will be responsible for developing major college text projects.

Karen S. Misler has been appointed senior sponsoring editor for chemistry and physics in the college division. She was most recently marketing manager for the Saunders science list at CBS Publications.

Samuel J. Costanzo has been appointed sponsoring editor in the business and economics editorial group of the college division.

James D. Anker has been appointed senior editor in the arts and sciences editorial group of the college division. He will be responsible for acquisition and development of texts and related products in psychology and political science.

Michael E. Phillips has been appointed director of marketing services for Shepard's/McGraw-Hill.

Eric E. Simmons has been appointed national sales manager for Shepard's/McGraw-Hill.

Martha Clarke has been promoted to publicity coordinator of Macmillan's general books division. She was formerly merchandising coordinator at *Seventeen* magazine.

MACMILLAN's trade sales division announces:

Norman Adell has been promoted to manager of religious accounts.

Morton Berke has been promoted to vice-president, sales.

Mary Ann Canapi has been promoted to manager, sales information.

Chris Cassel has been promoted to manager, backlist titles.

Ellen Cavallaro has been promoted to director, sales administration.

Richard Dojny has been promoted to vice-president, director of trade sales.

Greg Hamlin has been promoted to vice-president, trade sales.

Faith Hornby has been promoted to national sales manager.

Judith Litchfield has been promoted to national accounts manager.

Harry McCullough has been promoted to director, national accounts.

Lynne Schuman has been promoted to director of sales promotion.

THE PUTNAM PUBLISHING GROUP announces:

Sherri Johnson Alexander has been promoted to vice-president/director of manufacturing. She joined Putnam as director of manufacturing for the Young Readers Group.

Stacy Creamer has been promoted to editor of G. P. Putnam's Sons. She joined the company in 1983 as assistant to the publisher and president.

Victoria Rock has been named editor for Philomel Books, a division of the Young Readers Group. She was most recently production editor for the G. P. Putnam's Sons division.



Ruth Coughlin

Ruth Pollack Coughlin has been named book editor of *The Detroit News*. Most recently, she was articles and book editor for *Metropolitan Detroit Magazine*. She had been an editor at Harper & Row and Delacorte Press.

Marilyn Allen has been named director of sales & marketing of Octopus Books, a London publisher. She was formerly director of sales of Avon Books. She will be responsible for the development of publishing and sales activity and oversee Octopus Publishing Group's North American operations.

Thomas J. Cosgrove has been promoted to national premium sales manager of Hammond. He was formerly manager of the publishing division.

Claire Silvers has been appointed publicity manager at Harvard University Press. She was publicity manager at M.I.T. Press for five years.

Lawrence Schneider has been named manager, general publications division, the Society of Automotive Engineers.

LaVerne Winkowski has been named manager, electronics publishing division, the Society of Automotive Engineers.

Michael Schindel has been appointed graphics and production manager, electronics publishing division, the Society of Automotive Engineers.

James Thomas was named trade book editor at Gibbs M. Smith, publisher of Peregrine Smith Books.

Nadine Ferre was named director of sales and marketing at Gibbs M. Smith.

Rick Hassett was named director of publicity at Gibbs M. Smith.

Robert J. Lindquist has been appointed vice-president of Billboard Publications, and will become a member of the company's executive committee. He was also named publisher of the Watson-Guptill Publications division, succeeding Jules Perel, who has retired from the company. Lindquist was director of operations at Watson-Guptill in the late 70s and returned earlier this year as general manager. He has worked previously at Doubleday, Macmillan, Western Publishing, and Lee Enterprises.

PERGAMON PRESS announces:

Lillian Gurrieri has been promoted to exhibits manager. She has been with the company since 1981.

Jennifer Nostrand has been appointed sales development manager. She has been with the company since 1983.

Mabel Vaughn has been named senior production editor. She joined the company in 1984 and was formerly production editor at Plenum Publishing.

Elizabeth Elston has been promoted to associate editor, reference books division of Charles Scribner's Sons. She joined the company in 1982 as secretary to Charles Scribner, Jr., and was most recently assistant editor.

Mary Jim Cunningham was appointed director of sales for the textbook division of Open Court Publishing Company. She had held marketing and sales management positions at McGraw-Hill.

Glenn Albrecht has been appointed managing director of manufacturing, Western Publishing Company. He has been with the company for 12 years and has served various management positions in the manufacturing area.

Elizabeth A. Ritter was named manager of advertising at Waldenbooks. She is responsible for all advertising efforts produced by Waldenbooks's agency, Grey Advertising.

Larry A. Blakely has joined Hayden Book Company as regional sales manager. He was formerly a sales rep with Prentice Hall.

Arlene Modica Matthews has joined Lynn Goldberg Communications as vice-president. She was formerly associate director of publicity for G. P. Putnam's Sons, publicity director of Villard Books, and West Coast publicity manager for Random House.

Marianne Orlando, a former vice-president of John Wiley & Sons and general manager of international operations, is working as a consultant and can be reached at 208-16 30th Ave., Bayside, N.Y. 11360; (718) 224-2095. □

RELIGIOUS BOOKS

William Griffin

Matins: First Nocturn

When Patrick J. Brennan, Catholic priest, professor at Loyola University and Mundelein Seminary, and director of the Office for Chicago Evangelization, takes a summer vacation, he finds that the first few nights are "a chaotic sea of insomnia mixed with confusing dreams." In *Spirituality for an Anxious Age* (Thomas More, \$9.95), he reviews and synthesizes psychological research and theory concerning the causes of anxiety and shows not only that much emotional turmoil is self-generated but also that some of it has distinctly spiritual overtones. "So often," he writes in what is the best sentence in the book, "wrestling with the issues of emotional crises are indeed experiences of 'wrestling with God.'"

Matins: Second Nocturn

A companion work to *The Wounded Healer*, a biographical volume about J. B. Phillips, who translated the New Testament into modern English, is *The Price of Success: An Autobiography* (Harold Shaw, paper, \$7.95). In it he establishes a connection between the euphoria of success he enjoyed when his translation sold millions of copies and the years of clinical depression that followed. The last sentence of the book, written not long before his death: "The hope is that in the end the whole of created life will be rescued from the tyranny of change and decay, and have its share in the magnificent liberty which can only belong to the children of God!"

Matins: Third Nocturn

Why did three Protestant intellectuals—Gerhard Kittel, Paul Althaus and Emanuel Hirsch—welcome the Nazis and their nightmarish policies of racism and anti-Semitism? In *Theologians Under Hitler* (Yale, \$20) Robert P. Erickson examines these three men and explains why they thought they had good reasons for what they did. "The three theologians saw themselves and were seen by others as genuine Christians acting upon genuine Christian impulses"; and they were not alone. This dark book poses a number of social, economic and cultural questions that one has to answer before condemning Kittel, Althaus and Hirsch.

Lauds

The longer the Church waits for the second coming, the more it has had to come to terms with the marketplace, which on bullish days generates wealth,

materialism, atheism. In *The Creation of Wealth* (InterVarsity Press, paper, \$5.95), Brian Griffiths, dean of City University Business School in London and a director of the Bank of England, at the invitation of the Christian Association of Business Executives, presents one Christian's case for capitalism. Within a Christian perspective the process of wealth creation can have a measure of legitimacy. "While the Christian gospel cannot and should not be used to baptize any historical economic system," he concludes, "the market economy offers a better starting point than most other systems, as well as provides an enormous opportunity for Christians in business to create structures at work which are authentically Christian."

Prime

Linda Light had it all: beauty, poise, success. She had captured the Miss Kansas crown, competed in the Miss Universe pageant, embarked on a career as a flight attendant. But in the prime of her life she was struck down by multiple sclerosis. She would seem to have lost it all. In the last 20 years, however, she has married Del Strassheim and found God; she tells her story—with the skillful help of Evelyn Bence—in *Something Beautiful* (Zondervan, paper, \$5.95). "I'm ten thousand times better off now," she is able to write, "than I was 20 years ago."

Tierce

In *On Truth*, which was published in 1983, Harry Blamires studied the nature of God and his dealings with man. In his latest, *Words Made Flesh* (Servant, paper, \$6.95) he deals with words like "fire," "garden," "crown," "bride,"—35 of them; his contention is "that the entire universe is God's utterance; that everything in it, one way or another, tells us what God has to say." Blamires is often described as a pupil of C. S. Lewis at Oxford, but with this book, if not with his previous ones, he is surely a master in his own right.

Sext

Is there a New Testament position on divorce and remarriage? In *Jesus and Divorce* (Nelson, paper, \$7.95), two authors who have never met—William A. Heth of Dallas Theological Seminary and Gordon J. Wenham of the College of St. Paul & St. Mary in Cheltenham, England—have collaborated, summarizing and evaluating seven major posi-

tions and detailing the current evangelical consensus. "It is always wrong to divorce what God has joined together," they conclude.

Nones

If you liked Cicero and Virgil in the first century B.C. but wished they weren't so pagan, then you'll love Ambrose and Augustine, who wrote some four centuries later but in a decidedly Christian vein. *A Primer of Ecclesiastical Latin* by John F. Collins (Catholic University of America Press, \$24.95) will help in the transition; it contains 35 instructional units of grammar and vocabulary as well as supplemental readings spanning the centuries from Jerome's translation of the Bible into common Latin in the fourth century to the gorgeous poems of the Middle Ages, praising creation, Eucharist, Holy Spirit.

Vespers

In *The Reasons of the Heart* (1978) and *The Church of the Poor Devil* (1982), John S. Dunne, priest and professor of theology at the University of Notre Dame, chronicled his interior journey into solitude and his exterior pilgrimage up the Amazon. In *The House of Wisdom* (Harper & Row, \$15.95) he is on the road again, this time trekking to Hagia Sophia, the 1000-year-old cathedral/mosque/museum in Istanbul, to the Mark Rothko Chapel in Houston, and to the Meditation Room at the United Nations. In this book as in the others, the pilgrim becomes the shrine and the reader comes to learn and to love from the meditations contained therein. At the book's end, the author visits World's End, a peninsula and forest reservation near—of all places—Hingham, Mass., where he had an ironic, unlikely thought. "What if the world ends in beauty and in golden light?"

Compline

"Before the ending of the day, Creator of the world, we pray that with thy wonted favor thou wouldst be our guard and keeper now," sing the choristers at compline every evening at King's College, Cambridge. *Before the Ending of the Day* (Morehouse-Barlow, paper, \$5.95) is the title Norman Pittenger, senior resident and member of the faculty of divinity, King's College, and author of 75 books, now past 80 years of age, has chosen for this collection of "bits and pieces of meditative writing"—most graceful—done in the past decade. □

Dear Ann--

The story cheers up after the first page, honest!


As the other times, I'd simply like your reaction as a reader:

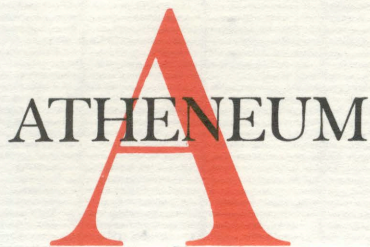
--Does the story hold your interest? Too much of anything anywhere, or too little?

--I'm still working on the characters, but could stand to know if any need more development or clarification. Also it'd be useful to know of any you particularly like or don't.

Feel free to jot reactions in the margin as you read along--those are really quite helpful to me.

And so have some fun (I hope) at the Rascal Fair.





ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

October 22, 1985

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

Dear Ivan:

I am sorry to hear about the problem you are having with your eye, and hope that by the time you get this letter (yours arrived just after I had fled the country for two weeks, so I have only just got to it) the eye will be better. Do what you think best with the proof of SHALLOWS: If you have the time and the inclination, of course I would be delighted if you wanted to read it, but if it still looks as if it will be a while before you can turn to it, then I would be grateful for its return, so that I can try someone else.

It is good to hear that the novel is going well, because it is one of those things that I can scarcely wait to see.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

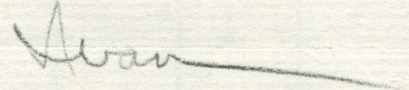
TS/cj

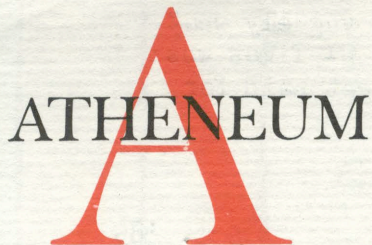
30 Oct. '85

Dear Tom--

Okey-doke, I just better let you have this SHALLOWS galley back so you can try it on somebody who can see. The eye was getting better, but seems to have reverted, the last couple days. Doesn't bother me much during the writing day, only prevents me from doing much or any extraneous reading. Hell, maybe it's an affliction you editors should patent and infect all writers with, huh?

best

A handwritten signature, likely "Alan", written in dark ink. The signature is stylized with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.



ATHENAEUM

PUBLISHERS

115 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY 10003

TEL: (212) 614-1300

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September 30, 1985

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

Dear Ivan:

I'm enclosing a bound proof of an Australian novel which we will publish in the spring, a book called SHALLOWS, which is a book with considerable depth. It won the Miles Franklin award in Australia, which is that nation's biggest literary prize, but I thought it was impressive even before I knew that, and I am sending you the set of proofs in the hope that you, too, will be impressed, and in the hope that if that is the case you will want to grace the book with a few words of praise.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
President and Publisher

TS/cj

Hi, Liz--

Figured you might as well see a copy of this, to know at least vaguely what I'm up to. That little taradiddle about mountains I did for the NY Times was in last Sunday's Sophisticated Traveler(!) section--did we ever get paid for that?

Hope you summered well among the moose. best,

Alan

8 Oct. '85

Dear Tom--

Nifty to hear from you, although I know full well you have automation of some sort doing your work while you're in Frankfurt or somewhere.

Well, Shallows: I may have to fink out on you for a blurb, this time. Here's the situation. I'm contending with an eye infection--nothing serious, just a blocked gland which doesn't want to come unblocked gland, but it makes it tough for me to do extra reading. Or, I guess it would be extra extra reading, as I recently have done extra for reviews in--ta! ta!--the NYTBR and Wash. Post Book World. All the squinting for those (a Harper & Row novel The Tree of Life for NYTBR, Ansel Adams' autobiog for BWorld) makes me think I'm gonna have to lay off, at least for a few weeks, if I'm going to persuade this eye back into shape. So: if you'd rather have the galley back to send to somebody else, rather than leaving it here with me and the odds that I may not get to it, let me know. Had you thought of trying Henry Carlisle, who wrote a terrific sea book The Jonah Man for Knopf a few years ago?

Other than being squinty, I'm pretty good and Dancing at the Rascal Fair is in reasonable health too. I hope to have half a dozen chapters, a fat fraction of the book, to show you soon in '86.

Hope you're thriving.

all best

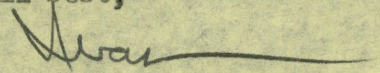
6 Aug. '85

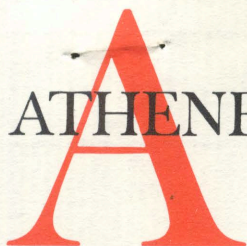
Dear Tom--

President? Publisher? What's next, capo and generalissimo?
Congrats on it all, fella.

Enclosed is some modest proof that I'm working, or at least
getting up early. The manuscript goes, as they say, apace.

all best,

A handwritten signature, possibly "Alan", written in dark ink with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.



ATHENEUM

PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

May 14, 1985

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

Dear Ivan:

Harry Ford on floppy disks.

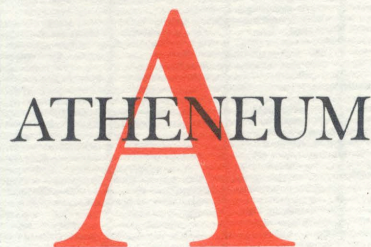
Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:rj

TAS AGREED 100%; I HAVE NOTHING TO ADD TO YOUR MASTERLY
SUCCINCT APPRAISAL.

HF 5/13/85



ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

May 8, 1985

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

Dear Ivan:

The big problem with setting a book from a manuscript on disk is the copy editing; how to transfer it to the disks. We've done it, but it often means much picking of nits by noble authors. It does save time. It also means that you cannot set in the Linotype, because, natch, you can only use a computer typeface. We have always set your books on the Linotype, because, while computer typefaces are getting better all the time, they are still not as good as Lino. I am sending a copy of this note and yours to Harry Ford, and if he has any suggestions I'll ask him to tell me so that I can pass them on, but my advice pro tempore would simply be that you use the word processor for its convenience in making revisions, changing names, etc., and send a normal manuscript printed out from it.

Best,

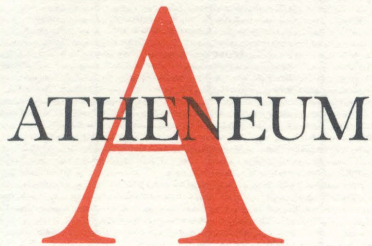
Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:rj

cc: Harry Ford

STRAHMORE WRITING

252 COTTON CIRCLE USA



ATHENAEUM

PUBLISHERS

115 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY 10003

TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

April 8, 1985

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

Dear Ivan,

Anything you write is a joy to read, and your piece in Montana is certainly no exception. Thank you for sharing it with me, but thank you above all for all the other things we have been sharing.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:esb

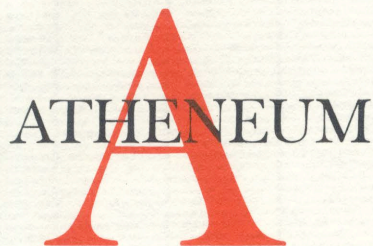
22 March '85

Dear Tom--

I've been waiting to pass along the enclosed article to you, and it turned out to be a considerable wait. But here 'tis, along with my own declaration of pleasure that we're in business again, us rascals, dancing at the fair.

Am off to Missoula for a week--March 24-30--and reachable there c/o Bill Bevis, (406) 728-2774. Back at the typewriter April 1, no fooling.

best,



ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

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February 26, 1985

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

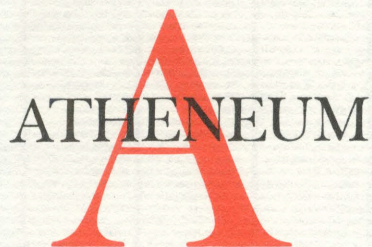
Dear Ivan,

I'm delighted that we have a deal for DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR!
A contract is in the works, and we'll get to Liz in short order, making
us official. This makes my day, my week, my year, my whatever you want
to make it make.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:esb



ATHENEUM

PUBLISHERS 115 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10003 TEL: (212) 614-1300

TELEX: 239532 CABLES: SCRIB UR

December 31, 1986

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

Many thanks for your letter of December 22.

I'm sorry you won't be able to read Mary Elsie's novel, and I do appreciate your returning the galley. Lynne Sharon Schwartz is a good suggestion; I'll send it along to her.

As you requested, I'm passing a copy of your letter to Mary Elsie.

Yours,

JTK/ark

Judith T. Kern
Editor

JTK/ark
(dictated but not read)

11 Nov. '86

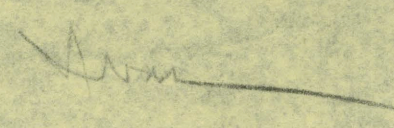
Dear Pat--

Great good thanks for your comments on the opening chapter of the Rascal Fair. Very interesting to me, that you'd like to hear all about their trip from Castle Garden to Helena; as Carol may have told you, I didn't do that because I thought the pace of the book had to scoot along a little bit there. You've made me rethink that, and it's definitely a point I'll have my editor look at.

You're also right about the Statu~~te~~ of Liberty. (My NY editor has already jumped me about that, when he saw an early draft of the chapter.) It's just that I was writing that section while all of last summer's self-congratulatory S of L hoopla was going on, and I was having the reaction a Missoula friend of ours did: she said she wanted to send the TV guys a picture of the Rocky Mountains, to give them a little perspective.

Anyway, much appreciation, onem more time, for your adept help. Next week I'll be writing on the 'flu chapter again, and of course you know I'll be thinking of you, right?

all best



29 October 1986

Dear Ivan,

I have read the MS about five times and always with interest and admiration for all of it. If I were to mention parts I liked I would just be talking about every page. No, there weren't slow or draggy parts, YES, the characters come alive. Yes, I follow the interior dialogue and it is marvelous at motivating the voyage of the young men. You do such a fine job at showing the stark, hard, hard life in Nethermuir. As for the writing, there is surely not a better sentence in any language than "my father had gone deaf deeper than his ears. "

You must be very talented, coming from the mountains and able to do the sea to perfection. The voyage is unforgettable.

You keep up the suspense so well with the search for Lucas. I get a feeling of the new Helena and the description of the Big Belt mountains at dawn is fine. I am very interested and caring about the ~~two~~ men. I want to know what is coming and WHERE IS LUCAS FOR Heaven's sakes???? (before I forget, a little thing ----- Louis Berkeley on page 45, Lewis Berkeley on 49)

I have only one criticism and because my head is still fixed on it and mulls and rattles on after day's passing, I will come out with it. It is this I missed between Newfoundland and Helena. Would not Angus be concerned with the first glimpse of the American Coast? What did he see before the steward says "Sandy Hook." What did he see after that? * Where is Castle Garden? Did the train smell.? Did they have to sleep sitting up? What states did they see when they were awake? Before they got to Helena didn't Angus want to see the border of Montana? When did he see the mountains? Did he wonder about the Continental Divide again? How many days had to be endured on the train. Were they hungry? What is the setting of Helena? Is it beautiful? Surrounded by the Big Belts? How many ranges could one see?

* I was timid about all these questions. A traveller does not see everything in a fog or his sleep. Lots of travel is a blur to ~~the~~ most observant. Maybe you are sick of the Statue of Liberty which he could have seen in 1889. Doubtless you have your own good reasons, for instance I know that this country is not really Angus' destination. His goal is Lucas and Montana. But still persists my wishing that he had noticed a first sign of this country, a first sign of the border to Montana or his first sight of the state and something to show me how Helena looks from a distance.

Anyway, this was my only question out of a whole lot of enjoyment and admiration as I read. Thanks very much for giving it to me to read. It is a masterly job that you do in a tiny space for above and beyond the expertise of a fine start to a novel you have achieved a universality in the heartbreak and courage of emigration-immigration. We should all have to think about it once in awhile. This is going to be a great book.

Please give Carol my greetings.

Love to both,

Pat

22 Oct1 '86

Dear Pat--
^

Armstrong

I greatly appreciate your gameness to read over this opening chapter for me. What I need to know is simply whether it holds your attention, carries your interest in the characters all the way to the end. So, any opinions you have, please, on considerations such as:

--is there too much of anything, any slow or draggy parts?

--do the characters come alive for you yet?

--can you follow my narrator's occasional spasms of interior dialogue or quotation to himself? Am I having him do it too often?

And beyond those, of course, just general Armstrongian wisdom, please.

thanks, and best

[Signature]