Hardback fiction

1. "Scarlett," Alexandra Ripley
2. "Griffin & Sabine," Nick Bantock
3. "The Sum of All Fears," Tom Clancy
4. "The Sapphire Rose," David Eddings
5. "WLT: A Radio Romance," Garrison Keillor
6. "All the Weyrs of Pern," Anne McCaffrey
7. "Murther & Walking Spirits," Robertson Davies
8. "Crow and Weasel," Barry Lopez
9. "Needful Things," Stephen King
10. "Gone with the Wind," Margaret Mitchell

Hardback nonfiction

1. "Me: Stories of My Life," Katharine Hepburn
2. "Lila," Robert M. Pirsig
3. "Uh-Oh," Robert Fulghum
4. "Women's Wit and Wisdom," edited
5. "Backlash," Susan Faludi
6. "PrairyErth," William Least Heat-Moon
7. "Iron John," Robert Bly
8. "Graham Kerr's Smart Cooking," Graham Kerr
9. "Den of Thieves," James B. Stewart
10. "Real Ponies Don't Go Oink," Patrick F. McManus

Trade Paperbacks · Fiction

1. "The Education of Little Tree," Forrest Carter
2. "Posession," A.S. Byatt
3. "When I Am an Old Women I Shall Wear Purple," edited by Sandra Martz
4. "Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe," Fannie Flagg
5. "The Waste Lands: The Dark Tower Book III," Stephen King
6. "Animal Dreams," Barbara Kingsolver
7. "Ride with Me, Marian Montana," Ivan Doig
8. "The Indian Lawyer," James Welch
9. "A River Runs Through It," Norman Maclean
10. "The Best American Short Stories 1991," edited by Alice Adams

■ Last week's best sellers in the Northwest, as reported by Pacific Pipeline Inc., a regional book distributor based in Kent.

S. Times Dec. 15, 91

HoneyBaked Brand Hams Are Available Only At HoneyBaked Ham Co. Stores

BELLEVUE, WA
TEK Commerce Center
13804 N.E. 20th Street
206) 641-2900

UR NEW LOCATION

MONDS, WA
ra Marketplace
Hwy. 99
71-3500

, December 22. We honor imitators' coupons at all times.

Baked Ham Company stores across the nation to serve you. To send HoneyBaked where in the continental U.S.A., call toll-free 1-800-892-HAMS.

CLOSED CH

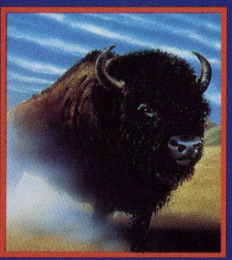
(CHRISTMAS EVE
All advertised merchan
Selections may vary from sto

SEATTLE 12537 Lake City Way NE **364-2520**	**TACOMA** 3915 Bridgeport Way W. **564-1024**	**LYNNWOOD** 19800 44th Ave. W. #G **776-3300**
EVERETT 1325 B. SE Everett Mall Way **355-2007**	8806 Pacific Ave. **535-1711** 9400 Gravelly Lake Dr. SW **588-3999**	**OLYMPIA** 1111 Cooper Pt. Rd. SW **352-8178**
SILVERDALE Kitsap Place **692-6722**	**BELLINGHAM** 1125 E. Sunset Drive **734-8922** **734-8933**	**BURIEN** 120 SW 148th **241-7170**

CLASSES AVAILABLE MOST LOCATIONS

A HAUNTING, EVOCATIVE NOVEL OF ONE FAMILY'S SEARCH FOR THE NEW WEST–AND EACH OTHER

In his novels *English Creek* and *Dancing at the Rascal Fair*, Ivan Doig told the story of the McCaskills as they staked a claim in the Montana territory and struggled to keep it during the Great Depression. Now, in the trilogy's triumphant final volume, Jick McCaskill, aging and newly widowed, faces his family's–and his state's–legacy of loss and perseverance from the vantage point of the 1980s. He does so as the reluctant chauffeur to his irresistibly persuasive daughter, Mariah, and her insufferable ex-husband, Riley, whose newspaper has dispatched them to dig up stories of the real Montana on the eve of its centennial. And there are stories aplenty in this moving and raucously funny multigenerational road novel, which interweaves Jick's memories of his past with Mariah and Riley's strife-torn second courtship, and with a haunting vision of a frontier where buffalo have given way to Winnebagos, and ranchers to corporate raiders.



"Spiced with Doig's inimitable dialogue and colorful characters, *Ride with Me, Mariah Montana* preserves a cherished bit of America's landscape and history for all of us." –*U.S.A. Today*

Cover design by Melissa Jacoby
Cover illustration by Jeff Walker

CONTEMPORARY · AMERICAN · FICTION

CAN. $11.99
U.S.A. $8.95

Fiction

ISBN 0-14-015607-0
90000>
9 780140 156072

CAF

IVAN DOIG RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA

ISBN 0 14 01.5607 0

IVAN DOIG

Author of *English Creek*

CONTEMPORARY · AMERICAN · FICTION

RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA

"An extravagant celebration filled with devotion, and with passion for its locale, its people, and their history."
—*The Washington Post*

A HAUNTING, EVOCATIVE NOVEL OF ONE FAMILY'S SEARCH FOR THE NEW WEST—AND FOR EACH OTHER

In his novels *English Creek* and *Dancing at the Rascal Fair*, Ivan Doig told the story of the McCaskills as they staked a claim in the Montana territory and struggled to keep it during the Great Depression. Now, in the trilogy's triumphant final volume, Jick McCaskill, aging and newly widowed, faces his family's—and his state's—legacy of loss and perseverance from the vantage point of the 1980s. He does so as the reluctant chauffeur to his irresistibly persuasive daughter, Mariah, and her insufferable ex-husband, Riley, whose newspaper has dispatched them to dig up stories of the real Montana on the eve of its centennial. And there are stories aplenty in this moving and raucously funny multigenerational road novel, which interweaves Jick's memories of his past with Mariah and Riley's strife-torn second courtship, and with a haunting vision of a frontier where buffalo have given way to Winnebagos, and ranchers to corporate raiders.

"Spiced with Doig's inimitable dialogue and colorful characters, *Ride with Me, Mariah Montana* preserves a cherished bit of America's landscape and history for all of us." —*U.S.A. Today*

Cover design by Melissa Jacoby
Cover illustration Honi Werner

CONTEMPORARY · AMERICAN · FICTION

Fiction

ISBN 0-14-015607-0
90000>
9 780140 156072

CAF

Ivan Doig

Ride with Me, Mariah Montana

ISBN 0 14 01.5607 0

IVAN DOIG

Author of *ENGLISH CREEK* and *DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR*



"An extravagant celebration filled with devotion, and with passion for its locale, its people, and their history."—*The Washington Post*

Ride with Me, MARIAH MONTANA

15 Nov. '91

Dear Don Riggs--

I'm very much looking forward to being on the talking side instead of the listening side of KMPS for a change. On the chance that any of it might be helpful to our "Introspect Northwest" session on the 26th, I'm sending along examples of the role that music plays in Ride with Me, Mariah Montana and the earlier two books in the fictional trilogy. Briefly, across the century of Montana history covered in the books the part that music plays in the lives of the McCaskill family is:

--In Dancing at the Rascal Fair, a traditional auld Scottish song (which I made up) comes across to America and Montana with the first of the family, Angus McCaskill, and is sung at weddings and other great events in the homesteaders' lives.

--In English Creek, the next two generations of McCaskills do a square dance together after the 4th of July rodeo in 1939, again to lyrics I made up.

--The new book, Ride with Me, Mariah Montana, reaches country-and-western, a few years ago during Montana's centennial celebration. This time I not only made up the lyrics, but the c-and-w group called The Roadkill Angels, described on pp. 305-6 of that excerpt. I also put into Mariah Montana a radio show called "Melody Roundup," which I grew up listening to on KMON, Great Falls.

That may be more than either of us wants to know about my literary musical inclinations. Am also sending along a couple of the zingier reviews of Mariah Montana, in case they suggest anything. See you on the 26th.

regards,

Ivan Doig

"You're real sure?"

"I finally am," said Mariah.

Away she flew, back to work, and myself to breakfast. Sleepy 4-H kids were ladling out the food. I negotiated a double plateload of pancakes and swam them in syrup, further fortified myself with a cup of Nguyen's coffee, then went over and found a seat across from Fred Musgreave, who had surrendered his bar domain to the music posse.

Fred appraised my hotcake stack and asked, "Gonna build a windbreak inside yourself?"

"Uh huh," I acknowledged cheerfully and began forking.

A fresh gust rattled the plate glass window. "At least it isn't snowing," Fred granted.

"Shhh," I cautioned him against hexing the weather.

After pondering me and my steady progress through the pancakes, Fred concluded: "I gather you're saving up your inventory of words for your speech."

I suppose I was. But also, by now a lot of the essential had been said. Said and done. I forked on and watched Mariah aiming her camera at Bill Rides Proud, his Blackfeet braids spilling down his back.

When pats descended on my off arm, the noneating one, I didn't even need to look. "Morning, Althea."

"Oh, Jick. It's so nice to see you back for good."

A Mariah-style "mmm" was all I was willing to give that until I had the last of the hotcakes inside me. In something close to alarm, Fred Musgreave abandoned the chair across from me to Althea and she took it like a throne. This morning her sense of occasion featured turn-of-the-century regalia, a sumptuous velvet bustle-dress with matching feathered hat; it broke my eating rhythm a moment to realize that, feathers excluded, the plum color of everything on Althea Frew exactly matched that of my Billings wedding motif.

"What a nice bolo tie," she found to compliment on me after considerable inspection. I only *mmm*ed that too, all the help really that Althea needed with a conversation. Pleasant as fudge, she proceeded to give me a blow-by-blow account of our centennial committee's doings in my lamented absence and then on into every jot and tittle of this dawn event and beyond. "Then we'll have more dancing, then when the bells ring all over the

(continued from front flap)

RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA

state at 10:41, we'll start our parade. Then—" You could tell she could hardly wait to get going on the next hundred years; for that matter, Althea would be gladly available by seance when Montana had to gird up for its millennium.

Suddenly music met its makers in the bar half of the Medicine Lodge, the band tuning up thunderously cutting off Althea in midgush.

"Interesting chamber orchestra," I remarked for her benefit.

Althea flinched the least little bit as a new chorus of whangs and clangs ensued. "I put Kevin in charge of hiring the music. He told me they're a dance band."

"Depends on the dance, I guess."

Over the throb of the music she swung back onto that ever favorite topic of hers, me. "We're all so anxious to hear your speech."

I grinned, by far the fondest I'd ever given her, making her bat her eyes in surprise, before I said: "I kind of feel that way myself."

Mood music was not the term I ordinarily would have applied to whatever the band was performing, yet somewhere behind my grin was the amplified tune beating through my body in an oddly familiar way. Then the voice of the woman singer resounded:

"Somewhere south of Browning, along Highway 89!"

The singer interrupted herself to announce it was action time, everybody better find their feet and stomp a quick century's worth. Even without that I was already up, needing to go see, assuring Althea I'd connect with her at speech time. And yes, as I passed I gave her a pat.

"Just another roadkill, beside life's yellow line!"

National anthems I can take or leave, but the music put out by these Roadkill Angels now drew me as if it was the strongest song of the human clan. And was drawing everybody else in the Two Medicine country, judging by how jampacked the bar side of the Medicine Lodge suddenly was with dancers and onlookers. The players in the band, mostly armed with guitars of colors I didn't even know they made them in, held forth on a tempo-

bar. Behind and a little higher sat a drummer in a black plug hat with an arrow through it.

Amid this onstage aggregation the woman singer didn't look like much—chunky, in an old gray gabardine cattledealer suit, her blond hair cut in an approximate fringe—but her voice made maximum appearance, so to speak. She sang, my God, she sang with a power and a timbre that pulled at us just short of touch, as when static electricity makes the hair on an arm stand straight when a hand moves just above it. Holding the microphone like she was sipping from it, she sent that voice surging and tremoring, letting it ride and fall with the cascades of the instruments but always atop, always reaching the words out and out to the crowd of us. She activated the air of the Medicine Lodge: the floorful of solos being danced in front of the Roadkill Angels band was magnificent, the 4-H kids especially shining at the quick-limbed undulations this music wanted.

Up near the bandstand I spotted Mariah and Riley in conference, I assumed about their coverage of this spree. But then he looked at her for a moment, smoothed his mustache before nodding, and stuck his notebook in his pocket while she went over along the wall to where Howard Stonesifer and his ancient mother were sitting, Howard watching the dancers, and his mother watching the dancers and Howard. To old Mrs. Stonesifer's astonishment and Howard's blushing agreement, Mariah with royal fuss hung her cameras one after another around Howard's neck for safekeeping. He sat there proudly sashed and bandoliered with her photographic gear as she and Riley found space on the dance floor.

This was not the slow clinging spin in each other's arms as it had been at The Lass in a Glass. But even while dancing apart as they now were, the two of them responded to each other like partners who have heard all possible tunes together. Again, as that night in Chinook, their eyes steadily searched each other's.

When the song ended, they headed toward me.

I favored Riley with the question, "So how would you describe this band?" He responded, "It definitely isn't elevator music."

Mariah, though, was the one with something on her mind. She stood in front of me, a bit flushed from her round on the floor with Riley. "Dad," she said, "how about dancing with me?"

"Mariah, I can't dance to this stuff. Parts of my body would fall off."

She gave me a monumental grin and said, "I'll bet they can tone the music down just enough to keep you in one piece," and she flashed away to the bandstand to put in her request to the singer.

I started to take this chance to say to Riley what I needed to, but he beat me to the draw by digging into the front pocket of his pants. "Before I forget, here," and he handed me a folded wad of money.

Inquiry must have been written on me as large as the bankroll I was gaping down at.

"For Bago repairs, courtesy of the expense account," Riley droned in what was probably a bean counter voice.

At that I rapidly performed finger arithmetic on the currency and sure enough, dented grill–lost hubcap–assorted ailing windows–and what all, it was the whole damages. All this and the surprise remuneration delivered by Baloney Express. By God, business was finally picking up as Montana approached its second hundred years.

I had to ask. "What'd you make up to charge this much off to?"

"Helicopter rental," said the scribbler nonchalantly.

"Heli—? Christamighty, how are you ever going to get the BB to believe *that*?"

"By the note I stuck on that says we also used the flight to spot mountain goats up behind your ranch."

After that, I almost hated to give him my news. And at first it did stupefy him. Riley was resilient, though, and by the time Mariah got back to tow me onto the dance floor, we left him looking only somewhat fogged over.

"So we've survived
the nicks of time . . ."

The music still had enough steel in it to be sold by the metric ton, but the woman singer was almost gentle now.

"Done our best against
the tricks of time . . ."

Whatever Mariah and I may have lacked in grace as a dance

team we made up for in tall, our long McCaskill legs putting us at an eyelevel above almost all the other couples'. There was a privileged feeling in this, like being swimmers through water controlling itself into small bobbing waves, hundreds of them but each one head-size. I started to say something to Mariah about the specialness of this a.m. guitar cotillion scene, but she was immersed in it too, her eyes alight as our slow tour of the floor in each other's arms brought us past what seemed the entire community of the Two Medicine country.

"They'll say of us that
we had a past . . ."

Elbow to elbow, wall to wall, the Medicine Lodge was a rainbow swirl of twined couples. Dancers came in all varieties. A tall young woman with a ponytail stared soulfully over the hairline of her partner half a head shorter than her. Of the English Creek contingent, plaid-shirted Harold Busby, with an Abe Lincoln beard since I'd last seen him, twirled by with his wife Melody in a swishing black skirt with white fringe.

"But we know our way
to now at last . . ."

Althea Frew freighted me a chiding look as she steered an apprehensive Fred Musgreave by us. I felt a rump bump and glanced back to find it was Kenny, his jeans tucked in the tops of his boots, earnestly waltzing with his arms cocked wide and his behind canted out, as if about to grapple with Darleen as she tried to match steps with him.

But of them all, people in costumes of the past century, people dressed in everyday, people with generations behind them in the Two country, people newer to its demanding rhythm of seasons—of them all, I concentrated on Mariah, her lanky form perfectly following mine as we danced, her face intent on mine, on this time together. I could not but think to myself, how did Marce and I ever do it, give the world this flameheaded woman?

After the music, we rejoined Riley. He and Mariah talked matters over a last time as I just listened. Before any too much could be said, though, marching orders for all of us came from

Althea, commandeering the singer's mike: "It's time, everyone! Out, out, out!"

True to her words, the crowd did begin to sluice out of the Medicine Lodge into the street, Amber Finletter and Arlee Zane at the door handing out to everybody, man woman child whatever, gold-colored ballcaps with DAWN OF MONTANA printed on the front. Arlee and I somehow managed to thoroughly ignore each other even while he held out a cap which I took. Behind me Riley of course wanted to know if there were any with earflaps for the Two Medicine climate, but then clapped a cap onto his frizzhead insofar as it would go and trooped on out with the rest of us.

It was breezy and then some, I will say. Quite a swooshing overhead as the wind gusted around in the tops of the cottonwoods. But Two Medicine people are born recognizing the nearest windbreak, and the centennial crowd now divided almost exactly to bunch in front of either the Mercantile or the *Gleaner* office, the empty lot with the flagpole between them, in a way that reminded me of sheep on either side of a fast creek. Meanwhile Riley for once had an idea that was useful as well as bright. I reluctantly loaned him the keys and he hustled off and moved the Bago around to the alley behind the Merc and the *Gleaner*, parking it broadside across the back of the flagpole lot to block at least a fraction of the wind.

Before I quite knew it, Althea had herself and me up into the back of Arlee Zane's auctioneering pickup, our vehicular speaking stand for the occasion. Above, the ropes still sang in their pulleys on the flagpole, but Althea seemed to regard it as the most refreshing weather of the entire century as she bustled forward to the microphone setup to introduce me.

I only half-heard her toasty testimonial to me, occupied as I was with my own words to come, the shapes and shadows of all I had to try to articulate. When is a person ever fit to speak for his native patch of ground? Old Churchill must have been something beyond a human being. Too quickly, Althea's pertinent part was ringing out—"and it's my deep personal pleasure to present to you our Dawn of Montana speaker, Jick McCaskill!"—and I was up there peering out over the loudspeaking apparatus atop the pickup cab and having the microphone bestowed on me reverently by Althea.

There in the half-light, sunrise impending only a number of

"Bumboats," he flung over his shoulder. "The Irish navy. Ye'll learn some words now."

Two dozen of the boats nudged against the steamship like piglets against a sow, and the deckhand and others began tossing down ropes. The women came climbing up like sailors—when you think of it, that is what they were—and with them arrived baskets, boxes, creels, buckets, shawls. In three winks the invaders had the shawls spread and their wares displayed on them. Tobacco, apples, soap. Pickled meat. Pinafores. Butter, hardbread, cheese. Pots of shamrock. Small mirrors. Legs of mutton. Then began the chants of these Irishwomen singing their wares, the slander back and forth between our deckhands and the women hawkers, the eruptions of haggling as passengers swarmed around the deck market. The great deck of the steamship all but bubbled over with people.

As we gaped at the stir of business Rob broke out in delight, "Do you see what this is like, Angus?" And answered himself by whistling the tune of it. I laughed along with every note, for the old verse thrummed as clear to me as an anthem.

Dancing at the rascal fair,
devils and angels all were there,
heel and toe, pair by pair,
dancing at the rascal fair.

From the time we could walk Rob and I had never missed a rascal fair together—that day of fest when Nethermuir farmers and farm workers met to bargain out each season's wages and terms and put themselves around a drink or so in the process. The broad cobbled market square of our twisty town, as abrupt as a field in a stone forest, on that one day of magic filled and took on color and laughter. Peddlers, traveling musicians, the Highland dancer known as Fergus the Dervish, whose cry of *hiiyuhh!* could be heard a mile, onlooking townfolk, hubbub and gossip and banter, and the two of us like minnows in that sea of faircomers, aswim in the sounds of the ritual of hard bargaining versus hard-to-bargain.

I see you wear the green sprig in your hat. Are you looking for the right work, laddie?

Aye, I am.

And would you like to come to me? I've a place not a mile from here, as fine a field as ever you'll see to harvest.

Maybe so, maybe no. I'll be paid for home-going day, will I?

Maybe so, maybe no. That locution of the rascal fair, up there with Shakespeare's best. I have wondered, trying to think back on how Rob and I grew up side by side, how the McCaskills and the Barclays began to be braided together in the generation before us, how all has happened between us since, whether those bargaining words are always in the air around us, just beyond our hearing and our saying, beyond our knowing how to come to terms with them. But that is a thought of now, not then. Then I knew of no maybes, for Rob was right as right could be when he whistled of the rascal fair there on the *Jemmy*'s deck; with these knots of dickering and spontaneous commotion and general air of mischief-about-to-be, this shipboard bazaar did seem more than anything like that mix of holiday and sharp practice we'd rambled through in old Nethermuir.

Remembered joy is twice sweet. Rob's face definitely said so, for he had that bright unbeatable look on him. In a mood like this he'd have called out "fire!" in a gunshop just to see what might happen. The two of us surged along the deck with everybody else of the *Jemmy*, soaking in as much of the surprise jubilee as we could.

"Have your coins grown to your pockets there in Scotland?" demanded the stout woman selling pinafores and drew laughing hoots from us all.

"But mother," Rob gave her back, "would any of those fit me?"

"I'd mother you, my milktooth boy. I'd mother you, you'd not forget it."

"Apples and more apples and more apples than that!" boasted the next vendor.

"Madam, you're asking twice the price of apples ashore!" expostulated a father with his wife and eager-eyed children in a covey around him.

"But more cheap, mister man, than the ocean's price of them."

"I tell ye," a deckhand ajudged to another, "I still fancy the lass there with the big cheeses—"

The other deckhand guffawed. "Cheese, do ye call those?"

"—and ye know I en't one that fancies just anyoldbody."

"No, just anybody born of woman."

"Muuuht'n, muuuht'n," bleated the sheep-leg seller as we jostled past.

"Green of the sod of Ireland!" the shamrock merchant advertised to us.

Nola and Jim opened up with the music, and my father chanted us into action.

"First gent, swing the lady so fair.
Now the one right over there.
Now the one with the sorrel hair.
Now the belle of the ballroom.
Swirl and twirl. And promenade all.

Second gent, swing the lady first-rate."

Besides my mother and me, our square was Bob and Arleta Busby, and the Musgreaves who ran the drugstore, and luck of luck, Pete and Marie, back from returning Toussaint to the Two Medicine and dancing hard the past hour or so to make up for time lost. All of them but me probably had done the Dude and Belle five hundred times in their lives, but it's a basic enough dance that I knew the ropes. You begin with everybody joining hands—my mother's firm feel at the end of one of my arms, Arleta's small cool hand at my other extreme—and circling left, a wheel of eight of us spinning to the music. Now to my father's call of "You've done the track, now circle back" the round chain of us goes into reverse, prancing back to where we started. Swing your partner, my mother's cornflower frock a blue whirlwind around the pair of us. Now the lady on the left, which in my instance meant hooking arms with Arleta, another first in my life. Now return to partner, all couples do some sashaying right and left, and the "gent" of this round steps forth and begins swinging the ladies in turn until he's back to his own partner. And with all gusto, swings her as the Belle of the Ballroom.

"Third gent, swing the lady in blue."

What I would give to have seen all this through my father's eyes. Presiding up there on the platform, pumping rhythm with his heel and feeling it multiplied back to him by the forty-eight feet traveling the dance floor. Probably if you climbed the helmet spike of the Sedgwick House, the rhythm of those six squares of dancers would have come quivering up to you like spasms through a tuning fork. Figure within figure within figure, from my father's outlook over us, the kaleidoscope of six simultaneous dance patterns and inside each the hinged couple of the instant and comprising those couples friends, neighbors, sons, wife with flashing throat. The lord of the dance, leading us all.

"Fourth gent, swing the lady so sweet."

The fourth gent was me. I stepped to the center of our square, again made the fit of arms with Arleta Busby, and swung her.

"Now the one who looks so neat."

Marie glided forth, solemnly winked at me, and spun about me light as a ghost.

"Now the one with dainty feet."

Grace Musgreave, plump as a partridge, didn't exactly fit the prescription, but again I managed, sending her puffing out of our fast swirl.

"Now the belle of the ballroom."

The blue beauty, my mother. *"Swirl and twirl."* Didn't we though. *"Now promenade all."* Around we went, all the couples, and now it was the women's turn to court their dudes.

"First lady, swing the gent who's got sore toes.
Now the one with the great big nose.
Now the one who wears store clothes.
Now the dude of the ballroom.

Second lady, swing the gent in size thirteens.
Now the one that ate the beans.
Now the one in brand new jeans.
Now the dude of the ballroom.

Third lady, swing the gent with the lantern jaw.
Now the one from Arkansas.
Now the one that yells, 'Ah, hah!'
Now the dude of the ballroom."

So it went. In succession I was the one in store clothes, the one full of beans, and the lantern-jawed one—thankful there not to be the one who yells "Ah hah!" which Pete performed for our square with a dandy of a whoop.

"Fourth lady, swing the gent whose nose is blue."

My mother and Bob Busby, two of the very best dancers in the whole hall.

"Now the one that spilled the glue."

Reese reflections dancing with each other, my mother and Pete.

"Now the one who's stuck on you."

My mother and sallow Hugh Musgreave.

"Now the dude of the ballroom."

She came for me, eyes on mine. I was the proxy of all that had begun at another dance, at the Noon Creek schoolhouse twenty years before. My father's voice: *"Swirl him and twirl him."* My moment of dudehood was an almighty whirl, as if my mother had been getting up the momentum all night.

"All join hands and circle to the left,
Before the fiddler starts to swear.
Dudes and belles, you've done your best.
Now promenade, to you know where."

"Didn't know you were a lightfoot," Ray greeted me at the edge of the throng heading through the doorway to supper hour.

"Me neither," I responded, blowing a little. My mother was with Pete and Marie right behind me; we all would have to wait for my father to make his way from the band platform. "Let's let them catch up with us outside. I can use some air."

Ray and I squirmed along between the crowd and the lobby wall, weaseling our way until we popped out the front entry of the Sedgwick House.

I was about to say here that the next historic event of this Fourth of July, Gros Ventre category, was under way as the two of us emerged into the night, well ahead of my parents and the Reeses. But given that midnight had just happened I'd better call this the first occurrence of July 5.

The person most immediately obvious of course was Leona, white and gold in the frame of light cast onto the street by the Sedgwick House's big lobby window. And then Arlee Zane, also there on that raft of light; Arlee, ignorance shining from every pore.

Beyond them, a bigger two with the reflected light cutting a line across their chests; face to face in the dimness above that, as if they were carrying on the nicest of private chats. Except that the beam-

frame build of one and the chokecherry shirt of the other showed them to be Earl Zane and Alec and therefore they were not chatting.

"Surprised to see you without a skim milk calf on the end of a string," Earl was offering up as Ray and I sidled over beside Leona and Arlee so as not to miss anything. Inspiring Arlee to laugh big as if Earl's remark deserved it.

"What, are you out here in the night looking for that cinnamon pony?" I give Alec credit for the easy way he said this, tossing it out as a joke. "He went thataway, Earl."

Earl proved not to be in the market for humor just now, however.

"I suppose you could have forked him any better?" You could all but hear the thick gears move in Earl's head to produce the next remark. "You likely had a lot of riding practice recently."

"Earl, you lardbrain," this drew from Leona.

But Alec chose to cash Earl's remark at face value. "Some of us do get paid to stay on horses instead of bailing off of them. Come on, Leona, let's go refuel before the dancing starts again."

Earl now had another brain movement. "Surprised you can dance at all these days, what with marriage on your mind." He leaned a little toward Alec to deliver the final part: "Tell me this, McCaskill. Has it ever climbed out the top of your pants yet?"

That one I figured was going to be bingo. After all, anybody who has grown up in Montana has seen Scotch lawsuits get under way for a lot less commentary than that. At dances the situation was common enough almost to be a regular feature. One guy with a few too many drinks in him calls some other guy a name none too fond, and that party responds with a fist. Of course the commotion was generally harsher than the combat, but black eyes and bent noses could result.

"Earl, you jugheaded—" Leona was responding, but to my considerable disappointment Alec interrupted her by simply telling Earl, "Stash it, sparrowhead. Come on, Leona, we got business elsewhere."

"I bet you got business all right," Earl adventured on. "Leona business. Snatch a kiss, kiss a snatch, all the same to you, McCaskill, ain't it?"

I can't truly say I saw it happen. Not in any way of following a sequence: this and then this and then this. No, the event simply arrived into my mind, complete, intact, engraved before its realization could make itself felt. Versions of anything of this sort are naturally suspect, of course. Like that time Dempsey fought Gibbons up at Shelby for the heavyweight championship. About ten thousand people

VIKING PENGUIN
A DIVISION OF PENGUIN USA
375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657 TELEPHONE: 212-366-2000 FAX: 212-366-2920

September 9, 1991

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Ave. NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

I'm enclosing a preliminary schedule for your November publicity tour so that you will have a bit more information about what is coming up. The events with exact times are confirmed; the others are "in process."

We decided to take New York off the schedule since there wasn't a good enough reason to bring you here (New York is a tough town for paperback bookstore events, but we keep trying!). We do, however, have some very good readings lined up in the other cities, and we will supplement those events with media interviews wherever possible. I've asked Sharon Dynak at Macmillan for a copy of your hardcover tour schedule so that we can see what interviews you did last year.

As for the travel arrangements, I've been keeping track of your various requests and don't anticipate any problems on that front. Before I make any final travel bookings, I will call you to go over everything.

Let me know if you have any questions. Speak with you soon.

Best,

Janet Kraybill

- P'land radio? KXL - Bill Gallop KBOO? (Bruce Hamilton?)
- stay over Wed in SF?
- B. Globe? Mark Munro
- . Forge in New Haven?
- B'burg Rev ad?
- Nancy Kiser

Ron Lange — (did Jim's tour)

366-2275

IVAN DOIG, RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA
preliminary publicity itinerary 9/9/91

Friday, October 4--Bellingham, WA

Bellingham Book Fair

Friday, October 25--Bozeman, MT

10-11:00 AM — Montana State University Bookstore/AUTOGRAPHING
185 Student Union
Bozeman, MT 59717
Contact: Mary Kessner 406/994-5844

1:00 PM — Talk at Presidential Inauguration
Montana State University

Saturday, October 26--Bozeman, MT

11-1:00 PM — Country Bookshelf/AUTOGRAPHING
28 W. Main St. Bozeman 59715
Contact: Mary Jane DiSanti or Jean Shaw 406/587-0166

Monday, November 11--Mill Valley, CA

1721
United 1:30
N arr 3:32

AM — fly from Seattle to San Francisco

8:00 PM — Book Depot/READING
Contact: Korje Guttormsen 415/383-2665 pick me up @ hotel

Tuesday, November 12--Berkeley, CA

interview KKSF radio

lunchtime — Walden?

Shattuck Inn
B'ley

8:00 PM — Cody's Bookstore/READING
Contact: Joyce Cole 415/845-7852

Wednesday, November 13

AM — fly from San Francisco to Seattle

a.m. United 1468
W 7:30
arr 9:33

Thursday, November 14--Seattle

12:30-1:30 PM Brentano's Bookstore/AUTOGRAPHING
Contact: Theresa Eldredge 203/352-2094

Lloyd Addist 467-9626

Monday, November 18

PM fly from Seattle to Boston

Int'l Am? enter
9:40 Chi 1hr
arr 7:47 pm.

4-Seasons
200 Boylston

Tuesday, November 19--Boston

9-9:30
12:00-1:00 PM Walden Books/AUTOGRAPHING
Two Center Plaza Boston, MA 02108
Contact: Bill Shepard 617/523-3044

escort
several interviews

↔ lunch
CSM-TV 4-5

evening Borders/Framingham or Andover Bookshop/Andover?
Waterstones

Wednesday, November 20--Washington DC

Henley Pk
926 Mass

AM fly from Boston to DC

escort

NB
arr 9:44

12:30-1:30

Lunchtime autographing: Olssons? ~~Walden~~?

Rod Beddow?

11:30-12 Bet'n Lines
w/TOT

USA 2-2:30 Hotel
Van 3-3:30

7:00 PM Politics and Prose/READING
Contact: Carla Cohen 202/364-1919

Thursday, November 21--Chicago

AM	fly from DC to Chicago
7:30 PM	Barbara's Bookstore/READING 1350 N. Wells St. Contact: Joel Dilley 312/642-5044 (mail materials to Joel at 3130 N. Broadway, 60657)

Friday, November 22--Minneapolis

AM	fly from Chicago to Minneapolis
12:30-1:30 PM	Borders Bookshop/AUTOGRAPHING Contact: Dallas Crow 612/825-0336
8:00 PM	Hungry Mind Bookstore/READING Contact: Mary Healy 612/699-0587

Saturday, November 23

AM	fly from Minneapolis to Seattle

Sunday, November 24

1:00-2:30 PM — NCTE Convention/AUTOGRAPHING
Penguin USA Booth #452
Convention Center/Seattle
Contact: Dan Lundy, Academic Marketing Director, Penguin USA
@ Seattle Sheraton 206/621-9000

Monday, November 25--Seattle

Waldenbooks/Columbia Center?
(near Convention Center)

Tuesday, November 26--Seattle

7:30 PM — Elliott Bay Books/READING
Contact: Rick Simonson 206/624-6600

Friday, November 29--Portland

AM — drive from Seattle to Portland

12 - 1:00 PM — Looking Glass Bookstore/AUTOGRAPHING
Contact: Evie Armitage 503/227-4760

7:30 PM — Powells Bookstore/Portland/READING
Contact: Joanna Rose 503/228-0540

Saturday, November 30--Portland

2:00 - 3:00 PM — Powells/Beaverton/AUTOGRAPHING
Contact: Laura Verboort 503/643-3131

Sunday, December 1--Portland

12 - 5:00 PM — Oregon Historical Society

PM — drive from Portland to Seattle

Leanna Thompson
(503) 246-2884
Bill Galpin 2-3
3 radio interviews
2-3
3:15-4 KOPB
6-6:45

PENGUIN USA

375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657

RON LONGE

PUBLICIST

PENGUIN BOOKS

TELEPHONE: 212-366-2275 FAX: 212-366-2952

VIKING PENGUIN
A DIVISION OF PENGUIN USA
375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657 TELEPHONE: 212-366-2000 FAX: 212-366-2920

November 4, 1991

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue, NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

Enclosed please find your updated tour schedule and flight itinerary for your San Francisco trip. The flight arrangements for the remaining cities will be coming under separate cover. As for the media appearances, San Francisco should remain unchanged; however, there is still time to add interviews in the other cities. I will inform you of all changes.

The plane tickets for San Francisco may seem confusing since we had to have two tickets printed in order to get the cheaper fare. Use the first ticket in each booklet to and from San Francisco then discard the remaining two. I put the dates on each booklet to let you know which one to use first.

If you have any questions, please give me a call at 212/366-2275.

Best,

Ron Longe
Publicist
Penguin Books

Enclosures



Come One . . . Come All . . .

to our

Gala Annual Open House

and

Warehouse Warming Party

on

Sunday, November 10, 1991
8:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Champagne Brunch
10:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

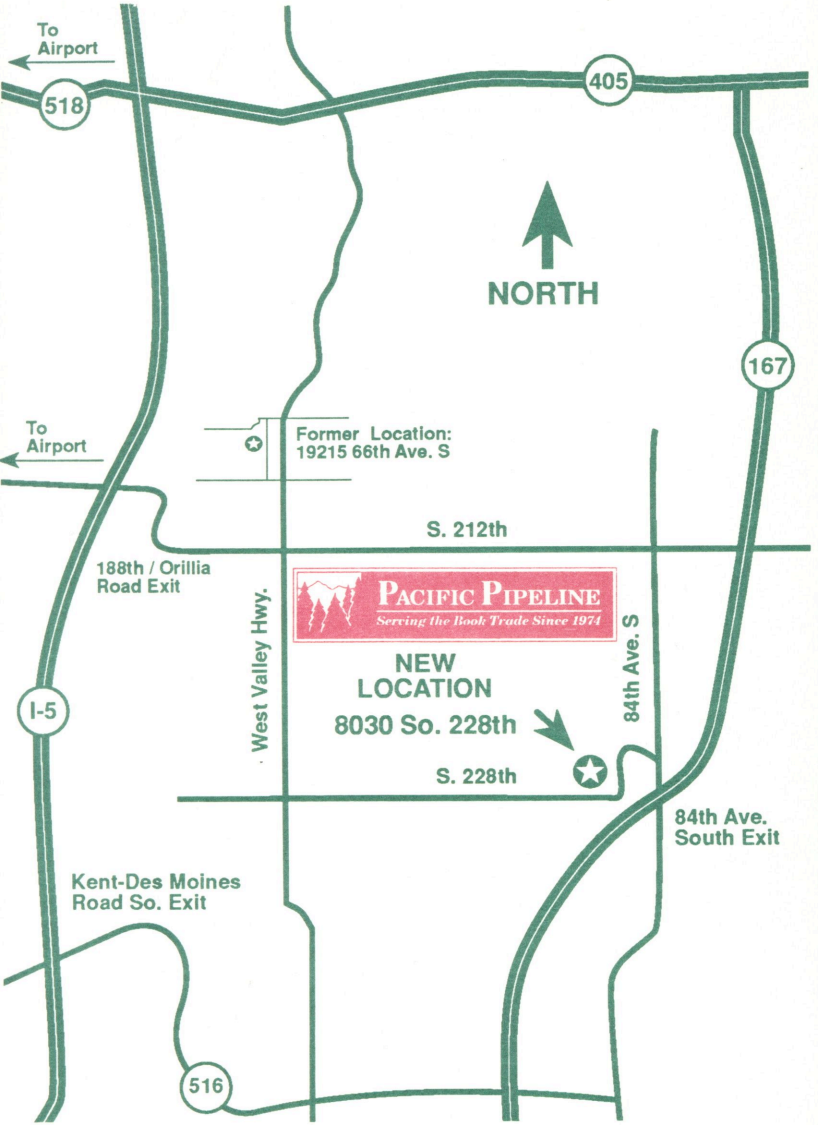
Music by Seattle Express

Free Freight & Free Child Care

Check out our new warehouse while you browse, shop, feast and visit with other booksellers and publisher reps.

Please RSVP by November 3rd
(206) 872-5523 or (800) 444-7323

(See map on reverse side)


To Airport
518
405
NORTH
167
To Airport
Former Location:
19215 66th Ave. S
S. 212th
188th / Orillia Road Exit
PACIFIC PIPELINE
Serving the Book Trade Since 1974
West Valley Hwy.
84th Ave. S
NEW LOCATION
8030 So. 228th
I-5
S. 228th
84th Ave. South Exit
Kent-Des Moines Road So. Exit
516

2 Nov. '91

Dear Lee--

Before I disappear over the horizon on the Mariah Montana paperback trail, let me give you some idea of my December availability if you decide you'd like me to do Bellevue-and-you signings. Could do Dec. 6 and/or 7, or Dec. 14. I probably can't be available Dec. 9-13, when I hope to be recording. (A deal is in the works for me to be the voice on an exclusive audio cassette edition of A River RungsThrough It, how about them apples?) So, let me know what you'd like done (or not) and I'll try present myself.

While I'm at it, can I ask you (and Joie if she'd like) to cast an eye over a short piece of writing for me? It's to be the introduction for the re-issue of This House Of Sky in hardback next fall--finally talked HBJ into it--and since Carol and I are both overfamiliar with the story, I really could use a fresh eye on the piece. It's 22 pages, triple-spaced; all I need is your horseback opinion as to whether it tells the sorts of things you'd like to know about the making of Sky.

Best,

Ivan

VIKING PENGUIN
A DIVISION OF PENGUIN USA

375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657 TELEPHONE: 212-366-2000 FAX: 212-366-2920

September 16, 1991

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

I thought you'd like to see the layout of an ad for your book from our academic marketing department. As things progress, I'll be sending you more materials.

All best wishes,

Lori

Lori Lipsky
Senior Editor

encls.
LL:ng

...s released - 1/2 page ad American Literature/Dec., College English/Oct.

NEW VISIONS OF THE WEST

ALL BUT THE WALTZ: Essays on a Montana Family
Mary Clearman Blew
"In her first essay collection, Blew joins the top echelon with 11 virtuoso pieces on life and death on the Montana Plains." —*Kirkus Reviews.* 208 pp.
Viking hardcover 0-670-83108-5 $19.95

ISLANDS, THE UNIVERSE, HOME
Gretel Erlich
The author of *The Solace of Open Spaces* embarks on a journey seeking self-knowledge through the wildness and silences of her environment. "This powerful, idiosyncratic collection of naturalistic essays... yields provocative images."—*Publishers Weekly.* 208 pp.
Viking hardcover 0-670-82161-6 $19.95

RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA
Ivan Doig
"Vigorous, complex prose whose rhythms are those of the Western landscape as well as smart, down-to-earth characters....Even readers who have never seen Montana will feel they've made a visit there."—*Chicago Sun-Times.* 336 pp.
Penguin paperback 0-14-015607-0 $8.95

THE INDIAN LAWYER
James Welch
A vivid evocation of the American West, "impossible to put down...at once a romance, a gripping suspense thriller, and a complex psychological portrait. *The Indian Lawyer* is a triumph."—*San Francisco Chronicle.* 352 pp.
Penguin paperback 0-14-011052-6 $8.95

PENGUIN USA

Academic Marketing Department, 375 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10014-3657

is released - 1/2 page ad P.M.A./October

NEW VISIONS OF THE WEST

ALL BUT THE WALTZ: Essays on a Montana Family
Mary Clearman Blew
"In her first essay collection, Blew joins the top echelon with 11 virtuoso pieces on life and death on the Montana Plains." —*Kirkus Reviews.* 208 pp.
Viking hardcover 0-670-83108-5 $19.95

ISLANDS, THE UNIVERSE, HOME
Gretel Erlich
The author of *The Solace of Open Spaces* embarks on a journey seeking self-knowledge through the wildness and silences of her environment. "This powerful, idiosyncratic collection of naturalistic essays...yields provocative images." —*Publishers Weekly.* 208 pp.
Viking hardcover 0-670-82161-6 $19.95

ALL THE LITTLE LIVE THINGS
Wallace Stegner
First published by Viking in 1967, this poignant novel centers around a retired literary agent and his wife, and their move to California in search of peace after the death of their son, only to have their paradise invaded. 352 pp.
Penguin paperback 0-14-015441-8 $8.95

RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA
Ivan Doig
"Vigorous, complex prose whose rhythms are those of the Western landscape as well as smart, down-to-earth characters....Even readers who have never seen Montana will feel they've made a visit there." —*Chicago Sun-Times.* 336 pp.
Penguin paperback 0-14-015607-0 $8.95

MEDICINE RIVER
Thomas King
Set in a fictional small town in Alberta, Canada, this skillful first novel is "an intriguing portrait of Native American life today." —*Publishers Weekly.* "Precise and elegant...a most satisfying novel." —*The New York Times.* 272 pp.
Penguin paperback 0-14-012603-1 $5.95

THE INDIAN LAWYER
James Welch
A vivid evocation of the American West, "impossible to put down...at once a romance, a gripping suspense thriller, and a complex psychological portrait. *The Indian Lawyer* is a triumph." —*San Francisco Chronicle.* 352 pp.
Penguin paperback 0-14-011052-6 $8.95

PENGUIN USA

Academic Marketing Department
375 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10014-3657

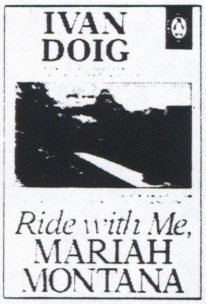
As released · Island Half Page Booklist/Sept. 15, Library Journal/Sept. 15

NEW VISIONS OF THE WEST



ALL BUT THE WALTZ
Essays on a Montana Family
Mary Clearman Blew
"In her first essay collection, Blew joins the top echelon with 11 virtuoso pieces on life and death on the Montana Plains."
—*Kirkus Reviews.* 208 pp.
Viking hardcover 0-670-83108-5 $19.95

ISLANDS, THE UNIVERSE, HOME
Gretel Erlich
The author of *The Solace of Open Spaces* embarks on a journey seeking self-knowledge through the wildness and silences of her environment. "This powerful, idiosyncratic collection of naturalistic essays...yields provocative images."—*Publishers Weekly.* 208 pp.
Viking hardcover 0-670-82161-6 $19.95



RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA
Ivan Doig
"Vigorous, complex prose whose rhythms are those of the Western landscape as well as smart, down-to-earth characters....Even readers who have never seen Montana will feel they've made a visit there."—*Chicago Sun-Times.* 336 pp.
Penguin paperback 0-14-015607-0 $8.95

THE INDIAN LAWYER
James Welch
A vivid evocation of the American West, "impossible to put down...at once a romance, a gripping suspense thriller, and a complex psychological portrait. *The Indian Lawyer* is a triumph."—*San Francisco Chronicle.* 352 pp.
Penguin paperback 0-14-011052-6 $8.95



ALL THE LITTLE LIVE THINGS
Wallace Stegner
First published by Viking in 1967, this poignant novel centers around a retired literary agent and his wife, and their move to California in search of peace after the death of their son, only to have their paradise invaded. 352 pp.
Penguin paperback 0-14-015441-8 $8.95

MEDICINE RIVER
Thomas King
Set in a fictional small town in Alberta, Canada, this skillful first novel is "an intriguing portrait of Native American life today."—*Publishers Weekly.* "Precise and elegant...a most satisfying novel."—*The New York Times.* 272 pp.
Penguin paperback 0-14-012603-1 $5.95



IN THE SPIRIT OF CRAZY HORSE
Peter Matthiessen
"Admirably dramatizes the tragic plight of Native Americans....Matthiessen has made it impossible for any sensitive reader to forget the dark side of the saga of the American West."—*The New York Times Book Review.* 672 pp.
Viking hardcover 0-670-83617-6 $27.50
Penguin paperback 0-14-014456-0 $14.00
Penguin Available March 1992

PENGUIN USA

Library Marketing Department
375 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10014-3657

VIKING PENGUIN
A DIVISION OF PENGUIN USA

375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657 TELEPHONE: 212-366-2000 FAX: 212-366-2920

Septeber 17, 1991

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Ave. NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

So here it is!! Hot off the presses, a bindery copy for you to take a look at, admire, fondle, etc. It really turned out nicely, I think. Very bright and appealing. Let's hope everybody picks it up!

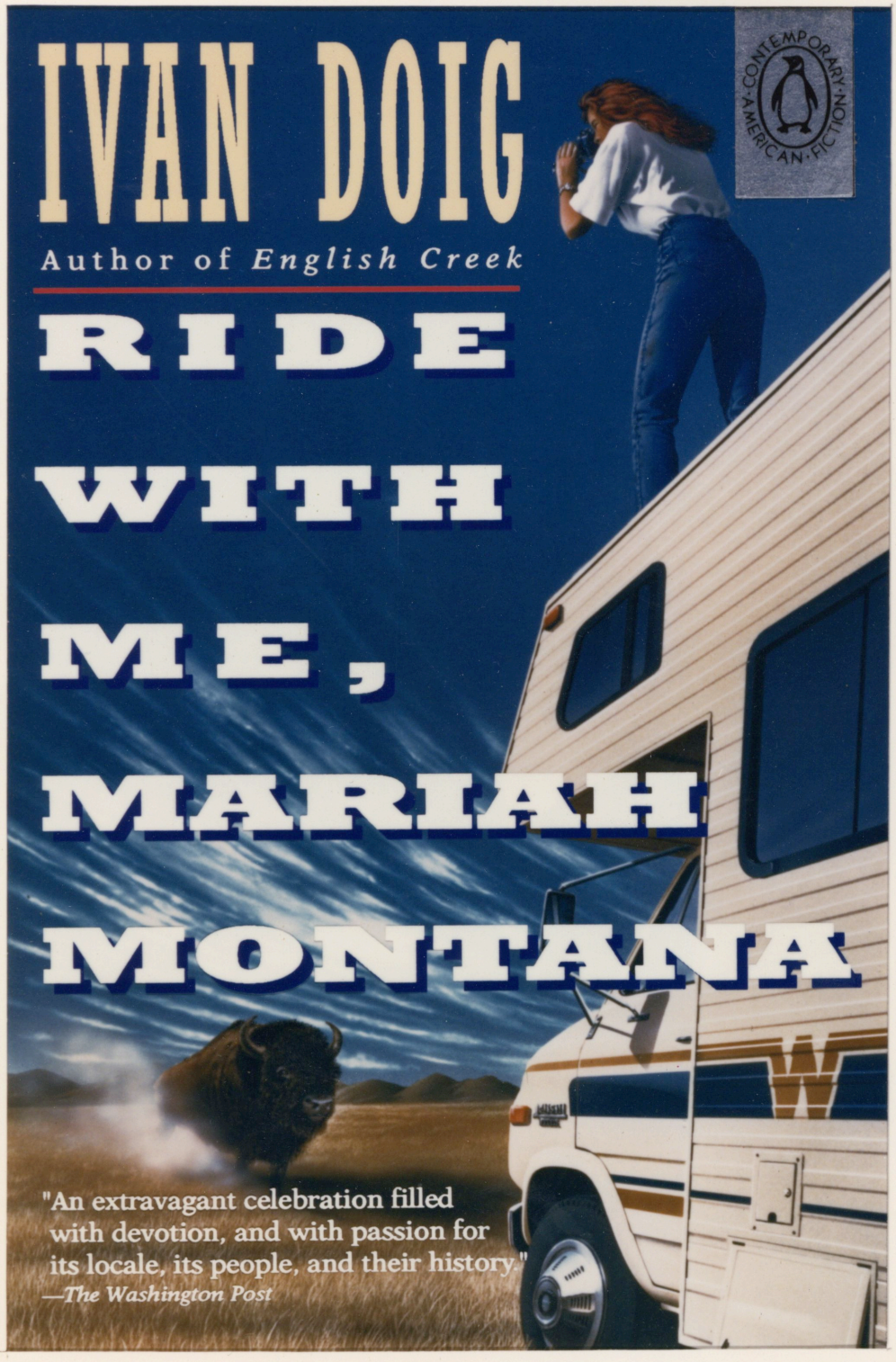
As Lori told you, I sent the original art back to you via Federal Express (a second time). Let me know if there are any further snags.

Your author copies will be arriving in a few weeks, once books arrive in the warehouse and they begin to process orders. In the meantime, if you need anything further just let me know.

All best,

Nicole Guisto
Assistant Editor

encl.


IVAN DOIG
Author of English Creek
RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA
CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN FICTION
"An extravagant celebration filled with devotion, and with passion for its locale, its people, and their history."
—The Washington Post

30 Aug. '91

Dear Janet--

I'm going to be out of town until Sept. 16, but will leave the phone machine on for any messages you may have.

In case they haven't called you yet, the Bozeman, Montana, bookstore managers involved in the two late October signings there are:

--Mary Kessner, Montana State U. bookstore (406)994-2811
(signing 10-11 a.m., Oct. 25)

--Mary Jane DiSanti or Jean Shaw, Country Bookshelf (406)587-0166
(signing 11-1, Oct. 26)

And now that my wife has had a chance to look over her autumn teaching schedule, she finds that she'll be able to travel with me on the Portland and San Francisco trips. Portland is no problem logistically, we'll simply drive down together. Flying to San Francisco is another matter; we've found in the past that trying to do our own ticketing for her is really problematic--we end up not sitting together and sometimes have had trouble even getting on the same flight. Can tickets for both of us be handled when you make my Nov. 10-12 San Francisco arrangements?

I hope all is well with you. Be talking to you in Sept.

best,

Ivan

23 Aug. '91

Dear Rick--

Carol and I are leaving on a two-week trip on Labor Day--n. California and the Oregon coast--so I thought I'd check in with you now to make sure Penguin's assumptions about me reading at El Bay jibe with yours. Janet Kraybill of Penguin publicity tells me I'm scheduled for Nov. 26, okeydoke? And while I know we want to sell the paperback of Ride with Me, Mariah Montana that night, how about if I read not only from that but from the new manuscript I'm working on? Worth mentioning in the monthly mailer, maybe, that I've actually got new stuff? Some of your audience will have heard me read from Mariah a couple of times already, huh?

I hope you're thriving. Greetings to Barbara.

best,

Ivan

Teaching : mention

E. Simpson's work ?

Make print of bug in Seattle
& no travel expenses ?

—

Blue as Odyssey spread ?

Nov. 2-3 ≠ Wn Writers Panel
NO
ST Bks Festival ≠
200 or so people – autogphg
Cody's (4th)
(12th)
BF/A #34

NCTE (Nov. 24-25th)
–
Dan Lundy fac mkts dir.
– teach'g: Spec'l Rel'p
- Sky → Dancing: 1-rm schl
~~Edmy~~

28 June '91

Dear Joie--

Here's my author questionnaire, I hope filled out adequately. I stuck in with it Wendy Smith's PW interview with me of a few years ago, which I think is the best single interview about my work and my view of it. I suppose if there's one theme I usually stress, it's that I don't feel I'm just writing about Montana or the West but about the larger country of life.

I'm looking forward to working with you and Janet on the Mariah Montana November tour. For the sake of your planning the plane travel, let me right away introduce you to a minor complication, my bad back. For flights of 2 or 3 hours, I'm okay as long as I have an aisle seat. On longer stints such as Seattle to the East Coast, or coming back to Seattle from, say, Chicago or Minneapolis, I would appreciate a roomier seat than coach; I don't give a hoot about the service amenities of first-class, but if there's some kind of business-class ticket that would get me a seat easier to stretch out in, I'll be a lot healthier more effective author for you.

The one other travel detail I can think of involves Minneapolis-St. Paul, if that part of the tour eventuates; if you're going to have an escort for me there, I'd much appreciate Isabel Keating, who did a terrific job when I was there on the hardback tour last fall. If there's any way I can be helpful in recounting to you the media interviews or other logistics of the hardback tour, Joie, feel free to give me a call. I'm going to be away July 2-15, but available here the rest of the summer.

all best,

Dave

Janet Kraybill, Penguin publicity

ready to talk more specifically about dates & cities

212-366-2270

6/27/91

6/28/91

Janet – Historic – aisle seats
– Hungry Mind – business class
– Borders (cds) – no commuter airlines

Brentano's – Seattle (autographs)
↕ Nov. 13 – 12:30 – 1:30

El Bay ↔ Nov. 26 ?

Book Depot – Mill Valley
Cody's –

5 cities – into 4
Politics ⇒ }

PENGUIN USA

375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657 TELEPHONE (212) 366-2000 • FAX (212) 366-2666

Maureen Donnelly
Director of Publicity
Penguin Books

June 14, 1991

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

Dear Ivan:

We are delighted to be publishing another one of your books in paperback, this time **RIDE WITH ME, MARIAH MONTANA.**

So that we have up-to-date biographical and supporting information to assist us in promoting your book, we would appreciate your filling out the enclosed form and returning it at your earliest convenience. The questionnaire will be circulated throughout the company and form the basis of Penguin's initial marketing information.

I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Best,

Maureen Donnelly

Maureen Donnelly
Director of Publicity
Penguin Books

MAD/jc

Enclosures

PENGUIN USA

40 WEST 23RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010 TELEPHONE: (212) 337-5200 FAX: (212) 243-7676 TELEX: 233776

366-2272

June 25, 1990

We are delighted to be publishing your book in paperback.

So that we can have complete biographical and supporting information to assist us in promoting your book, we would appreciate your filling out the enclosed form and returning it at your earliest convenience. The questionnaire will be circulated throughout the company and form the basis of Penguin's initial marketing information. We do have access to the Viking publicity files so you need not duplicate any information already in their files.

Look forward to hearing from you soon.

Best,

Maureen Donnelly

Maureen Donnelly
Director of Publicity
Trade Paperbacks
Penguin USA

MAD/emc
Encl.

16 July '90

Dear Maureen--

You were busy with what I hope was an actual bookseller when I passed the Penguin booth at ABA, so I didn't get to say hello. Or for that matter, congratulations on becoming director of publicity for all the Penguins.

I've done what I hope are pertinent additions to my two previous author questionnaires, and am also enclosing my own version of a bio sheet and a fresh pic. Besides the audio news about ENGLISH CREEK and the movie news about SEARRUNNERS, I'd only elucidate that the Montana Historical Society does a Christmas catalogue that usually includes my books and manages to sell a bunch of them, and the Charlie Russell art on the cover of this ENGLISH CREEK re-do will be popular with that Montana constituency; and as for SEA RUNNERS, I think two specialized markets exist --outdoors outfitting stores with kayaking and canoeing clientele (when the Penguin SEA RUNNERS first came out, some of those stores stocked the book of their own volition), and although I've never been able to talk anybody into trying to crack this market, the Alaska cruise-shop onboard stores, which have tens of thousands of captive clientele cruising for several days along the exact shoreline where THE SEA RUNNERS takes place.

I should mention to you, too, that for promotion of my new hardback this fall (Ride with Me, Mariah Montana, which is a sequel to English Creek with the same narrator) I'll be doing a lot of signings in Montana, Oregon, and the Puget Sound region, with media stuff so far in Denver, San Francisco, Minneapolis, and Dallas/Fort Worth; Susan Richman at Macmillan is handling my schedule herself.

Glad to have the new Penguin editions, glad to have you on the job.

best,

ama of nce

Museum's theater program brings magic of the actor's art.



sc

pologist, in a one-person play at the S

. CLOSE

RITER

meos," as they are
d to be the actors'
because most are
tremendous chal-
ning — to stand up
r 20 minutes."
pportunity to try,
ally performs five
ay through Sunday,
imes a day. At any
ps "an ongoing rep-
s" at the ready.
take place in a sec-
ss the hall from the
e Museum's popular
er possible, howev-
ays are presented
mselves. Admission
seum charges a ba-

back to health, ar
fortably on an an
— a bargain, Bri
proximately the s
attend its perform

While the theat
widely known at
respect nationally
seum professional
try come to St. P
shop, "Using The
which Bridal and
program.

This year's wor
day, will have th
"Part 1 is all th
"We answer quest
to have an acting c
'How do you go ab
'How do you write

"Part 2 is an op
to bring a script t
for two or three da
a playwright and

"Part 3 is a seri
sions on topics tha

TELEVISION

New packaging can't disguise prurient Povich



We were promised a new, "kindler, gentler" Maury Povich. Lured away from "A Current Affair" to host his own syndicated talk show,

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Hungry Mind series draws top writers

MARY ANN GROSSMANN
STAFF WRITER

Some of the nation's best writers will read during the Hungry Mind bookstore's fall series, which begins Wednesday with a reading from German feminist poet Christa Reinig's poetry collection, "Illness is the Root of All Love," by translator and Macalester professor Ilze Mueller.

Here is the rest of the schedule. All programs are at 8 p.m. at the Hungry Mind, 1648 Grand Ave., unless otherwise noted.

Thomas King, Sept. 12. The University of Minnesota professor reads from work in progress and his novel "Medicine River," just published in paperback.

Rosellen Brown, Sept. 13, 7:30 p.m., reads from "Street Games: A Neighborhood," published by Milkweed Editions.

Terry Teachout, Sept. 16, reads from his novel "City Limits."

Tom Hosier, Sept. 18, reads from his self-published book about the Macalester football team, "Mac Is Back, the Story Behind the Ending of College Football's Longest Losing Streak."

Collective reading from "Stiller's Pond," Sept. 19. Readers will be contributors to New Rivers Press' enlarged second edition of an anthology of fiction from the Upper Midwest.

Louis Edwards, Sept. 20, reads from his first novel, "Ten Seconds."

Paula Gunn Allen, Sept. 24, 5:30 p.m., at Macalester College Weyerhaeuser Chapel, introduces "Grandmothers of the Light: A Medicine Woman's Sourcebook."

Russell Banks, Sept. 24, reads from his new novel, "The Sweet Hereafter."

Gerald Vizenor, Sept. 25, 6 p.m., reads from his new novel, "Heirs of Columbus," and short stories from "Landfill Meditations."

Norman Rush, Sept. 25, reads from his new novel, "Mating."

Mikhail Iossel, Sept. 30, reads from his short-story collection "Every Hunter Wants to Know."

Lorrie Moore, Oct. 1, reads from her collection "Like Life."

Carl Hiaasen, Oct. 2, reads from his novel "Native Tongue."

Carolyn See, Oct. 10, reads from her novel "Making History."

Edward Lazarus, Oct. 11, discusses his history book "Black Hills, White Justice."

Gretel Ehrlich, Oct. 14, reads from a new collection of essays, "Islands, The Universe, Home."

Charlie Fergus, Oct. 16, will read and discuss his first novel, "Shadow Catcher."

Bapsi Sidhwa, Oct. 17. The Pakistani author will read from her new novel, "Cracking India," published by Milkweed Editions.

Uta Ranke-Heinemann, Oct. 21, 7 p.m., at Macalester College Weyerhaeuser Chapel, discusses her book "Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven."

Paule Marshall, Oct. 22, reads from her new novel, "Daughters."

Ethan Canin, Oct. 23, reads from his first novel, "Blue River."

Harvey Pekar, Oct. 25, reads from his satire "The Life & Times of Harvey Pekar."

Philip Caputo, Oct. 28, reads from his memoir "Means of Escape."

Julian Barnes, Oct. 29, reads from his novel "Talking It Over."

Small Press night, Nov. 1, features a discussion of Minnesota publishers.

Adrienne Rich, Nov. 11, 7 p.m., at Macalester College Weyerhaeuser Chapel, reads from her new poetry collection, "An Atlas of the Difficult World."

Joe Keenan, Nov. 19, reads from his novel "Putting on the Ritz."

Ivan Doig, Nov. 22, reads from his novel "Ride With Me, Mariah Montana."

Jane Smiley, Nov. 25, reads from her new novel, "A Thousand Acres."

Ivan -
you must of been a HIT!
Look forward to seeing you and another pic read.
Bring Card!
Love,
Lisa

ATHENEUM

866 Third Avenue
New York City 10022

Lee Goerner
Publisher

Tel: (212) 702-3810
Fax: (212) 605-3099

Ivan,

Nice to see that Penguin have decided to go with the original jacket. Huzzah!

L

PENGUIN USA

375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657 TELEPHONE: 212-366-2000 FAX: 212-366-2666

May 30, 1991

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Ave. NW
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan,

Thank you so much for THIS HOUSE OF SKY and your lovely inscription. I was so touched by your gesture, and I can't wait to have a quiet moment to begin reading the book.

I hope that by sending you the enclosed I am offering something worthwhile in return. This is the revised Penguin cover for MARIAH MONTANA, and I think it is much, much better than what we had before. Our art department has gotten in touch with the artist, so that's all been taken care of. So I'll just wait to hear from you before we go ahead and approve this cover. Please note that this C-print makes the colors look a bit muddy, but you know what the art actually looks like, and I think this is a very vibrant, exciting cover for the book. I hope you agree.

I'll look forward to hearing from you.

With all my best wishes,

Lori

Lori Lipsky
Editor

17 May '91

Dear Lori--

Appreciated your doing battle for a better Mariah Montana cover. Now to see what we get, huh?

The enclosed is what I'm sure an editor just really needs, something else to read. But ever since we had the telephone conversation about the book I'm doing now for Athereum, about my mother's life, I've been intending to pass along a copy of this first book of my family. See, sometimes intentions do bear fruition.

best,

Nov. 10th - 17th
2nd week Nov. (12th)
CAF
#2 - lead
35,000
pub's reduction
Rushdie
$5.95

28 March '91

Dear Lori--

I'm back home from my winter vanishing-act into Arizona, and wanted to pass along to you a few impending events which might help us sell a few copies of the Penguin edition of Ride with Me, Mariah Montana. Such as they are, here they are:

--I've agreed to be the featured speaker at the first annual Bellingham Book Fair, Oct. 4. You may know that Bellingham is a mid-size city between Seattle and Vancouver, British Columbia, but in effect this will be a Pacific Northwest regional book fair, organized by a very fine bookseller (and ABA mover-and-shaker), Chuck Robinson. Do you foresee any problem in having copies of Mariah on hand for me to do a signing at that event? If so, is there somebody specific I could put Chuck Robinson in touch with to see if books could be shipped directly from the bindery?

Jeane Arlotta - 201 357-0600 specify author sign

--The one other regional event I should go to is the Oregon Historical Society's Christmas gathering of authors--a signing that goes on all afternoon, always the first Sunday in December (this year, Dec. 1). In recent years I've been the best-selling author of the seventy or so writers invited--to my surprise and joy, I outsold Jean Auel there last Dec.--so at the cost of an overnight in Portland, we ought to be able to sell a goodly bunch of Mariahs.

--The Mountains and Plains Booksellers Association has nominated Mariah for its best novel of the year award. If it wins (to be announced in Sept.), I would want to talk with both the Penguin and Atheneum publicity departments about my attending the Oct. 12 awards ceremony.

Bogo

Finally, Lori, I'm curious as to whether you've come up with a Penguin cover for Mariah yet. Would be avid to see a sketch if there is one.

Looking forward to the fall and Mariah's paperback debut.

best,

8-city reading tour / Nov!
Maureen Donnelly ? ST-S-Pland (Dec.
Cleve. - (Denver
(st media city) Portland (area
writers
art

VIKING PENGUIN
A DIVISION OF PENGUIN USA

375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657 TELEPHONE: 212-366-2000 FAX: 212-366-2920

March 13, 1991

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

Dear Ivan,

I've been meaning to write you a note for awhile just to tell you how pleased I am that we're publishing you again in Penguin with RIDE WITH ME MARIAH, MONTANA.

Life here in New York and at Viking Penguin certainly hasn't been boring, though I must admit my mind wanders back to the Northwest and I sometimes wish my body could follow.

Hope this finds you and Carol well, and that I get a chance to greet you both in person before too long.

Regards from me and mine.

Sincerely,

Michael Jacobs
President
Viking Penguin
Penguin USA

PENGUIN USA

375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657 TELEPHONE: (212) 366-2000 FAX: (212) 366-2666 TELEX: 371-1724

-2717
-Nicky -2114

December 4, 1990

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue
Seattle, Washington
98177

up market ↔ cover

Dear Ivan:

Thank you for your last letter and for the rejected Atheneum cover design. I like it (except for Mariah on top of the RV) and have passed it onto the editor who will be overseeing the paperback life of your book. Her name is Lori Lipsky and no doubt you will be hearing from her at some future moment--perhaps with the reactions from the sales and marketing gurus.

cat. - 3d book (only hers)

Your efforts on behalf of MARIAH have extended to your other books. We've shipped almost 10,000 copies of ENGLISH CREEK this year, almost 6,000 copies of THE SEA RUNNERS.

- launch mtg - next. Tues.

One final favor I need to ask of you. A small one, I hope. Penguin, you know, is re-issuing much of Stegner's work. The next book that we are planning to bring out is BEYOND THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN. Would you please give me two sentences on the timeliness of this book, so that the sales people get the message that it is not merely a biography of John Wesley Powell? Two sentences are all I need. Thank you.

Best,

Dan

Dan Frank
Editorial Director

DF:lm

Dear Lori--

I'm glad we met by phone the other day, and I liked what I heard about Penguin's plans for Mariah Montana. I look forward to your cover idea; if I have any philosophy about the approach to take with the book, it's that my stuff seems to sell well in the West--Puget Sound, Oregon, Montana, San Francisco Bay area, Denver--almost in spite of anything we might do, and so anything aimed to a broader market, generationally or "upscale" or whatever, is probably worth trying.

The couple of sentences for Christine or whoever inherited the re-issue of Stegner's BEYOND THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN:

> "This book goes far beyond biography, into the nature and soul of the American West. BEYOND THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN is Stegner at his best, assaying an entire era of our history, packing his pages with insights as shrewd as his prose."

Be talking with you. Best,

Mont

PENGUIN USA

375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657 TELEPHONE: (212) 366-2000 FAX: (212) 366-2666 TELEX: 371-1724

November 6, 1990

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

Dear Ivan:

You were more than gracious in your response to Marc Reisner's first book, CADILLAC DESERT. I like to think your support was an initial step in helping CADILLAC DESERT achieve critical plaudits and some good sales (at least in its paperback life). GAME WARS is Reisner's new book--as unusual and original as CADILLAC DESERT. I know you've just come back from two months of being on the road--but I thought you would like nothing better than to curl up with a good book. GAME WARS is that.

Best,

Dan Frank
Editorial Director

DF:lm
enc.

14 Nov. '90

Dear Dan--

Appreciated the early peek at GAME WARS. In all actuality, however, I don't think this is one I can getoto for you and Marc--I still have 16 bookstores to go in travels for Mariah, some galleys ahead in line that I owe a reading, and--somewhere in there--some holiday season time off. If I get inspired in the direction of a blurb you'll be the first to know, but mostly inspiration is in short supply these dogged days of booksignings.

Speaking of signings, it's been notable all fall that Dancing at the Rascal Fair is the surprise paperback-of-choice buoyed along by Mariah Montana's hoopla. It's hit Pacific Pipeline's paperback bestseller list here in the Northwest, and has been selling as many as This House of Sky, the customary favorite of my backlist, at the California-Texas-Minnesota-Denver signings as well. I don't know what the current thinking is on trying to bring Rascal Fair into the Penguin fold too, but the book is showing, as we show-biz guys say, some legs.

all best,

26 Oct. '90

Dear Dan--

I'm just now back from the latest leg of the booktour for Mariah Montana, with a chance to sit down and say thanks for the outcome of the paperback auction last week. You not only gave HarperCetcetera a run for their money, you trampled 'em.

Thought you might like a copy of the enclosed broadside, not least because it has some Viking Penguin provenance. Black Oak Books in Berkeley prints up these broadsides in connection with having authors in to do readings, and this particular passage was chosen by the SFBBay Viking sales rep, Andy Wiener, who is married to Black Oak's readings coordinator Lisa McGowan. Had a great meal at Chez Panisse with Andy and Lisa (on Black Oak's tab, not Viking's) before my reading, mere hours after the outcome of the Mariah auction.

The other enclosed piece you may have heard about from Lee Goerner--his and my initial choice for the hardback cover of Mariah, before the marketing gurus prevailed on us (I think rightly) to give Mariah the mostly-typographical "big book" look instead. Although I know the mock-up typeface is wrong for paperback, particularly the CAF format, the artwork still seems to me pretty zingy, and I simply wanted you to see it as a possibility for the Penguin Mariah. Feel free to hold on to it if you think it is a candidate; please fire it back to me if it doesn't qualify; okay? I have the original art, and Wendy Bass, the Macmillan art director, can put you in touch with the artist, if those are considerations.

I can report that my trudging around to bookstores--25 down, 25 to go, mostly here in the Pacific Northwest now--has sold a little over 1,900 Mariahs at the signings. So, there's a pretty good shot at selling an autumn total of 2,500-3,000 signed copies, compared with Rascal Fair's total of 1,750 three years ago. Been notable too that I'm getting more TV gigs and big newspaper attention (interviews by the SF Chronicle, Examiner, and San Jose Mercury-News all in one day) this time around.

One last stray bit of business: I crossed paths on the booktour with an ex-Alaskan writer/historian named Bill Hunt who still writes a book column for an Anchorage papor, and he said he can give us a mention of the re-issue of The Sea Runners if Penguin provides him the excuse by sending a review copy. If you or Maureen Donnelly or somebody wouldn't mind following up, please, the copy should go to: Bill Hunt, 1916 Simsbury Ct., Fort Collins COLORADO 80524. Thanks.

And best wishes from Mariah and me.

PENGUIN USA

375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657 TELEPHONE: (212) 366-2000 FAX: (212) 366-2666 TELEX: 371-1724

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue
Seattle WA 98177

31 August 1990

Dear Ivan Doig:

It isn't often one has a chance to publish an author of John Yount's caliber. His previous novels, including HARDCASTLE and TOOTS IN SOLITUDE, have earned extraordinary critical praise. In THIEF DREAMS, he has written perhaps his most moving novel--a story of a boy becoming a young man, struggling to understand the stubborn, invisible ties that bind men and women, even those locked in enmity, as his parents are. Set in the Carolina mountains, this is a novel of great power, about the old values of love, loyalty, pride, family--and it is absolutely stunning.

I hope you'll take the time to read THIEF OF DREAMS, and if you think it is as fine as we do, give us a quote we can use in promoting the book when we publish it next spring.

With many thanks in advance and all good wishes,

Pamela Dorman

Pamela G. Dorman
Executive Editor

P.S. I'm enclosing a postcard which you may use to send us your thoughts, or feel free to call me directly at (212) 366-2704.

PGD/pw
Encl.

5 Oct. '90

Dear Pam--
Some words for John Yount:

"This story evoked for me the heartaches of a family watching itself dissolve. John Yount is a writer who can peg a sentence into place as if there could be no other way of saying it, and in Thief of Dreams he transports us to that most familiar and most mysterious country, the past."

--Ivan Doig, author of
Ride with Me, Mariah Montana

I hope it helps some. Best wishes with it, to both you and John.

PENGUIN USA

375 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10014-3657 TELEPHONE: (212) 366-2000 FAX: (212) 366-2666 TELEX: 371-1724

September 21, 1990

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

Dear Ivan:

I thought that you would like to see the new editions of your books. I devoured RIDE WITH ME MARIAH MONTANA, and only wish that I don't have to wait so long for more. Ah, but then the anticipation only makes me savour your writing that much more. We intend to give Harper & Row a run for their money for the paperback. And we are hoping that MARIAH MONTANA hits a few more lists.

Mary Clearman Blew, by the way,is well on the road to writing a wonderful, wonderful book.

Best,

Dan

Dan Frank
Editorial Director

DF:lm
enc.

4 Oct. '90

Dean Dan--

Wanted to thank you for the copies of the refurbished SEA RUNNERS and ENGLISH CREEK. I'm pleased with the new covers, I think that winsome Charlie Russell art on ENGLISH CREEK is a masterful stroke--it'll help that book walk out of stores in the West, at least--and you got maybe the ultimate compliment on the SEA RUNNERS cover last Sunday night at the Pacific Northwest Booksellers convention when one of the owners of the Old Harbor bookstore in Sitka--mother earth of SEA RUNNERS--raved to me about how good this new cover version is.

All is thriving with me. MARIAH MONTANA is going like blazes. Sold 1400 copies by hand at 10 Montana booksignings in Sept., the Costco warehouse stores at this end of the country sold 800 just last week and are re-ordering, Crown has had the book in its discount ads nationwide, and in what was probably a breach of national security, a bookseller friend even showed me MARIAH and my name on the NYTBR's printed list of 36 bestseller contenders, near some guy identified as G.G. Marquez. So it's already fun, and Lee the G's advertising etc. for the book and my touring for it are yet to come. I hope all is well with you. Now that Michael Jacobs, whom I've known since we both were cubs in the book biz at this corner of the country, has a bigger office, I have a strange feeling that buddies of mine are actually succeeding; maybe Havel's velvet revolution has become epidemic?

best,

p.s. If you pass Pam Dorman in the hall, please tell her I'm going to try find time to craft a quote for THIEF OF DREAMS--I've liked John Yount's stuff.

23 Aug. '90

Dear Michael-- Jacobs

Carol and I could say we're not surprised, we always knew you were top-notch material. But we figure all that goes without saying, and we'll just emit: C*O*N*G*R*A*T*U*L*A*T*I*O*N*S!!!

all best wishes
in the new job
and personally.

17 July '91

To: Dan Lundy, academic Marketing director

Dear Dan--

Janet Kraybill just apprised me of the NCTE convention here in Seattle from Nov. 23-25 and I figured I'd better speed the enclosed to you in case the info would be helpful in arranging some kind of speaking or reading session, as well as a booksigning appearance. I suppose the main points to be made to the NCTE schedulers are that my books have been used in literature, biography, American Studies, and Western Studies courses, and that I've written about teachers--in a way that anthologizers and critics have praised--in two of my books, This House of Sky and Dancing at the Rascal Fair. The enclosures will give you some idea of my writing about teachers:

--As John Board notes in his introduction, A Special Relationship: Our Teachers and How We Learned was inspired by my portrait of my high school English teacher in the House of Sky selection he used in this new anthology.

--The other photocopy is the first scene of teaching in a one-room school in Dancing at the Rascal Fair, told by my book's narrator, circa 1900.

As to anything else that might be helpful to you with the NCTE: a scholarly work about my books, Earthlight, Wordfire: The Work of Ivan Doig, by Elizabeth Simpson of the University of Washington, is being published soon; I do have several speeches, of varying length, that I've given to other academic groups or conferences, on the craft of writing, a sense of place in American writing, how a book gets written, storytelling on the page, and so on; And finally, there's the point that I'm readily available right here in Seattle where I live, so that there are no expenses involved for anybody, and I could even do a fill-in on short notice if somebody has to cancel from the NCTE schedule.

I'll be glad to discuss any of this with you. You maybe know, from Janet's scheduling of me, that I'm likely flying back to Seattle from the East Coast publicity tour on Nov. 23, so the 24th-25th would be my availability for NCTE.

best wishes,

Ivan


KEPLER'S
BOOKS & MAGAZINES

July 1, 1991

Dear Mr. Daig,

Thank you for reading at Ryder's last October. I'm sorry I haven't sent you your book. I recently found it in my office. I hope you will still enjoy it.

Best wishes,

Jamie Gabarini

jacket artist for Penguin edition of MARIAH:

Jeff Walker

c/o Hankins & Tegenborg
60 E. 42nd St. NY 10165 phone (212)867-8092



R. STEPHEN BLOCH

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER, U.S. NAVY

UNITED STATES
NAVAL INVESTIGATIVE SERVICE
ANTITERRORIST ALERT CENTER

BLDG. 111
WASHINGTON NAVY YARD
WASHINGTON, DC 20388-5022

TEL: (202) 433-9424/9433
AUTOVON: 288-9424/9433

HOME: (202) 543-7632

LCDR R. Stephen Bloch, USN
510 G Street SE
Washington DC 20003

4 August 1991

Dear Mr. Doig:

I'm still sniffling a bit, although the 'glisten' in my eyes has pretty much dried up. I just finished reading Ride With Me, Mariah Montana, and it was one of those wonderful, but all too rare books I just did not want to end. I don't know what you, as a person, are like--but your mastery of English, and your impressive ability to tell a tale--and, in the telling, to involve your reader--are nothing short of awe-inspiring.

I read Ride With Me, Mariah Montana with a map of Montana on my lap. I felt as if I was there in that Bago. I don't know Montana well, the only time I've been there was 13 years ago, in Helena, but I now have a better feel for the State, and for her people. It's hard to accept that Jick, Mariah, Riley, and Leona aren't real people, because they sure invaded my mind. You have a genius, an ability to paint a vivid, life-image with words. I liked Jick in English Creek, but I loved this older, and--yes, in spite of his (justified) crankiness--wiser Jick. I learned a lot from him. My wife commented that she knew I was enjoying your book, because almost every time she looked over at me, I was smiling.

I'm going to re-read my old copy of The Sea Runners. When I'm done with that, I'll go out and buy a copy of Dancing At The Rascal Fair. Ah sure hope you're busy writin' another book, 'cause wunct I'm done with them two, I'll soon be needin' me an 'Ivan Doig Fix.'

If ever you and Carol are in 'the other' Washington, Suzanne and I (we're both Naval Officers) would consider it a pleasure to meet you, and host you to dinner at our house.

Sincerely yours,

Steve Bloch

15 Aug. '91

Dear Steve Bloch--

Appreciated your letter about my books; a writer always has to wonder whether there's anybody out there on the receiving end.

Although I'm going to have to forgo your dinner invitation --a booktour schedule is just utterly jammed from morning till late night--I think I will be in D.C. on a reading tour which Penguin is planning for the paperback release of Mariah Montana this fall. Likely will be at Politics & Prose, sometime the week of Nov. 17; I hope the Wash. Post BOOK WORLD listing of authors' appearances or the bookstore itself would have more precise info in Nov. Just wanted to let you know, and good luck to you and your wife in your own careers.

regards,