American Photographer Feb. 1984

DATA BANK

BOOK BITS

present a fair picture of an eclectic, baffling country.

True to his title, Smith uses the sharp quality of the Mediterranean light to help him 'illuminate' his subjects. Indeed, one of the strongest features of this type of light is its ability to give everything it touches razor-sharp delineation and a distinctly tangible texture. Smith never stoops to making images we've already seen. Each photograph is a small compositional revelation—every element in exactly the right place. Interestingly, there are no real "decisive moments" here; instead, what we are shown are those instants when people let down their guard to reveal themselves. All the potential stereotypes are here, the old men, the Arabs, etc., but Smith neatly sidesteps the pitfalls and delivers a view that is unique in its humanity. One look at this book will encourage most viewers to update their files, and rethink their notions.—Evelyn Roth

Inside This House of Sky: Photographs of a Western Landscape, photographs by Duncan Kelso, text by Ivan Doig, (Atheneum), 12 inches × 9 inches, 109 pages, 65 black and white photographs $27.50. In 1978 the Montana-born, Scottish-American writer Ivan Doig published his autobiography, *This House of Sky,* a richly written account mostly of his youth in south central Montana. In Doig's detailed, pungent prose, that sprawling, high Western landscape and the dinky towns it dwarfs are as vividly portrayed as any character. The book became a near-instant classic of Western literature. Taking it as his text, Duncan Kelso twice travelled to Doig's country to find and photograph the writer's landmarks. The resulting pictures are accurate and sympathetic, but despite the accompanying snippets from Doig's book, oddly vague. This is a case of a picture being worth about 11 words. There is something to be done: get a copy of Doig's original and read it carefully, then spend about half an hour enjoying the scenes in this volume.—Charles McLaughlin

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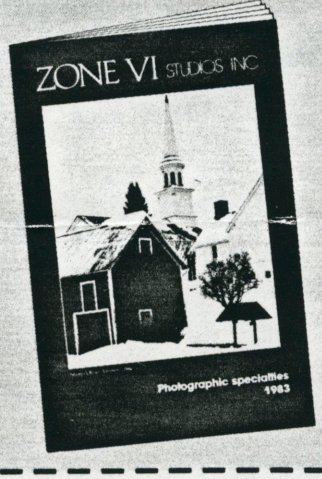

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Happiness means sharing bright new days, and happy thoughts with a friend.

Dear Carol & Ivan: Jan 27

The enclosed clipping tells the whole story except that Lyle & I were sweethearts many years ago & this summer I was in Montana & met him while I was visiting Volga here in Livingston.

I sent you an invitation but it was returned so I'm going to try again. I could have got your number wrong or something. Volga said she had a Christmas card from you.

Ed & Ethel gave me the Sept, Oct Montana magazine with your story & some family pictures in it. Imagine my surprise when I saw myself in that group of horse back riders. Yes thats me in the saddle on the horse being ridden double. Ruby Christison is behind me & my horses name was Twilight one of my favorite riding horses I can indentify most of the riders for you. The boy in the lead was Mary Kenn's. (Storekeepers wife at Sixteen)

nephew from Minneapolis I think his name was Donald Shaw. The next little fellow is Archie Christison. I think your Dad is the one with the new looking Chaps & I believe the one with the horse tail tassel on his bridle is Claude & then I'm quite sure Jim & Angus are the other 2. I don't know who the other little fellow is. Angus & Charlie are riding my horse Pickles. It could be at a rodeo at W.S.S. or at the home ranch by the round corral. The other group of men I don't recognise but I think your Dad is on one end & Claude on the other. Could this have been the crew at the Higgins ranch? The group of boys is Claude, Angus, Charlie, Jim & Charlie Smith.

The picture you spoke of with all us kids on the wood pile I have. I think you sent it to me. You also sent me a picture of one of your Mothers birthday parties at Moss Agate with all the Ringers & most of my brothers & Blanche the guy on the end of the porch is my Tyle looking so alone. I must have taken the pictures. I really enjoyed the articles & the pictures I loaned it to a neighbor. Tyle's sister & brother in law gave us your book of pictures

Happiness means sharing bright new days,
and happy thoughts with a friend.

& story of Sixteen, Ringling, W.S. & the home ranch for a wedding gift. We enjoyed it very much.

I can't believe this month is almost the 1st of Feb & our snow & ice is all gone but the wind seldom stops blowing. Nebr has had a rough winter lots of snow & ice.

Jo Ann is still near North Platte Nebr & Jim is covering the Southern States in a trailer home his & your marriage is in the process of a divorce.

Ed lives here in Livingston he's not very good. has had 3 strokes the last one took his right arm & into his brain he is very hard to communicate with. about 10 days ago he fell & sprained an ankle but is getting around some he will be 88 the 10th of Feb.

I hope this reaches you.

Love

Anna & Lyle.



Feb 6

My second letter came back so yesterday we were to Manhattan to see Elsie & Wendell & I got the address she had which was different than the one she had for years so will try again.

Joy Hoda got a bad burn on both hands from an electric wire about 10 days ago - has been in the Great Falls Hosp but Valga says he is getting along O.K. & should be home soon.

Hope this reaches you would like to hear from you

Love

Anna

Anna Beetem, Lyle Essex married Nov. 20

Sterling United Methodist Church was the scene of the Sunday, Nov. 20, wedding of Anna E. Beetem of Sterling and Lyle Essex of Livingston, Mont. The Rev. Harold D. Backus officiated at the 2 p.m. single ring ceremony in the presence of 85 guests.

The bride was given in marriage by her children, James Beetem of Perham, Minn., and JoAnn Beetem of Maxwell, Neb.

Altar decorations were a gold cross, lighted candles and two arrangements of silk ivory and burgundy roses.

The bride was attired in an ivory crepe street length dress featuring a lace yoke and stand-up collar; lace also accented the cuffs of the long sleeves. She carried a colonial bouquet of silk ivory and burgundy roses with matching streamers.

Her wedding ring, a gift from an aunt, was a family heirloom.

JoAnn Beetem, maid of honor, wore a two-piece street length dress of blush rose knit jersey. She carried a matching long-stemmed rose.

The groom and his attendant, James Beetem, wore business suits and ivory carnation boutonnieres.

Orvene Wilson of Tecumseh provided the nuptial music. JoAnn Beetem sang.

The reception was held in the church fellowship hall. A three-tier wedding cake decorated with burgundy roses, and burgundy candles graced the serving table. Marvene Straube made all the silk flowers and baked and decorated the cakes.

Doris Sugden and Marjorie Zink were reception hostesses. The cake was cut and served by Mary Curtin and Irene Carpenter; Ottilia Cain poured the coffee, and Rosa Giesmann was at the punch bowl.

Waitresses were Darla Zink, Maria Carpenter, Melinda Welton and Glenda Borcher.

Patricia Heusman presided at the guest book; Michelle Gordon and Jackie Welton received the gifts.

Evelyn Klepper was assisted in the kitchen by Ruth Vermeer, Helen Sugden, Mary Reutter and Irene Thompson.

After a wedding trip, the couple will be at home at 122 South "P" St. in Livingston, Mont.

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she herself denied
n, until her family
The courage of the

woman was evident, as she stood before all of us, looking somehow fragile, and described her battle.

And she won!! That's the great thing about this story. It is possible to win. She praised A.A. in the highest terms.

All of us have friends, I am sure, who've benefited from the program. One of mine talked to me recently about the absolute glory of being sober. "I get up in the morning and thank God," he said. He talked about the awful befuddlement of his drunken days.

And he said if he had been aware of this possibility when he started, if he had known about the disease of alcoholism, he would have avoided many years of pain.

We're talking about education. And we can do something about that. For ourselves and for our kids. We know what the enemy is. The abuse of the use of alcohol and drugs.

Let's arm ourselves with the kind of weapons most effective, awareness and knowledge of what can be done, and let's get about doing it. Wherever you live, it's time to get involved.

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deal with our times and our responsibility to the future. Even the doctor's optimism refuses to admit defeat: "Come, Ivan, let us meet and try again. I'll bring the quahogs. You bring the vodka."

It is the very humanity of this book which recommends it to the reader. Bradley pierces the veils of ideology and of partisan national or political sentiment: he confronts us with a human, and not a local, issue. And in a new appendix, he offers a guide to the dangers of radioactivity in which his literary skills combine with his scientific expertise to create an account so lucid that every reader (even my own unscientific self) can understand what needs understanding. These virtues commend the book as the essential starting-point in any non-partisan course in "peace studies," placing the issues in a way which is, in one moment, both academically respectable and relevant to every human interest.

E. P. Thompson

E. P. Thompson, one of the leaders of the nuclear disarmament movement in Europe, is the author of The Making of the English Working Class. *He spent the summer term of 1983 at the College as Visiting Professor of History and Montgomery Fellow.*

The Big Picture

INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY
Photographs by Duncan Kelso '63,
text by Ivan Doig.
Atheneum, 1983. $27.95.

Memory is our only true time machine. And of all the Proustian devices, the smells, sounds, and random tastes which aid us to recall the past, surely photographs provide the most dependable mechanism of all. The snapshot brings, if not total recall, at least the closest approximation to what it was like that sunny Fourth of July after the war when we were six and sat eating watermelon in our bib-overalls with all those other tow-headed chums on the kreosote-soaked front porch of McGrath's General Store.

It is not surprising that my memories of an upstate New York childhood should be different from Ivan Doig's recollections of growing up in White Sulfer Springs, Montana at about the same time. More than mere geography separates these extremes. Yet both our pasts are continually informed by a casual photographic record. His grandmother's family albums were at

Reviews

Edited by Peter Smith

La condition humaine

NO PLACE TO HIDE, 1946/1984
by David Bradley '38.
Foreword by Jerome B. Wiesner.
University Press of New England,
1983. 217 pp., $18.00 cloth,
$8.95 paperback.

The most extraordinary thing about this wise, lucid, and beautifully-written book is that it has been so long out of print. First published in 1948, it met with instant attention. But then attention flagged: as T. S. Eliot warned us, "humankind cannot bear very much reality." It is now republished with an even wiser, temperately-expressed, yet anguished, epilogue.

In 1948 David Bradley was a young medical officer assigned to monitor the Radiological Safety program at the Bikini Tests, "Operation Crossroads," an extraordinary naval laboratory of radiological hazard whose findings (together with those of Hiroshima and Nagasaki) still offer us some of the most sombre data ever collected.

What is remarkable is this book is not the scientific evidence preserved in a daily "log" (even today some of the monitoring is classified as secret), but the fact that the event found, in David Bradley, a chronicler with the compassion and command of language to match its historical significance. It is the log of a poet as much as of a medical man. Monitoring radioactivity on the rocks of Cherry, a small atoll ("even the great Pacific itself cannot wash out a *roentgen* of it"), Bradley had time to pause and cast a reflective eye over the whole scene:

> The lagoon side of little Cherry has more to tell of the Bikini tests than incidental radioactivity. There the full story of man's coming is spread out on the beach: boxes, mattresses, life belts, tires, boots, bottles, broken-up landing craft, rusting machinery and oil drums, all the crud and corruption of civilization spread out over the sands, and smeared over with inches of tar and oil.

Bradley's observant eye had time to notice these things: time also to notice the comedy of all great military operations (the vast difference between the pomp and professions "for the record" and the haphazard exigencies of execution), as well as the tolerant comedy of human relations within a military structure in which most of the performers felt themselves to be misfits playing roles.

Yet if there were roles being played, there was nevertheless, a dreadful reality as backdrop. Hiroshima punctuated history with a question-mark. *No Place to Hide* is balanced at that moment of questioning, and looks directly into the question itself. In his 1948 prologue, Bradley wrote: "Bikini is not merely a ravaged and useless little atoll deep in the Pacific. Bikini is our world." The conclusions that he drew then, 35 years ago, do not require the revision of one syllable or comma today. He knew all about *The Fate of the Earth,* and he warned us about it then, although we did not listen. "It is not the security of a political system but the survival of the race that is at stake in the indiscriminate use of atomic energy for political coercion." And the problems, as he listed them then, are those that tower above us today: (1) There is no real defence against atomic weapons; (2) There are no satisfactory countermeasures and methods of decontamination; (3) There are no satisfactory medical safeguards for people of atomized areas; (4) The devastating influence of the Bomb and its unborn relatives may affect — through radioactivity — the land, and its wealth and people, for centuries.

To have seen this, in 1948, might seem to have left David Bradley with little more to say in his Epilogue of 1983. Yet he has found the words for the historical moment once again, and has shown that the poet still co-exists with the doctor. The simple, powerful images which display the human predicament — "a solitary spark, so far as we know, among the numberless lights and queer electrical sounds of black space" — summon us once again to

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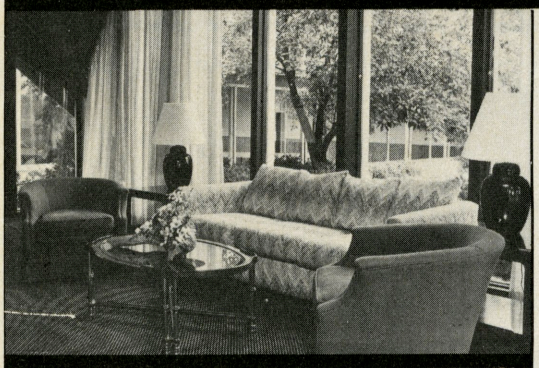

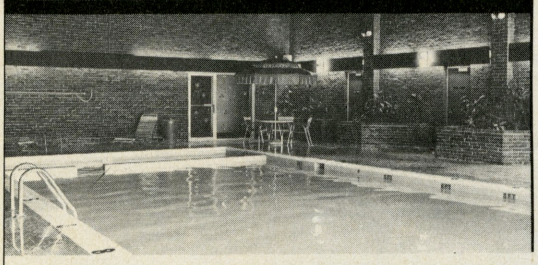

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Doig's side when he came to write his haunting reminiscence *This House of Sky*. And now the memories have come full-circle. Photographer Duncan Kelso has journeyed to the scenes of Ivan Doig's Maegher County boyhood and captured a part of Montana which seems changeless and eternal.

Appropriate quotations from *This House of Sky* serve as captions for many of the pictures, but I don't wish to speak here of that remarkable book — I've already given it that ultimate thumb-nail review: a dust-jacket blurb. In any case, Duncan Kelso's book is not merely an extension of Doig's. His handsome photographs easily stand on their own without any association with the other man's work. I can vouch for the authenticity of the varying moods they capture for I know the country. I lived for a dozen years in neighboring Park County and have often made the drive to White Sulfer up the Shield's Valley along the narrow asphalt ribbon of U.S. 89. Many of Kelso's images form a part of my own memory: a starkly beautiful weathered and boarded-up church on a hillside overlooking what's left of Ringling, the vivid white crosses punctuating the highway like miniature headstones wherever reckless driving claimed another fatality, lonesome log homesteads, abandoned and roofless among the sage-choked draws. I know these places, and through the magic of Kelso's lens, you will, too.

The shots of Ringling are particularly telling. The remnants of a town named for a circus owner are scattered along the single track of the electric train that once hauled hay grown locally to feed big top elephants and trick ponies. When I first saw the place, it was little more than a collection of ruins and trailer homes. All that was left of the bank was the iron vault, standing like a sentinel above the rubble. The sole surviving business was a tiny bar dwarfed by a glittering mountain of empty beer cans heaped out back. Richard Brautigan, Jimmy Buffett, and I stopped here for a drink ten years ago on a fishing trip to the Smith River. Buffett's memorable song ("Ringling, Ringling, fading away . . . ") and Kelso's vivid photographs are a more eloquent testimonial than most ghost towns ever receive.

Montana is in so many ways a monochromatic landscape that Kelso's duotone prints seem entirely appropriate. The mood he captures of drifting shadows and sunlight piercing a ragged

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storm-gray sky to highlight random hills is exactly right. But, if one were to find any fault with the book, it would be to wish for an occasional color shot to emphasize the subtle palette with which the countryside is embued; the tawny, lion-colored hills of summer, vivid scarlet and silver lichens splotching the granite outcrops, the brief golden moments of the aspen groves in autumn. It is to Kelso's credit that his art suggests these nuances even though limited to black and white.

One other small complaint: I was bothered that the book is unpaginated and that there is no index giving the location of each photograph. Although I am familiar with the area, I realize that most readers will not be, and a more precise catalogue would have been helpful. But these are minor irritations compared with the overwhelming beauty of Duncan Kelso's work. One picture is said to be worth a thousand words. This review is not quite that long. So much for the title page. There are 63 more pictures in the book and I've run out of space.

WILLIAM HJORTSBERG '62

William Hjorstberg, author of Falling Angel *and other novels, is currently in England working on "Legend," a film for which he has written the script. Most of the time, though, he's in Montana.*

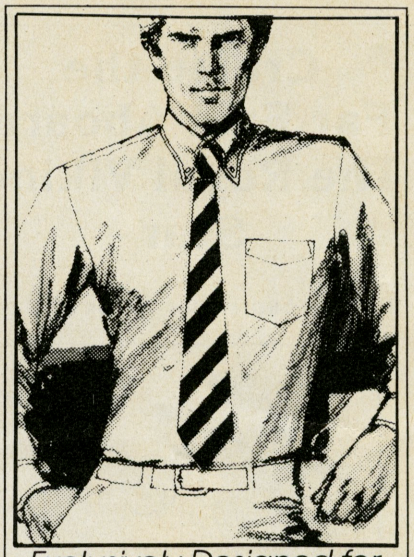
Dartmouth Authors

Alan R. Booth '56, *Swaziland: Tradition and Change in a Southern African Kingdom.* Westview Press, 1983. 156 pp., cloth. Professor Booth, who teaches history at Ohio University, has written a vivid account of the past and present of a little-known country — about the size of Connecticut, rich in natural resources, perched between South Africa and Mozambique, with most of its population in chronic poverty. Much of the book, the final section "The Pressures of Modernity" especially, benefits from Booth's first-hand experiences living in the country as a Fulbright lecturer at the University College of Swaziland and during other study visits.

Peter Klinge '59 and Sandra Klinge, *Evolution of Film Styles.* University Press of America, 1983. 277 pp., paperback. This is a densely-argued book which takes as its point of departure the fact that "film is a means of communication that has an order and syntax of its own, and which, if it is to succeed, must be based on the selective use of symbols that appeal first to the senses, and second to the intellect." Russian and German Expressionism and the developing film-making traditions of France and Italy receive special attention. Dr. Klinge teaches in the communications program at Ithaca College.

Robert D. Haslach '68, *Netherlands World Broadcasting.* Miller Publishing (Media, Pa.), 1983. 105 pp., paperback. Anyone who has ever enjoyed finding out what's to be heard on the international shortwave radio bands knows the word Hilversum, the town in Holland from which Radio Netherlands transmits its programs. And anyone who stops to listen at that wavelength knows that Radio Netherlands is one of the very best broadcasting organizations in the world. Robert Haslach worked for Radio Netherlands for five years, not long after he graduated from WDCR, and has written the best available history in English of an exemplary institution.

David G. Muller, Jr. '70, *China as a Maritime Power.* Westview Press, 1983. 277 pp., cloth. The author, a U.S. Navy lieutenant commander currently assigned to the Office of Naval Intelligence, has written the first comprehensive study of the maritime aspects of China's place in the world, describing and documenting her rise to strategic and economic power at sea since 1945. The last sentences of the book suggests the importance of its subject matter: "In the past, sea power was indeed irrelevant to China's pursuit of its national objectives. In the future, seapower will be a primary means by which China will strive to achieve them."



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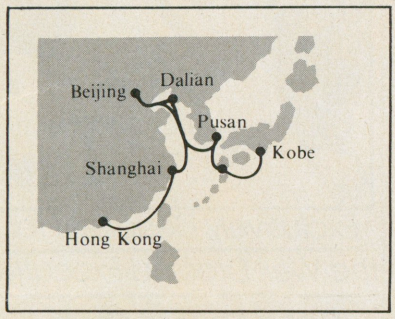

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Undergraduate Chair

by Monica Louise Latini '84

The Price of Art

Saturday mornings were made for art. They somehow always seem to be the sunniest time of the week. For five straight days I lock myself in a library. Finally Saturday arrives. There are minimal obligations and work can always be postponed until the bells toll on Sunday reminding me that Baker Library is still an integral part of my life. Lying in bed, I recall some anxious weeknights. I remember the blank feelings I received from my stark ceiling — the whiteness broken only by an ugly, plaster-encased wire running the most indirect route around the room, providing the bulbous institutional fixture in the center of the ceiling with electricity. The intense ugliness of what I see above me contrasts sharply with the beautiful sunshine streaming in the window. A vision of what I could be looking at flashes through my mind. I climb out of my six-foot loft, a personal addition to my standard dormitory room which would have made Michelangelo jealous, and grab my watercolors and a cup of water before the vision eludes me.

P.J.'s make an excellent outfit for artistic adventure. The smockiness of them takes one back to a time when artists were unkempt characters living in shabby Montmartre studios. A pile of clothing on the floor belonging to both me and my roommate supports the fantasy.

The first stroke of the brush transforms the oppressive ceiling into a giant canvas. There is no feeling of constraint, for there are virtually no boundaries. One idea may inspire another, figures may multiply and scenery may become expansive without the fear of paper running out. If an edge is reached, a mere 90-degree turn of the brush extends the canvas by another 96 square feet.

Eventually, the inspiration fades. It's time to put away the paints, for forced inspiration is contradictory. After a cheerful cleanup and shower, I'm ready to go out into the sunshine. I know I'll pay for my spontaneity later in the Housing Office, but life is full of trade-offs.

"Monica, did you get the note from Housing today?"

My roommate looks at me accusingly over her Marx-Engels reader. She's been through this before. She's thinking of the fines involved. Because of these fines, she resents my creativity.

"Yes, Linda. Don't worry. I'll go talk to that guy in the Housing Office this afternoon."

Later on that day, "that guy" assumes the respectful title of Mr. Myron Cummings — a man who knows both me and my paintbrush well.

Dartmouth stresses the need for a liberal arts education and then denies its students the same. For example, only eight of the thirty-six art courses offered — not including "advanced work in . . . " courses — are visual studies courses. Yet, even this number is deceptively high. One of these courses requires three prerequisites, all from the remaining seven. Considering that most students take only thirty-three courses as an undergraduate, this situation severely limits the number of students who are able to take these courses without committing themselves to either a straight or modified art major.

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DEC 4 1983

Photography

Reviews by Lona O'Connor

PIONEERS OF SOVIET PHOTOGRAPHY, by Grigory Shudakov; Thames & Hudson, 256 pages, $40: A splendid catalog of Soviet life and historic figures, 369 black and white photos. The book includes almost 100 photographs by the noted Soviet painter-turned-photographer Aleksandr Rodchenko whose landscapes, abstracts, photomontages, even his portraits show an experimental streak and avant garde style. The beautiful cover portrait is of his mother. A bonus: each section of the book begins with the work of famous Soviet poets.

SIGNS OF LIFE, by Alfred Appel Jr.; Knopf, 201 pages, $30 hardback, $16.95 paperback: A thought-provoking combination of movie stills and some of the most adventuresome American photography of the last 40 years, 197 black and white and color images of American fantasies, heroes and everyday images. Although the author's commentary often heads into the outer limits of erudite crypto-babble, on the whole it is an unusual perception of American life, using the images as a jumping-off place.

INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY, photographs by Duncan Kelso, text by Ivan Doig; Atheneum, $27.50: Photographer and writer collaborate in a loving paean to the state of Montana. Kelso's vision of the state, all in black and white photographs, makes it at once stark and stunning, a place which invites lifelong devotion.



The shining roof of an old homestead is all but swallowed up in the dark prairie, all loneliness and rolling beauty; in a similar composition, four white crosses, memorializing highway deaths, glow along the roadside beneath an unending western sky: Kelso's landscapes are far less polished than the western scenes of Ansel Adams, and therefore far more moving and melancholy.

ALL MANKIND: Photographs from the Christian Science Monitor, The Christian Science Publishing Society, 190 pages, $24: Four outstanding Monitor photographers, Gordon Converse, Norman Matheny, Peter Main and Barth Falkenberg, share their work from around the world.

Their gentle, uplifting vision mirrors Mary Baker Eddy's goal for the Monitor: "To injure no man, but to bless all mankind."

The collection, 154 beautifully-reproduced black and white photographs, was published for the Monitor's 75th anniversary.

DEAD TECH: A Guide to the Archaelogy of Tomorrow, photographs by Hanfred Hamm, text by Rolf Steinberg; Sierra Club Books, 132 pages, $14.95: Hamm and Steinberg present a beautiful but disturbing view of the grotesque monuments we leave behind: empty, steel and stone landscapes full of useless machinery. The long-deserted gun cupolas of the Maginot Line; the already-outmoded launch sites at Cape Canaveral; the still radioactive, abandoned cooling towers of Three Mile Island: all would be comical if it were not our earth they clutter. Steinberg's commentary adds a thorough historical perspective

The beautiful paradox of Manfred Hamm's photographs is that they convey grandeur in abandonment. Any one of them is striking enough to stand alone as landscape art.

Lona O'Connor is a Free Press staff writer

A biography of J.H. SHARP.

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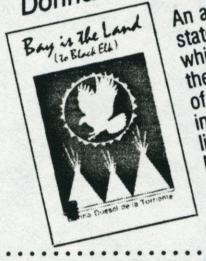

An astounding statement made by a white American about the long-awaited dream of Black Elk. A sequel, in the form of abstract literature, to John G. Neihardt's BLACK ELK SPEAKS (from Washington Square Press).

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The Drawing of America: Eyewitness to History *by Marshall B. Davidson (Harry B. Abrams, New York, 1983; 256 pp., illus., biblio., index, $49.50).*
Works on paper in various media— over 300 of them—fill this winsome, oversized volume of American history. Beginning with allegorical images of the newly discovered continent and moving through the opening of the frontier to visions of our future, Davidson explains the artists' shorthand, telling of the times and inspirations for these drawings. The works of both sophisticated artists of reputation and unknown, unschooled amateurs make the entire story a delight.

The Peacocks of Baboquivari *by Erma J. Fisk (W. W. Norton & Co., New York, 1983; 284 pp., illus., append., $14.95).*
This exotic title befits the colorful, delightful account of Erma Fisk's five-month hermitage in the Baboquivari foothills of Arizona. At seventy-three, with an "arthritic shoulder and gimpy hip," this spunky bird-tagger bore the hazards of wearing bifocals on rocky ground and navigated peacock droppings, while recording with lambent wit the wonder of her natural surroundings. While cattle tore mist nets intended to catch birds, Fisk banded, weighed, measured, and examined these aviators for molting, plumage, and parasites. A table of the various birds handled is included, but the fascination of her journals and letters rests in the lighthearted musings about the world around her.

Seashore Life of the Northern Pacific Coast: An Illustrated Guide to Northern California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia *by Eugene N. Kozloff (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1983; 378 pp., illus., gloss., biblio., index, paper $19.95, cloth $40.00).*
An impressively thorough and well-organized examination of marine life on western shores from Vancouver to Monterey Bay, this work begins with a thoughtful chapter entitled "Instant Zoology and Botany." The author identifies the most common varieties of cnidarians, echinodermata and other phylum you've never heard of, as well as the more familiar mollusks, crustaceans, and sponges. With nearly 300 color photographs and 400 black-and-white illustrations, you can identify hundreds of intriguing sea animals and plants, including some astoundingly beautiful simple life forms.

Inside This House of Sky *photographs by Duncan Kelso, text by Ivan Doig (Atheneum Publishers, New York, 1983; 112 pp., illus., $27.50).*
Ivan Doig's *This House of Sky* (1978) inspired Kelso's striking photographic tribute to that work and the magnificent land of Montana. Sensitively composed scenes of town and country evoke that awe we feel when standing before the splendor of nature. Passages from Doig's text are coupled with the photographs.

Standing by Words: Essays by Wendell Berry *(North Point Press, San Francisco, 1983; 224 pp., paper $10.00, cloth $20.00).*
In six essays, Wendell Berry contemplates the moral and artistic aspects of language in poetry and in daily life. He believes that language today is becoming increasingly meaningless, increasingly irresponsible—and he perceives this as just one aspect of the disintegration of family and community.

Alaska Bear Tales *by Larry Kaniut (Alaska Northwest Publishing Company, Anchorage, 1983; 318 pp., biblio., index, paper $9.95).*
More than two hundred stories vividly depict the sometimes humorous, but more often grim encounters between human beings and bears in our north country. As told to the author, these stories describe the annoyance, fear, and horror of people confronted by bold pests and enraged beasts. The serious accounts should be warning not to take these unpredictable creatures lightly.

Conversations with Wallace Stegner on Western History and Literature, *by Wallace Stegner and Richard Etulain, fore. by Norman Cousins (University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1983; 207 pp., illus., index, $15.00).*
In this exchange writer Wallace Stegner reflects on Western history and literature, the Mormons, his own life, the wilderness West, and what is left of the West. The pleasure of these conversations, whether or not you have read Stegner's works, lies in the perspicacious insight and humanity that pervade Stegner's remarks.

JAN / FEB 19

SOMETHING GOOD FOR A WINTER'S EVENING. . .

Beyond the Vertical. Layton Kor. Edited by Bob Godfrey. Alpine House. $35.00

As climbing books go, this one was a real surprise—a pleasant one, I might add. Layton Kor, one of the best climbers to come on the scene in the sixties, for the most part avoided the limelight and pursued his climbing like a man possessed.

The coffee table format is the perfect setting for the excellent photographs, which give a visual narration to the unique text. Most of the pictures are of extreme climbing in spectacular settings; Yosemite's El Cap, the diamond on Longs Peak, Eiger in winter, just to name a few. Perhaps the most striking and beautiful shots are in the American southwest, as exemplified by the cover. The remarkable thing is that these photographs, though twenty years old, are as well composed and exciting as any of more contemporary climbs.

Layton Kor, by all accounts a private person, was solicited by the editor to write a book of his climbs, which to him were a thing of the past. The text leans heavily on accounts by many of his partners, who are practiced authors. This produces anunique style of biography/autobiography which offers pleasant reading, often capturing the nature of scary committing climbs. The contributing authors read like a who's who of the sixties: Royal Robbins, Yvon Chouinard, Steve Roper, Fred Beckey, Chris Bonington, Galen Rowell, just to name some.

With all the beautiful pictures and readable text, one comes away from *Beyond the Vertical* with a better understanding of what the goals and characters were in the sixties, but for me Layton Kor still seems remote. Kor used climbing as a vehicle for his spiritual search, and he finally gave it up when he found family and the Jehovah's Witnesses offered a focus for his tremendous energy and enthusiasm for life. The Kor of today is not Kor the climber whose climbs stand in testimony to his energy and tell a story for all who can accept some of the challenges he so fully embraced.

—Rich Carlstad

Inside this House of Sky. Photographs by Duncan Kelso, text by Ivan Doig. Atheneum Press.

Mountaineer Deuncan Kelso has produced for us a rewarding book, *Inside This House of Sky.* It offers excellent duotone reproductions of 65 of Duncan's sweeping black and white photographs of Montana along with excerpts from Ivan Doig's famous Montana book, *This House of Sky.*

Although not a mountain or wilderness book in the traditional sense, *Inside This House of Sky* is a stunning exposition of huge skies and vast open places which are surely wild and seemingly boundless if if not wilderness *per se.*

The book will appeal to all lovers of open places as well as Montana buffs, Ivan Doig fans and all those interested in serious pictorial photography.

The book has a horizontal format, pages 9 inches high and 12 inches wide, which suits the flat and broad subject perfectly. As you would expect from the title, the sky is an important element and a large majority of the pictures are skyscapes as well as landscapes. In some cases the sky is blank. Just right. That's the way the sky often really is: huge, wide and blank—but it takes a photographers of some courage to print it that way. Especially strong is one of the pictures the "Basin" section of the book where an old homestead site crouches under a blank staring sky. Good stuff. After you've been through the book, the landscapes, the little towns, the lonely cabins and roads stretching off to infinity, you come away with the feeling that you really know Meagher County, Montana.

—Tom Miller

Mountains of North America. Fred Beckey. Sierra Club. $35.00 (Hardbound)

The Sierra Club has published a beautiful book in Fred Beckey's *Mountains of North America.* For this large coffee table-sized book, Beckey has chosen images from among the world's finest outdoor photographers to accompany text describing thirty-five of his favorite peaks from New England to Mexico, from the Wind River and Sierra Nevada to the St. Elias and Alaska ranges. While each chapter includes the inevitable long-range sunset-afterglow view of an individual peak, photographs of wildlife, flowers and the occasional human climber add to a fuller understanding of the environmental and historical setting of the peak. One striking shot is of a red fox crouched on a dark earth mound at the entrance to its den, with fire weed arching above. The contrast of the green foliage and dark earth heightens the intensity of the fox's eyes and cocked ears. The fox is clearly aware of the viewer and is ready for our next move. The view of Mt. Rainier, which graces the cover of the book, captures the immensity of the mountain. Pictured through the tops of several evergreens, the great grey and blue mass of glaciers and rock almost fills the page. Wisps of clouds are caught on Mt. Rainier's summit.

Unfortunately, not all of the photographs are of equal quality. In some images, the colors are too intense to be natural and the printing of other photographs is slightly off, resulting in blurred or unusual images. Two peaks described in the text, Clingman's Dome and Harney Peak, are not pictured, although photographs of foliage, flowers and animals native to the peaks are included. If a peak is of sufficient interest to warrant a separate chapter, shouldn't its photograph be included?

Beckey's text includes geologic histories, tales of early exploration and summit attempts, and personal histories of encounters with each peak. The most lively sections are Beckey's descriptions of his own climbs. Particularly interesting is his experience on the Devils Thumb in the Coast Range of British Columbia. After weathering a snow storm, sixty-mile-an-hour winds, and rains which dumped fourteen gallons of water in his tent, Beckey concludes: ". . .we had come to terms with Devils Thumb. We were living with the mountain. . .learning where the wind blew, where avalanches tended to slide." When the party awoke to bright sunshine, they completed plans for the final attempt on the summit. In Beckey's words, ". . .we had become intense and dedicated." In this mixture of understatement and romantic prose, the gaining of this and many other summits is described.

Sections of the text are often repetitive and slow moving. Descriptions of the geologic history of the peaks are included in each chapter. Consequently, the broad geologic events which created most of the peaks in western America are repeated in several chapters. The details of description is not sufficient to make the individual history of a peak clear, and the repetition distracts from the enjoyment of the book. Other sections seem strangely out of place in this book. One such sec-

Send

Harris, MacDonald. **Tenth.**
Atheneum. Feb. 1984. c.320p. LC 83-45125. ISBN 0-689-11417-6. $12.95. F

Fed up with teaching music, Julian Coates has just dramatically quit when he's asked to do a BBC program on the unfinished Tenth Symphony of obscure modern composer Leverkühn (of Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus*). The program's success earns Coates a commission for a performance version of the Tenth. As he struggles with the sketchy notes left by Leverkühn and his own feelings of inadequacy, Julian is also beset by romantic intentions—of his live-in student, Leverkühn's daughter, and a neurotic radio producer. Harris creates a plausible situation and then overwhelms it with unnecessary sexual and other complications. The musical background is fascinating, the characters much less so. For large fiction collections only.—*Shelley Cox, Southern Illinois Univ. Lib., Carbondale*

Kelso, Duncan (photogs.) & Ivan Doig (text). **Inside This House of Sky.**
Atheneum. 1983. unpaged. LC 83-45079. ISBN 0-689-11405-2. $27.50. PHOTOG

This book is an attempt by Duncan Kelso to capture in photographs the feeling and power of the Montana landscape as evoked in Ivan Doig's critically acclaimed memoir *This House of Sky*. The present book is divided into several sections, each illustrating a particular aspect of the Montana countryside and prefaced by a passage from Doig's book. Unfortunately the effort falls short of the mark—principally because the pictures fail to convey the strong personal impressionism of the readings. The cumulative effect of the photographs is one of the impersonal stark desolation. As landscape photographs they are neither technically nor visually remarkable. Despite this, the book will probably be of regional interest. Recommended only for larger collections.—*Frank Schroth, Edna Stein Acad., Brookline, Mass.*

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NOV 20 1983

World of Books

Photographers Showcase Their Arts

By MILDRED LADNER
World Book Editor

The holiday season traditionally produces a clutch of books that provides a showcase for photographers. This year there are some new angles on the century-old craft which becomes more high tech with each passing decade.

Consider **"Swiss Panorama"** by Emil Schulthess (Knopf, $50), which contains 28 full-color photographs ranging from double-page spreads 26 inches wide to four-page double gatefolds spanning more than four feet when stretched away from the binding!



Switzerland's fairy tale villages and spectacular mountain vistas make it a perfect choice for Schulthess's aerial photography. Using a panoramic camera suspended from a helicopter he photographed the Swiss scenery in vast sweeps of from 226 to 360 degrees. Accompanying essays on techniques used and descriptions of the areas covered are printed three columns to the page in German, Swiss and English.

From the camera of Eve Arnold, author and photographer of "In China," comes a celebration of her native land, **"In America,"** (Knopf, $35.)

From the cover picture — a portrait of an overalled Wisconsin farmer seated on a formal love seat beneath an elegant 19th century painting from his forebears' native Saxony — to a football game (Chicago Cubs vs. Atlanta), Ms. Arnold manages to convey the spirit of a continent-spanning nation, involving all ethnic groups in her storytelling photos.

"Each of us going forth in search of America would return with a different and highly personal America, influenced by his or her own background, psyche, personality and experience," writes the white-haired photographer.

"This is my America — that of a citizen returned after two decades of living and working in countries with different cultures from our own. . . .

"I saw the United States in fair weather and foul — its strengths, its weaknesss, its idiosyncrasies, its pleasures and its pain. I was overwhelmed by its stunning vitality and charmed by its beauty."

These words apply as well to the product of Ms. Arnold's work.

In **"Signs of Life"** (Knopf, $30), Alfred Appel, Jr. indulges our fondness for nostalgia by reviewing the popular culture of America from the Depression years of the late '30s to the present through the use of 109 photographs.

Appel shows how to "read" each picture for a revelation of our lives and times. Many of the photographs will strike a familiar chord with those of us who followed the old Life Magazine.

Included is the work of such wellknown photographers as Richard Avedon, Edward Steichen, Helen Levitt and Walker Evans.

There is emotional intensity in Laurence Salzmann's photographs of **"The Last Jews of Radauti"** (Doubleday, $24.95), with text by Ayse Gursan-Salzmann. In the late 1930s, there were 8,000 Jews in the Romanian town of Radauti. Six thousand of them perished during World War II, some in concentration camps, but most of them as a result of the hardships incurred in deportation to Transnistria.

Between 1974 and 1976, the Salzmanns in Radauti on a Fulbright fellowship found only 240 Jews remaining in a population of 22,000. Most of them were elderly; the young emigrating to Israel. Their stories are told with sensitivity.

Ken Heyman celebrates family life everywhere in **"The World's Family"** (Putnam, $19.95), which contains only snatches of poetry to highlight his magnificent human interest photographs focusing on the ages of man.

"Inside This House of Sky — Photographs of a Western Landscape" (Atheneum, $27.50) was inspired when photographer Duncan Kelso read Ivan Doig's memoir "This House of Sky," a book nominated for the 1979 National Book Award.

Doig's captions evoke his memories of the vast, spare prairie and mountain country around White Sulpher Springs, Ringling, Dupuyer and Valier, the Montana towns of his childhood. The sharp contrasts of black-and-white photography convey the harsh beauty of the open land.

Jeanne Hamilton's photographs in full color make **"The Care and Feeding of Stuffed Animals"** (Abrams, $17.50) a charming gift book for all ages.

Glen Knape, an enthusiastic member (and probably founder) of STUFF, an anacronym for Stuffed Toys' Union and the Friends of the Furred, perpetrates all manner of delightful nonsense in his text accompanying the photographs of stuffed animals at home, at play, and even sick in bed (stuffed up?) but basically it is the whimsical Hamilton photos that sell this slender book.

TS

Annie Leibovitz collection highlights season's books

By Randy Eli Grothe
Staff Writer of The News

PHOTOGRAPHY BOOKS

Clean off your coffee tables. Here come the holiday photo-books. What follows are selections from the current crop:

Probably the most entertaining new photo-book is *Annie Leibovitz: Photographs* (Rolling Stone Press, $35). Named *Rolling Stone*'s chief photographer in the early 1970s, Leibovitz, in her inimitable style, seems to have photographed everybody who is anybody acting like they're nobody important. In this book, her first published collection of photos, we see a half-nude Lauren Hutton covered with mud, Bette Midler in a bed of roses, Debra Winger doing something unfathomable with a wolf, and Dolly Parton hamming it up with Arnold Schwarzenegger. Her photographs are often humorous, yet always riveting — lessons in simple composition and on-location lighting. Working through them always is an admirable familiarity between subject and photographer. In these photos, Leibovitz brings today's celebrities down to earth, and makes them accessible to all.

In America (Alfred A. Knopf, $35), Eve Arnold's ambitious follow-up to her 1980 book *In China*, is a beautifully reproduced effort. In 161 color pictures, Ms. Arnold takes you on a visual journey from the Bible Belt to Silicon Valley, Klansmen to Shakers, city to country, rich to poor. The pictures aren't quite as awesome as the project's scope, but the book is a noble effort to capture the human tapestry that is America today.

Along photojournalistic lines, there is *El Salvador: Work of Thirty Photographers* (Writers and Readers Publishing Cooperative, $14.95). Edited by Central American photo-veterans Harry Mattison and Susan Meiselas, the book is chilling and otherworldly, often gruesome in detail. The 130 black-and-white photographs may lack a bit in style, but substance seems to overwhelm every image in the book.

Out of another time, another conflict comes *The Eyewitness History of the Vietnam War 1961-1975* by George Esper and the Associated Press (Ballantine, $9.95). Not exactly fit for your living room, the all black-and-white treatment includes shots by Pulitzer Prize-winners Eddie Adams and David Hume Kennerly, and other AP staffers who risked their lives covering the war. With accompanying text by former Saigon Bureau chief George Esper, this gallery of men at war is a bargain.

All Mankind (The Christian Science Publishing Society, $24) is a collection of pretty innocuous pictures by the *Christian Science Monitor* staff. Covering years of work across the world by four of the paper's photographers, the 154 pictures supposedly adhere to the *Monitor*'s goal "to injure no man, but to bless all mankind." Most of the shots bore rather than bless.

The Best of Photojournalism/8 (Running Press, $12.95) takes a more universal approach in its rendering of the human condiiton. Compiled from more than 20,000 entries in the 40th Pictures of the Year competition sponsored by the National Press Photographers Association and the University of Missouri School of Journalism, the book is a first-rate presentation of last year's moods and memories through the eyes of our country's best newspaper and magazine photographers.

The World's Family, by Ken Heyman (Pound Press and G. P. Putnam's Sons, $19.95), is another follow-up to the immensely successful *Family of Man* book, edited by photo-guru Edward Steichen in the mid-'50s. The much-traveled Heyman gives us his compelling global view of humanity from birth to death — and everything in between.

As far as historical photographs, this season is represented by *People Mostly: New York in Photographs 1900-1950*, compiled by Benjamin Blom (The Amaryllis Press, $19.95 until Dec. 31; $25 thereafter), and *Pioneers of Soviet Photography*, by Grigory Shudakov (Thames & Hudson, $40). For the serious photo-historian, there is the hefty, 722-page *Macmillan Biographical Encyclopedia of Photographic Artists and Innovators*, by Turner Browne and Elaine Partnow (Macmillan, $45).

Now, for the true coffee-table giants, made to impress easily with their weight and width:

Exotic locales such as Kashmir and Kenya get their colorful Kodachrome due in *Kashmir: Garden of the Himalayas* by Raghubir Singh (Thames & Hudson, $35) and *Cradle of Mankind* by Mohamed Amin and Brian Telly (The Overlook Press, $40 to Dec. 31; $50 thereafter). For photogs entranced by the panoramic camera with its 360-degree view, *Swiss Panorama*, by Emil Schulthess (Alfred Knopf, $50) is made to order, with its 28 panoramic aerial views of Switzerland (including six double gatefolds, which open to a width of more than four feet). *Inside this House of Sky*, with photographs by Duncan Kelso and text by Ivan Doig (Atheneum, $27.50), is only for the greatest fans of stark black-and-white Montana landscapes.

Dallas Morning News
December 11, 1983

Detroit Free Press
12/4/83

Photography

Reviews by Lona O'Connor

PIONEERS OF SOVIET PHOTOGRAPHY, by Grigory Shudakov; Thames & Hudson, 256 pages, $40: A splendid catalog of Soviet life and historic figures, 369 black and white photos. The book includes almost 100 photographs by the noted Soviet painter-turned-photographer Aleksandr Rodchenko whose landscapes, abstracts, photomontages, even his portraits show an experimental streak and avant garde style. The beautiful cover portrait is of his mother. A bonus: each section of the book begins with the work of famous Soviet poets.

SIGNS OF LIFE, by Alfred Appel Jr.; Knopf, 201 pages, $30 hardback, $16.95 paperback: A thought-provoking combination of movie stills and some of the most adventuresome American photography of the last 40 years, 197 black and white and color images of American fantasies, heroes and everyday images. Although the author's commentary often heads into the outer limits of erudite crypto-babble, on the whole it is an unusual perception of American life, using the images as a jumping-off place.

INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY, photographs by Duncan Kelso, text by Ivan Doig; Atheneum, $27.50: Photographer and writer collaborate in a loving paean to the state of Montana. Kelso's vision of the state, all in black and white photographs, makes it at once stark and stunning, a place which invites lifelong devotion.



The shining roof of an old homestead is all but swallowed up in the dark prairie, all loneliness and rolling beauty; in a similar composition, four white crosses, memorializing highway deaths, glow along the roadside beneath an unending western sky: Kelso's landscapes are far less polished than the western scenes of Ansel Adams, and therefore far more moving and melancholy.

ALL MANKIND: Photographs from the Christian Science Monitor, The Christian Science Publishing Society, 190 pages, $24: Four outstanding Monitor photographers, Gordon Converse, Norman Matheny, Peter Main and Barth Falkenberg, share their work from around the world.

Their gentle, uplifting vision mirrors Mary Baker Eddy's goal for the Monitor: "To injure no man, but to bless all mankind."

The collection, 154 beautifully-reproduced black and white photographs, was published for the Monitor's 75th anniversary.

DEAD TECH: A Guide to the Archaelogy of Tomorrow, photographs by Hanfred Hamm, text by Rolf Steinberg; Sierra Club Books, 132 pages, $14.95: Hamm and Steinberg present a beautiful but disturbing view of the grotesque monuments we leave behind: empty, steel and stone landscapes full of useless machinery. The long-deserted gun cupolas of the Maginot Line; the already-outmoded launch sites at Cape Canaveral; the still radioactive, abandoned cooling towers of Three Mile Island: all would be comical if it were not our earth they clutter. Steinberg's commentary adds a thorough historical perspective

The beautiful paradox of Manfred Hamm's photographs is that they convey grandeur in abandonment. Any one of them is striking enough to stand alone as landscape art.

Lona O'Connor is a Free Press staff writer

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
TIMES
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LOS ANGELES METROPOLITAN AREA

NOV 13 1983

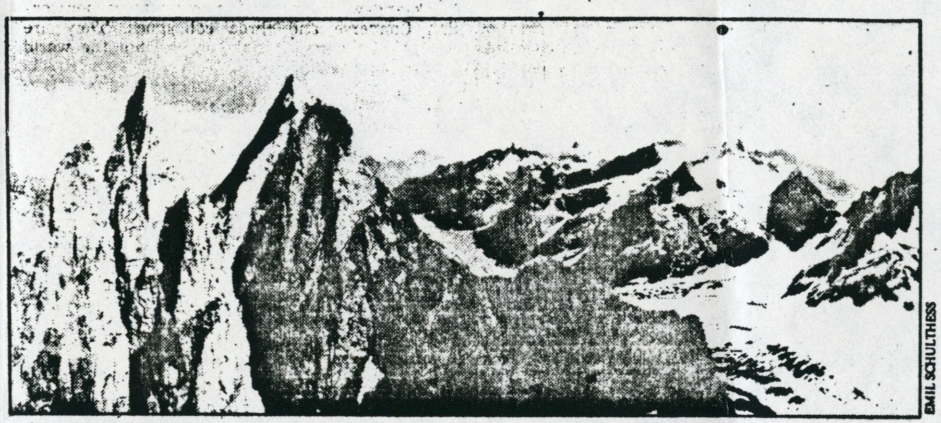
The pictures of places and the places of pictures

In the glory days of the great cruise ships, my mother set off on a 'round-the-world honeymoon with a trousseau that filled a brace of steamer trunks—and a bridegroom who had discovered photography.

Years later, perusing the family album, my sisters and I were both amused and mystified to find photos of my mother, their dates spanning nine months, posed reluctantly in front of every famous monument from the Taj Mahal to Trevi Fountain, in each picture wearing the same rather forgettable little dress.

It seems the voiles and linens spent most of the journey tucked away in those trunks while, in the interests of keeping cool and relatively crumple-free,

Reviewed by Beverly Beyette



©EMIL SCHULTHESS

An aerial view of the towering mountains of the Bergell in Switzerland, from "The Swiss Panorama."

mother saw the world—and my father's camera saw her—in a shapeless first-generation drip-dry number stitched up by a dressmaker in Hong Kong.

To this day, my mother travels with enthusiasm, but without camera, managing somehow to let on that this invention of the devil never existed. But there is dazzling evidence to the contrary in this year's travel books.

Swiss Panorama by Emil Schulthess (Knopf: $50) is state-of-the-art travel photography, and then some. "Thrilling," promises the publisher's blurb, and for once the adjective is accurate. With his 360-degree rotation camera suspended from a hovering helicopter at up to 6,000 feet, Schulthess captured the sweeping panorama of mountains and cities, fields and farms, throughout his native Switzerland. The 28 color aerial views include six double gatefolds that open to a width of more than four feet. It is like being deposited in Lake Lucerne or on the top of a snowy Alpine peak. Small survey maps accompanying each panorama identify points of interest.

Paris by John Russell, art critic of the New York Times (Abrams: $45), is an updated and expanded version of his 1960 book, dressed up with more than 300 illustrations—photographs, paintings, pastels—many in color. The foreword is a charming reminiscence of life on the Left Bank in the '40s by his wife, Rosamond Bernier, founding editor of L'Oeil Magazine and a Parisienne for 30 years.

Russell first saw Paris 50 years ago as an English schoolboy; he is saddened by some of the changes but still passionate about Paris, a city of self-renewing energy, "not a mummified *ville d'art*, like Venice or Florence." While grieving for the disappearance of such things as open platforms on the green omnibuses and the grandness of the Grandes Boulevards, he takes solace in what remains—the anachronistic arrogance of the Seventh Arrondissement, where "even the ivy has more class than in other parts of Paris," the corner cafes in the Fifth where your neighbors may be a Tunisian laundryman, a furrier, a wrestler and a professor.

Through the pages of Russell's sprightly and informative text walk Flaubert, Moliere, Napoleon and Josephine, Colette, George Sand and Sarah Bernhardt (photographed on her daybed, a polar bear rug at her feet).

Parisians, he says, are what they always were, and likely to remain so: "Although they are disagreeable to you, they are quite as disagreeable to one another."

All Under Heaven: The Chinese World by Eliot Porter with text by Jonathan Porter (Pantheon: $40) is a collaboration by the famed photographer, now in his 80s, and his Sinologist son. The title is the translation of a Chinese word, *Tianxia*, which is a way of looking at China as a place, a civilization and a nation.

This is a big, beautiful and thoughtful book; the Porters, through magnificent color photography and provocative commentary, explore the relationship between this historic civilization and its everyday culture and aesthetics. Eliot Porter shows us terraced rice fields; Jonathan Porter explains how the Chinese, caught "in the jaws of this geographical vise," developed terracing and irrigation to maximize production in a mountainous country where only 11% of the land is cultivated. Eliot Porter shows us a tranquil Mandarin garden; Jonathan Porter explains the origins of these mini-images of the natural landscape in the 12th-Century Song Dynasty, an ethnocentric society. Eliot Porter gives us mountains; Jonathan Porter tells us that, where once they were considered spiritual and aesthetic, a place for poet and recluse, in the People's Republic they are "physical obstacles to be conquered."

Porter writes of "two Chinas," China proper with its relatively homogenous mix and uniform culture, and the frontier regions of desert and steppe and mountains, nomadic and sparsely populated, but where herders have been seen of late tending their flocks from the seat of a bicycle. This is a society in which modern social concerns are not always compatible with ancient traditions, where there is both desire for change and a need to hold onto something traditional.

Nomads of Niger by Carol Beckwith and Marion Van Offelen (Abrams: $45) is a strangely compelling book about a rather obscure sub-Saharan tribe of Africans, the Wodaabes. Beckwith, an American photographer, lived among the tribespeople for 18 months, traveling with them by foot and by camel.

Theirs is an arid and inhospitable land with a dry season that lasts for nine months (Beckwith and Van Offelen, a Belgian anthropologist, have chosen to give a portion of their royalties to the tribe to help them through the droughts). The story of the Wodaabes is told as a narrative; the central figures are a herdsman, Mokao, and his wife, Mowa, and their family. We learn that it is a polygamous society in which first marriages are arranged, but second, third and fourth wives are chosen for love or lust.

...es or places

Continued from 11th Page

that he climbed a mountain "because it is there."

Long Island: People and Places, Past and Present by Bernie Bookbinder (Abrams: $30) is much more fun than 284 pages on Long Island ought to be. Bookbinder, who is on the staff of Newsday and was one of the perpetrators of that sex-spoof novel hoax of the '60s, "Naked Came the Stranger," is a native son. Some may dismiss Long Island as a mere bedroom for Manhattan, but Bookbinder reminds us that it has a colorful past of Indians and Revolutionary battles and whaling ships, and that it is the home of Walt Whitman, the duckling, Belmont Park, the U.S. Open tennis championships, Levittown and Jones Beach. Here, too, is the Great Gatsby's Long Island, playground of John Pierpont Morgan and Guggenheims and Vanderbilts and Whitneys. Many of the mansions at Glen Cove and Oyster Bay are gone now, or lead no-nonsense existences as public institutions.

Moira Anderson's Scotland by Moira Anderson and Netta Martin (Salem House: $19.95) is a coy little travelogue by native daughter Anderson, who is sort of the Anita Bryant of Scotland. Along the way, she reveals her most embarrassing moment, describes her first meeting with the Beatles (the connection here is that Paul McCartney owns a farmhouse in Kintyre) and confesses that she digs her elbow into her husband's side when she sleeps. An awful lot of full-color pictures of Anderson posed in front of castles, cathedrals, etc.

The Great Railway Adventure by Christopher Portway (Oxford Illustrated Press: $12.95) ultimately disappoints, but there are sprightly moments in this English travel writer's chronicle of a lifetime of travel over the famous railroads of the world—the *real* Orient Express, for starters. Trains have taken him to such far-flung locales as Vladivostok and Mombasa and his compartment companions along the way have included a Turkish sheik, a British toddler "leaking through her nappy," a Persian lugging a large carpet and a Wehrmacht officer (the most unsettling of the lot since Portway was at the time escaping from a German POW camp). On a visit here in 1973, via Amtrak, Portway concluded that Union Station is "the best thing in Los Angeles and about the only edifice of any historic significance. The city is a nightmare given over entirely to the automobile." On the other hand, he found San Francisco "enchantingly beautiful with a humorous, rakish, slightly zany air."



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

An Orphan in Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon).

Across the South Pacific by Iain Finlay and Trish Sheppard (Salem House: $17.95) is the travel log of free-lance journalists and their two children who, having survived a wretched English winter, decided to chance a 15,000-mile journey to faraway places with warm climates. It doesn't seem to have been [illegible] plane and ship and nothing truly extraordinary ever seemed to happen. The narrative is Temple and Nancy Fielding on their worst day. But nothing is left out, not the price of a hotel room nor the observation that a flight attendant served coffee.

Inside This House of Sky, photographs by Duncan Kelso and text by Ivan Doig (Atheneum: $27.50) is a picture album, really, a collaboration resulting from Kelso's enthusiasm for Doig's earlier prose portrait of his Montana boyhood, "This House of Sky." Kelso photographed the places about which Doig had written, the plains where "the wind tries barbwire for a harp." Doig's Montana comes to life in 65 black-and-white landscapes and skyscapes.

Look Back on England by John Burke (Salem House: $16.95; illustrated) is for the dedicated Anglophile. The premise: that if it's London, this must be Westminster Abbey, but no one ever tells you anything about the non-monuments, the pubs with eccentric names, the paths that no longer lead anywhere, that the toolshed in an ancient cemetery once was a watchers' hut where families of the deceased kept a vigil against body snatchers who would sell to medical researchers. "England is one vast open-air museum," says Burke, who is a novelist and historian. An intriguing concept. The going's a bit heavy here, but there's an occasional gem.

Cradle of Mankind by Mohamed Amin (Overlook: $50) is the Nairobi photographer's record of life in Africa's Great Rift Valley, far North of Kenya. Here, on the shores of Lake Turkana, man may have taken his first heavy step. The foreword is by Richard Leakey, one of those attracted to the scientific community that formed there after multiple findings of prehistoric fossils. In the early '60s, Drs. Louis and Mary Leakey's finds included remains identified as the 1.8-million-year-old hominid, a remote ancestor of the human race. An interesting volume, with some good photos, including a study of a flight of great white pelicans passing above a crocodile slumbering on a sand spit. The author fears for the future of the warring, nomadic desert tribes who inhabit the area; at last, he says, "time has caught up with the people it forgot."

Beyette is a Times staff writer.

shows affection publicly; a society in which sexual liberty among adolescents is condoned, but there are strict rules governing the privileges of senior cows within a herd.

Texas: A Self-Portrait by Jon Holmes (Abrams: $45) is a lively look at the Lone Star State wherein native son Holmes (Lubbock) reminds us that Texas gave the world the blues, the electric typewriter, Tex-Mex cuisine, cowboy gear and such prominent personalities as Vice President George Bush, Larry (J. R.) Hagman and Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, not to mention Joan Crawford, Buddy Holly, Howard Hughes, Scott Joplin, Janis Joplin, Nolan Ryan and Sissy Spacek.

There is a dollop of history—the Apaches, the Alamo, the James Boys, poll taxes and public lynchings. There is a guide to speaking Texan—"fine as frog hair"—and there are a few words about what passes for chili in other parts: "Some of the most disgusting concoctions available since Sam Houston had handles welded to Santa Anna's silver chamber pot and pronounced it a soup tureen." Here is a fond biography of the land of Dr. Pepper done up with maps and paintings and photographs, old and new, many in color.

Masters of Early Travel Photography by Rainer Fabion and Hans-Christian Adam (Vendome: $50) is for that someone on your gift list who's always too busy photographing the sights of the world to see them. The book is a joy, a romp around the world circa 1860-1890 with pioneer photographers whose legacy is more archeology than art. Englishman Francis Frith photographed the Sphinx in 1858, its paws still buried in sand. A bank clerk from Nottingham, Samuel Bourne, explored the mountains of Kashmir with his camera, 22 personal servants, his rattan furniture, books and French brandy. A Scot named John Thomson , an early photojournalist, was one of few interested in socioeconomic conditions. His pictures of a criminal in a "cage of death," a beggar king and his subjects, the skeletal figure of an opium smoker lying on a wooden bench, forecast the revolution that was to come. Ironically, we are told, "photography took hold in Japan slowly," and in those days Westerners were offered such mementoes as photos of hara-kiri scenes staged in studios.

El Salvador (Norton: $24.95, hardcover; $14.95, paperback) is a collection of 130 black-and-white photographs, some previously unpublished, taken by 30 news-magazine and newspaper photographers while on assignment in El Salvador, beginning with the coup d'etat in 1979. The pictures—of rotting and mutilated bodies, blood and violence and desperation and despair—are, without apology, an unspoken protest against U.S. policy in Central America. They also are stunning photojournalism. The text is by poet Carolyn Forche, who worked as a journalist and a human rights investigator in El Salvador.

Shipwreck by John Fowles (Little, Brown: $9.95) is a slender paperback in which Fowles ("The French Lieutenant's Woman") takes us to the Isles of Scilly, off England's Cornwall coast, "the most terrible 10 square miles in maritime history," where "every rock, every islet, every reef had its long roll of sinister honour." Fowles, who lives by the sea, is fascinated by the shipwrecks, thinks most people are, and concludes, "A wrecking sea is part of what we all dream ourselves to be every night; and the ship becomes our own puny calculations." Shipwreck photos, from the 19th-Century windjammers to the oil tanker Torrey Canyon in 1967, are by the Gibsons of Scilly, a family of photographers who opened shop there in the 1860s.

Kongur: China's Elusive Summit by Chris Bonington (Norton: $19.95) is a travel book for those who do their sightseeing straight up. Here is a step-by-step account of the conquest of the 25,325-foot peak in the Mustagh Ata group in Xinjiang. British climber Bonington led a 1981 expedition that included a team of four scientists collecting data on such things as oxygen lack related to chronic lung and heart disease. With photos and maps.

All Mankind (Christian Science Publishing Society: $24) commemorates the 75th anniversary of the Christian Science Monitor with an album of 154 black-and-white photos by chief photographer Gordon Converse and three colleagues. They are wonderful pictures, artful pictures, but the world they portray is a world without fear, violence or suffering. Hope, not despair, is on the faces of the peoples of Asia and the Middle East. One of the most poignant portraits is that of a small Vietnamese boy, newly arrived at an orphanage in 1973. The orphanage is overflowing and, in case he is misplaced, the "55" marked on the child's forehead identifies the village from which he came. A book that adheres to founder Mary Baker Eddy's stated objective for the Monitor: "To injure no man, to bless all mankind."

Anchorage and the Cook Inlet Basin (Alaska Northwest: $14.95, paperback) is the quarterly of the Alaska Geographic Society, an illustrated travel guide. It's all here: Anchorage, where "moose wander through town (and) salmon swim in downtown streams," flora and fauna, geology and geography, statistics and demographics.

The Gardens at Giverny: A View of Monet's World by Stephen Shore (Aperture: $22.50) is a rather esoteric but quite lovely little book with 40 color photographs taken by Shore over four years at various stages in the restoration of the gardens laid out by the artist in the 1880s. In a farmhouse at Giverny, a hillside village along the Seine 40 miles northwest of Paris, Monet lived his last 43 years. His flower gardens, carefully planned to bloom year-round, and his lily ponds were both his joy and inspiration. Monet's son left the property to the Institut de France; the gardens are now open to the public.

Kashmir: Garden of the Himalayas by Raghubir Singh (Norton: $35) is the work of a talented photographer born in Jaipur and now living in Paris. The 80 color photographs were taken during a dozen visits between 1965 and 1982 to the mile-high Vale of Kashmir on India's northwest frontier. Kashmir is changing; today the apple industry is bigger than the shawl industry. The growers are likely to have telephones, cars and TV sets. But it is Singh's observation that the people have changed little: Through two Indo-Pakistan wars over their fate, "the Kashmiris did nothing. They remained true to their history as passionate spectators but faintheartened participants." Singh is an artist.

Mountains of the Middle Kingdom: Exploring the High Peaks of China and Tibet by Galen Rowell (Sierra Club: $40). "This is not a mountain book," Rowell hastens to explain. Indeed, despite the slightly off-putting title, it is not just for dedicated climbers like Rowell, a Berkeley photojournalist of considerable talent and a veteran of 1,000 climbs.

Rowell made four visits to China's mountainous West and brought back awesome color photographs of snowy Tibetan peaks, "a vision off the scale of my experience," together with portraits of a people going about the task of living in this isolated and rather forbidding land. Along the way, he recorded a few observations that, Rowell says, ensure he'll "never get a visa to travel in China again." Of the Tibetan monks, he observes, "Their avarice was as unchanged as their appearance." Rowell thinks of his journey as a rediscovery of territory earlier charted by men such as George Leigh Mallory, first to explain

Please Turn to Page 14

much of an adventure, they traveled by commercial plane and ship and nothing truly extraordinary ever seemed to happen. The narrative is Temple and Nancy Fielding on their worst day. But nothing is left out, not the price of a hotel room nor the observation that a flight attendant served coffee.

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D. 315,000 — S. 435,000
PORTLAND METROPOLITAN AREA

Ivan Doig's love for a transplanted home

Northwest Pages

By Paul Pintarich
Book review editor, The Oregonian

"All the obliques of our valley life seemed to have been erased and redrawn here as ruler-edged plateaus of grassland, furrowed panels of grainfield, arrowing roads, creeks nosing quick and bright from the Rockies ..."
— Ivan Doig, "This House of Sky"

SEATTLE — This house of Ivan Doig's in Seattle sits under a gray sky, its twisted, cramped surburban neighborhood incongruous with the psyche of a writer native to the expansive, Big Sky country of Montana.

Yet Doig's smiles remain as broad as summer prairies. During the past five years he has accepted his increasingly respected position as a "Northwest" writer, having left his home pasture to handle — quite successfully — themes indigenous to nearby gray, rocky, fog-bound coasts.

Proof is in the awards that insulate the comfortable writing room he shares with his wife, Carol, who teaches communications at Shoreline Community College.

"This House of Sky" is an autobiographical account of Doig's youth in remote Montana, where he was raised by his widowed father and grandmother, who were sheepherders. It was nominated for the 1979 National Book Award in contemporary thought.

The book won a number of Northwest awards, too, including the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association Award. It was chosen as one of the 25 best books about the region and as one of the best five about Montana.

Though not a popular best-seller, the work brought Doig national recognition as a fine prose artist. He subsequently proved his worth in his haunting, "Winter Brothers," a non-fiction accounting of historical Port Townsend, Wash., and in his highly acclaimed first novel, "The Sea Runners," set along the Pacific Northwest coast in the early 1800s.

"Winter Brothers" was the subject of a public television documentary, and both books also were winners of the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Award.

Most recently, with photographer Duncan Kelso, a fellow Montanan, Doig published "Inside This House of Sky" (Atheneum, $27.50), a black-and-white photo essay that discovers the essence of Montana in all its seasons. The book includes an introduction by Doig, and quotes from his first book accentuate the photographs. The reader may be startled to find how closely the pictures match the word images Doig has planted in the mind's eye.

Now Doig is writing a second novel, and this time he returns to Montana, introducing a teen-age narrator and a plot set in the late 1930s, the waning years of the Great Depression.

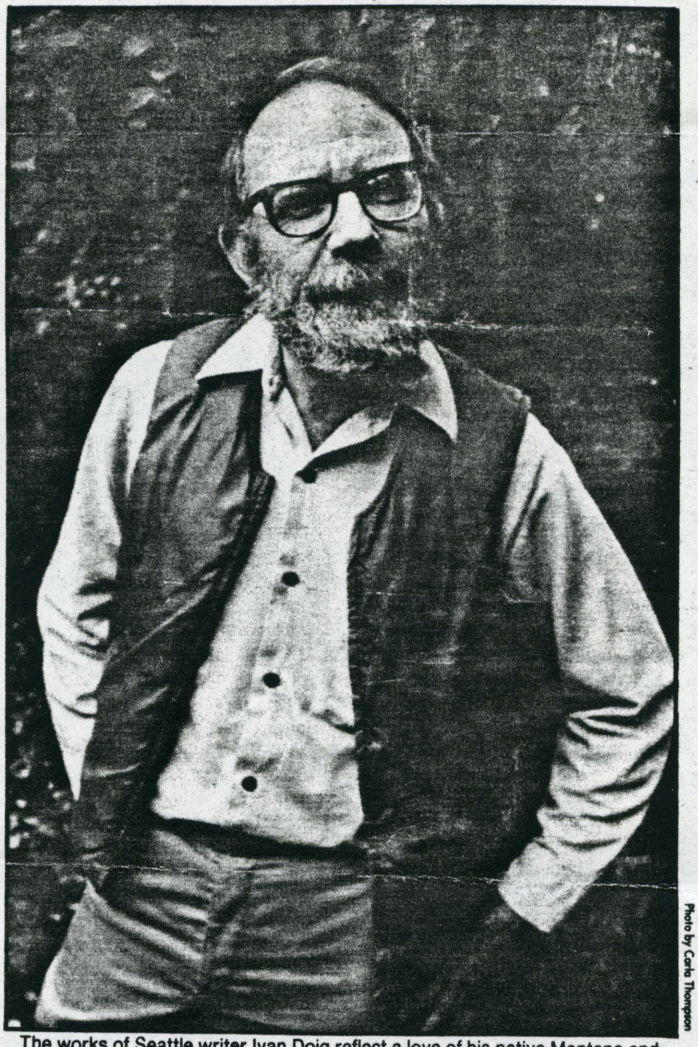

Photo by Carla Thompson

The works of Seattle writer Ivan Doig reflect a love of his native Montana and an extension of that love to his adopted Pacific Northwest.

"It's set in a fictional area of Montana that would be near where I grew up," Doig explains. "It's on the eastern base of the Rockies, between Glacier Park and Sun River. I feel it will be the first novel about Montana to be colloquially and historically accurate."

Doig, who has degrees in journalism and a Ph.D. in history, concerns himself with true depictions of the recent Old West. "This is a 'coming of age' story," he said, "and it is also a story of the people and the country. That's enough of a plot."

An intense researcher, Doig uncovered a trove of Works Progress Administration oral history files in Bozeman and tried to catch up with vanishing oral histories of people still alive. The novel actually is part of a series he has planned; the next will concern the generation of homesteaders that preceded his current novel.

"I'd like to write about all the generations of Montana. Time is running out for some who have some memory of the homesteading days."

Though underneath his insulated vest there beats the heart of a true Montanan, the 44-year-old author is quite comfortable west of the mountains. He visits Montana frequently, somewhat of a hero to the locals, and he says that being away from his home state actually sharpens his perspective.

"The last time we were there the people in Missoula welcomed him with open arms," Carol says, overriding her husband's modesty.

"Still," Doig says, "this seems the best place to work. I've written all my books in this house, and it's been very comfortable for me here."

The couple has no children, and they focus on each other's company. Doig writes without interruption (the phone answers itself) in the mornings, then takes a break and goes out for coffee, to see "other people" and to get some exercise. In the afternoons and evenings he often writes again. Carol, who shares his work space, meticulously edits his writing.

Doig is one of many good writers in the Northwest who work in almost splendid isolation, infrequently sharing thoughts and concepts, like polar bears rubbing noses on ice floes. All are as different in themes and styles as the Northwest's variegated regions, yet most have contributed work that is substantial.

Having these writers make their homes here is another advantage of living in the Northwest. Doig is one of the best. ■

Poet Alan Ginsberg — best-known for his once-shocking poetic litany, "Howl," and a contemporary of Jack Kerouac, Ken Kesey, William Burroughs, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and other survivors or non-survivors of the 1950s "beat generation" — will read at 8 p.m. Saturday, Nov. 12, in the Commons Building, Reed College. ■

Gary Gildner, who this year replaced poet Gary Miranda as writer-in-residence at Reed, has had a collection of his short stories — "The Crush" — published by The Ecco Press. W.W. Norton & Co. Inc. is distributing the book, released last month.

According to Gildner, the stories concern relationships people have with one another and with reality. The author has taught at Drake and Northern Michigan universities and has written under two grants from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Essentially a poet, Gildner has published several volumes of poetry and is a recipient of the William Carlos Williams prize. ■

The Seattle Times
12/4/83

send

Doig and Kelso describe Montana landscape.

"Inside This House of Sky"
Photographs by Duncan Kelso, text by Ivan Doig.
Atheneum.
$27.50.

by Larry Rumley
Times book editor

In 1978, "This House of Sky" by Seattle writer Ivan Doig described what it was like for a boy growing up in Montana with a minimum of material goods but a wealth of love. His mother had died, and he shared a home with his dad and his maternal grandmother.

The book won reader acclaim and critical acclaim.

Now Doig, with Duncan Kelso, Seattle photographer who also spent early years in Montana, has produced a photo-and-text portrait of the Big Sky country. Kelso, whose black-and-white photos capture the spare, at times bleak appeal of the state, said of Doig's earlier book: "It affected me like no other book I had ever read."

The 65 photos describe the open range land, the highways stretching to distant horizons, the whistle-stop communities that dot the land.

"Inside This House of Sky" is a happy meld of artistic talents and nostalgia for time past. Montanans, especially, should appreciate it.

SEATTLE, WA.
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NOV 7 1983

French frenzy firing up

City Lights

Michael Conant



Every Nov. 16, truck drivers in Beaujolais, France, gather at wineries for a traditional meal of sausages, cheeses and fresh breads accompanied by the first bottles of Beaujolais Nouveau. Later that evening a gun is firing, signaling that it is time for the drivers to load up their trucks with the season's new wine and cart it off to buyers.

The first trucks to reach Paris are greeted by revelers waiting at their favorite bistros. Similar scenes are enacted at the arrival of the wine in London and New York.

So on Wednesday, Nov. 16, The Seattle Art Museum is staging its own French madness. It's a $125, black-tie, five-course dinner party at the museum to taste five new wines (Beaujolais-Villages Nouveau, Georges DuBoeuf; Beaujolais Nouveau, Mommesin; Amity Nouveau, Amity; Beaujolais Nouveau, Nicolas, and Nouveau Grenache, Ste. Michelle. Reservations: 447-4677.

CLOUDY DAY — Today's shaggy dog story, friends, deals with the drenching rain that pelted the Puget Sound area last Thursday, tying up traffic for miles and flooding storm drains. All names have been changed, but the incident set down is true.

Two friends were lunching in a downtown Seattle bistro. At 1 p.m., Man 1 returned to work, but Man 2 stayed on to have another drink. One drink became two, then three, etc., and at 4:45 Man 2 called Man 1. Come join me, he said.

In the heavy rain, Man 1 walked from his office, more than a block away, to the bar where he found Man 2 with glassy eyes. You can't drive, Man 1 said. You are sloshed. Wait here. Whereupon Man 1 returned to his office in the rain, gave his wife the keys to his car and said he would drive Man 2 home.

Back to the bar in the rain he went — to discover that Man 2 had taken off. So Man 1 returned to his office in the rain, only to learn his wife also had left for their home in the Newport Hills area.

An inspiration! Man 1 remembered a friend, Man 3, who also had been drinking most of the afternoon in the bistro. He called up the bar. Wait there, he said. I need a ride home. Through the rain again Man 1 hurried to the bar, only to see Man 3's car pulling away.

But Man 1 was undaunted. Quickly he hoofed it to another bar where some of his co-workers met at day's end. Sure, they said, we'll give you a ride home. But first, have a drink!

Upshot is that a sopping-wet Man 1 didn't get home until nearly 11 p.m., where he received a chilly reception from his spouse, who expressed some doubt about the authenticity of his alibi. "I took all of this (expletive deleted) just for trying to be a good guy," says Man 1.

Moral: Most people know when to come in out of the rain; they just can't find a way to do it.

DOIG'S COUNTRY — In 1978, Seattle writer Ivan Doig wrote a sensitive, searching memoir titled *This House of Sky*, a story about growing up in Montana that was nominated for the distinguished National Book Award in contemporary thought. Now he and Seattle photographer Duncan Kelso, who grew up in Montana, have brought together *Inside This House of Sky* (Atheneum, $27.50), a photographic tribute to the Big Sky country inspired by Doig's memoir. It contains some fantastic landcapes of the mind for replanted Montanans.

OPEN WIDE — Dentists aren't widely known for handing out a lot of laughs while they're messing with our molars, but Dr. William C. Colwell, a North End oral surgeon, is an easygoing guy who seems to have a quip a moment. Colwell is one of five selected by the special committee of Washington State University alums as a Dad of the Year, an award given to WSU grads or the fathers of WSU students.

In Colwell's case it's both. He and his wife were graduated from Wazzu in the '60s before he went on to further education and training at such prestigious institutions as the U of Maryland, Johns Hopkins U and Boston U.

Now their daughter Kristy is a senior psych major at WSU. Colwell, incidentally, specializes in oral-maxillofacial surgery, and as he says, "It's only fitting that we give you a mouthful."

TUBE SHOOTERS — An added attraction to Tuesday night's Seattle Supersonics-Phoenix Suns basketball game in the Kingdome is a halftime square-off between KING-TV personalities: sports reporter Carlos DelValle and Christine Currie, a reporter for the station's Saturday a.m. kid show, "Flash."

They'll participate in Celebrity Hotshot, a program designed to give exposure to Safeway/Pepsi's Challenge Hotshot, a national basketball program for 2½ million kids between 9 and 18. There may be no such thing as an underdog in the halftime tilt, but it's a chance to root for your favorite undercelebrity.

Camera safaris from the Victorian Age to latter-day America

PHOTOGRAPHY
John Alderson

Documentary and fine arts volumes dominate photography titles this season:

In America (Knopf, $35) is Eve Arnold's quietly honest, thoughtful record in text and pictures of a two-year odyssey across the land from which she has been mostly absent for 20 years. She handles her camera brilliantly, never forcing pictures but always seeming to capture an instant of substance. America is just too vast to crack in two years, however, and the project seems ultimately to be overambitious and superficial. Yet she has frequently captured the disarming flavor of real people, like a woman miner in Kentucky: "They think women should be home looking after house and baby, but my baby weighs 220 pounds. I think every woman oughta try the mine."

Masters of Early Travel Photography, by Rainer Fabian and Hans-Christian Adam (Vendome, $50). Arrogantly sure of his cultural supremacy, the white man went out in style to record exotic wonders in the latter 19th and early 20th century. The authors have augmented excellent photographs with informative historical and biographical information on Egypt, the Orient, Brazil, Greenland, the Middle East and the vast American West, and the camera adventurers who brought them into Victorian parlors.

Inside This House of Sky, by Duncan Kelso (Atheneum, $27.50). There is a powerful lot of space and sky in Montana, and Kelso's stark black-and-white photos explore the vast, mysterious country that first inspired Ivan Doig to write *This House of Sky*, a volume that deeply touched Kelso. While his vision is sensitive and the landscape impressive, the harsh contrast and grainy appearance of Kelso's pictures seem to diminish rather than enhance the vast Montana skyscape.

Dead Tech: A Guide to the Archaeology of Tomorrow, by Manfred Hamm and Rolf Steinberg (Sierra Club, $14.95). This thought-provoking volume reminds us that while time waits for no man, it is even less patient with his creations. As technology advances ever more rapidly, the march of outdated hardware to the scrap heap becomes ever faster in turn. The ruins of the 20th century industrial state—from the Maginot Line to abandoned nuclear power facilities—lie in silent, crumbling eloquence before Hamm's camera.



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The Joy of Photographing People, by the editors of Eastman Kodak (Addison-Wesley, $14.95). This practical and colorful 240-page paperback combines a mixed bag of people pictures with technical and aesthetic tips about lighting, equipment, exposure and composition for effective pictures.

Karsh: A 50-Year Retrospective, by Yousuf Karsh (New York Graphic Society, $50). Yousuf Karsh is the dean of portraiture of Canada, and this new book is full of anecdotes of the photographer's sessions with famous artists, statesmen and scholars throughout his career. His formal, contrasty photographic style often displays a sitter's light-sculpted features against a darker, receding background.

Snowdon Sittings 1979-1983, by Lord Snowdon (Harper & Row, $20). These portraits are less static, lighter in tone and less formal than Karsh's. A perceptive introduction by John Mortimer describes the photographer's search for " . . . a truth sought in a long sitting, on a wooden chair in a small daylit studio, accompanied by a good deal of silence; a slow process in which both the sitter and the photographer set off in nervous pursuit of a look or a gesture which will, so far as these things can, reveal a life, or at least betray some careful concealment."

A Celebration of the 80s, by Nancy Rica Schiff (Abrams, $17.50) is a collection of straightforwardly unpretentious portraits of some noteworthy people whose verve and energy have carried them beyond four score years. Sadly, a few have died while the book was in production (including George Halas), but the point remains clear that age needn't be a barrier to continued zest and a productive life.

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Budget picks for gourmets, bird lovers and readers of all sorts

PAPERBACKS
Peggy Constantine

Softcover titles to give for Christmas:

Mastering the Art of French Cooking, by Julia Child (Knopf, $12.95 each or boxed, $25.95). The famous 1961 and 1970 cookbooks are updated with new gadgetry for these first paperback editions. The descriptions of elaborate meals—turkey quenelles for Christmas perhaps—are simple reading.

Schindler's List, by Thomas Keneally (Penguin, $5.95). A powerful, uplifting documentary novel about a German industrialist who saved the lives of more than 1,000 Jews during World War II.

There are many stunning reference books a recipient can use over and over, a good reason to give a book. Knopf has just issued two beautifully produced sets of notable references. The first is a three-volume Audubon Society **Master Guide to Birding**, containing descriptions with 1,438 color photos or paintings of 835 North American species. Single volumes, each $13.95, are **Loons to Sandpipers, Gulls to Dippers** and **Old World Warblers to Sparrows**, but bird watchers will need the whole set edited by John Farrand Jr.

Knopf also offers four new titles in its Guides to American Antiques series. New titles, each $13.95, are Jane Shadel Spillman's **Glass 2**, Wendy Lavitt's **Dolls**, William Ketchum Jr.'s **Pottery & Porcelain** and Robert Bishop and Judith Reiter Weissman's **Folk Art**. As do the earlier in the series—*Quilts, Furniture 1, Furniture 2, Glass 1*—these new volumes offer visual keys, current prices and collecting tips.

A sure winner is Judith Martin's funny but thoroughly useful **Miss Manners' Guide to Excruciatingly Correct Behavior** (Warner, $10.95). For the film buff, **The Movie Quote Book**, by Harry Haun (Harper & Row, $9.95) puts down in ink all those famous lines you never can quite remember.

Other useful references: **English: 1,000 Most Effective Words**, by Norman W. Schur (Ballantine, $2.95), which tells the right way to use rare words, and **The 637 Best Things Anybody Ever Said**, by Robert Byrne (Ballantine, $2.95), containing silly and serious quotes on life, death, love and sex, all good fun for reading aloud.

Five distinguished biographies are available: Robert A. Caro's **Paths to Power** (Vintage, $9.95), the first of a projected three-volume *Life of Lyndon Johnson;* Vol. 4 of **The Diary of Virginia Woolf**, edited by Anne Olivier Bell (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95); Ian Hamilton's **Robert Lowell: A Biography** (Vintage, $8.95); Judith Thurman's **Isak Dinesen** (St. Martin's, $9.95), and Stephen B. Oates' **Let the Trumpet Sound: The Life of Martin Luther King Jr.** (NAL/Plume $8.95).

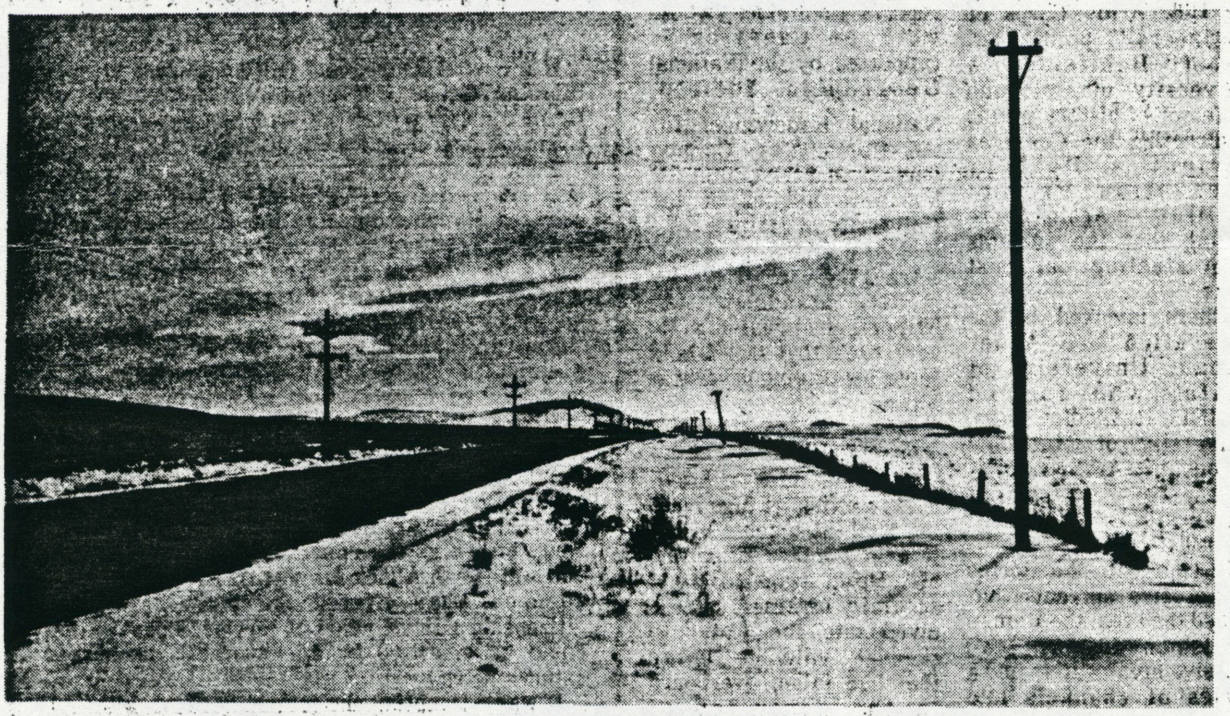
For short-story lovers, there are **Collected Stories**, by V. S. Pritchett (Vintage, $8.95); **Great Esquire Fiction**, edited by L. Rust Hills (Penguin, $10.95), and **Mystery & Suspense Stories: The Year's Best**, edited by Edward D. Hoch (Walker, $6.95). New from Bantam ($2.95) is **Short Stories**, edited by Irving Howe and Ilana Wiener Howe, a collection of 35 tales from Tolstoy to Garcia Marquez.

Then there are Sun-Timesman Mike Royko's **Sez Who? Sez Me** (Warner, $3.95), a collection of wise and hilarious columns from 1973 to the present, and the old-fashioned but marvelously funny **The Benchley Roundup** (University of Chicago Press, $8.95), pieces Robert Benchley wrote between 1915 and 1945.

Among the novels are are Judith Guest's **Second Heaven** (Signet, $3.95); Graham Greene's **Monsignor Quixote** (Pocket Books, $3.95); Bernard Malamud's **God's Grace** (Avon, $3.95); James Michener's **Space** (Fawcett, $4.95), and Jenifer Levin's **Water Dancer** (Pocket Books, $3.95).

For sentimental idealism, seek A. J. Cronin's **The Citadel** (Little, Brown, $6.95), a lovely novel to coincide with the current PBS television series.

Mining the Arts



Duncan Kelso's photos focus on the landscape of central Montana

Photos capture 'House of Sky'

Ivan Doig fans should find a book released by the publisher Nov. 9 might be just what they are looking for. It's another king-size slice of Montana landscape, this time in photos.

"Inside This House of Sky" is a photo essay by Duncan Kelso, a former Montanan who was inspired by Doig's book, "This House of Sky."

Doig's widely acclaimed, prize-winning book in 1979 detailed growing up in White Sulphur Springs, Ringling, Dupuyer and Valier. Kelso pictures these areas in Meagher and Pondera counties. Sky abounds, of course, in the many stark, hauntingly beautiful shots. Doig's text is borrowed for the scant captions.

Doig also has provided an introduction to the new book. Kelso, like Doig, now lives in Seattle, but the men did not know each other before Kelso found Doig's "House of Sky," and its captivating text led him back to Montana where Kelso also once lived.

Kelso is a freelance photographer, writer and environmental planning consultant. He worked as a photographer for Boeing in Seattle for five years, has been published in magazines and shown in galleries, but this is his first book. The publisher, Atheneum of New York City, is asking $27.50 a copy for the hardcover book of 65 black and white photos. Central Montanans will delight in many familiar scenes, sights which could have been viewed in countless other Montana areas.

Doig was a ranch hand, newspaperman and magazine editor before he notched his first writing triumph, "This House of Sky." It is believed by some to be one of the five best books ever written about Montana. Doig's 1980 book, "Winter Brothers," became a public television documentary. His first novel, "The Sea Runners," was published in 1982. Another novel set in Montana is due in 1984.

Book lists critics' unkindest cuts



"The most likable, tartly appealing opera-memoir since Sills' *Bubbles*"
—*Kirkus Reviews*

Photo: © 1983, Christian Steiner

"Gutsy, earthy, direct, passionate... *Marilyn Horne* is an American story," —SCHUYLER CHAPIN
"Magnificent"—LEONTYNE PRICE

Illustrated with 32 pages of private photographs.

MARILYN HORNE
MY LIFE

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65 awesome skyscapes and landscapes



This stunning book was inspired by Ivan Doig's classic prose portrait of Montana, *This House of Sky*. For this special new volume, excerpts from Doig's book have been paired with 65 magnificent duotone photographs by Duncan Kelso. Size 12" x 9".

INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY
Photographs by DUNCAN KELSO
Text by IVAN DOIG

"Full of gossip, anecdote and the inspired bitchiness of the intelligentsia"
—James R. Mellow, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

"Better balanced than any preceding history of the times and richer in characters... Wiser gives us almost everything and everybody...all the frantic activity, rivalry, and backbiting that went on during those crazy years when Paris was the center of many worlds."
—MALCOLM COWLEY



THE CRAZY YEARS
PARIS IN THE TWENTIES
by WILLIAM WISER,
author of ***Disappearances***
74 Illustrations

SHORT CIRCUIT



"One of the best... most timely...books ever written about tennis" —George Vecsey, *New York Times*

"The most shocking and intimate book ever written about a professional sport...a love song to the game of tennis and an indictment of the men who play it."—PAT CONROY

SHORT CIRCUIT
Six Months on the Men's Professional Tennis Tour
by MICHAEL MEWSHAW

"Wonderfully strange and funny"
—*Chicago Sun-Times*



Photo: © 1982, David Gahr

"Bob and Ray are still radio's greatest comedy team...Their humor is as marvelous in these scripts as it is on the air."
—*People*.

Illustrated.

FROM APPROXIMATELY COAST TO COAST...IT'S
THE BOB & RAY SHOW
by BOB ELLIOTT and RAY GOULDING
Foreword by Andrew A. Rooney



"Bob Greene is a virtuoso of the things that bring journalism alive."
—Tom Wolfe

Photo: Martha Leonard

"Wonderful, funny, lively."
—DAN JENKINS

"You just have to read Bob Greene ...do yourself or someone else a favor, and buy this book."
—MICHELE ROSS, *Atlanta Journal*

AMERICAN BEAT
by BOB GREENE

Atheneum

Read

ages of man.

"Inside This House of Sky — Photographs of a Western Landscape" (Atheneum, $27.50) was inspired when photographer Duncan Kelso read Ivan Doig's memoir "This House of Sky," a book nominated for the 1979 National Book Award.

Doig's captions evoke his memories of the vast, spare prairie and mountain country around White Sulpher Springs, Ringling, Dupuyer and Valier, the Montana towns of his childhood. The sharp contrasts of black-and-white photography convey the harsh beauty of the open land.

Jeanne Hamilton's photographs in full color make **"The Care and Feeding of Stuffed Animals"** (Abrams, $17.50) a charming gift book for all ages.

Glen Knape, an enthusiastic member (and probably founder) of STUFF, an anacronym for Stuffed Toys' Union and the Friends of the Furred, perpetrates all manner of delightful nonsense in his text accompanying the photographs of stuffed animals at home, at play, and even sick in bed (stuffed up?) but basically it is the whimsical Hamilton photos that sell this slender book.

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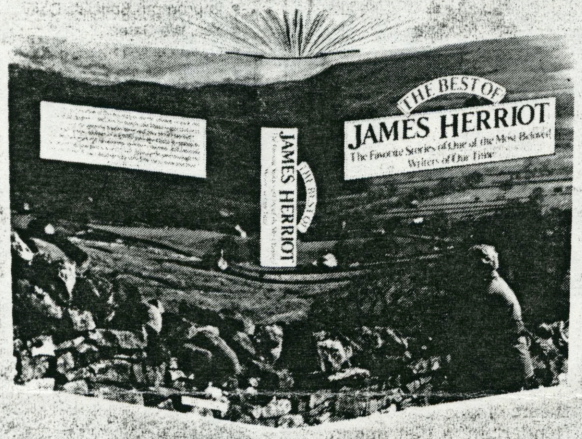

A total of 54 chapters chosen by James Herriot himself from his four international bestsellers, for the first and only time collected in one volume. 504 pages, 116 of them in full color. On almost every page, a vignette drawing, commissioned especially for the book, and informative captions focus on Yorkshire life, past and present. Measures a hefty 7¾" x 10", with gold-stamped, full-color printed cover. It's the perfect gift for any reason ... or any season. Just $19.95, hardbound. *General Books - First Floor.*

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SEASON'S READINGS

The Pick of Christmas Gift Books

Edited by Tim Appelo

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE

by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by Barry Moser
University of California Press, $19.95 until 12/31/83, $24.50 thereafter.

Last year, Moser and the University of California Press won the American Book Award for the design of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, and the hearts of thousands of readers. *Newsweek* called Moser's illustrations "as violent an antidote to Tenniel's quaint realism as anything that Alice imbibed from a medicine bottle." I happen to find Tenniel's illustrations disturbing and excellent, and I like Moser's very different, dazzlingly clear-eyed wood engravings as well. So no matter how you feel about the ancestral *Alice*, you're likely to enjoy this one. The helpful, hip-to-Freud but not overbearing preface and footnotes are by James Kincaid. You can get last year's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and the current *Through the Looking Glass* in a boxed set for $38.50.

As for the difference between the two Alices, listen to Kincaid: "Alice flings herself down the rabbit-hole and into Wonderland in May; in November of that same year she glides into the Looking-Glass. . . . *Through the Looking Glass* seems an immeasurably *older* book than *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. For Alice, the story is a magic potion to ward off the storm-wind of adulthood and death." For Carroll, it is an attempt to ward off time, which steals his beloved young friends from him and makes them alien, adolescent, and remote: "there are few things in the world as evanescent as a child's love." According to Kincaid, for Carroll "words are a cabalistic stay against loss, growth, forgetting and betraying."

Keep this in mind as you read; and as you regard Moser's 92 illustrations, remember that he has used Richard Nixon as the model for Humpty Dumpty, and for the White Knight, one Lewis Carroll.

—Tim Appelo

THE HERITAGE OF BRITISH LITERATURE

by Graham Greene, Anthony Burgess, Elizabeth Bowen, Lord David Cecil, and Kate O'Brien Thames and Hudson Inc., $24.95

"Let me begin," writes Kate O'Brien, "with the hard saying that the best English diaries have been written by bores." This provocative opening to the fourth of five essays in *The Heritage of British Literature* pretty much reflects the first-rate writing, the energetic and in some cases heretical thinking of its contributors. Besides O'Brien on diarists, we get Elizabeth Bowen on novelists, Lord David Cecil on poets, and Graham Greene on dramatists; the essays were first published during World War II. For this collection, a generous array of illustrations, etchings, photographs, and bookplates have been reproduced, and Anthony Burgess has been assigned the thankless task of summing up postwar English literature in the Afterword. The result is remarkably entertaining and educational—a kind of *Norton Anthology* without the literature, a truly satisfying fix for the insatiable Anglo-literary addict.

—Ann Senechal

Moser's Humpty Dumpty: new design for Through the Looking Glass.



INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY

Photographs by Duncan Kelso, text by Ivan Doig
Atheneum, $27.50

This is not a reissue of Doig's remarkable memoir of Montana, but a tribute to it in 65 duotone photographs. It is not every book that could sustain such a tribute; *This House of Sky* practically demands it. The landscape is full to bursting with the emptiness that stretches from the Cascades to the Plains, a terrain as alien to Seattleites as Mars. Kelso's effort (with swatches of matching passages from *This House of Sky*) shows that in describing Montana, Doig wasn't just spinning pretty metaphors.

—Tim Appelo

LOUIS WAIN'S EDWARDIAN CATS

Edited by Michael Parkin
Thames and Hudson, $12.95

Louis Wain was renowned throughout Edwardian England for his anthropomorphic portraits of cats. Said H.G. Wells, "Wain invented a cat style, a cat society, a whole cat world." That world was the Edwardian one, tellingly depicted in this little collection. Parkin's brief essay accompanying the 62 color and black-and-white illustrations is intriguing, informing us that, among other distinctions, Wain created the

Doig and Kelso describe Montana landscape.

"Inside This House of Sky"
Photographs by Duncan Kelso, text by Ivan Doig.
Atheneum.
$27.50.

S. Times
4 Dec. '83

by Larry Rumley
Times book editor

In 1978, "This House of Sky" by Seattle writer Ivan Doig described what it was like for a boy growing up in Montana with a minimum of material goods but a wealth of love. His mother had died, and he shared a home with his dad and his maternal grandmother.

The book won reader acclaim and critical acclaim.

Now Doig, with Duncan Kelso, Seattle photographer who also spent early years in Montana, has produced a photo-and-text portrait of the Big Sky country. Kelso, whose black-and-white photos capture the spare, at times bleak appeal of the state, said of Doig's earlier book: "It affected me like no other book I had ever read."

The 65 photos describe the open range land, the highways stretching to distant horizons, the whistle-stop communities that dot the land.

"Inside This House of Sky" is a happy meld of artistic talents and nostalgia for time past. Montanans, especially, should appreciate it.



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Sunday Sun-Times 12/4/83

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Budget picks for gourmets, bird lovers and readers of all sorts

PAPERBACKS

Peggy Constantine

Softcover titles to give for Christmas:

Mastering the Art of French Cooking, by Julia Child (Knopf, $12.95 each or boxed, $25.95). The famous 1961 and 1970 cookbooks are updated with new gadgetry for these first paperback editions. The descriptions of elaborate meals—turkey quenelles for Christmas perhaps—are simple reading.

Schindler's List, by Thomas Keneally (Penguin, $5.95). A powerful, uplifting documentary novel about a

Knopf also offers four new titles in its Guides to American Antiques series. New titles, each $13.95, are Jane Shadel Spillman's **Glass 2**, Wendy Lavitt's **Dolls**, William Ketchum Jr.'s **Pottery & Porcelain** and Robert Bishop and Judith Reiter Weissman's **Folk Art**. As do the earlier in the series—*Quilts*, *Furniture 1*, *Furniture 2*, *Glass 1*—these new volumes offer visual keys, current prices and collecting tips.

A sure winner is Judith Martin's funny but thoroughly useful **Miss Manners' Guide to Excruciatingly Correct Behavior** (Warner, $10.95). For the film buff, **The Movie Quote Book**, by Harry Haun (Harper & Row, $9.95) puts down in ink all those famous lines you never can quite remember.

Thurman's **Isak Dinesen** (St. Martin's, $9.95), and Stephen B. Oates' **Let the Trumpet Sound: The Life of Martin Luther King Jr.** (NAL/Plume $8.95).

For short-story lovers, there are **Collected Stories**, by V. S. Pritchett (Vintage, $8.95); **Great Esquire Fiction**, edited by L. Rust Hills (Penguin, $10.95), and **Mystery & Suspense Stories: The Year's Best**, edited by Edward D. Hoch (Walker, $6.95). New from Bantam ($2.95) is **Short Stories**, edited by Irving Howe and Ilana Wiener Howe, a collection of 35 tales from Tolstoy to Garcia Marquez.

Then there are Sun-Timesman Mike Royko's **Sez Who? Sez Me** (Warner, $3.95), a collection of wise and

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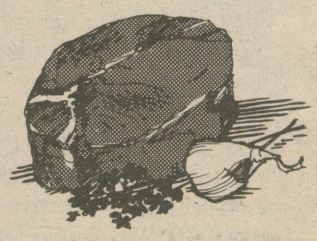

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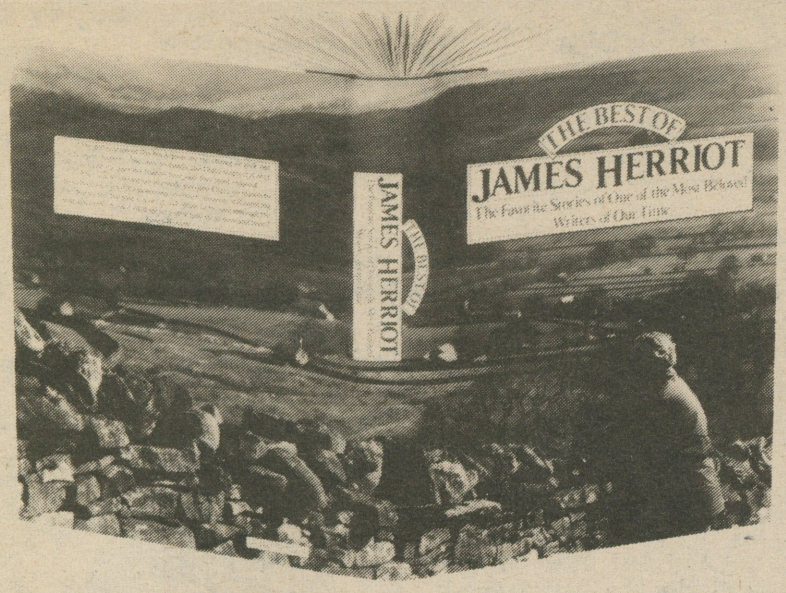

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SEASON'S READINGS

The Pick of Christmas Gift Books

Edited by Tim Appelo

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE

by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by Barry Moser
University of California Press, $19.95 until 12/31/83, $24.50 thereafter.

Last year, Moser and the University of California Press won the American Book Award for the design of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, and the hearts of thousands of readers. *Newsweek* called Moser's illustrations "as violent an antidote to Tenniel's quaint realism as anything that Alice imbibed from a medicine bottle." I happen to find Tenniel's illustrations disturbing and excellent, and I like Moser's very different, dazzlingly clear-eyed wood engravings as well. So no matter how you feel about the ancestral *Alice*, you're likely to enjoy this one. The helpful, hip-to-Freud but not overbearing preface and footnotes are by James Kincaid. You can get last year's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and the current *Through the Looking Glass* in a boxed set for $38.50.

As for the difference between the two Alices, listen to Kincaid: "Alice flings herself down the rabbit-hole and into Wonderland in May; in November of that same year she glides into the Looking-Glass.... *Through the Looking Glass* seems an immeasurably *older* book than *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. For Alice, the story is a magic potion to ward off the storm-wind of adulthood and death." For Carroll, it is an attempt to ward off time, which steals his beloved young friends from him and makes them alien, adolescent, and remote: "there are few things in the world as evanescent as a child's love." According to Kincaid, for Carroll "words are a cabalistic stay against loss, growth, forgetting and betraying."

Keep this in mind as you read; and as you regard Moser's 92 illustrations, remember that he has used Richard Nixon as the model for Humpty Dumpty, and for the White Knight, one Lewis Carroll. **—Tim Appelo**

THE HERITAGE OF BRITISH LITERATURE

by Graham Greene, Anthony Burgess, Elizabeth Bowen, Lord David Cecil, and Kate O'Brien Thames and Hudson Inc., $24.95

"Let me begin," writes Kate O'Brien, "with the hard saying that the best English diaries have been written by bores." This provocative opening to the fourth of five essays in *The Heritage of British Literature* pretty much reflects the first-rate writing, the energetic and in some cases heretical thinking of its contributors. Besides O'Brien on diarists, we get Elizabeth Bowen on novelists, Lord David Cecil on poets, and Graham Greene on dramatists; the essays were first published during World War II. For this collection, a generous array of illustrations, etchings, photographs, and bookplates have been reproduced, and Anthony Burgess has been assigned the thankless task of summing up postwar English literature in the Afterword. The result is remarkably entertaining and educational—a kind of *Norton Anthology* without the literature, a truly satisfying fix for the insatiable Anglo-literary addict.
—Ann Senechal

Moser's Humpty Dumpty: new design for Through the Looking Glass.



INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY

Photographs by Duncan Kelso, text by Ivan Doig
Atheneum, $27.50

This is not a reissue of Doig's remarkable memoir of Montana, but a tribute to it in 65 duotone photographs. It is not every book that could sustain such a tribute; *This House of Sky* practically demands it. The landscape is full to bursting with the emptiness that stretches from the Cascades to the Plains, a terrain as alien to Seattleites as Mars. Kelso's effort (with swatches of matching passages from *This House of Sky*) shows that in describing Montana, Doig wasn't just spinning pretty metaphors. **—Tim Appelo**

LOUIS WAIN'S EDWARDIAN CATS

Edited by Michael Parkin
Thames and Hudson, $12.95

Louis Wain was renowned throughout Edwardian England for his anthropomorphic portraits of cats. Said H.G. Wells, "Wain invented a cat style, a cat society, a whole cat world." That world was the Edwardian one, tellingly depicted in this little collection. Parkin's brief essay accompanying the 62 color and black-and-white illustrations is intriguing, informing us that, among other distinctions, Wain created the

much of an adventure; they traveled by commercial plane and ship and nothing truly extraordinary ever seemed to happen. The narrative is Temple and Nancy Fielding on their worst day. But nothing is left out, not the price of a hotel room nor the observation that a flight attendant served coffee.

Inside This House of Sky, photographs by Duncan Kelso and text by Ivan Doig (Atheneum: $27.50) is a picture album, really, a collaboration resulting from Kelso's enthusiasm for Doig's earlier prose portrait of his Montana boyhood, "This House of Sky." Kelso photographed the places about which Doig had written, the plains where "the wind tries barbwire for a harp." Doig's Montana comes to life in 65 black-and-white landscapes and skyscapes.

Look Back on England by John Burke (Salem House: $16.95; illustrated) is for the dedicated Anglophile. The premise: that if it's London, this must be Westminster Abbey, but no one ever tells you anything about the non-monuments, the pubs with eccentric names, the paths that no longer lead anywhere, that the toolshed in an ancient cemetery once was a watchers' hut where families of the deceased kept a vigil against body snatchers who would sell to medical researchers. "England is one vast open-air museum," says Burke, who is a novelist and historian. An intriguing concept. The going's a bit heavy here, but there's an occasional gem.

Cradle of Mankind by Mohamed Amin (Overlook: $50) is the Nairobi photographer's record of life in Africa's Great Rift Valley, far North of Kenya. Here, on the shores of Lake Turkana, man may have taken his first heavy step. The foreword is by Richard Leakey, one of those attracted to the scientific community that formed there after multiple findings of prehistoric fossils. In the early '60s, Drs. Louis and Mary Leakey's finds included remains identified as the 1.8-million-year-old hominid, a remote ancestor of the human race. An interesting volume, with some good photos, including a study of a flight of great white pelicans passing above a crocodile slumbering on a sand spit. The author fears for the future of the warring, nomadic desert tribes who inhabit the area; at last, he says, "time has caught up with the people it forgot."

Beyette is a Times staff writer.

LOS ANGELES TIMES 11/15/83

Many Books Available for Holidays

By PHIL THOMAS
AP Books Editor

NEW YORK (AP) — Books are a pleasant way with which to observe the approaching gift-giving season.

They are attractive, informative and available in seeming-endless variety, thanks to the ...e year flood of titles issued by ... publishing industry to meet ...e holiday demand.

Coming in all shapes and sizes, many of the books are beautifully illustrated, and they deal with a wide range of subjects. Some of the many titles at hand are mentioned below.

Art books, for example, proliferate at this time of year and there are many, many handsome titles to select among.

An impressive offering in this category comes from Abrams, which specializes in art books. It's "Monet," by Robert Gordon and Andrew Forge. A biography of the French artist and a study of his work, the large volume contains 365 illustrations, 125 of them in full color.

Another handsome offering is ...'s "Fashion Drawing in Vogue," by William Packer. It's an out-size book and full of beautiful illustrations.

Other art books to select from are:

"Amphigorey Also," (Congdon & Weed) by Edward Gorey; "Contemporary Irish Art," (St. Martin's), edited by Roderic Knowles; "The Victoria & Albert Museum," (Viking) by Michael Darby, et al, and "South by Southeast," (Oxmoor House) by Ray Ellis and Walter Cronkite.

Abbeville Press is another house that specializes in art books, and among its offerings this season are: "Codex Seraphinianus," by Luigi Serafini; "Dance of Death," by Fritz Eichenberg; "Hockney Paints the Stage," by John Cox, et al, and "Canova," by Fred Licht and David Finn.

Other Abrams offerings for those interested in art include: "Anatomy of a Cloud," by Paul Jenkins; "A Treasury of the Great Children's Book Illustrations," by Susan E. Meyer; "My America," by Oscar De Mejo; "Dali by Dali"; "The Art of New York," by Seymour Chwast and Steven Heller, and "Alice Neel," by Patricia Hills.

With interest in photography continuing to grow, books about photography as well as books of photographs continue to be published in large numbers. Here are some of the recent offerings in this area:

"The Creation," (Viking) by Ernst Haas; "The Story of Photography: An Illustrated History," (Aperture) by Giovanni Chiaramonte, et al; "The World's Family," (Putnam) by Ken Heyman; "The Gardens at Giverny," (Aperture) by Stephen Shore; "Inside This House of Sky," (Atheneum) by Duncan Kelso, and "New York at Night," (Stewart, Tabori & Chang) by Bill Harris.

Other photo books include:

"John Lennon: Summer of 1980," (Perigee) by Yoko Ono, et al; "Masters of Early Travel Photography," (Vendome) by Rainer Fabian; "In the Land of Light: Israel, A Portrait of Its People," (Houghton Mifflin) by Rodney Smith; "Karsh: A 40-Year Retrospective," (Little, Brown) by Yousuf Karsh, and "People Mostly: New York in Photographs 1900-50," (Amaryllis Press) by Benjamin Blom.

Americans have been traveling abroad in record numbers, thanks in part to a strong dollar, but for those who like to hop about the globe while sitting at home there are plenty of books on tap to take the mind touring. Among them:

"The Chateaux of France," (Vendome) by the editors of Realities-Hachette and Daniel Wheeler; "Mountains of the Middle Kingdom: Exploring the High Peaks of China and Tibet," (Sierra Club) by Galen Rowell; "Royal Palaces of Europe," (Vendome) by Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd;

"The Ages of Britain," (St. Martin's) edited by Peter Crookston; "Royal Scotland," (Putnam) by Jean Goodman; "Paris," (Abrams) by John Russell, and "Britain," (Dodd, Mead) by David Gentleman.

For browsers interested in staying closer to home, there is a goodly assortment of books about America and things American. Among these titles are:

"The Railroaders," (Random House) by Stuart Leuthner; "The American Cowboy," (Harper & Row); "The Well-Built Elephant & Other Roadside Attractions," (Congdon & Weed) by J.J.C. Andrews; "Jefferson's Monticello," (Abbeville) by William H. Adams, and "Cowboy: The Enduring Myth of the Wild West," (Stewart, Tabori & Chang) by Russell Martin.

Those more interested in people than places have, as usual, a generous assortment of biographies, autobiographies, memoirs and reminiscences to select from. Some of these include:

"Kathleen Kennedy: Her Life & Times," (Doubleday) by Lynne McTaggart; "Vanessa Bell," (Ticknor & Fields) by Frances Spalding; "My First 40 Years," (Knopf) by Placido Domingo; "Fool for Love: F. Scott Fitzgerald," (Congdon & Weed) by Scott Donaldson; "The Best of James Herriot," (St. Martin's);

"Yuri Andropov," (MacMillan) by Vladimir Solovyov and Elena Klepikova; "Baby Doll," (Arbor House) by Carroll Baker; "Ben-Gurion," (Simon & Schuster) by Dan Kurzman; "The Enthusiast: A Life of Thornton Wilder," (Ticknor & Fields) by Gilbert A. Harrison; "Winston S. Churchill: Vol. VI," (Houghton Mifflin) by Martin Gilbert; "In My Mind's I," (Viking) by Michael Redgrave, and "A Matter of Consequences," (Knopf) by B.F. Skinner.

Others include: "Alma Mahler," (Houghton Mifflin) by Karen A. Monson; "A Personal History," (Atheneum) by A.J.P. Taylor; "Peron," (Random House) by Joseph A. Page; "William Saroyan," (Harcourt Brave Jovanovich) by Aram Saroyan; "Luchino Visconti," (Franklin Watts) by Gaia Servadio; "Brandeis," (Prentice-Hall) by Lewis J. Paper; "The Young Victoria," (Stein & Day) by Alison Plowden, and "The Great Marlborough & His Duchess," (MacMillan) By Virginia Cowles.

Likers of history and social history might cast an eye over the wide selection of titles available and see:

"The Gods of Greece," (Abrams) by Arianna Stassinopoulos; "Suleiman the Magnificent," (Franklin Watts) by Antony Bridge; "Postwar: The Dawn of Today's Europe," (Schocken) by Richard Mayne; "China: 100 Years of Revolution," (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) by Harrison E. Salisbury;

"The Crazy Years: Paris in the '20s," (Atheneum) by William Wiser; "Gold in Azure: 1,000 Years of Russian Architecture," (Godine) by William C. Brumfield; and "The Italians," (Abrams) edited by J.J. Norwich.

Those with a taste for theater, movies, music, opera and television might enjoy looking through some of the following titles:

"The Met: 100 Years of Grand Opera," (Simon & Schuster) by Martin Mayer; "Broadway Babies," (Oxford University Press) by Ethan Morden; "Louis Armstrong," (also Oxford) by James L. Collier; "A Year at the Met," (Knopf) by Patrick J. Smith; "Margaret Rutherford," (McGraw-Hill) by Dawn L. Simmons;

"The Golden Age of Opera," (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) by Robert Tuggle; "Rolling Breaks & Other Movie Business," (Knopf) by Aljean Harmetz; "Opera People," (Vendome) by Christian Steiner and Robert Jacobson; "Walt Disney's Fantasia," (Abrams) by John Culhane; "Operetta: A Theatrical History," (Doubleday) by Richard Traubner; "James Cagney," (St. Martin's) by Doug Warren with James Cagney; "Rita," (Delacorte) by Joe Morella and Edward Epstein, and "Great Hollywood Movies," (Abrams) by Ted Sennett.

There's a heavy crop of books for lovers of nature and the outdoors. Here are a few to take a look at:

"Galapagos: Islands Lost in Time," (Viking) by Tui De Roy Moore; "The Book of Sharks," (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) by Richard Ellis; "Seabirds: An Identification Guide," (Houghton Mifflin) by Peter Harrison; "Dinosaurs: An Illustrated History," (Hammond) by Edwin H. Colbert;

"The Doomsday Book of Animals," (Viking) by David Day; "North American Marsh Birds," (Harper & Row) by Gary Low and William Marisell; "The Marsh Lions," (Godine) by Brian Jackman; "Whales & Dolphins," (Sierra Club) by Stephen Leatherwood and Randall Reeves, and "Flowers From a Painter's Garden," (Abrams) by Paul Gell.

Military books continue to stream forth. Among new arrivals are:

"Eisenhower: Vol. I," (Simon & Schuster) by Stephen E. Ambrose; "Justice at War: The Story of the Japanese-American Internment Cases," (Oxford University) by Peter Irons; "Salerno: A Military Fiasco," (Stein & Day) by Eric Morris;

"Vietnam: A History," (Viking) by Stanley Karnow; "The Rise of Hitler," (Universe) by Simon Taylor, and "Rebel: The Life & Times of John Singleton Mosby," (St. Martin's) by Kevin Siepel.

The world of sports continues to attract many, and books about this area of interest include:

"Bear Bryant: Countdown To Glory," (Scribner's) by James A. Peterson and Bill Cromartie; "Winners: My 30 Years in Sports," (Abrams) by LeRoy Neiman; "Giant Steps: The Autobiography of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar," (Bantam) by Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Peter Knobler, and "Baseball's Great Experiment: Jackie Robinson and His Legacy," (Oxford University) by Jules Tygiel.

The stock market's record-breaking performance in recent months has drawn attention to the world of finance and numerous books about this area have been published. Among them:

"The Money Messiahs," (Putnam) by Norman King; "Macroeconomics," (Oxford University) by Wynne Godley and Francis Cripps, and "Making America Work Again," (Crown) by J. M. Davis.

If the book wanted hasn't yet been found, there are plenty of others to choose from. Here's a few of the many available:

"The Anatomy of Power," (Houghton Mifflin) by John Kenneth Galbraith; "Night Cats," (Congdon & Weed) by Anthony Taber; "Show Windows: 75 Years of the Art of Display," (Congdon & Weed) by Barry J. Wood; "Great Scientific Experiments: 20 Experiments That Changed Our View of the World," (Oxford University) by Rom Harre; "The Heritage of British Literature," (Thames & Hudson) by Elizabeth Bowen, et al; "While Reagan Slept," (Putnam) by Art Buchwald, and "The Taste of France," (Stewart, Tabori & Chang) by Robert Freson, et al.

HOBBIES and BOOKS
FOR AMS AND PMS
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AP NEWSFEATURES

Men spend millions each year buying romantic lingerie/ **D2**

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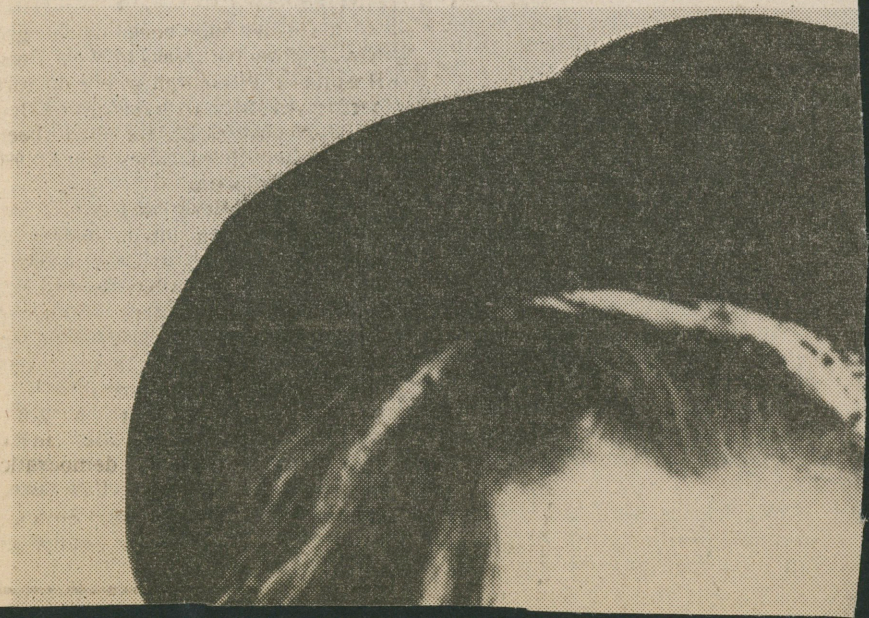
Britannia rules ai

British music jams U.S. charts as teens return to rock's fold



By Kurt Loder, Peter York and Parke Puterbaugh
Rolling Stone

We are in the midst of a new British invasion. The American charts now list more records by United Kingdom acts than at the height of Beatlemania, nearly 20 years ago.

— who dressed like some incongruous cross between Joan Crawford and Grace Metalious and who wore more makeup than most women — could capture the hearts and wallets of straight, young (not to mention old) pop fans around the world would have seemed remote.

But George and his band, Culture Club (rounded out by guitarist Roy Hay, bassist Mikey Craig and

...ude could
...sts

French frenzy firing up

City Lights

Michael Conant



Every Nov. 16, truck drivers in Beaujolais, France, gather at wineries for a traditional meal of sausages, cheeses and fresh breads accompanied by the first bottles of Beaujolais Nouveau. Later that evening a gun is firing, signaling that it is time for the drivers to load up their trucks with the season's new wine and cart it off to buyers.

The first trucks to reach Paris are greeted by revelers waiting at their favorite bistros. Similar scenes are enacted at the arrival of the wine in London and New York.

So on Wednesday, Nov. 16, The Seattle Art Museum is staging its own French madness. It's a $125, black-tie, five-course dinner party at the museum to taste five new wines (Beaujolais-Villages Nouveau, Georges DuBoeuf; Beaujolais Nouveau, Mommesin; Amity Nouveau, Amity; Beaujolais Nouveau, Nicolas, and Nouveau Grenache, Ste. Michelle. Reservations: 447-4677.

CLOUDY DAY — Today's shaggy dog story, friends, deals with the drenching rain that pelted the Puget Sound area last Thursday, tying up traffic for miles and flooding storm drains. All names have been changed, but the incident set down is true.

Two friends were lunching in a downtown Seattle bistro. At 1 p.m., Man 1 returned to work, but Man 2 stayed on to have another drink. One drink became two, then three, etc., and at 4:45 Man 2 called Man 1. Come join me, he said.

In the heavy rain, Man 1 walked from his office, more than a block away, to the bar where he found Man 2 with glassy eyes. You can't drive, Man 1 said. You are sloshed. Wait here. Whereupon Man 1 returned to his office in the rain, gave his wife the keys to his car and said he would drive Man 2 home.

Back to the bar in the rain he went — to discover that Man 2 had taken off. So Man 1 returned to his office in the rain, only to learn his wife also had left for their home in the Newport Hills area.

An inspiration! Man 1 remembered a friend, Man 3, who also had been drinking most of the afternoon in the bistro. He called up the bar. Wait there, he said. I need a ride home. Through the rain again Man 1 hurried to the bar, only to see Man 3's car pulling away.

But Man 1 was undaunted. Quickly he hoofed it to another bar where some of his co-workers met at day's end. Sure, they said, we'll give you a ride home. But first, have a drink!

Upshot is that a sopping-wet Man 1 didn't get home until nearly 11 p.m., where he received a chilly reception from his spouse, who expressed some doubt about the authenticity of his alibi. "I took all of this (expletive deleted) just for trying to be a good guy," says Man 1.

Moral: Most people know when to come in out of the rain; they just can't find a way to do it.

DOIG'S COUNTRY — In 1978, Seattle writer Ivan Doig wrote a sensitive, searching memoir titled *This House of Sky*, a story about growing up in Montana that was nominated for the distinguished National Book Award in contemporary thought. Now he and Seattle photographer Duncan Kelso, who grew up in Montana, have brought together *Inside This House of Sky* (Atheneum, $27.50), a photographic tribute to the Big Sky country inspired by Doig's memoir. It contains some fantastic landcapes of the mind for replanted Montanans.

OPEN WIDE — Dentists aren't widely known for handing out a lot of laughs while they're messing with our molars, but Dr. William C. Colwell, a North End oral surgeon, is an easygoing guy who seems to have a quip a moment. Colwell is one of five selected by the special committee of Washington State University alums as a Dad of the Year, an award given to WSU grads or the fathers of WSU students.

In Colwell's case it's both. He and his wife were graduated from Wazzu in the '60s before he went on to further education and training at such prestigious institutions as the U of Maryland, Johns Hopkins U and Boston U.

Now their daughter Kristy is a senior psych major at WSU. Colwell, incidentally, specializes in oral-maxillofacial surgery, and as he says, "It's only fitting that we give you a mouthful."

TUBE SHOOTERS — An added attraction to Tuesday night's Seattle Supersonics-Phoenix Suns basketball game in the Kingdome is a halftime square-off between KING-TV personalities: sports reporter Carlos DelValle and Christine Currie, a reporter for the station's Saturday a.m. kid show, "Flash."

They'll participate in Celebrity Hotshot, a program designed to give exposure to Safeway/Pepsi's Challenge Hotshot, a national basketball program for 2½ million kids between 9 and 18. There may be no such thing as an underdog in the halftime tilt, but it's a chance to root for your favorite undercelebrity.

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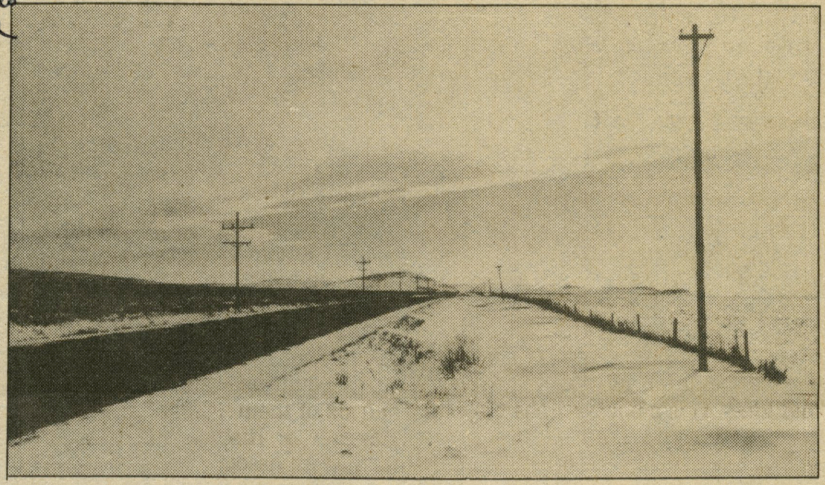
Kelso illustrates Doig book - in new one

By TERRY DWYER
Tribune Managing Editor

Great Falls Tribune



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In his first book, Kelso uses 65 black-and-white landscapes to capture much of the flavor of the Montana scene painted in prose by Doig in his original book. The new book is published by Antheneum Publishers ($27.50).

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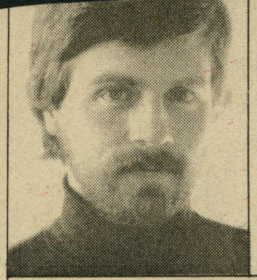

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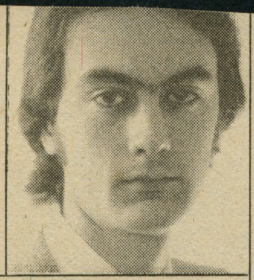

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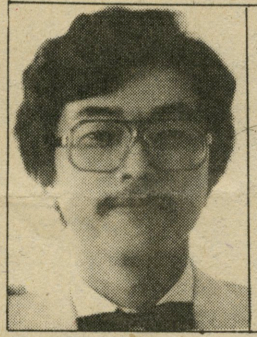

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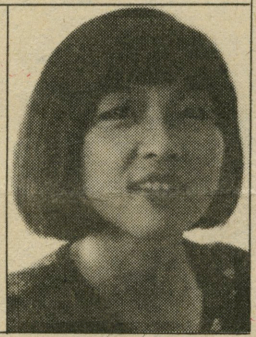

Wako Homma

Calendar rules

To be listed in Calendar, events must be open to the public and of general interest. Items for Calendar must be submitted in writing by Tuesday noon before publication. Announcements should be addressed to Calendar and delivered to the Tribune, 205 River Drive S., or mailed to Tribune, P.O. Box 5468.

ing with brilliant color, later attested to her green thumb and provided motorists with a pleasing sight as they passed her home on the north edge of Denton.

And next year she plans to do more.

"I just like things that grow," she explained. "Where I grew up, out at Bear Springs, there was no water. It was something to have even a dandelion bloom. We hauled water when I was first married too. This is the first time that I have ever had water."

When she and her husband Virgil moved to Denton would be able to irrigate her yard, the first thing she did was plan a greenhouse. It was built last spring, adjoining the barn. But before that, in February, she planted seeds in flats in the house.

"I really went wild," she said. "I had so many I ended up selling flowers (plants) to get rid of them."

By the time the walls of the greenhouse were up, Gluth's plants were almost taking over her home. "we just had little trails to walk through the house," she said. "Wade (her son) came home from school one day and found a wheelbarrow of soil in the kitchen. I fed the plants fish oil and nobody could eat in the house."

Gluth put out 500 tulip bulbs last fall, along with 57 varieties of iris. They made a splash of early spring color before the annuals were planted.

Weeding isn't as big a problem as people might imagine, Gluth said. "I plant the flowers so close together there is no room for weeds," she explained.

Water restrictions were imposed by the town of Denton during the month of August, but Gluth coped with that problem. "The flowers sort of shade themselves," she said, "and I put about eight inches of grass clippings on my vegetable garden to hold the moisture."

The vegetable garden, incidentally, covers 60,000 square feet. The sod was broken for it just last year. "We had quack grass and dandelion and beans all growing together," Gluth laughed. "I said we had the best weeds in town."

Calendar

Kelso illustrates Doig book - in new one

Great Falls Tribune

By TERRY DWYER
Tribune Managing Editor

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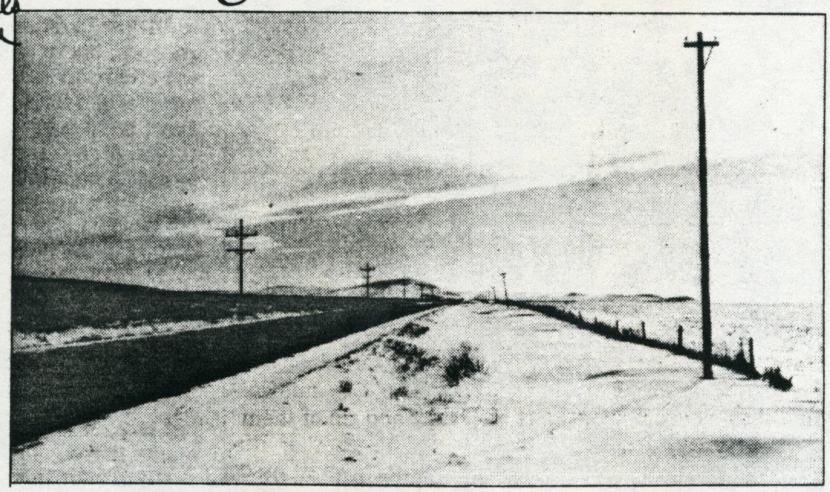

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"This House of Sky" was chosen by Pacific Northwest Magazine as one of 25 best books about the Northwest and by a poll of readers of Montana: The Magazine of Western History as one of five best books ever written about Montana.

3 Nov. '83

Dear Duncan--

Some miscellaneous INSIDE THOS stuff since I saw you a week ago:

--Liz called this morn, said the article fee is mine and the pic fee is yours, in the Montana Magazine deal.

--A note from Tom which I assume you also got, but in case you didn't: they'll run ads in the P-I on Nov. 27 and in NY Times Book Review Dec. 4.

--After lunch with you I dropped by both the Bix-Madore and DeGraff bookstores. Good news is they both had copies of INSIDE, bad news is the covers were mssed up. I wrote an immediate note to Tom, and suggested that if the cover problem is epidemic, they send a supply to the regional distributor, Pacific Pipeline, so booksellers can get replacements. Today I was in the U Book Store, they don't have their copies yet, but I asked them to let us know if there're cover problems.

--While in the U Book Store I came across Ann Combs, the P-I humor columnist and also an Atheneum author, putting her name in the U's copies of her book. Which reminded me, in case I or anybody else has never mentioned this: booksellers generally are happy to have authors drop by and sign whatever copies they have on hand. If you'd like to do so, don't hesitate to ask them if they'd like your John Hancock done. I'll likely put mine in, for the U District and Edmonds stores I frequent.

--And a review from the Great Falls Tribune, sent by a Montana friend. I'll pass a copy fo Tom.

best,

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

October 27, 1983

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

Dear Ivan,

There'll be an ad for INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer on November 27, and the book will be one of six in a full-page Christmas ad in the New York Times Book Review on December 4.

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS: agr

29 Oct. '83

Dear Tom--

Just a quick Halloween bulletin to you: some evil is haunting the dust jackets of INSIDE THOS, at least those that are getting to Seattle. Ann may have apprised you of the ruined jackets on the comp copies to Duncan and me; I suppose we can write that off to somebody having hired gorillas in the mail room. But yesterday I was in a couple of bookstores, and they too had jacket woes--all of the books at DeGraff Books came with torn or marred covers, and all but one at Fix-Madore Bookstore. I couldn't reach Rantala to see if he's been hearing this generally. But the woman in DeGraff's made what seemed to me a sane proposal, that if the INSIDE THOS jacket problem is ~~xxx~~ epidemic out here, maybe replacement covers could be sent to the regional distributor, Pacific Pipeline, and the store owners could thus salvage the situation. If this 2-disasters-out-of-2-chances is a statistical aberration, okay; but if it ain't, I thought you ought to be aware of it.

The occasion of my being away from the typewriter and in bookstores was lunch with Duncan Kelso, to mark INSIDE THOS publication. He seems in decent fettle, new job, etc. And things are hunky-dory here with me; if I don't break a finger I should have the final third of ENGLISH CREEK done by Thanksgiving, and then will spend a few weeks fine-tuning.

all best

Ivan

Mountaineer Duncan Kelso has produced for us a rewarding book, Inside This House of Sky. Published by Atheneum Press of New York, the book has excellent duotone reproductions of 65 of Duncan's sweeping black and white photographs of Montana along with excerpts from Ivan Doig's famous Montana book, This House of Sky.

Although not a mountain or wilderness book in the traditional sense, Inside This House of Sky is a stunning exposition of huge skies and vast open places which are surely wild and seemingly boundless if not wilderness per se.

The book will appeal to all lovers of open places as well as Montana buffs, Ivan Doig fans and all those interested in serious pictorial photography.

The book has a horizontal format, pages 9 inches high and 12 inches wide, which suits the flat and broad subject perfectly. As you would expect from the title the sky is an important element and a large majority of the pictures are skyscapes as well as landscapes. In some cases the sky is blank. Just right. That's the way the sky often really is; huge, wide and blank but it takes a photographer of some courage to print it that way. Especially strong is one of the pictures in the "Basin" section of the book where an old homestead site crouches under a blank staring sky.. Good stuff. After you've been through the book, the landscapes, the little towns, the lonely cabins and roads stretching off to infinity you come away with the feeling that you really know Meagher County, Montana.

19 Oct. '83

Dear Liz and Nancy--

Montana Magazine sent me the money for the INSIDE THOS piece they ran. So here's a photocopy, and my check for your fee. I've lost track of what the arrangement was on that piece. Was Duncan to be paid separately by Montana Mag for his 2 pics they used, or do I split the $180 remainder with him?

I did manage to make a Guggenheim application again this year, and the enclosed is the description of the project. Unless I get so sick of McCaskills by the end of this ms that I can't face any more, it's the novel I'd like to do next. More on that later, when I get this one done.

English Creek is going okay. I have about another month of shaping the final chapter, then will have to tinker for 3 weeks or a month with the entire ms--so I think the target is just before Xmas.

More later, or at least eventually.

best,

Ivan

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Helena, MT 59624

FOR

Mark O. Thompson

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26 Sept. '83

Dear Mary--

The first copy of INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY has come, and it is a very handsome job of design. As SEA RUNNERS was. It's a real bonus to a writer, to have his books come out looking so splendid.

best,

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

September 22, 1983

Dear Swan,

Hot off the press!

Best,

Lee

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

TELEX: 237767 CABLES: SCRIBNER, NY

July 12, 1983

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

Dear Ivan,

Just to double-check so that, when the time comes, we won't be in the position of asking these questions after we've agreed to a deal: Are the rights for the portion of text we're using in INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY free and clear from HBJ for paperback and book club editions?

I know you're away, but there's no hurry for an answer. I hope your Montana trip was good!

Best wishes,

Ann Rittenberg
Assistant to
Tom Stewart

21 July '83

Dear Ann--

Him I'm back from Montana, but still car-groggy. I don't actually know where the sub rights of INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY stand--I have found this business of securing permission for my own words very arcane. Would you check with Liz Darhansoff on the matter?

The Montana trip went well. I managed to write in a motel, in a borrowed bedroom, in a house up a gulch south of Helena--and collected some good scenery and scenes for ENGLISH CREEK. I'll pretty much be home the rest of the summer--back on a regular writing schedule next week. Best to Tom, wherever he be.

Ivan

18 July '83

Dear Mark--

Carol and I got back to Seattle earlier than foreseen, so herewith are the pics and captions to go with the EYE OF TIME piece. I hope they reach in time for doing layout.

I've had to substitute for one pic--of my on a trike and my grandmother beside me--because I can't come up with it; it must be floating somewhere in the other 499 family pics. To compensate, I've put in three other pics--total of 13--and also am including the negative of my dad and his brother in their 4th of July rodeo duds; the negative (unlike the print) has my mother's handwriting across the top, "Ready for the Big Day. July 4, 1928"

Two of the pics--#1, my grandmother beside the Jeep, and #5, me peering at sheep--are originals; guard them with your life, will you?

As to the author's note you intend to run with the piece, it's dawned on me that the title of my '84 novel, ENGLISH CREEK, probably shouldn't be mentioned until it's actually on the book jacket; you know the vagaries of editors. So how about just saying it'll be a novel, set in the country between Sun Riverz and the Two Medicine River during the Depression, planned for publication in fall of '84. Or however much of that you're comfortable with using.

Looking forward to seeing the piece in print.

best

cc: Nancy Meiselas

enc: 13 photos; 1 neg; 1 caption sheet.

captions for Ivan Doig EYE OF TIME pics:

#1--Bessie Ringer with sheepdogs Spot and Tip and the family Jeep, during a herding summer on the Blackfeet Reservation.

#2--A horse race by various Doigs and others, likely through the village of Sixteen.

#3--Author Ivan Doig's parents, Berneta and Charles Doig, at their sheep camp on Grass Mountain in 1934.

#4--Ivan Doig, age three, at the Jim Stewart ranch near Sixteen.

#5--Ivan Doig watches his father, Charles Doig, work sheep.

#6--"Ready for the Big Day" of the White Sulphur Springs rodeo, July 4, 1928, were brothers Charles (left) and Angus Doig.

#7--Charlie and Angus Doig on Angus's roping horse at the 4th of July rodeo in White Sulphur Springs, 1928.

#8--Charlie Doig (in striped shirt and bowtie) poses with three of his brothers (left to right: Claude, Angus, Charlie, Jim) and a neighbor at the Doig homestead near Sixteen in the early 1920's.

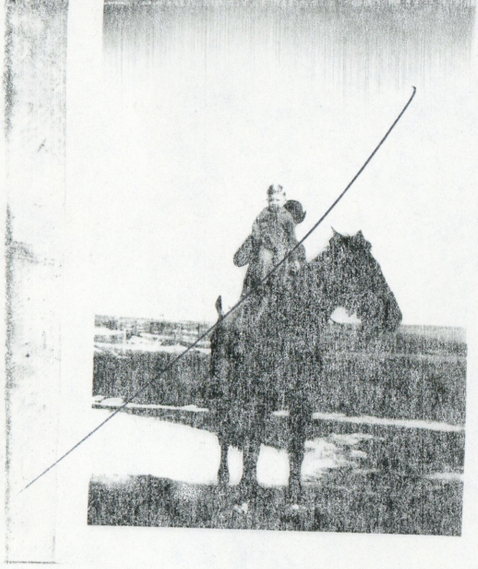
#9--Charlie Doig, (far left) with a ranch crew of the 1930's.

#10--Charlie Doig range-branding a calf near Ringling in the 1920's.

#11--At the Doig homestead near Sixteen (Wall Mountain in the background) author Ivan Doig's mother, Berneta (left) and his aunt, Anna Doig, pose in their go-to-town best.

#12--Author Ivan Doig poses with his uncle, William Ringer (left) and his father, Charlie Doig, and their winter's bounty of coyotes at the Stewart ranch near Sixteen in the early 1940's.

#13--Charlie Doig with the winter's bounty of coyotes at the Steward ranch near Sixteen in the early 1940's.



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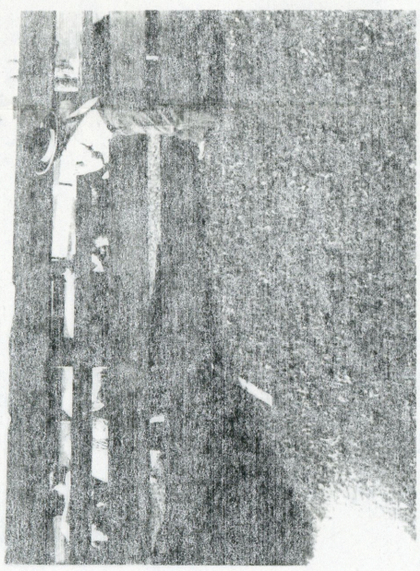

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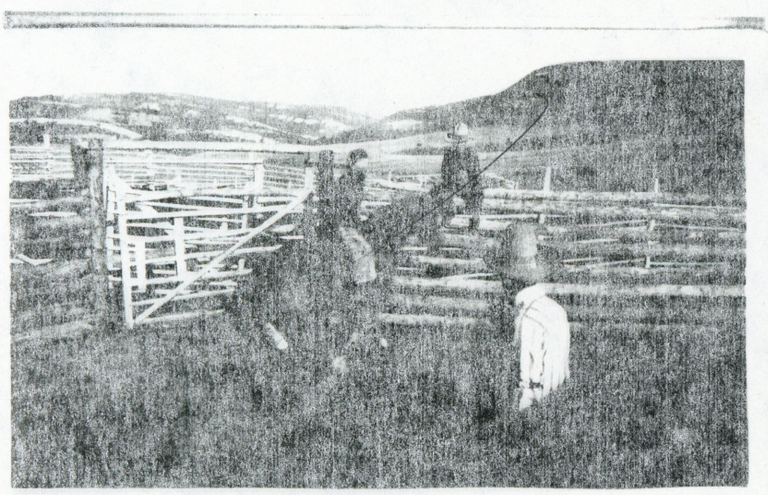

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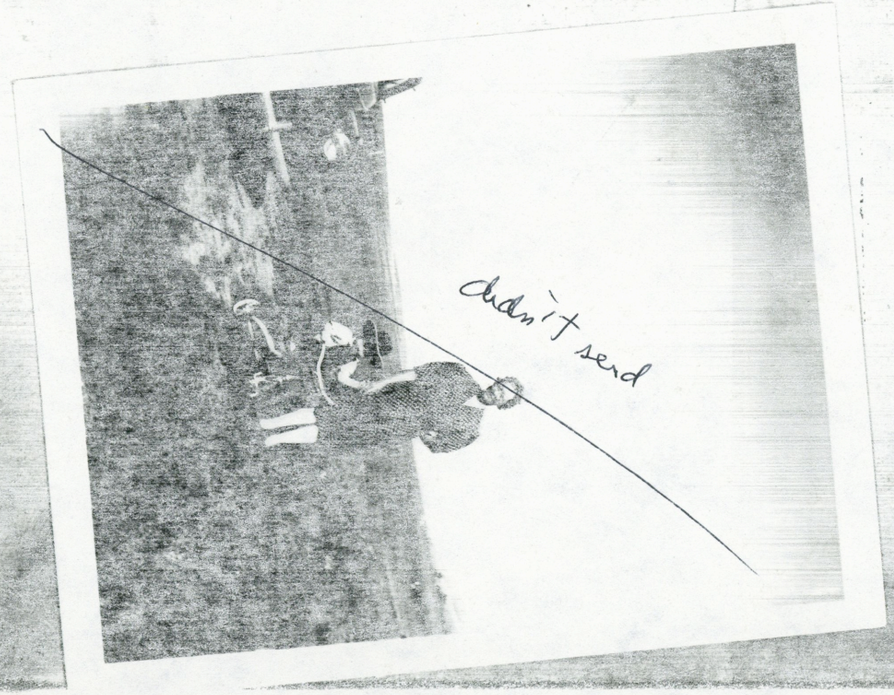

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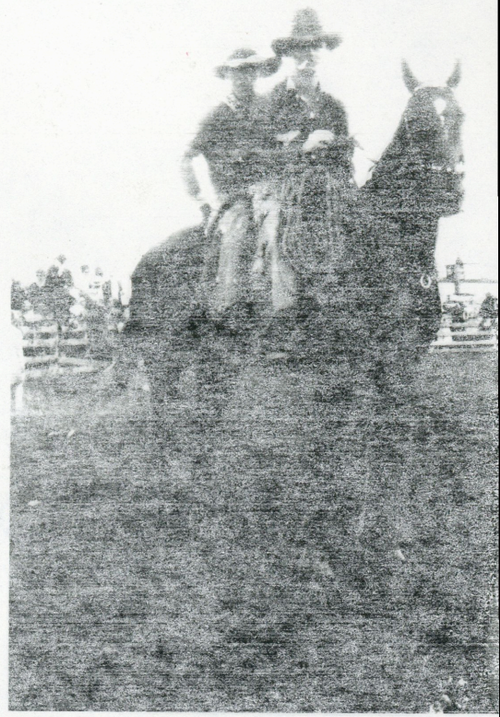

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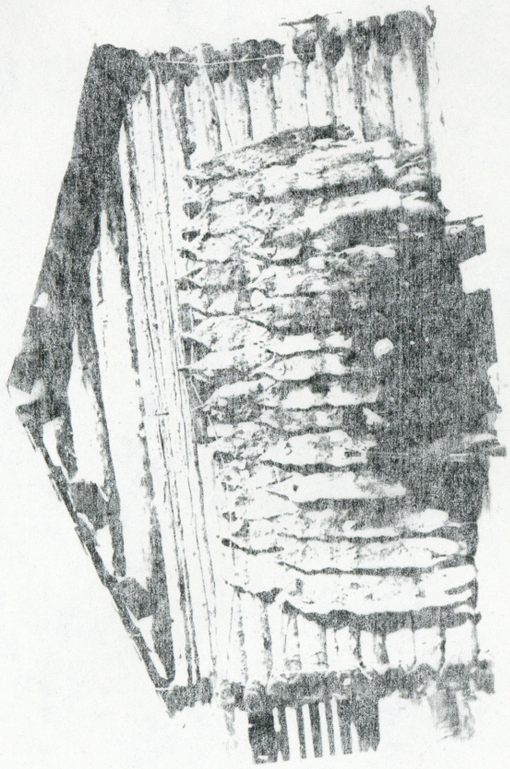

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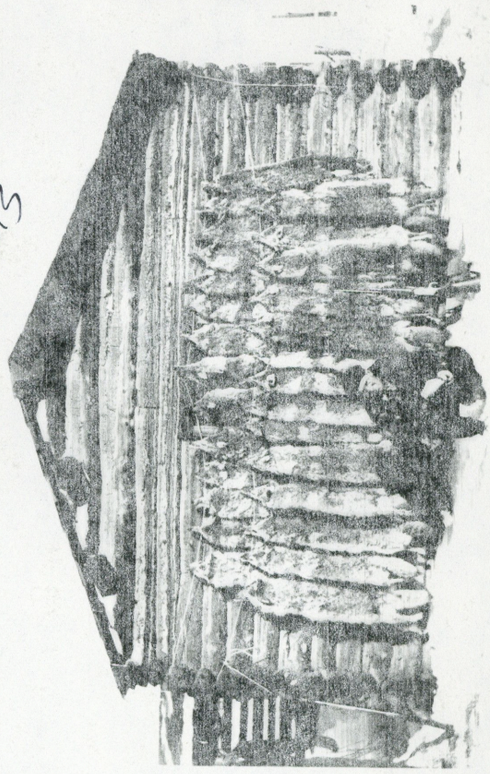



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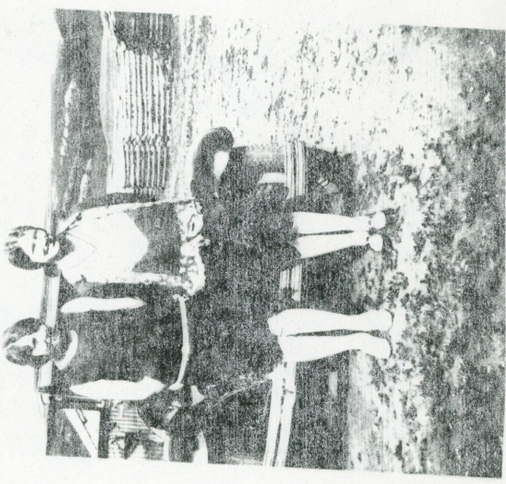

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Inside This House of Sky

Photographs by Duncan Kelso / Text by Ivan Doig

ATHENEUM NEW YORK 1983

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FIRST

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Composed by Heritage Printers, Charlotte, North Carolina
Printed by Eastern Press, New Haven, Connecticut
Bound by Kingsport Press, Kingsport, Tennessee
Designed by Mary Cregan and Duncan Kelso

FIRST EDITION

To Gerry and Charlie, who brought me to Montana,

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to come

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FIRST EDITION

To Gerry and Charlie, who brought me to Montana,
and Katy, who brought me Ivan

-D.K.

insert

And to three skilled builders of This House of Sky:

Carol Hill, Ann Nelson, Marshall Nelson

--I.D.

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The Eye of Time

The Eye of Time

Of the three of us, it was my grandmother who preserved the photographs, as automatically diligent as if she were canning garden vegetables to carry us through the white worst months of winter. The albums even had their own sort of cellar: the dark and dust beneath the bed my father and I shared. *Gee gosh, someday*—the announcement always meant under-the-bed diving was being done, she was retrieving one or another album in which to put this year's school picture of me as a startlingly pompadoured sixth-grader or one of my father in unbuckled overshoes beside his latest obstetrical miracle, triplet purebred Hereford calves, or of Grandma herself posed beside the Jeep with her beloved but fidgety sheepdogs, Spot and Tip, ambivalently atop the hood. A photo is its own moment, blind to the future. In those Montana years none of us had so much as a hint that the albums would be the main witnesses to Bessie Ringer and Charlie Doig and myself as I worked at the writing of *This House of Sky*, and that the *someday* when the four black-paged collections would have a handier existence on an actual reachable shelf is only now, in my house in a Seattle suburban valley.

What dumfounds me whenever I bring out this photographic poundage is that during the fifteen years my father and my mother's mother and I were a family, we didn't own a camera. The evidence of our existence does thin out dangerously during the middle of that period—not a single photo dating from the three years we spent on a bleak leased ranch south of Dupuyer; testimony unto itself, perhaps, about that woebegone damn place—but just often enough, somebody snapped a shot and thought to provide us a print.

It is the time before, the black-and-white era when my mother was alive, that the camera eye steadily took in Doig and Ringer family life. Two of the four albums were my mother's, her handwriting across the top of many of the photos. Blessed I am that she shared my habit of scribbling annotation. To me, the effective writing in this 1928 scene from *This House of Sky* is not mine but hers:

"It was the Fourth of July celebration in White Sulphur Springs, and they took the town. . . . That holiday's snapshots show up in a happy flurry; every scene has been braided to its moment by her looping writing. *Ready for the Big Day*: Dad and his brother Angus have doffed their black ten-gallon hats for the camera, grins in place under their slicked hair, and bandannas fluttering at their necks like flags of a new

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"It was the Fourth of July celebration in White Sulphur Springs, and they took the town. . . . That holiday's snapshots show up in a happy flurry; every scene has been braided to its moment by her looping writing. *Ready for the Big Day*: Dad and his brother Angus have doffed their black ten-gallon hats for the camera, grins in place under their slicked hair, and bandannas fluttering at their necks like flags of a new country. *The Wildest Bunch in W.S.S.*— seven of them from Ringling and the Basin are ganged along the side of a car, handrolled cigarettes angling out of the men's mouths, my mother and her cousin small prim fluffs in the dark cloudbank of cowboy hats. . . . There is another photo taken soon afterward, in which my father grins cockily, hands palmed into hip pockets, dressy new chaps sweeping back from his legs as if he were flying. On this one is written: *My Cowboy*."

My mother is frequent in the companion album, too, the one evidently begun by my father when he still lived off and on at the Doig homestead in the mountains above the Sixteen Canyon. Its pictorial record ranges from the Pacific Coast—Dad and Clifford Shearer, dubiously atop shoreline boulders the sopping winter they spent piling lumber in Aberdeen, Washington—to the Moss Agate ranch near Ringling where my father courted my mother. Small mysteries ask themselves whenever I go through these age-tanned shots. My father in cowboy hat and boots and with jeans rolled to four-inch cuffs sits on the front step of the log homestead house with his brother Claude and their riding buddy, Charlie Smith: what is the book Dad holds open in his hands, and why? Nine horsebackers are thundering pell-mell through the railroad village of Sixteen; one mount is being ridden double,

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2-Atheneum Pub. Kelso-14-16 x 24 Caslon . . mck
a colt trails another, a fearless dog is racing amid the
hooves, there is a boy in ~~a flat cap~~ bib pants running a crowding
second to the lead rider, who seems to be wearing a
white sailor cap. What event can this be? Which ram-
pager is my book-toting father of a few pages earlier?
Who of those homesteaders of the Sixteen country was
skilled enough with a camera of the time to capture
this cascade of motion without blur?

The large final album, my grandmother's, opens to a surprising sequence: my mother and father in pose after pose in front of tepee or tent. This time it is my father's words, spoken, which carry this part of their past into *This House of Sky*: "*The first summer there on Grassy, we moved camp fifty-eight times in the first sixty days. We had a brand new box camera we were awful proud of, and we'd take a picture of our camp-site every time.*" Fifteen of those sheepcamp sites survive on the front and back of a single album page, one or the other of my parents in front of canvas walls while the other clicks the shutter, and elsewhere in my inherited collection is the tantalizing shot of this bunch: both of my parents together, there on Grass Mountain that first summer of their marriage—it cannot be half a century ago, yet it is—the best picture ever taken of the two of them. By whom? Their camptender from the Dogie ranch? Johnny Gruar, the association rider on the mountain pasture adjoining theirs? My grandmother, one of the times she rode horseback the twenty miles from Moss Agate to visit?

The sum of the albums and their overflow is, by rapid count, about five hundred photos. The pictures go back as far as they can: a baby portrait of my grandmother, born in 1893. Then one of her holding my mother at the age of perhaps six months, in 1913. In my father's earliest, he is in his late teens—1916, '17, '18?—standing atop the woodpile with four of his brothers and his sister, Doigs nearly as plentiful as the firewood under them. My own appearance into all this seems to reveal me from the very start as a straddler of generations—at age three in 1942, riding a tricycle in one shot and a horse in the next. As ravishing a cast of characters as we are, though, edges and backdrops are what capture my memory. Old truths stand stark in lens light. That the rusty metal sheeting which covered the shed beside our house in Ringling made it the sorriest-looking structure in town, which is saying a lot. That Wall Mountain, its long cusp of stone on the horizon above the Doig homestead, still is as striking as any land form I have seen in the west of America. That around the log-and-chink homestead house amid sagebrush and shale, my Scottish grandparents put up a picket fence.

And it is a fortunate sum, for when I set out to write *This House of Sky* I found that photographs were the only consistent documentation there was of us. I possessed a few hours each of tape-recorded talk with my father and grandmother, but as to linear evidence of the course of our three lives, we inadvertently had

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And it is a fortunate sum, for when I set out to write *This House of Sky* I found that photographs were the only consistent documentation there was of us. I possessed a few hours each of tape-recorded talk with my father and grandmother, but as to linear evidence of the course of our three lives, we inadvertently had covered our tracks. When Grandma made a periodic attack on the muss of our household, letters were fed to the stove. Dad's dealings when he ran sheep on shares or contracted to put up hay usually were based on a handshake. I am the family's sole diarist (it perhaps takes three generations to make one) and I began at it only ten years ago, my father already passed from us by then. So it was more vital than I knew, that evening a year or so before her own death in 1974, when my grandmother and I put the labels on her photographic preserves. As told in *This House of Sky*: "Picture upon picture of my father and mother . . . brought sniffles or hard-swallowed sentences from Grandma, and by the time I had jotted my notes on the final page, the emotion she had been putting into the room had worn me out. *That should be enough for tonight*, I said in a weary glaze. She turned to me in surprise: *But we got these others to get through. Hadn't we just as well keep on?* And we did."

The camera continues to tell me much of what I need to know to write. When Carol and I were married in 1965, with her came the dowry of her elderly Argus C44. It had wandered Europe with her—undoubtedly sharpening the respect with which Grandma and Dad and I peered into its lens as Christmases were clicked

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3-Atheneum Pub. Kelso-14-16 x 24 Caslon . . mck

into commemoration—and suddenly our pictured selves were bright with color. The Argus studied my home areas of Montana for me for *This House of Sky*; the Olympic Peninsula of Washington for *Winter Brothers*; and for *The Sea Runners*, southeast Alaska and the Queen Charlotte Islands, where it caught a fatal dose of rain. Currently Carol wields a Pentax, as full of exposure lights as a traffic signal and with range-finding lines and arcs that would outfit a bombsight. The novel I am writing now needs a Montana town of the 1930's, and my wife and her pluperfect Pentax are its builders: houses from Fort Benton, Augusta's old square-front merc, a Choteau haberdashery, the creamery in Conrad. The town needs a setting, and she and her lens pal collect the mountains and bench-lands and creeks and coulees for my version of the Two Medicine country. Evidently we made more than one marriage at that ceremony eighteen years ago—the two of us, and typewriter ribbon and film.

There is one further angle of the camera in my life and work, and it is the unexpected veer of the lens toward me. Since the publication of *This House of Sky* I every so often will open pages into a book review or interview and find myself gazing at myself. The unlikeliest possible substitute for my words, yet evidently a fee that must be paid to the camera for all its previous help to me—my face for the world to see. Lately, with something between bemusement and alarm I notice that this bearded mug which is me keeps getting grayer and Scotcher. Yet why not. All said and done, a photograph is a knowing wink from the eye of time.

Now arrives the latest in *This House of Sky*'s lineage of albums: Duncan Kelso's picturing of the country of my book. The land of the homestead near Sixteen is herein, and Grass Mountain, where my parents began their married life with that sheepherding summer, and the Castle Mountains my grandmother lived in sight of during so much of her Montana ranch life; Duncan Kelso worked his feet as well as his shutter finger. Nor did he neglect either of the tiny communities which have been metropolises of the imagination to me, Ringling and Dupuyer; nor the fencelines where hawks sit sentinel and the wind tries barbwire for a harp; nor the magical Stockmen Bar in White Sulphur Springs, where Pete McCabe presided perfectly behind the bar and The Weavers on the jukebox wished Irene the greatest good night there ever was or will be. The best praise I can give Duncan is that his photographs have something of the same effect on me as those within my family's quartet of albums: I not only see his pictures, I begin to hear them.

Ivan Doig
Seattle, March 1983

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Introduction

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Shortly after my fortieth birthdayI found myself enmeshed in several crises that often accompany that milestone. While I was in a hospital recovering from minor surgery and devoting entirely too much thought to my plight, my wife brought me a copy of Ivan Doig's *This House of Sky*. The impact was immediate and, as it has turned out, long-lived.

This House of Sky affected me like no other book I'd ever read, but I could not explain my feelings. When I left the hospital, I called Ivan to rave about the book and to see if I could arrange to meet him. Although he appreciated my compliments, Ivan was deep in writing *The Sea Runners*, and as he was probably used to dealing with such undefined enthusiasm as mine, he suggested that I call back in two months. Frustrated in trying to honor Ivan's request, I wrote a letter, and was finally able to pinpoint some of my emotions.

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4-Atheneum Pub. Kelso-14-16 x 24 Caslon . . mck

A few days before entering the hospital, I printed some negatives that I had recently shot in eastern Washington, where I was raised. While writing the letter, I realized that Ivan's descriptions of the Montana landscape had evoked the same excitement that I felt watching my childhood valley emerge in the darkroom. Making the prints and reading the book took place in the same week, but were totally unrelated, except in the resultant images and emotions. The effect was so powerful I had to talk to Ivan Doig.

As agreed, I called two months later to tell him I was going to Montana to photograph his childhood landscape. He thanked me for the compliment, wished me luck, and expressed an interest in seeing the results.

As I left my familiar house of gray, sodden overcast, more commonly known as Seattle, for the house of sky, the total uncertainty of the outcome of this venture struck me. My arrival in White Sulphur Springs did not bolster my confidence in the project. The town was "unlovely but interesting," as Ivan had warned, the sky was as wet as Seattle's, and the drive had left me with a splitting headache. Many beers in the Stockmen Bar and the smell of wet sagebrush helped me slip into sleep with the thought that I would take things as they came.

The morning did not bring the expected sky, but I made the best of the all-too-familiar moisture and mist and drove a back road through the Castle Mountains waiting for the weather to clear. Around noon the skies dried and thus began three of the most high energy days I've ever spent. Armed with Ivan's book, a road map, and intuition, I found the haunts, basins, summits, and "places" of *This House of Sky*. The images in the book flowed one after the other. Ivan did not embellish a thing. Clouds and thunderstorms developed on cue to complete the picture.

My last night, before going north to Dupuyer, was spent on the summit of Grass Mountain, where I watched the Smith River Valley move through innumerable changes of light. I've spent much time in wilderness, and although Grass Mountain is not considered wilderness, that night changed my definition of vast.

I left White Sulphur Springs the next morning knowing that I had received more than I had expected. The experience around Dupuyer was not as powerful; still, everything was there as Ivan had written. The trip back to Seattle was a joy, knowing what I had on film. I was so photographically drained that I did not take one picture while driving through Glacier National Park, one of the most scenic areas in North America.

I relived the trip with each printing session as I made my way through the negatives. When the set was complete, I called Ivan, who consented to look at them. He also gave his permission for me to pursue a publisher for a book combining passages from *This House of Sky*

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I relived the trip with each printing session as I made my way through the negatives. When the set was complete, I called Ivan, who consented to look at them. He also gave his permission for me to pursue a publisher for a book combining passages from *This House of Sky* with my photographs.

Such a book would not be complete without winter, so in mid-January I set off again for White Sulphur Springs. My arrival this time was heralded by an immediate drop in the temperature to twenty degrees below zero. My car, used to the maritime influence of the Japanese Current, refused to run and the trip turned into one of survival. The residents of White Sulphur Springs took the weather in stride while I did my best to stay alive without letting on I was from the Pacific Northwest. I finally had my car towed into the warmth of a service garage where it was coaxed to life after a few hours of thawing. Since the forecast was for even lower temperatures I decided it was time to beat a retreat. On the way out of town I stopped a number of times to photograph, but I did not turn off the engine. The record was complete.

Many thanks to Ivan Doig, Tom Stewart, and Liz Darhansoff, who weathered my persistence, and to Montana, which has remained constant in the face of change and crisis.

Duncan Kelso
Seattle, 1983

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5-Atheneum Pub. Kelso-12-14 x 24 Caslon Old .... mck
Valley 6

Beginning when his legs were long enough to straddle a horse's back, Dad had spent all but a few years of his life riding out after cattle and sheep across the gray sage distances of the Smith River Valley and the foothill country hunkered all around it.

Valley 1

It is not known just when in the 1860's the first white pioneers trickled into our area of south-central Montana, into what would come to be called the Smith River Valley. But if the earliest of them wagoned in on a day when the warm sage smell met the nose and the clear air lensed close the details of peaks two days' ride from there, what a glimpse into glory it must have seemed. Mountains stood up blue-and-white into the vigorous air. Closer slopes of timber offered the logs to hew homestead cabins from. Sage grouse nearly as large as hen turkeys whirred from their hiding places. And the expanse of it all: across a dozen miles and for almost forty along its bowed length, this home valley of the Smith River country lay open and still as a gray inland sea, held by buttes and long ridges at its northern and southern ends, and east and west by mountain ranges.

Mountain 2

. . . the range to the west, the Big Belts, can cast some unease of its own on the valley. The highest peak of the range—penned into grandness on maps as Mount Edith, but always simply Old Baldy to those of us who lived with mountain upon mountain—thrusts up a bare summit with a giant crater gouged in its side. Even in hottest summer, snow lies in the great pock of crater like a patch on a gape of wound. Always, then, there is this reminder that before the time of men, unthinkable forces broke apart the face of the biggest landform the eye can find from any inch of the valley.

Mountain 1

. . . the Castle Mountains, seen so in the long light of time, make a goblin horizon for the sun to rise over . . .

Mountain 3

. . . Grass Mountain grows its trees and grass in a pattern tipped upside down from every other mountain in sight. Instead of rising leisurely out of bunchgrass slopes which give way to timber reaching down from the crest, Grassy is darkly cowled with timber at the bottom and opens into a wide generous pasture—a brow of prairie some few thousand feet higher than any prairie ought to be, all the length of its gentle summit.

Valley 9

The country's arithmetic tells it. The very floor of the Smith River Valley rests one full mile above sea level. Many of the homesteads were set into the foothills hundreds of feet above that. The cold, storm-making mountains climb thousands of feet more into the clouds bellying over the Continental Divide to the west. Whatever the prospects might seem in a dreamy look around, the settlers were trying a slab of lofty country which often would be too cold and dry for their

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Basin 1

A moment, cup your hands together and look down into them, and there is a ready map of what these homesteading families had in mind. The contours and life lines in your palms make the small gulches and creeks angling into the center of the Basin. The main flow of water, Spring Creek, drops down to squirt out there where the bases of your palms meet, the pass called Spring Gulch. Towards these middle crinkles, the settlers clustered in for sites close to water and, they hoped, under the wind. The braid of lines, now, which runs square across between palms and wrists can be Sixteen-mile Creek, the canyoned flow which gives the entire rumpled region its name—*the Sixteen country*. Thumbs and the upward curl of your fingers represent the mountains and steep ridges all around. Cock the right thumb a bit outward and it reigns as Wall Mountain does, prowing its rimrock out and over the hollowed land below. And on all that cupping rim of unclaimed high country, the Scots families surely instructed one another time and again, countless bands of sheep could find summer grass.

Basin 8

Until the Depression and old age at last forced him out, D.L. could be found there in the Basin, a round deep-bearded muser fussing over his prize chickens, sending someone down to the railroad tracks in the Sixteen canyon to fetch the jug of whiskey consigned for him each week, and asking not one thing more of the universe.

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6-Atheneum Pub. Kelso-12-14 x 24 Caslon Old .... mck
Winter 1

Those homesteading Scots families of the Basin—Doigs, Christisons, Mitchells, a few who came later—could not know it at first, but they had taken up land where the longstanding habits and laws of settlement in America were not going to work. For one thing, this: the homestead staked out by Peter and Annie Doig lay amid the Big Belts at an elevation of 5700 feet. At first, the hill country did pay off with its summers of free pasture. In the bargain, however, came Januaries and Februaries—and too often Marches and Aprils—of hip-deep snow drifts.

Basin 2

The homestead sites my father could point out to me by the dozen—place upon place, and our own family soil among them—in almost all cases turned out to be not the seed acres for yeoman farms amid the sage, nor the first pastures of tidy family ranches. Not that at all. They turned out to be landing sites, quarters to hold people until they were able to scramble away to somewhere else. Quarters, it could be said, that did for that region of rural America what the tenements of the immigrant ghettoes did for city America.

Basin 5

The young wife from Perthshire could hear the howling of wolves and coyotes—and worse, the splitting cracks of thunder when lightning storms cut down on the Big Belts. To the end of her life, she claimed she never could forget those unruly sounds of the Basin, nor its isolation.

Winter 2

It became the winter which the Basin people afterward would measure all other winters against. The dark timbered mountains around them went white as icebergs. The tops of sagebrush vanished under drifts. And up around the bodies of bawling livestock, the wind twirled a deadlier and deadlier web of snow.

Town 5

The Stockmen Bar started us for the night. Just walking through its door stepped you up onto a different deck of life. . . . Next door stood the Melody Lane, with a neon cheeriness about it which probably was supposed to go with the name. . . . It was the kind of enterprise better suited to mixed drinks than beer, and Dad and I seldom invested much time there.

Town 4

White Sulphur was as unlovely but interesting as the sounds of its livelihood. . . . Sited where the northern edge of the valley began to rumple into low hills—by an early-day entrepreneur who dreamed of getting rich from the puddles of mineral water bubbling there, and didn't—White Sulphur somehow had stretched itself awkwardly along the design of a very wide T.

Town 6

One last landmark from those years, the gray stone house called the Castle. . . . A man named Sherman had built it in

unruly sounds of the Basin, nor its isolation.

Winter 2

It became the winter which the Basin people afterward would measure all other winters against. The dark timbered mountains around them went white as icebergs. The tops of sagebrush vanished under drifts. And up around the bodies of bawling livestock, the wind twirled a deadlier and deadlier web of snow.

Town 5

The Stockmen Bar started us for the night. Just walking through its door stepped you up onto a different deck of life. . . . Next door stood the Melody Lane, with a neon cheeriness about it which probably was supposed to go with the name. . . . It was the kind of enterprise better suited to mixed drinks than beer, and Dad and I seldom invested much time there.

Town 4

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Town 6

One last landmark from those years, the gray stone house called the Castle. . . . A man named Sherman had built it in the early 1890's, with bonanza money from a silver lode in the Castle Mountains. . . . From a little distance, the three-story mansion with its round tower and sharp roof peaks looked like one of the sets of fantasy pinnacles which poke up all through that range.

Winter 3

The highway down the valley was bare, a black dike above the snow, as he drove the pickup to the turnoff toward Battle Creek. Then the white drifts stretched in front of us like a wide storm-frothed lake whose waves had suddenly stopped motion to hang in billows and peaks where the wind had lashed them against the sky.

Sky 1

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 that my younger self could imagine, a single great house of sky.

Town 1

Ringling lay on the land, twenty miles to the south of White Sulphur Springs, as the imprint of what had been a town, like the yellowed outline on grass after a tent has been taken down. . . . By the time Grandma and I moved there, Ringling stood as only a spattered circle of houses around several large weedy foundations. The adult population was about 50 persons, almost all of them undreamably old to me, and the livelihoods were a saloon, a gas station, a post office, Mike Ryan's store, the depot, and exactly through the middle of town, the railroad tracks which glinted and fled instantly in both directions.

PRINTERS PROOF
FIRST

7-Atheneum Pub. Kelso-12-14 x 24 Caslon Old .... mck

Winter 4

Grandma and I went into our first winter together. A small window faced straight west just above the head of my bed. . . . Now this window also told the weather, even without my looking all the way out; mewls of wind came sneaking under the sash, and on genuine blizzard mornings the sill would have its own miniature snowscape, tiny sifts white as spilled sugar.

Town 2

Shivery and caging as such blizzard weather was, it had to be admitted that Ringling looked much its best in a storm. The bald gaps between houses lost their starkness with windrows of snow gracefully coned between them. The very whiteness of a snowstorm came as a relief, a bright sudden paint over the worn town.

North 4

We came up over the crest and were walled to a stop. The western skyline before us was filled high with a steelblue army of mountains, drawn in battalions of peaks and reefs and gorges and crags as far along the entire rim of the earth as could be seen. Summit after summit bladed up thousands of feet as if charging into the air to strike first at storm and lightning, valleys and clefts chasmed wide as if split and hollowed by thunderblast upon thunderblast.

North 1

All the obliques of our valley life seemed to have been erased and redrawn here as ruler-edged plateaus of grassland, furrowed panels of grainfield, arrowing roads, creeks nosing quick and bright from the Rockies. The clean lines of this fresh landscape everywhere declared purpose and capacity, seemed to trumpet: *Here are the far bounds, all the extent anyone could need. Now live up to them.*

North 6

. . . Dupuyer lay tucked along a broad band of brush which marked its namesake creek. Off from either side of the highway, which doubled for an instant as the main street, a few dozen houses and buildings lined away, like a Ringling which had been ordered to close in its ranks and paint itself up toward respectability. The first of the town's businesses we came to had one sign advertising it as a gas station, and another declaring it a cafe, as if the enterprise hadn't entirely been able to make up its mind and decided to take on both jobs.

North 7

The state highway department sternly put up a white cross wherever an auto victim died, and some curves on the highway here north of Dupuyer were beginning to look like little country graveyards.

North 8

The Reservation country yielded two items: earth to navigate over, and the bunchgrass, sprouting like countless elfin quivers of white-tipped arrows, to nourish the sheep. All else of life

and redrawn here as paler-edged plateaus of grassland, narrowed panels of grainfield, arrowing roads, creeks nosing quick and bright from the Rockies. The clean lines of this fresh landscape everywhere declared purpose and capacity, seemed to trumpet: *Here are the far bounds, all the extent anyone could need. Now live up to them.*

North 6

. . . Dupuyer lay tucked along a broad band of brush which marked its namesake creek. Off from either side of the highway, which doubled for an instant as the main street, a few dozen houses and buildings lined away, like a Ringling which had been ordered to close in its ranks and paint itself up toward respectability. The first of the town's businesses we came to had one sign advertising it as a gas station, and another declaring it a cafe, as if the enterprise hadn't entirely been able to make up its mind and decided to take on both jobs.

North 7

The state highway department sternly put up a white cross wherever an auto victim died, and some curves on the highway here north of Dupuyer were beginning to look like little country graveyards.

North 8

The Reservation country yielded two items: earth to navigate over, and the bunchgrass, sprouting like countless elfin quivers of white-tipped arrows, to nourish the sheep. All else of life had to be fetched, if it first could be found.

Duncan Kelso is a photographer, writer, and environmental planning consultant living in Seattle. He grew up in Montana, northern California, and eastern Washington and has an affinity for the American west, wilderness, mountaineering, and Alaska. He was a photographer for The Boeing Company for five years and a teaching assistant in photography in the University of Washington's College of Architecture. He holds degrees from Dartmouth College and the University of Washington, and his work has been published in several Seattle magazines. This is his ~~rst~~ first book.

Ivan Doig was born in White Sulphur Springs, Montana, and lives in Seattle, Washington. 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. A public-television documentary has been made of his 1980 book, *Winter Brothers*, and his first novel, *The Sea Runners*, was published in 1982. He now is at work on a novel set in Montana, to be published in 1984.

insert

insert

The book also was honored with a Christopher Award and a Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association Award for Excellence, and chosen by a poll of readers of MONTANA The Magazine of Western History as one of the five best books ever written about Montana.

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

TELEX: 237767 CABLES: SCRIBNER, NY

May 23, 1983

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

Dear Ivan,

Here's a set of proofs of the text of INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY. One change is evident: on the contents page, you must be identified as the author of "The Eye of Time" and Duncan as the author of "Introduction"; and your dedication must go in, which means adding initials after each. Another set of proofs has gone to Duncan. We'll also have to make sure the copyright page is changed to reflect the copyright on the new material, yours and Duncan's.

I've thought and thought about ths snapshots, and finally think that it's not a good idea to use them -- that they're terrific, but that this book's illustrations ought to be all on the large scale of Duncan's photographs, that part of the point is his (and others') response, as a non-member of your family, to the story and the land and the people.

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart
Editor in Chief

TAS: agr

Duncan--FYL. Beyond what I've told Tom here, everything looks OK to me. Hope you're pleased with the big handsome look of the front matter.

I'm still putting together Montana plans, and I think it's simplest to just keep Liz posted of my whereabouts, should you need to get in touch with me about anything. Roughly, I'll be there 19 June-25 July.

What would you think about going together on a 27 May '83
signed copy for Tony and Noel, when we get books? (I guess you know that books usually are available a month or so before pub date. Pub date doesn't have much actual meaning, but if we can, we ought to meet for lunch. Life doesn't offer so many pub dates we can afford to ignore 'em.)

see you

Dear Tom--

Decision accepted, about not putting the snapshots in INSIDE (inside INSIDE?). The proofs look quite clean to me. I made one small change in "Eye of Time," in a way that I don't think will jiggle the line length any. I also put on these proofs the insertions for my dedication, Duncan and I onto the contents page, etc., just so you can have a record of whether we're operating on the same assumptions.

I did beef up my bio note with more HOUSE OF SKY/Montana mention. If there's any problem of length, I'd say cut the second sentence--the "ranch hand-editor-etc." stuff--or even the ones about WINTER BROTHERS or SEA RUNNERS; but we definitely ought to have in as much about the track record of HOUSE OF SKY as we can. Specifically, the Montana Mag of History selection of SKY as "one of five best books" is probably the best credential we can present; that magazine is the prime one of its kind--i.e., has an audience of West-lovers who buy book$--and its home organization, the Montana Historical Society, is probably going to be the flagship store for INSIDE; tons of tourists pass through the Society's bookstore across from the state capitol in Helena, and the Society's own members copiously buy books out of its Xmas catalogue. (several thousand)

And I tacked on the reference about ENGLISH CREEK "to be published in 1984" because we'd do well to start building anticipation of it. If you're uncomfortable with the '84 promise tacked on, untack it. But I'm entirely confident we'll have the book then, and it'll be SON OF HOUSE ~~SKY~~ OF SKY.

That's about all I know at the moment. Will be in touch before Carol and I hie to Montana on June 19.

best

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

April 27, 1983

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

Dear Ivan,

Here are two jacket proofs for you. Again, as in the xerox I sent, the background, or "frame," will be a darker, less silvery, grey.

Best,

Ann Rittenberg
Assistant to
Tom Stewart

Pacific Northwest magazine

May 11, 1983

Dear Ivan:

Here you go. My apologies for the slow return of these materials.

Again, thanks for thinking of me with this story; I sincerely hope that you'll consider the door open again in the future.

Best regards,

Scott Forslund
Assoc. Ed.

222 Dexter Avenue N., Seattle, WA 98109 (206) 682-2704

first North American rights only

Ivan Doig
17021 - 10th Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

The Eye of Time

by Ivan Doig

Of the three of us, it was my grandmother who preserved the photographs, as automatically diligent as if she was canning garden vegetables to carry us through the white worst months of winter. The albums even had their own sort of cellar: the dark and dust beneath the bed my father and I shared. Gee gosh, someday--the announcement always meant under-the-bed diving was being done, she was retrieving one or another album in which to put this year's school picture of me as a startlingly pompadoured sixth-grader or one of my father in unbuckled overshoes beside his latest obstetrical miracle, triplet purebred Hereford calves, or of Grandma herself posed beside the Jeep with her beloved ~~xxxx~~ but fidgety sheepdogs,

Spot and Tip, ambivalently atop the hood. A photo is its own moment, blind to the future. In those Montana years none of us had so much as a hint that the albums would be the main witnesses to Bessie Ringer and Charlie Doig and myself as I worked at the writing of This House of Sky, and that the someday when the four black-paged collections would have a handier existence on an actual reachable shelf is only now, in my house in a Seattle suburban valley.

What dumfounds me whenever I bring out this photographic poundage is that during the fifteen years my father and my mother's mother and I were a family, we didn't own a camera. The evidence of our existence does thin out dangerously during the middle of that period--not a single photo dating from the three years we spent on a bleak leased ranch south of Dupuyer; testimony unto itself, perhaps, about that woebegone damn place--but just often enough, somebody snapped a shot and thought to provide us a print.

It is the time before, the black-and-white era when my mother was alive, that the camera eye steadily took in Doig and Ringer family

life. Two of the four albums were my mother's, her handwriting across the top of many of the photos. Blessed I am that she shared my habit of scribbling annotation. To me, the effective writing in this 1928 scene from This House of Sky is not mine but hers:

"It was the Fourth of July celebration in White Sulphur Springs, and they took the town....That holiday's snapshots show up in a happy flurry; every scene has been braided to its moment by her looping writing. Ready for the Big Day: Dad and his brother Angus have doffed their black ten-gallon hats for the camera, grins in place under their slicked hair, and bandannas fluttering at their necks like flags of a new country. The Wildest Bunch in W.S.S.--seven of them from Ringling and the Basin are ganged along the side of a car, handrolled cigarettes angling out of the men's mouths, my mother and her cousin small prim fluffs in the dark cloudbank of cowboy hats.... There is another photo taken soon afterward, in which my father grins cockily, hands palmed into hip pockets, dressy new chaps sweeping

back from his legs as if he were flying. On this one is written: My Cowboy."

My mother is frequent in the companion album, too, the one evidently begun by my father when he still lived off and on at the Doig homestead in the mountains above the Sixteen Canyon. Its pictorial record ranges from the Pacific Coast--Dad and Clifford Shearer, dubiously atop shoreline boulders the sopping winter they spent piling lumber in Aberdeen, Washington--to the Moss Agate ranch near Ringling where my father courted my mother. Small mysteries ask themselves whenever I go through these age-tanned shots. My father in cowboy hat and boots and with jeans rolled to four-inch cuffs sits on the front step of the log homestead house with his brother Claude and their riding buddy, Charlie Smith: what is the book Dad holds open in his hands, and why? Nine horsebackers are thundering pell-mell through the railroad village of Sixteen; one mount is being ridden double, a colt trails another, a fearless dog is racing amid the hooves, there is a boy in a flat cap running a crowding second to the lead rider, who seems to be wearing a white sailor cap. What event can this be?

Which rampager is my book-toting father of a few pages earlier? Who of those homesteaders of the Sixteen country was skilled enough with a camera of the time to capture this cascade of motion without blur?

The large final album, my grandmother's, opens to a surprising sequence: my mother and father in pose after pose in front of tepee or tent. This time it is my father's words, spoken, which carry this part of their past into This House of Sky: "The first summer there on Grassy, we moved camp fifty-eight times in the first sixty days. We had a brand new box camera we were awful proud of, and we'd take a picture of our campsite every time." Fifteen of those sheepcamp sites survive on the front and back of a single album page, one or the other of my parents in front of canvas walls while the other clicks the shutter, and elsewhere in my inherited collection is the tantalizing shot of this bunch: both of my parents together, there on Grass Mountain that first summer of their marriage--it cannot be half a century ago, yet it is--the best picture ever taken of the two of them. By whom? Their camptender from the Dogie ranch? Johnny Gruar, the association rider on the mountain pasture adjoining theirs?

My grandmother, one of the times she ~~rode~~ horseback the twenty miles from Moss Agate to visit?

The sum of the albums and their overflow is, by rapid count, about ~~300~~ five hundred photos. The pictures go back as far as they can: a baby portrait of my grandmother, born in 1893. Then one of her holding my mother at the age of perhaps six months, in 1913. In my father's earliest, he is in his late teens--1916, '17, '18?--standing atop the woodpile with four of his brothers and his sister, Doigs nearly as plentiful as the firewood under them. My own appearance into all this seems to reveal me from the very start as a straddler of generations--at age three in 1942, riding a tricycle in one shot and a horse in the next. As ravishing a cast of characters as we are, though, edges and backdrops are what ~~xxxx~~ capture my memory. Old truths stand stark in ~~the~~ lens light. That the rusty metal sheeting which covered the shed beside our house in Ringling made it the sorriest-looking structure in town, which ~~was~~ is saying a lot. That Wall Mountain, its long cusp of stone on the horizon above the Doig homestead, still is as striking

as any landform I have seen in the west of America. That around the log-and-chink homestead house amid sagebrush and shale, my Scottish grandparents put up a picket fence.

And it is a fortunate sum, for when I set out to write This House of Sky I found that photographs were the only consistent documentation there was of us. I possessed a few hours each of tape-recorded talk with my father and grandmother, but as to linear evidence of the course of our three lives, we inadvertently had covered our tracks. When Grandma made a periodic attack on the muss of our household, letters were fed to the stove. Dad's dealings when he ran sheep on shares or contracted to put up hay usually were based on a handshake. I am the family's sole diarist (it perhaps takes three generations to make one) and I began at it only ten years ago, my father already passed from us by then. So it was more vital than I knew, that evening a year or so before her own death in 1974, when my grandmother and I put the labels on her photographic preserves. As told in This House of Sky: "Picture upon picture of my father and mother...brought sniffles or hard-swallowed sentences from Grandma, and by the time I had jotted my notes on the

final page, the emotion she had been putting into the room had worn me out. That should be enough for tonight, I said in a weary glaze. She turned to me in surprise: But we got these others to get through. Hadn't we just as well keep on? And we did."

The camera continues to tell me much of what I need to know to write. When Carol and I were married in 1965, with her came the dowry of her elderly Argus C4. It had wandered Europe with her--undoubtedly sharpening the respect with which Grandma and Dad and I peered into its lens as Christmases were clicked into commemoration--and suddenly our pictured selves were bright with color. The Argus studied my home areas of Montana for me for This House of Sky; the Olympic Peninsula of Washington for Winter Brothers; and for The Sea Runners, southeast Alaska and the Queen Charlotte Islands, where it caught a fatal dose of rain. Currently Carol wields a Pentax, as full of exposure lights as a traffic signal and with range-finding lines and arcs that would outfit a bombsight. The novel I am writing now needs a Montana town of the 1930's, and my wife and her pluperfect Pentax are its builders: houses from Fort Benton, Augusta's old square-front

merc, a Choteau haberdashery, the creamery in Conrad. The town needs a setting, and she and her lens pal collect the mountains and benchlands and creeks and coulees for my version of the Two Medicine country. Evidently we made more than one marriage at that ceremony eighteen years ago--the two of us, and typewriter ribbon and film.

There is one further angle of the camera in my life and work, and it is the unexpected veer of the lens toward me. Since the publication of This House of Sky I every so often will open pages into a book review or interview and find myself gazing at myself. The unlikeliest possible substitute for my words, yet evidently a fee that must be paid to the camera for all its previous help to me--my face for the world to see. Lately, with something between bemusement and alarm I notice that this bearded mug which is me keeps getting grayer and Scotcher. Yet why not. All said and done, a photograph is a knowing wink from the eye of time.

Now arrives the latest in This House of Sky's lineage of albums: Duncan Kelso's picturing of the country of my book. The land of the

homestead near Sixteen is herein, and Grass Mountain where my parents began their married life with that sheepherding summer, and the Castle Mountains my grandmother lived in sight of during so much of her Montana ranch life; Duncan Kelso worked his feet as well as his shutter finger. Nor did he neglect either of the tiny communities which have been metropolises of the imagination to me, Ringling and Dupuyer; nor the fencelines where hawks sit sentinel and the wind tries barbwire for a harp; nor the magical Stockman Bar in White Sulphur Springs, where Pete McCabe presided perfectly behind the bar and The Weavers on the jukebox wished Irene the greatest good night there ever was or will be. The best praise I can give Duncan is that his photographs have something of the same effect on me as those within my family's quartet of albums: I not only see his pictures, I begin to hear them.

Seattle, March 1983 #

14 May '83

Dear Tom--

The other day I finally dug down to the note to myself about a dedication for INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY. I checked with Duncan and found out he'd long since sent in his. So, I guess the amalgamated version (with the attendant problem of indicating whose dedication is which) would go like this:

To Gerry and Charlie,

who brought me to Montana,

and to Katy, who brought me Ivan.

--Duncan Kelso

And to three skilled builders

of This House of Sky:

Carol Hill, Ann Nelson, Marshall Nelson

--Ivan Doig

Seem reasonable to you? I've never co-dedicated before. But I think it is fitting to cite Carol Hill, for catching SKY when it came in through the transom, and my buddies the Nelsons who agented and lawyered it. Without the three of them, Duncan would have to be taking pictures of Louis LAmour country.

ENGLISH CREEK is flowing. (Heh heh, little self-deprecating pun there...oh, never mind.) But it is shaping up. Last Wednesday I spent talking to two venerable forest rangers, whose fathers were both rangers too. I'm not sure I can spell verisimilitude, but I'm sure as hell trying to get some.

all best

Dedication Page.

To Gerry and Charlie,

who brought me to Montana,

and Katy, who brought me Ivan.

Ivan –

Gerry and Charlie are my deceased parents who brought me to Montana when I was 5 or so. Katy is my wife who brought your book to me in the hospital.

Duncan

14 May '83

Dear Duncan--

Your inscription looks dandy. I think if I set mine under it, and we each have a nifty italicized signature line, the page would look fine. It'd be something like this (let me know if you see any problem):

To Gerry and Charlie,
who brought me to Montana,
and to Katy, who brought me Ivan.
--Duncan Kelso

And to three skilled builders
of This House of Sky:
Carol Hill, Ann Nelson and Marshall Nelson
--Ivan Doig

I think all this would be more apropos than anything else we could do; besides my wife Carol, to whom Sky is dedicated, these three are the main people in having made the book happen--Carol Hill as the editor who bought the idea, Ann ~~Marshall~~ Nelson the friend who agented it to her, Marshall Nelson the lawyer who shepherded the contract.

A couple of incidental scraps: from a friend of mine who edits Montana Magazine of History for the Montana Historical Society: "The flyer on Inside THOS looks great...I expect it will sell a bunch. Our merchandise people will place an order pronto." Probably the Historical Society bookshop in Helena will indeed be our main seller of this book, or at least one of the top pushers of it; I'll be around there a few times this summer and nudge them on it. Also, I meant to pass along to you the name and number of the Atheneum director of publicity--Susan Richman, (212)486-2858. Sometimes ideas for promotion can be handled more quickly by going to Susan and her staff than through Tom and then to her.

best

Ivan D.

4 May '83

Dear Duncan--

In the past week or so, scattered amid mind-glazing allergy pills and work on my novel, I've tried to flail away at a few things on INSIDE THOS's behalf. Just so you're informed, here's a quick rundown:

--I've written and sent a xerox of the cover to 4 of the prime Montana bookstores that for one reason or another aren't called on by the Atheneum rep.

--The German edition of SKY is in the translation process, supposedly for '84 publication; I have told that publisher, Insel Verlag, about INSIDE THOS and will ask Liz to send a copy there.

--Did you want back the proof sheet Mary Cregan sent, or was that an extra? Give me a message on the phone machine if you want it back.

--Just called Tom on other matters, asked him the price of the book: $27.50.

That's about it. Take care.

Thom

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

April 27, 1983

Duncan Kelso
1604 22nd Ave. East
Seattle, Washington 98112

Dear Duncan,

I'm sending you (enclosed) press proofs of the jacket of your book and some sample photographs.

I think they've all come out very well and I hope you agree, but in any case I'll want to hear from you as to what you think.

The jacket had to be proofed in time for our sales conference May 10th, and at the same time we thought the printer could test the duotone in a variety of photographs.

The jacket background color is much too light and silvery, and I'm sending you a swatch of the gray I gave the printer to match. They promise to correct this mistake when it comes time to print the finished jackets.

I'm working on the text design now, and once it's set in type I'll be able to work up a rough dummy of the entire book to send you. I think that'll be late May or early June.

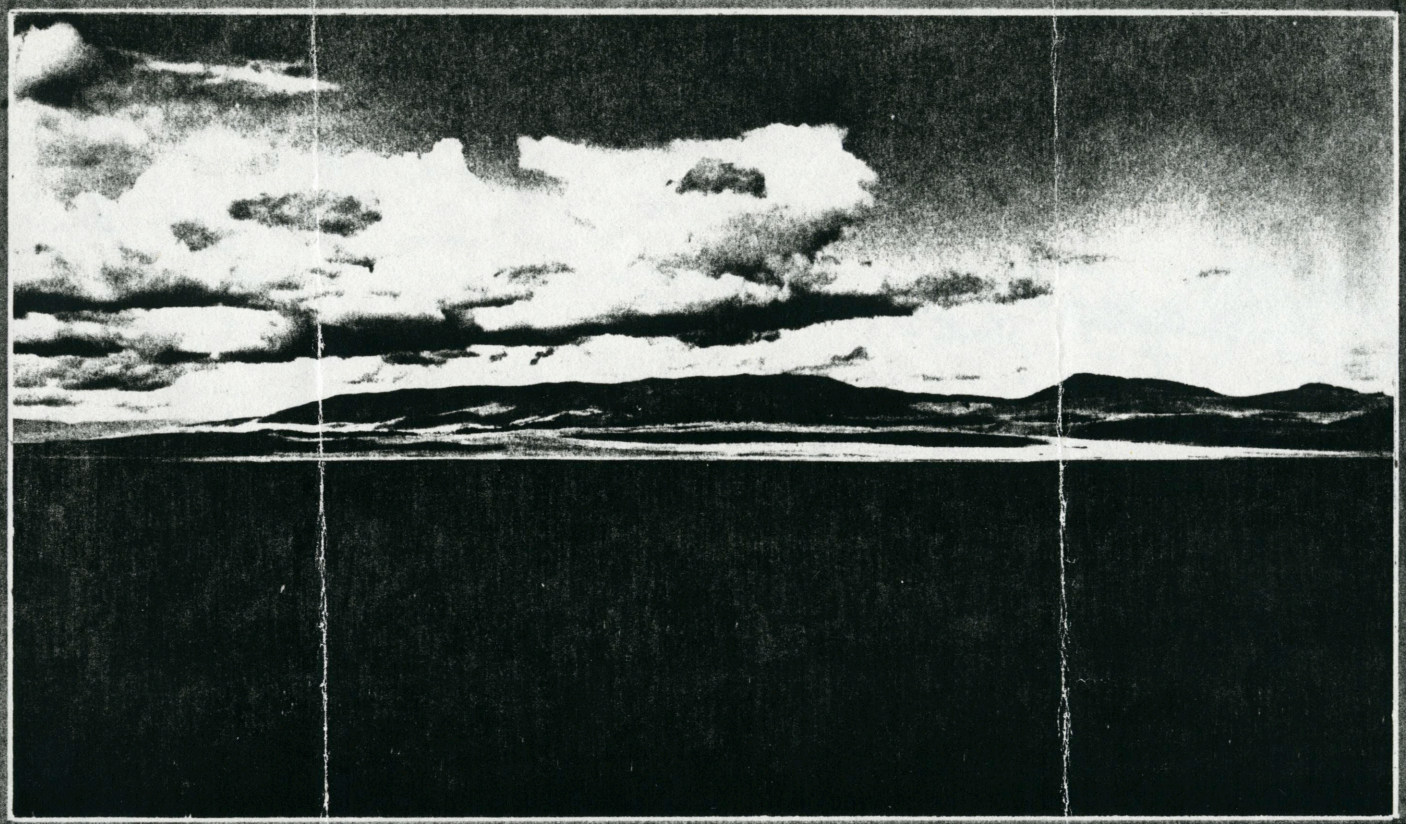
I think we'll go on press some time late in August although it's hard to say exactly. Tom seemed doubtful as to whether Atheneum would pay your way out here for the press run, but you should take that up with him.

Spring seems to have arrived as of yesterday, and I hope it's finally here to stay. Hope Seattle hasn't been too wet.

Regards,

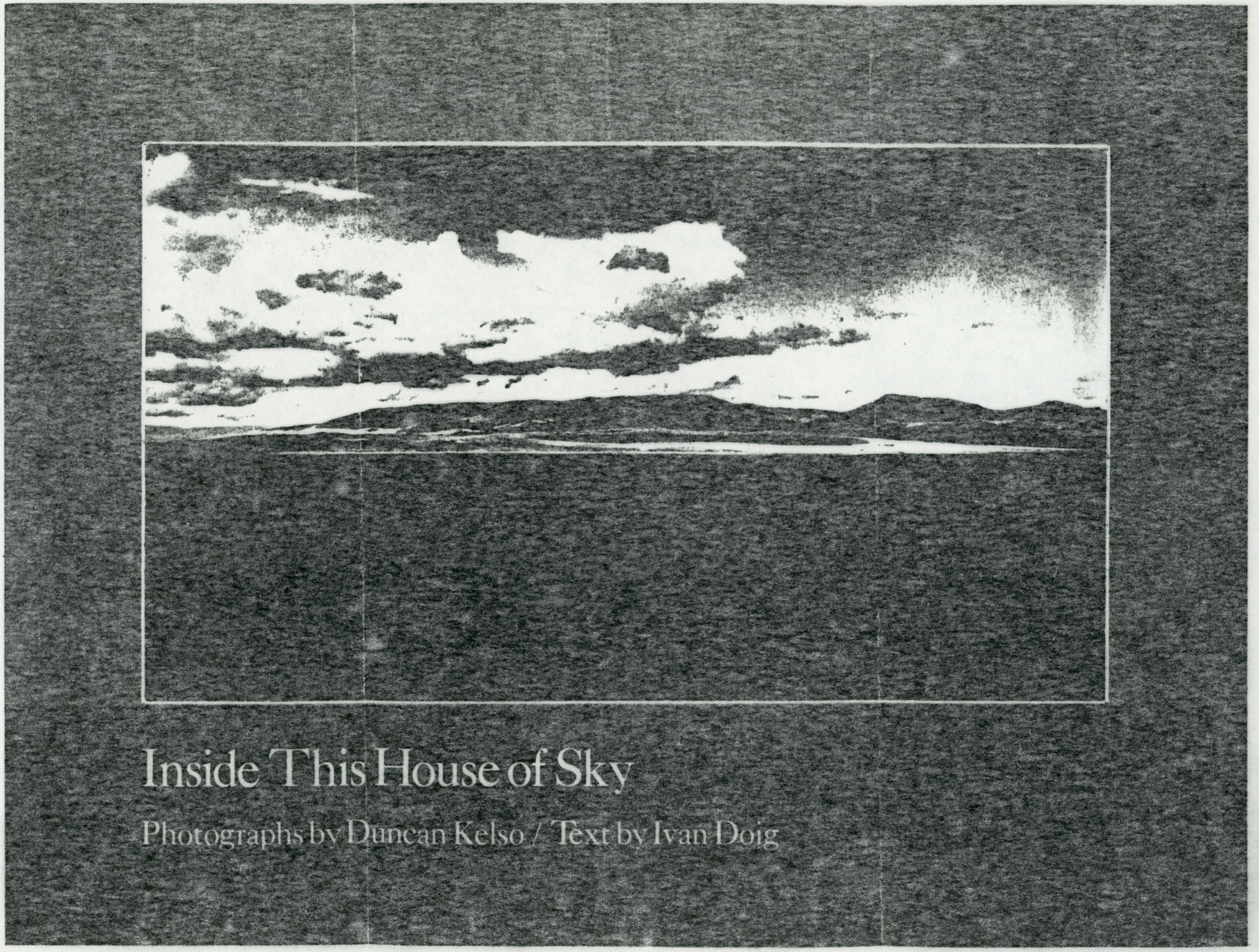
Mary

Mary Cregan



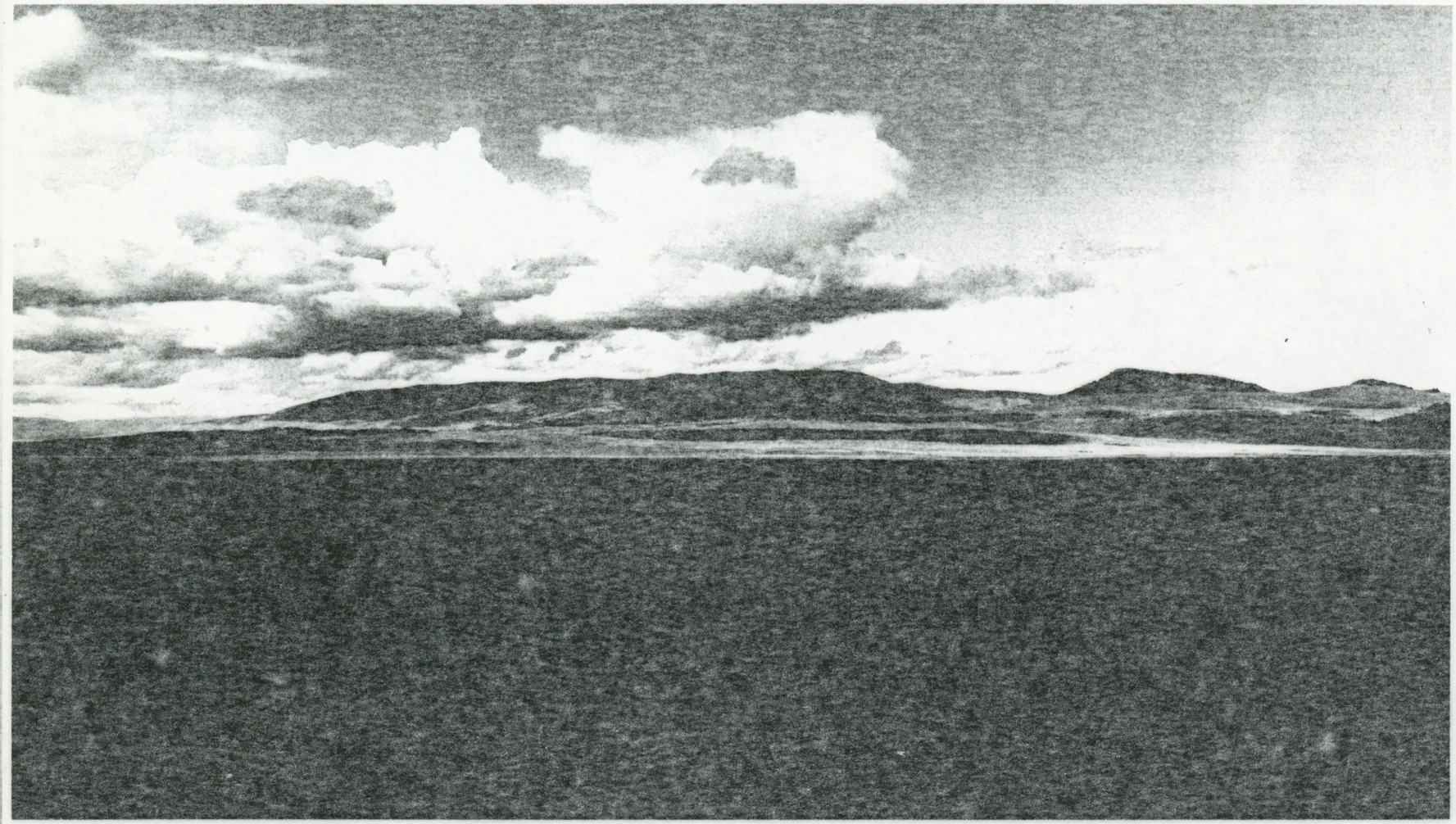
Inside This House of Sky

Photographs by Duncan Kelso / Text by Ivan Doig



Inside This House of Sky

Photographs by Duncan Kelso / Text by Ivan Doig



Inside This House of Sky

Photographs by Duncan Kelso / Text by Ivan Doig

Inside This House of Sky Duncan Kelso / Ivan Doig Atheneum



Inside This House of Sky

Photographs by Duncan Kelso / Text by Ivan Doig



Inside This House of Sky

Photographs by Duncan Kelso / Text by Ivan Doig

de This House of Sky Duncan Kelso / Ivan Doig Atheneum

4 May '83

Dear Sharon--

I've got a Christmas goodie coming, which my publisher--Atheneum--may already have made you aware of; but on the other hand, I've learned never to assume anything in the wonderworld of publishing.

It's going to be a photo book, INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY: 65 black-and-whites of THIS HOUSE OF SKY country, by a photog from here named Duncan Kelso; captions excerpted from SKY; and I've written an introductory essay. I'm enclosing a photocopy of the cover mock-up; the book will be a bit bigger than the mock-up.

Just wanted you to know. Other than that, the report is that the Montana 1930's novel I'm working on is coming nicely; will finish it by the end of this year, for fall '84 publication. (Atheneum again.)

Hope you're thriving. Will drop by whenever I next make it to Billings.

best

4 May '83

Dear Judy--

I've got a Christmas goodie coming, which my publisher--Atheneum--may already have made you aware of; but on the other hand, I've learned never to assume anything in the wonderworld of publishing.

It's going to be a photo book, INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY: 65 black-and-whites of THIS HOUSE OF SKY country, by a photog from here named Duncan Kelso who came and pwwwhed around the White Sulphur and Sixteen country; captions excerpted from SKY; and I've written an introductory essay. I'm enclosing a photocopy of the cover mock-up; I think the book will be a bit bigger than the mock-up.

Just wanted you to know. Other than that, the report is that the Montana 1930's novel I'm working on is coming nicely; will finish it by the end of this year, for fall '84 publication. Also this: I don't know whether you've had much interest in my Alaska novel THE SEA RUNNERS, but Penguin will bring out the paperback this fall.

Hope you're thriving. Carol and I hope to be through Helena sometime this summer, will drop by when we do.

best

THE
AMERICAN WEST

Thomas W. Pew, Jr.
Publisher & Editor

April 18, 1983

Dear Ivan,

I have read your finely-written introduction to your family album that will also accompany Duncan Kelso's photos for Inside this House of Sky. It is a beautiful introduction and I would very much like to have your writing in AMERICAN WEST, but I find that this introduction would appear too much as a fragment for a magazine piece, and as tempted as I might be, I think it would be too confusing for our readers. I toyed with the idea of trying to make it fit: taking some from your book and working in some of the material here in conjunction with selected photographs, but I concluded (not wanting to tamper with your carefully linked prose) that this would have to be a task for you, not for me.

That's a roundabout way of saying I would do almost anything to persuade you to make this work as you'd conceive it for a magazine piece, but that I cannot (or will not) attempt the editing task here.

I understand your focus on your novel at this juncture. We'll wait, and hope you'll find the space to contribute to us in the future. Our circulation will go to 140,000 at the first of the year. I think we have the audience that can fully appreciate your work.

Sincerely,

Tom

c.c. Nancy Meiselas

P.O. Box 40310
3033 N. Campbell Ave.
Tucson, Arizona 85717
(602) 881-5850

Dear Tom--

23 April '83

I savvy your decision about the photo essay. I had the feeling, working on it, that the more I tuned it up for the INSIDE book, the farther it got from possible magazine articlehood. So it goes.

Sounds like you and Am West are thriving. All best wishes.

April 13, 1983

Mr. Duncan Kelso
1604 22nd Avenue East
Seattle,
Washington 98112

Dear Duncan,

Here's a Xerox of an early jacket layout. Everything won't be so dark, and the grey behind the title won't be any darker than the grey behind the photograph. In a word, it's a stunner.

Best,

Ann Rittenberg
Assistant to
Thomas A. Stewart

cc: Ivan Doig ✓

LIZ DARHANSOFF LITERARY AGENCY
1220 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK 10028

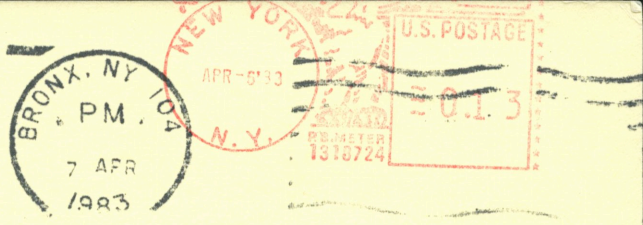
April 6, 1983

Dear Ivan,

Just a quick note to let you know that your preface and xeroxed pix have arrived (Liz and I enjoyed them both enormously), and I've just now finished sending them out to the various magazines. I think the combination of your piece, and Duncan's photographs combined with some of yours, makes a wonderful article, but we'll see what the "experts" say--

Best,

Nancy



Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue NW
Seattle, Washington 98177

30 April '83

Silberling

Dear Bob--

I've got a Christmas goodie coming, which I assume the Atheneum sales rep has made you aware of--but on the other hand, I've learned never to assume anything in the wonderworld of publishing.

It's going to be a coffee table pic book: 65 black-and-white photos of THIS HOUSE OF SKY country, by a photog from here named Duncan Kelso; captions excerpted from SKY; and I've written an introductory essay of a couple thousand words. I'm enclosing a photocopy of the cover mock-up; the book will be bigger than the mock-up.

In case you don't regularly see the Atheneum sales rep, he is: John Rantala, (206) 337-1093. Or at the publishing house itself, I guess the guy to deal with is: Nat B. Zecher, Vice President, Sales, Atheneum, 597 Fifth Ave. NY NY 10017 (phone 212-486-2700).

Other than that, the report is that the Montana 1930's novel I'm working on is coming nicely; will finish it by the end of this year, for fall '84 publication. (Atheneum again.)

Hope you're thriving. Carol and I should be through Helena sometime this summer, will see you then.

best

Ivan

p.s. It'd doubtful I can make it to Montana to sign copies of INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY this fall; but in fall of '84 I hope to come out and work like crazy on behalf of the novel. Maybe we can set up a reading or something in conjunction with selling that one?

30 April '83

Dear Mick-- Hager

I've got a Christmas goodie coming, which I assume the Atheneum sales rep has made your bookstore person aware of--but on the other hand, I've learned never to assume anything in the wonderworld of publishing.

It'll be a coffee table pic book: 65 black-and-white photos of THIS HOUSE OF SKY country, by a photog from here named Duncan Kelso; captions excerpted from SKY; and I've written an introductory essay of a couple thousand words. I'm enclosing a photocopy of the cover mock-up; the book itself will be bigger.

In case your bookstore isn't a regular stop for the Atheneum sales rep, he is: John Rantala, (206) 337-1093. Or at the publishing house itself, I guess the guy to deal with is: Nat B. Zecher, Vice President, Sales, Atheneum, 597 Fifth Ave. NY NY 10017 (phone 212-486-2700).

Other than that, the report is that my Montana forest ranger novel is progressing nicely, turning into a sort of fictional first cousin of THIS HOUSE OF SKY. Will finish it by the end of this year, for fall '84 publication. (Atheneum again.)

Hope you're thriving. Carol and I intend to spend about a month around Choteau this summer; you gonna be up there any time to visit your dinosaur diggers?

all best

Ivan

6 April '83

Dear Scott--

Okay, here's the piece--a couple of thousand words of introduction to the forthcoming photo book, INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY. I'm also sending along some of the family pics which either are mentioned in the piece or helped inspire it and THIS HOUSE OF SKY; I don't know if they'll be of use to you but I thought you ought to see them, in case.

You wondered about seeing more of Duncan Kelso's photos. I think there'll be 65 in the book, so there are more; Duncan can be called at 624-1669 (work) or 323-6918 (home). I think he's also written a piece for the INSIDE book, about how he as a Seattle guy got smitten by Montana from a book written about it by another Seattle guy, me.

see you

Ivan

p.s. Naturally you're free to edit the piece down considerably.

enc: 8 photos

April 5

Ivan -

Thanks for sending your piece - I really like it.
And thanks for the praise.

Here is my short intro.

I think the book is taking shape and think the snapshots will add a lot. Hope Tom feels the same.

Duncan

8 April '83

Dear Duncan--

Appreciated seeing your INSIDE intro. Looks good to me--states the history nicely. I guess I would make only 2 small suggestions, both in the second graf of p. 2:

--You mention "the Stockmen's Bar"; this maybe ought to be checked against your pic of the place, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ if you haven't already, to see whether the sign says "Stockmen's" or "Stockman's" or, as I ***remember it, "Stockman". I see in SKY I call it The Stockman, because that's what we referred to it as, whatever ~~xxxx~~ its sign said; but if it's easily done, perhaps your reference and the pic ought to jibe.

--I think I'd prefer to have the full context of my "unlovely" quote about White Sulphur: p. 81 of SKY, "unlovely but interesting". That would more accurately convey my ambivalence about the town--i.e., would keep in tone with my writing about it in SKY.

Other than that, dandy. A note to Tom's assistant, Ann Rittenberg, likely would be the quickest way to touch up these two points. I'll meanwhile apprise you of Tom's response to my INSIDE piece, as soon as I hear from him.

I've mailed the copy of my piece, and some prints of my family pics, to the ass't editor who wanted to see them at Pacific Northwest, Scott Forslund. He also wondered about more of your pics, so I gave him your phone numbers. I think, though, he's working within an editorial set of mind that Montana is a bit far east for Pacific Northwest. We shall see.

best

Dan

***For the sake of constancy, I'll likely keep it "Stockman" in my own INSIDE piece--until Tom's copy editor shoots me down.

Introduction to Inside This House Of Sky

Shortly after my fortieth birthday I found myself enmeshed in several crises that often accompany that milestone. While I was in a hosital recovering from minor surgery and devoting entirely too much thought to my plight, my wife brought me a copy of Ivan Doig's This House Of Sky. The impact was immediate and, as it has turned out, long-lived.

This House Of Sky affected me like no other book I've ever read, but I could not explain my feelings. When I left the hospital, I called Ivan to rave about the book and to see if I could arrange to meet him. Although he appreciated my compliments, Ivan was deep in writing The Sea Runners, and as he was probably used to dealing with such undefined enthusiasm as mine, he suggested that I call back in two months. Frustrated in trying to honor Ivan's request, I wrote a letter, and was finally able to pinpoint some of my emotions.

A few days before entering the hospital, I printed some negatives that I had recently shot in eastern Washington, where I was raised. While writing the letter, I realized that Ivan's descriptions of the Montana landscape had evoked the same excitement that I felt watching my childhood valley emerge in the darkroom. Making the prints and reading the book took place in the same week, but were totally unrelated, except in the resultant images and emotions. The effect was so powerful I had to talk to Ivan Doig.

As agreed, I called two months later to tell him I was going to Montana to photograph his childhood landscape. He thanked me for the compliment, wished me luck, and expressed an interest in seeing the results.

As I left my familiar house of grey, sodden overcast, more commonly known as Seattle, for the house of sky, the total uncertainty of the outcome of this venture struck me. I did know one thing for sure - this was the first step towards the resolution of my crises.

My arrival in White Sulphur Springs did not bolster my confidence in the project. The town was "unlovely" as Ivan had warned, the sky was as wet as Seattle's, and the drive had left me with a splitting headache. Many beers in the Stockmen's Bar and the smell of wet sagebrush helped me slip into sleep with the thought that I would take things as they came.

The morning did not bring the expected sky, but I made the best of the all-too-familiar moisture and mist and drove a back road through the Castle Mountains waiting for the weather to clear. Around noon the skies dried and thus began three of the most high energy days I've ever spent. Armed with Ivan's book, a roadmap, and intuition, I found the haunts, basins, summits, and "places" of This House Of Sky. The images in the book flowed one after the other. Ivan did not embellish a thing. Clouds and thunderstorms developed on cue to complete the picture.

My last night, before going north to Dupuyer, was spent on the summit of Grass Mountain, where I watched the Smith River Valley move through innumerable changes of light. I've spent much time in wilderness, and although Grass Mountain is not considered wilderness, that night changed my definition of vast.

I left White Sulphur Springs the next morning knowing that I had received more than I had expected. The experience around Dupuyer was not as powerful; still, everything was there as Ivan had written. The trip back to Seattle

was a joy, knowing what I had on film. I was so photographically drained that I did not take one picture while driving through Glacier National Park, one of the most scenic areas in North America.

I relived the trip with each printing session as I made my way through the negatives. When the set was complete, I called Ivan, who consented to look at them. He also gave his permission for me to pursue a publisher for a book combining passages from This House Of Sky with my photographs.

Such a book would not be complete without winter, so in mid-January I set off again for White Sulphur Springs. My arrival this time was heralded by an immediate drop in the temperature to twenty degrees below zero. My car, used to the maritime influence of the Japanese Current, refused to run and the trip turned into one of survival. The residents of White Sulphur Springs took the weather in stride while I did my best to stay alive without letting on I was from the Pacific Northwest. I finally had my car towed into the warmth of a service garage where it was coaxed to life after a few hours of thawing. Since the forecast was for even lower temperatures I decided it was time to beat a retreat. On the way out of town I stopped a number of times to photograph, but I did not turn off the engine. The record was complete.

Many thanks to Ivan Doig, Tom Stewart, and Liz Darhansoff who weathered my persistence, and to Montana, which has remained constant in the face of change and crisis.

Duncan Kelso

Seattle, 1983

Mothers # 1	78
" # 2	68
Dads	103
G'mas	78
	327
	180
	507

The Eye of Time

by Ivan Doig

Of the three of us, it was my grandmother who preserved the photographs, as automatically diligent as if she was canning garden vegetables to carry us through the white worst months of winter. The albums even had their own sort of cellar: the dark and dust beneath the bed my father and I shared. Gee gosh, someday--the announcement always meant under-the-bed diving was being done, she was retrieving one or another album in which to put this year's school picture of me as a startlingly pompadoured sixth-grader or one of my father in unbuckled overshoes beside his latest obstetrical miracle, triplet purebred Hereford calves, or of Grandma herself posed beside the Jeep with her beloved ~~xxxx~~ but fidgety sheepdogs,

Spot and Tip, ambivalently atop the hood. A photo is its own moment, blind to the future. In those Montana years none of us had so much as a hint that the albums would be the main witnesses to Bessie Ringer and Charlie Doig and myself as I worked at the writing of This House of Sky, and that the someday when the four black-paged collections would have a handier existence on an actual reachable shelf is only now, in my house in a Seattle suburban valley.

What dumfounds me whenever I bring out this photographic poundage is that during the fifteen years my father and my mother's mother and I were a family, we didn't own a camera. The evidence of our existence does thin out dangerously during the middle of that period--not a single photo dating from the three years we spent on a bleak leased ranch south of Dupuyer; testimony unto itself, perhaps, about that woebegone damn place--but just often enough, somebody snapped a shot and thought to provide us a print.

It is the time before, the black-and-white era when my mother was alive, that the camera eye steadily took in Doig and Ringer family

life. Two of the four albums were my mother's, her handwriting across the top of ~~this~~ many of the photos. Blessed I am that she shared my habit of scribbling annotation. To me, the effective writing in this 1928 scene from This House of Sky is not mine but hers:

"It was the Fourth of July celebration in White Sulphur Springs, and they took the town....That holiday's snapshots show up in a happy flurry; every scene has been braided to its moment by her looping writing. Ready for the Big Day: Dad and his brother Angus have doffed their black ten-gallon hats for the camera, grins in place under their slicked hair, and bandannas fluttering at their necks like flags of a new country. The Wildest Bunch in W.S.S.--seven of them from Ringling and the Basin are ganged along the side of a car, handrolled cigarettes angling out of the men's mouths, my mother and her cousin small prim fluffs in the dark cloudbank of cowboy hats.... There is another photo taken soon afterward, in which my father grins cockily, hands palmed into hip pockets, dressy new chaps sweeping

back from his legs as if he were flying. On this one is written: My Cowboy."

My mother is frequent in the companion album, too, the one evidently begun by my father when he still lived off and on at the Doig homestead in the mountains above the Sixteen Canyon. Its pictorial record ranges from the Pacific Coast--Dad and Clifford Shearer, dubiously atop shoreline boulders the sopping winter they spent piling lumber in Aberdeen, Washington--to the Moss Agate ranch near Ringling where my father courted my mother. Small mysteries ask themselves whenever I go through these age-tanned shots. My father in cowboy hat and boots and with jeans rolled to four-inch cuffs sits on the front step of the log homestead house with his brother Claude and their riding buddy, Charlie Smith: what is the book Dad holds open in his hands, and why? Nine horsebackers are thundering pell-mell through the railroad village of Sixteen; one mount is being ridden double, a colt trails another, a fearless dog is racing amid the hooves, there is a boy in a flat cap running a crowding second to the lead rider, who seems to be wearing a white sailor cap. What event can this be?

Which rampager is my book-toting father of a few pages earlier? Who of those homesteaders of the Sixteen country was skilled enough with a camera of the time to capture this cascade of motion without blur?

The large final album, my grandmother's, opens to a surprising sequence: my mother and father in pose after pose in front of tepee or tent. This time it is my father's words, spoken, which carry this part of their past into This House of Sky: "The first summer there on Grassy, we moved camp fifty-eight times in the first sixty days. We had a brand new box camera we were awful proud of, and we'd take a picture of our campsite every time." Fifteen of those sheepcamp sites survive on the front and back of a single album page, one or the other of my parents in front of canvas walls while the other clicks the shutter, and elsewhere in my inherited collection is the tantalizing shot of this bunch: both of my parents together, there on Grass Mountain that first summer of their marriage--it cannot be half a century ago, yet it is--the best picture ever taken of the two of them. By whom? Their camptender from the Dogie ranch? Johnny Gruar, the association rider on the mountain pasture adjoining theirs?

My grandmother, one of the times she horseback rode the twenty miles from Moss Agate to visit?

The sum of the albums and their overflow is, by rapid count, about five hundred photos. The pictures go back as far as they can: a baby portrait of my grandmother, born in 1893. Then one of her holding my mother at the age of perhaps six months, in 1913. In my father's earliest, he is in his late teens--1916, '17, '18?--standing atop the woodpile with four of his brothers and his sister, Doigs nearly as plentiful as the firewood under them. My own appearance into all this seems to reveal me from the very start as a straddler of generations--at age three in 1942, riding a tricycle in one shot and a horse in the next. As ravishing a cast of characters as we are, though, edges and backdrops are what capture my memory. Old truths stand stark in the lens light. That the rusty metal sheeting which covered the shed beside our house in Ringling made it the sorriest-looking structure in town, which is saying a lot. That Wall Mountain, its long cusp of stone on the horizon above the Doig homestead, still is as striking

as any landform I have seen in the west of America. That around the log-and-chink homestead house amid sagebrush and shale, my Scottish grandparents put up a picket fence.

And it is a fortunate sum, for when I set out to write This House of Sky I found that photographs were the only consistent documentation there was of us. I possessed a few hours each of tape-recorded talk with my father and grandmother, but as to linear evidence of the course of our three lives, we inadvertently had covered our tracks. When Grandma made a periodic attack on the muss of our household, letters were fed to the stove. Dad's dealings when he ran sheep on shares or contracted to put up hay usually were based on a handshake. I am the family's sole diarist (it perhaps takes three generations to make one) and I began at it only ten years ago, my father already passed from us by then. So it was more vital than I knew, that evening a year or so before her own death in 1974, when my grandmother and I put the labels on her photographic preserves. As told in This House of Sky: "Picture upon picture of my father and mother...brought sniffles or hard-swallowed sentences from Grandma, and by the time I had jotted my notes on the

final page, the emotion she had been putting into the room had worn me out. That should be enough for tonight, I said in a weary glaze. She turned to me in surprise: But we got these others to get through. Hadn't we just as well keep on? And we did."

The camera continues to tell me much of what I need to know to write. When Carol and I were married in 1965, with her came the dowry of her elderly Argus C4. It had wandered Europe with her--undoubtedly sharpening the respect with which Grandma and Dad and I peered into its lens as Christmases were clicked into commemoration--and suddenly our pictured selves were bright with color. The Argus studied my home areas of Montana for me for This House of Sky; the Olympic Peninsula of Washington for Winter Brothers; and for The Sea Runners, southeast Alaska and the Queen Charlotte Islands, where it caught a fatal dose of rain. Currently Carol wields a Pentax, as full of exposure lights as a traffic signal and with range-finding lines and arcs that would outfit a bombsight. The novel I am writing now needs a Montana town of the 1930's, and my wife and her pluperfect Pentax are its builders: houses from Fort Benton, Augusta's old square-front

SEPARATION NOTICE

The following items have been removed from Box 131, Folder 7, Collection 2602, for oversize storage elsewhere.

Items Removed:

Photograph: #4105 was removed from series 6- Correspondence, subseries 4- publishers -editors letters. Image was relocated to Series 8- photographs, subseries 3- photographic prints.

X Material has been placed in Box 162, Folder 19, Collection 2602

_____ Location information is available from the Special Collections Staff.