favorable
New Yorker
Tulsa World
LA Times
Savannah News-Press
Norfolk Virginian Pilot
Monterey Peninsula Herald
NY Times Bk Review
Eugene Register-Guard
Newsday
Schenectady Gazette
Suburban & Wayne Times (same as above)
Omaha World-Herald
Anniston ( Ala. ) Star
Not Man Apart
Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette
Grand Rapids Press
Ft. Worth Morning Star-Telegram
Indiana Star (same as above)
Erie Daily Times
Hackensack Record
Wichita Eagle-Beacon
Island Packet, Hilton Head S.C.
Great Falls Tribune
Christian Science Monitor
Rocky Mountain News
Washington Post
Portland Oregonian
USA Today
Chicago Sun-Times
Cleveland Plain Dealer
Publishers Weekly
Library Journal
Booklist
Kirkus
Denver Post
San Francisco Chronicle
San Jose Mercury News
Best Sellers
A novel as luminously American as Andrew Wyeth's painting, A. B. Guthrie's writing, and Aaron Copland's music

"A portrait of a place and family rendered acutely and surely...a book of grace and high purpose about a single summer, one after which nothing would ever be quite the same. Ivan Doig's glorious, sure and lovely prose carries us miles, sustaining and fulfilling and even weakening us with its power. Jick McCaskill [the book's narrator] recalls a special day of his summer by saying it was 'a set of hours worth the price of the rest of the life.' He could easily have been speaking, albeit extravagantly, of the experience of reading English Creek."
—BRYAN DI SALVATORE,
Denver Post

"A marvelous stretch of writing from the heart of the big sky country, at once an homage and a celebration of a way of life that is passing."
—WRIGHT MORRIS

"Catches magnificently the flavor of the speech and life in the Northwest...The pioneering and human spirit...echo throughout."
—Publishers Weekly

"Here is the real Montana, the real West, through the eyes of a real writer...This is loved life, and loved country...Mr. Doig knows this country and this life from the bottom of his feet upward."
—WALLACE STEGNER

ENGLISH CREEK
by Ivan Doig

Now at your bookstore
Book Sold

My schedule, thus far, on behalf of *English Creek*:

25 Sept.—reading, Kent Public Library
27 Sept.—banquet talk, Pacific Northwest managers of Walden bookstores
29 Sept.—Freese Voter '86 book signing; order forms for *Eng Crk* will be available.
18 Oct.—Denver Post books-and-authors dinner
22 Oct.—booksignings, Kalispell, Montana: Books West, 11-1:30

—interview for Kalispell local tv news
23 Oct.—booksigning, Helena: Little Professor, 11-1
24 Oct.—publication day interview on Today in Montana tv show, noon, KRTV Great Falls
—booksigning, Great Falls: Little Professor, 2-4
25 Oct.—booksignings, Bozeman: Country Bookshelf, 11-12:30

Montana State U. bookstore, 1:30-3
26 Oct.—breakfast talk, Montana History Conference, Lewistown
—booksigning immediately after talk
27 Oct.—interview, KUFM, Missoula (Montana's sole public radio station)
—booksignings, Missoula: U. of Montana bookstore, 11-2 (UM Homecoming Day)

Freddy's Feed & Read, 3-5
31 Oct.—Wm. O. Douglas lecture, Central Washington U., Ellensburg, Washington
1 Nov.—booksigning, University Book Store, Seattle
2 Nov.—booksigning, Tower Books, Seattle, 12-2
4 Nov.—booksigning, Edmonds Book Shoppe, 2-4
10 Nov.—signing at Pacific Pipeline open house
19 Nov.—talk and book signing at Elliott Bay Bookstore, Seattle
26 Nov.—booksigning, Bellingham: Village Books, 11-30-1
—booksigning, Oak Harbor: Wind and Tide Books, 3:30-5
1 Dec.—booksigning, LaConnor: Skagit Books, 2-4
2 Dec.—booksigning, Portland: Oregon Historical Society, 12-5
6 Dec.—booksigning, Olympia: Fireside Bookstore, 4-6
—talk and signing, librarians' group, 7:30-9
7 Dec.—booksigning, Kirkland: Fine Print, 7-9
1 Dec.—Scott's, Mt. Vernon, 6-8
21 Nov.—Waldenbooks, N'gate-Bellevue-S'center

So far, so good.

20 Nov. —Shiloh CC, 11:30-2
16 Nov.—Eagle Harbor, 12:30-5
14 Dec.—Waldenbooks (On Pine) 12-1
I met and talked briefly with Ivan Doig this week. He is the well-known author of THIS HOUSE OF SKY and WINTER BROTHERS as well as another volume. I had him autograph everything I had, so the reader's purchase now will be especially meaningful.

I reported in this column a week or so ago that the research he is currently doing has to do with a new book with the setting of Alaska.

That was incorrect. What is correct is that Ivan is indeed releasing a new book this fall with the setting of Alaska (which, by the way, sounded especially interesting) but that the book which he is currently researching will hopefully be a 1984 entry; the setting will be the Chouteau area, and much of what he is doing here in Hill County will form an integral part of the new book.

What an interesting man! Those of you who didn't take advantage of the opportunity to meet him missed a rare treat.

Another Montanan, a poet, has done an exceptionally fine piece of prose called DEATH AND THE GOOD LIFE. I am speaking, of course, of Richard Hugo, who spoke to a large crowd and read some of his poetry recently up at Northern Montana College.

The most recent book has just been released in paperback, and for you murder-mystery fans, how about one set in western Montana with a poetic flare? It is excellent, actually, and has quite a surprise ending.

It has already sold well in Havre, and its paperback debut should generate even more interest.

Peggy Parish has been writing truly entertaining children's books for what seems like a long time. Her favorite protagonist, Amelia Bedelia, is always getting herself into all sorts of hot water when she takes literally everything she is instructed to do.

For example, one morning she brings Mr. Rogers (her employer) coffee. She asks him if he would like anything else, he responds an egg and toast would be just fine, she brings the toast without butter and the egg is raw.

Her defense is that she was not instructed to cook it. In exasperation Mr. Rogers tells her to go fly a kite, which she promptly does, and so on!

Amelia Bedelia and Peggy Parish have delighted children of all ages with so much "literal" nonsense, and now the entire collection is available in a sensibly priced paperback format. There are several titles, but they read very rapidly, as the print is big and the accompanying illustrations add so much to the narrative.

Amelia Bedelia has delighted both of my children now, and I'm sure would be a delight to anyone's kids. The books make excellent bedtime stories!

We are in the process of moving our store down to the main level of The Atrium. I hope you will excuse the mess. We might be done by next month at this time if I live that long!
This has been a good gooseberry year. Mother had the freedom of a friend’s gooseberry patch while the friend was away visiting her kids. There were so many berries that mother told other friends to pick them. They all picked lots. Then nobody seemed to know what to do with their buckets of berries.

“I’ve had several calls wanting to know how to make gooseberry pie and gooseberry jelly,” mother said.

Not all berries and fruits grow this far north. Early ranch cooks depended on a hardy few and knew what to do with them. Mother obligingly dug out her old recipes for those of us who mostly pick gooseberries canned from the grocery shelves.

**GOOSEBERRY PIE**

- 4 cups gooseberries
- 3/4 cups sugar
- 3 Tbsp flour
- 2 tsp minute tapioca
- 1/2 tsp cinnamon
- 2 Tbsp butter
- 2 9-inch unbaked pie crusts

Remove stems and tails from firm berries. Wash berries well. Drain and pour into mixing bowl.

Combine sugar, flour, tapioca and cinnamon. Sprinkle this mixture over the berries and stir until well blended.

**GOOSEBERRY JELLY**

- 6 cups gooseberries
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 pkg pectin
- Sugar

For jelly you need not remove stems or tails. Remove all leaves before putting berries in large pan half filled with water. Stir thoroughly. With strainer spoon or ladle, remove all debris that has floated to top. If you are using enough water, you can let the good berries settle to the bottom, then carefully tip the pan and pour water and flotsam away. Do this several times to be sure berries are free from dirt and bad fruit (which floats to the top) and loose stems and tails have been discarded.

Combine 6 cups of berries and 1/2 cup water in a large kettle. Bring to a boil, mashing berries as they cook. When tender, pour into jelly sack. Let drain into a second kettle. When sack has cooled, squeeze out the remaining juice.

Jelly sacks aren’t ready to hand like they used to be when salt and sugar came in cloth bags instead of paper. If you’re lucky enough to have a jelly sack, wash it carefully after each using and keep it safe. You can buy jelly bags. Or you can make a bag from an old pillowcase or piece of thin sheet or dishtowel. The bag should be cotton not synthetic stuff.

Measure the juice that has strained out through the

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The Ranch Kitchen

By Janet S. Allison
Living Today

Author's search leads him to Havre

By CATHY BROWN
Daily News Correspondent

Writer and historian Ivan Doig makes art from memories and his search for memories brought him to Havre this week.

Here he hunted for remembrances of the Great Depression years which he will weave into his next novel, a story set in Montana in the summer of 1939, a year when only grasshoppers and hard times were plentiful.

Doig, who grew up near White Sulfur Springs and Valier but who now lives in Seattle, said he came to Havre on the "dog leg" of a research tour of the state. His wife, Carol, is with him to photograph the journey.

In Havre on Monday and Tuesday he read old issues of The Havre Daily News and other accounts of the "hard times." He was here also to record stories from people who lived through them.

THE NOVEL, which Doig said he expects to have published in 1984, will be a first-person narrative of a forest ranger who lives in the Choteau area. Doig said that he will use the "great vein of western history" that Forest Service lore offers and the specialized language of that occupation.

Like his first book, This House of Sky, the novel will be an account of a family and its connection with the land.

The 45-year-old Doig, who has a Ph.D. in American frontier history from the University of Washington, said many of the people with whom he has talked and corresponded often recall the Depression years with a certain fondness.

"They are like veterans who have gone through a war and tend to remember just the good experiences they had," he said. "You sense their pride about having gotten themselves through."

THOSE FOND MEMORIES, however, are tempered with grimmer stories. Doig continued. He noted that the swarms of grasshoppers which often clouded the Hi-Line sky and devoured the wheat crops during 1939-1942, are what those people focus on.

Francis Inman, who came to the Havre area as a young girl with her homesteading parents, is one rich source of memory Doig talked with while he was here. She recalled for him the days when her late husband Burt had to leave her alone to farm their land west of the Fresno Tavern while he worked on a WPA project in North Dakota. She described for Doig the long hours of work needed to spread grasshopper poison with a wheeiling old machine. Despite the toil, grasshoppers destroyed the crop. Two years later, the Inmans lost another crop to hail storm.

Doig also said most of the people who recount the Depression years for him tend to remember mainly the natural disasters, not the international economic collapse. "They saw their troubles as having come from forces outside of human control," he said.

The Depression started in Montana shortly after World War I, he noted, but he added that many of the people here were the sons and daughters of homesteaders, people not used to easy lives. "They had a long pull with hard times," he said.

This Depression-era novel will be Doig's fourth work. This House of Sky, published in 1978 and a National Book Award nominee, is a memoir of his Montana childhood. Winter Brothers, published in 1980, traces a pioneer's life in the Seattle and British Columbia areas. In September, The Sea Runner, an adventure story about four men who escaped from Russian indenturement to Alaska, will appear.

IVAN DOIG is researching a book on the Great Depression.
National League extends string to eleven

AL strikes out 10 times; leaves 11 baserunners

By HAL BOCK
AP Sports Writer

MONTREAL (AP) – For the last 11 years, the National League has found a way to win the All-Star Game. This year, the American League supplied the formula.

The frustrated Americans had pledged to win with speed on the bases, tight defense and tough relief pitching. That combination, supplied by Cincinnati shortstop Dave Concepcion’s two-run homer, was just how the Nationals built their 4-3 triumph Tuesday night.

Two vital statistics spelled doom for the AL, which now trails this series 54-18 with one tie and has lost 19 of the last 20 games.

Manager Billy Martin’s club struck out 10 times against NL pitchers Steve Rogers of Montreal, Steve Carlton of Philadelphia and Mario Soto of Cincinnati, and left 11 runners on base.

“We had enough opportunities,” said Rogers.

Valuable Player trophy.

The AL took a 1-0 lead in the first inning against Rogers, scoring on hits by Oakland’s Rickey Henderson, who had three singles, and George Brett of Kansas City, a wild pitch and a long sacrifice fly by California’s Reggie Jackson.

“Reggie was a little under that ball or it could have been 3-4,” Rogers said.

Boston’s Eckersley mowed down the first five NL batters but was having some control problems. He walked Dale Murphy of Atlanta on four pitches, bringing up Concepcion.

“I felt I had lost a little,” the Eckersley said. “I gave Concepcion a fastball and he fouled it back. Then I went to a slider and it was good-bye.”

“I was looking for an off-speed pitch,” Concepcion said. “I guess I got the head of the bat out on it.”

In his last batting-practice swing, Concepcion had smashed a line drive.

You say to yourself, ‘Break!’

Concepcion, who has only one home run this season, had put the NL in front and Manager Tommy Lasorda of Los Angeles thought the timing was every bit as important as the runs.

“When you have two men out and nobody on base and then you get two runs, well, that’s a big lift,” said Lasorda, 3-0 as NL manager streak. “It came at a very opportune time.”

An inning later, the NL was back for more. Pinch-hitter Ruppert Jones of San Diego led off with a triple that bounded off the base of the wall in right-center.

After Montreal’s Tim Raines walked and stole second, Jones scored on Pete Rose’s sacrifice fly, sliding across just ahead of Jackson’s strong throw and tagging the plate with his hand as Chicago catcher Carlton Fisk lunged to make the tag.

Afterwards, Lasorda talked with Oakland’s Martin for a moment.

“I told him the victory would be a lot sweeter if we could have beat somebody else,” he said. “That’s because he’s such a nice guy and a friend of mine.”

shortstop Ozzie Smith, who had replaced Concepcion, dashed in and made a dazzling play to end the inning, stranding the ninth and 10th AL runners.

No. 11 came in the final inning when Henderson walked with one out. Lasorda went to his bullpen for the Dodgers’ Steve Howe, who retired rookie Kent Hrbek of Minnesota. Then Tom Browne of Cincinnati came on to get Bell, ending the game.

The AL wasn’t done quite yet.

In the eighth, Fernando Valenzuela walked two batters and San Francisco’s Greg Minton relieved. Parrish hit a slow chopper over the mound. St. Louis shortstop Ozzie Smith, who had replaced Concepcion, dashed in and made a dazzling play to end the inning, stranding the ninth and 10th AL runners.

No. 11 came in the final inning when Henderson walked with one out. Lasorda went to his bullpen for the Dodgers’ Steve Howe, who retired rookie Kent Hrbek of Minnesota. Then Tom Browne of Cincinnati came on to get Bell, ending the game.

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“I told him the victory would be a lot sweeter if we could have beat somebody else,” he said. “That’s because he’s such a nice guy and a friend of mine.”
Author researches area for new novel

By KAREN MCGUIRE—DAVIS
For the Tribune

HAVRE — Montana is rich in land and in its people, says author Ivan Doig, and he'll be using that richness in his next novel, to be set in the Choteau area.

Doig, author of “This House of Sky” (a 1978 National Book Award nominee) recently spent three days in Havre, researching that next novel. This state has a history rich and varied like a quilt, he says, with a resilient people tempered by hard times.

This novel, his fourth, will center on a particular drama played out during a particularly hard time — the Depression.

Set in a fictional town in north-central Montana during the summer of 1939, the novel is to be the first-person narrative of a local forest ranger, “another quirk” said Doig, of “seeing this part of the state’s history through the eyes of a federal employee, not a farmer.”

Writing and researching the novel are both a homecoming for Doig, who spent his adolescence in Dupuyer, graduating from Valier High School in the ‘50s.

In a recent interview, Doig kept returning to not only the significance of the Depression as another event in the lives of a people hardened by hard times, but to the significance of the land.

Ivan Doig

“There’s a feeling of the Rockies as the rooftop of the world,” he explains. “This is a powerful part of the world to write about. The Hi-Line, where the Plains meet the Rockies.”

That appears to have always affected this native Montanan. In “This House of Sky” he writes “I glance higher for some hint of the weather, and the square of air broadens and broadens to become the blue expanse over Montana rangeland, so vast and vaulting that it rears, from the foundation-line of the plains horizon, to form the walls and roof of all of life’s experience — a single great house of sky.”

The “land” deeply figures into this next novel of Doig’s in a way that goes beyond the affection a native feels for the areas, though.

The Depression, he maintains, was a time of “sensory overload,” a time when the people had a handful of natural disasters to cope with on top of the financial disaster.

Doig’s Havre visit was the last leg of a month-long research trip through Montana where he had been interviewing “survivors” and cataloging data on those disasters, particularly the drought and grasshopper infestations of the 1930s.

He spent 10 days in Great Falls, plus visits to Helena, Fort Benton, Conrad, Dupuyer and Valier before ending his research in Havre.

Most of his time in Havre was spent interviewing a handful of people he had corresponded with after they’d responded to a newspaper ad, asking for memories of the grasshopper infestations 50 years ago.

“Hundreds of tons of grasshopper poison were used,” he explained, “the infestation was so bad. From here to the Dakota line, and boxcar loads of sawdust and arsenic were dumped.

“And a lot of people here on the Hi-Line still remember it. At least four times in that decade, and it varied according to where you were, this area was hit by grasshoppers, in ‘32 and ‘33, and in ‘38 and ‘39.”

For Montanans, the Depression was a collection of natural disasters sandwiched between two world wars, along with an international financial collapse — and it was all experienced by people still struggling with settling a young state.

Those Doig has spoken with seem to remember nature’s calamities rather than the global economic collapse, he said.

Doig said, “I think history will say that the Depression was one of the pivotal decades in this country’s history.” And more than that, the people who experienced it are still around, making it a powerful subject to write about, and one where it’s still possible to obtain accurate accounts.

Doig will have his third novel published this fall, “The Sea Runner,” a story set in 1853 about four men who escape from Russia to Alaska. His second novel “Winter Brothers” will be coming out in paperback this winter. It is about pioneer life in the Puget Sound area.
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Dear Tom--

Here's the fine-tuned ENGLISH CREEK.

The sheaf of "corrections and changes" represent my past month of line-editing and the results of the checking letters I've been getting back. As you know, the running battle of this book has been for me to learn the arcana of the Forest Service, rodeos, forest fires etc., while trying to concentrate on the book's voice and characters. By now the checking is mostly done, although I'm still corresponding about forest fire details with an invaluable guy I've found in Montana--scientifically knowledgeable yet down-to-earth enough to explain the stuff vividly. (Most Forest Service types tend to be at one extreme or the other) Anyway, corrections from here on should be minor and can easily enough be done even in galleys, I believe.

I've marked TOM beside anything in the list of changes that bears on the comments in your Jan. 19 letter or that I thought you ought to see.

Some of it was like self-amputation, but I did cut 6+ pp. from the first section. As to other points of your letter that seem to need comment or explanation, here's my volley:

pp. 156-7: I think the trick that needs to be done here is to have the reader gain respect for Stanley, but to keep Jick somewhat ticked off, or at least still simmering from having been ticked off for the past couple of days. He can't just turn reverential toward Stanley all of a sudden. So I've recast the final 3 graf's just enough to put his ire into past tense, and to have him reply more civilly to Stanley. I think it now shows him hanging out of his put-upon mood, but not too far, because he still has to be a bit ticked off at his father in the start of the next section.

188: "long-geared," just FYI, means lanky, long-framed. I agree the context doesn't clarify it enough, so I've cut it. I'm not even sure it's a general Westernism--could be just a Montana Scotishism.

201: I solemnized Beth's phone call enough to show that it can only be chaste. (Goodness gracious, you editors have gutter minds.) I'd like to keep it there at the very end of the day, to show she's been thinking about the speech invitation and finally has decided. By the way, everybody out here who's read this section for me did pick up easily enough, at the 19th, that here was the explanation of the phone call.

216: I guess I'm in favor of keeping "overstates": the writerly quip overstates the case against Montana civic spirit.
220: No, each piece of cottonwood shade is itself dappled—sunlight
comes between the leaves—instead of each piece being a dapple.

221: I make a case for "bached". It's even in my (Am. Heritage) dictionary.
It's precise and definitely would be used in this context in Montana, and
he's not living in a bachelor shack, he's a widower living on the small
family ranch but forced to "bache" since his wife died. Anyway, if you think
the word is just too strange to the eye (I agree it's an unexpected one) go
ahead and change it to "lived alone" or "kept house for himself"

317: I did in Yeats, but I still feel Jick here at this point of the dance
has to try be emotional, even a bit grandios; in his (and my) Scotch family
background, dancing was the one way a person could cut loose emotionally.
So see if the lord of the dance notion clicks with you, here and in the quick
reference to Mac at top of p. 327.

335: I may yet come all the way to your suggestion of ending with just
"and now of the night" but I think I'd like to see this version, with one
more phrase after that, in galleys. It's crisper writing yours way but
here again I think Jick has to be seen reaching a bit, trying to express it all.

355: You had me pulling my ear in shame over "flammable," then here came
a checking letter from one of the old Montana firefighting geese's, telling
me how "flammable" those forests could get. Anyway, I'm on your side. See if
"incendiary" sounds okay here—I've puzzled over the dictionary entry and can't
see why it doesn't—and I've changed to "combustible" or "inflammable" wherever
else "flammable" was used.

15: Wendell Williamson is probably the only person in the world Jick
would make the "sacks of" crack about, and even so he circumspectly doesn't
complete the phrase. He thinks Wendell is considerably responsible for
Aloc's desertion of the family, and anybody who "owns all the country" in
Montana is despised—cordially, but despised. So I don't think the phrase
is too strong here.

129: I think the actual Forest Service phrase for extreme fire danger
would have been "Critical". Sound okay to you? I'm checking on the usage.

175: Fire camp supplies: bewee on p. 146 Mac tells his dispatcher to tell
the packer, Isidor, do bring in a fire camp: the Forest Service actually had
things so packaged that Isidor's pack string of 8 mules, in one trip, would
bring in everything (including food) for a fire crew of 50 men. Then he would
have made other trips as necessary. So there is this initial mention of
supplies, and on p. 141 I've inserted to have Jick and Stanley looking at
"mule-loads of groceries and cooking gear" in their kitchen area.

522: Mac has great trouble saying "thanks" to Stanley, so complicated is
their history of who helped who, who let down the other one, etc. But you're
right that Mac ought to try say something, and on the revised p. 500 he does.
Now, as to the final line. I hope it has a couple tones of resonance. First,
a literal one: that Jick has turned out to be the jick, the related-but-
different one, of the family; he has some aspects of both Mac and Alec,
but not particularly the one they share, the damn-the-torpedoes stubbornness.
In that sense, I *think* hope the line is a fruition, Jick seen to be indeed
what his name says. The other tone I want to resound here is a solving, a
revelation if you will, that Stanley is the one responsible for Jick's odd
name. (And it is odd; I've never encountered it, amid the epidemic nick-
naming that occurs in Montana.) As Jick would say, any and sonofabitch
would have some curiosity about his own name, now wouldn't he? To buttress
this without overdoing it—this book does not need one more alley of
mystery—on revised p. 91 I've slipped in a line about Jick being aware
of the oddness of his name; I think we don't dare do more there, such as
speculate on just who done it, because Stanley shows up in just a few pp.
later and I don't want PORTENT! PORTENT! sirens going off. Then in the
added "jick" explanation you rightly wanted, on revised p. 112, I've shown
Jick has speculated on the question, but I've masked it by having him figure
it sounds like something Dode Withrow would have said. So, what do you
think—enough underpinning?

There were a few sizable things I found on my own, that you may want
to know about:

185-6: It bereaved me, but I found Beth couldn't have been born on
leap year day in 1900 because 1900 didn't have one: the centesimal years,
1700, 1800, 1900 are when the avory arithmetic of the Gregorian calendar
gets taken care of. So now Beth is an April Fool, which I think has the
virtue of being less contrived anyway.

revised pp. 190-190A: I felt more explanation of backfiring, to show it
is not a Ford going off, was needed; also clarification that the main question—
an actual one I got from an old fire hand—is whether the fire is most likely
to go up the slope or follow the timberline down the gorge.

revised p. 199: seemed to me the fire description needed a couple more
sentences; again, Jick seen to be striving how to describe it all.

And that's it. The book now feels to me solid, "right" in the way
House of Sky did: as my wife the media prof exulted after her last re-read
of this ms, "This is the way it is, Walter." And now we just need to
convince the American reading public.

The green sheet is what few copy editing ideas I could think of; later
this week or early next, I'll try get info to you for the map. The week
of Feb. 20 I'll be speechmaking in Wyoming; week of March 16, Carol and I
are going to take a Calif. vacation. And then I guess I can start thinking
about a couple more books about these Macaskills.

see ya

p.s. I'll get the typo suggestions you asked for, maybe with the map stuff.
January 7, 1985

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

Dear Ivan,

Thank you very, very much for sending William Farr's book. It is beautiful. Good photography, and fascinating anthropological information. I am thrilled to have it, and grateful.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:esb
Dear Tom--

Almost 40 years ago this gent Lillard wrote a remarkably eloquent Knopf book, THE GREAT FOREST; it's still maybe the best history of the American forests. To have this guy praise ENGLISH CREEK as he does here is like having Andrew Wyeth tell us we painted the meadow right.

luv
QUICK BIBS SPECIAL: A good book these days is hair porate-owned houses, some of whom are usually associated with splashy best-sellers (another stereotype shattered); and, finally, it includes distinguished books from an impressive array of quality-minded independent publishers (not just the venerable Godine, but also several precocious new kids on the block, among them Carcanet, Algonquin, and Graywolf). The oft-predicted demise of the individualistic, independent publisher would seem to be still another catastrophe whose time has not yet come.

A general reader’s biggest problem these days is not the dearth of good books, but the difficulty in finding them. Bombarded by subway billboards and television commercials proclaiming the arrival of yet another weighty tome on thin thighs, it is no wonder that many readers give up in despair.

One of our missions as librarians, of course, is to provide literary sustenance for those shell-shocked victims of trash overkill. It may not be the best of worlds, but there are good books out there, and some of them might even be hiding under a rock owned by Gulf & Western.


Small publishers often carve a place for themselves by rediscovering forgotten works. This captivating collection is a case in point: Bates is an acknowledged short-story master, but this volume, originally published in Britain, has never appeared in the U.S. The interlocking stories are testament to the author’s ability to evoke character and mood in brief space.


Although Caulfield’s survey of tropical rainforests has a definite ecological point to make, it is not the kind of strident tract that creates controversy. Instead, it is an evoca- tive portrayal of the fertile beauty and essential mystery that defines both the rainforests and the people who live in them.


Science writing for the general reader is thriving today as never before (cf. “Quick-Bibs,” American Libraries, Oct. 1984), and this engaging essay collection continues the trend. By answering such seemingly simple questions as “What color is air?” Cole weaves the complex relationship between the science of physics and the actual physical world.

Doig, Ivan. English Creek. Atheneum, 1984, $15.95. (0-689-11478-8, 84-45051)

Doig is among that group of talented writers whose books rarely appear on bestseller lists but who develop a loyal following of readers, especially in public libraries. His latest book is the coming-of-age story of a 14-year-old boy growing up in Montana just prior to World War II. The real hero is the Big Sky country itself, from its hayfields to the gran- deur of its towering mountains.

Doxey, William. Cousin to the Kudzu. LSU Press, 1985, $16.95. (0-8071-1225-9)

Unlike many university presses, Louisiana State regularly publishes fiction (including John Kennedy Toole’s A Confederacy of Dunces). This eccentric but charming novel continues the Press’s tradition of cultivating distinctive southern fiction. Doxey focuses on life in a small Georgia town from the 1930s to the present, exposing the prickly underside of genteel southern living.


From the publishers of Jane Fonda, Victoria Principal, and Jaclyn Smith, here is a very different kind of book. Drinka’s masterful analysis of a group of Victorian doctors, whose ingenious if often hopelessly wrong-headed notions of mental health shaped our early understanding of psychiatry, is never dull; its lively, anecdotal style drives the book with the force of a Dickens novel.


This gripping, documentary-style narrative tells the true story of a black woman trying to

HILARY MASTERS

A subtle, comic novel about a man who loves life but craves order.
but not impossible—to find
raise her six children, first in an inner-city Chicago housing project and later in all-white Valparaiso, Indiana, where they were moved as part of an experiment in integration.

One of two McCorkle novels published simultaneously by Algonquin, July 7th is an absorbing story of a young adult’s first love. McCorkle is a novelist to watch; she writes powerfully of that agonizing period between adolescence and adulthood, when young people are suspended between the urge for freedom and the need to take refuge in the sanctuary of family.


In this insightful, poetically wrought study of the day-to-day existence and behavior of a Yellowstone Park grizzly bear and her two cubs, McNamee shows that natural history need not be dry or without style.


One of many talented but not widely recognized writers published by David R. Godine, Masters has written a quiet but endearing novel about a man obsessed with order yet prattling his way into the most hopeless of muddles. Surrounded by women who love him but make conflicting demands, A.W. Clemmons is a reluctant Falstaff who can’t quite say no to life.


Lance Morrow’s father was a journalist and assistant to Nelson Rockefeller, but what makes this memoir special is not the subject’s notoriety. Rather, it is the author’s ability to capture the subtle textures of the mysterious relationship between father and son.

Delineate, precise short stories from a British writer little known in the U.S.


Winner of the first Western States Book Award for creative nonfiction, this memoir of the 80-year-old Rice’s early life captures the feisty individualism of a struggling artist living a gregariously bohemian life in Depression-era California and Oregon. This uncompromisingly original book should be required reading for anyone who argues that there is an dreary sameness to contemporary writing.

Taylor, Peter. The Old Forest and Other Stories. Dial, 1985, $16.95. (0-385-27983-3)

Peter Taylor has published six short-story collections and one novel; all of his books have been critical successes, but he remains largely unknown to average readers. This latest volume is one of his best. Set in the South, mainly during the 1930s and 1940s, the stories offer indelible impressions of people and places that are both melancholy and life- affirming. They are the work of a writer who has been largely neglected for years. A publishing achievement.

Leaton, Anne. Pearl. Knopf, 1985, $14.95. (0-394-53923-0, 84-48538)

The author of one previous novel and one story collection has found her voice in this unique novel about the daughter of famous outlaw Belle Starr. Breathing new life into the seemingly moribund western genre, Leaton spins a vibrant but ultimately melancholy tale of a life lived under the cloud of violence.

McCorkle, Jill. July 7th. Algonquin Books, 1984, $17.95. (0-912987-12-1)
Dear Tom--

Congrats to you, Amanda and Patrick.

[Signature]
May 16, 1985

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

Dear Ivan:

Here are tickets for you and your wife. You can fill in your own names. I'm also enclosing the confirmation slip.

It will be great to meet you.

Best regards,

Susan Richman

SR:1g
Encl.
April 22, 1985

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th. Ave., NW
Seattle, Washington
98177

Dear Ivan:

I just heard that you have once again won the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Award for the fourth time.

Wow!

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:rj
Dear Tom--

Apropos of your nice note about my 4th Pacific Northwest Booksellers Award, I thought you might appreciate this note from the terrific printer who has set all h. No, I didn't have the guts to tell him, go ahead and do us a Dancing at the Rascal Fair.

Oklahoma City, for the Western Heritage award, was a trip in more ways than one. LeRoy Neiman and me at one table, Red Skelton at the next--yessir, us famous westerners were thick on the ground. I kept looking at ol' LeRoy's wraparound mustache and canary-yellow tuxedo and thinking, probably even saying, "Huh?!?"

Evidently I am going to succumb, to some degree or another, to the word processor. At least, one now sits here in my office, courtesy of my NEA grant, on loan from Wang for a year. Got any advice, as to how you've seen these technological dealies help or hinder the book process? Come the delivery date for Rascal Fair, do you want the little bugger on discs? My intention is to go on composing, at least for a while, at the typewriter and using the w.p. for editing my ms after I achieve first draft--at least, I can't see how the hell the machine is going to help get the first draft out of my head, unless it acts like a can opener on my skull. Anyway, whatever thoughts you have about how this gizmo can help us make a book, I'll happily hear.

best

[Signature]
17 April 1985

Dear Ivan,

All the time you winning this award, we're getting a little tired of setting that name of yours over and over, the guys in the back shop are starting to complain and like that, we were thinking maybe you tell us the names of your next five-six books, we can set them all at the same time, save a little time, save a little money, what the hell, you know?

And congratulations once again!

Best regards,

Scott Freutel
April 8, 1985

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

Dear Ivan,

Congratulations on your Western Heritage Award!

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS; esb
January 18, 1985

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

Dear Ivan,

You'll be pleased to know that the American Library Association has listed ENGLISH CREEK as one of the adult novels most recommended for library purchase. It's a "booklist reviewer's choice."

Best wishes,

[Signature]

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS: esb
Christmas Shopping

In the line of serious reading matter, cookbooks continue to sell well—local books and Chef Paul Prudhomme's Louisiana Kitchen are big—as do books by regional writers. Tom Robbins' Jitterbug Perfume and Ivan Doig's English Creek are numbers 3 and 4 on Pacific Pipeline's best-seller list. The not-exactly-seasonal Iacocca is still number 1. The definitely seasonal Nutcracker is number 2. Michele Clise's Ophelia's World, the story of a bear that runs a shop on Paris' Rue de Bac, is also big with Christmas shoppers. "We're doing really well, extremely well, with Ophelia's World," Dyer says. "It's a perfect Christmas book."

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Tom—the news from our main distributor out here.
Tom—An unlocked for consequence of Sea Runners, written as it was by an avowed landlubber, has been its popularity among people whose idea of a good time is to go paddle for several days in the North Pacific Ocean.

Moby Ivan
Dear:  

Thank you. Thank you for great posters and reviews. I am delighted with the success of the book too. Hope you've already been successful, but if not - feel very proud! 😊

Let me know outcome of Walden autographing. Hope Dacton is doing as well! I'll check Sales there for you.

I'll be in NYC from 1-28 on 30 call me there.

Best,

Judy
November 15, 1984

Dear Ivan,

I don't want to write this note, because it's not going to do justice to my feelings about the book you inscribed for me. I feel proud and awed; I'm thrilled that appreciation can be so beautifully expressed; and I'm glad to know you. Now I'd better stop before I get too maudlin and Irish for a Scotsman the likes of you.

xxx,
November 26, 1984

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

Dear Ivan:

Thank you for your note of November 12th.

The poster looks great. I'm sure this will help tremendously in selling ENGLISH CREEK.

Ivan -- I appreciate your keeping me informed.

Best Regards

Sincerely,

Mort Berke

MB:1c
Dear Susan---

Just FYI, a copy of the poster I had made; distributed a bunch at the Pacific Pipeline open house for booksellers yesterday, and am mailing out 75 or so to stores in this corner of the country.

Pacific Pipeline went through 1,000 copies of English Creek last week, and we sold at least 250 while I was signing there yesterday. Hallelujah!

best,
Dear Alan—

It occurred to me you might like an update on the English Creek season you helped to open, the PNBA evening in Tacoma. Thanks to a superb local printer, between the appearance of the Nov. 1 NYER ad and yesterday’s open house for booksellers at Pacific Pipeline I managed to get 150 copies of this poster made. The booksellers snapped them up yesterday, and I’ve mailed others to stores in Montana, Oregon and Washington. I think you and I talked a bit about the "tour" of Montana bookstores I intended; that’s been done, and we sold 1,100 copies at those signings, in cities which I think taken all together would not total 100,000 population. And according to the re-orders and reports of continued selling, at least another 1,000-1,500 copies will sell in those same stores by Christmas. You know that I usually deal with words; but numbers of this sort I’m beginning to be fond of.

Also, in case reviews are not flowing to you because of the office move, here are the three biggest to date—and coincidentally or not, the three best.

best regards
12 Nov. '81

Dear Mort--

Thought you'd like to see the poster I managed to get done this past week, from the Nov. 4 NYTBR ad. Rantala and Melanie and Carol and I handed out a bunch while I was signing at Pacific Pipeline yesterday, and I've mailed them to Montana stores, Waldenbooks in this region, and a couple dozen other stores at this end of the country.

So far so good. The Pacific Pipeline people said yesterday they'd gone through a thousand of English Creek last week, and we did at least 250 while I was there yesterday.

best,
Dear Tom—

You, the jury? Does Mickey Spillane know about this?

Just a quick update for you from this corner of the country. The one further thing I'd been hearing from booksellers about was whether there'd be a poster for English Creek, and after seeing how good the Nov. 1 NYTBR ad looked, I figured hell, yes, why not. So I had a local printer do 150, and I've mailed them to Montana bookstores, Walden stores in this area, the 15 or 20 Puget Sound stores where I'm doing signings, general favorites such as Henry Berliner's place in New Haven; and Rantala and Carol and I handed out a bunch at the Pacific Pipeline open house yesterday. I think the poster will hold the one gap out here that had been bothering me, getting prospective English Creek buyers into the stores. Anyway, here's one for you to see. I'm passing copies along to Mort and to Alan Rabinowitz too, on the theory that it's reasonable to let them know that us ethereal literary types try to sell the books, too.

Speaking of selling, Pacific Pipeline went through a thousand of English Creek this past week; at least 250 more were sold yesterday while I was signing there; and Rantala says they're ordering another couple of thousand. What do you think, are we gonna get another printing out of this baby?

best,
7 Nov. '84

Dear Tom--

Seattle Times, Nov. 4

We're off to a strong start here in the Puget Sound area, as this list represents the first week the book was in the stores here.

I much admired the NYTER ad, and in fact am having a poster made of it, which I'll deliver by hand or mail to stores here and in Montana. It'll be ready Sunday, when I'm on hand to sign books for booksellers at the area wholesaler, Pacific Pipeline.

The three signings I've done here so far have been good: University Book Store, 35-40 copies sold; same at Tower Books; and 60 at the Edmonds Book Shop. I have another 15 or so signings to go, between now and the week before Xmas.

Given that you guys are living out of a moving van--are the phones ever again going to work like they used to?--I'm reversing the usual order of things and sending you some reviews and stuff. The Great Falls Tribune piece nicely sums up the Montana experience. I'm laying the USA Today and Washington Post on booksellers, friends, reporters and anybody else who doesn't move fast enough to get out of the way.

best,
August 16, 1984

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

Here is your ticket for Denver along with the first review of ENGLISH CREEK. It's a rave (of course!).

Very best,

Susan Richman

SR: lg
Encl.
Speakers at upcoming dinner will include, from top left clockwise, John Widenman, Ivan Doig, Janet Leigh and William A. Nolten.

Book & Author Dinner

Impressive list of speakers set for 24th annual event

- Popular film star Janet Leigh; Dr. William Nolten, author of the best-selling "The Making of a Surgeon"; John Widenman, recent winner of the prestigious P.E.N./Faulkner literary award; and Ivan Doig, author of the highly praised Montana classic, "This House of Sky," will be the featured speakers at the 24th annual Denver Book and Author Dinner at 7 p.m. Oct. 18 at the ballroom of the Brown Palace Hotel.

Clarus Backes, book editor of The Denver Post, will be the master of ceremonies for the event, which is sponsored by the Denver branch of the American Association of University Women.

Janet Leigh, who starred in such movies as "Little Women," "My Sister Eileen," "The Vikings," "Bye Bye Birdie" and "Psycho," for which she was nominated for an Academy Award — will discuss her just-published autobiography, "There Really Was a Hollywood." With a candor that has become her trademark, she treats in the book such subjects as the decline of the legendary movie studios, the advent of television, and her own transposition from dating Hollywood's most eligible bachelors to her 11-year marriage and subsequent divorce from Tony Curtis.

-Widenman, a surgeon who practices at Litchfield, Minn., was a long-time medical columnist for McCull's magazine in addition to authoring a number of widely read books. His latest, "Crisis Time!: Love, Marriage and the Male at Miltide," describes his own midlife crisis experiences and offers practical, down-to-earth advice to both men and women on how to deal with this traumatic time in a man's life.

Widenman, a professor of Afro-American literature at the University of Wyoming and a former Rhodes Scholar, received the P.E.N./Faulkner award for "Sent for You Yesterday," the most recent of his six published novels. His new book, "Brothers and Keepers," is a non-fiction "personal essay" about his relationship with his younger brother, who is currently serving a life term in a Pennsylvania state penitentiary for a murder he committed during a robbery attempt.

Doig, whose "This House of Sky" was nominated in 1978 for a National Book Award in contemporary thought, is author of a new novel, "English Creek," the first book in a projected trilogy about a young boy growing up in Montana in the late 1930s. A native of White Sulphur Springs, Mont., he currently lives in Seattle.

Tickets for the dinner are $15, and will be sold on a first-come basis, as seating is limited. Deadline for orders is Oct. 13.

To make reservations, mail checks made payable to the Denver branch of the AAW, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Peggy Strick, 3469 Nielsen Lane, Denver, CO 80210. Requests for group seating arrangements will be honored.

The dinner will be preceded by cocktails at 6 p.m. in the Prospector Suite of the Brown Palace Hotel.
fight for civil rights


Andrews, a museum curator and ceramics instructor at the Arvada Center for the Arts and Humanities, is also known for his work in her ceramics and sculpture. Whitley, whose work has been seen in other area galleries, uses Japanese wood joinery techniques in her sculptural pieces.

The exhibition will be on view at the Beaumont Gallery through Oct. 7. Gallery hours are 12:30 to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday and from 1 to 5 p.m. on Sunday. Phone 336-8411.

OTHER ART NOTES:

"A striking watercolor landscap"e and limited edition prints by Chen Chi, including richly-laid renderings of the old Metropolitan Opera, are on view at the James Fisher Gallery, Suite 250, 1400 Blake St., in Denver's lower downtown. Chen Chi's impressionistic works have drawn considerable attention at the Rotary Club Artists in America exhibition at the State Museum of the Colorado Heritage Center. Fisher Gallery hours are 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday and 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Saturday.

"Ten area artists have been selected as winners in the highly popular "95 Plus Expressions," an art show for artists aged 30 years or over at the Belmar Museum, 707 Wadsworth Blvd., Lakewood. The winners: Millie Waecholt of Wheatridge, William R. Chensworth of Denver, Barbara Tobiska of Lakewood, Edeline M. Green of Arvada, John Colver of Denver, Ensey Andrews of Aurora, Florence Olson of Boulder, Gladys Green of Englewood, Frank Nickel of Lakewood and Arleen Glover of Littleton. The show will be on view through Nov. 4. Hours are 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Monday through Friday and 1 to 5 p.m. on Saturday. Phone 741-2800.

"Colorado State Bank, 1600 Broadway, unveiled an oil painting, "Crestone Peak, " among others on the Wiby," by Colorado landscape painter James Emery Greer in the bank lobby this past week. Greer, who was in February, has been focusing his creative energy on Colorado scenery for the past 25 years.

"SILENCE OF THE HEART" — a sensitive drama focusing on the communication dynamics and prevention of teenage suicide

"SILENCE OF THE HEART," this season's first Denver Post/KMGH Channel 7/CBS TELEVISION READING SCRIPT, is a thought provoking dramatic special which chronicles the emotional trauma of an American family coping with the unexplainable death of their teenage son.

The purpose in producing "SILENCE OF THE HEART" was to communicate to young people the
Dinner offers inside view of writers' work

By MARGARET CARLIN
Rocky Mountain News Staff Writer

Ivan Doig is using his considerable descriptive skills as a writer to chronicle the ordinary working man of the rural West.

Speaking as one of a quartet of authors at Thursday's 24th annual book and author dinner sponsored by Denver Branch American Association of University Women at the Brown Palace Hotel, Doig discussed his current novel, "English Creek" (Atheneum, 339 pages, $15.95).

"One section of the novel concerns a haying season in Montana in the late 1930s and I drew on my own experiences. My father was a haying contractor south of Missouri.

"I tried to use the voices of real Westerners. For instance, one man (on a hay rig) says, 'W'at, we pretty close to get it,' as he surveys a field almost finished. I've heard men talk just like that."

Doig knows all about the romantic West depicted in books such as Owen Wister's "The Virginian." "I call these books 'Wisterners,' they are stories about cowboys without the cows. They have no connection with the real workaday life. Was food delivered from Kansas? I want to know how people really lived and worked in the West and that's what I try to do."

"English Creek" is the first of a proposed trilogy. Doig, who spent the summer "poking around" in record repositories in Scotland, says the books will deal with Scottish immigrants to Montana, with the final book to be published in 1989, in time for Montana's centennial. His previous books are "This House of Sky" and "The Sea Runners."

Janet Leigh, the superslim actress renowned for her role in "Psycho" and 60 other films, discusses a gentler Hollywood in her autobiography "There Really Was a Hollywood" (Doubleday, 322 pages, $15.95).

"Her book, she says, ranges from 1946 to 1962, and is "the truth as I experienced it; it's what these eyes saw, what these ears heard, that this heart felt. It's a book about how to find one's comfort zone in the world, how to survive, how to juggle career and family."

Leigh's book naturally includes her celebrated marriage to Tony Curtis, which ended in divorce. "Bob (her stockbroker husband of 22 years) wants to know why Tony got 170 pages in the book and he only got 20," she says.

"My answer is that if I wrote all I wanted to about Bob and our life together, the book would be 800 pages and way too long."

"She's happy about her book, she says, because "it substantiates the joy of living and the excitement of the Hollywood I knew."

John Wideman, author of "Brothers and Keepers" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 243 pages, $15.95), says his book tells how it feels to be a black success trying to make his way home again.

Home in this case is a black ghetto of Pittsburgh, and Pittsburgh is where his 10-year-younger brother, Robbie, sits in a penitentiary serving a life sentence for murder.

Wideman, whose baseball skills got him into the University of Pennsylvania and whose intelligence earned him a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford, now teaches English at the University of Wyoming at Laramie. He has published six well-received novels, but this is his first venture into such highly personal journalism.

"I'd visit home, sure," he confesses, "but my involvement with family was perfunctory. I had found my ticket to success and would get on my way with all the speed I could muster. I lost real touch with my family, especially my brother."

Wideman's book is "not as much geographical as an emotional and psychological trip home. It's not easy to look at the past honestly," he says, adding that his book has brought him closer to his brother. "I hope to help my brother get his freedom," he says. "He's earned it."

Dr. William Nolen, author of numerous medically oriented books -- "The Making of a Surgeon" and "Surgeon with the Knife," talks about his latest opus, "Crisis Time: Love, Marriage and the Male at Midlife" (Dodd, Mead, 192 pages, $15.95).

His book was inspired by his own male menopause. "I got to be 50 and I flipped out," he admits. "I had six children and all I worried about was finances and getting them through college. My libido died. I was in a tailspin, in really awful shape."

Nolen tells how he fought his way back from days and nights filled with "boozes, valium, qualudes."

"I was running away from life," he explains. "My book tells how to deal with those awful years when a man feels hopelessly and inadequate. It especially advises a woman how to deal with a man who all of a sudden is behaving like an idiot. It tells how a family can survive."

Ivan Doig scorns romantic Western tales as "stories about cowboys without the cows."
September 4, 1984

Susan Richman
Publicity Director
Atheneum
597 5th Avenue
New York, NY 10017

Dear Ms. Richman:

I am writing to you as a result of my conversation with Mr. Clarus Backes of the Denver Post in regard to the book and author dinner sponsored by the Denver Branch of the American Association of University Women (AAUW). I understand that Mr. Backes has inquired about Ivan Doig being one of our guest authors at the dinner.

Denver Branch is pleased that Mr. Doig has agreed to appear. As chairman of the dinner this year, I am happy to confirm his participation.

The dinner will be held on Thursday, October 18, 1984 at the Brown Palace Hotel. A cocktail hour for authors and guests will begin at 6:00 p.m. with dinner following in the ballroom at 7:00 p.m. Since this is not a fund raising affair, but is planned for the community, we are unable to pay an honorarium or travel expenses. However, Mr. Doig will be our guest for cocktails and dinner. I would appreciate hearing from you as to whether Mr. Doig has a spouse who will also be attending so that we may plan for her at the head table also.

As in past years, the authors will receive complimentary accommodations for the evening of October 18 at the Brown Palace Hotel at 321 17th Street, Denver, Colorado 80202 (303-297-3111) if they desire. When travel arrangements are confirmed, please forward the information to me so that I may notify the Brown Palace. We can plan to meet Mr. Doig at the airport if he is interested.

Mr. Clarus Backes, book editor of the Denver Post is assisting our branch with obtaining the authors and publishing reviews of their books. At this time, it appears that our panel will consist of four authors. We anticipate an audience of approximately 350. We ask that each author plan to speak about 20 minutes on a topic of his choice. In the past, there have been questions from the audience following each presentation.

Customarily, we ask for three copies of the author's latest book. One copy is given to Mr. Backes to use in preparing an introduction of the author and two copies are given as door prizes. Our guests usually purchase their books prior to the dinner and bring them for autographs.

Biographical material and two different black and white photographs (if available) suitable for publicity would be appreciated for use with the news media.
Ms. Susan Richman  
Page 2

In the past, we have found that book jackets are attractive and colorful as table centerpieces; 50 of these would be most welcome for our tables. It would be helpful if the above mentioned items were received as soon as possible to assist us with publicizing the dinner.

Denver Branch AAUW is most appreciative of your interest and cooperation with our community project. We are looking forward to having Ivan Doig with us on October 18.

Please do not hesitate to contact me if I can provide any additional information.

Sincerely,

Iris E. Hogue  

Iris E. Hogue, Chairman  
Book and Author Dinner  
Denver Branch AAUW  
10520 W. 101 Avenue  
Westminster, Colorado 80020  
(303) 573-3250 (office)  
(303) 466-9783 (home)

IEH:cb
Dear Ms. Hogue--

Susan Richman of Athenum passed me a copy of your letter to her, and I think she's talked to you on the phone as well, about my arrival plans to Denver. I don't feel it's worth interrupting anyone's day to fetch me from an airport, so I'll simply come in by airport bus to the Brown Palace. (Should I find that there's any problem getting to Stapleton for my 8:30 a.m. flight home the next morning, then is when I might have to enlist AAUW help!) I'll give you, and Clair Backes, a call when I'm settled in the hotel, and will show up at 6 to begin the evening. If there's anything further you think I should know, feel free to call me at the above number; I have an answering machine on until about 2 p.m., Seattle time, but am here live after that.

Thanks for thinking to invite me to this occasion; I look forward to it all. See you on Oct. 18.

best wishes,
Sept. 5, 1984

Ivan:

Sorry to be so long in responding to your questions. I've been out of town on an assignment.

The dinner (it's actually sponsored by the American Association of University Women; I only arrange for speakers and act as MC for them) begins at 7:30 p.m. Oct. 16; there's an hour-long cocktail reception immediately preceding it which the speakers generally attend. The whole thing is in the Brown Palace Hotel, where a room has been reserved for you. Someone from the AAUW will happily meet your plane at Stapleton and take you there, if you would like. Just let me know.

I would say 15 minutes, rather than 20, would be best for your talk, since there will be four speakers in all: yourself, John Wideman, Dr. William Nolen (author of "The Making of a Surgeon" and a new book on midlife crisis for men) and the actress Janet Leigh, who has written an autobiography. I try, each year, to have at least one speaker who is addressing a Western theme, just to regionalize the dinner a bit; this year you're that one. Thus your suggestion concerning "some remarks about the regional ingredients I try to use in writing about the American West" would seem to be right on the mark. We tend to regard Montana, incidentally, as a kind of sister state, part of the same Rocky Mountain West we inhabit. A past speaker, Bud Guthrie, capitalized on this spirit of kinship and was a big hit.

That's really all there is to the "official" doings. The rest of your time here is your own.

Unofficially, however, I always hold an informal dinner reception the night before the Brown Palace doings at my house in the foothills just west of here and will be doing so again this year on Oct. 17. A chance for the speakers to get to know one another a bit and also get to know a few of the Denver people. The author Clive Cussler said he would be there this year, and possibly Leon Uris, and Gov. Richard Lamm and his wife (if there are no prison riots or legislative uprisings) and a few Denver Post executives. The other speakers, at last report, all plan to attend. We'd love to have you there. If there is any way you can make it, let me know and I'll have someone pick you up at the hotel and take you out. That's almost a necessity; you'd go into meter shock if you tried to take a cab.

Anything else? You can always (let's make that usually) reach me on my direct line here: (303) 820-1261. Please don't hesitate.

Bill Pride, incidentally, is indeed still at the Post--and he sends his best. He has been following your career, he informs me, with both admiration and a sense of wonder.

Best regards,

[Signature]

(303) 820-1010
Dear Clair—

Okay, 15 minutes of talk it shall be, instead of 20. And I'll tailor it Rocky Mtn-style, as you suggest.

I'm dropping a note to Iris Hogue saying I don't need to be met at the airport, but that I'll call her and you to let you know I've arrived okay, when I get ensconced in the Brown Palace. The doings at your place the night of the 17th I hate to miss, but I could really use that extra day at home. So I'd better stick, regretfully, with my plan to fly in on the morn of the 18th. If you're available, I'd happily take you to lunch that day, on Susan Richman's money.

Looking forward to it all. Thanks for writing, and for thinking to invite me.

best regards

9 Oct. '84

called him
OK for lunch

I'm in at Ban

Palace

- I'm 1st speaker.

Willman 3d

- Eng Ack review by Bian de Salvatari

- 20 Sun.

15 Sept '84

Dear Clair—
Dear Susan—

When my regular postman goes on vacation the mail delivery goes with him, so at 4 p.m. today I finally got your letter of the 13th. It’s all fine and dandy, and I’ll now drop notes to Clair Backes and Mrs. Hogue to make sure my getting-to-the-hotel details are clear in everybody’s mind.

Meanwhile, I’ve done a schedule-to-date of my autumn—it may be that I’ll be asked to do yet more book signings, perhaps at some of the Waldens or another day in Portland if Rantala and I can figure out a beneficial one. Anyway most of it to date is car travel, with a few motel overnights, so I trust it won’t bankrupt the Scribner Book Cos. I wrote to Tom today, urging him to expedite shipping of English Creek to the Montana stores and the wholesaler Pacific Pipeline, so we don’t miss the opportunities of my being in Montana that week of 22 Oct. If you know any magical chants to make books appear in stores when they’re supposed to, please add them, would you?

Except for the delay in the production schedule, everything looks good from out here. Let me know if you think of anything further I can do for English Creek, and I’ll similarly keep you posted. Thanks for the Library Journal review—loved it.

all best
September 13, 1984

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

Dear Ivan:

I am enclosing a letter to give you more information about the Book and Author Dinner in Denver along with my response. I assume you will want to be met at the airport, but if I am wrong please let me know and I will give Mrs. Hogue a call.

I heard you were great at the Regional ABA. I know you are lining up some other appearances on your own and I would love to know about them.

Here's another rave for ENGLISH CREEK.

Best regards,

Susan Richman

SR:lg
Encl.
September 13, 1984

Ms. Iris E. Hogue, Chairman
Book and Author Dinner
Denver Branch AAUW
10520 W. 101 Avenue
Westminster, CO 80020

Dear Ms. Hogue:

Thank you so much for your letter of September 4th. We are delighted that Ivan Doig will be participating in the Book and Author Dinner on Thursday, October 18th.

Ivan Doig will be on Continental #310, leaving Seattle at 7:00 A.M. and arriving in Denver at 10:15 A.M. Please make a reservation for him at the Brown Palace. I think he would appreciate being met at the airport.

I am sending you 50 jackets of ENGLISH CREEK under separate cover. As soon as copies of the finished book are available I will send you three. I am enclosing biographical information on Ivan Doig along with two photographs. Do let me know if there is anything else you need.

Best regards,

Susan Richman
Director of Publicity

SR:lg
Encl.
Dear Clarus Backes--

My plane ticket to Denver arrived yesterday from Susan Richman, reminding me to write you a thanks for inviting me to the Post's dinner. I'd also better check with you about what's expected of me. Susan supposed I ought to talk for about 20 minutes--tell me frankly if that's too long or too short. Also, a topic: I have some remarks about the regional ingredients I try to use in writing about the American west. Some of them have to do with the Pacific Northwest where I now live, and others have to do with Montana, which I'm writing about for the foreseeable future; will they translate okay in Denver, do you think?

As matters now stand, I'll arrive in Denver on Oct. 18, Continental flight #272, 10:15 a.m., and leave on Wien flight #1 at 8:30 the next morning. You have better things to do than fetch people from Stapleton, so if you'll just let me know about accommodations I'll come in on an airport bus. There is a possibility, which won't be resolved for awhile, that I'll give a reading or talk at the U. of Colorado. If that's to be at night, I'd change my plane flight to a day earlier, Oct. 17, and of course make my own provisions for lodging that night. But if I'm asked to fit in, say, an early afternoon appearance in Boulder on Oct. 18 itself, will that crowd your schedule for me too much? i.e., what time and where would you like me available for the Post's doings?

Last things, finally. Are John Wideman and I going to be signing books at the dinner as well as doing our talks? And a point of personal curiosity--is my college classmate Bill Pride still at the Post?

Looking forward to meeting you in October.

best regards
Thought you might be interested in this.
Boulder is ignoring its 125th this year.

Regards,

[Signature]
Dear Laurence—

Good gosh, what does Denver this anniversary celebration--its centennial--and-a-fraction-of-the-next-one? I'd say Boulder is taking the wiser course. Anyway, thanks immensely for sending the hoopla material; it's exactly the kind of stuff I'm trying to accumulate for my Montana novel.

Now that I've denigrated Denver, I have to admit I'm evidently coming to the place in mid-Oct. My publisher intends to send me to whatever kind of books-and-authors event the Post is staging. If you happen to know anybody at the U. of Colorado who might be game to have me do a reading or a talk there--I charge less than Alexander Haig, and the publisher is picking up my travel expenses--or if there's a Boulder bookstore that'd be amenable to my signing the novel that'll be published soon, I'd appreciate the names. If you don't know offhand, please don't go to any trouble on this; I'll be writing to the Overholsers, and maybe Claire McBearn as well, for their suggestions on this. But I do hope you and I may cross paths during that Oct. trip.

thanks again, and best wishes
August 8, 1984

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

Dear Mr. Doig,

Laurence Paddock passed to me a copy of the letter in which you mention that you will be in the Boulder area in mid-October and might be interested in doing a reading at the University. If you would be so kind as to send a cv, details of your visit to Denver, what sort of fee you'd expect, and anything else that seems relevant, I'll pass it on to the person who manages such things in the Department and he'll get in touch with you.

Yours sincerely,

Lesley Brill, Chair
Dear Mr. Brill—

Thanks for your prompt response to my inquiry about a possible appearance at the U. of Colorado. I don't use a lecture agent, and so I see no other way to broach the matter except to go ahead and ask.

The confluence of the Denver Post books-and-authors dinner and the publication of my new novel English Creek is what brings me to Denver in October. My publisher, Atheneum, is paying my plane fare, and the Post will provide my lodging the night of the dinner, Oct. 16, so the main expenses of my trip are taken care of. I'll quote you the same reading fee that I received from the U. of Wyoming earlier this year, $600, and if the appearance was to be in the evening—Oct. 17, that is—I'd need a motel room and a couple of meals and transportation into Denver the next day. If the Post's schedule will permit me to make an early afternoon appearance on Oct. 18—I arrive into Stapleton on a 10:15 a.m. flight, and am checking with Clarus Backes of the Post as to when she requires me for the dinner doings—then of course the total expense would be my fee, lunch, and Denver transportation.

I'm sending along the bio sheet done for my publisher for this latest book. It doesn't say a lot about my speaking background, but I've been the banquet speaker for the Western History Association, the regional note, various state library groups; Eric Sandeen in the American Studies program at the U. of Wyoming could be checked with about me, and both generations of Overholser, Wayne and Steve, heard me at the Western Writers conference in Boulder some years ago.

Whether or not we work it out for me to come to Boulder, I hope our paths cross sometime, somewhere. My regards to Laurence Paddock and Claire Abbearn.

sincerely
8 Aug. '84

Dear Steve--

A question having come up about Boulder, I thought I'd resort to a local expert. My publisher wants me to go to Denver for the Post's books and authors dinner on Oct. 18, and we wondered if there's a chance for me to do a reading or a talk at the U. of Colorado while I'm at it. Do you or your folks have anybody to suggest at UC that I could contact about this? Seems to me I met a WWA member at Boulder convention that time, who wanted me to come to UC--a retired librarian, I think he was, but I've entirely lost his name. Anyway, if you have any ideas, I'd much appreciate hearing them. Hope you're thriving.

best,
Stephen Overholser
P.O. Box 338
Boulder, CO 80306
August 11, 1984

Dear Ivan,

Mighty nice to hear from you. That's good news that you're coming out this way, and I hope you'll have time to stop by and see us. Keep in touch as your schedule develops.

As a college drop-out, my contacts with CU are minimal at best. I do know that the director of Norlin Library on the campus is a man named Clyde Walton. We both belong to the local chapter of the Civil War Roundtable, though he rarely attends. But I feel certain that if you write to him in care of Norlin at the University of Colorado, he'll either help you or point you in the right direction.

All goes well here. I'm doing a book for young readers. This is "interactive fiction" in which the reader is the viewpoint character and must make a choice at the end of each chapter about where to go next in the book. Some of the chapters are false leads; others take the reader to the end of the main storyline. The project has been interesting, but at times I wonder if I am smart enough to do this.

Life has changed just a bit here. Linda and I adopted
a baby last October. David was born in Korea, and was 3 months 3 weeks old when he arrived in a 727 stork. This is a shock to the system, and all three of us have finally adjusted -- if one ever does. This summer I am taking David to swimming lessons (see enclosed). At first David was terrified, but now he can't get enough of it.

I have been following your career with great interest through all the favorable book reviews you have received. I look forward to your next book.

This fall the University of Southern Illinois Press will publish a collection of Dad's short stories that originally appeared in pulp magazines. I had the honor of writing the introduction. Interviewing Dad was fun and enlightening.

Hope all goes well with you. Sorry I can't be of more aid, but perhaps this one lead will be helpful.

Best regards,

Steve
24 Aug. '84

Dear Steve--

Thanks for your letter, which arrived about the same time as one from the CU English Dept. head (Laurence Paddock had heard I'm going to be in the area). So he's to see if their finances and inclinations are in my favor, and let me know. I'll be in touch if I do get to Boulder--congrats on parenthood, and tell your dad hi for me. I'm glad to hear about the u. press collection of his stories; will watch for it.

best to Linda.
Dear Michael—

I want to thank you and your Waldenbooks region for inviting me last night. Your managers are an impressive group—I’m extremely pleased to have met them.

And I want to pass along to you what information I have about the books and authors dinner I’m coming to in Denver on Oct. 16. It’s at the Brown Palace, dinner beginning at 7—chairperson is Iris E. Hogue of the American Association of University Women, office phone 573-3250, home 466-9763. The Post’s book editor, Clarus Backes, phone 820-1261, arranged the program for them; besides me on behalf of English Creek, there'll be John Wideman of the U. of Wyoming (new book Brothers and Keepers, Holt Rinehart), the actress Janet Leigh, and the surgeon William Nolen.

I’ve been thinking over your question about whether to try do a signing in a Waldenbooks while I’m there, and I guess my best answer is that I can stay flexible about it: if you have books in time to decide to go ahead with a signing, I can do it in the early afternoon of Oct. 16. I’d better be back at the Brown Palace by 5 p.m. to gear up, but from 2–4 or so I could be available at one of your Denver stores. (Probably not Boulder, because of distance and traffic?) So if you want to keep this open as an option and see if copies of the book reach the Denver area within the next couple of weeks, that’s okay with me; I’d simply need to know by Oct. 15 or 16 if you want me for a signing.

Speaking of signings, I will be in touch with some of your managers in this area to see if they want me to do signings in their stores. It got to be a blizzard of names last night, and I see the American Book Trade Directory doesn’t provide the names of the store managers; is there a list of your region’s stores, managers, addresses and phone numbers that you could send me? It’d be a real help to me in trying to set up signings.

It was a particular pleasure for Carol and me to share dinner with a fellow Bob Marshall aficionado. I hope you enjoy the "Two Medicine country" when you finally get an English Creek; my copy STILL hasn’t come!

best regards
Dear Bill—

Although it looks as if my trip to Denver on Oct. 18 is going to be so abrupt that all I'll see is Stapleton airport, the Brown Palace, and Stapleton again, I do want to say hello to the Prides even if it's by the paltry telephone. Will get in touch when I arrive and see if I can buy you guys a drink after work or something, okay? Saw Ackerman when he was through here on a story within the past year; he has deliberately lost much weight and looks like that old cliche, a new man.

Best to Kay.
September 10, 1984

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

Dear Mr. Doig:

Thank you so much for considering a lecture here at the Colorado Historical Society. We apologize for the mis-communication regarding your fee, but do hope to entice you back another time.

You continue to have a loyal fan club in Colorado. Please do come by when you're here in October.

Sincerely,

Barbara Sudler
President

jw

cc: Laurence Paddock
August 23, 1984

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

Dear Mr. Doig:

Our longtime associate Laurence Paddock has told the Colorado Historical Society of your prospective visit to Colorado in mid-October and we wonder if we could discuss the possibility of your speaking here during that period. Enclosed please find some information on the 105-year-old Society.

Please call me collect at 303/866-2136 if you would be interested. You have a great many fans in Colorado.

Sincerely,

Barbara Sudler
President

cjw
Enc.

cc: Laurence Paddock
Dear Barbara--

Just a quick line of regret about our misunderstanding over my speaking availability. Very few writers can make a living from writing along—I certainly can't, yet—and I've become so accustomed to the assumption of a speaking fee of some sort that I didn't think to spell it out this time. Anyway, if there's some future occasion when the budget would justify me, maybe we can try again.

If I get a chance in mid-Oct. I may stop by and see the show, if it's still on; I guess my buddy Tony Angell will have a work on display, hmm?

regards
September 10, 1984

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

Dear Mr. Doig,

Thank you for your letter of 21 August. I'm sorry to say that it doesn't seem to be possible for us to arrange a reading this time around. We're pretty well scheduled up for the fall semester--especially October--already, and have just been hit by the effects of the AT&T break-up as well. So we have neither time nor money available just now.

I'll keep your bio sheet against the future, and hope also that our paths may cross here or elsewhere sometime.

Best wishes,

Lesley Brill, Chair
Dear Mr. Brill--

Okay, I understand about schedules and budgets, married as I am to a professor. Maybe some other time we can coincide. Thanks for looking into it.

regards
September 30, 1984

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

Dear Mr. Doig:

Thank you for your note regarding the Book and Author Dinner on October 18, 1984. We are looking forward to having you as a guest author.

Reservations have been made for you at the Brown Palace Hotel for the evening of October 18th. I have already notified the Brown that you will be arriving on the 18th in the A. M.

We are looking forward to seeing you on the 18th. Please feel free to contact me if I can provide any additional information.

I am enclosing an article which appeared in today's Denver Post.

Sincerely,

Iris Hogue
Iris E. Hogue, Chairman
Book and Author Dinner
Denver Branch AAUW
10520 W. 101 Avenue
Westminster, Colorado 80020

Enc.
Popular film star Janet Leigh; Dr. William Nolen, author of the best-selling "The Making of a Surgeon"; John Wideman, recent winner of the prestigious P.E.N./Faulkner literary award; and Ivan Doig, author of the highly praised Montana classic, "This House of Sky," will be the featured speakers at the 24th annual Denver Book and Author Dinner at 7 p.m. Oct. 18 in the ballroom of the Brown Palace Hotel.

Clarus Backes, book editor of The Denver Post, will be the master of ceremonies for the event, which is sponsored by the Denver branch of the American Association of University Women.

Janet Leigh, who starred in such movies as "Little Women," "My Sister Eileen," "The Vikings," "Bye Bye Birdie" and "Psycho" — for which she was nominated for an Academy Award — will discuss her just-published autobiography, "There Really Was a Hollywood." With a candor that has become her trademark, she treats in the book such subjects as the decline of the legendary movie studios, the advent of television, and her own transition from dating Hollywood's most eligible bachelors to her 11-year marriage and subsequent divorce from Tony Curtis.

Nolen, a surgeon who practices in Litchfield, Minn., was a longtime medical columnist for McCall's magazine in addition to authoring a number of widely read books. His latest, "Crisis Time!: Love, Marriage and the Male at Midlife," describes his own midlife crisis experiences and offers practical, down-to-earth advice to both men and women on how to deal with this traumatic time in a man's life.

Wideman, a professor of African American literature at the University of Wyoming and a former Rhodes Scholar, received the P.E.N./Faulkner award for "Sere for You Yesterday," the most recent of his six published novels. His new book, "Brothers and Keepers," is a non-fiction "personal essay" about his relationship with his younger brother, who is currently serving a life term in a Pennsylvania state penitentiary for a murder he committed during a robbery attempt.

Doig, whose "This House of Sky" was nominated in 1978 for the National Book Award in contemporary thought, is author of a novel, "English Creek," the first book in a projected trilogy about a young boy growing up in Montana in the late 1950's. A native of White Sulphur Springs, Mont., he currently lives in Seattle.

Tickets for the dinner are $1 and will be sold on a first-come basis, as seating is limited. Deadline for orders is Oct. 13.

To make reservations, make checks payable to the Denver branch of the AAUW, to Peggy Strick, 3460 Niesen Lane, Denver, CO 80210. Requests for group seating arrangements will be honored.

The dinner will be preceded by cocktails at 6 p.m. in the Prospectors Suite of the Brown Palace Hotel.
September 28, 1984

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

Dear Ivan,

It will be tight getting books both to Pacific Pipeline and to Montana stores, but Ann Cavallo is moving heaven and earth, and I hope books, in the effort to do so. Please give Rantala a call; I do not know how up-to-date he is on the situation, but he should be pretty well informed and is adept, as is Ann, at this sort of thing.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:esb
Dear Tom--

Reports keep coming in of batches of English Creeks arriving in Montana, hurrah hurrah. Please convey to Ann Cavallo my thanks for achieving that miracle of shipping.

best
Dear Jean,

That she blows!

Best,

Tom
September 26, 1984

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

Dear Ivan,

Thank you for your letter of September 19th. I assume that John Rantala has done what is necessary to make sure the books, author, and the calendar coincide in Montana when they should. Just to make sure, I've given a copy of your letter to Ann Cavallo, the world's greatest expediter. You should have your first copy of the book by now, which bodes well for the timely arrival of the others.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:esb
September 19, 1984

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

Dear Ivan,

Here is a finished jacket; finished books in a week or so.

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS: esb
encl.
September 13, 1984

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

Dear Ivan,

Yes, we have been following the news of the forest fires in Montana, and wondering if you are to blame for this spectacular publicity stunt. Worried, too, that all that fire might burn down the trees that we need for the paper on which ENGLISH CREEK will be printed.

The news that you will be speaking to the Pacific Northwest Booksellers is terrific. But then, they know what they're doing.

Best wishes,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS:esb
Dear Tom--

I did a copy of my autumn schedule, so far, for Susan Richman and Rantala, and figured you could stand to have one, too. Things look great with the booksellers out here, already, and the way things have been going I'll likely have further requests for signings, etc.

Now about this phantom book of ours. A mere 33 days from now I'm supposed to start signing English Creek in Montana, in a rarely fortuitous week--the Montana History Conference with its well-heeled Western enthusiasts, the Oct. 24 publication day interview on the most widely-watched TV show in the state, the U. of Montana Homecoming Saturday which brings scads of people onto the Missoula campus where I'll be--which we ain't likely ever to luck into again. It's a unique conjunction, like the Transit of Venus or something. To make sure we have books while I'm there pen in hand, can the shipping of English Creek be expedited to those Montana stores and to Pacific Pipeline (the wholesaler here in Seattle)? I've arranged with Pacific Pipeline that I can come by on Oct. 19, just before I start for Montana, and load my car with English Creeks for contingency use in Montana; but those babies gotta get to Pipeline by that day, and I can't cart enough books for all of Montana. Hence, the need to expedite dually, to the Montana stores and Pipeline. If it helps, I think Allan Rabinowitz and Mort got a sense, while they were out here, of how much the previous Scribner's distribution system has to live down and how eagerly booksellers (not to mention, uh, authors) are looking forward to quicker smoother shipping from the Macmillan system. We can sell this book by the ton out here, Tom, if we can just get the dadgum thing in time.

all best,
English Creek is a portrait of a time and place -- Montana in the 1930s -- that at once inspires and fulfills a longing for an explicable past. It is a novel as luminously American as Cather's writing, Wyeth's painting, and Copland's music.

The days of arriving summer, the rangeland green across northern Montana, the hundred-mile horizon of the Rockies, form the backdrop for Jick McCaskill's coming-of-age late in the Depression. Jick is fourteen and able now to share in the full life of family and town and ranch of the sprawling Two Medicine country. His father is a roustabout range rider turned forest ranger; his mother, from a local ranching family, is a practical woman with a peppery wit. His idolized brother Alec is eighteen and strong-minded, set on marriage to a town girl and on a livelihood as a cowboy. Alec's choice of a life throws the McCaskills into conflict, and through Jick's eyes we see a family at a turning point -- "where all four of our lives made their bend."

The course of the book follows the events of the Two Medicine country's summer, a season of humor and escapade as well as drama. Jick accompanies his father on a horseback journey to count sheep onto mountain rangeland allotted by the national forest -- a routine yearly duty that leads to the revelation of a long-kept family secret. The Fourth of July, a time of rodeo and picnic and all-night square dance, is the summer's social zenith, brought to life in a scene of unforgettable beauty. But it is an end-of-August fire high in the Rockies that brings the book, as well as the McCaskill family's struggle within itself, to a stunning climax.

What Robert Kirsch said of Ivan Doig's first book, his now-classic memoir of Montana This House of Sky, applies equally to this: "The language begins in
western territory and experience but in the hands of an artist it touches all landscape and all life. Doig is such an artist." Indeed, with the publication of *English Creek*, Doig takes his place in the pantheon of the very best writers about the American West.

Ivan Doig grew up in Montana along the Rocky Mountain Front, where *English Creek* takes place. He has worked as a ranch hand, newspaperman, and magazine editor and writer. His 1978 book, *This House of Sky*, was nominated for the National Book Award in contemporary thought. It was followed by *Winter Brothers* and, in 1982, by his first novel, *The Sea Runners*. He now lives in Seattle, where he is at work on the second novel of a trilogy about his fictional McCaskill family and their Two Medicine country.
Praise for English Creek

"A marvellous stretch of writing from the heart of the big sky country, at once an homage and a celebration of a way of life that is passing."

Wright Morris

"English Creek is not a book to be read in a hurry. In its leisurely passage through a single summer, this novel marvelously evokes Montana—the country, the life, the people, the occupations. Mr. Doig knows this country and this life from the bottoms of his feet upward, and has known it, as he might say, ever since his legs were long enough to reach the ground. Hard and limited as it is, this is loved life, and loved country. There is no room in the days of the McCaskill family for the anomie and cynicism and plain blahs that infest many modern lives and the fiction that reflects them. It is like a long, strenuous, working vacation in new country to read this novel, and a reader returns from it in better shape than he was when he began it. Here is the real Montana, the real West, through the eyes of a real writer."

Wallace Stegner

"A savory, warming, and finely crafted novel."

Kirkus Reviews
Dear Tom--

Couple of things. One is that I thought you might like to see, on this 45th anniversary of the day Jick and Stanley went up to the Flume Gulch fire, the enclosed fire news from Montana.

The other is that soon after I talked to you on the phone yesterday, I was asked to be the banquet speaker at the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association regional shindig on Sept. 8. Talk about English Creek for 20 minutes or so, they suggested. Naturally I went for it like a trout after a chicken gut. So now we got the independent booksellers and the Walden sales managers both inviting my English Creek pitch--is there still time to increase the printing run? (Hee hee hee--let the good times roll.)

luv
Dear Ann--

Nice job on the draft of the flap copy, and I appreciate the care with which you've tended it and the English Creek proofs. It's a back-handed compliment, but you think like a nervous author: even us paranoids got enemies.

thanks, and best.
August 24, 1984

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

Dear Ivan,

This is a draft of the flap copy for ENGLISH CREEK. Tom will see, and, probably, change it when he returns from vacation on Tuesday. In the meantime, you look it over and make your own changes.

In anticipation of questions . . .

1) I used the phrase "longing for an explicable past" from the flap for THIS HOUSE OF SKY because Liv begged me to and because it so wonderfully describes something about this book too.

2) Tried not to be too specific about time frame.

3) I know that Jick’s sheep-counting escapade didn’t lead directly to the family secret, but that’s when he met Stanley and that eventually did lead to revelation about Stanley and Mac.

4) Put you in the pantheon of writers without saying who they were because Cather is mentioned above and Wright Morris and Wallace Stegner are on the back.

5) I feel the quotes about This House of Sky and The Sea Runners are handled awkwardly but haven’t figured out how to fix them yet.

Geez, talk about paranoid . . .

Best wishes,

Ann Rittenberg

cc: Tom
This luminously American novel, lit by the light that permeates Cather's writing, Wyeth's painting, and Copland's music, is a portrait of a time and place -- Montana in the 1930s -- that at once inspires and fulfills a longing for an explicable past.

The days of arriving summer, the rangeland green across northern Montana, the hundred-mile horizon of the Rockies, form the backdrop for Jick McCaskill's coming-of-age late in the Depression. Jick is fourteen and able now to mingle near the full life of family and town and ranch of the sprawling Two Medicine region where he lives. His father is a roustabout range rider turned forest ranger; his mother a practical woman with a refreshing caustic wit from a local ranching family. His idolized brother Alec is eighteen and strong-minded, set on marriage to a town girl and on a livelihood as a cowboy. Alec's choice of a life throws his family into conflict, and through Jick's eyes we see a family at a turning point -- "where all four of our lives made their bend."

The course of the book follows the events of the Two Medicine country's summer, a season of humor and escapade as well as drama. Jick accompanies his father into the mountains on pack horses to count sheep onto summer rangeland allotted by the national forest -- a routine yearly duty that leads to the revelation of a long-kept family secret. The Fourth of July, a time of rodeo and picnic and all-night square dance, is the summer's social zenith, brought to life in a scene of vivid beauty but it is an end-of-August fire high in the Rockies that brings the book, as well as the McCaskill family's struggle within itself, to a stunning climax.

With English Creek Ivan Doig takes his place in the pantheon of writers of the American West. His second novel will undoubtedly delight readers of
Ivan Doig -- ENGLISH CREEK -- flaps continued

This House of Sky, his now-class book about Montana, called "a brilliant and original contribution to American letters," and of The Sea Runners, his highly successful first novel, described by the Boston Globe as "a remarkable evocation of the human spirit."

Ivan Doig grew up in northern Montana along the Rocky Mountain Front, where English Creek takes place. He has worked as a ranch hand, newspaperman, and magazine editor and writer. His 1978 book, This House of Sky, was nominated for the National Book Award in contemporary thought. "The language begins in western territory and experience but in the hands of an artist it touches all landscape and all life," Robert Kirsch wrote in the Los Angeles Times. "Doig is such an artist." He now lives in Seattle, where he is at work on the second novel of a trilogy about his fictional McCaskill family and their Two Medicine country.
Praise for English Creek

"A marvellous stretch of writing from the heart of the big sky country, at once an homage and a celebration of a way of life that is passing."

Wright Morris

"English Creek is not a book to be read in a hurry. In its leisurely passage through a single summer, this novel marvelously evokes Montana—the country, the life, the people, the occupations. Mr. Doig knows this country and this life from the bottoms of his feet upward, and has known it, as he might say, ever since his legs were long enough to reach the ground. Hard and limited as it is, this is loved life, and loved country. There is no room in the days of the McCaskill family for the anomie and cynicism and plain blahs that infest many modern lives and the fiction that reflects them. It is like a long, strenuous, working vacation in new country to read this novel, and a reader returns from it in better shape than he was when he began it. Here is the real Montana, the real West, through the eyes of a real writer."

Wallace Stegner

"A savory, warming, and finely crafted novel."

Kirkus Reviews
July 5, 1984

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

Dear Ivan,

Thought you'd like to know that the Dalton order for ENGLISH CREEK is 1600 copies, the Walden order 2000.

Excelsior!

[Signature]

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS: tmh
June 26, 1984

Mr. Thomas A. Stewart  
Editor in Chief  
Atheneum Publishers  
597 Fifth Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10017

Dear Mr. Stewart,

Russell Baker is out of town right now, but I have told him on the telephone about your letter. He asked that I thank you for sending him the bound galleys of Ivan Doig's English Creek and to explain that he is not going to be able to make the time to read the book in time to do some good. Mr. Baker therefore suggested I return it to you in hope you can make good use of it elsewhere.

Sincerely,

Virginia Piccolo  
Secretary to Russell Baker
July 25, 1984

Mr. Wright Morris
351 Laurel Way
Mill Valley,
California 94941

Dear Mr. Morris:

Many thanks for your splendid comment about Ivan Doig's new novel. He is in Scotland at the moment, doing research for his next book, but I know that he will be delighted to see your letter when he returns.

Yours sincerely,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

cc: Ivan Doig
TAS: agr
21 June '84

Dear Tom--

Here's the list of my whereabouts in Britain between now and the end of July. As I say, feel free to hit me with the English Creek map at any of these stops and I'll reply the instantest I can—or feel free to mercy-kill the map idea if it's going to cause the book any delay.

I much liked your list of possible blurbsters. Let's hope one of them likes the book half as well as we do, huh?

all best
24 June ’31

Dear Ann—

The galleys, in all their glory. As I said on the phone, I take Tom’s point about the production delay it’d cause by having the page proofs sent to me in Scotland. I’ll be back from that trip by July 29, and should the page proofs not happen until then, please do send me a set here in Seattle. But if they happen before then, as I guess we all intend they will, you and Tom can be as the eyes of eagles on the particular portions of the galleys that could cause trouble. Those are:

galley #16—-the compositor dropped part of the line about “white wagons”’ garbling two sentences together.
galley #28—-dropped “Havre” from the town pronunciations explanation.
galley #50—spate of needed crx, by me and the typesetter.
galley #51—-for reasons of chronology in the next book, I’ve decided the guy named Barclay couldn’t have run the 1st hotel in Gros Ventre; accordingly I want his name struck from Toussaint’s conversation here, and the first crx is to be read in the redundant but Toussaint-like way I’ve indicated, “Gros Ventre was just only a hotel and saloon then.”
galley #55—another dropped phrase by typesetter and subsequent garble.
galleys #62-67—everybody’s very favorite section, the spaced-out rodeo announcing. The principle is simple, although it seems ungodly hard to get a typesetter to grasp it: the announcer’s words are to be spaced and necessarily ragged right edge, but everything not in the announcer’s quote marks is to have standard flush margins. I think I’ve now shown this line by line, but you’d better see how it comes out. I’ve also done some more 2-em spacing which I think will make the announcing a little more shapely on the page.
galley #73—each italicized square dance call needs to have a line space above and below, as per copyedited ms.
galley #75—final dab of the ragged right edge comundrum.
galley #82—spate of crx for typesetter. As to that strange Billy Ulm cattle brand I’ve tried to achieve there, let’s just make it a small caps TL, as I’ve tried to indicate.
galley #109—-the one place in the ms I felt a little flurry of insertions was needed. The second one from the bottom is to read: “Greets down this gorge instead, right through this camp and around that slope?”
galley #116—-I don’t know what the red-ink query “recto page?” means but it made me nervous, so please just watch that the Acknowledgments get done as we want them, starting on their own separate page as per Sea Runners.
galley #117—-I simply want to insert the final 3 acknowledgment names, and not transpose them with the Dupuyer line, as my bleary hand could be misread.

more
The only other paranoid author stuff I can come up with, Ann, is how the special material, such as the hotel signs, will break on the page. Whoever did the pages for Sea Runners did so superbly I don't have much worry, but for your reference, here are the possible trouble points:

galley #33—the "My sister is Mandy" verse begins a new segment, plus having the regular line space which sets off these lyrics: so it needs 2 lines of space between it and the preceding graf on the page, right?
galley #39—The Gleaner boxed head and excerpt (which looks wonderful)
" #47-48—the hotel signs
" #68—Probably it'll take great luck to make this turn out, but if it's possible I'd like that pyramid of conversation between Jack and Stanley near the bottom, "Me?...You got better use for your ears." to not be broken between pages, as the form of that conversation visually conveys their parrying and Jack's growing exasperation. Of course the page layout shouldn't be disrupted to achieve this; just if there's a close call on a page break, I'd like it to go in favor of this little pyramid of talk. (If it would help, line spaces could be inserted fore and aft of the 6th graf above that, the one beginning "If I could grapple").
galley #70—as on #33, songs begins a new segment, double line spacing needed.
"# #87—headline and newspaper excerpt
" #88—WW ranch sign
" #90—Leona's Montana chaps (which I know is bizarre typography, but I love the way it looks).
galley #93—the Kipling verse
" #106—the "Subjects under discussion" list

And that ought to do it. I think it looks beautiful so far. Please pass the enclosed quick letter to Tom for me, and I'll be in touch next week with my Scotland itinerary. Many thanks.

all best
Dear Tom—

Just a quickie, before I go walk a beach for a couple of days to get galleys out of my eyes. Liz called last night with news of the Penguin floor bid, and I'm hugely pleased. Well and nobly done, you guys.

The galleys look to me pretty dandy. I'm taking your suggestion to forego page proofs for speed's sake, and am providing Ann with a list of possible trouble spots for her and you to guard against.

Much liked Henry Kisor's mention of English Creek. Noticed he has the 1939 date of the book in there. I guess I don't mind that being in catalogue copy, but could we keep it out of the jacket copy? Maybe I'm making too big a deal of it, but I'd like the realization of the coming of WWII to hit the reader with some of the same surprise my characters feel there at the end of Part 3. So can we just say "late 1930's" or "late in the Depression" if something must be said?

I take your point (in your May 23 letter) about the NTBR ad and so on; I think I see what you have in mind to try achieve for this book. That's all fine; I just wanted it known to you that I don't need a NTBR expenditure for my ego's sake. Getting folks to make that $16.95 handshake with Jick and company is my priority instead.

best

[Signature]
May 23, 1984

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

Dear Ivan,

Thanks for your letter. I didn't know about the Scotland trip, but am glad to do so now. Your being there means, in all likelihood, that page proof will arrive while you're overseas. When you see the galleys (which are supposed to appear soon), please let me know if you also want to see pages. If the galleys are clean, say that you don't want pages: the trans-Atlantic trip, no matter how efficaciously arranged, will cost us a week or two in production, and, as you say, we should get books sooner rather than later. Anita Karl has said that she doesn't feel she'd do a good job on the map/drawing, because it's more an illustrator's than a cartographer's task, so we're looking for someone else. Likelihood is that that will have to be sent to you in Scotland, but mayhap we'll have it before you go.

I'll get you four bound galleys. We are going to print a dozen for each rep (more for Rantala), in addition to the usual allotment. Advertising: I take your point, but beg you also to take mine: the "problem" with Doig's books is that he sells like crazy in the northwest quadrant of the country, and we should bend our efforts to helping the rest of the country discover him, while making sure we don't take the home folk for granted. No advertising decisions whatsoever have been made. If I had my druthers (and, to be honest, my druthers are probably more expensive than the budget will allow, but we don't know that yet), we'd run a full-page ad in the Sunday Times, large co-op ads in L.A., Chicago, and perhaps to tie in with signings and appearances in Montana and Washington and Oregon. That's upwards of $30,000 worth of druthers, by my guess, so it might not be possible. One of the problems with advertising is that there are so many cities where one should advertise, but so few media that are right for book advertising -- Houston and Dallas, e.g., have no print marketplace for books. There may be other tactics to explore, and we will do that. Another question about co-ops is that of the stores with whom one would cooperate. Let's see what sort of position Dalton and Walden take in their orders, f'r instance, and Kroch's in Chicago and so on.

More anon.

Best,

[Signature]

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief
June 7, 1984

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

Dear Ivan,

Here are the galleys of ENGLISH CREEK. Barbara Campo asks that you have them back to us on June 21* -- that way we can go over them and get them through production and off to the printer before that weekend. I hope this doesn't pose a problem.

Best wishes,

Ann Rittenberg
Assistant to
Thomas A. Stewart

*The summer solstice—how appropriate!
May 14, 1984

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

Dear Ivan,

Ignore the ragged right -- the margins will be justified. Here are two ways of setting the rodeo stuff, one with one em spacing, one with two em spacing. Harry Ford thinks both look silly. He may be right. I think the underneath one, with one em space, just looks like bad typesetting.

Do we: (1) go with the two em space, (2) forgo it altogether, or (3) use dashes instead of empty space? Call me.

Best,

[Signature]

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief
“Welcome!” crackled a thunderblast of voice over our heads.
“To the . . . Gros Ventre . . . rodeo! Our fifteenth annual show! You folks are wise as hooty owls to roost with us here today. Yes sir! Some of everything is liable to happen here today and—” Tollie Zane, father of the famous Earl, held the job of announcing the Gros Ventre rodeo on the basis by which a lot of positions of authority seem to get filled: nobody else would be caught dead doing it. But before this year, all that the announcing amounted to was shouting through a megaphone the name of each bucking horse and its rider. The shiny new ’glory horns evidently had gone to Tollie’s head, or at least his tonsils. “The Fourth of July is called the cowboys’ Christmas and our festivities here today will get under way in just—”
was 33 miles down the highway.

"WELCOME!" crackled a thunderblast of voice over our heads.

"To the Gros Ventre rodeo! Our fifteenth annual show! You folks are wise as hooty owls to roost with us here today. Yes sir! Some of everything is liable to happen here today and--" Tollie Zane, father of the famous Earl, held the job of announcing the Gros Ventre rodeo on the basis by which a lot of positions of authority seem to get filled: nobody else would be caught dead doing it. But before this year, all that the announcing amounted to was shouting through a megaphone the name of each bucking horse and its rider. The shiny new glory horns evidently had gone to Tollie's head, or at least his tonsils. "The Fourth of July is called the cowboys' Christmas and our festivities here today will get underway in just--"

"Called what?" somebody yelled from the chute society. "That's Tollie for you, sweat running down his face and he thinks it's snowflakes."

"Santy Claus must have brought him that goddamn talking contraption," guessed somebody else.

"Naw, you guys, lay off now," a third one put in. "Tollie's maybe right. It'd explain why he's as full of shit as a Christmas goose."

Everybody below us hee-heeed at that while Tollie roared on about the splendiferous tradition of rodeo and what heart-stopping excitement we were going to view in this arena today. Tollie was a kind of plodding
Dear Tom--

I liked the English Creek cover proofs a lot. Can hardly wait until we get a book to wrap that scene around.

I'm past due in providing you my imminent schedule, and some other stuff. Have I even deigned to tell you Carol and I are going to Scotland, June 23-July 29? I'll provide you and Liz a set of ways to reach us. What I'm embarking on is research for the homesteaders novel: Jack McCaskill's grandfather and a chum, Robert Burns Barclay, both 19, embarking for life in Montana in 1889. I want to do a real job on their voyage and American journey. More about that anon.

The other stuff is all English Creek. I'm hugely relieved that you're printing 25,000, for every sign is that we can sell the book like crazy out here if copies can be gotten into the stores promptly. The House of Sky constituency by itself is now 48,000--20,000 hardback before HBJ got panicked by Thor, 28,000 in Harvest and still selling about 450 a year. And surprising to me, the other books have some constituencies of their own: Winter Brothers, folks who were brought to it by the local TV adaptation, and Sea Runners, some up-scale boating-and-adventure types, of whom there's a legion along this coast. (One of them, Charlton Heston's son, will be through Seattle in the next couple of weeks to talk to me about a movie deal for Sea Runners. Will let you know if the deal indeed gets dealt.)

So there's a nice sizable agglomeration of buyers out there, for English Creek. As to my part in getting them to swap their $3 for our book, here are some of the prospects, intentions, etc.:

-A fortuitous week in Montana (Oct. 21-27) when I can go there and coincide with the Montana History Conference (about 400 well-heeled Montana chauvinists) and the university homecoming crowd (umteemn thousand) at Missoula. Incidentally, stupendous as Rantala's total of Montana orders is, I know of at least three prime booksellers not represented in those figures. The Montana Historical Society, which took an initial 75 from John, does its own Xmas catalog for its 6,000 members and sells many books thereby; a buddy of mine runs the bookselling there, and I'll try to get a true fix on their eventual total order. The Little Professor bookstore in Missoula is a maverick that doesn't buy from reps--does it through that chain's central warehouse or something. And the big Hart-Albins dept. store in Billings is stocked by Waldens or some such. Those three Rantala stores likely represent another 4-500 orders-to-come, above John's sterling efforts.

-I'll work with John on a possible swing of prime Oregon stores, maybe centering on the Xmas book fair of the Oregon Historical Society in Portland, where I had the pleasing experience of selling 75 Sea Runners in 30 minutes.

more (but not that much more)
--Here around Puget Sound, I’ll do all the signings and stuff I’m physically capable of. The auguries are great. The University Book Store, the General Motors of bookstores hereabouts, guesstimates it’ll order 500 right off the bat, and they want me to do an early signing, in September if possible. That store is very picky about who’ll they’ll deign to do signings for; the only other author they’ve asked so far for this fall is Tom Robbins. And the invaluable wholesaler based here, Pacific Pipeline, guesses they’ll be ordering 2,000 copies.

Let’s see, what else. I could put to good use 4 or so of the bound galleys; there’s always a set of instances, of an interviewer or early reviewer or bookseller or whoever, cropping up and wanting to read the work before the book is quite available. Advertising: I don’t know what your thinking is, but my druthers would be to have money go into co-op ads rather than, say, a New York Times Book Review ad. Advertising again: the Christmas catalog done by the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association, which you participated in with both Sea Runners and Inside This House of Sky, is hugely worth supporting again with this book—a necessary corrective to the lackluster local book pages here. Reviewers: I cited these special instances on the pr questionnaire for Susan Richman, but in case that’s one piece of paper you haven’t seen, I have received particular rapture in the past from these—Mark Muro at Boston Globe; James Kaufman at Christian Science Monitor; Richard Micholls, Philadelphia Inquirer; Henry Kisor at Chicago Sun-Times (has he been Murdoched?); and Paul Pintarich at Portland Oregonian. And finally, the publication date: to reiterate what you show every sign of knowing, the earlier in August—September we can get books into the stores, the better—as you say, the Bryan Cam Ball teevee show is baffled by books like this, but reviews and word-of-mouth work for us.

Looking forward to galleys.

all best

cc: Liz Darhansoff
Notes toward letter to Tom:

In support of his plans and Rantalla's estimates:

1. Over-all sales figures for *Sky*, with mention of the special bookseller and reader loyalty. *(Berliner is an out-of-area example)*

2. In the Northwest:
   --estimates of ordering of English Creek, and possibly figures of previous sales of your books from Lang, Soper, Walt Carr, and Pipeline.
   --your promotional plans for Montana, w/ special emphasis on Today Show, U. Montana homecoming and coverage of all the main bookstores. Also, the historians.
   --Extra help of "One of best books ever written about Montana," and the chance to say a few words at Bozeman while getting honorary degree.
   --U Bookstore does few signings, but Lee has invited you and Robbins. They also have done advertising in past, and that's probably a good idea since the Seattle Times book section is total loss farms.
   (on the other hand, your base of sales here on fame familiarity was readily apparent when Sea Runners jumped onto Sea. Times local bestseller list before any reviews came along, and stayed there until the books to U Bookstore, Pipeline & elsewhere were bottlenecked by Scribners.)
   --some additional plans at the thinking stage, including possible trip to Portland.

3. Nationally:
   --Letters from Berliner and galleys to booksellers are a dandy idea. We could use a few to good advantage, when available.
   --You seem to have particular friends at Boston Globe, Chicago Sun-Times and Washington Post, who might be massaged a bit.

4. In summary, you have an unusually loyal following in Montana and the NW, and the odd couple of Doig and Rantalla are unusually well suited to make the most of it. It's a good idea, then, for Tom and the other folks at Atheneum to focus their efforts nationally.
Lei
10 May '84

Macmillan
- Tom in place?
- Can clubs turn it on?
- Look prospects?
- Early pub in date as possible - Aug
- Larger 1st run - 4 press runs on Sea R

1600
in Mont
6 times
by

| 75.00 |
| 25.00 |
| 25.00 |
| 300 |
| 5,000 |

Been to Cape & talked to Lynn - Fraser Hutton?
- More open mind on screenplay

my shed - starting a Scotch Heaven - Mont, doctorate
- Scotland
- see Tane Sayle OK?
Tom — 11 May '84

- when galleys?
- sales com/ce for UK visiting NY some fall
- Wm Post

25,000

really got

25,000 / 15,000 → quarter

11. Barbieris letter

→ letter →

a copy to sales rep.

next week end of next wk

Mann's Day

4 readings — 8:10 a.m.

early position Penguin

3, 5000 more advad than last

Rentsalo — alone
The American Way of Writing

AN AMERICAN PROCESSION. By Alfred Kazin. Knopf. 408 pp. $18.95

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

AMERICA IS MORE than most countries a land where the classic canon of great writers is being endlessly reconstructed. It is easy to forget how very recently many of the great reputations—Emerson, Thoreau, Melville or Emily Dickinson—were made, and how recently many others—above all those writers of the Genteel Tradition from Longfellow to Lowell—have been diminished. Only since the 1920s have the great modern canon-making books come. It is really with F.O. Matthiessen’s American Renaissance (1941), which brought home the remarkable transformation in American literature and culture that occurred in the 1830s and was actually not a Renaissance but a Naissance, that many of our confident judgments are set. Rounded, sure histories of American literature have always been rare, and since the peak of discovery between the 1930s and the 1950s, we have had few books of that kind of scale and assurance.

There are now signs of change. Recently came Larzer Ziff’s Literary Democracy, a subtle reexamination of the same period as Matthiessen’s book, from the 1830s to the Civil War. Now Alfred Kazin, in his fine, sure study An American Procession, spreads the reading from the 1830s, where Emerson stands as what Whitman called

MALCOLM BRADBURY, professor of American Studies at the University of East Anglia, is the author of many books of criticism and, most recently, the novel Rates of Exchange.

Talking With Alfred Kazin

By JAY PARINI

A T 69, Alfred Kazin has lost none of the intellectual gusto for which he is famous. For the past decade, he has been teaching at the Graduate Center of the City of New York—“probably a fitting place for me to end my career in teaching,” he says. “I started out in the City College.” Unlike most academics of his distinction, he never spent much time in graduate school. “I wanted to be a writer,” he says. “I started by publishing reviews when I was 19. I was lucky. Editors liked what I wrote, so I could make a living—or sort of a living.” He considers himself an outsider in the university, having come to teaching well after he established his reputation as a critic. “The academy has never assimilated me,” he explains. “And vice versa.” He goes on to say that much of the criticism being written from English departments today doesn’t interest him in the least: “It’s mostly unreadable—a purely academic form of writing. I want to be read.”

From his classic study of American literature, On Native Grounds, (written when he was still in his twenties) to his celebrated intellectual autobiographies (A Walker in the City, Starting Out in the Thirties, New York Jews), Kazin feels very lucky about the way his career has taken shape. “Because of my writing, I’ve had the chance to travel all over the world and meet so many people. I’ve been able to write and to read. Those are the kinds of things that matter.” He recently underwent major heart surgery and is (CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)
From "Katherine Anne Porter: A Life" (See New in Paperback, page 12)

Books

AN AMERICAN PROCESSION. By Alfred Kazin. Reviewed by Malcolm Bradbury. Page 1

DREAMS OF SLEEP. By Josephine Humphreys. Reviewed by Jonathan Yardley Page 3

JACOB'S WELL. By Stephen Harrigan. Reviewed by Dennis Drabell Page 3


DAWN TO THE WEST: Japanese Literature of the Modern Era. By Donald Keene. Reviewed by Masao Miyoshi Page 10


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BOOK BAG CONTEST Page 14

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON STATE. By Bruce Brown Page 15
Of Aqualungs and Aquifers

JACOB'S WELL. By Stephen Harrigan. Simon and Schuster. 286 pp. $15.95

By DENNIS DRAEBELLE

THIS IS A NOVEL about the last earthly frontier—aquifers. An aquifer (literally “water-bearer”) is an underground rock formation laced with gaps that contain water. For geologist Sam May, his estranged wife Libby, and her lover Rick Tremain, a spring called Jacob’s Well near Austin, Texas, is the portal to an aquifer they are determined to explore.

Rick is a professional diver. Besides giving lessons and co-managing a diving store, he recovers the drowned and held-fast, including victims of the well’s great depth. He has been spiritually in thrall to the well since boyhood, when a diver gave him a fossil retrieved from its innards. Sam’s fascination with the well is intellectual: he yearns to know how deep it goes and what formations it leads. Libby met Rick when she signed up for diving lessons as a distraction from the failure of her and Sam’s marriage. The well lures her indirectly, through the two men she has cared most for in her life.

Staple as the combination of love triangle plus outdoor adventure may be, Stephen Harrigan, senior editor of Texas Monthly magazine and author of the much-praised novel Aranas, makes every page of his book seem new. For one thing, he allows his major characters both to reveal themselves and retain small, cordoned-off zones of fetching unknowability. Harrigan gives the reader a good sense of their pasts, their interests and their motives but lets them get away with their enigmas intact.

At the same time he sketches minor characters with Dickensian vividness. There is Clifford, devotee of a dead prophet named Mr. Duckett. Without quite flipping out, Clifford can bring a party to a halt by uttering predictions in Mr. Duckett’s middle-aged voice. There is Ban-chez, a polyglot of myth who delights in mixing irony and sympathy for or interest in her, and it comes as an afterthought, or a lame attempt at justification, for Humphreys to say belatedly that “all this lassitude may prove to be peace in a kind of disguise, and all this despair turn out to be the purest shape that hope can take.” No, last-minute explanations do not suffice; Dreams of Sleep is a strong novel built around a weak center.

But those strengths are indeed considerable. All the other characters are vivid, Will most especially; Humphreys writes about men, gets into their minds and hearts, with a knowledge that any man will recognize as acute. Charleston itself is a vigorous presence: its beautiful, half-decayed old center city and its characters, energetic new outskirts. She has a quick, surprising wit; Will dislikes mesmerists, for example, because “they wear men’s collars and have no capacity for irony, shouldering their way through life as if it were a crowded sports event,” which may well be the most succinct description of George Steiner’s written. Her prose has a measured, almost stately, quality, and her powers of description are impressive. Even though she has left a hole in its middle, she has written a notably mature and accomplished novel.
Making A More Perfect Union

THE POWER TO LEAD: The Crisis of the American Presidency, By James MacGregor Burns, Simon and Schuster, 288 pp., $16.95

By GODFREY HODGSON

LESS than four years from now we will commemorate the 200th anniversary of the Constitution. Bands will play. Crowds will throng in front of Independence Hall in Philadelphia. With high solemnity the liturgy of the American political religion will be celebrated.

What none of the eminent speakers will say, no doubt, is that the most fitting way of honoring the spirit of the Constitution in 1897 might be to revise its letter. It is scarcely original to point out that the United States is both blessed and hampered by an 18th-century constitution in what are now the closing years of the 20th century.

The doctrine of the separation of powers, said Justice Brandeis in 1926, was not intended to promote efficiency, but to preclude the exercise of arbitrary power. Yet the idea has been gathering ground for some time that the dangers of arbitrary power in the presidency—Richard Nixon notwithstanding—may be less alarming than the dangers of inefficiency in the sense of chronic inability to cope with the political agenda of the society in a way that satisfies the expectations of the people.

What is original, and courageous, about James MacGregor Burns' new book is that he is prepared to come out and say that if the Constitution, in its granitic rigidity, stands in the way of the reforms that are needed to make the system meet those expectations, well, then, it may be necessary to contemplate substantial reform of the Constitution. Burns argues that "the framers bequeathed us a structure of power that today not only fragments creative and collective leadership but frustrates any major effort of leaders to rid it of its anti-leadership qualities."

"Catch '87," he says, is this: Political changes need to be made if the system is to work. Those changes will affect parties in general, and the Democratic Party in particular. But the reform of party will not be possible until certain structural, constitutional changes have been made. Those constitutional changes, on the other hand, cannot be made until parties have been reformed to demand and carry through those reforms.

To take a concrete example, "We cannot create leadership teamwork... unless we establish the 'team ticket' of jointly elected President, senator and representative, but this is impossible without a constitutional amendment establishing such a ticket. Yet a party effort would be necessary in order to gain such an amendment."

Just so. Most writers, confronted by this dilemma, have shown signs of panic. The reforms that can be easily adopted, in particular those that will not require constitutional amendment, are not fundamental enough to unblock the machinery of government. Those that might be strong enough to do that, look impossible to achieve.

Burns does not accept the logic of this dilemma. "Is there a way out of Catch '87?" he asks, and answers, "Yes, and a difficult one... The conversion of the Democratic Party into a far more principled, programmatic and committed party than it is today. Why not the Republican Party? Because, Burns thinks, it has already done its part by becoming "the principled conservative party."

What needs to happen is that a new leadership—it is not clear whether Burns is thinking of one man and his team of supporters, or some broader leadership wave—must take over; a new leadership "committed not only to winning but to governing."

That leadership would then discover that in order to carry out its full program it would need to make constitutional change and party renewal a central plank in a new appeal to the people.

The actual content of the reform program Burns calls for would be five-fold: Party cooperation in Congress and between the president and Congress would be strengthened through new agencies and committees; Presidents could be impeached not only for high crimes but also when they have "dramatically and irredeemably lost the confidence of the nation."

A constitutional amendment would create a "team ticket" by which a voter would cast a single ballot for president, senator and congressmen, "thus creating electoral support for congressional-presidential linkage." And a second constitutional amendment would adopt the proposal made by former Rep. Henry Reuss (D-Wis.) allowing the president to choose senators and congressmen as cabinet members.

There is a precedent for such a strategy of change. Burns thinks, in the creation by Thomas Jefferson and James Madison in the 1790's of a new "party of the people."

Indeed, his book is organized around a contrast between the present crisis of leadership and the successful leadership of the 1790's.

The book starts slowly. Burns predates his crisis in the first place on the low turnout for presidential (and other) elections. While he is careful to point out that it is not only from a liberal-left point of view that a stronger executive is desirable, since even conservatives need to carry out their government-cutting, budget-balancing programs more efficiently than President Reagan has been able to do. Yet he does not quite succeed in establishing why the dysfunction of government amounts to crisis.

Three sections (continued on page 14)

America: From Democracy to Bureaucracy


By EDWIN M. YODER JR.

THIS is not, as the subtitle might imply, a conventional narrative history but a set of rather gloomy variations on—a familiar theme by Alexis de Tocqueville.

That celebrated 19th-century visitor speculated that the nemesis of American democracy could be a tyranny of the majority, a kind of groupthink.

EDWIN M. YODER JR. is a syndicated columnist for The Washington Post Writers Group.

Outgrowing Democracy, historical analysis and punditry are rivals; and occasionally the evidence cited is amusingly impression.
America's Game of Russian Roulette

THE MAKING OF AMERICA'S SOVIET POLICY. Edited by Joseph S. Nye Jr. Yale University Press/Council on Foreign Relations. 369 pp. $27.50

By JOHN LEWIS GADDIS

D RUNKARDS, it is suggested, bit pointedly at the conclusion of this volume, usually manage to find their way home safely after a night on the town, however circuitous the route. But this isn't always the case: there are open manholes and other impediments along the way, and accidents do happen. Professor Joseph S. Nye Jr. of Harvard University uses this unfettering imagery to characterize American policy toward the Soviet Union since World War II. We have, he notes, indisputable evidence. But the Soviet Union ought to be a more efficient and less risky way to do it.

The Making of America's Soviet Policy is a major collaborative effort, prepared under Nye's editorship with the sponsorship of the Council on Foreign Relations, to consider how the United States might more effectively formulate policies for dealing with its principal adversary. Its contributors include William Schneider, I.M. Destler and Robert R. Bowie, who consider the role of public opinion, the Congress and the White House, respectively; Richard K. Betts, Alexander L. George, Marshall Goldman, Raymond Vernon and Strobe Talbott, who evaluate the issues of nuclear weapons, crisis management, economic relations and human rights; Ernest R. May, Stanley Hoffmann and Samuel P. Huntington, who discuss the historical evolution.

JOHN LEWIS GADDIS teaches history at Ohio University and is the author, most recently, of Strategies of Containment: A Critical Appraisal of Postwar American National Security Policy.

Democracy

(continued from page 4)

istic. Thus, for example, "in the mid-sixties—corresponding to the soiled character of so many matters... dollar bills, too, became dirty, soiled and torn, since they were passing from hand to hand with increasing rapidity... no longer folded and handed and kept with a kind of anxious respect.”

Despite the congruity, at times, with some of the familiar themes and plaints of neo-conservative thought, Lukacs belongs to no identifiable school of politics. Here, for instance, as in his admirable 1945: Year Zero, Harry Truman emerges as an admirable figure, an old-fashioned democrat, statistian with a sense of history. (In stark contrast, it might be noted, to the dismissive treatment accorded in this book to other recent political figures—the "puerile" Jimmy Carter, the "bumbling, ignorant and incompetent" Gerald Ford, the "globular" Henry Kissinger.)

Despite the sometimes Blisthmish tenor of the argument, Lukacs is as wapish about those who style themselves conservatives as about liberal ideologues: "Many American conservatives... were not really conservative. Their insubstantial heroes were Coolidge, Hoover, Taft. Their very advocacy of a materialist capitalism was merely a negative reaction to socialism—they have overlooked... that capitalism and industrialism were the great anticapitalist and antirevolutionary forces in the 19th century and after."

So what, after all, was Professor Lukacs prefer? What is the idea against which he measures American society so much to its disadvantage? It is, I think, a slightly romanticized version of the largely Anglo-Saxon community of small farmers and small cities that existed at the time of Tocqueville's visit. (This, at least, seems implicit in his ringing condemnation of uncontrolled and discriminating immigration practices; in his admiration for the Anglo-American entente; in his general Burkean distaste for all that is large, abstract, impersonal, bureaucratic, pretentious, noisy, and vulgar.) Indeed the flavor of this book will be familiar enough to those who recall the jereimads of the 1950s: books like William H. Whyte's The Organization Man, heralding the bureaucratization of large companies, and David Riesman's The Lonely Crowd, identifying drift in the private American character away from self-respecting autonomy to "other-directedness." If Lukacs is right in identifying the mid-1950s as a fruitful turning point in recent history, it means, perhaps, that the warnings of Whyte, Riesman and others were indeed prophetic. It may also be significant that the book is dedicated to George F. Kennan, who has for decades taken a similarly pessimistic view of American trends.

This eloquent, provocative but disturbing book is valuable, I fear, to the usual variety of meta-historical works—it will be easy enough to pluck the more cranky and clumsily passages out of context and thus minimize or dismiss the force and unity of the major argument. That would be an injustice to a valuable and thoughtful work; and it would be a shame that it may be timelier than we like to think.

Is it true, as Americans seem sometimes to assume, that the U.S. is immune to the entropies that have overtaken other civilizations, from Rome to our own? That is the question at the heart of Outgrowing Democracy. The difference is that it is posed, for once, with the skill and erudition of a good historian.
The scene opens in Altondale Park, a British country estate that dates from the 18th century and has changed much since then. It is the summer of 1901. King Edward VII is about to be crowned and give his name to an era: the years before World War I that Englishmen of a certain class and vintage will later remember as being like a long summer afternoon.

Ursula Zilinsky, born in Germany and now living in the United States, has produced a first-class before-and-after study in this, her third novel, showing in loving, leisurely detail the kind of world that gave birth to "The Great War" and the very different world that emerged from it. She focuses on two intermarried families—English country gentry and German industrial magnates—with remote relatives and acquaintances (the family of a country parson, an American cousin who becomes a leader in the women's suffrage movement and a night-club singer, a man of letters in his declining years) to fill out the picture.

The book opens as a sort of comedy of manners, not terribly different from Trollope in atmosphere though somewhat more modern in style. It pokes fun gently at the lingering attitudes of the people who paid allegiance to Victoria and captures the flavor of the world that is about to die. Then it follows the fortunes of a group of characters who begin as children playing together and will become fighters on both sides in the war, which is graphically described. At the end, after social upheavals they can hardly comprehend, the former children are brought together again, trying to patch up their lives and save what is possible from a past as irretrievably lost as the Middle Ages.

Zilinsky writes beautifully; she invents characters you can care about, and she sees the first two decades of this century with a panoramic vision that does not preclude an eye for telling details.

**FAMILY FORTUNES.** By Anne Melville. Doubleday. 349 pp. $16.95

Anne Melville gives her readers a somewhat longer time-span, a larger, more varied cast of characters, and a greater variety of props and incidents than Zilinsky, if not quite as much depth and verisimilitude. **Family Fortunes,** which covers the period from the end of World War II to the late 1970s, takes the reader into the final phase of the story of the Lorimer clan, which began in the previous century with The Lorimer Line and has continued through Alexia and Blaise.

The patriarch, John Junius Lorimer, born in 1800 and founder of Lorimer's Bank, still figures prominently in the plot in the form of an ancestral portrait, and there are some old family jewels that seem to have a curse on them. But most of the story is about beautiful, clever women and how they manage to get on in the world: Alexia, who was once a great opera singer and is now preparing to celebrate her 100th birthday; Asha, who has become an educator and is working out new ways to integrate the children of former colonists into English society while also helping her Indian husband Ranji to succeed in business; Besa (Asha's half-sister whose existence is unknown to her through most of the story), who becomes the head of a large corporation in California; Ilsa, a composer dying of cancer; Paula, whose ancestors included slaves and who may one day be the first woman prime minister of Jamaica.

Sandwiched in with a cast of hundreds and their varied adventures is a view of what has happened to British society (its ethnic mix, economy, educational systems and prevailing philosophies of life) since World War II. It is less believable than The Long Afternoon, less elegantly written and not so deep or detailed in its perception of characters, but it will keep fans of the dynastic novel happily turning pages.

**A DEATH IN CHINA.** By William D. Moutlano and Carl Hiaasen. Atheneum. 309 pp. $14.95

At the center of this story is the tomb of the Emperor Qin Shi Huangdi, the most exciting archaeological discovery of our time: a vast, underground city of the dead with its rows of life-size, clay-sculptured infantry, archers, charioteers—thousands of them, each bearing a real weapon and no two alike, guarding the dead potentate and his treasures.

Can some of these large, fragile, priceless works of art be smuggled out of China and sold to American collectors? The attempt to do so generates one of the year's most ingenious suspense plots, with atmospheric backgrounds that range from a farming commune in southwest China to the Arlington National Cemetery. The hero is Tom Stratton, an American teacher of art history haunted by his experiences in the Vietnam War, and his central challenge is a formidable one: to escape from imprisonment deep in the mountains.

Above all, Harrison excels at entering into his characters' predicaments and evoking their reactions. When Sam visits the grave of the baby he and Libby lost, he feels sheepish because the baby knows all about death now and he doesn't. Libby, unsure of Rick's love because he is unemotional, asks him to hold her one night in his apartment. "With her ear against his chest she heard his breathing, so even, so measured, as if even here he had to ration his air." Jacob's Well offers many moments like these, clicks of the lens that sharpen some aspect of human behavior that may have escaped our experience or notice. Except for an occasional pothole in Harrison's syntax ("Neither of them were wearing tanks." He tried to remember either it be Libby or referring to the baby by name), reading Jacob's Well is a pleasure of the first magnitude. When Sam, Libby, and Rick make their climactic dive into the well's neither passages, the suspense functions on several levels at once. Will they come out alive? How is the triangle going to resolve itself? Can the novelist succeed in fusing his several strands of plot and character with a single blaze of action?

My conscience won't let me answer the first two questions in the presence of anyone inclined to read the book, but I have no qualms about the third: Yes, indeed.

**JACOB'S WELL.** By Joseph McEwan. Doubleday. 413 pp. $16.95

He also seeks out striking images for conjuring up underwater experiences, as when Sam and Rick leave Libby in one chamber to investigate a lower one. Looking back, Sam sees her face silhouetted in a flashlight beam. "She had never seemed so far away. It was as if she were on a star looking down at him."

**NOVEL READING**

**THE LONG AFTERNOON.** By Ursula Zilinsky. Doubleday. 413 pp. $16.95

**NIGHTBLOOM.** By Herbert Lieberman. Putnam. 336 pp. $16.95

Once a year, on an evening in April or May, at the hour when the shows are letting out in Times Square, a highly specialized killer has been climbing to the top of a building in New York's theater district and dropping a 40-pound cinder block into the crowd below. It takes several years (beginning in 1979) before the police even begin to detect a pattern in these widely spaced and apparently irrational crimes, after which the mad criminal is appropriately nicknamed "the Bomber of Broadway." Meanwhile, several violent episodes provide fine exercise for Herbert Lieberman's considerable powers of description.

But the special kind of suspense that is generated by sudden, random violence is only one element in this gripping thriller. Lieberman has invented a policeman and a criminal who spring vividly from the pages into three-dimensional life. Aging, intelligent, overweight, sour-tempered and sharp-tongued detective Frank Monocy, harking back to a childhood interest in astronomy, finally detects a pattern in the killings. His investigation takes him and the reader through one of the world's great gardens of exotically colorful crime and finally fixes his attention on one of the most unusual criminals in fiction: Charles Watford, victim of a childhood neurosis and addict of several medicinal drugs, who can find true happiness only when he is in a hospital and does not hesitate to inject himself with bacteria to that end.

Already acclaimed for such past works as Crackspace and City of the Dead, Herbert Lieberman has produced this time a novel whose superb craftsmanship, detailed probing of human irrationality and close observation of seedy New York landscapes will remind many readers of Lawrence Sanders in the two series named after the Ten Commandments and the Seven Deadly Sins. Not many suspense writers could stand a comparison with Sanders, but Lieberman emerges from it still looking very impressive.

**NECESSITY.** By Brian Garfield. St. Martin's/Marek. 175 pp. $13.95; forthcoming in late May

Madeleine's Story is a simple one; she married impetuously, discovered that her husband was a dope dealer and potential murderer, ran away and assumed a false identity in fear for her life. Now, she faces the challenge of rescuing her infant daughter from her husband's stronghold in upstate New York, near the Canadian border, and she will need someone with a small plane to do it.

The plot is somewhat far-fetched, and once or twice Garfield makes his heroine a shade too lucky. But the writing is taut, the pace fast, the treatment thoroughly professional. Necessity will give thriller fans a delightfully tense hour or two before it is discarded and forgotten.
Soviet Policy

Second, the contributors question whether the increasing intrusion of public and Congressional opinion into the policy formulation process, together with the increasing subjugation of that process to the demands of domestic politics, has served us well. To be sure, they would add, no policy can survive in a democracy without public support. But there is a distinction between strategy and tactics: no strategy can succeed if the tactics being used to pursue it are subject to frequent and, at times, irresponsible reexamination. Unfortunately, their suggestions for resolving this dilemma are limited to calls for raising levels of public awareness about the Russians, reforms of the Congressional committee structure, a vague executive-legislative “compact” on foreign affairs, and more vigorous efforts by the White House to explain overall strategy in the first place. These remedies seem unexceptionable enough, but they smack of rearranging deck chairs; one wonders if the real solution to this problem will not require the evolution of wholly new standards of political responsibility that differentiate more clearly than we now seem capable of doing between national and partisan interests. As the current flap over moving the American embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem amply testifies, it is not too soon to begin.

Third, the contributors worry about the evident inability of recent presidents to make use of the expertise that resides within the bureaucracy, or to impose their policies upon it; once these have been determined. Like most students of this problem, they would strengthen the role of the secretary of state, both as the president’s principal adviser on foreign policy and as the official primarily responsible for implementation. The difficulty with this approach is that the track record isn’t very encouraging: every president since Eisenhower has promised to make his secretary of state “chief vicar”; none, with the sole exception of Gerald Ford, has actually done so. Historical experience, on this point, may be trying to tell us something.

If we ever are going to achieve a degree of coherence in our policy toward the Soviet Union, is it not more likely to develop through the National Security Council than through the Department of State? Certainly that has been true in the past: we have come closer to achieving consistency — and, I think it can be argued, we have tended to send the clearest signals to the Russians — when the NSC has been given decisive authority. This is hardly surprising: foreign policy decisions extend well beyond the purview of the Department of State; only the NSC really is in a position to coordinate information for the president or to monitor the implementation of decisions. The problem is that we treat the NSC with a degree of casualness that borders on the irresponsible. We allow it no permanent nonpartisan staff; we too often fill its ranks with unseasoned or ideologically obsessed individuals; we subject its head to none of the Congressional scrutiny that would attend the appointment, say, of a deputy secretary of transportation, or an ambassador to Upper Volta. If coherence is what we need — and who can doubt it? — then here is a good place to start.

Nevertheless, Nye and his associates have made a major contribution toward understanding what ought to be a matter of great concern: the fact that our policy toward the Soviet Union responds more to the alarmist, phobias, temptations and gratifications of our inner political consciousness than to any rational assessment of external reality. It is as if we had taken George Kennan’s post-World War II image of Stalinist Russia as a society driven by deep and unfathomable internal compulsions, and applied it to our own. To be sure, we’ve been reasonably lucky. Like Nye’s drunkard, we’ve managed so far to be so close around most of the hazards posed by this unusual way of doing things. But the road home is not at all clear; the law of averages is not on our side; and the open manholes — or worse — along the way still yawn.

Feisty, Forthright and Fair—
A Very American Hero

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of Harry Truman’s birth, one of our foremost Truman scholars recounts in words and pictures the heroic story of a truly unique American — the modest, plainspoken Missouri haberdasher who rose to a position of supreme power and is now acknowledged to be among America’s greatest presidents. Colorful accounts trace the advance of Truman’s political career — county judge, Senator, Vice President, and finally, President.

Robert H. Ferrell

Truman
A Centenary Remembrance

More than 200 photographs.
Procession

(Continued from Page 1)

mind an urgent sense of the self-realizing individual directly in touch with the universe, without the intervention of society or history.

In this sense he created an American illusion. As Kazin says, it is Emerson's astonishing sense of self, the conviction that the individual in America was equal to anything, which was the revolutionary part of his message. The spirit of the American egotistical sublime could be the spirit alike of New World buoyancy and optimism, the great westering sense of wonder, and of capitalism. For Emerson, who wrote "Life consists of what a man is thinking of all day," the distinction meant very little, for the material and the commonplace did not count greatly, except as examples of the great universal. But others, above all Hawthorne and Melville, saw the subterranean side, the self's exposure both to history and human ambiguity. All were strange searching minds in outreach, and these American originals were the discoverers of both the confidence and the illusion, the searchingness and the exposure, of the modern and the American imagination.

It took the workings of a century and the vast processes of a modernizing history to bring us to the darker vision of Modernism, to the world of "something ineradicably wrong," where Hemingway's dying writer in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" reflects: "It was not so much that he lied as that there was no truth to tell." The great dream stayed, in Gatsby's illusion; as Kazin says, Gatsby is the symbol both of the ideal of self-creation and of its foolishness. Emerson's spirit remained an American essence, passed on through the wonderful new line and new vision of Whitman to poetic moderns like William Carlos Williams, Hart Crane and even the quirky and Europeanized Ezra Pound—whom Kazin, in one of the deftly economical images that are everywhere in his book, calls "an amazing seismograph of the forces hidden in language, a kind of early warning system," able to "link his gift to tremors he sensed in the body politic."

Kazin once wrote a superb book called On Native Grounds which argued that (Continued on next page)

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grateful to his wife, Judith, for her help in finishing *An American Procession*. “She made it possible,” he says, quite simply. The Kazins lead a relatively quiet life in New York, which is in itself something of an accomplishment. “I get up early to begin writing,” he says. “I write in my journals, and my books all come out of those. I feel awful if I don’t write every day, usually beginning early.” He devotes the afternoons to teaching and reading. At night, he reads or listens to music. “Music is very important to us,” he reflects, adding, “I used to play the fiddle myself.”

The question of contemporary writing in America makes him uneasy. “It’s rather obvious that much of the good writing in the world is being done elsewhere,” he says. “We have nobody to hold beside a Gabriel García Márquez or Solzhenitsyn, though I don’t know why this should be.”

According to physicist Freeman Dyson, a concept of nuclear disarmament is necessary that “will satisfy simultaneously the demands of military realism and human decency.” *Newsweek* calls it “a meditation of lyrical beauty, striking wisdom and steady moral passion... perhaps the best book yet on nuclear arms and the human predicament.”

*Weapons and Hope*, by Freeman Dyson, is available now at B. Dalton. Get your copy today.

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The question of contemporary writing in America makes him uneasy. “It’s rather obvious that much of the good writing in the world is being done elsewhere,” he says. “It comes out of places like Latin America or Eastern Europe. We have nobody to hold beside a Gabriel García Márquez or Solzhenitsyn, though I don’t know why this should be.” He resists the oversimplified notion that good writers tend to thrive in an adversary relationship with their country. “The historical moment is crucial,” he reflects. “Melville was lucky to have lived in the mid-nineteenth century. In our age, he might well have been merely an embarrassment—like Allen Ginsberg is today.” Not wanting to sound too churlish, he adds: “But this is a big country. There are probably lots of good writers out there that I haven’t read. Now that my book is done, I’ll start reading again. You should ask me this same question next year.”

Asked about his writing plans, he brightens. “I’ve got so many projects. There’s a book on William James that has been in process for some time. I want to finish it. And I will be writing a short book on the American landscape and its relation to the writers of this country.” He pauses to think, as if trying to select one or two of the many possible ideas for books that jostle in his head for attention: “And I plan to bring out a selection from my journals in the near future.” He points out that next year he will retire from his post at CUNY. “This will give me more time,” he says. “But you never know what will happen. I may teach somewhere else.” With a childlike glimmer in his eye, he adds: “Let’s wait and see.”

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**Procession**

American realism and naturalism at the end of the last century came not from European art movements but from the experiences of a people in the modernizing world of America. It could be said of it that it over-emphasized the distinctiveness and separateness of American experience, and disregarded European influences, which are widespread in American art. Yet it was also a major insight, and set us to read again. Here, too, Kazin respects those American essences that come from Emerson, who was indeed a minister to his still uncultivated country, and struggled against determination by history. But, like Pound, Kazin also sees history, and his book is a record of a fundamental change within the American arts, from optimistic Transcendentalism to a darkened, ambiguous, ironizing Modernism.

The change was not only American, and yet it says something special about the American condition. I have long felt that something of the essential quality of American culture can be read in the contrast of two great minds. One is Emerson, for whom the poet was a seer, the self was a singer, and life consisted of what man thought all day. The other was Henry Adams, who knew that he did not live, like Emerson, in an age of the first person singular. The self, he found, when he told his own autobiography, was best located in the third person, displaying mind and essence overwhelmed by the accumulating powers of modern force. A tragic sense of life in history qualified the great American hope and buoyancy, and a consciousness of one’s ironic relation to the universe was particularly needed in America, where the largest massing of force lay.

Appropriately, Kazin shapes and structures this fine book, organizes his American procession, by making his presiding figure Henry Adams, with his sense of a “wonderful power greater than ourselves that makes for anonymity.” Adams leads back to Emerson and helps us to Hawthorne and Melville, Twain and Dickinson; he leads us forward to Eliot and Pound. He helps Kazin display the doubleness of the imagination in America, its forceful discovery of the modern as a condition, its discovery of complexity and change in history. In these skilled and subtle readings of the heroic hope of the American poetic self and its now long-tested contrarictions and ironies, Kazin refuses to reduce literature simply to text, but follows the turning path of the American procession into creative modernity. In a time when we need both the imaginative power of hope and a sense of pain and complexity to face and understand a world of force, Kazin gives us an American literary past, with meaning for the present.
Japanese Literature Under Western Eyes


By MASAO MIYOSHI

Something of a celebrity in Japan, Donald Keene is also the preeminent figure among Western Japanologists. If he is little known outside of this small circle in the United States, it is more a sign of Western self-preoccupation than of Keene's performance. His study of Japanese began more than 40 years ago when only a handful of Westerners were studying the language. Now a professor of Japanese at Columbia, Keene has since published nearly 30 books of translation and commentary and has taught a good number of students who are by now in positions of influence themselves. For the last 20 years or so, Donald Keene has been working on a comprehensive history of Japanese literature. World Within Walls, a survey of the "pre-modern era" (1660-1867) appeared in 1976, and this massive two-volume work, Dawn to the West is its continuation, covering 100 years from the Meiji Imperial restoration to the awarding of the Nobel prize in literature to Yasunari Kawabata in 1968. Professor Keene's output is enormous by any standard, and for this single-tracked dedication he received a medal from Emperor Hirohito in 1976. The recognition of his achievement in Japan is both extensive and deserved.

While the first volume of Dawn to the West takes up prose fiction and the second belongs to poetry, drama, and criticism, the format of the book remains consistently author-based. A major writer such as Soseki Natsume or Jun'ichiro Tanizaki is given a whole chapter; less dominant authors are combined in a chapter as in "Koyo and the Ken'yusha" (Osaki Koyo was the leader of Ken'yusha, a literary society) or "Dazai Osamu and the Bural-ba [the deca
decants]"; and still lesser authors are grouped under topical headings such as "Naturalism" or "The I-Novels." Throughout, Keene methodically structures his work around individual authors and portraits each in the order of introduction, life, and work. His discussion of a work usually consists of its generic circumstances, a plot summary, character analyses, and additional, often evaluative, comments. Since Keene's coverage is complete—it is rare that one would want to read any Japanese authors and works that anyone else in the world—the book practically serves as an encyclopedia of Japanese writers. The basic facts contained in it are simply staggering.

The book's problems, however, arise exactly from this very feature. First, the author-oriented discourse binds Keene to explain works in terms of the author's life. Not fatal in itself, perhaps. But it does disallow speculation on critical issues for themselves. Second, his vigorous insistence on encyclopedic inclusiveness weakens any potential for interpretation. The history as Keene writes it is a compendium of descriptive fragments without integrated mean-
ing. Third, each writer-entry is endowed with the authority of an encyclopediaist who has read everything and hence whose impression and evaluation are presented as unchallengeable.

A more fundamental problem is implied in the title, Dawn to the West. Does it mean "Japan has at last dawned on the mind of the Westerner)? Japan as some sort of commencement for the West? Or the West as Japan's beginning? All of the above? Or none of the above? What, after all, is the exact role of the West in Japanese literary history? No doubt, Western cultural influence is pervasive and Japanese writers can be said to begin and end their craft by defining and redefining their relationships to Western literature. What is lacking in Keene's history is a clear statement on the two cultures' pattern of domination and absorption, resistance and resurgence. "Modern" Japanese literature did not begin with the West's discovery of Japan or Japan's discovery of the West; the Nobel Prize won by Kawabata is merely Sweden's semidiplomatic decision having little to do with the terminus of a Japanese literary era.

Keene's terms and taxonomy are all unself-consciously Western—as well as critically unso-
 phosphaticated by today's standards. For example, the shosetsu, Japan's prose fiction, is not identical with the novel. It has its own narrative mode, its own perception of people and the world, its own grammar of utterance, and its own definition of textuality. When a shosetsu reads like a Western novel, that particular quality does not make the work a success. What is crucial to Japanese fiction may well strike the Western reader as disjointed, undeveloped, or inarticulate. Conversely, unfamiliarity and exoticism are by no means sufficient justifications for appreciation. And how to bridge the chasm between the two literatures is still—even in these days of global communication—a hazardous epistemological problem. A matter-of-
"universalism" obviously does not work. Evaluation, one of Keene's chief means of de-
scription, is treacherously revealing: though presumably hidden most of the time, a whole view of literature that assumes the Western model to be normative and universal flashes out in these numerous moments of casual evaluation.

There are several

(continued on page 13)

READING LIST

The following works, some of the best of Japanese fiction from the modern era, were recommended by our reviewer, Masao Miyoshi. They are all available in English translations:

KOKORO (The Heart), by Soseki Natsume (Regency/Gateway)
THE THREE-CORNERED WORLD, by Soseki Natsume (Perigee/Putnam)
SOME PREFER NETTLES, by Jun'ichiro Tanizaki (Perigee/Putnam)
SNOW COUNTRY, by Yamunari Kawabata (Knopf/Perigee/Putnam)
THE SETTING SUN, by Osamu Dazai (New Directions)
BLACK RAIN, by Masuji Ibuse (Kodansha International)
THE HARP OF BURMA, by Michio Tadakaya (Tuttle)
THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA, by Yukio Mishima (Berkley Medallion/Perigee/Putnam)
THE WOMAN IN THE DUNES, by Kobo Abe (Random House)
THE SILENT CRY, by Kenzaburo Oe (Kodansha International)

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Real Samurai
Don’t Eat Quiche

BEHIND THE MASK: On Sexual Demons, Sacred Mothers, Transvestites, Gangsters, Drifters and Other Japanese Cultural Heroes. By Ian Buruma. Pantheon. 242 pp. $15.95

By LIZA DALBY

A NEW YORKER riding a crowded subway train in Tokyo for the first time is astounded by several things: the efficiency of the system, the quiet, the faint clean scent of soap and hair pomade, and the sadomasochistic pornographic comic books in the hands of so many businessmen. Puzzled, the American steals a glance at the bland faces absorbed in the pictures of naked tortured women. What lies behind the mask, he wonders.

It is no accident that the metaphor of the mask is so popular in writing about Japan. We have difficulty reconciling the austere beauty of the tea ceremony with the mawkish behavior of the drinking party. How does the culture that developed haiku, flower arranging, and Zen jibe with the Japan that produced the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, Pink Lady, and Pac-Man? Some Westerners even go so far as to wonder what Japanese women could possibly see in Japanese men.

Behind the Mask by journalist Ian Buruma is a fascinating exploration of the less written about aspect of Japanese culture: the fantasy life of the Japanese. Itfishes its insights from the rich and muddy river of popular culture that the Foreign Ministry has always tried to screen from foreign view. Through Buruma’s skillfully chosen subjects—sex, gender, the grotesque, the sacred, the gangster, the mother—we find a comprehensible (if sometimes surprising) fantasy persona behind the inscrutable mask.

Pornography is a good example of something we would think might be similar the world over—it is, after all, a subject with a limited theme. In fact, pornography is rooted in a culture’s sexual fantasies, and these fantasies are based on quite specific aspects of social life and individual psychology.

Japanese porn focuses on the all-accepting mother-like figure (with the male as demanding baby) to a degree that Western porn consumers would find embarrassing rather than titillating. Yet the image of a grown man rooting for a nipple to suck while murmuring “Mummy” is a staple of Japanese pornographic comics and movies. Buruma makes the point that Japanese fantasy women are not necessarily divided into mothers or whores, but are more likely to be conflated as such: the whore is the Madonna.

It seems counterintuitive that a society stressing propriety and etiquette as much as Japan should at the same time allow so much public display of barely post-pubescent female nudity on posters, advertisements, and television. Perhaps it is the casualness of it all that Westerners find amazing. Buruma counters this innocent sensuality with a history of social frustration in Japan: “The Japanese are both intensely physical and extremely fastidiously.

LIZA DALBY, an anthropologist who has lived in Japan off and on for 18 years, is the author of Geisha.

“The lone wolf, the outsider, the fanatical nonconformist is the hero in this land of overwhelming conformity.”

TIME hails Candice Bergen’s account of her first 38 years as “one of the better books of the season so far:

A shrewd, funny, loving and sometimes appalling account of how it felt to grow up in a family that was singular even in Hollywood.” —John Skow

The New York Times Book Review calls it—

“Engaging, intelligent and wittily self-deprecating...

...Miss Bergen is unflinching in her revelations about herself.” —Gina Malter

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—Publishers Weekly

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**NEW IN PAPERBACK**

**FICTION**

The Southpaw and Bang the Drum Slowly, by Mark Harris (University of Nebraska/Bison Books, $7.95 and $8.50, respectively). Mark Harris has written four novels in the voice of Henry Wiggin, star pitcher for the New York Mammothas baseball team; these are the first two, and the best, and their reappearance in paperback is very good news indeed. The Southpaw is the story of Wiggin’s first year in the major leagues; Bang the Drum Slowly describes the slow dying of his teammate and friend, Bruce Pearson. Both novels are unaffected by sentimentality or pretense, and they’ve been required reading for baseball fans since their publication three decades ago. But they are also novels with impressive claims to literary distinction.

The Mists of Avalon, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Ballantine, $8.95). Another retelling of the Arthur legend, this time from a feminist point of view. Morgaine, Arthur’s half-sister, and Gwynhafar, her wife, are the novel’s protagonists — struggling to maintain their own special powers over Camelot.

I’m Not Complaining, by Ruth Adam (Virago/Dial, $7.95). The scene is an urban British state-run school in the 1930s. Unemployment, ignorance and illiteracy plague the team of businesslike, hardworking, exclusively female teachers of whom Madge Brigson is one — an outspoken one. Marriage to the teachers seemed like Nirvana, the often talked of, unobtainable dream. But marriage meant automatic loss of your job... And then there were the dreaded H.M.I.’s, His Majesty’s Inspectors who swooped down unexpectedly in the midst of preparations for the school party, there was Jenny the teacher who believed in free love, and the irrepressible trouble-making children of the Hun family, one in every classroom. In an straightforward, dryly humorous narrative Ruth Adam—a prolific British writer and broadcaster who died in 1977—captures the dirty, bright-eyed children stealing milk, relishing cream puffs, graduating to cheap make-up and the continuing cycle of poverty. Virago Publishers continues to build brand-name loyalty of the finest kind.

**NONFICTION**

Marcel Proust: Selected Letters 1880-1903, edited by Philip Kolb, translated by Ralph Manheim (Anchor/Doubleday, $9.95). This book comes to us as a monument, both to the genius of Proust and to the diligent industry of Philip Kolb, who has devoted nearly half a century to the editing of Proust’s correspondence. In this first of two volumes, Kolb’s selection of letters emphasizes the young esthete’s relations with his friends and his mother, the latter obviously the crucial person in the future novelist’s life — as any reader of Swann’s Way might easily guess. Skillfully annotated by Kolb, the letters gradually form not only a kind of autobiography, but also a charming portrait of the Belle Epoque.

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 13**

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**WASHINGTON BEST SELLERS**

**PAPERBACK**

**TRADE**

**National**

1. *Tales for Our Times*, by Berke Breathed (Little, Brown, $6.95).

2. *Another Man of Opus—and Stove*, Bill the cat, Milo and friends. [3 weeks]


5. *Garfield Tips the Scale*, by Jim Davis (Ballantine, $4.95). Pats the cat is back again. [7 weeks]


7. *The One-Minute Manager*, by Kenneth Blanchard and Spencer Johnson (Berkley, $6.95). The lightweight paper edition, for managers on the move. [29 weeks]

8. *Ironweed*, by William Kennedy (Putnulm, $5.95). A drink-beesotted, boxcar-Ulysses spins out his tangled life and tallies up the score. [5 weeks]


**MASS MARKET**

1. *The Little Drummer Girl*, by John le Carré (Bantam, $3.95). The role of double agent in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict becomes a kaleidoscope of double cross. [6 weeks]

2. *Heartburn*, by Nora Ephron (Pocket, $5.90). To cope with disappointed love in the ‘90s, skip the sleeping pills and reach for the Ro-lids. [4 weeks]

3. *Crossings*, by Danielle Steel (Dell, $3.95). A perfect love must confront old complexities, suffer a land-change. [8 weeks]

4. *Magatrends*, by John Naughton (Warner, $1.95). The currents that are bearing us into the future. [15 weeks]

5. *Out on a Limb*, by Shirley MacLaine (Bantam, $3.95). A woman who has it all goes beyond it all to find more. [3 weeks]


7. *Black Heart*, by Eric Von Lustbader (Fawcett Crest, $3.95). The death of a major presidential contender in the arms of his mistress ends his best friend into the jungles of Cambodia. [1 week]

8. *Banker*, by Dick Francis (Fawcett Crest, $3.95). When a prized stud horse loses his punch, someone is being taken for a ride. [3 weeks]

9. *Icebreaker*, by John Gardner (Berkley, $3.50). 007 is out of the frying pan and into the deep freeze. [1 week]

10. *Ancient Evenings*, by Norman Mailer (Warner, $4.95). In Mailer’s book of the dead, memory still stirs desire in Pharaonic Egypt till all is a carnival of carnality. [2 weeks]

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**DAILY BOOK WORLD**

The following books are scheduled to be reviewed this week in the Style section of *The Washington Post*:


**KNOCK WOOD**, by Candice Bergen. The story of an off-beat childhood by a woman who had to compete with a wooden dummy for her father’s attention. Reviewed by Joseph McLellan.

**ANNA’S BOOK**, by George MacBeth. Three men on an ill-fated balloon expedition over the North Pole and the fiancée he left behind are the main characters in this novel by a British poet. Reviewed by Michele Shug.
WASHINGTON BEST SELLERS

Hardcover

FICTION

1. THE AQUITAIN PROGRESSION, by Robert Ludlum (Random House, $17.50). Channing Biddle's dream of empire is revived in modern times as a conspiracy to enslave the free world, and only one man can stop it. [9 weeks]

2. HERETICS OF DUNE, by Frank Herbert (Putnam, $16.95). In the fifth volume of the Dune Cycle the lengthened shadow of Leto reaches across millennia to shape the fate of a new era. [5 weeks]

3. THE DANGER, by Dick Francis (Putnam, $15.95). On and off the track again in search of an Italian heiress. [6 weeks]

4. THE RAJ, by Louis Auchincloss (Doubleday, $17.50). A century of Middle Eastern history through the lives of Ibrahim, a Palestinian, and Gideon Asch, an Israeli. [2 weeks]

5. THE BUTTER BATTLE BOOK, by Dr. Seuss (Random House, $6.95). Whether 'n nobler to butter your bread on the top or on the bottom—that is the outrageous question that only singh and arrows will solve. [4 weeks]

6. SMART WOMEN, by Judy Blume (Putnam, $15.95). After divorce and affair, four women wonder what made them do it. [8 weeks]

7. TESTING THE CURRENT, by William McPherson (Simon and Schuster, $15.95). A young boy, in a small midwestern town, awakens to the life around him and learns to distinguish between the placid surface and the eddying undercurrents. [5 weeks]

8. PET SEMATARY, by Stephen King (Doubleday, $15.95). Out back, there is a burial plot from which the dead, man and beast alike, do rise to walk again in the light of day. [26 weeks]

9. UNTO THIS HOUR, by Tom Wicker (Viking, $19.95). At Manassas, the Blue and the Grey give battle and bleed. [8 weeks]

10. WARDAY, by Whitley Strieber and James W. Kunetta ( Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $15.95). After the mushroom cloud disperses, two journalists go on the road to find out how America has fared. [1 week]

NONFICTION

EAT TO WIN: The Sports Nutrition Bible, by Robert Haas (Rawson Wade, $14.95). The stuff that champions are made of seems to involve more than wheat [7 weeks].

CAVEAT: Realism, Reagan, and Foreign Policy, by Alexander M. Haig Jr. (Macmillan, $17.95). The World—and the White House—as seen from Foggy Bottom [3 weeks].

THE MARCH OF FOLLY: From Troy to Vietnam, by Barbara W. Tuchman (Knopf, $18.95). Governments have always been able to dish out the rhetoric, but they've never been able to read the writing on the wall. [8 weeks]

ONE WRITER'S BEGINNINGS, by Eudora Welty (Harvard University Press, $10). A celebrated writer looks back on an uneventful life and finds much that is rich and strange. [9 weeks]

FIRST LADY FROM PLAINS, by Rosalyn Carter (Houghton Mifflin, $17.95). The story of a first lady who is first and last a lady from Plains. [2 weeks]

MOTHERHOOD: The Second Oldest Profession, by Erma Bombeck (McGraw-Hill, $12.95). Of the various degrees that would forward a professional career, don't underestimate the rigors of an M.A.M., a master of arts in motherhood. [29 weeks]

CASTAWAY: A Story of Survival, by Lucy Irvine (Random House, $16.95). Two modern counterparts to Crusoe are castaway, but not swept away on a tiny desert isle. [5 weeks]

MAYOR, by Edward I. Koch with William Rauch (Simon and Schuster, $17.90). East Side, West Side, New York's mayor has never been at a loss for words. [9 weeks]

WHY TIME BEGINS ON OPENING DAY, by Thomas Boswell (Doubleday, $14.95). A seasoned chronicler of our national pastime takes us out to the ballpark. [2 weeks]

THE DISCOVERIES, by Daniel J. Boorstin (Random House, $25). Of man's eternal search, and of the fruits of that sweet tree, whose mortal taste hath brought so many new horizons into view. [21 weeks]

CURRENT & CHOICE

CIVIL RIGHTS: Rhetoric or Reality? by Thomas Sowell. Controversial yet cogently argued, Sowell's book maintains that the rubric of "civil rights" has been improperly enlarged to include preferential treatment for minority groups. (Book World, April 29)

WEAPONS AND HOPE, by Freeman Dyson. A distinguished scientist suggests ways to secure the world against nuclear destruction. (Book World, April 22)

THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING, by Milan Kundera. A Czech novelist—now in exile— traces the interactions of love, politics and privacy. (Book World, April 22)

WARRIORS FOR JERUSALEM: The Six Days That Changed the Middle East, by Donald Neff. An analysis of the Six Day War and its effect on Israel and her neighbors. (Book World, April 22)

BEYOND A BOUNDARY, by C.L.R. James. A Marxist historian from Trinidad reflects on his life-long passion for cricket. (Book World, April 22)

TIP ON A DEAD CRAB, by William Murray. Horses and magic, card sharps and gamblers, love and sex, murder and betrayal—all of it wrapped up in as tidy a mystery as anyone could ask for. (Book World, April 15)

VIOLENT NEIGHBORS: El Salvador, Central America, and the United States, by Tom Buckley. No atrocity seems impossible in a Central America that looks a lot like Vietnam. (Book World April 8)

NEW IN PAPERBACK

(Continued from Page 12)

Katherine Anne Porter: A Life, by Joan Givner (Touchstone/Simon and Schuster, $10.95). The beautiful and enigmatic Porter, who passed her last years near the University of Michigan, is generally revered as one of the greatest American short story writers. Eudora Welty, Flannery O'Connor, Carson McCullers, Peter Taylor, Truman Capote—all learned from her example. Her output was not large, but everything she wrote possessed the exactness, the inevitability of utter mastery. Yet as her fiction is tight and perfect, so her life was loose and messy, strewn with failed marriages, discarded lovers, and alienated friends. What remains now is what matters: stories like "Noon Wine" and "Flowering Judas," a fat book of essays, and the single novel, Ship of Fools.

The Decline & Fall of the American Automobile Industry, by Brock Yates (Vint age, $6.95). As Will Rogers might have said, this is the only country in the history of the world in which an industry can go to the poor house in an automobile. The author, a top-flight automotive journalist, explains in detail how Detroit fell on hard times.

The Socialist Transformation of American Medicine, by Paul Starr (Basic, $11.95). The early years of our country, physicians had nowhere near the authority they now enjoy. Most medical care took place at home, and doctors were merely scattered practitioners of healing. Stark shows how medicine grew into the multimillion-dollar monolith it is today. This sweeping study has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for general nonfiction and the Bancroft Prize in American history.

Jazz Is, by Nat Hentoff (Limelight Editions, 115 E. 30th St., New York, N.Y. 10016). Hentoff gracefully traces the rise of jazz and profiles some of the remarkable musicians—Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Louis Armstrong, Gerry Mulligan, and others—whose personalities are often as lively as their music.

Crisis and Opportunity: U.S. Policy in Central America and the Caribbean, edited by Mark Falcoff and Robert Royal (Ethics and Public Policy Center, $12; hardcover, $19). A compendium of essays on the impasse in Central America by 30 politicians, scholars, churchmen and journalists, led off by President Reagan and Fidel Castro, with a commentary on each contribution that reflects the conservative concerns of the publisher. This aspect of the book notwithstanding, the collection is a serious contribution to the national debate, representing as it does many diverse points of view.

What is the ultimate purpose of this vast enterprise? Where does the scholar find his authority for the monologic narrative form? Is it possible that the authority for the writing of a comprehensive history consists in its comprehensiveness? A monument to monumentality? Can students of literature really conduct their discourse today without once asking such questions as are being raised by literary theorists like Edward Said, historians like Hayden White, and ethnographers like James Clifford? Professor Keene's total neglect of theory and methodology shows itself in every facet of his determined exertion. The immense distention of Dawn to the West cannot ultimately compensate for the fragility at its core.

Japanese

(Continued from Page 10)

versions of Japanese literary history recently published or forthcoming in English translations.

Shinichi Kato's three-volume A History of Japanese Literature (Kodansha International) is one, Jin'ichi Konishi's multivolume version (Princeton University Press) is another. A nearly extinct genre today, literary history apparently offers a particular attraction to the readers of Japanese literature here. One does wonder, though, what the intended readers of these books are and under what circumstances they would choose to buy, open, and close such a book.

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The Power to Lead

(Continued from Page 4)

on the experiences of presidents Carter and Reagan and—oddly—would-be president Edward M. Kennedy often miss the mark; and the next section, on “King of the Rock” politics, which might have been a neat way to describe what happens in the Democratic Party, is disfigured by clumsy writing. The phrase “King of the Rock” is used nine times before it is explained. Presidential contenders, like little boys in New England when Burns was growing up there, want to pull each other down to get to the top of the heap.

Then, half way through, the book picks up pace and tightens, Burns’s analysis of how the present system fails because of the fragmentation of Congress and the need for 30 years of presidential from Congress is quite well done. And he is surely right to insist that the fault does lie in part, not so much with the framers of the Constitution, as with the sycophancy of their handiwork.

“The Framers have simply been too shrewd for us,” he writes. “They have outwitted us. They designed separate institutions that cannot be unified by mechanical linkages, frail bridges, tinkering. If we are to turn the Founders upside down—to pull together what they put adrift—we must directly confront the constitutional structure.”

Perhaps. Yet all of the blame for the deficiencies of American government cannot possibly be laid at the door of men who have been dead for nearly 200 years. The problem is not really that the constitutional system is too rigid. It is that the contemporary practices, instincts and demands of the American voter are increasingly incompatible with the constitutional framework and with the traditional mechanism of party.

Parties were invented in the late 18th century to make the constitution work, and in particular to make the electoral process fit the reality of the country’s needs. Parties have fallen apart because politicians no longer need them to get elected. They can use advertising, paid or free, instead. And who, given the chance of winning office without the constraints of party, would deliberately submit to them? Parties have also fallen apart because they failed to keep up with the way people lived, and because people reject them.

The weakness of Burns’ book is that it does not confront the reasons for the circumstances it rigorously remarks. To respond to 30 years of presidential ticket-splitting by proposing that the voters should all vote a straight party ticket is a little bit, as a friend of mine used to say, like a dino- saur in the ice age, vainly regretting the invention of fur.

It would indeed be a fine thing if voters were all professors at New England liberal arts colleges, and systematically rewarded “programmatic” and “principled” politicians. Unfortunately, as the campaign for this year’s Democratic nomination reminds us, the voters are often less interested in being well governed than in being entertained or excited, less intent on putting a “leadership team” in the White House than in living out a wishfulfillment fantasy. The voters may not get the leaders they deserve, but the majority of them get the kind of leaders they want.

BOOK BAG

In 1946, a young woman approached Paul Engle of the prestigious Iowa Writer's Workshop and asked if she might be admitted to the program. As Engle later recalled, she 'could not understand a word of her native Georgian accent, and embarrassed, asked her to write down on a piece of paper what she had just said. Can you name this author whose written words got her into the program and later brought her fame?

All entries (one per person) must be clearly written on postcards and mailed to Book Bag, The Washington Post, Washington, D.C. 20071, and must include complete return address and competition number. The winning entry will be the best correct answer drawn at random. Employees of The Washington Post and Company and their families are not eligible to enter. Entries must be received no later than May 18. The winner's name and city of residence will be announced in the May 26 Book World. A Washington Post Book World book bag will be sent to the winner.

Book Bag #258: "Live all you can: it's a mistake not to. It doesn't matter what you do—but live." These words spoken by William Dean Howells inspired Henry James to write his novel, The Ambassadors.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON STATE

Writing In the Rain

By BRUCE BROWN

A DECADE ago when an Eastern college friend of mine visited Washington State for the first time, he observed that there was a major difference in the way writers and artists organized themselves in the Pacific Northwest. "In the East, writers tend to group together for mutual support and exchange of ideas," he said. "But out here it seems that as soon as a writer has gotten any recognition, he moves to some remote spot where no one can find him.

What is not absolutely true that they never congregate, Washington State writers do have a tendency to seek places that are obscure. Hidden by the foliage and a diversity of styles that defy easy geographic categorization, these writers do not command national attention as a group. Individually, however, they are quite active. This fall will see the publication of new novels by such residents as Frank Herbert, Tom Robbins and Ivan Doig, three names that are emblematic of the literary range of the 'other Washington.'

"There is no Washington School in a regional literary sense," said Seattle poet and novelist David Wagoner. "Everyone has been other places too and has been influenced by what ties Washington writers together is not as much shared literary style, but an honest appreciation for the beauty of land and water. "The landscape is the thing,"" said Wagoner. "I grew up in a part of the Midwest where they perfected pollution, and the earth was ruined. This area is still relatively unscarred by the process, and I take from it a sense of the renewable unpolluted earth." Ernest K. Gann is another Washington writer with strong conservationist views, and a willingness to back up words with action. Gann, who owns a ranch in the San Juan Islands, recently donated 40 acres to the San Juan Preservation Trust, which is seeking to halt the encroachment of developers.

A complete atlas of out-of-the-way literary landmarks in Washington State would have to include:

- Quinup—Frank Herbert, author of Dune and all its successors, as well as other works such as the locally-set Soul Catcher, lives on the east side of the Olympic Peninsula. Although widowed by the recent death of his wife Bev, he has completed the sixth installment of the Dune series, Charrette House: Dune, which will be published by Putnam in the fall. The predecessor, Heretics of Dune, is still on national best-seller lists, and the Dino De Laurentis movie of Dune is scheduled for release in December. Herbert reports that his current project is a collaboration with his oldest son, Brian (himself the author of Sidney's Comet), on a new novel. The genre? "Science fiction, of course."

- LaConner—Although neither is around on a regular basis any more, two noted Washington State writers have made their home in this picturesque town on the San Juan Slopehough for more than a decade. The first is Tom Robbins, author of Another Roadside Attraction, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues and Still Life With Woodpecker. Robbins says his next novel, Jitterbug Perfume, which will be published by Bantam in the fall, is "fairly different" from his previous books. "It's an epic that covers more than 1,000 years and deals with the human need to overcome the tyranny of aging, and the evolution of the floral brain." The other longtime LaConner fixture is poet Robert Sund, author of Bunch Grass and Ish River, the latter published last fall by North Point Press. Sund is working on another volume of poetry for North Point to be called The River With One Bang.

- Port Angeles—Raymond Carver, a native Washington Stater and the author of What We Talk About When We Talk About Love, and Cathedral, two collections of stories which have attracted so much critical tention, is holed up here working on a sheaf of poems. Cathedral and Fire, a collection of Carver's essays, poems and stories, will both be published in paperback this year by Vintage. Carver, who only plugs the telephone in for a few minutes each day, says he has "written more poems in the last two months than in the rest of my life combined." He will be the subject of forthcoming stories in The New York Times and Life magazine. Another Port Angeles writer and good friend of Carver's is Tess Gallagher, whose new volume of poems, Willingly, will be published this month by one of the state's promising younger publishers, Graywolf Press in Port Townsend.

- Ferndale—Up near the Canadian border, Douglas Unger is fighting to save his wife's family farm from inheritance taxes in a situation that bears some resemblance to the doings in Unger's first novel, Leaving the Land, published this spring by Harper & Row and already in its second printing. An old friend of Carver's, Unger is presently dividing his time among battling blackberries on the farm, teaching at Syracuse University in New York and working on another novel.

- Anacortes—Just returned from Rome and North Africa (where he joked that he felt like "a ruin among the ruins"), Ernest K. Gann is working on a sequel to his 1970 novel about the strife between Romans and Jews, The Antagonists, which was made into the TV show Masada. Gann says the as yet unnamed novel will be published in a year and a half by Simon and Schuster, which recently reissued his classic Fate Is the Hunter in paperback. Twentieth Century Fox has made Gann's recent novel The Aviator, into a movie starring Chris-

topher Reeve, and will release it this summer.

- Bainbridge Island—Alan Purst's Shadow Trade was published in paperback this spring by Dell, and he has a new "historical/espionage" book coming out from Simon and Schuster this fall. Purst won't divulge the new book's title, though, claiming "it's too good to print." Elsewhere on the island across Puget Sound from Seattle, Jack Olsen is working on a follow-up to his recent Son: A Psychopath and his Victims, which deals with Spokane, Washington's South Hill rapist case. Olsen's new book treats the case of a man who killed game wardens in Idaho, and will be published by Atheneum.

- Seattle—Ivan Doig's new novel, English Creek, will be published this fall by Atheneum. Set in the fictitious Two Medicine National Forest area of Montana, English Creek is reportedly more like This House of Sky than any of Doig's intervening works. Doig says the new novel will be the first part of a Montana trilogy, the second book of which will be out in 1987.

Elsewhere, David Wagoner is teaching English at the University of Washington and working on both poems and a "Depression-era novel set in Gary and Chicago." Last fall Wagoner's 13th volume of poetry, First Light, was published by Atlantic/Little, Brown. Jane Adams has a nonfiction title, How to Sell What You Write, coming out this spring from Putnam, and is working on her second novel, Resolutions, which will be published by New American Library. William Arnold has taken a leave from his job as film critic at the Seattle Post-Intelligencer to write a screen play for his recent novel, China Gate. Arnold is also the author of Shadowland, the biography of left-wing Seattle movie star Frances Farmer that spawned Mel Brooks' film FRANCISE. Over on Portage Bay, William Prochnau is on leave from The Washington Post writing a second novel. Prochnau's first, Trinity's Child, is about to be produced for the screen by Bruce Gilbert of The China Syndrome and On Golden Pond. Other Seattle authors include David Boeri (whose People of the Ice Whale was recently published by Dutton) and Grant Ejermedal (whose study of a potentially revolutionary new method of cancer treatment, Magic Bullets, will be published in the fall by Macmillan), but it is impossible to mention all those serving it.

Seattle is also the home of a vital and varied regional publishing industry. In addition to the mainline publishers like the University of Washington Press, Ma
drona Publishers, The Mountaineers and Pacific Search Press, two interesting new houses run by women have sprung up. Catherine Hillenbrand's Real Comet Press has published humorous originals like Esquire cartoonist Lynda Barry's Big Ideas, and The Skies Were Not Cloudy All Day by Dennis Redman. The Seal Press meanwhile has concentrated on female feminist literature, including the work of one of its founders, gifted short story writer Barbara Wilson. Smaller Washington publishers of note include Copper Canyon Press (which published poet Tim McNulty's Paustracks) and Gray
wolf Press, both of Port Townsend.

More than once—while sipping hot sake or watching the sunset in some obscure spot—I have heard Washing
ton State writers complain of the lack of a clearly defined local literary landscape, or a strong set of regional associations like cotton or cowboys or cod. Numerous popular and serious works of literature have been set in Washington (from Betty MacDonald's The Egg and I to Sheila Ballantyne's Imaginary Crimes), but rather than capturing the essence of the state, they seem to have dispersed it like a mist burning off Puget Sound in the morning. "The Northwest has been called a 'literary territory incognito,'" noted Seattle Weekly book editor Tim Appelo, "and I think it still holds true to a degree." Appelo, who recently judged the state's annual literary awards, added that in terms of numbers "the good work is statistically insignificant."

And yet Washington may boost greater literary activity than a larger state like Texas, which has more mythic landscape than it knows what to do with. Washing
nton State's secret is that many of the drawbacks are advantages from the standpoint of a writer. "New York is very exciting, but Seattle is a better place to work," observes Jane Adams with a laugh. "There is nothing like a good rainy day to send you to the typewriter."
"Now, you'll never have to pay full price again!"

Now comes Martha Grimes' Dirty Duck - a pub in Shakespeare's beloved Stratford. Temporarily in town as well is a bizarre murder, whose prey is a wealthy group of less-than-attractive American tourists. The dashing Richard Jury, Superintendent Scotland Yard, and his amateur assistant Melrose Plant thus begin a crash course in the bloodier side of Elizabethan verse. To track down the ripper-type killer whose calling cards are lines from an unknown poem. So remember, if you paid full price you didn't buy it at Crown Books.
Writing in the Rain

By BRUCE BROWN

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Economy & Business

Starting a New Chapter

Macmillan agrees to pay $15 million in stock for Scribner

As large book companies have snapped up smaller ones in recent years, the once sedate world of publishing has been changing as fast as the plot of a Dickens novel. Last week two of the oldest and most prestigious publishers added a new chapter to the merger story. Macmillan (founded 1869) said it will pay about $15 million in stock for Scribner Book Companies, a closely held firm whose imprints include Charles Scribner’s Sons (1846) and Atheneum (1959).

The purchase, to take effect in June, is part of a recent merger mania by Macmillan (1983 sales: $430.5 million), whose businesses include the Katharine Gibbs secretarial schools and the Berlitz language instruction programs. Macmillan last year acquired six companies, including three educational publishers. The latest takeover will strengthen Macmillan in such areas as children’s books, reference works and college texts.

Excluded from the deal is Scribner’s 71-year-old, Beaux-Arts-style bookstore on Manhattan’s Fifth Avenue. Said Chairman Charles Scribner Jr., 62, the great-grandson of the company founder: “The family has run the bookstore almost as long as the book publishing company, and I would be brokenhearted if we were not able to maintain it. We will strive to continue to do so.”

Finding it increasingly hard to compete with larger rivals like Doubleday, the Scribner chairman last fall suggested the merger to Macmillan. “It came to father as a natural match that had eluded us in past offers,” recalled Executive Vice President Charles Scribner III. “He felt Macmillan would be the platonic ideal for a match and approached them as if to say, ‘We could be very happy together. We should consider getting married.’”

For Scribner, whose authors have included Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald, the takeover will mean access to Macmillan’s cash and marketing muscle but an end to the corporate independence of a firm that has helped to shape American literature. Wrote Hemingway in a 1947 letter after the death of Maxwell Perkins, his longtime Scribner editor: “One of my best and most loyal friends...”

All in the family: the landmark bookstore on Manhattan’s Fifth Avenue was kept out of the deal.

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—By Peter depletion.

Reported by Robert Grieser, San Francisco and K.C. Hwang, Seoul

Reported by Richard Brooks/New York

TIME, MAY 7, 1984

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