

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 ~~poorest~~<sup>unlikeliest</sup> 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

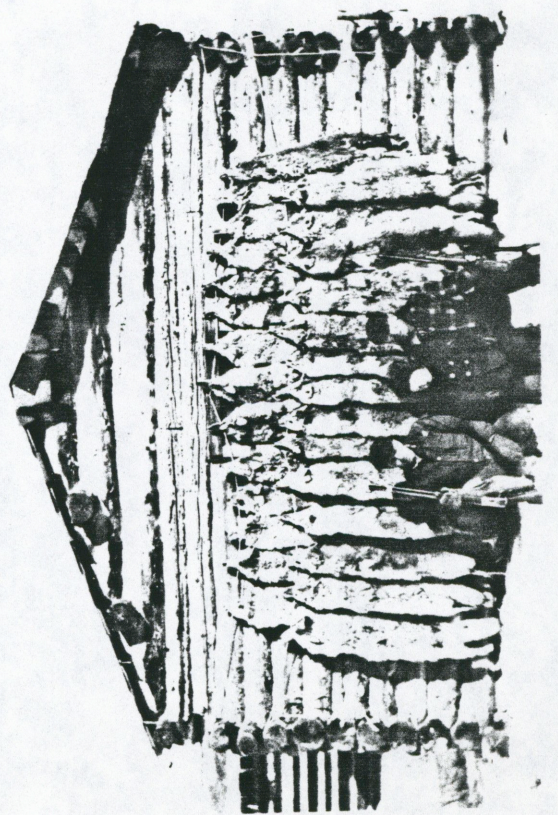
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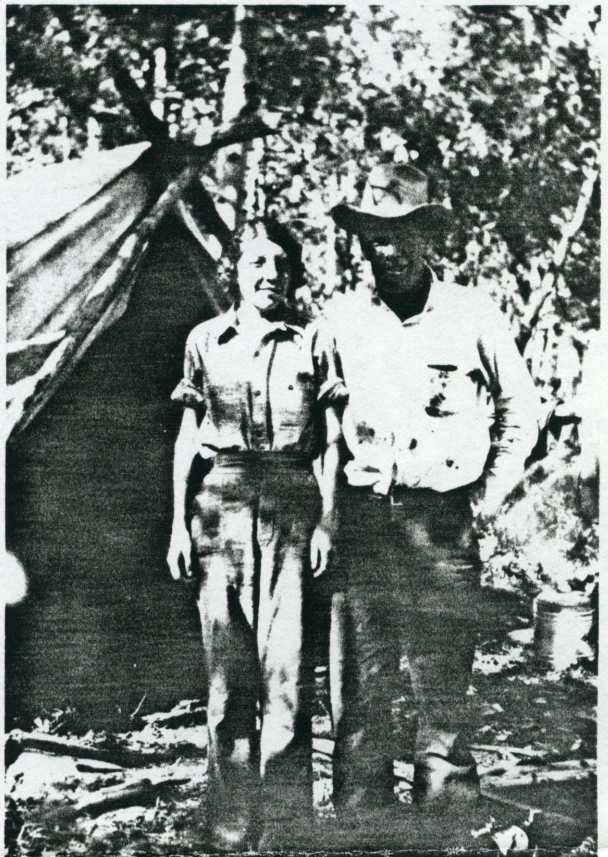
July 4, 1928













46 lines  
@ noon

- it cannot be a half-century ago, yet it is —  
pics now: C taking pics of GV - WBros - my pic for world to see.

~~we did not even own a camera -~~

return to G'ma: more than diligence

~~quote~~ quote o a THOS pic descrip'n

- camp leader 7. Dogie ranch: arn rider on adjoin'g  
pasture, Johnny G'ma: my grandmother, o a visit. —

my aunt, AB in Neb, came up c. only known pose 7  
a knowing wink w/ eye 7 time.

sum of all this, by rapid cnt, is some 000 photos.  
My father back to perhaps age 18, <sup>late teens</sup> atop wd pile. Photos of both  
me My mother + grandmother both back to bassinet - 1893 - 1913.  
Me, vividly child's time bet'n horseback & trypke, at age 3 & 1942.  
It is a fortunate man, for when I set out to write THOS it  
was <sup>with</sup> all documentary evidence no exist's. Letters had been cleaned out,  
burned. No diaries... A couple 7 hrs of tape 7 my g'mother & father.  
But ~~then~~ beyond that, just photos.

tin shed - ugliest in town, which we saying a lot

check: 20 mi, from Ag - Grassy  
birth dates



July 4, 1928





31 March '83

Dear Liz and Nancy--

Have just mailed my intro to INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY to Tom Stewart, and here's your copy to try on any magazine folks who are interested. My estimation of the piece is that it's pretty good for INSIDE THOS, but doesn't translate particularly well to a magazine, so I won't be heartstruck if you can't place it anywhere.

In writing the piece I had to go through the family pics I used as background for THIS HOUSE OF SKY, and decided to send some to Tom, to see if he felt like using a few to accompany the piece. Then I called Duncan this morning, and we're agreed that if you think it'd help persuade a magazine editor, you can send these photocopies along with the piece; I have prints ~~of~~ and negatives of about half of the pictures, the others would have to be got back from Tom after he's had a look.

Think that's all at the moment. Had a good trip to Missoula. Now back to English Creek.

best

p.s. Nancy, Tom Pew of AMERICAN WEST wrote me--evidently with a carbon to you--about the kind of piece he'd like; I think this INSIDE intro probably won't suit him, and I don't have time or inclination to do a separate article for him. So I've just blandly written him back (copy attached) that you'll be trying the INSIDE prose on him.



# THE AMERICAN WEST

Thomas W. Pew, Jr.  
Publisher & Editor

March 19, 1983

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

Dear Ivan,

I like the idea. I like the country. I like the pictures. I like the people in your book. I like your writing, as I told you in Phoenix (I also liked your talk-- the only decent thing I've ever heard at those meetings besides, "your drink sir," from a waiter.)

However I do believe AMERICAN WEST would require something a little beyond the captions-- which we would use-- and the "importance of the camera" essay. What we would need would be a brief essay that drew the whole thing together within the confines of a magazine piece (something which I remember you told me you'd chosen to eschew).

I'd need something along the lines of the pieces here enclosed by Barry Lopez, Gary Snyder, Alvin Josephy. Of course I don't mean to say you'd handle your objectives like they have done, but that this is the kind of approach I want our readers to have the privilege of reading. If this fits in within your plans, or you can do this for me I'd be delighted (I'll also consider the essay as you plan it, but I have my doubts from your description).

\$800 for the essay; our normal photo rates for Kelso's work and a good slug of publicity for the book that will come from this kind of display in AMERICAN WEST-- that's not for trade, but a

---

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



31 March '83

Dear Tom--

I'm just back from Missoula, and found your prompt response. Thanks for the interest. I've now done the piece which will accompany Duncan Kelso's photos in our INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY book, and it turned out to focus not only on Duncan's pics of the SKY country but my family photos--some 500 of them, mostly Brownie box camera--which were the prime background for my writing of SKY. Nancy Meiselas will be in touch with you about the piece and a dozen or so of these pics which could go into the pot with Duncan's. The caption woe I think is solved by the fact that I mention several of the pics in my piece, and any of the others are plainly allied. Anyhoo, see what you think. The Lopez/Snyder genre of essays are nice stuff, but I'm still eschewing.

all best



# THE AMERICAN WEST

---

Thomas W. Pew, Jr.  
Publisher & Editor

fringe benefit we're all aware of.

I would like this to work out, and I would be more than pleased to publish this by you and am open to any other suggestions you might care to send me.

A su servicio,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Tom", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

c.c. Nancy Meiselas

P.S. I'm going to hold onto the prints until I hear from you and I understand that Nancy Meiselas will be able to provide finished prints should we go with this project.

---

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



# American West

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Box 40310 • Tucson, Arizona • 85717

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March 19, 1982<sup>3</sup>

Thomas W. Pew, Jr.  
Publisher & Editor

Ivan,

What appeals to me in each of these essays is the first-hand, personal experience, recollections of the writers. It's appealing for the same reason your work would be appealing to our readers: because there's something experienced that's a part of the country.

The captions do it exactly, but we don't run pics. with captions. What would really work best for us would be to run an essay you'd put together out of the five or six pictures you feel best illustrate what you have to say, and we'd run the piece without any captions, but in the right order with your text (or with very, very brief captions). If you want to talk, or write further about this please do so.

thanks,

TOM



---

# Whose Old West is disappearing?

---

## In celebration of cowboys, cow ponies, and cow country

---

by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.  
photographs by  
William Albert Allard

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*Photographs from Vanishing Breed by William Albert Allard; copyright © 1982 by William Albert Allard; published by New York Graphic Society Books/ Little, Brown and Company.*

(Opposite) Jigger boss Ricky Morris, in cow camp on the high desert of Nevada, 1979. "Jigger boss" is the man next in charge after the wagon boss. Relaxing in front of the campfire, Morris is wearing "woolies"—chaps made of sheepskin. The tents in the background are normal sleeping accommodations for buckaroos during the long branding-time on the range.

IN 1905 FREDERIC REMINGTON, THE POPULAR ARTIST who had idealized some of the more dramatic characters and aspects of the late nineteenth-century American West, mourned what he considered the ending of an era that had so engaged and inspired him in that part of the United States. "I knew the wild riders and the vacant land were about to vanish forever," he said. "I saw the living, breathing end of three centuries of smoke and dust and sweat, and I now see quite another thing where it all took place, but it does not appeal to me."

Remington's lament for the passing of the Old West was neither new nor unique. In fact, as a dirge, it is still echoed today in not too dissimilar terms by all manner and types of persons who have known the West since Remington's time, who have contributed to its myths and realities throughout the twentieth century, and who may be heard deploring, as Remington did in 1905, that the Old West that *they* knew, even as recently as ten years ago, is no more.

All of them, including Remington, have, of course, been ruining the disappearance of *stages* in the history and development of a West with which *they* were familiar. One cannot quarrel with Remington's nostalgia. The West with which he had identified himself and his interests—a good part of it already at that time mythological and being made more so by Buffalo Bill and professional Westerners—*was* changing. The real danger, excitement, and glory-hunting of Indian wars were gone. So were the big buffalo herds, most of the fenceless plains, and the basis for the dime-novel theatrics of a land without established law. Remington could see the cavalry posts that were being abandoned; the big money that was changing the cattle business; the proliferating cities, towns, and settlements strung together by rail lines and wagon roads; and the women—the thousands of them, who seemed to be intruding everywhere in what had been a man's land, beginning to change the virile West into a copy of the effete East. The symbols of Remington's Old West were indeed disappearing, and what was coming in their place did *not* appeal to him.

But consider Remington's predecessors, the early white explorers, the fur traders, and mountain men—those who had roamed the West in the freest of free style, beginning before the War of 1812 and continuing into the 1840s. The Old West *they* knew died hard, not only by the withering of the market for furs but by the coming into their midst of missionaries who scourged them for their lifestyle and tried to turn the Indians against them. By the end of the Jacksonian era, their Old West was disappearing. Within another decade, the pioneer missionaries' Old West was gone too, changed by covered-wagon trains of settlers on the Oregon Trail, by expanding Mormon towns and irrigated fields along the Great Salt Lake, by soldiers marching to fight Mexico or chart the western landscape, and by armies of gold miners bound for California.

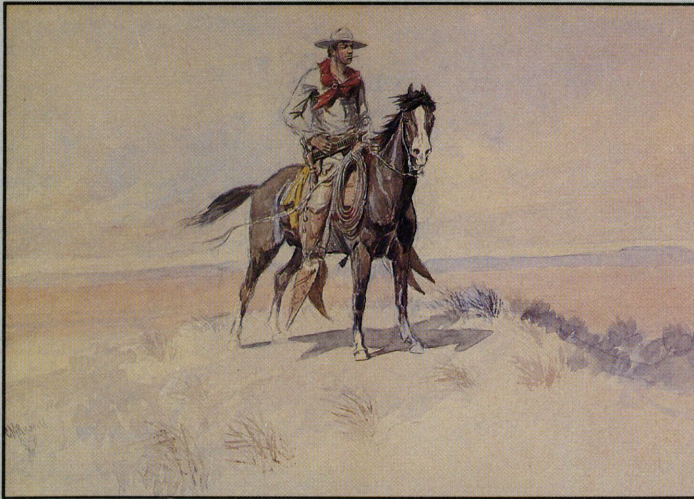
After them came the pony express, telegraph lines, freighting routes, railroads, and cattle and cowboys who replaced the buffalo and buffalo hunters. Each was a stage of change, of development, but each was susceptible to the mourning by successive waves of people long before Remington's day—by Jim Bridger, Joe Meek, and the other mountain men, by missionaries like the Reverend Henry Spalding and Father Pierre De Smet, by the adventurers William Drummond Stewart and Captain Benjamin de Bonneville, to mention only a few—that the Old West, or the West as they had first known it, was disappearing or was gone. It was, in short, ever thus. In each generation, an Old West disappeared, and something new, not always appealing to the survivors, took its place. And yet, each stage, as we now know, was only that—a part of a large, continuous, world-entrancing saga.

At the same time, I must underscore the word continuous, for try as we may, those of us who know and still love the American West, cannot find an end date for the *Old* West, a cut-off moment when all the images and truths of the Old West finally ceased and something really new took their place *totally*. The West is still full of people who look back only a few years and consider that they,



# CHARLES M. RUSSELL

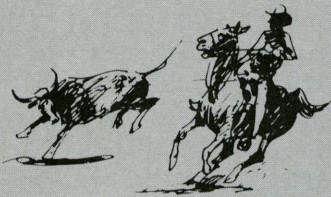
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Difficult challenges  
of spiritual and natural  
frontiers still test the  
mettle of Westerners.

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(Above) *High off the turf, with forelegs stiff and hind legs bucking, this bareback bronc vents his strong anger. Montana, 1971.*

(Opposite) *On the rolling hills of Custer State Park Bison Range, a lone buffalo roams where thousands of his forebears wandered. South Dakota, 1980.*

too, were participants in events and an environment that were organically a part of something called the Old West. Moreover, there is in actuality enough left of the character, challenges, and bedrock attributes of what provided the stereotypes and realities of the Old West to ensure that ten, twenty, and more years from now there will *still* be people looking back and saying that the Old West was *still* going strong in 1982, adding, of course, that now the Old West is really dead.

THE WILD WEST, FOR EXAMPLE, SO MUCH A PART of Buffalo Bill's legacy, has had a tombstone for almost a century. But cowhands, shepherds, and many others who harmonize with nature and the Western terrain know that there is enough wildness left in the red-rock canyons of southern Utah, the mountain

and desert country of the northern and western Great Basin, the deep trenches of Hells Canyon and its side draws, the northern Washington Cascades, and scores of other places to test anyone's mettle. They also know that conflicts over water, minerals, land, and other resources can still lead to shoot-outs and other hallmarks of a *Wild* West. The violence between Indians and whites over fishing rights still occurs in the Northwest, and there is tension, sometimes accompanied by drawn guns, between coal stripminers and ranchers and farmers on today's northern plains.

Similarly, the *frontier*, another leading criterion of the Old West, received a host of official and unofficial epitaphs in the 1890s and the years thereafter. There was no more frontier, it was proclaimed, and to many that meant that the Old West was definitely gone. But there are





still frontiers and frontiers. Some of them are physical and natural as in Alaska and areas in the western lower forty-eight states that continue to defy permanent non-Indian habitation, even entry. Others are just being opened and brought into the economy for the first time, like the energy-rich Overthrust Belt along the high, arid Utah-Wyoming border. Still other frontiers may be termed states of mind, often stemming from clash and conflict, as in the frontierlike atmosphere of the Sioux country of the Dakotas and the coal and uranium lands of the Southwest, where Indians are still embattled against whites. As border lines, a formal frontier, outside of Alaska, may no longer exist. But the spirit and actuality of frontierlike existence that pits human beings against each other and against the challenges of nature are still familiar in the daily lives

of families and individuals in many parts of the West, in the mountain regions of northern and central Idaho and western Montana, in the high country of northern Arizona and western New Mexico, in the sweeping, dry, barren, and rocky stretches of Nevada, Utah, and southeastern Oregon, and elsewhere. And these areas, like the frontier coloration of the aggressive Sagebrush Rebellion, are evidence that the character of the Old West—the feeling, flavor, and demands of the frontier—is still very much alive.

In the minds of many, much of what constituted the Old West lives on in a constantly changing context. Much of what we inherited is myth, but the myths themselves contribute to the continuing reality. I am old enough to believe that I had my own Old West from the early 1930s to the early 1950s, a period during

which I first crisscrossed and grew familiar with almost every part of the West. Since then, so much has changed that *my* Old West, like the one of Remington's, is also now gone. I recall when the Mojave Desert was considered dangerous. One tried to travel across it in summer only at night, carrying a desert water bag. Occasionally, as history, legend, and lore had predicted, one came on a lone, grizzled prospector, with pans, pickaxe, and burro. Today, the Mojave is laced with roads, tenanted with towns, irrigated farms, air bases, and government installations, and one rushes across it from Los Angeles to Las Vegas in air-conditioned cars. Las Vegas, itself, was then a quiet, little Mormon town, waiting to spring to life with the completion of Hoover—then known as Boulder—Dam and the creation of Lake Mead and its recreational









opportunities in the burning desert.

In the Northwest, in the same period, I stood along rivers traveled by Lewis and Clark, with no sign of civilization anywhere in view, and observed scenes that still looked exactly as the explorers had described them in their journals more than a century before. In valley after valley—the Big Hole, the Deer Lodge, the Mission, the Bitterroot—in the Hispanic areas north of El Paso and beyond Santa Fe—in Idaho's Salmon River country and Washington's Metalines—people were still close to their historic, pioneer heritage.

I have many memories of people, places, and events, now all gone, that I can easily connect with an older West of sod-roofed log houses, Charley Russell-like saloons, and small hotels where the bartender was also the registration clerk and the room keys hung be-

hind the bar. It was still a West of gandy dancers; bindle stiff; hoboes; itinerant ranch hands; Indian veterans of the Little Big Horn and the Chief Joseph War; of silver dollars as common as nickels and quarters; open red-light districts in the gulches of the Coeur d'Alenes; and serape-wrapped burro-drivers bringing charcoal from the mountains into Albuquerque. It was all a part of my Old West, but as I know, particularly from what is happening now in 1982, it was only another stage in a very long and unfinished story.

The Old West is going through still another stage, one fraught with just as much drama and conflict as it has ever known. For generations since the whites dispossessed the Indians, the West's economy has been based in large measure on ranching, farming, timbering,

The West is going through another stage, with as much conflict as it has ever known.

---

(Opposite) *T. J. Symonds, Nevada buckaroo, cradles a young cow dog on his saddle during a quiet moment on the range. Nevada, 1979.*

(Above) *In their shaggy coats, cow ponies huddle together on a bleak, winter's day. Montana, 1969.*






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The stockmen of the West are perhaps the last of this country's rugged individualists.

---

(Above) *A Mexican horse handler for charros at a charreada, Mexico City, 1971.*

(Opposite) *Gros Ventre Mountains in an early summer storm, Wyoming, 1971.*

and mining. Ranching and farming, in particular, have worked to keep the West open and unspoiled and to maintain within the region many of the qualities, values, and ways of life that Westerners have most treasured. But threats and crises of new and unprecedented proportions now endanger large areas of the West.

THE ENERGY CRISIS, WITH ITS INSPIRED COAL, POWER-PLANT, SYN-fuel, and boom-town developments, is producing a host of socio-economic problems and conflicts between the old-time economies and lifestyles and those brought in by newcomers. The energy rush, at an ever accelerating pace converting the Old West from its basic ranching-farming economy to an industrial one, threatens the air, the water, the beauty, and the quality of life, and also

adds pressures to other conflicts, particularly to those over the use of land and scarce water. Competition among the various users—real estate developers and home-builders, farmers and stockmen, timber and mining interests, Indian tribes, recreationists, conservationists, environmentalists, and lovers of the wilderness—has made land- and water-use major issues and sources of concern and contention throughout most of the West. In addition, burgeoning industrial and governmental needs, ranging from sites for MX missiles to locations for nuclear and toxic waste dumps, are placing bids for use of this part of the country and its resources.

At the same time that all these new developments and conflicts once again bring change to the West and reflect a new stage in its drama of realism and myth, much of the old remains—





particularly some of the unique characteristics, values, and qualities that have always been associated with the West and that have marked both its truth and its illusions. First and foremost, perhaps, is the continued spaciousness of the land itself—that awesome space, it has been rightfully called. Though it is being eroded, it is still there in abundance, helping to shape the character and lives of the people. Even the newcomers, building the energy centers, will be affected by it, as were the previous waves of trappers, miners, ranchers, and small-town entrepreneurs. They will wander away from the centers, into the mountains and high forests, across the deserts, and through the canyons. The lonely landscape, together with its challenges, will demand of them what it has always demanded. If they meet those challenges and fit into the land, they

will, like those before them, become Westerners—expansive, self-reliant, resourceful, and neighborly—valuing the outdoor life that encourages and strengthens a feeling of freedom and independence.

Life, they will find, is still not easy in most of the West. Much of the romance of the Old West came from the struggles of man against nature. Those struggles still exist. Staying alive and comfortable in the winters in the north and the summers in the south, especially outside the urban centers, requires adaptation, the ability to harmonize with nature, and, in all ways, the best that a person can give. In the small towns and on the lonely ranches and farms, the routines of life, though aided by modern appliances and technology, are not so different from those of yesterday. The cowboy still searches for cattle in blizzards; the

farmer still worries about rain and grasshoppers; the small-town resident still makes hazardous emergency trips through violent storms and over ice-covered passes to doctors and hospitals in distant cities.

By and large, the stockmen of the West and the cowboys and herders who work for them are the last of America's rugged individualists. Perhaps they, above all others save for their brothers the Indians, carry on the traditions, flavor, and feel of the West of yesterday. But there are others—gnarled, tough old-timers, full of stories of fights with grizzly bears and of advice on how to find water in the desert and how to get out of a mountain wilderness by following water down. There are town marshals and sheriffs with tales that rival those of Dodge City and the James boys. And there are loners, in baseball caps






---

As long as cows need herding, roping, and branding, the West of reality will live on.

---

*Cowboy and cow pony take a break during weaning time, New Mexico, 1971.*

rather than cowboy hats, who come out of the awesome space in pickup trucks with gun racks. Nobody knows who they are, where they came from, or where they're going—nor do they care. They go into the local saloon, now called a "cowboy bar," have a drink and smile at the urban cowboys and the local town workers who are drinking, eating, and dancing in big, feathered Stetsons inspired by the television show "Dallas." They think to themselves that times are changing for the worse and depart.

Both myth and reality live on. Both continue to appeal to all the world. In Rumania, a producer named Ovidiu Iuliu Moldovan is making movies about a Transylvanian who comes to our Old West of the nineteenth century. The pictures are real westerns, with all the stock characters and situations of a Gene

Autry film, but they have a Marxist message, and all the villains are capitalists. They are big hits behind the Iron Curtain. So, long live the myth!

As for reality, well, as long as there is one cow outside the fence or strayed God-knows-where, and a cowboy has to find it, as long as calves need roping and branding, and someone has to heat and apply the irons with a firm hand that doesn't smudge, the Old West of reality will live on, just as it lives on in the hearts and minds of all those, young and old, who are inspired and thrilled by the vision of an earlier stage of the West's lure and romance.

The West is dead? Never! Long live the West! ❖

*Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., is the author of many prize-winning histories of American Indians and the West. His latest book, Now That the Buffalo's Gone, has just been published by Alfred A. Knopf. This article is adapted from an address that Josephy made at the Brooklyn Museum in New York.*



# WHERE WE ARE

by Gary Snyder

photographs by  
Wynn Bullock

I CAME HERE BY A PATH, A LINE, OF PEOPLE that somehow worked their way from the Atlantic seaboard westward over a hundred and fifty years. One grandfather ended up in the Territory of Washington, and homesteaded in Kitsap County. My mother's side was railroad people down in Texas, and before that they'd worked the silver mines in Leadville, Colorado. My grandfather, being a homesteader, and my father a native of the state of Washington, put our family relatively early in the Northwest. Yet we weren't early enough. An elderly Salish Indian gentleman came by our farm once every few months in a model T truck, selling smoked salmon. "Who is he?" "He's an Indian" my parents said—

Looking at all the different trees and plants that made up my second-growth Douglas fir forest plus cow-pasture childhood universe, I realized that my parents were short on a certain kind of knowledge. They could say "That's a Doug Fir, that's a cedar, that's bracken fern..." But I perceived a subtlety and complexity in those woods that went far beyond a few names.

As a child I spoke with the old Salishan man a few times over the years he made these stops—then, suddenly, he never came back. I sensed what he represented, what he knew, and what it meant to me: he knew better than anyone else I had ever met, *where I was*. I had no notion of a white American or European heritage providing an identity; I defined myself by relation to the place. Soon I also understood that "English language" is an identity—and later, via the hearsay of books, received the full cultural and historical view—but never forgot, or left, that first ground: the "where" of our "who are we?"

There are many people on the planet, now, who are not "inhabitants." Far from their home villages; removed from ancestral territories; moved into town from the farm; went to pan gold in California—work on the Pipeline—work for Bechtel in Iran. Actual inhabitants—peasants, paisanos, pay-san, peoples of the land, have been sniffed at, laughed at, and overtaxed for

centuries by the urban-based ruling elites. The intellectuals haven't the least notion of what kind of sophisticated, attentive, creative intelligence it takes to "grow food." Virtually all the plants in the gardens and the trees in the orchards, the sheep, cows, and goats in the pastures were domesticated in the Neolithic; before "civilization." The differing regions of the world have long had—each—their own precise subsistence pattern developed over millennia by people who had settled in there and learned what particular kinds of plants the ground would "say" at that spot.

Humankind also clearly wanders. Four million years ago those smaller protohumans were moving in and out of the edges of forest and grassland in Africa; fairly warm; open enough to run in. At some point moving on, catching fire, sewing clothes, swinging around the Arctic, setting out on amazing sea voyages. A skull found in Santa Barbara has been dated at 50,000 years. So it may be that during the middle and late Pleistocene, large fauna hunting era, a fairly nomadic grassland-and-tundra hunting life was established, with lots of mobility across northern Eurasia in particular. With the decline of the ice age—and here's where we are, most of the big game hunters went out of business. There was possibly a population drop in Eurasia and the Americas, as the old techniques no longer worked.

Countless local ecosystem habitation styles emerged. People developed specific ways to *be* in each of those niches: plant knowledge, boats, dogs, traps, nets, fishing—the smaller animals, and smaller tools. From steep jungle slopes of southwest China to coral atolls to barren arctic deserts—a *spirit of what it was to be there* evolved, that spoke of a direct sense of relation to the "land"—which really means, the totality of the local bio-region system, from cirrus clouds to leaf-mold.

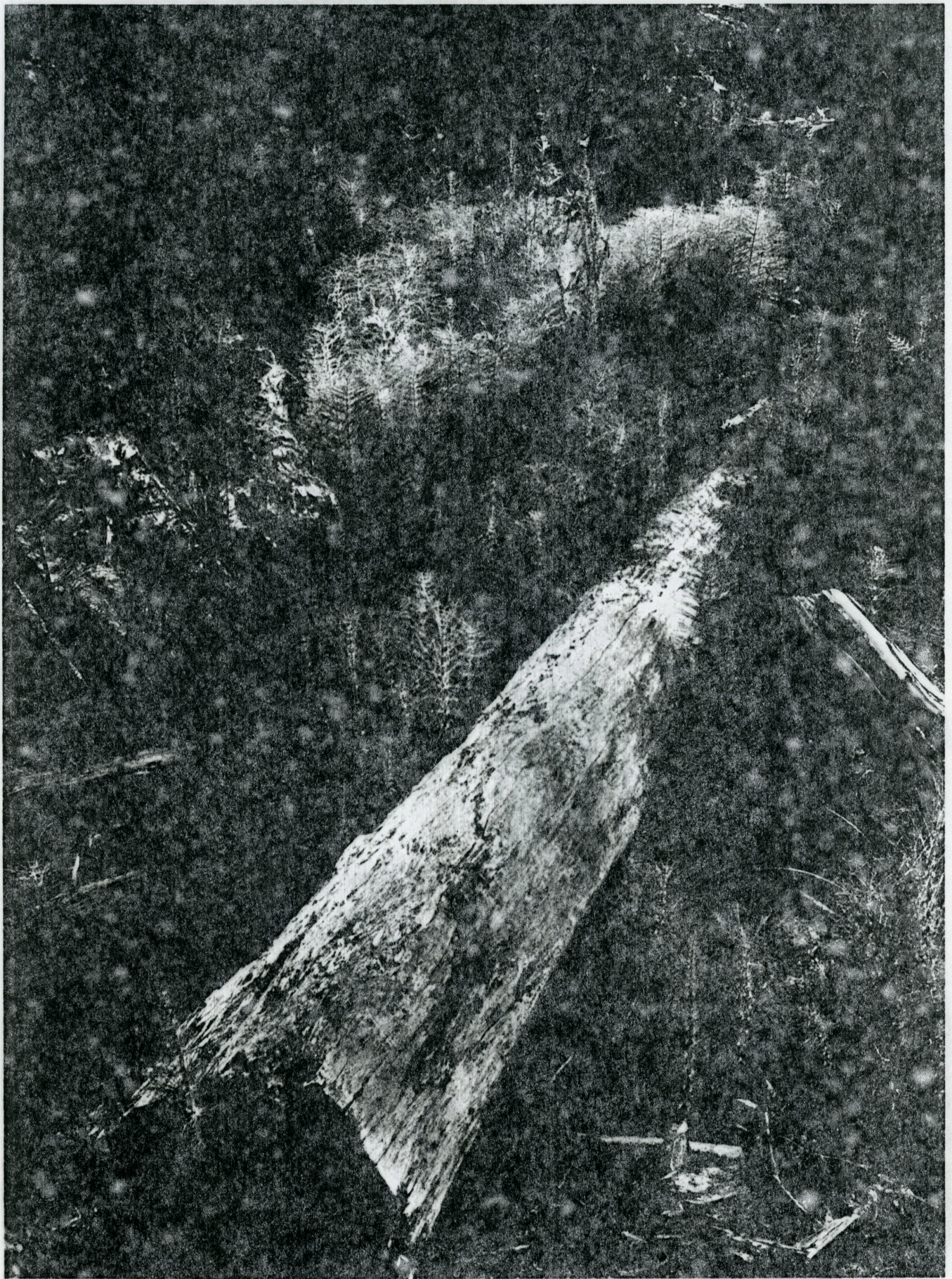
So, inhibitory peoples sometimes say "this piece of land is sacred"—or "all the land is sacred." This is an attitude that draws on awareness of the mystery of life and death; of taking life to live; of giving life back—not only to your





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© 1971 Edna Bullock. Courtesy, Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona

own children, but to the life of the whole land.

**A**BBÉ BREUIL, THE FRENCH PRE-HISTORIAN who worked extensively in the caves of southern France, has pointed out that the animal murals in those 20,000-year-old caves describe fertility as well as hunting—the birth of little bison and cow calves. They show a tender and accurate observation of the qualities and personalities of different creatures; implying a sense of the mutuality of life and death in the food chain; and what I take to be a sense of a sacramental quality in that relationship.

Inhabitation does not mean "not traveling." The term does not of itself define the size of a territory. The size is determined by the bio-region type. The bison hunters of the great plains are as surely in a "territory" as the Indians of northern California, though the latter may have seldom ventured farther than thirty miles from where they were born. Whether a vast grassland, or a brushy mountain, the Peoples knew their geography. Any member of a hunting society could project from his visualization any spot in the surrounding landscape, and tell you what was there; how to get there. "That's where you'd get some

cattails." The bushmen of the Kalahari desert could locate a buried ostrich egg full of emergency water in the midst of a sandy waste—walk right up and dig it out. "I put this here three years ago, just in case."

Ray Dasmann has useful terms to make these distinctions: "ecosystem-based cultures" and "biosphere cultures." By that Ray means societies whose life and economies are centered in terms of natural regions and watersheds, as against those who discovered—seven or eight thousand years ago in a few corners of the globe—that it was "profitable" to spill over into another drainage, another watershed, another peoples' territory, and steal away its resources, natural or human. Thus the Roman Empire would strip whole provinces for the benefit of the capital, and villa-owing Roman aristocrats would have huge slave-operated farms in the south using giant wheeled plows. Southern Italy never recovered. We know the term "imperialism"—Dasmann's "biosphere cultures" adds to that, helps us realize that biological exploitation is a critical part of it too—the species made extinct. The clear-cut forests.

All that wealth and power pouring

**"All land is sacred."  
To acknowledge this is  
to be aware of the mys-  
tery of life and death.**





© 1971 Edna Bullock. Courtesy, Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona.

into a few centers had bizarre results. Philosophies and religions based on fascination with society, hierarchy, manipulation, and the "absolute." A great edifice called "the state" and the symbols of central power—in China what they used to call "the true dragon"; in the West, as Mumford says, symbolized perhaps by that bronze age fort called the Pentagon. No wonder Lévi-Strauss says that civilization has been in a long decline since the Neolithic.

So here in the twentieth century we find occidentals and orientals studying each other's Wisdom, and a few people on both sides studying what came before both—before they forked off. A book like *Black Elk Speaks*, which would probably have had zero readership in 1900, is perceived now as speaking of certain things that nothing in the Judaeo-Christian tradition, and almost nothing in the Hindu-Buddhist tradition, deals with. All the great civilized world religions remain primarily human cen-

tered. That next step is excluded, or forgotten—"well, what do you say to Magpie? What do you say to Rattlesnake when you meet him?" What do we learn from Wren, and Hummingbird, and Pine Pollen, and how. Learn what? Specifics: how to spend a life facing the current; or what it is to perpetually die young; or how to be huge and calm and eat *anything* (Bear). But also, that we are many selves looking at each other, through the same eye.

The reason many of us want to make this step is simple, and is explained in terms of the 40,000 year looping back that we seem to be involved in. Sometime in the last ten years the best brains of the Occident discovered to their amazement that we live in an Environment. This discovery has been forced on us by the realization that we are approaching the limits of something. Stewart Brand said that the photograph of the earth (taken from outer space by a satellite) that shows the whole blue orb

with spirals and whorls of cloud, was a great landmark for human consciousness. We see that it has a shape, and it has limits. We are back again, now, in the position of our Mesolithic forebears—working off the coasts of southern Britain, or the shores of Lake Chad, or the swamps of southeast China, learning how to live by the sun and the green at that spot. We once more know that we live in a system that is enclosed in a certain way; that has its own kind of limits, and that we are interdependent with it.

THE ETHICS OR MORALITY OF THIS is far more subtle than merely being nice to squirrels. The biological-ecological sciences have been laying out (implicitly) a spiritual dimension. We must find our way to seeing the mineral cycles, the water cycles, air cycles, nutrient cycles, as sacramental—and we must incorporate that insight into our own personal spiritual quest and inte-



grate it with all the wisdom teachings we have received from the nearer past. The expression of it is simple: gratitude to it all, taking responsibility for your own acts; keeping contact with the sources of the energy that flow into your own life (i.e., dirt, water, flesh).

Another question is raised: Is not the purpose of all this living and studying the achievement of self-knowledge, self-realization? How does knowledge of place help us know the Self? The answer, simply put, is that we are all composite beings, not only physically but intellectually, whose sole individual identifying feature is a particular form or structure changing constantly in time. There is no "self" to be found in that, and yet oddly enough, there is. Part of you is out there waiting to come into you and another part of you is behind you, and the "just this" of the ever-present moment holds all the transitory little selves in its mirror. The Avatamsaka ("Flower Wreath") jeweled-net-interpenetration-ecological-systems-emptiness-consciousness tells us, no self-realization without the Whole Self, and the whole self is the whole thing.

Thus, knowing who and where are intimately linked. There are no limits to the possibilities of the study of *who* and *where*, if you want to go "beyond limits"—and so, even in a world of biological limits, there is plenty of open mind-space to go out into.

In Wendell Berry's essay "the unsettling of America" he points out that the way the economic system works now, you're penalized if you try to stay in one spot and do anything well. It's not just that the integrity of Native American land is threatened, or National Forests and Parks; it's *all* land that's under the gun, and any person or group of people who tries to stay there and do some one thing well, long enough, to be able to say, "I really love and know this place," stands to be penalized. The economics of it works so that anyone who jumps at the chance for quick profit is rewarded—doing proper agriculture means *not* to jump at the most profitable chance—proper forest management or

game management means doing things with the far future in mind—and the future is unable to pay us for it right now. Doing things right means living as though your grandchildren would also be alive, in this land, carrying on the work we're doing right now, with deepening delight.

I saw old farmers in Kentucky last spring who belong in another century. They are inhabitants; they see the world they know crumbling and evaporating before them in the face of a different logic that declares, "everything you know, and do, and the way you do it, means nothing to us." How much more the pain, and loss of elegant cultural skills, on the part of non-white fourth-world primitive remnant cultures—who may know the special properties of a certain plant, or how to communicate with Dolphins, skills the industrial world might never regain. Not that special, intriguing knowledges are the real point: it's the sense of the magic system; the capacity to hear the song of Gaia at *that spot*, that's lost.

"Mankind has a rendezvous with destiny in Outer Space." Some say. We are already traveling in space. This is the galaxy, right here. The wisdom and skill of those who studied the universe first hand, by direct knowledge and experience, for millennia, both inside and outside themselves, is what we might call the Old Ways. Those who envision a possible future planet on which we continue that study, and where we live by the Green and the Sun, have no choice but to bring whatever science, imagination, strength, and political finesse they have to the support of the inhabitory people—natives and peasants of the world. Entering such paths, we begin to learn a little of the Old Ways, which are outside of history, and forever new. ❀

*Reprinted from "Re-inhabitation" in The Old Ways by Gary Snyder, City Lights Books, San Francisco. Copyright © 1977 Gary Snyder.*

*Gary Snyder received a Pulitzer Prize for poetry with his Turtle Island.*

*The late Wynn Bullock used photography intuitively, to express direct sensual experience.*

What do we learn from Wren and Hummingbird, and Pine Pollen, and how? That we are many selves looking at each other, through the same eye.



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I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I came into the Great Basin deserts, saw the broad, white alkaline flats, the hard, bony mountains and sagebrush valleys. I was eleven years old and awed to silence by the breadth of space, by the overpowering stillness. I am affected by these things still: by a black sky brilliant with stars on a moonless night; the seeming desolation; the almost surreal quality of blotches of orange and green lichen on the dark face of an escarpment. The breathless quiet, the reach of this country, make everything seem

I wonder, often, how the simple sight of land affects us.

Imagine vast, unbroken space, like that in eastern Montana. One of the events that critically shaped us historically was our stepping out onto the Great Plains. Nothing in art and little in literature had prepared us for such sudden, breath-taking space. In one of the most telling lines ever written about this phenomenon, George Catlin, on foot in Nebraska in 1832, evoked the ocean: "We have been out of sight of land for three days." He was as bewildered by the lack of physical borders as Coronado had been three hundred years before on the Staked Plains. Other Europeans wrote of *fata morgana*—"ten thousand buffalo wandered in a shimmering lake beneath imaginary cliffs." Nineteenth-century travelers took their bearings as though they were sailors, with sextant and chronometer. And plains-dwelling writers down to Ole Rølvaag and Willa Cather wrote of wrenching isolation there, and of terrifying winds.

Farther west, nineteenth-century landscape photographers such as William Henry Jackson and Timothy O'Sullivan grappled with the daunting proportions of Western landscape, often setting a human figure at the edge of a photograph for scale, as one might a meter stick. The coherent limning of outsize land became an American hallmark. And the persuasiveness of the notion of all-but-unchartable landscapes abetted a belief in an unending supply of natural resources. In more modern times, we have come to understand that these immense depths and heights and distances have much to do with the shape of native American natural philosophies, which some people now turn to in the hope of a native earth-wisdom. Knowing all these things, we must ask: Why haven't we sought to protect these unbroken American spaces, in the same way we have seen to the protecting of the ideas that shaped us by building libraries and archives?

I think it is because what is out there is not evident.

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# Out of a desert landscape

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## Open spaces and the human spirit

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by Barry Lopez, photographs by Laura Gilpin

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more plausible. The feeling is of a stage, where imagination is neither impelled nor constrained.

The places we show our children, even momentarily, are vital to their imagination. The impact is one that Wallace Stegner puts succinctly: "Expose a child to a particular environment at his susceptible time and he will perceive in the shape of that environment until he dies."

At my susceptible time, my parents took me to the desert.

Each of us sees something different in the very same landscape. From such unique perceptions grow different apprehensions of the world; and we are exceedingly fortunate for this, I think. A diversity of understanding about the universe is probably as vital for successful human adaptation as is a diversity of genes. And sensing that our vision is deeply affected by the kind of landscape we mature in should move us to preserve a variety of landscape—not the spectacular and unusual alone but also what, like the deserts, are called wastelands.



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## The Indian sweat bath inspires a joyful, vigorous, healthy feeling, worth the preparation and scalding.

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to get out of a Sioux sweat lodge.

Recently, I took a very different kind of sweat with a Navajo medicine man, Sam Boone, who lives in Flagstaff and has a permanent lodge on a beautiful piece of land in nearby Verde Valley. Sam was a Navajo code talker in World War II and has a rich fund of adventure stories. He also has considerable knowledge of healing plants and Navajo religion. The Navajo lodge is of sturdy construction, half sunk in the ground. It is shaped like a beehive oven, the roof formed of thick beams with a heavy coating of mud and straw. A large fire pit occupies one side of the circular floor, leaving a space on the opposite wall for four or five persons. The door is a wooden frame that can be covered with blankets.

Sam covers the sitting area with a thick blanket of fragrant, fresh herbs that he gathers the day of the sweat. He has his fire going before dawn so that he can begin sweating in early morning. This lodge is so well insulated that it heats up very fast after glowing rocks are placed in the pit and the door is sealed. Unlike Plains Indians, the Navajos take dry sweats. They do not throw water on the rocks but sit in dry heat until they reach their limit. They also pray and chant when they go into the lodge, and Sam prays for all of us each time he sweats: for the United States, for peace, for his tribe, for his fellow sweaters. He performs this ritual quite regularly, at least every Sunday and Wednesday.

Women are nowhere in sight at a Navajo sweat. It is an all-male affair that lasts through the morning. But the men leave some rocks in the fire for the women, who arrive after the men depart and use the lodge by themselves later in the day.

It is customary to go back and forth from a Navajo sweat, cooling off in between, then heating up again. To cool off, you lie in a shallow trough filled with fine sand or clay and rub it all over your body. It cools you down deliciously, absorbs the sweat, and rubs off dirt and dead skin, leaving you clean and invigorated. You must dust off well before going back in the lodge, because any accumulations of clay will turn into unbearable hot spots. After your last sweat and rubdown, you can wash off.

I enjoyed learning this ritual, especially under Sam Boone's able direction, and I am sure it is a good method for curing much illness. Still, I am sold on the Sioux version as a means of getting high and feeling fine. It is the *inipi* type of sweat lodge that seems to have caught on in the counterculture of the Western states, with the result that sweat lodges have become a standard feature of alternative communities and New Age gatherings.

For example, I attended a fall equinox celebration a few

years ago at Healing Waters, a hot-springs resort in southeastern Arizona, where sweats were popular. The resort, dating from the early part of the century, had fallen into dilapidation and disuse when it was purchased in the late 1970s by a group of vegetarians. Since then it has been active and has hosted a number of countercultural events. The celebration I attended lasted two days, drew several hundred people, and included lectures and workshops on massage and herbs, group dancing and singing, raw-food meals, use of the hot baths, and access to well-run sweat lodges of the *inipi* type.

There were five lodges in operation, going nonstop in the mornings to accommodate the many people who wanted to use them. A crew of men tended the fire and provided enough red-hot rocks to keep everyone happy, while those who knew the ritual well served as leaders for groups of the less experienced. I had never before seen a mass sweat-lodge operation and was favorably impressed.

I have met several men who build portable sweat lodges out of light willow poles and canvas. They carry them on hikes and can set them up quickly by convenient streams and sources of firewood. A California firm even markets a new "trail sweat" of lightweight fiberglass and nylon components, suitable for backpackers and cross-country skiers. Clearly, sweating is in.

I am sure Indian medicine men like Leonard Crow Dog and Sam Boone are pleased to see more and more of us learning to build and use traditional sweat lodges. They know, as we are discovering, that nothing can make a person feel healthy, happy, and strong as fast as a good sweat. I have seen the sweat lodge effect instant cures of depression and anxiety. I have introduced people to it who were quite timid and doubting of their ability to "take it" and watched them emerge totally confident and rejoicing in their strength, eager for more. Leonard Crow Dog says he can cure alcoholism with his sweat lodge. Sam Boone has endless stories of medical successes with his. I do not doubt their testimony.

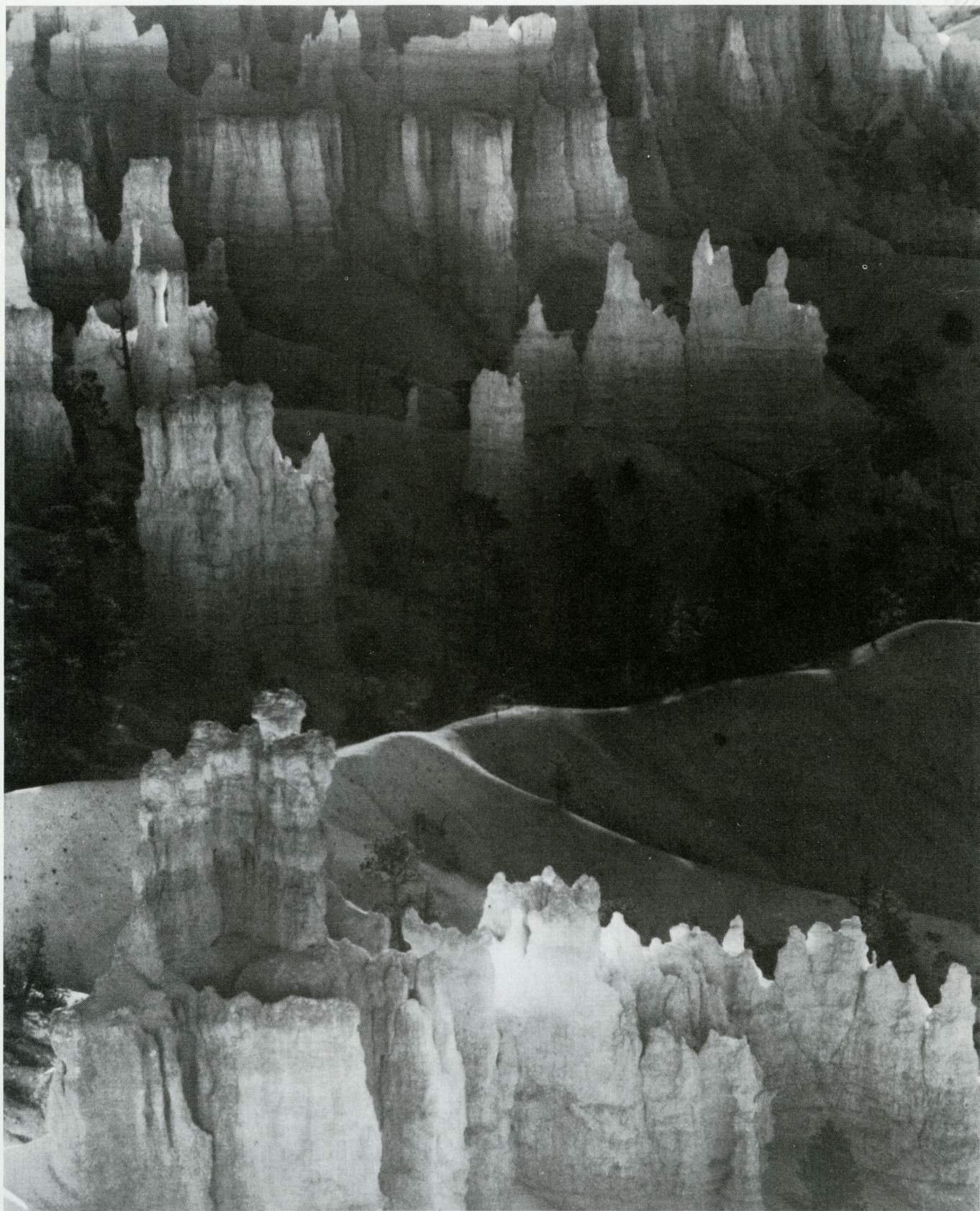
The sweat-lodge ceremony is a legacy to us of the Indians of the West, and though its use has declined among the people who developed it, it is certainly spreading among the rest of us. I do not know that we shall see a day when every neighborhood has its sweat lodge, but I do think more and more of us will be able to have this great experience if we want. ❧

### BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

A good book on sweating in general with details of methods used around the world is *Sweat* by Mikkel Aaland (1978). Descriptions of the Sioux *inipi* ceremony will be found in *Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions* by John (Fire) Lame Deer and Richard Erdoes (1976).

**Andrew Weil**, a physician and researcher living in Tucson, has studied the Indian sweat ceremony since 1970. He is the author of *The Natural Mind* and *The Marriage of the Sun and Moon*.





BRYCE CANYON, NO. 2, 1930. © AMON CARTER MUSEUM, 1981. COURTESY CENTER FOR CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY, TUCSON





**BRYCE CANYON DETAIL, LOOK BETWEEN FORMATIONS**, 1930. © AMON CARTER MUSEUM, 1981. COURTESY CENTER FOR CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY, TUCSON



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Space is not tangible. It strikes us as neither apparent nor destructible, though seismic trails, power transmission lines, jet contrails, fences, and roads—each insignificant by itself—noticeably shred the continuity of space. Landscape is broken up into pieces. The loss is subtle, largely to the eye; but some believe it is a loss that registers on the human spirit as profoundly as the loss of a trace amount of zinc in the blood will affect the health of the human body.

Space, like darkness and silence, is a natural resource. It is principally because the human need for all three is more psychological than biochemical that the effort to preserve them has lagged so miserably, that the formal reasoning for their preservation has largely eluded us.

Look into the Great Basin. You can walk toward a mountain for two days, and never seem to draw any nearer. You can almost hear sunlight at noon, like a white noise. Stand in the Big Smoky Valley in central Nevada, or in dry China Lake in southeastern California, in the Sevier Desert in western Utah: nowhere outside the Arctic is the thrust of dimension and quietude so evident. When people who live here say laconically, "There's nothing out there," they mean there's nothing *else* out there.

Historically, we have run from such places. Open country, lying so far outside time, so unmeasurable, no water—it was intimidating. People went there only to sink mine shafts or to graze stock. To subjugate and own, to get rich. Now, a hundred and twenty-five years after the overlanders prayed to God just to get across them, people who have never been to the Western deserts are looking to them for something more valuable than silver ore or bunchgrass or oil shale: undisturbed, contemplative space. A place so quiet you can hear birds flying.

THE LAKOTA MAKE A POINT concerning *Wakan Tanka*, the Great Spirit, which is helpful in understanding the importance of any landscape. The

Great Spirit, they say, is inherent in the land. In nature one sees various forces at work: a bolt of lightning shatters a yellow pine; a mule deer chews leaves of mountain mahogany; creek water splashes in a sandstone basin. These relationships, between lightning and trees, the deer and the plant, water and stone, are what are called *Wakan Tanka*. They reveal a spiritual realm within the physical landscape. A person aligned properly in this invisible realm is thought to be in a state of health. All his relationships are in good order.

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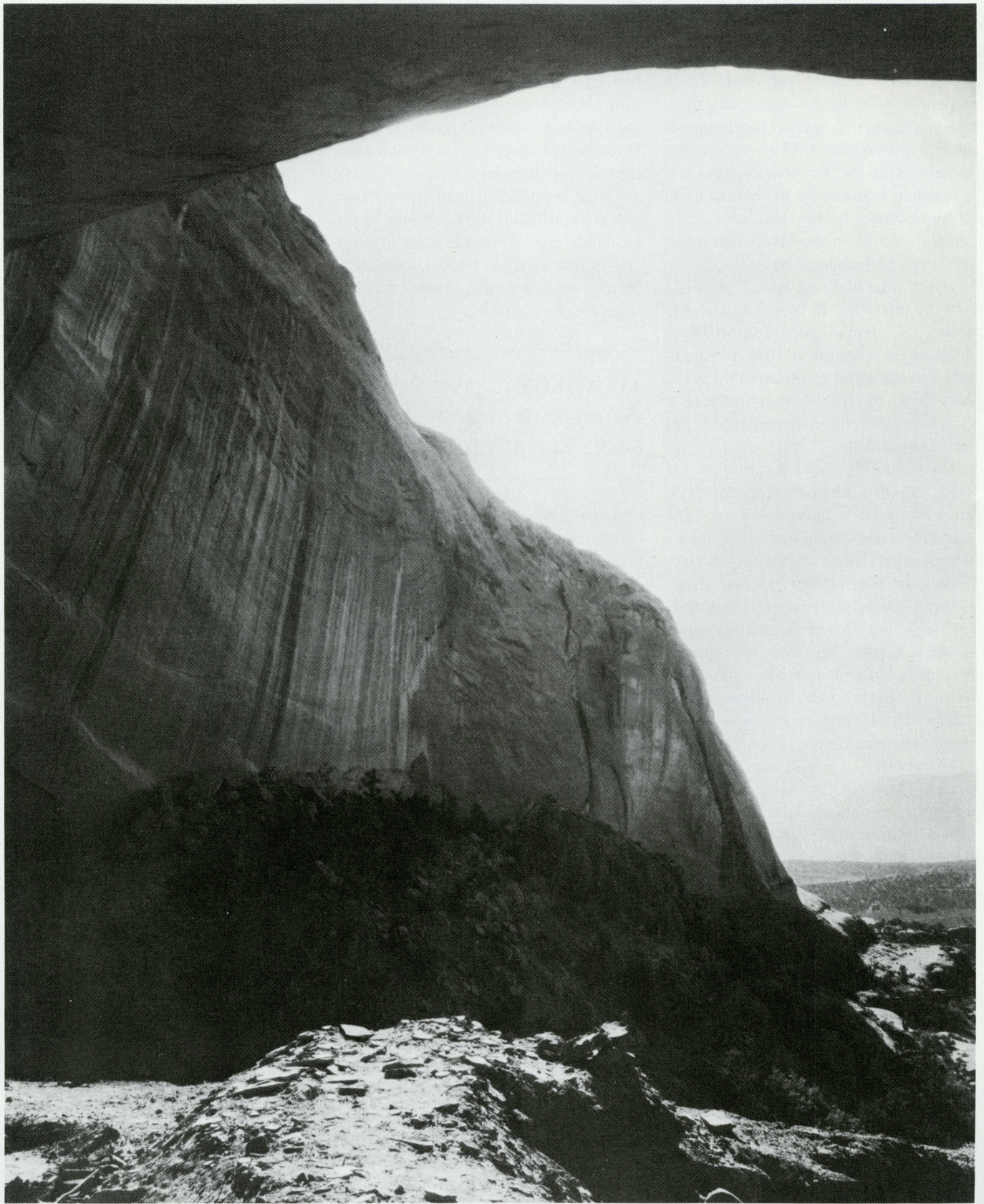
## Why haven't we sought to protect these unbroken American spaces, in the same way we have seen to the protecting of the ideas that shaped us?

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A more Western approach to the psychological importance of landscape is taken by Paul Shepard, Avery Professor of Human Ecology at Pitzer College in California. A very good reason for preserving natural habitat, he argues, is that from paleolithic times people have used unmanipulated landscape (all, or most all, of its relationships intact) as a context in which to sort out abstract ideas, and bring them to life through analogy. Children still make their earliest and greatest strides in coming to grips with the human world through reference to the actions of animals.

Shepard's potent notion—that nature is crucial for the development of human intelligence—is currently being explored by psychologists. But I would like to turn back to *Wakan Tanka*, this unfathomable reservoir of relationships that binds all things—winds, white-footed mice, caribou, pentstemon, lynx, willows—together. A better translation of the Lakota words than "the Great Spirit," according to Elaine Jahner, is "the Great Mystery." It is the Great Mystery that is revealed in the physical landscape, in the coming and going of a beaver, in the set of a particular brown hill against an azure sky; and the most





BROKEN FLUTE COVE, COVE AREA, ARIZONA, 1931. © AMON CARTER MUSEUM, 1981. COURTESY CENTER FOR CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY, TUCSON



cogent reason for the preservation of natural areas, as has been stated repeatedly by various cultures for millennia, is that, immersed in the relationships there, we regain our spiritual senses.

Landscapes, in other words, can heal.

Urban psychologists have stated that one of the dangers of a highly industrialized society (like ours) is the reduction in demands on the individual imagination. Resourcefulness, self-motivation, and invention, we are told, are dulled—by television, by chemicals in our food, by an array of goods and services which are too readily available. An even more depressing picture of reduced spirit and imagination has been suggested by such writers as Jacques Ellul, the French sociologist. The Western deserts can be seen as a kind of therapy against this depression. The open space, where one can see clearly, releases the imagination. The opportunity to study mountains twenty miles away and then to look down at the sight of one's own hands engenders a feeling of privacy. At night, uncountable stars pulse sharp white in an inky sky, and the thought of other solar systems floating overhead suggests a passage of time that is slow, not urgent, not tyrannical. Enormous silence enhances the dawn song of a black-throated sparrow.

The desert is without the sighing of trees or the sound of moving water. It does not crowd. It implies life beyond one's own history and one's immediate culture. It reconfirms belief in an order beyond human mistakes.

Others have set down better than I can the need to preserve particular areas of the Western desert for the ecological variety they embrace; they have clarified the moral obligation to preserve wilderness stated by Aldo Leopold; in John Van Dyke's *The Desert* is a moving aesthetic argument for preserving desert country. Uwe George's *In the Deserts of this Earth* has evoked the physical landscape as almost an organism in itself.

I would like to add another reason.

The space between discrete and distant objects (such as that between parallel mountain ranges), the deep silence, and the constellations visible in the clear air above the desert constitute a unique landscape. The human spirit reverberates there, raises questions, imagines, ponders, and orders as it does in no other place. Out there on an alkali flat you can see the earth bend into the horizon, watch golden eagles surge skyward in thermal elevators, trace the taproot of a mesquite 150 feet into the ground, stare into the moonlit eyes of a coyote,

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Landscapes can heal. The Western deserts can be seen as a kind of therapy against depression. Open spaces release the spirit and imagination.

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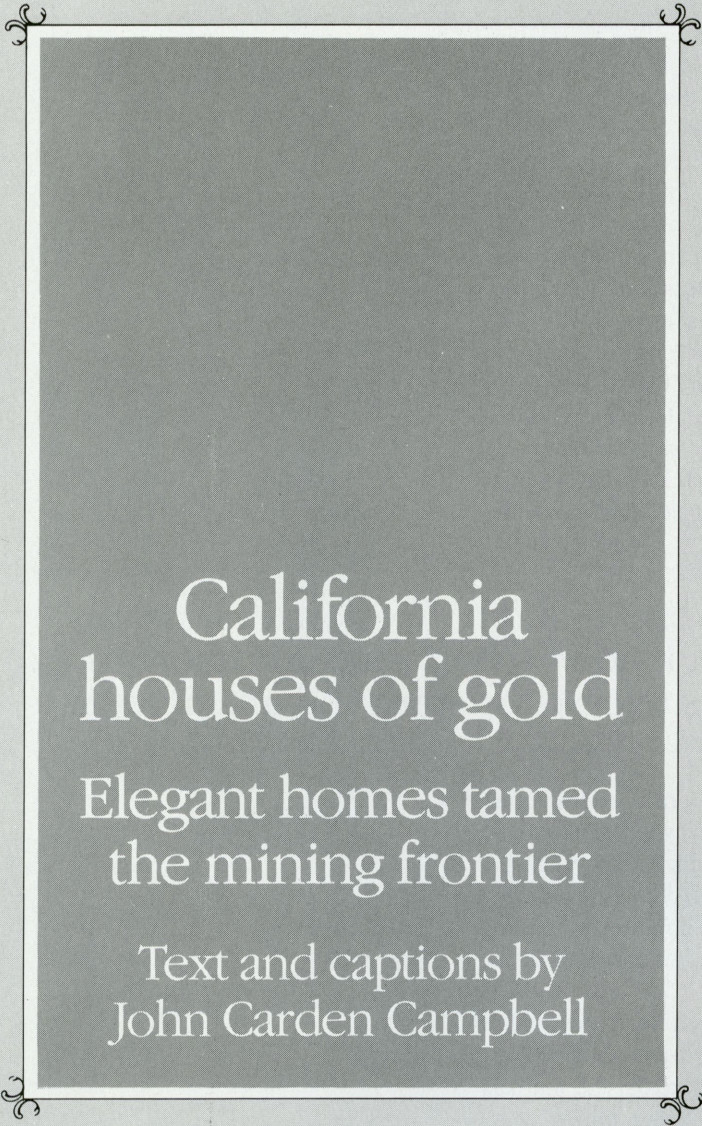
smell creosote after a rain, and wake up in a sudden bloom of wild flowers. The imagination dances there for some as it has never danced before, as it does for other people only in a rainforest, among coral reefs, or on the eastern face of Mount Katahdin.

One evening I sat in a desert hot spring in northern Nevada. In the quiet, dusky light I thought about the journals of John Frémont. About tailing scars from mines in the Stillwater Range to the south. How men prefer the Great Basin now as a place in which to detonate atomic weapons, test nerve gases, build war machines, store poison.

I lay there in the gin-clear water, coming up hot from somewhere far below where magma oozed, feeling the chill of night on my skin. In the faint light a jackrabbit fled between two clumps of sagebrush. I stared at the empty space. I cleared my throat. I waited long moments for the sound to finally disappear and then rolled my head back, to search the darkening sky for the first trace of Boötes. ❖

**Barry Lopez** is a recipient of the John Burroughs Medal for distinguished natural-history writing. His most recent book is *Winter Count* (Scribners), a collection of short stories.





# California houses of gold

## Elegant homes tamed the mining frontier

Text and captions by  
John Carden Campbell

### Freeman-Marling House, Nevada City

*The porch of this classic 'house of gold' (opposite) communicates a sense of leisure and refinement. Greek columns, narrow clapboard siding, and French doors are all typical of the Gold Rush style of architecture. The overall design was borrowed from homes in the Deep South; similar porches could be found overlooking beaches in Mississippi towns such as Biloxi or Pass Christian. Purportedly built by several southern gentlemen who wished to avoid rougher elements of the mining community, the house was intended originally as a club and retreat and has sometimes been referred to as 'Bourbon Lodge.' Erected in 1852-53, it is probably the oldest frame house standing in Nevada City and is one of the most elegant in the area.*

ONE OF MAN'S MOST SATISFYING GRATIFICATIONS is a delightful place to *be*—to be himself, to be with friends, to be with a lover, to be with a family. In the nineteenth-century West, people built a variety of shelters in an attempt to meet their needs for stability and protection: log cabins in the mountains, sod dugouts on the prairies, simple clapboard rectangles along the dusty streets of frontier towns. Following the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in January, 1848, 'home' meant a tent for the thousands of eager fortune-seekers who poured into the Mother Lode country of California.

After a season or two of roasting and freezing, the miners and other settlers built themselves rough shacks—usually just one room plus an outhouse, but better than a tent. And within a few years, those who had found their fortunes—either in mining, or more frequently as merchants and tradesmen in the towns that burgeoned overnight—began to build fine houses, based on the homes left behind in New England. Men settled down with wives and families, and this demanded a 'real house.' They required more space, but more particularly they required the feeling or essence of more stability, more dignity, and eventually, more elegance. So, the men built what I call 'houses of gold'—not of the metal, but of the essence: the gold of human richness and pleasure and growth.

Dozens, perhaps hundreds, of these fine old homes remain near the foothills of the Sierra; they can be seen along Highway 49 between Mariposa to the south and Downieville to the north. The best examples are clustered between Sonora and Nevada City. I regard many of these houses as true classics of architecture: they are handsome, elegant, refined, and they are also good examples of solving problems. Centuries ago a famous Greek philosopher said that buildings should express or possess Firmness, Commodity, and Delight. Surely these houses do. Although made mostly of wood (there are a few brick and stone ones), they have lasted over one hundred years. While in the East that is not 'old,' in the wild West that is 'old.' So they are firm; they are also commodious and delightful. Rooms are spacious and tall-ceilinged; details are handsome and restrained.

Although these classic homes are not totally different from their forebears in the East, they do have their own characteristics that make them unique and in a sense set their own styles. The architecture covers a spectrum from Greek revival style houses built in the 1850s through transitional types to the almost outrageously ornate Victorian homes. But these latter houses do not represent, to me, the purest Gold Rush architecture, since Victorian houses can be found all over America and particularly in San Francisco. What cannot be seen all over America, what is unique to this Mother Lode country, are these houses with details and appearance brought from the East Coast but adapted to California.

In the 1850s, many homes in America were built in what is called the Greek revival style. What makes a Greek revival house, in part, is the detail—use of pediments and columns that relate to Greek architecture but are not slavish attempts to copy a temple. The columns are truly Greek, but the Greeks



30 March '83

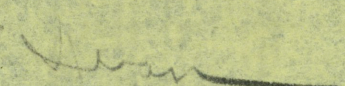
Dear Tom--

Okey-doke, here's the preface for INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY. As the preacher says, I didn't have time to write a short sermon so I did a long one. Actually, not all that long--a couple of thousand words, and the piece says quite a lot I think needed saying about the importance of photos to SKY and to my current work as well.

Sheerly for idea's sake--I truthfully won't be offended if it's something you don't want to do--I'm sending along some of the family pics which inspired this preface, in case they can be used illustratively with it. The top two--of my grandmother and me, and of my father and mother--would cover the mention I make of the four of us in the piece. The other pics are simply the best of what I have. I toss them your way because we really seem to be dealing with two things here: SKY and my photo sources for it, and Duncan's version of the country of SKY.

Anticipating that we are going to outsell GNOMES, I remain

yours gnomically,



enc: eleven photos

p.s. The preface feels fine to me, but I'd like to see it in galleys for any ultra-fine-tuning. Ditto for any captions, should you use any of the family pics.



# Pacific Northwest magazine

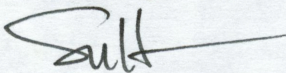
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March 16, 1983

Dear Ivan—

Received your letter along with an introduction by Nancy Meiselas, as well as several Duncan Kelso photos. Thank you for keeping me in mind. I assume that there are many more where those came from; in any case, I will get back to you within a week or two on this account.

Best regards,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Saul", with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.





ATHENEUM

PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

4 March 1983

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

Dear Ivan,

I don't know if you're interested in frontiersmen, but here's the first (remarkably: but Walker wasn't a braggart, shunned dime novelists, lost his diary, and had the good luck to have four would-be biographers kick the bucket before they finished their work) biography of the greatest of them all, Joseph Walker. If you like it, and if you wanted to say a few words for the book jacket, I'd be most grateful. If it's not your bag, fine.

Best,

Thomas A. Stewart  
Editor in Chief

TAS:ch  
encl



18 March '83

Dear Tom--

This ain't much--mountain men aren't really my metier--  
but if it'll help:

A strange bend in western history has kept Joseph Walker  
from full and ~~xxx~~ deservee view. We're in luck that El  
Gilbert now has written the pathfinding work on this  
estimable man of the mountains.

We're now fleeing to Missoula.  
All best,



**LIZ DARHANSOFF LITERARY AGENCY**

7 March 1983

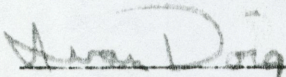
Dear Ivan & Duncan,

Your signatures below will represent your agreement to share equally in all proceeds from the book **INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY** and to pay equally for all permissions to material required therein.

Exclusive of this arrangement are sales, through a gallery or through private individuals, of prints of the photographs themselves. Proceeds from these sales will be kept by the photographer, Duncan Kelso.

Sincerely,

Signed & Agreed:

  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Ivan Doig

**1220 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK 10028 212-534-2479**



14 March '83

Dear Ann--

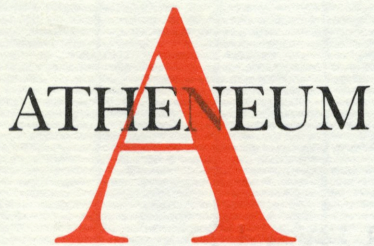
The deal for the House of Sky photo book I told you about has been struck. And if money hasn't exactly gushed forth, it at least has trickled.

The deal is complicated, what with the photog Duncan Kelso and I splitting the money, Liz Darhansoff getting her 10% agent's fee for arranging it all, HBJ getting permission money. But what it comes down to is that the enclosed check is your 10% of my share of the first part of the advance. The rest of the advance will be via permission fee to HBJ, so it'll simply show up in the regular Sky royalty statement--likely the one of April '84--which you'll take your regular 10% cut of. Are you following this?

I'm told there's a possibility an excerpt from Sky may also be sought for an anthology Penguin is intending, called Writers of the Purple Sage. That too will show up on the regular Sky royalty statement if it happens.

luv and knishes





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

January 24, 1983

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

Dear Ivan:

Tom tells me we'll be publishing a photography book based on This House of Sky in the fall and I'm delighted. I am enclosing a xerox of the author's questionnaire you filled out before in case you want to update it. For your information, we've also sent a questionnaire to Duncan Kelso. We are all looking forward to working with you on INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY.

Best regards,

Susan Richman  
Director of Publicity

SR/sd  
Enc.



11 March '83

Dear Tom--

Thanks for thinking of me in re WESTERING MAN. My first impulse is to take a bye on this one--mountain men are beyond my ken, and I've blurbed (not for you) a bit more than I'm comfortable with, recently. Yet Bil Gilbert is such a wordsmith he may entice me. Let me try WESTERING MAN as bedtime reading this coming week; if it doesn't build a blurb in me by the time we leave for Missoula on March 20, I'll ship the galley back to you so you can pass it along to someone fluent. OK?

To save a stamp, I'm enclosing my author's questionnaire and pic for Eusan Richman. Under people whose comments might help INSIDE THIS HOUSE OF SKY, I suggested Mike Mansfield; if there's one blurb that could help us on that book, it'd likely be his. Best-known Montanan (political variety) of his generation, elder statesman, etc.

luv and knishes,



8 March '83

Dear Tom--

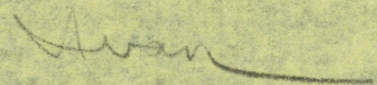
Phoenixlike, Sea Runners has risen from the ashes of non-bestsellerdom... I guess its reappearance out here can only be due to The Radio Reader; the local PBS station is running ~~it~~ the Reader on weekend mornings, so the rendition is taking something like  $2\frac{1}{2}$  months.

Duncan called before he went among the Lapps or wherever; said the two of you talked about a brief INSIDE THOS intro by me. How many words do you want? 10? 28? By 4th of July? Give me a call or note about the sort of thing you'd like, and when is the latest possible you need it. Carol and I go to Missoula for ENGLISH CREEK purposes the week of March 20, and if possible I'd like to wait until after that Montana refresher course to do the intro.

By gad, sir, ENGLISH CREEK mounts up. I'm now on the middle section, the big day of 4th of July, and even I think some of it is looking pretty damn good.

If your ears burn this Sunday, it'll be because Carol and I will be having lunch with Mary Robertson, she of SPEAK, ANGEL, in a channel-side town called LaConnor. We've seen her just once, only for minutes, during her teaching stint out here, so we look forward to spending a few hours with her and sharing roast editor.

best

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'Huan' or similar, with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

p.s. Incidentally, the time we saw Mary Robertson she was doing a reading, being introduced by--ta-ta!--Charles Johnson. If you're still after info about him, Mary maybe knows him pretty well.



for INSIDE preface:

the lens eye

go thru Sky leftovers for possible stuff



the bench, for waves even now tried to reach over the seaward edge.

Out of this shelf, in front of them, <sup>men</sup> thrust a tusk of rock,  
four, five times the height of a man. Karlsson pointed beyond the  
tusk toward the ocean: the lighter gray there was the seals.

The men crept to the south side of the tusk; on its north~~ern~~ lay  
tid<sup>e</sup>al trough, a sharp-sided trench which brought in a foaming surge  
of water from the ocean 00 further out.

The shot to the seals would be almost a hundred yards. Karlsson  
disliked the distance, but tried to amend for it to the extent he could  
by singling out the inmost seal, a yearling male off by himself.

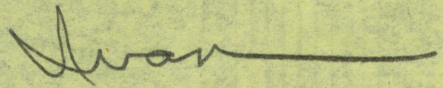


22 Feb. '83

Dear Duncan--

If you and Liz decide that THE AMERICAN WEST and/or PACIFIC NORTHWEST are worthwhile magazines to try place INSIDE...pics, here are possible cover letters from me to each editor. They've both nagged me to do something for them, within the past year. Black-and-white may be a problem, as both publications tend toward glitz, but who knows.

see you. have fun among the Finns.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Susan", followed by a long horizontal line.



Scott Forslund  
Associate Editor  
PACIFIC NORTHWEST  
222 Dexter Ave. N.  
Seattle WA 98109

Dear Scott--

When you inquired a while back whether I had anything for the magazine, Duncan Kelso's forthcoming photo book of the country of This House of Sky hadn't eventuated, and so I didn't think to mention it. But, since it'll be published by Atheneum this fall, I thought you might like to see Duncan's work, for possible excerpting. There'll also be a brief preface by me, on the role of the camera as the sole archivist my family ever had, which probably could make either a short block of text or be strewn around as captions.

best,



Thomas W. Pew, Jr.  
Editor, THE AMERICAN WEST  
Box 40310  
Tucson, Arizona 85717

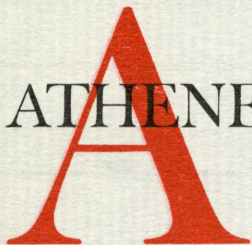
Dear Tom--

When we talked in Phoenix last fall, Duncan Kelso's forthcoming photo book of the country of This House of Sky hadn't eventuated, and so I didn't think to mention it. But it seemed to me you might like to see Duncan's work, for possible excerpting. There'll also be a brief preface by me, on the importance of the camera as the sole archivist my family ever had, which probably could make either a short block of text or be strewn around as captions.

hope you're thriving. best,

W. D. G.





ATHENEUM

PUBLISHERS 597 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY 10017 TEL: (212) 486-2700

8 February 1983

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

Dear Ivan,

Jon Rantala calls on both the accounts you mentioned--  
the Montana Historical Society in Helena and the  
Museum of the Rockies in Bozeman--and will see to  
it that they each take five hundred copies of the  
photographic book, for starters.

Best,

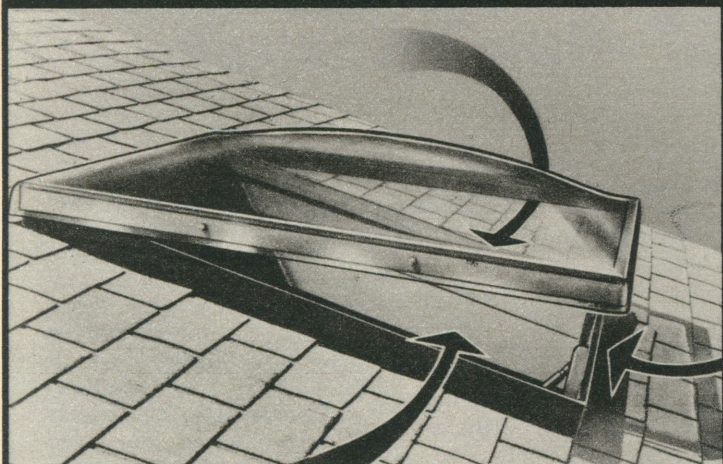
Thomas A. Stewart  
Editor in Chief

TAS:ch





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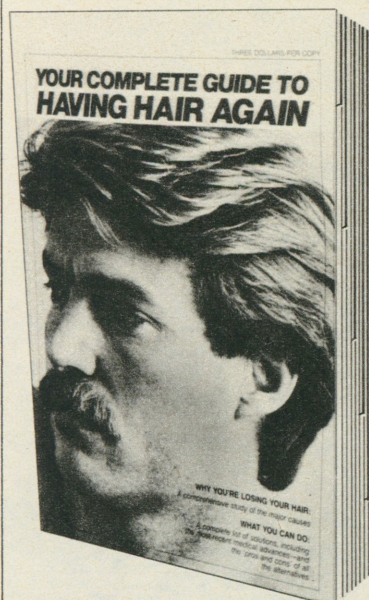
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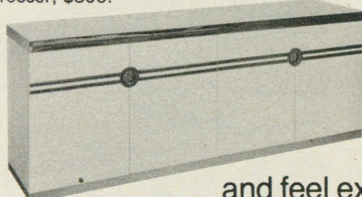
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## FOOD

Continued from Page 94

- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup golden or dark raisins
- 3 eggs, lightly beaten
- 1 cup golden or light corn syrup
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup broken walnut meats
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- Sweetened whipped cream for garnish, optional.

1. Prepare the pastry and refrigerate.

2. As the beets cook, put the raisins in a mixing bowl and add warm water to cover. Let stand until ready to use.

3. When the beets are tender, drain and peel them. Slice them into the container of a food processor or an electric blender and blend until fine. There should be about two cups. Put the beets into a mixing bowl.

4. Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

5. Drain the raisins and add them to the beet mixture. Add the eggs, corn syrup, walnuts and butter. Stir to blend.

6. Roll out the pastry and use it to line an eight- or nine-inch pie tin or plate. Pour in the beet filling. Place in the oven and bake one hour. Serve sliced in wedges with a dollop of sweetened whipped cream on each serving, if desired.

**Yield:** Six to 10 servings.

### Pie pastry

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour
- 8 tablespoons cold butter cut into half-inch cubes
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 2 to 3 tablespoons ice water.

1. Put the flour, butter and sugar into the container of a food processor. Start blending.

2. Gradually add enough water so that the dough can be gathered into a fairly cohesive ball.

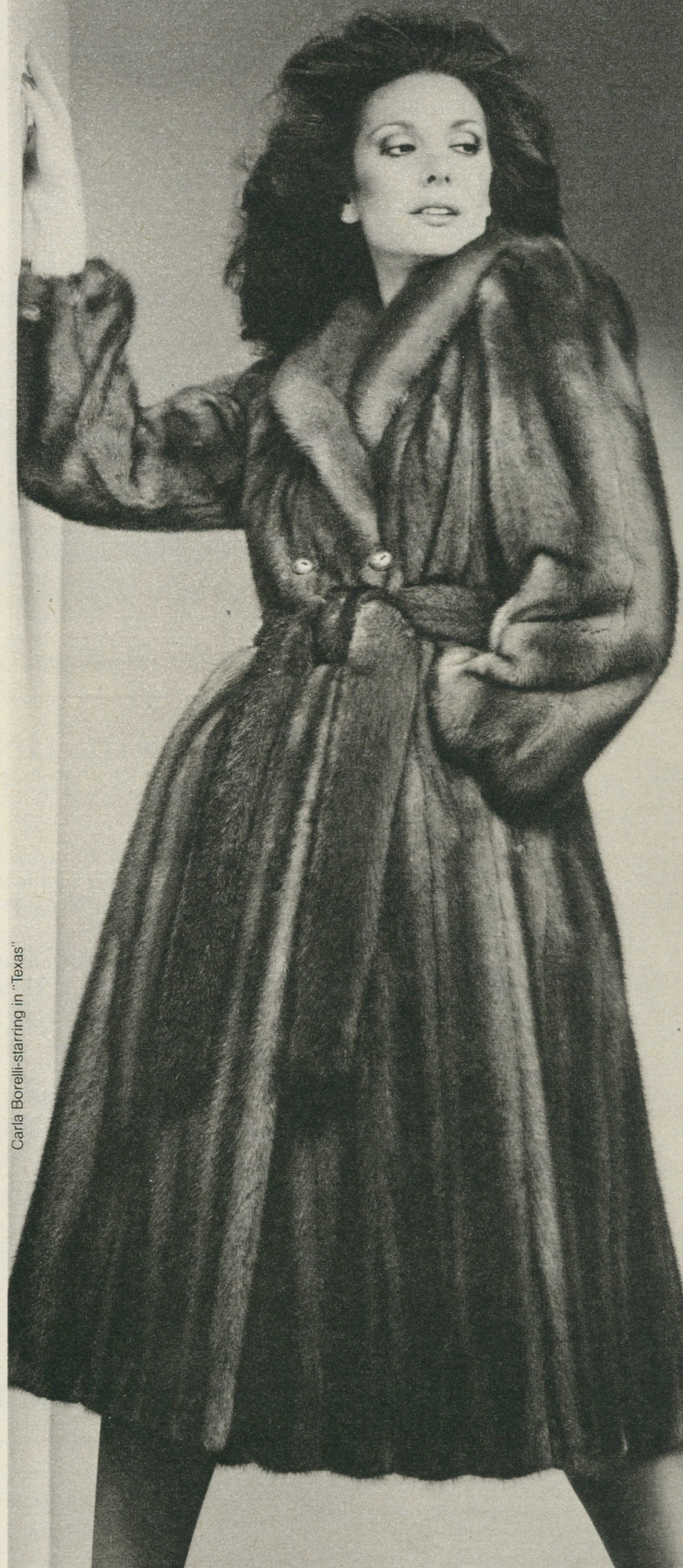
3. If a food processor is not used, place the flour and sugar in a mixing bowl. Add the butter and cut it in with two knives or a pastry blender until the mixture looks like coarse cornmeal. Add the water, stirring quickly with a fork.

4. Gather the dough into a ball and flatten it into a round disk one-inch thick. Wrap the dough in wax paper and chill for an hour or less.

**Yield:** Pastry for an eight- or nine-inch pie.

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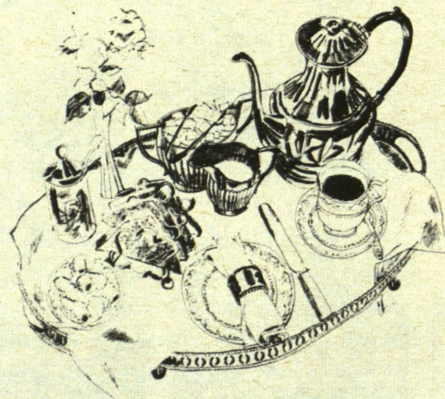
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# TIME PIECES

**By Wright Morris**

The time is 1857, in England.

Isambard Kingdom Brunel, surely destined to be famous, stands before the anchor chains of the Great Eastern — each link of the chain would frame two portholes — sporting a stovepipe hat, a chewed cigar, the cravat and vest, the trousers and jacket of a gentleman of style and substance (photograph, facing page). His pose is casual, his fashionable clothes are soiled. In the nature of his pose, we are aware that he knows he presents an unusual picture. A new man, at the dawn of a new age: a man of Empire at the moment of Empire expansion.

Isambard Kingdom Brunel should be seen and remembered very much as we see him, a man of his time, timelessly captured just before his death. In this portrait, time is of the essence. The photograph, timely and timeless, is the objective confirmation we have that our impressions of reality are in accord with the visible world around us. Snipped from the reel of time, more than a century later we see this builder of the future as his fellow-Englishmen saw him. This is a miracle to which we are overaccustomed, but its remarkable nature still eludes us. In 1982, we affirm Brunel's high opinion of himself.

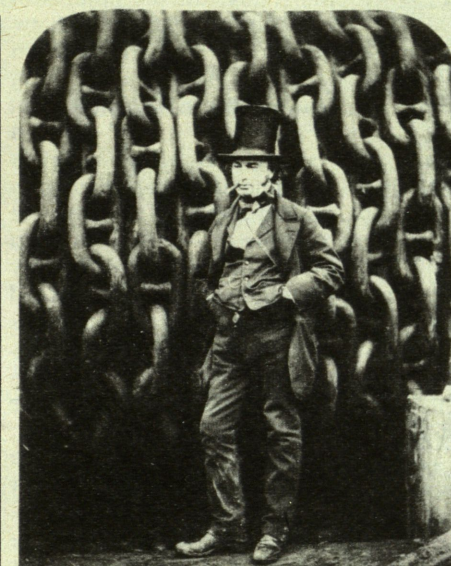
This photograph, by Robert Howlett, leaves on the viewer a complex and haunting impression of time's passage. I thought of it, along with several other vintage pictures, as I browsed through "Photographs and Words," a just-published volume of my own photographs, taken in the late

1930's and the 40's. However, the element of interest was not dated. It astonished me to see, in my timely photographs, how consistently the timeless was seamlessly present. They, too, had become *time pieces*. With or without the photographer's collaboration, the photograph — in particular, the photograph not intended to be art — confirmed time's elusive presence, to which each subsequent viewer would contribute a time of his own.

□

In the 1890's, on the plains of Nebraska, a man who had failed at the jobs he had previously attempted — salesman, farmer and medical student — became obsessed with what he saw going on around him, in particular the pioneers, some of them from the Old World,

A photograph is both timeless and timely, a distinguished photographer and novelist argues. No other visual art form holds time so closely, giving the viewer what the author calls 'an unquestioned confirmation of life.'



Above: Isambard Kingdom Brunel.  
By Robert Howlett, 1857.

Below: John Curry  
Sod House Home.  
By Solomon D. Butcher, 1886.



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**'Nothing within this photograph looks out at us. The scene exists for us with the finality of a freshly laid egg.'**

bleached fragment of antler hold some of the roof sod in place. Just to the right, facing the camera, a team of horses is hitched to a hay wagon.

Assembled at the front of the soddy, all the objects of value are lined up to be photographed. They include a large Christmas wreath, houseplants in pails and cans, a shiny galvanized pail, a rocking chair with a cushion. Solomon Butcher has persuaded this man and his wife to reveal themselves and their holdings, as on the day of judgment, when all would be accountable. The viewer's astonishment at what is revealed is tempered by his sense of intruding on private lives and guarded emotions. Perhaps the pathos the viewer feels is as much for the objects as the people. They are all displaced in time and space in a way that

Butcher. Time pieces. Time pieces that are ticking out of phase.

No other mode of representation excites in us such an unquestioned confirmation of life: not even life itself. The ceaselessly flowing stream of time laps at our feet, with a purling music, but eludes our effort to grasp it, until the camera snips from the reel a snippet of time's essence. It is this presence of time in a photograph that baffles and excites our senses. Time made visible in faces, costumes and structures, time in the form of events, time as coded information, a piece of bronze from the sea depths, or an arrowhead from a gravesite. With these time pieces, we have learned to be at ease. But if a single photograph existed of Helen of Troy, of Joseph entering Egypt, or of the throng that



*St. Paul and Tacoma Logging Co., Nooksack Camp.  
By Darius Kinsey, c. 1915.*

seems bizarre, and unalterable, as if unloaded on this spot from a covered wagon that has proceeded westward. Only a photograph will testify to the integrity of these displaced objects in a time and space that are inappropriate. The disjunction is both memorable and disturbing. The order we impose on life is jumbled, and we are aware of its shabby pretensions. The timely and the timeless are out of phase, ticking in the random manner of clocks in a clock store, and it is this that moves and awes about the photographs of

assembled at Calvary — the air choked with the dust and smoke of fires, the light glinting on the sweaty faces and battered helmets, perhaps a clot in the procession where one of the captives appears to be burdened with a cross — most of what we have conjured up as history would have to be rewritten. Whatever else it was, it was not as seen by the camera's eye.

□

In this great hall of unpainted timbers (photograph, above), light bulbs hang in rows above the wood tables,





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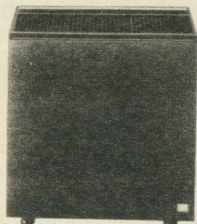
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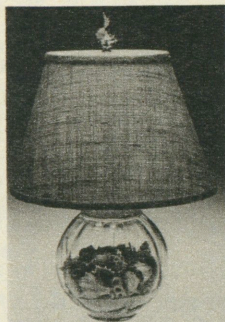
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where places are set in preparation for the next meal. The diners will sit elbow to elbow on wooden benches. At each place, the white plate has been inverted, and on the plate a saucer, with an inverted cup. The effect is that of rows of wide-brimmed hats with narrow crowns. There is an institutional order and cleanliness, but we do not see a diner, a cook or a waiter. No person intrudes upon this shipshape arrangement. On each table, seating about 40 diners, there are plates of cookies, glasses crammed with spoons, and tins of canned milk.

Pondering this photograph, I think of warriors gathered for a feast in the age of Beowulf and Grendel, where meat is roasted in the fireplace, speeches are given, and troubadours sing their verses; but this was the dining hall of a lumber camp in the Pacific Northwest the moment preceding the arrival of

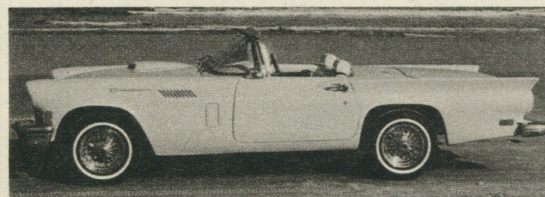
Photography offers viewers the most objective confirmation that their impressions of reality agree with the visible world.

the diners. The monastic order and quiet would soon be a deafening bedlam of clatter. Timely and timeless, this scene awaits the rush and clamor of famished men. Nothing within this photograph looks out at us, nor are we led to ask who it was that took it. The scene exists for us with the finality of a freshly laid egg.

I remember another photograph — I no longer know where I saw it — in which nothing is fresh, or final, nor do we know just when it was taken, or where. The dirt street is crisscrossed with the tracks of buggies and lined on one side with stores and false fronts we feel we have seen in numberless western movies. No posse of men gallops away from us, however, nor do cowboys charge toward us, firing their pistols. There is no action, nor traffic, in this scene so often given over to action, and it might cross the viewer's mind that this was what the photographer had in mind. A ghost town somewhere on the empty plains. It is this emptiness that leads

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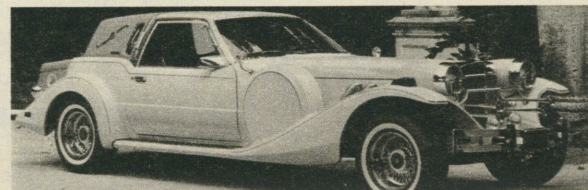
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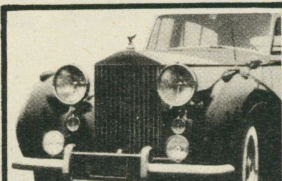
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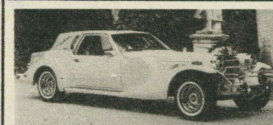
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the viewer to notice the disturbance of air at the far end of the street, a blur, like a drop of water in which we see distorted reflections. If we focus on this blur, a horse and wagon appear to materialize out of thin air. As in a mirage, the ghostly horse and buggy float on a shimmering cushion of air. Is it a real wagon, or an apparition? Is it coming or going, vanishing or materializing? Timely and timeless, the photograph captures the sense of all that vanishes before our very eyes. In its timely modes the camera eye reassures us that we are as real as the world around us, but in its timeless mode, where objects blur to indicate time's irresistible passage, we experience a dimension of time so commonplace we ignore it. In the blur of the photograph, time leaves its visible track.



Among the Yoruba of western Nigeria, who adopted the studio portrait introduced by the British, a popular photographic feature is the portrait of twins, one of whom has just died (photograph, below). In this extremity, a photograph of the living twin is substituted, the two images placed side by side. A conscious and skillful effort is made to deny the ravages of time by deceiving the observer, which challenges the powers of the camera to re-create what has been lost.

To postpone, if not to recover such losses, Charles Van Schaick at the turn of the century took thousands of photographs. His obsession was similar to Solomon Butcher's: to document what he knew to be disappearing. We might say that to post-

pone what is vanishing is a characteristically American passion. The very nature of our incessantly changing society assures us that appropriate materials are not lacking. Van Schaick's eye was on small-town and rural people, whom he recognized as a threatened species.

In a selection of Van Schaick's work published by Michael Lesy, in his memorable "Wisconsin Death Trip," is a photograph of two beautiful infants, each in its crib, appearing to sleep (photograph, facing page). Each wears a garland of leaves and flowers, and is dressed appropriately for the occasion. What occasion? It would seem to have been for their portraits. As we ponder this photograph—and it must be pondered—we are subject to a troubling disquiet. Something palpable, but invisible, persuades us that these infants are out of time, rather than in it. Uneasily we perceive, in the details of their appearance, the flawless perfection of a dried arrangement. Both infants lie in caskets, not cribs, and their sleep is one from which they will not awaken. We can no longer evoke the grief that this calamity brought on the parents, but the purpose of this photograph, as in an act of witchcraft, was to make it acceptable, a ritual stage that relieved an unbearable loss. Michael Lesy is right in saying of Van Schaick's photographs "that their purpose was more religious than secular... a semimagical act that symbolically dealt with time and mortality." In the serene sleep of the child, attested to by the image, we approximate a vision of peace and reconciliation that is in



Yoruba Twins.  
By Stephen F. Sprague, c. 1960.



'If a single photograph existed of Helen of Troy, of Joseph entering Egypt, or of the throng that assembled at Calvary, most of what we have conjured up as history would have to be rewritten.'



STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

Two Babies in Coffins.  
By Charles Van Schaick, c. 1900.

scale with human experience. We can accommodate death, even welcome it, on occasion, but we balk at extinction. In the photograph, the infants are embalmed in sleep.



To the viewer who gives photographs their deserved attention, and is responsive to their awesome message, it is the timeless, not the timely, that hushes us into silence. T. S. Eliot has told us that "time the destroyer is time the preserver": Both of these times find their point of rest in photographs.

The photographs I have described are not considered to be "works of art." Photographers "make" pictures, as well as take them, and the photographs they make, in which they are a presence, are both something more and something less than the usual photograph. The work of art surely improves photography's public image, but the judgment of the image as art has more to do with the photographer than the photograph. We know this to be a characteristic of all things that rise in "status."

Many photographs are now recognized as art, and others are being made with that intent, but it has been my purpose in these comments to speak for those that, in being less than art, I judge to be something more. Such photo-

graphs exist in the tens of thousands, found and un-found, squirreled away in albums, shoe boxes and attics, where they await rediscovery as something of value. But our concepts of value do not apply to such photographs. They are outside both the taste and intent of such values, and have their appropriate place, as in life, in what is random, disorderly and unforeseen. The crucial ingredient is not taste, but time.

Photographs made with the intent of being works of art are both more and less than a photograph free of that intent. It is sometimes more, and to be valued as such, if the photographer has put himself into the picture. It is also less, since this contribution is not intrinsic to the nature of the photograph and its remarkable powers. I see my own photographs, for example, combining the artful with the unposed, the unmediated. The French film critic André Bazin has defined this situation succinctly: "All the arts are based on the presence of man; only photography derives an advantage from his absence."

In the 40 years I have been looking at photographs, I find that this advantage is worth preserving. The photographer, not the photograph, experiences a rise in status with the photograph's recognition as a work of art.

Some time has now passed since Isambard Brunel, in the manner expressive of his nature, posed for his portrait before the anchor chains of the Great Eastern. Only yesterday, it seems, the camera's eye was transported to the moon's barren surface, where photographs were taken of planet Earth rising on the moon's horizon. This inexhaustibly ponderable image speaks for what is awesome in the visible world, and all that is responsive to that world in the soul of man. These images, like the life they mirror, will continue to exceed our comprehension, even as they enhance our wonder of what is timeless in our timebound selves. ■

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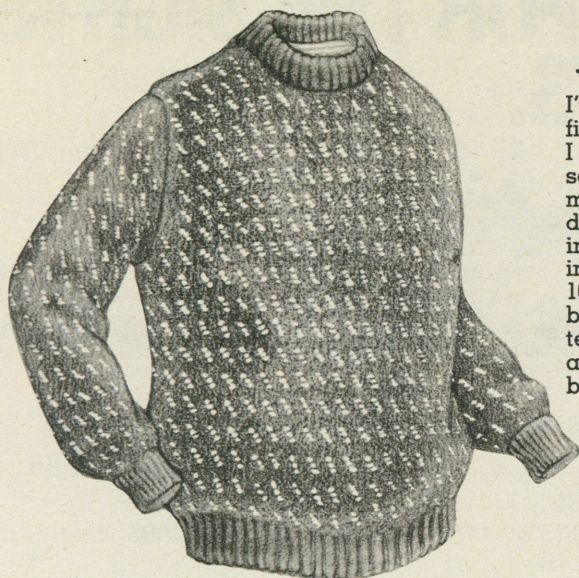
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## LATIN

Continued from Page 47

Virgilio Zapata heads Guatemala's Instituto Evangelica America Latina, the largest evangelical school in the region with more than 5,000 students. The school's half-finished gymnasium is awaiting additional funding from the United States, and Mr. Zapata's office is decorated with photographs of members of the Christian Nationals Evangelism Commission of San Jose, Calif., with which his church and school are affiliated.

Fundamentalist missionaries, explains Mr. Zapata, who has just completed the first historical account of the country's evangelical church, used to come only sporadically to Central America, although Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists from the United States established modest missions in the 1920's and 30's under difficult circumstances. In 1944, however, the end of Gen. Jorge Ubico's dictatorship brought new religious and political freedom, and in the next decade, more than 30 American denominations arrived in Guatemala.

They grew slowly until a massive earthquake on Feb. 4, 1976, shook the country in more ways than one. Bringing food, medicine and construction materials, dozens of American Protestant sects went to the highlands, where 6,000 Indian communities had been affected. Meanwhile, in the capital's badly hit slums, a number of new evangelical groups asked people to join in exchange for help. Some Catholics quipped that the swap was "anima pro lámina," wordplay based on the Latin "anima" for soul

and "lámina," Spanish for the tin roof widely used in construction here. Some observers attribute the sharp growth in the fundamentalist communities to families who have signed up to gain material rather than spiritual benefits.

Since the quake, the fundamentalists doubled their rate of growth to 14 percent a year. Since 1978, as Government repression and political killings have mounted, the fundamentalists have reported a growth of 23.6 percent a year. Now Guatemala has 6,767 congregations and temples that are split among 110 different denominations. Even Indian communities where outsiders are rarely seen often have a new little brick temple of the Assembly of God or the Church of Palestine. In the capital, some congregations have grown so large that they are holding their services in a movie theater.

The penetration by outsiders and the resulting changes in the indigenous culture are provoking some opposition from Latin American nationalists and leftist anthropologists.

Zone five in Guatemala City is a poor district of ramshackle architecture and a thousand potholes. Five Catholic and 25 Protestant churches minister to the needs of its 180,000 inhabitants, mostly laborers and unemployed. In his modest home, where the air reeked of exhaust fumes from buses roaring by, a pastor of the Nazarena Evangelical Church described the key to his success. "We often make

## DESIGN

Continued from Page 98

time, a serious architect had used the material as a major component in a design, rather than as a small detail.

Etched glass has come a long way since then. Recently, the architect Steven Holl recorded the conceptual history of a building he designed with a series of highly abstract etched windows. And Tod Williams has experimented further with the material, applying pigments,

such as bronze powder, to the frosted surfaces.

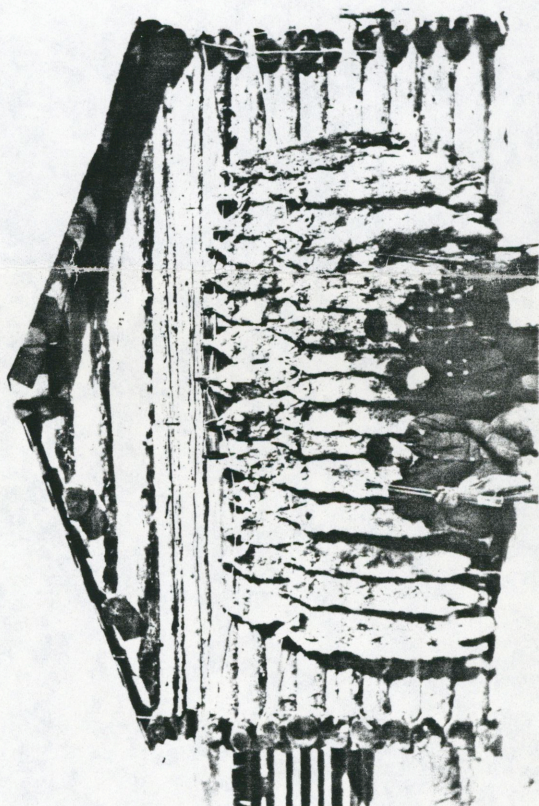
"This is a time of great restlessness in architecture," Peter Wheelwright says. "Everybody is experimenting, looking for new materials." The appeal of etched glass, in addition to its economy, is its versatility. Its potential — structural and pictorial, as a source of color and light — seems to have been barely tapped. ■



July 4, 1928









#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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J'vich - "comp'tive" - "bitchy"



3 Sept. '82

Dear Liz--

A rather strange and unexpected prospect involving This House of Sky has come up, and I wonder whether you'd represent me in it, naturally on a fee basis.

Duncan Kelso, a photographer here in town, was greatly smitten with Sky and took photos of some of the ~~then~~ Montana landscape in the book, with the intention~~ed~~ of doing a photo/text book, the text to be quotes from Sky. I told him I didn't mind him trying to interest publishers, so long as I didn't have to get involved. I know HBJ turned him down and maybe another publisher or two, but he says Tom Stewart has written him that he's interested in the idea but that Kelso had better check with me as to where the rights lie.

I'm enclosing a copy of the Sky contract--try not to snicker too much, it was a homemade negotiation done by me and a friend nominally acting as my agent, on the basis of a still fairly scabby ms sample--and if I read it right, I suppose this Kelso project falls under 18(b), selection rights: 50% to HBJ, 50% to me.

So, what I need is someone--you, I hope--to get me the ~~least~~ possible involvement and most possible money if this project eventuates between Tom and Kelso. I don't really want to be partnered with Kelso in it, partly because I think the project ought to be his alone and partly because if I did "co-author" or whatever with him, it would take a lot of time I don't want to spare. I simply want my share of the rights ~~money~~, and/or royalties, watched over in the deal because if Kelso does a Sky-based photo book, probably nobody else ever will.

That's about as much as I know, so far. I haven't yet seen Tom's letter to Kelso, but will pass you a copy as soon as I get one. This weekend I'll send Kelso a copy of the HBJ contract and tell him I've asked you to represent me in this. If it'll clarify anything for you to talk to Kelso directly, his work phone is (206)624-1669, home (206) 323-6918.

This letter already is too long, but I have to tack on that the Montana novel continues to accumulate on schedule, and to feel dandy.

all best

p.s. The copy of Tom's letter to Kelso just came, and I'm enclosing it. Doesn't seem as red-hot to me as Kelso thought, but anyway here it is.



4 Sept. '82

Dear Duncan--

Thanks for passing along Tom Stewart's letter, and here in turn is the photocopy of my House of Sky contract with HBJ.

The boilerplate clause Tom asked about is indeed in the contract-- paragraph #17, "confliciting work." That clause and #18(b), which covers selection rights, would seem to me to be the relevant ones.

Thinking this over a bit, it looks to me simplest and safest to have my current agent handle my end of the affair, both to save time for everyone involved (I'll be traveling considerably this fall, and writing a novel whenever I'm not) and to watch over my financial interest in House of Sky (after all, if you do a photo book quoting from its text, it's unlikely anybody else ever will). So, please tell Tom that I've asked my literary agent, Liz Darhansoff--he knows her well, she represented me to Tom on the forthcoming Alaska novel--to represent me on this, and that I've sent Liz a copy of the HBJ contract.

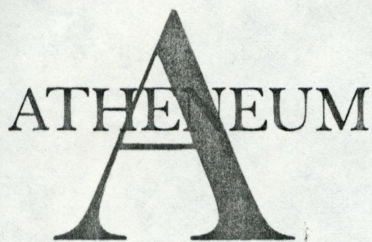
\*\*\*

\*\*\*and, of course, The copy of the HBJ contract is for your own information, and please don't pass it along to Tom. I'm still on good terms with HBJ and have two books in print with them, and so don't want to be too cavalier about sharing out contract info. that the rights situation can be clarified by him talking to her.

Also for your own information, it would seem to me, Duncan, that Atheneum or anyone else will have to pay HBJ for use of quotes for your book. I'm not greatly averse to that, because by the contract HBJ and I split such money. You might think about citing to Tom an example--the Galen Rowell book using McPhee's words from Coming into the Country would be a good one, if indeed that was published by someone other than the Coming into the Country publisher, Farrar Straus & Giroux; Tom used to be at Farrar and was around McPhee then--and if you have any estimate yet of how extensively you'd need to quote from House of Sky, that might be helpful too. Still FYI, on a couple of textbook anthologies I did several years ago the standard practice was for me, the author, to be charged for the permission rights on the purchased selections, but for the publisher to put up the money and then get it back from me out of my eventual royalties. You might talk with anybody else you know who's involved with publishing to see if they know of any other arrangement.

Good luck with Tom and your project.





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

August 24, 1982

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

Dear Mr. Kelso:

Many thanks for sending your photographs inspired by THIS HOUSE OF SKY. They're beautiful. Before even addressing the possibility of our wanting to publish it (we do very few photographic books and the cost of getting good, as opposed to decent, reproduction gets higher almost weekly), Ivan has to address the question of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich's rights. THIS HOUSE OF SKY is still in print, of course, and while it is possible that you intend to use few enough words from the text of that book *that* your use of passages from the book will not constitute an infringement of HBJ's rights under its contract, it might; in particular, there's a clause in the HBJ boilerplate (which may or may not have been deleted from Ivan's contract, but probably wasn't) that prohibits him from publishing with any other publisher "a work on the same subject or of similar character likely to injure the sale" of THIS HOUSE OF SKY.

Get Ivan to talk about this with his agent. It may be that HBJ can claim a right of first refusal, a right to charge you for the use of the quotes from Ivan's book, etc." In any case, I don't feel that we can speak about the book unless we know that HBJ is out of the picture.

Yours sincerely,

Thomas A. Stewart  
Editor in Chief

TAS:ch



called ← also, Sept. '82, reported on Lig's talk c HBJ

- agent? has none - will think o Lig.
- all pics needed? 90% - might have to go back
- work o. bk this pl? - cd go back 2mo / all or winter
-

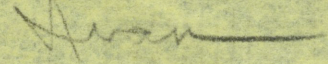


19 Oct. '82

Dear Duncan--

Just a quick note of report. I talked with Liz yesterday-- she's resuming contract negotiation on my Montana novel, on the basis of a manuscript sample I've just sent in--and she mentioned that Tom Stewart still is pricing the practicality of the photo book. I gather, too, he's probably still gauging how well the Sea Runners is going to do; i.e., how well my name sells books. There's encouraging news there, Sea Runners having gone into a third printing, for a total of 14,000 in print, but that's a long way from blockbuster. All in all, it sounds to me as if your idea hasn't lost any ground. So keep your hopes tempered, and muster what patience you can; I would guess that another month, at the most, ought to tell the tale.

regards

A handwritten signature, likely "H. A. A.", written in dark ink.



September 30, 1982

1604 22nd Avenue East  
Seattle, Washington 98112

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

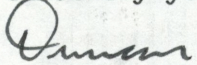
Dear Ivan,

Enclosed are the quotations I would like to use in my book. I have sent a copy to Liz.

I called Liz the day after you and I talked and she said she would be happy to represent me. She also mentioned that she had had a conversation with Tom Stewart the day before and that he was in the process of determining the feasibility of the book. That sounds positive to me, but have heard nothing since. I sent Liz my mockup of the book as she had seen nothing and Tom has only seen half of it. I understand there has been a death in her family and she won't be back in the office until early October.

I appreciate your interest in my project and hope that things continue to be positive. I have just started THE SEA RUNNERS. It is a handsome book and I'm looking forward to it.

Sincerely yours,

  
Duncan Kelso

3 Oct. '82

Dear Duncan--

Thanks for keeping me apprised. I think you've done the correct thing in asking Liz to represent you. Both she and Tom are extremely capable. So far, you're doing fine; in dealing with publishers, though, it never pays to let your hopes get above about medium-warm. Likely it'll take a little while for Tom to weigh the economics; I think a picture book is out of the ordinary for Atheneum.

Glad you're liking Sea Runners. So are the reviewers--including the NY Times Book Review today--I'm glad to report.

take care



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. p. 13.

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. p. 19.

There the Castle Mountains poke great turrets of stone out of black-green forest. From below in the valley, the spires look as if they had been engineered prettily up from the forest floor whenever someone took the notion, an entire mountain range of castle-builders' whims - until the fancy stone thrusts wore too thin in the wind and began to chink away, fissure by slow fissure. p. 20.

...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. p.20.

...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 cowed 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. p. 21.

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 a lofty country which often would be too cold and dry for their crops, too open to a killing winter for their cattle and sheep. p. 22.



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 Sixteenmile 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. p. 24.

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. p. 26.

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 April - of hip-deep snow drifts. p. 28.

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 ghettos did for city America. p. 29.

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. p. 29.

It became the winter which the Basin people afterward would measure all others 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. p. 35.



The Stockman 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. p. 55, 61, 62.

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. p. 81.

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. p. 87.

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. p. 96.

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. p. 106.

Pingling 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, Pingling 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. p. 126.

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 a spilled sugar. p. 142.



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. p.143.

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. p. 180.

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. p. 181.

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. p. 182.

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. p 203.

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. p.208.