fall 2003

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PITCHING MY TENT

On Marriage, Motherhood, Friendship, and Other Leaps of Faith
Following the enormous success of her two bestselling novels, *The Red Tent* and *Good Harbor*, award-winning author Anita Diamant delivers a book of intimate nonfiction and reflects on the milestones, revelations, and balancing acts of life as a wife, mother, friend, and member of a religious community.

Before *The Red Tent*, before *Good Harbor*, before and during six books on contemporary Jewish life, Anita Diamant was a columnist. Over the course of two decades, she wrote essays about friendship and family, work and religion, ultimately creating something of a public diary reflecting the shape and evolution of her life—as well as the trends of her generation.

*Pitching My Tent* collects the finest of these essays, all freshly revised, updated, and enriched with new material, forming a cohesive and compelling narrative. Organized into six parts, the shape of the book reflects the general shape of adult life, chronicling its emotional and practical milestones. There are sections on marriage and the nature of family ("Love, Marriage, Baby Carriage"); on the ties that bind mother and child ("My One and Only"); on the demands and rewards of friendship ("The Good Ship"); on the challenges of balancing Jewish and secular calendars ("Time Wise"); on midlife ("In the Middle"); and on what it means to embrace Judaism in today's culture ("Home for the Soul").

Personal without being confessional, devotional but also genuinely funny, *Pitching My Tent* displays the wit, warmth, honesty, and wisdom that have delighted Diamant's readers for decades.

Anita Diamant, author of six books about contemporary Jewish life and two novels, is a prize-winning journalist whose work has appeared regularly in *The Boston Globe Magazine* and *Parenting*. *The Red Tent*, her first novel, was named BookSense Book of the Year. She lives in Massachusetts with her husband.
THE OBSESSIONS OF JOHN WATERS

CRACKPOT

An outrageous collection from the uniquely legendary John Waters, reissued with new material to coincide with the ongoing success of Hairspray on Broadway.

"John Waters has done more than any living American to give bad taste a good name" (Interview). Since he began making movies in his hometown of Baltimore in the 1960s, Waters, hailed by William S. Burroughs as "The Pope of Trash," has become an unlikely icon, writing, directing, and acting in several dozen films, from the deliberately distasteful Pink Flamingos to the critically acclaimed Pecker and beloved Hairspray, now one of the hottest shows on Broadway.

Crackpot, originally published in 1986, is a hilarious and brilliantly original collection of essays reflecting Waters's skewed but thought-provoking worldview. From Baltimore to Los Angeles, from Charo's Plumber to Reagan's colon, Waters presents a litany of bizarre and fascinating people and places. He dispenses useful advice: how not to make a movie, how to become famous, how to have a sense of humor even if you've been sentenced to life in prison, and perhaps most appropriately, how to most effectively shock and make our nation's public laugh. In new material collected for this reissue, he examines the fashion sense of those on trial, assesses the current state of indie filmmaking, warns us what he'd do if he were president, and hilariously details the genesis of the hit musical Hairspray in the New York Times article, "Finally, Footlights on the Fat Girls."

"A cross between Evelyn Waugh and Miss Manners."
—Los Angeles Times

"A treasure chest of arcane knowledge, all of it delightful, and all of it deliciously described."
—The Washington Post

John Waters grew up in Baltimore, where he still lives, and has been making movies since he was seventeen. His films include Mondo Trasho, Multiple Maniacs, Pink Flamingos, Female Trouble, Desperate Living, Polyester, Hairspray, Cry-Baby, Serial Mom, Pecker, and Cecil B. DeMented.
In an elegant version of Fix-It and Forget-It, chef Tom Valenti presents the dishes he feeds the A-list every night at Ouest—one of New York’s hottest restaurants—substantial, satisfying comfort food easily made at home.

Tom Valenti is Manhattan’s grandmaster of comfort food, a much-touted chef who has made this beloved cooking his hallmark. And on any given night, you’ll find him at his wildly successful Upper West Side restaurant Ouest, cooking hearty soups and chowders, casseroles, chili, stews, and slowly braised, cut-with-a-spoon tender meats, for the likes of Bill Clinton, Steven Spielberg, Charlie Rose, and Barbara Walters.

In Tom Valenti’s Soups, Stews & One-Pot Meals, Valenti and coauthor Andrew Friedman dish up the flavor that we’ve come to expect from a celebrated New York chef, without any of the fuss. Here are realistic recipes for the home cook—most made in a single vessel—all based on the fact that the right ingredients, left alone cooking in one pot with virtually no intervention from the cook, will steadily build glorious flavor. This is make-ahead food that gets better a day or two later, this is dinner party food, holiday food, food that’s made on the weekend and savored throughout a busy week.

Beautifully designed with 16 pages of color photography, the book includes more than 125 recipes for delicious, deeply satisfying meals including Tomato, Bread, and Parmesan Soup; Creamy Smoked Cod Chowder; Lentil and Garlic Sausage Stew; Lobster Shepherd’s Pie; Texas-style Chili; and meltingly tender meats, such as Florentine Pot Roast with Red Wine, Mushrooms, and Tomatoes and Slow-Cooked Chicken in a Pot.

Tom Valenti is the chef/owner of Ouest and is opening a second New York restaurant in 2003. He was named one of the country’s “Ten Best New Chefs” by Food and Wine magazine and deemed a “national hero” by CNN for establishing Windows of Hope, a multimillion-dollar nonprofit organization providing aid to families of food service workers killed during the World Trade Center attack. Andrew Friedman is coauthor of several books including Welcome to My Kitchen (with Valenti) and Alfred Portale’s Gotham Bar and Grill Cookbook. Both authors live in New York.
Crime fiction’s bright new literary sensation follows up the highly acclaimed Blood on the Tongue with his most chilling suspense saga yet, starring Detectives Diane Fry and Ben Cooper in a tale of murder and deception in an isolated and sadly changing community.

A prize-winning master of penetrating atmospherics and psychological tension, Stephen Booth has garnered praise on both sides of the Atlantic for his gorgeously written, intricately layered works of thinking person’s crime fiction. In this latest Cooper and Fry novel, Booth again immerses us in the remote region of England’s Peak District, where mysteries large and small emerge with the seeming inevitability of the seasons.

It’s almost May Day, and on the desolate moors of Dark Peak, the villagers of Withens are dying. One was battered to death, his body left for the crows. Another apparently chose the wrong time to call on a neighbor. And one has been dead for two years—though not everyone believes it. Because as far as Emma Renshaw’s parents are concerned, their daughter is still alive—which doesn’t help Diane Fry’s efforts to reopen the case. Meanwhile, Ben Cooper endeavors to penetrate the Oxley family, a deeply secretive clan harboring stores of clandestine knowledge passed down from their railway-working ancestors.

As Fry and Cooper work to establish a link among the deaths—and make sense of a truly baffling trail of evidence—Blind to the Bones builds toward an ingenious, unpredictable, and masterfully turned resolution.

Stephen Booth is the author of Blood on the Tongue, a 2002 Book Sense Mystery Pick, and Dancing with the Virgins, which was shortlisted for Britain’s Gold Dagger Award. His debut, Black Dog, won the prestigious Barry Award and was shortlisted for the Anthony Award. Dancing with the Virgins also won the Barry. A journalist and website developer, he lives with his wife in Nottinghamshire, England.

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Scribner
Fiction
6 x 9, 384 pages
Carton quantity: 20
EAN: 978074323796352400
0-7432-3796-X
$24.00
NCR


Also available by Stephen Booth in Paperback
Blood on the Tongue, (September 2003), 0-7434-5783-8, $7.50
Dancing with the Virgins, 0-7434-3100-6, $6.99
Black Dog, 0-671-78604-0, $6.99

Advertising
• National advertising in Mystery Scene Magazine

Publicity
• Author publicity at Bouchercon, in Las Vegas

Promotion
• Chapter excerpt in the Pocket Books Mass Market edition of Blood on the Tongue (September 2003)
• Cross promotion with the author’s website: www.stephen-booth.com
• Inner Sanctum feature
ASHA BANDELE

DAUGHTER

A Novel

The gifted and charismatic author of the acclaimed memoir The Prisoner's Wife delivers a bold and heartrending first novel that explores the silence of black women and illuminates the fragile complexity of the mother-daughter bond.

Aya is a college student in Brooklyn contending with the challenges of life as a black woman and endeavoring to make sense of the bewildering legacy she has inherited from her protective and guarded mother, Miriam. A master of emotional withdrawal and deflection, Miriam embraces rules and order and eschews any and all tokens of intimacy, even as Aya craves love. Aya longs to know the truth about her father, but Miriam will only tell her that he died in Vietnam.

Miriam's world is shattered when Aya, out jogging one night, is shot in the back by a white police officer. To hear the police tell it, Aya matched the description of a black man who had just committed armed robbery. As Miriam sits at her daughter's bedside in the hospital, she retreats into the recesses of her consciousness and finds herself transported back to her own youth, when her life took a series of fatefully tragic turns. In Miriam's poignant recollections of love and regret, author Asha Bandele employs the economy of poetry to render an unforgettable portrait of one extraordinary woman whose lingering wounds slowly give way to healing and a tentative hopefulness.

A deeply penetrating work of love and loss, desolation and redemption, Daughter confronts timely and troubling issues. Bandele's story is above all the story of a journey—from secrecy to openness, from the mute vulnerability of isolation to the eloquent power of connection.

Praise for The Prisoner's Wife:

“A powerful and provocative book—everyone should read it.”
—Angela Y. Davis

Asha Bandele, the features editor and a writer for Essence magazine, is the author of The Prisoner's Wife and a collection of poetry. She lives in Brooklyn, New York, with her daughter.

October 2003
Scribner

Fiction
5 1/8 x 8 7/8, 256 pages
Carton quantity: 20
EAN: 9780743211841052300

0-7432-1184-7
$23.00
$36.00 in Canada

Previous book: The Prisoner's Wife,
0-684-85073-7, Scribner, 1999

Also available by Asha Bandele
in paperback
The Prisoner's Wife,
0-671-02148-6, $12.95

Advertising
• National advertising in The New York Times Book Review

Publicity
• National author publicity
• 5-city author tour: Baltimore, New York City and tri-state area, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington D.C.
• National print review and feature campaign

Promotion
• Advance Reader's Edition
• BlackBooksCentral newsletter and online feature
• Book Club Reader newsletter feature
JODY ROSEN

WHITE CHRISTMAS
The Story of an American Song

"An intriguing and insightful look at the story behind a holiday classic of American popular music...well researched and well written" (American Songwriter).

When Irving Berlin conceived the song "White Christmas," he envisioned it as "a throwaway"—a satirical novelty number for a vaudeville stage review. By the time Bing Crosby introduced the song to the world in 1942, it was a yuletide ballad that would become the world's all-time top selling and most frequently recorded song.

But "White Christmas" represents more than just a commercial milestone. With it, Irving Berlin, the Russian-Jewish immigrant who became America's greatest pop troubadour, created his magnum opus—what one commentator has called a "holiday Moby Dick"—a timeless song that resonates with some of the deepest strains in American culture: yearning for an idealized New England past, belief in the magic of the "merry and bright" Christmas season, longing for the sanctuaries of home and hearth. Today the song endures not just as an icon of the national Christmas celebration, but as the artistic and commercial peak of the golden age of popular song, a symbol of the values and strivings of the World War II generation, and of the saga of Jewish-American assimilation.

White Christmas is both a period page-turner, tracing the story of the song's making amidst the vibrant world of mid-century Broadway and Hollywood, and a chronicle of the song's legacy up through the current day, when Berlin's masterpiece endures as a kind of secular hymn.

Jody Rosen has written about music and popular culture for The New York Times, Newsday, and Salon.com, among other publications. This is his first book. He lives in New York City.

October 2003
Scribner
Music/History
5 1/8 x 8 1/8, 224 pages
9 black-and-white photographs throughout
Carton quantity: 20
EAN: 978074321875751595
0-7432-1875-2
$15.95
$24.95 in Canada

Publicity
• National author publicity
• National print review and feature campaign

Promotion
• Online greeting card
From one of the greatest novelists of the American West comes a surprising and riveting story set in Montana and in New York during the Harlem Renaissance—drawing on the characters from Doig's most popular work.

Susan Duff—the bossy, indomitable schoolgirl with a silver voice from the pages of Dancing at the Rascal Fair—has reached middle age alone, teaching voice lessons to the sons and daughters of Helena's high society. Wesley Williamson—business scion of the cattle-empire Williamson family—has fallen from the heights of gubernatorial aspirations, forced out of a political career by foes within his own party who uncovered his love affair with Susan. Years later, Susan is taken off guard when Wes arrives at her door with an unusual request: to train his black chauffeur, Monty, in the ways of voice and performance.

Prairie Nocturne is the saga of these three characters and their interlocked fates. Monty is distantly known to Susan from their childhoods in the Two Medicine country, yet an enforced stranger because of the racial divide. When she realizes he possesses a singing voice of rare splendor, Susan joins Wes's Pygmalion-like project to launch Monty on a performing career—only to confront the full force of the Ku Klux Klan in their way. The trio's crossed paths form a deeply longitudinal novel that raises everlasting questions of allegiance, the grip of the past, and the costs of career and love.

“Doig writes with absolute, perfect-pitch authority?”
—The Washington Post

Ivan Doig grew up in a family of Montana ranch hands in the 1940s and 1950s. His books include Mountain Time, Bucking the Sun, and the highly acclaimed Montana Trilogy—English Creek, Dancing at the Rascal Fair, and Ride with Me, Mariah Montana. He lives in Seattle with his wife, Carol.
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See page 47 for more books by Ivan Doig

Advertising
•National advertising in The New York Times Book Review and The Seattle Times

Publicity
•National author publicity
•11-city author tour: Boulder, Bozeman (MT), Denver, Great Falls, Helena, Missoula, New York, Portland, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Spokane

Promotion
•Book Club Reader newsletter feature
The Ferret Chronicles continue with another great adventure in this new series of books for all ages.

RICHARD BACH

DETECTIVE FERRETS
The Case of the Golden Deed

Richard Bach, bestselling author of Jonathan Livingston Seagull, presents the fifth book in The Ferret Chronicles—another inspiring and illuminating tale that will delight his many fans.

The much-anticipated fifth book in the series, Detective Ferrets: The Case of the Golden Deed is the story of Shamrock and Burrows, two relentless investigators on the trail of a magnificent, future-changing object, one that may bring modern ferrets in touch with the ancient home-planet from which they came, a place so secret that even most ferrets don’t know that it exists.

Powerful forces want the Golden Deed kept hidden, but Shamrock and her assistant have never left a case unsolved. Their tireless sleuthing brings The Ferret Chronicles full-circle, revealing the mysterious origins of this brilliant, complex culture to present-day ferrets and readers alike.

Through the adventures of Shamrock and Burrows, Richard Bach unravels a clever and richly satisfying allegorical fable that ultimately contends with the fundamental philosophical issues about existence. Detective Ferrets is a mystery story about the most profound questions in our lives—Where do we come from? Why are we here?—and explores the nature of courage, the substance of dreams, and the endless wonder of love. In short, this is vintage Bach.


For information on the new Scribner Classic, Flying: The Aviation Trilogy (October 2003), see page 41.
PETER SHELTON

CLIMB TO CONQUER

The Untold Story of WWII's 10th Mountain Division Ski Troops

Into Thin Air meets Band of Brothers: How an exceptional group of climbers and skiers formed America's first alpine division and helped spearhead the final victories of WWII.

Few stories from the “greatest generation” are as unforgettable—or as little-known—as that of the 10th Mountain Division. Today a crack light-infantry unit instrumental in Desert Storm and Afghanistan, the 10th began as a crew of civilian athletes with an unlikely penchant for mountains and snow. In this vivid history, adventure writer Peter Shelton tells the compelling story of how this fledgling army division matured to turn mountain men into mountain soldiers—ultimately revolutionizing mountain combat and transforming American outdoor life for good.

In the late 1930s, U.S. downhill skiing was a brand new sport, but WWII proved a need for men who could handle extreme mountainous conditions, and the 10th Mountain Division ski troops were born. Drawing on years of interviews and research, Shelton re-creates the soldiers’ extensive training in skiing, snowshoeing, and mountain climbing, and traces their journey from boot camp to the Italian Apennines. There they scaled a jagged, icy, 1,200-foot cliff to catch the Nazis by surprise, beginning a rout that would last all the way to the German surrender.

Unique among WWII army divisions, the 10th Mountain Division had the highest percentage of college-educated soldiers, the greatest number of professional athletes. Those who survived (including Senator Bob Dole, the Sierra Club’s executive director Dave Brower, and Nike’s cofounder Bill Bowerman, who developed the waffle-sole running shoe) turned their love of the outdoors into the thriving sporting industry that has swept America. This is their gripping story: the larger-than-life truth behind the division whose motto was “We Climb to Conquer.”

Peter Shelton has been a contributing editor and writer at Men’s Journal and at Ski Magazine (where he first wrote about the 10th Mountain Division), as well as a correspondent since 1984 for Outside Magazine. He lives in Montrose, Colorado.

OCTOBER 2003
SCRIBNER

History
6 x 9, 384 pages
8 pages of black-and-white photographs
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EAN: 97807432606652400
0-7432-2606-2

$24.00
$38.00 in Canada
eBook: 0-7432-5353-1


ADVERTISING
• National advertising in USA TODAY and World War II specialty magazines

PUBLICITY
• 3-city author tour: Denver, New Orleans, Washington D.C.
• National print review and feature campaign
ADRIAN McKINTY

DEAD I WELL MAY BE

A Novel

This New York Irish bad-boy thriller—brimming with violence, greed, and sexual betrayal—brings a gripping new voice to the literary turf of Michael Connelly, Chuck Palahniuk, and Dennis Lehane.

A n illegal immigrant escaping the Troubles in Belfast, young Michael Forsythe is strong and clever and fearless—just the fellow to be tapped by crime boss Darkey White to lead a gang of Irish thugs against the rising Dominican powers in Harlem and the Bronx. The time is pre-Giuliani New York, when crack rules the city and hundreds are murdered every month. Michael and his lads tumble through the streets, shaking down victims, drinking hard, and fighting for turf, block by bloody block.

Soon Darkey anoints Michael his rising star. But when Michael seduces his boss’s girl, the saucy, fickle Bridget, things quickly go south—south to Mexico, that is. Darkey dispatches Michael and three others for what appears to be a bit of R&R and drug smuggling, only it turns out they’ve been double-crossed and left to die in a Mexican prison. But Darkey fails to account for the unfathomable possibility that Michael could survive— which he does, so that he might return to New York and wreak terrible vengeance on his betrayers.

A natural storyteller with a gift for dialogue, McKinty delivers the explosive underworld of organized crime, complete with Irish lilt.

Adrian McKinty grew up in Northern Ireland. After graduating from Oxford University, he immigrated to New York City, where he lived in Harlem for five years. He currently teaches high school in Denver, Colorado.

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Fiction
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EAN: 978074324699652400
0-7432-4699-3
$24.00
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eBook: 0-7432-5355-8

Previous book: Orange Rhymes with Everything, 0-688-14432-2, Morrow, 1997

ADVERTISING
• National advertising in The New York Times Book Review

PUBLICITY
• Author publicity in Denver
• National print review and feature campaign

PROMOTION
• Book Club Reader newsletter feature
MARIANE PEARL
With Sarah Crichton

A MIGHTY HEART
The Brave Life and Death of Danny Pearl

An astonishingly courageous woman tells the emotionally riveting story of her husband's life and death—a story crucial for its heart, its horror, and its commitment to understand the world.

For five weeks, the world watched and worried about Danny Pearl, a reporter for The Wall Street Journal, kidnapped in Karachi, Pakistan. And then came the news of his shocking and brutal murder. The rest of the story—why he sought out the dangerous streets of Karachi; how he saw his role as an international journalist; who he was pursuing for a story on terrorism; why he was singled out for kidnapping and where the incredible search effort led—is the subject of her book.

Mariane has kept a low profile since Danny's death, focusing on her son, born three months afterwards, and on her writing. Hers is a tale rich in fierce courage, conviction, and suspense.

A journalist in her own right, Mariane is, as was her husband, profoundly committed to international reporting, to the idea that a more informed public makes for a better world, and to the idea that sacrifices are made and risks taken to uncover a story. A superb writer, she presents us with a truly spellbinding tale—including her own crucial role in the investigative team, in which she negotiated unprecedented cooperation between the FBI and Pakistani police, and was able to forge alliances with an amazing array of people, who provided both intelligence and emotional support.

Mariane Pearl has succeeded at a seemingly impossible task—making her husband's story not a tragedy, but a call for greater understanding in the world. A Mighty Heart is an extraordinary book—a crucial examination of terrorism, a fitting tribute to a dedicated reporter, and a profound and heartbreaking love story.

Mariane Pearl is an award-winning documentary film director who produced and hosted a daily radio show for Radio France International, and has written for Le Nouvel Observateur and Telerama.
An inspiring follow-up to Barbara Bush's #1 bestselling memoir, covering the momentous eight years between President George H.W. Bush's leaving office and President George W. Bush's inauguration.

Not since Abigail Adams has one woman been both the wife and mother to a president. Barbara Bush's prominent place in American history is matched by her extraordinary popularity: Republicans and Democrats alike appreciate her wit, her compassion, and her devotion to her family. Dignified, loyal, and unpretentious, Barbara Bush defied skeptics to become one of the most admired First Ladies in history; she remains a beloved public figure today.

Picking up where A Memoir left off, Reflections begins with the inauguration of her son, President George W. Bush, in January 2001, and then flashes back eight years to President Clinton's inauguration, when she and her husband President George H.W. Bush were leaving the White House. Mrs. Bush takes us through each of those years, relating her and her husband's inner lives through touching and often amusing stories about their travels, their charity work, their hobbies, and their relationships with their five children and fourteen grandchildren. In the epilogue, she reflects on the experience of having a president for a son and discusses the family's reactions to September 11, 2001, and its aftermath.

Reflections will delight Barbara Bush's millions of admirers with the former First Lady's warmth and wit, and candid revelations and anecdotes from the past decade of a full and fascinating life.
Barbara Bush was born in Rye, New York, and married George H.W. Bush in 1945. She was the First Lady of the United States from 1989 to 1993. She has five children, including President George W. Bush and Florida Governor Jeb Bush, and is the founder of the Barbara Bush Foundation for Family Literacy.
EXTREME INDIFFERENCE
A Jackie Flowers Novel

Stephanie Kane's taut, richly authentic psychological legal thriller finds the complex heroine Jackie Flowers, dyslexic criminal defense lawyer, infiltrating a high-powered realm of judicial corruption and clandestine menace.

On a snowy roadside just west of Boulder, naked but for a pair of handcuffs and a filthy dog collar, a young woman stumbles out of the wilds on a bitterly cold March night. The girl is Amy Lynch, a university coed last seen at a local bar. It seems the handcuffs, much to the shock of local defense attorney Jackie Flowers, belonged to Jackie's former law professor, Glenn Ballard—a powerful federal judge possessed of a sterling reputation and boundless political ambition. Amy dies, Ballard is charged with murder in the first degree, and physical evidence suggests extreme indifference to the value of human life. Before Jackie can even begin to get her head around what's happened, Ballard has tapped her to lead his defense, and readers are plunged into an exhilarating, multilayered story of suspense filled with judicial ambivalence, ambiguous motives, and emotional uncertainty.

As devastating evidence mounts against her client, Jackie works to unravel the victim's history—her moneyed lineage and all-American exterior prove to have belied a disturbing penchant for self-scarring and illicit body piercings. Who was Amy Lynch? Perhaps even more important: who exactly is Glenn Ballard? A funny thing about judges: no matter which way they rule, someone always gets hurt. Jackie herself may be next.

Stephanie Kane, born and raised in Brooklyn, has clerked for a Colorado Supreme Court judge and been both a partner in a top Denver law firm and a criminal defense attorney. The author of Quiet Time and Blind Spot, she is married to a federal judge and lives in Denver, Colorado.
AL ROKER'S HASSLE FREE HOLIDAY COOKBOOK
125 Recipes for Family Celebrations All Year Round

From the New York Times bestselling author and beloved Today show weatherman come more than 125 recipes that take the hassle out of the holidays—from Thanksgiving and Christmas to Super Bowl Sunday, Fourth of July, and Halloween.

Holidays are a time to relish the company of family and friends, not to spend hours sweating alone in the kitchen. Al Roker's Hassle Free Holiday Cookbook is the ultimate guide to keeping holidays and gatherings stress-free, simple, and fun, while still creating delicious food that the whole family will love.

Here are traditional American favorites for every occasion, from no-cook appetizers to simple side dishes to manageable main courses, and of course, plenty of grilling and outdoor food. All the classics are here—Thanksgiving turkey with gravy, stuffing, and all the trimmings; splendid Christmas entrees like Stuffed Pork Crown Roast, and scrumptious and quick gift breads and cookies; satisfying Super Bowl Sunday chilis, sandwiches, and snacks; a romantic Valentine's Day menu of Filet Mignon with Pan Jus followed by Eggless Dark Chocolate Mousse with Raspberries; and Halloween treats for kids and adults alike. Enjoy a Fourth of July picnic of Oven-Fried Chicken with a Pecan-Cornmeal Crust accompanied by appetizing salads, or try a St. Patrick's Day menu of Irish Stew, Soda Bread, and Whiskey Bread Pudding.

Al provides notes on each recipe, along with a wealth of tips and hints on topics like how to stock a holiday pantry, creative ideas for leftovers, cooking with kids, and everything you'll need to make each holiday easy, enjoyable, and flavorful.

Al Roker began working at NBC in 1983. He is the author of the best-seller Al Roker's Big Bad Book of Barbecue and Don't Make Me Stop This Car! He lives in New York City with his wife, ABC news correspondent Deborah Roberts, and their three children.

NOVEMBER 2003
SCRIBNER
Cooking
8 ¼ x 9 ¼, 288 pages
16 pages of four-color photographs;
25 line drawings throughout
Carton quantity: 20
EAN: 978074324952252795
0-7432-4952-6
$27.95
$43.95 in Canada

Previous book: Al Roker's Big Bad Book of Barbecue, 0-7432-2864-2, Scribner, 2002

ALSO AVAILABLE BY AL ROPER
Al Roker's Big Bad Book of Barbecue,
0-7432-2864-2, $27.95
Don't Make Me Stop This Car! (paperback),
0-684-86894-6, $12.00

ADVERTISING
• National advertising in USA TODAY

PUBLICITY
• Author tour: Chicago, New York City and tri-state area
• 25-city national television satellite tour

PROMOTION
• Online recipe card
• Postcard mailing
• 26-episode Food Network program, "Roker on the Road," begins in June 2003
This "brilliant successor to the groundbreaking Achilles in Vietnam" (Richard Rhodes, author of The Making of the Atomic Bomb) examines the problems faced by combat veterans reentering civilian society through a unique allegorical reading of Homer's The Odyssey and advocates major changes in American military practice.

In the highly acclaimed Achilles in Vietnam (now in its ninth printing in paperback), Dr. Jonathan Shay used The Iliad as a prism through which to study the psychological effects of war on soldiers. Here he turns his attention to The Odyssey, the story of a soldier's homecoming, to illuminate the pitfalls that trap many veterans on the road back to civilian life.

The Odyssey, Shay argues, offers explicit portrayals of behavior common among returning soldiers in our own culture, including danger-seeking, womanizing, violence, and drug abuse. Using examples from his fifteen-year practice treating Vietnam veterans, Shay explains how Odysseus's mistrustfulness, lies, and constant need to conceal his emotions foreshadow the experiences of many of today's veterans. He also shows that recovery from the damage done by war is possible and presents an impassioned plea for changes in American military institutions that will protect our service members. Throughout, Homer strengthens our understanding of the obstacles veterans must overcome, just as the heartbreaking stories of the veterans Shay works with give us a new understanding of one of the world's great classics.

"Should be read by anyone interested in the effects of combat on troops, or in the meaning of Homer's works—and by everyone who wants to better understand today's United States."

—Thomas E. Ricks, defense correspondent, The Washington Post

Jonathan Shay, M.D., Ph.D., is a staff psychiatrist in the Department of Veterans Affairs Outpatient Clinic in Boston. He speaks frequently at the invitation of U.S. military services, universities, and colleges and lives in the Boston area.
The long-anticipated, riveting autobiography of the late Stokely Carmichael chronicles the legendary civil rights leader's work as the charismatic patriarch of Black Power, Pan-African activist, and social revolutionary—a major milestone in African-American autobiography.

By any measure, Stokely Carmichael fundamentally altered the course of history. Published to coincide with the fifth anniversary of Carmichael's death, this long-awaited autobiography is an unflinching, searing, often visionary testament to the man's legacy—and the contribution it makes to the American historical record is vital and revelatory. Ready for Revolution joins the works of Frederick Douglass, Malcolm X, W.E.B. Du Bois, and Nelson Mandela as a crucial and colorful contribution to contemporary history.

In sharp prose full of Carmichael's candor, wit, irresistible sense of irony, and undying love for his people, Ready for Revolution recounts with clear-eyed intelligence the epic struggle for human liberation in our time. Carmichael—who in 1978 changed his name to Kwame Ture in honor of his mentors, the revolutionary African leaders Kwame Nkrumah and Sekou Toure—recounts the course of his own experience and struggles, ranging from the prison farms and Lynch mobs of Mississippi through the wildfires and political intrigue of the African liberation wars to Black Power and Pan-Africanism. His transformation from immigrant child to impassioned activist is spellbinding.

Populated with an international cast of luminaries, including James Baldwin, Fannie Lou Hamer, Miriam Makeba, Shirley Graham Du Bois, Toni Morrison, Martin Luther King, Jr., Malcolm X, Ho Chi Minh, and Fidel Castro, Ready for Revolution captures, as few books ever have, the pulse of the cultural upheavals that define the modern world.

Stokely Carmichael (Kwame Ture) died in Guinea in 1998. Head of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, he was also honorary prime minister of the Black Panther Party, and a bestselling author.

Ekwueme Michael Thelwell, professor of Afro-American Studies at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, is the author of the classic novel The Harder They Come and numerous influential articles on politics and literature.
Bringing his classic writings on hunting together for the first time, this is "Hemingway at his purest. The prose is artfully spare, gracefully descriptive and faithful to his professional commitment." (The Washington Post).

For Ernest Hemingway, hunting was more than an adventurous, thrilling activity—it was a world of the pursuer and the pursued in which he explored the virtues of courage, skill, respect, and perseverance, qualities that he admired and incorporated into so many aspects of his life and work. Hemingway on Hunting brings together this seminal author's writings on hunting, many of which are reflections of his own adventures in the plains of the Serengeti, the wetlands of the Veneto, and the wilds of the American West.

In selections from Green Hills of Africa, his famous account of an African safari, "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Hemingway displays his passion for hunting, and the drama that envelops the hunt. Passages from Across the River and into the Trees, which vividly describe duck hunting in the Venetian lagoon, and numerous selections from the author's articles for Esquire, Vogue, and other magazines make this collection of writings a definitive summary of a master sportsman and writer.

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961), author of several classic works including The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms, For Whom the Bell Tolls, The Old Man and the Sea, Green Hills of Africa, The Garden of Eden, and In Our Time, won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954.

Seán Hemingway and his wife, Colette, live in Brooklyn, New York.

Patrick Hemingway and his wife, Carol, live in Bozeman, Montana.
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
Edited and with an Introduction by Seán Hemingway
Foreword by Patrick Hemingway

HEMINGWAY ON WAR

He witnessed the seminal conflicts of the twentieth century, and he recorded them with matchless power. Now, a landmark volume brings together Ernest Hemingway’s most important writings on war.

Edited and with an introduction by Ernest Hemingway’s grandson, Seán Hemingway, and featuring a personal foreword by the author’s only living son, Patrick, *Hemingway on War* includes selections from Hemingway’s first book of short stories, *In Our Time*, as well as from *A Farewell to Arms*, his towering novel of World War I. Excerpts from *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Hemingway’s indelible portrait of life and love during the Spanish Civil War, and his only full-length play, *The Fifth Column*, brilliantly evoke the tumultuous war-torn Spain of the late 1930s.

Passages from *Across the River and into the Trees* vividly portray an emotionally scarred career soldier in the twilight of life as he reflects on the nature of war. Classic short stories such as “In Another Country” and “The Butterfly and the Tank” stand alongside captivating selections from Hemingway’s war correspondence during his nearly twenty-five years as a reporter for *The Toronto Star* and other papers. Among these journalistic pieces are the author’s penetrating coverage of the Greco-Turkish War of 1922, a legendary early interview with Mussolini, and Hemingway’s jolting eyewitness account of the Allied invasion of Normandy on June 6, 1944.

*Hemingway on War* is a compelling collection of Ernest Hemingway’s best writings about the devastating impact of human combat. Brought together for the first time, these works represent the author’s penetrating and frank accounts of courage, fear, perseverance, depression and hope in the midst of war, and in its aftermath.

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961), author of several classic works including *The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *The Old Man and the Sea*, *Green Hills of Africa*, *The Garden of Eden*, and *In Our Time*, won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954.

Seán Hemingway and his wife, Colette, live in Brooklyn, New York.

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NOVEMBER 2003
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The climax of a thirty year odyssey...

Stephen King

The Dark Tower V

The publication of Wolves of the Calla, the first of the final three books in the Dark Tower series, is the most anticipated event in Stephen King’s legendary career.

Stephen King is the author of more than forty books, all of them worldwide bestsellers. Among his most recent are From a Buick 8, Everything’s Eventual, and Dreamcatcher. He lives in Bangor, Maine, with his wife, novelist Tabitha King.
The world’s bestselling author returns to his beloved Dark Tower series—an epic, inspired by The Lord of the Rings, that King initiated over thirty years ago. Now, Scribner and Donald M. Grant Publishers, Inc., present the fifth installment of the series in a handsome edition, complete with twelve full-color illustrations by acclaimed comic book/fantasy artist Bernie Wrightson.

Wolves of the Calla continues the adventures of Roland, the last gunslinger and survivor of a civilized world that has “moved on.” Roland’s quest is ka, an inevitable destiny—to reach and perhaps save the Dark Tower, which stands at the center of everywhere and everytime. This pursuit brings Roland, with the three others who’ve joined his quest to Calla Bryn Sturgis, a town in the shadow of Thunderclap, beyond which lies the Dark Tower. Before advancing, however, they must face the evil wolves of Thunderclap, who threaten to destroy the Calla by abducting its young.

With the recent mainstream success of the Harry Potter books, Robert Jordan’s The Wheel of Time, and The Lord of the Rings film trilogy, serial fantasy is bigger than ever—and the exciting, action-packed Wolves of the Calla, delivered in a beautiful, illustrated edition, is sure to be an enormous treat for fans both new and old.

The first four books in the Dark Tower series are available in hardcover from Viking, in trade paperback from Plume, and in mass market from Signet. All editions will include a new Introduction by the author.

The Dark Tower I: The Gunslinger
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RICHARD BABCOCK

BOW'S BOY
A Novel

"An old-fashioned novel in the best sense of the term" (USA TODAY), Bow's Boy is a richly textured story about friendship and heroism in small-town America at the start of the Vietnam War.

In the 1960s hardscrabble town of Laroque, Wisconsin, seventeen-year-old Ginger Piper is everyone's high school hero. But G. Bowman Epps—a rich, lonely, middle-class lawyer—sees much more in Ginger than an articulate young basketball star. And so the stage is set for an artful novel of personal choices, political upheaval, and the clash of generations.

"Bow," as Epps is known, is something of a town legend: ungainly, brilliant, and famous for inherited wealth. In Ginger he spies the seeds of something greater than a likeable athlete and offers the student a summer apprenticeship in his law practice. But when Ginger is accused of a startling crime that changes the town's perception of him, Bow is not only surprised, he's implicated. And as the agonizing repercussions of the Vietnam War inspire new and startling divisions in Laroque, Bow is forced to choose between his sense of logic and his admiration for the boy in whom he's invested so much.

Narrated by an associate of Bow's named Charlie Stuart, whose interpretations are colored by his own tortured memories, Bow's Boy is ultimately about greatness, loyalty, and the pain and solace of family.

"Bow's Boy is rich in detail about everything from interpreting the Fourth Amendment to fishing for walleye and muskie. Like Nick Carraway in The Great Gatsby, Charlie is an ideal narrator: wry and lucid and detached, yet a man who must acknowledge, in the end, how much of a personal stake he has in the story he tells."

—Los Angeles Times

Richard Babcock has been editor in chief of Chicago Magazine for the past twelve years. Bow's Boy is his second novel. He lives in Chicago with his wife, author Gioia Diliberto.
LETITIA BALDRIGE
LETITIA BALDRIGE'S NEW MANNERS FOR NEW TIMES
A Complete Guide to Etiquette

From the bestselling brand name in etiquette comes the essential guide to new manners, revised to accommodate our new world—high-speed lifestyles, non-traditional families, and constant change—but to keep it civilized.

Letitia Baldridge is universally recognized as the country's leading authority on executive, domestic, and social manners. She has been hailed on the cover of Time as "America's leading arbiter of manners." Originally published in 1989, her Complete Guide to New Manners has now been thoroughly revised and updated to incorporate the changing social conventions and enormous technological advances of the past fifteen years.

Baldridge is an expert on integrating goals that often seem at odds with one another—namely, family, work, and pleasure. Here are authoritative answers to the etiquette questions and issues involved in non-traditional family relationships—stepfamilies, adult children returning home, elderly parents moving in, gay parents, child visitation problems and other complications of divorce. Baldridge also includes important information on how to handle the traditional rites and passages of life—weddings, funerals, religious ceremonies, gatherings large and small—in line with current thinking. And she provides up-to-date guidelines on etiquette at work, and every form of communication, from letters to emails to cell phones. In all, this new volume is a comprehensive encyclopedia that will lead readers confidently and correctly through the maze of lifestyles, customs, business, and ways of relating to others in this new, complex millennium.

Letitia Baldridge, a world-famous expert on manners, has written seventeen books, including her bestselling Complete Guide to Executive Manners. She has served as social secretary at the U.S. embassies in Paris and Rome, and was chief of staff for Jacqueline Kennedy in the White House. She and her family live in Washington, D.C.
In this seventh novel of Fiona Buckley's "richly researched historical series" (The New York Times), murder and intrigue stalk the Yorkshire moors as two headstrong queens battle to keep their crowns.

Fiona Buckley's heroine Ursula Blanchard is an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII whose spying for Queen Elizabeth has placed her at the heart of more than a few turning points in English history. In The Fugitive Queen, Ursula must embark upon yet another mission for her mercurial monarch as the safety of England hangs in the balance.

It is now 1568, and Queen Elizabeth is displeased. Ursula's young ward, Penelope Mason, can't keep her eyes off the married gentlemen at court, and Ursula must journey there to save the young woman from Elizabeth's censure. But the Queen soon reveals her true purpose in summoning Ursula: the manor house to which Penelope is to be escorted is conveniently close to Bolton Castle in the north of England, where Mary, Queen of Scots, is imprisoned. Elizabeth has a secret message for Mary—a message she dare entrust to no one but her spy Ursula.

Though the mission sounds simple enough, Ursula soon discovers that the mists of the Yorkshire moors conceal many dangers. The very presence of Mary, who has been forced to flee Scotland after the suspicious death of her husband, Lord Darnley, poses a dire threat to Elizabeth—and Ursula finds herself in the middle of a battle royal indeed. Featuring more of the period detail and lively plot twists that have made Buckley's novels so popular, The Fugitive Queen is historical mystery at its page-turning best.

Praise for Fiona Buckley:
"Buckley writes a learned historical mystery. Ursula, too, is a smart lass, one whose degrees must include a B.A. (for bedchamber assignments) and an M.S.W. (for mighty spirited wench)."
—USA TODAY

Fiona Buckley has penned six Ursula Blanchard mysteries, as well as other historical fiction under her true name, Valerie Anand. She lives in Surrey, England.
FOUR SISTERS OF HOFEI
A History

“A charming book...full of illuminating insights” (Washington Times) provides a masterful, intimate look at a century of Chinese history through the eyes of four real-life sisters. “Extraordinary....This is an amazing story” (The Washington Post).

Born between 1907 and 1914 in Hofei, China, the Chang sisters have lived through a period of astounding change. In this extraordinary book, written with the benefit of a rare cache of letters, diaries, poetry, and interviews, writer and historian Annping Chin shapes the story of this family into a riveting chronicle that provides remarkable insight into the old China and its transition into the new.

From their father, the Chang sisters inherited reason and a belief in the virtues of education. From their mother, they learned about the human spirit and the art of finding an appropriate path. And from their nurse-nannies they learned how modern ways were often countered by older Chinese values. Such a background launched these four women into worlds as varied as their personalities: those of theater, education, modern literature, classical studies, and calligraphy. Through their years of artistic exploration, courtship, modern marriage, and grim tests of world war and Communist victory, each of these four would bear witness in her own way to their nation’s paroxysms. Blending personal experiences with historical scope, Four Sisters of Hofei is inspiring, illuminating, and important.

“Fluent without verbosity, poetic without ostentation....Chin is to be commended for so faithfully following the logic of her task, and for painstakingly recreating a world that would otherwise have been lost to us.”

—The New York Times Book Review

Annping Chin was born in Taiwan in 1950 and received her Ph.D. in Chinese Thought from Columbia University. She is coauthor with Jonathan Spence, her husband, of The Chinese Century: A Photographic History of the Last Hundred Years. She currently teaches in the history department at Yale University.
TONI & SLADE MORRISON

WHO'S GOT GAME?

THE LION OR THE MOUSE?

PICTURES BY PASCAL LEMAITRE
A hip and lively retelling of Aesop’s *The Lion and the Mouse*, written by Nobel Prize-winning author Toni Morrison and her son Slade Morrison, and ingeniously illustrated by Pascal Lemaitre—for children of all ages.

The *Lion or the Mouse?*, the second in a series of six illustrated books retelling Aesop’s fables, is a deft and richly witty send-up of a culture that sucks up to anyone with the trappings of power. The cocky lion, the self-proclaimed “baddest in the land,” believes himself invincible until he gets a thorn stuck in his paw. When only a weak little mouse can help him, the lion must indulge the mouse’s ridiculous pride and lust for power. The mouse, of course, believes that bigger paws, a longer mane, and a wide, red tongue will give him all the prestige he needs to be king of the animals. Too bad his roar is still a squeak.

Pascal Lemaitre’s ingenious illustrations add a wry sophistication to the Morrisons’ tales—already vibrant and defiantly ambiguous. “In our versions,” says Toni Morrison, “the original stories are opened up and their moralistic endings re-imagined: The victim might not lose; the timid gets a chance to become strong; the fool can gain insight; the powerful may lose their grip. ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.”

Toni Morrison, winner of a Pulitzer Prize and the Nobel Prize for Literature, teaches at Princeton University.

The coauthor of two previous books with Toni Morrison, Slade Morrison is a painter.

Pascal Lemaitre is a Belgian illustrator whose work appears in *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, and *Time*. His books include *Emily the Giraffe*, *Baby Goose*, and *Supercat*.
W.B. YEATS
Edited and with an Introduction by Richard J. Finneran

THE TOWER
A Facsimile Edition

Unavailable for decades, The Tower is W.B. Yeats’s famously beautiful volume of twenty-one poems, some of which are the master’s most beloved. Now, with this exact yet affordable facsimile, readers can own a piece of literary history.

The Tower first appeared in stores on Valentine’s Day, 1928, and is regarded as the single most important collection of poetry in the long and distinguished career of W.B. Yeats, and one of the seminal volumes of modern poetry in general. “Mr. Yeats has never written more exactly and more passionately,” wrote Virginia Woolf, and many critics have since echoed her judgment. Bound in an olive green cloth binding that was stamped with a goldleaf design by T. Sturge Moore, the slender volume was truly a work of art. Within it could be found some of Yeats’s most famous poems, including “Sailing to Byzantium,” “Leda and the Swan,” and “Among School Children.” Though many of its poems have since been collected in a variety of editions and volumes, only in The Tower do they appear in the original order and arrangement that Yeats intended.

With this facsimile edition, readers can enjoy the work as it was first presented all those years ago, in bold text, elegant design, and the notes supplied by Yeats himself. Including photographs of the original dust jacket and cover design, as well as an Introduction that traces the book’s creation and later revision, The Tower: A Facsimile Edition makes a brilliant classic accessible once again to readers everywhere.

W.B. Yeats was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1923 and is generally considered to be Ireland’s greatest poet, living or dead.

Richard J. Finneran holds the Hodges Chair of Excellence at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, With George Mills Harper, he is general editor of Scribner’s Collected Works of W.B. Yeats and is series editor of The Poems in the Cornell Yeats.

ALSO AVAILABLE:

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The first modern, comprehensive political biography of history's most famous general, with new and startling analyses and interpretations.

Since boyhood, Steven Engelund has been fascinated by the unique force, personality, and political significance of Napoleon Bonaparte who, in only a decade and a half, changed the face of Europe forever. In Napoleon Bonaparte, Engelund harnesses his intellectual passion and expertise to create a rich and sympathetic portrait of a brilliant but flawed leader.

Focusing on the political, rather than military or personal, aspects of his life (for Napoleon believed that war was a means to an end, not the end itself), Engelund charts Napoleon's rise and fall and reaches many surprising new conclusions. In contrast to the widely held opinion of Napoleon as a Corsican patriot who hated France, Engelund stresses Napoleon's devotion to the French Revolution as proof that he was committed to France. He also disputes the current view that Napoleon was poisoned at Saint Helena. Napoleon's writings—often favorably compared to Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic Wars—are here considered more carefully than in any previous work, and integrated into Engelund's explanation of Napoleon's political life.

Like Antonia Fraser and her Mary, Queen of Scots, Engelund is not an academician, but a historian and writer whose enthusiasm for his subject brings every page to vivid life. Napoleon Bonaparte is an important interpretation of a truly intriguing figure—a perennial subject and a definitive work.

Steven Engelund has taught courses on French history and on Napoleon at UCLA, the University of Paris, and Paris's prestigious School of Advanced Studies in Social Science. He is the author of The Inquisition in Hollywood, Man Slaughter: A True Story of Love, Death, and Justice in America, and Grace of Monaco. He lives in Paris.
Charles A. Lindbergh

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In this bestselling, Pulitzer Prize-winning adventure classic, Charles A. Lindbergh brings to life the energy and foresight that motivated him to brave the Atlantic, as well as the exhilarating voyage that defined him—and changed history forever.

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FIRE IN A CANEBRAKE
The Last Mass Lynching in America

In this "outstanding work of narrative journalism," author Laura Wexler exposes an unsolved 1946 lynching whose legacy continues to haunt a rural Georgia community—"a book about murders and cover-ups that gleams with the plain beauty of truth-telling" (Melissa Fay Greene, The Atlanta Journal-Constitution).

Fire in a Canebrake is the story of the shotgun lynching of four young black people at the Moore's Ford bridge in Walton County, Georgia on July 25, 1946. Never again have as many victims been lynched on a single day in America.

Now, more than a half-century later, Laura Wexler offers the first full account of the Moore's Ford lynching, a murder so brutal it stunned the nation and motivated President Harry Truman to put civil rights at the forefront of his national agenda. With the style of a novelist, the authority of a historian, and the tenacity of a journalist, Wexler recounts the lynching and the resulting four-month FBI investigation. Drawing on interviews, archival sources, and an uncensored FBI report, she takes us deep into the landscape of 1946 Georgia, creating unforgettable portraits of sharecroppers, sheriffs, bootleggers, the victims, and the men who may have killed them.

Fire in a Canebrake is a moving and often frightening tale of violence, sex, and lies. It is also a disturbing snapshot of a divided nation on the brink of the civil rights movement, and a haunting meditation on race, history, and the struggle for truth.

"Wexler is a thorough reporter who has enough faith in the facts to let them tell the story."
—Jabari Asim, The Washington Post

"Wexler's portrayal...is fascinating because she transports us into a world...that is fortunately unknown to many readers."
—Steve Weinberg, San Francisco Chronicle

Laura Wexler has published work in The Oxford American, DoubleTake, The Utne Reader, and elsewhere. She has taught writing at the University of Georgia and Johns Hopkins University and lives in Baltimore.

PAPERBACK

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LINDA FAIRSTEIN

Linda Fairstein, New York Times bestselling author of The Deadhouse and The Bone Vault, returns with another sweeping legal thriller that combines a contemporary case with a historic mystery—and even more danger for her beloved D.A., Alex Cooper.

Following the enormous success of The Deadhouse and Cold Hit, bestselling author and former Manhattan prosecutor Linda Fairstein stuns audiences yet again with The Kills, another thrilling tale of suspense based on New York City’s fabled past.

At the opening of The Kills, readers find Manhattan Sex Crimes Prosecutor Alexandra Cooper hard at work on a tough date rape case. But date rape is one of the most difficult crimes to prove, and it seems that Alex’s client has something to hide. Meanwhile, Alex’s colleague Mike Chapman is in Harlem, where an eighty-two-year-old woman has been murdered, and her apartment torn apart. What could this poor woman have had that would have been worth the risk for the killer? Alex and Mike uncover that years ago she was the mistress of King Farouk of Egypt. Could he have given her something of value—such as the legendary seven-million-dollar Double Eagle gold coin? As the two cases unfold and converge, danger follows. Alex finds that appearances can deceive, even as she heads for a life-and-death struggle in the dramatic setting of the watery inlet of the Kills in New Jersey.

Rich with courtroom drama, fascinating New York City history, and the lore of the fabulously valuable gold coin, The Kills is powerful, stylish crime writing from an enormously talented author.

Linda Fairstein was for twenty-five years America’s foremost prosecutor of crimes of sexual assault and domestic violence, as head of the Sex Crimes Unit of the District Attorney’s Office in Manhattan. Her novels Likely to Die, Cold Hit, The Deadhouse, and The Bone Vault have all reached international bestselling status. She lives in Manhattan and Martha’s Vineyard.
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MONICA ALI

BRICK LANE

A Novel

A stunningly accomplished debut and already an international sensation—the story of one outsider’s quest to find her voice.

What could not be changed must be borne. And since nothing could be changed, everything had to be borne. This principle ruled her life. It was mantra, fettle, and challenge.

Nazneen’s inauspicious entry to the world, an apparent stillbirth on the hard mud floor of a Bangladeshi village hut, imbues in her a sense of fatalism which she carries across continents when she is married off to Chanu, a man old enough to be her father. Nazneen moves to London, and for years keeps house, cares for her husband and bears children, just as a girl from the village is supposed to do. But gradually she is transformed by her new life and begins to question whether fate controls her or whether she has a hand in her own destiny. To her own amazement, Nazneen falls in love with a young man in the community—and discovers the complexity that comes with free choice.

Vivid, deeply moving, and beautifully rendered, Brick Lane establishes Monica Ali as one of the most exciting new voices in fiction.

Praise for Monica Ali, the only unpublished writer in the prestigious, once-in-a-decade Granta collection of the twenty best young British writers:

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**Robin Furth** was born and raised in Philadelphia and attended the University of Pennsylvania. She was introduced to Stephen King at the University of Maine and has been working with him as a research assistant for just over two years.
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C. Scot Hicks is currently Headmaster of Hillsdale Academy in Hillsdale, Michigan, and has taught Latin and Greek throughout Europe and America.

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5 July '03

Brant Rumble
Associate Editor, Scribner
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York NY 10020

Dear Brant--

Now that summer is truly here--it came to Seattle last night with two bargeloads of fireworks that lit up this part of the hemisphere probably to Alaska--I worry about precious editorial heads unduly exposed to that remorseless New York sun. Hence, this small gift of traditional prairie protective headgear: ballcaps. I’ll ask you to do the honors in bestowing them around the office, first on yourself, and to Nan and Susan, please.

You editors likely will instinctively read “Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump” as a declarative sentence, but it’s actually a place, in Alberta, just north of the Two Medicine country--one of the biggest and most archeologically rich prairie rimrocks where the Piegan Blackfeet organized buffalo hunting drives for, oh, six thousand years or so. It now has a fabulous museum built into the cliff face of the buffalo jump, and these prairie mementos for you handlers of Prairie Nocturne just, well, jumped out at me.

Best,
one-page fax to Brant Rumble, associate editor, Scribner

Brant, hello again--

I’m about to head for some of the wide open spaces of *Prairie Nocturne* country—Carol and I leave by car early on the 18th for Montana and then southern Alberta—and here are a few phone numbers if you desperately need to reach me. If it ain’t desperate, I’ll be back here at home as usual on June 30. By the way, among the doings on this trip will be my talk in Missoula to high school teachers primed by Liz Claiborne money to get kids into Montana “heritage” stuff, and I have it on my list to mention the Groneberg book along with, ahem, Doig, Maclean, etc.

June 18-19 (406)862-3825
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June 22-23-24 Waterton Glacier Suites, Waterton, Alberta (403)859-2118
June 25 (406)862-3825 again
June 26 (406)549-7600

And one book detail, the teensiest one I can think of: can I get one of those fine-print mentions of my website, too, down there on the book jacket where the “Visit us online” bug goes? Not surprisingly, it’s ivandoig.com.

I’m around here, packing, today and tomorrow if there’s anything you need to bend my ear about.

Best,

[Signature]
Brant 5/15

- glitches fixed: typoi & miscues
- pub date: Oct 14, holiday season/Nov.
- bound this date on school?
- call to cover

release
Sept 2

2nd pass: July 4

Aug 22

- Secret Life of Cowbirds
  Tom Borneberg
  UMT MFA
  Polson MT
  Big Sky Jul
15. capital?
91. cloth/line
105. apologized: was apologizing?
111. What on earth
125. on earth
253. plush trophy: stately grounds?
258. This is Maduff.

261. you line, the mark
262. "When"
306. post hooking on?
309. Oh, oh,
310. nearly!
314. collecting
319. put arm on you/soft-soaped
322. put arm on
332-3. Two "you know cut, isn't one?"
338. Phil's chicken: report mother any
our headliness
main act
statehood date?
Ivan,

Here are your 8 galleys, and the box of "tip-in" sheets. Please sign them as per the back of this sheet of paper. Please return them by July 1st, if possible.

Thanks,

Brant

P.S. Extra jiffy packs & airborne labels enclosed.
(Signature)
5 June ‘03

four-page fax to Brant Rumble, associate editor, Scribner

Brant, howdy--

Yup, the catalogue copy is a perfectly serviceable chassis for the flap copy. I did a quick dab of tinkering, fitting in a descriptive line from my “Author’s description of the book” in the detested questionnaire, to see if it would punch up the end of the opening sentence some, and I think it does. My figuring is that while it was important to tell booksellers that this book derives from “the fictional past” of my previous work, maybe we ought to sketch this book’s central situation a bit more for the buying public.

The rest of my edits are to save words or avoid repeating ‘em; this version, by sacred computer count, is six words longer than yours was. (I thought we could afford to drop out “black” in front of “chauffeur” because the mention of the Harlem Renaissance and the racial divide and the Klan pretty clearly carries that implication, but could certainly go either way on keeping or losing the word there, whatever you think.) Am faxing you a printout of my revised version along with the edited version of yours for checking purposes, in case the faxing and re-faxing gets hard to decipher. Call if any of it needs talking over, otherwise engrave it for the ages and take the weekend off.

And I made the traditional class-conscious correction of my folks from sheep ranchers to ranch hands in the author bio.

I’ll get to the proofs either over the weekend or early next week, in either case well ahead of John’s 6/16 deadline. First glance, they look healed, whole, cured.

Best,

[Signature]
Prairie Nocturne
Ivan Doig

Flap Copy:

From one of the greatest novelists of the American West comes a surprising and riveting story set in Montana and New York during the Harlem Renaissance, drawing together an unlikely set of thwarted performers in one last inspired grasp at life's set of gold rings: characters and the fictional past of Doig's most popular work.

Susan Duff—the bossy, indomitable schoolgirl with a silver voice from the pages of Dancing at the Rascal Fair—has reached middle age alone, teaching voice lessons to the progeny sons and daughters of Helena's high society. Wesley Williamson—business scion of the cattle-empire Williamson family—has fallen from the heights of gubernatorial aspirations, forced out of a political career by foes within his own party who uncovered his love affair with Susan. Years later, Susan is taken off guard when Wes arrives at her door with an unusual request: to train his black chauffeur, Monty, in the ways of voice and performance.

Prairie Nocturne is the saga of these three characters and their interlocked fates.

Monty is distantly known to Susan from their childhoods in the Two Medicine country, yet an enforced stranger because of the racial divide. When she realizes he possesses a singing voice of rare splendor, Susan joins Wes's Pygmalion-like project to launch Monty on a performing career—only to find the full force of the Ku Klux Klan in their way. As Monty and Susan overcome treacherous obstacles, Wes's mysterious motives unsettle everyone, including himself, and the trio's crossed fates form a deeply
longitudinal novel that raises everlasting questions of allegiance, the grip of the past, and passion
the costs of career and love.

Author Photo Credit: Marion Ettlinger

Ivan Doig grew up in a family of Montana sheep ranchers in the 1940s and 1950s. His books include *Mountain Time*, *Bucking the Sun*, and the highly acclaimed Montana Trilogy—*English Creek*, *Dancing at the Rascal Fair*, and *Ride with Me, Mariah Montana*. He lives in Seattle with his wife, Carol.
Prairie Nocturne flap copy, Ivan’s version

From one of the greatest novelists of the American West comes a surprising and riveting story set in Montana and New York during the Harlem Renaissance, drawing together an unlikely set of thwarted performers in one last inspired grasp at life’s set of gold rings: love and attainment.

Susan Duff--the bossy, indomitable schoolgirl with a silver voice from the pages of Doig’s most popular work, Dancing at the Rascal Fair--has reached middle age alone, teaching voice lessons to the progeny of Helena’s high society. Wesley Williamson--business scion of a cattle-empire family--has fallen from the heights of gubernatorial aspirations, forced out of a public career by political foes who uncovered his love affair with Susan. Years later, Susan is taken off guard when Wes arrives at her door with an unusual request: to train his chauffeur, Monty, in the ways of voice and performance.

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VIA FAX

March 20, 2003

Dear Ivan,

There are times when the catalog copy doesn't make sense for the flap, and there are times when it makes all the sense in the world. With Prairie Nocturne, I think the latter happens to be the case. I've only changed one sentence in the last paragraph (so as not to tip off the extent of the relationship that forms between Monty and Susan). Let me know what you think.

All best,

[Signature]
Prairie Nocturne

Ivan Doig

Flap Copy:

From one of the greatest novelists of the American West comes a surprising and riveting story set in Montana and New York during the Harlem Renaissance—drawing on characters and the fictional past of Doig's most popular work.

Susan Duff—the bossy, indomitable schoolgirl with a silver voice from the pages of *Dancing at the Rascal Fair*—has reached middle age alone, teaching voice lessons to the sons and daughters of Helena's high society. Wesley Williamson—business scion of the cattle-empire Williamson family—has fallen from the heights of gubernatorial aspirations, forced out of a political career by foes within his own party who uncovered his love affair with Susan. Years later, Susan is taken off guard when Wes arrives at her door with an unusual request: to train his black chauffeur, Monty, in the ways of voice and performance.

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longitudinal novel that raises everlasting questions of allegiance, the grip of the past, and the costs of career and love.

Author Photo Credit: Marion Etlinger

Ivan Doig grew up in a family of Montana sheep ranchers in the 1940s and 1950s. His books include *Mountain Time, Bucking the Sun*, and the highly acclaimed Montana Trilogy—*English Creek, Dancing at the Rascal Fair*, and *Ride with Me, Mariah Montana*. He lives in Seattle with his wife, Carol.
23 May '03

one-page fax to Brant Rumble, associate editor, Scribner

Brant, happy Friday--

Would you believe, one more small but essential thing that needs fixing in the page proofs of Prairie Nocturne. This one very nearly got past me, but an unavoidably delayed conference call with the historian who’s been my source on Wes’s Harvard background has finally clarified it. Although Harvard had so many Lowells on the faculty it seemed like they were running the place forever, in fact only one of them was ever president of the university. Consequently we need to change a couple of words in my scene of Wes walking down the hall of the Harvard Club, accordingly:

p.64--line 4 down from the drop cap, change “one President Lowell after another” to “one titan of learning after another”. That ought to do it, but if there’s any problem of fitting that in, call me pronto.

On another obstinate topic, any chance of the cover reaching me tomorrow? Please give me an advisory call when you know, as I have an afternoon speaking gig and Carol and I have to finesse our schedule a bit. Would really like to get the cover resolved (as I know you yourself would) before I have to start in on June topics such as travel.

Best again,
two-page fax to Brant Rumble, associate editor, Scribner

Brant, hi--

I know you'll miss these from your life, but here is what I fervently hope is my last pass at fixing up the missteps on the pages of Prairie Nocturne. Thank goodness, they’re all tiny this time and I’ve taken excruciating care that none of the fixes will change pagination or even the length of sentences and paragraphs. I’m not sure what it says about this quicksilver book that we’ve all had such a hell of a time getting its lines on the page perfected--I hope maybe that the characters and plot wooed our attention away from typos--but in any case here’s the little list of what I found in my go-through of the reader’s proof, a few of the glitches mea culpa but some of them omnia culpa that simply got past all of us repeatedly, including the copy editor. I think I told you on the phone we had Helena as the capitol of Montana instead of the capital? We also had Susan “bearly” able to hear something, I guess turning her head like a grizzly, huh? Therefore let us purge:

p.15--line 12 down, change “capitol of Montana” to “capital of Montana”.

p. 91--line 13 down, correct “clothelines” to “clotheslines”.

p. 255--line 10 down from the dropcap, change “plush grounds” to “posh grounds”. Please take care to do away with that misplayed first “plush” and not the properly used one in the next line down, “plush chairs”.

p. 258--line 13 down, to more sensibly set up JJ’s misuse of Susan’s name, change Monty’s line “This is Miss Duff, my teacher I told you about” to “This is my poor put-upon teacher I told you about”.

p. 261--line 4 down, fix the backwards quote mark and lack of spacing at “When”.

p. 268, line 5 down, I don’t think we need the quote mark there before “When”, do we? It’s simply the lyric continuation from the song verse directly before, and on p. 214 when Monty sang the whole song, there’s no similar quote mark.

p. 309--line 9 down, Monty’s voiced expression “Oh, oh,” would be better rendered as “Oh oh,” the way we had Wes say it on p. 4.

p. 310--line 3 from the bottom, change “bearly hear it” to “barely hear it”.

p. 314--line 6 from the bottom, get the hyphen out of “collect-ing”.

MORE
p. 332--last line, knock off "you know", making the sentence read more directly: "Wouldn’t hurt you to get yourself one of those." (JJ uses the "you know" expression a few grafs further along, and we don’t need it twice in that short a space.)

p.338--line 3 from the bottom, change “upset the applecart” to “upset our main act”. (Phil is meant to talk in hearty men’s-club cliches, but the applecart is just one too many in that swatch of dialogue.)

And, would you believe it, that’s finally all. A scattering of unassociated items:

--For the sake of your planning, of whirring out jacket copy or whatever, be aware that I’m going to be in Montana and Alberta from June 18-28. Closer to the time, I’ll provide you what phone numbers I have for where we’ll be, but I’m going to be pretty hard to reach, most of that trip is out-of-the-way places.

--Pretty much plucked from thin air, some names that might be tried for blurbs:
Andrea Barrett
Jane Smiley
Barbara Kingsolver
Thomas Keneally (Tom has provided a couple of blurbs for me in the past, but I doubt that he bothers to count ‘em.)
I think I already suggested Alice McDermott and Tony Hillerman?
Anita Shreve? I really don’t know her stuff, but does she have some kind of history-mad readership we’d like?
Stephen Carter, on similar grounds?

--While we’re on writers, could you slip me a Liars & Saints? Nan was kind enough to pass along Ms. Meloy’s previous book, some deadly lines in that.

Best again,
Brant —

I've enclosed the copy editor's style sheet — if there's anything the author disagrees with, he should mark it on the sheet and return it with the ms.

There were many nonstandard spellings not mentioned on the author's style memo, so I want to be sure that what we have is what he wants.

I'd like the whole thing back in a week (by 3/24), and important changes by fax sooner.
one-page fax to Brant Rumble, associate editor, Scribner

Brant, hi there--

For once, a missive that doesn’t deal with ms glitches. I’m about to hit the road for a week—This House of Sky has been chosen as the “community read” in Corvallis, and Carol and I are using my speech-making occasion there to mark our 38th anniversary with a few days on the Oregon Coast—so here are a couple of phone numbers in case you utterly absolutely can’t-wait must reach me this coming week:

April 14 & 15. Corvallis, OR. Salbasgeon Suites (541)753-4320.

April 16. Newport, OR. Guests of Peter and Margaret Atwood at Schooner Landing #402; (541)265-9285.


And I’ll mostly be around the house the rest of today if you need a crack at me before we leave. Oh, and happy sales meeting, if that’s not a hopeless contradiction in terms.

Best,

[Signature]
Brant Rumble  
Associate Editor, Scribner  
1230 Avenue of the Americas  
New York NY 10020  

Dear Brant--

Here are the page proofs. I made not many changes, and was always careful not to disturb the length of paragraphs or upset the pagination. Main glitches I found, besides the italic needs of Susan’s diary that we’ve already been over, were the backward quote marks following dashes--epidemic despite the copy editor’s and my best efforts--and eight or ten random breaks in paragraphs that were perfectly all right in my disk version and the production disk version; what’s that about? Anyway, I’ve done every fix I could see or conceive of, and now onward to the real thing, the book, hmm?

Best again,
eighteen-page fax to Brant Rumble, associate editor, Scribner

Brant, good Monday morning; tough news about Auburn--

Have thumbed preliminarily through the *Prairie Nocturne* pages to check on the inserts and corrections done on the copy-edited ms, and there’s good news and a bit not so hot. Those inserts and corrections all look okay, hurrah. But we’ve got some woes and confusion with the way some of Susan’s diary entries are set, one of Sam Duff’s letter extracts, an interior monologue or two, and so on. I count about a dozen instances, and thought I’d better get ‘em to you promptly, as I suppose the fixes will affect pagination. (If it’s best to make another pass of pages, I’m game to collate my corrections onto that set as a final master; whatever you guys think.) I’m faxing you copies of the afflicted pages with my markings of these problems as I see them, but here’s an overall view:

--We need to standardize Susan’s diary entries into italic set full-measure (as per p. 288) rather than switching from italic into short-measure extract form when the entry consists of more than a few sentences. A prime example is in the earthquake scene, where her diarizing is the main narration thread and works fine that way when it’s simply italic interspersed with the main roman-set ongoing sequence of action but becomes confusing to the reader on pp. 264-5 when the diarizing breaks into extracts (and breaks the flow of the scene.)

--There’s a similar problem on p. 74 where the last of a trio of brief quotes from Sam Duff’s letters is done as an extract, while the first two are italic within the text. Again, let’s make this all italic to keep the flow of the scene intact.

--And one other type of resetting needed for clarity’s sake, p. 298-9 where Wes’s italicized interior monologue is broken out into extract. Again, to maintain the cohesiveness of the scene, it should be all italic.

There was some resetting needed anyway, the pp. 246-7 correction to full-measure, which John McGhee or someone caught. (Incidentally, if it’s John who is from Scotland, thank him profusely for me for catching the clunky reference to Fifeshire. Fife it shall be.) While we’re at it, let’s insert stanza breaks in the song lyrics on p. 216-17, to match p. 269. And while the p. IX “Overture” diary quote is in roman rather than the italic I’m prescribing for Susan’s diary throughout the rest of the text, I think it looks terrific as it is--very welcoming to the reader--and don’t want it changed.

Now I’ll get down to actual proofreading of the pages, honest.

Best,

Ivan
The moment Wes proposed Scotch Heaven to her in this charitable enterprise of his, to call it that, Susan saw the interlude here as her chance to remedy that lack. Here she had solitude, that Cheshire countenance of creation: find the face of what you wanted to do and lock on to it without blink or hesitation, wasn’t that the prescription? Here she was even paid ("All right then, triple," the most welcome words Wes had spoken to her in those four years) to sit and stew over music. (Unbidden, the schoolyard song chanted in her: A diller, a dollar / a high-collar scholar. Why on earth should that take up room in her head, and not some passage fit for an operetta? Maybe there was her answer, have Angus’s toots compose the lyrics that seemed beyond her.) Here she had but a single student—although he frequently seemed like more—standing in the way of the time and strength and patience that ought to set that pageant of mud and glory to music. And tonight again she couldn’t capture any of it, the flivver journey of 1914 as scattered as the Milky Way.

"Trunk songs," she delivered the verdict on this work of hers to the noncommittal cat. What little she had composed so far was only worth being closed away under a firm lid, in there to ferment with the mothballs. With Prairie Tide swept away one more time, she went back to the diary and today’s other frustrating musical chapter.

I am so down I can hardly write. Monty works hard at these lessons, but there is no reservoir of breath in him. It’s as if the man has no diaphragm! He chops along from note to note. This morning I braced him as to whether he was doing his exercises when he is out of my sight. "Religiously," he had me know. I must hope that did not mean only on Sundays.

The next day came blowy, perfect bad weather for staying in and facing unwritten music, and she was trying to get under way when a voice outside resounded like the language of kings:

"Susan! I’ve brought you a person of importance!"

Angus’s hail drew her to the window. He rode past to his schoolhouse every morning about now, but the bundled-up figure perched
academy for wherewithal, that she had taken the great step of buying the house on Highland Street.

_Sister dearest—They do have wind here. Reminds me a bit of a constant chinook, but more of a wasbelle._ Samuel, with his love of code and collector's passion for language. She went to his notebooks, found the one with his lexicon of wind names, across the airy face of the earth: _chinook, williwaw, datoo, mistral . . . wasbelle_, a coastal Indian word for "west wind." She took another pushpin from her supply and, eyes all but closed, thrust it into the map on the Western Front.

Susan, ma chérie—

"Solve this, Solomon," as Mr. McCaskill would say:

With my size 11 1/2s, I am now a runner. My lord and master hands me orders, I twist and dart and squirm through—there is no flat-out running in these slits in the ground crowded with thousands of us, it is more like carnival dodge 'em—and deliver the message, wait for the reply, then struggle back to HQ.

There were three letters after that, brimming with the intrigued jottings of a big-shouldered bright man somehow singled out to trot slips of paper through Europe's artificial canyons of men and earth; and then instead of the mail one day, the apologetic adjutant from the armory across town was at her door, sent specially.

With duty in France now up to her, Susan managed to put aside emotion except to keep tensely dabbing in, sotto voce, the correction "Mademoiselle" on the endlessly effusive welcomes from the endless officials. Not to take away anything from the grief of others, but she considered the loss of an only brother worse than widowhood would have been. A bereft wife could remarry.

The rest of it, this initial evening, was a matter of maintaining a measured smile and accepting apologies for the inclemency of climate within the confines of France. She played the role of weatherproof visitor to the hilt until inevitably her little group was brought face-to-face with the famous Major Williamson, whom they surely knew? Oh, they did not?

"Sad circumstances to meet in, Mr. Averill, Mrs. Averill," the dis-
“Dolph, the woman is teaching me singing, is all. That’s as far as it can go.”

“A w, I was only trying to be sociable, Snowball. Excuse me all to hell if I tromped on your toes.”

I don’t quite know what to make of this, Susan resorted to the diary immediately after supper a few nights later,

but somehow we got off onto Wes today. It was mainly Monty’s instigation, and it threw me for a loop. We had reached our daily stage of tea and honey—I administer it as a kind of soothing syrup when we hit a certain level of frustration—when he looked at me over the lip of his cup and asked:

“If the Major ever gets back here, you think he’ll figure he’s getting his money’s worth on me?”

I answered to the effect that Major Williamson can afford any price we could ever cost him. Monty’s expression told me he was not remotely satisfied with that, so I added that really, he needn’t worry, the Major had no shortage of either funds or hope for this musical endeavor of ours.

He wagged his head as if considering that and after a moment said:

“Well, he is a praying man, even if he can’t get down on his prayer bones anymore.”

His skeptical tone surprised me, given his mother’s life of gospel. (“Angel Momma” is long dead but still ticking, from the way he cites her.) Without thinking I said:

“For him it seems to have worked.”

He wanted to know how I meant. Mony is more than bright enough to realize that Wes and I did not find each other in baskets in the bulrushes, and so I went so far as to say:
"The Major once told me he felt the cupped hand of God around him, in the war."

By now Monty has seen, any number of times, Samuel’s picture on my makeshift desk. I may be imagining, but I think sometimes I catch him studying it. This time, he did me the cold kindness of not looking in that direction when he said: "I guess maybe in any sort of situation, there's soldiers and then there's officers."

That woman was going to drive him to desperation.

Breathe, breathe, breathe. You would think she was a life-guard pumping away on a drowner.

Monty eased the Duesenberg across the cattle guard at the main gate of the Double W, grimacing as the bumps made the elegant car bounce and groan. The county road on in from the ranch was no bargain either, with ruts fried into it by the abrupt turnaround of weather. He wished the Major would go back in the legislature long enough to do something about these christly awful roads that he was always having to baby the car along on.

Even this day off from her tasted bad, thanks to her. "Breath capacity, I hate to keep bringing it up," she had brought it up, last thing yesterday. "Yours is lazy. That's not your fault, it comes with chasing around the countryside with the Major and otherwise never exercising."

"I'm exercising now, seems like," he had pointed out.

"It doesn't come out in your singing yet. You must keep at it and at it."

Her and her at-it-itude. All he wanted was to sing. No, that wasn't quite all. He wanted to sing as free and easy as Angel Momma had, and have the world sit up and listen, and make enough money at it that one wrong turn of a card or stray shimmy of the dice wouldn't leave him flat busted, and for that matter not have to shine up another man's car and then right away be called on to drive it over these dustbaths called Montana roads. (It went without saying that he was always going to have a general desire for a Leticia Number Two, which he had not had
I MUST take care to put this down with every exactness, she wrote of their turning point.

Angus would have the poetry appropriate to it, Adair its cockeyed essence, Wes would chalk it up to the wily ways of God and the reward of duty. I have only my pair of astonished witnesses, my ears.

It already had been a day to mark on the wall. Monty's vocal exercises had gone well—this in itself is like saying the earth took a turn around the moon—and his performance of the practice repertoire grows stronger as he does; it is the sort of leaping progress that a teacher always hungers for. He just then had ripped through “Moses” without evident effort (at last!) and I was about to call it good for the day when he announced: “I have me something of my own I want to sing.”

I was surprised, to say the least. What could I say but, “Be my guest.” Looking very determined he took his position in the middle of the room, studied off into nowhere—the next habit I need to cure him of—then clapped his hands a couple of times and out it came. I render it here on the page in as close a manner as possible to the way he sang it, for the lines were distributed in the air like poetry:

“Does the hawk know its shadow?
Does the stone roll alone?
Does the eye of the rainbow
Ever weep like our own?
I am vexed,
    I am vexed,
    I kneel at all Your thrones.
One of so many
    Just another praying Jones.”
That was the first verse of several confounding ones. The song sounded as old as the hills and yet unknown as the next heartbeat. Monty's is a propitious voice for such a song. In his new bottom range, he can put such resonance into the "ohs" of "stone," "own," "alone," "thrones," and that ending-line surpriser "Jones" that it makes one wonder, How could one throat hold that?

When he had finished I remember that I rested my chin on my fist until I could trust my words. Finally I managed: "I know most gospel songs. Why have I never heard the likes of that?"

Monty shrugged as if to say my musical education, or lack of, was no doing of his. "Just a spirit song I learned when I was little."

When he saw that the phrase threw me, he said: "What I always heard songs like that called. The spirit moves a person, I guess you'd have to say, and next thing they know, these words show up out of them."

"Why did you sing it now?"

He puzzled at that a moment himself. "It runs through my head sometimes, and this once I wanted to try out my new air on it, is all."

I hardly dared ask. "Are there more where that one came from?"

"Oh, some."

"Then let's have them." I at once got out music sheets, Monty as surprised as if I had produced a rabbit from a hat. By then Dolph was stomping around out in the yard, both their horses saddled and waiting, but I didn't care. I took down several—"Mouthful of Stars," "End of the Road," "The Moon Followed You Home," "Unless I Be Made To," all of them music up from the bones—as fast as I could write while Monty chanted or half-sang them, before I could stand it no longer: "How did you come by these songs, exactly?"

He looked as discomfited as if I had asked him where the wind keeps its nest. "You won't laugh?"
"Of course not."
"Promise not to think it's loco?"
"Monty, I will not think anything, I will not laugh"—at this point I probably could have been heard a mile up and down the creek—but I will take the broom to you in about half a minute if you don't tell me where on earth such songs came from."

He said, word for word:
"Angel Momma and the holy rollers."
"I'm telling you, I don't know where they got them hid out. The Major is a bearcat on something like this, he wasn't a big officer in the war for nothing. Off he goes, somewhere, sure—but the rest of us on the place don't know zero."

Trying not to sound exasperated, the man across the back table repeated what he had been saying the two previous Saturday nights. "We can't take you into the Order just like that, not until you prove out. Can't you find some way to give us some help on this?"

Dolph preparatorily rubbed across his lips with the back of his hand. "Speaking of proof."

The man tipped the bottle of 80-proof whiskey once more toward the waiting glass.

Another day in a diary page, another session of music made (well, hammered at) in this old flat Gibraltar. Here we sit in confinement, Monty and I, and for that matter Mr. and Mrs. Gus and Bailey and his no-names, while the Klan chameleons can openly go about their daylight lives.

I lay awake on such things: is he one, I think back over someone I once saw be so terribly mean to a horse; or the slyboots woman in town we always called "the common carrier" because of her chronic gossip, would she press the sheets for her husband to wear and pat him out the door to hunt us down? Whoever they are, I live for the moment when Wes can get his foot on the throat of this bunch.

She whipped the diary shut with good-night finality, but held on to her pen as if she never went unarmred. Her clock had been banished beneath clothing in the deepest drawer until bedtime—she agreed with Monty that the tick-tock here was crazily more loud than elsewhere—so she leaned sideways far enough toward the window to check the progress of the moon. High in the sky; if this long night had a meridian, the moonlight should be close to shining down on the morning side of it by now. And she still was not one bit sleepy. She
flirtatious. A set of poems in the florid hand of Wasson, the Flemish Romantic. Wes shook his head each time.

"This is rather nice," the dealer said. "An original of a verse by Pushkin. He must have copied it out fresh to look it over."

Wes knew the military legend—Pushkin's forebear an Abyssinian prince who became a general for the Czar—better than he knew the poet's attainments, other than the customary one. "Ladies' man, wasn't he?"

"Quite, Major. Sufficient to get himself done in in a duel over one."

"Russian isn't quite Greek enough to me," Wes scanned the boldly penned couplet in Cyrillic lettering. "How does it read?"

The dealer checked the accompanying translation.

_Not all of me is dust. Within my song, safe from the worm, my spirit will survive._

Wes sat unmoving. Monty's singing at that last musicale flooded back to him. That's what Monty had seemed: _within_ the Medicine Line song. The people there at that musical evening had turned to statues, not even the click of a glass, at his almost holy rendition of his father's prairie soldiery. Even Merrinell, who kept all her matters of the spirit confined east of the Palisades, remarked afterward how struck she was by it.

"Damn the poets," Wes said softly. "They tattoo all the way through. I'll take this, too."

The dealer left, a discreetly happy man, and Wes sat in the quiet company of this day's collected prizes, his thoughts once again on their way toward the West and Susan.

These pages went a bit lame during my regency in Angus's schoolroom, and now they threaten to gallop the hand off me to catch up. I find I can barely move the pen fast enough to keep up with the race of thoughts. I wonder what ninny it was who so blithely said a diary must be a servant—
Thunder sent another casual tremor through the loft room, the arriving storm dimming what should have been the peak of the day, and Susan got up from her desk and with guilty pleasure put on all the lights. After Scotch Heaven life the Helena house still felt unfamiliar and for that matter wastefully voluminous, the size of a factory, but to have electric light again was a treat she practically sprinkled behind her ears. She would not have traded all the gold of Last Chance Gulch for the teaching year she had just put in at the South Fork, nor would the same sum persuade her to do it over again. Her smock crackly with the weather’s contribution to the atmosphere of energy, she sat back down to the pages brightly awaiting her continuance:

—not a master. Ho ho. As if the habit of summing one’s days into ink could be as lax as whether to dust the top of the cupboard or not. I can no more ignore the need to keep track of life—as much of it as can be made to fit in these pages—than Wes could his confessional booth. And I find that there is the odd benefit that with the passage of time the words hold more than I knew I was putting there. I look back not even a year—she flipped pages; an eyebrow went up and stayed that way—and I find Monty in despair, Monty persevering, Monty exasperating, Monty in magical voice.

As she composed her thoughts at pen-length, the rain din built second by second. Merciless rods of it determined to puncture the roof, from the sounds of it. “Lord, if ye happen to be of a mind / Send us rain,” Angus’s inevitable appropriate weather couplet rattled in the back of her mind,”And if so be it ye spill some / Send it again.” When the roar on the roof hit such a pitch she could not hear herself think, she gave in and quit the desk again, this time for the gable window and the rare sight of excessive moisture in Montana. Hollyhocks in the yard were rocking madly in the wind, rainwater puddling into small swamps around them. There was a smell of great freshness in the air, and the temperature was vigorously dropping.
The only thing feeble about thundershowers this time of year was duration; hoping against hope she checked the sky, and while the stormy section looked like black sheep’s wool, already on both sides of it were patches of bland blue-gray. She watched at the window until the sharp-edged squall rumbled off across town. Then returned to the diary and noted in brackets that not a drop of this worm-downer would have reached far enough to do the Two Medicine country any good.

She paged back some more, under the spell of the inked words and their curlicues of memory. Maybe it was the ozone, but everything today seemed sprung out of the usual sense of passage of time. It felt curiously like adapting some foreign custom, this diarying in the middle of the day. Siesta in reverse. The role of woman of leisure did not come naturally to her, but she was working at it. Her hair was down—no pupils today, of course, and none in prospect until she could get the music school resurrected and a number of miffed mothers soothed—and the shawling effect on her shoulders was another sumptuous diversion from usual. As she read back over entry after entry, moments leaping out at her, she twiddled strands of the tresses she had let grow all her time at Scotch Heaven, idly judging their distance from gray. Reaching the point of doing that, was she. Vanity, thy name is human. Automatically she reached down a music sheet and jotted that in the margin in case it could be made to fit into the operetta somewhere.

Suddenly the pen had a mind of its own again: What odd bits we remember, she found herself resuming on today’s marathon diary catching-up.

Monty’s letter mentions Mrs. Gustafson’s fearsome hotcakes—the plop of them hitting the griddle was in itself almost tough enough to chew—and I have thought back time and again to that X on the stage, to flatter it by calling it that, there that first day at Fort Assiniboine. What
a nerve I had, chalking that mark and letting on to him that standing right there would solve all stage woes. I recall him looking long and hard at it (and doubtless at the proposition of myself as teacher). When he stood his ground to that barn of an auditorium and my asking of him, I knew we would get somewhere.

Susan fidgeted the pen, rolling it contemplatively between the fingers of her writing hand, while she worked back to the page of that first day of scouring traces of cows out of the homestead house, the one about Scotch Heaven not amounting to much as a site but unbeatable as a sight. She tried to think back with exactness. Had she meant for those words to carry a whiff of epitaph for Scotch Heaven even then? They would have had to be astral as comets to predict the final human sum of the old valley: Adair Barclay McCaskill and Susan Duff its last residents. And Adair only until she had Christmased with Varick's family. At the new year she had gone to Scotland on a visit that showed no sign of ending. Susan had spent the full winter—fortunately an open one; only for a few nights had she put up at the Hahns', nearest family to the schoolhouse—and the swift spring in a Scotch Heaven that was as much apparition of its homestead decades as it was creek and valley. Varick had not decided yet on the disposition of the McCaskill homestead, ghostly indeed now without Angus and the sheep. For that matter, she still was making up her own mind what to do with the lower end of the valley. Ninian's land. With more than grass and hay attached to it.

That decision would keep for now. She read back over what she had written so far today. It constituted singing the scales, warming up one's voice. With a considerable intake of air, she commenced to the next:

_Wes and I are like flighty children playing with matches. One of us ignites... and the other in scaredy-cat fashion stamps it out. Then the turns are reversed._

She wrote in that vein until her hand began to play out.

Well, at least there was one of them who had life's ground solidly under him at the moment. She plucked up the review Monty had sent, for the sheer savor of reading it over, every blessed word:
Just then the stage manager called him for the lighting check, and the other two retreated to backstage.

Cecil was still steamed. "Jace?" He was the only person in the world who called J.J. that, particularly with a permanent question mark. "What gives, anyway? I was kidding around about the piano. But messing with the follow-sheet without even talking to me about it, that's something else. He's been acting high and mighty since we got here. I know these are his old stomping grounds, but—"

"So let him stomp for the folks," J.J. said tiredly. "We'll sort all this out in Denver."

The bromide for the unspeakable is, "Words fail me." I vow they will not.

Susan was panting markedly with the effort this took. When she caught up to realization of it, she drew a careful series of breaths to steady herself before writing the next.

Tracing in ink what happened last night is the only way I know to tell the world ahead how one thing followed another, each piece of time a shard streaking lightninglike to the next.

This night she had come to the diary in something like a daze of duty, the rhythm of obligation as insistent in her as the tides of her heart. Her hand was fixed to the page before she made herself pause and review everything that had danced out of place since the last time she had seated herself there. The past twenty-four hours were a jumble, at every level. She blinked hard, barely staying dry-eyed, as it registered on her that Samuel's photograph had been toppled. Might she just now have done that herself, in her reach for ink, pen, and pages to testify on? Or—? Whether or not it was her own doing, she picked the photograph up off its face, stood it where it belonged, and again put herself for all she was worth into her pen hand.

Mrs. Gus and I had arrived to the theater together, bookends that don't match but surprisingly few people seem to notice. An audience huge for Helena was pouring in and the lobby was a crisscross of former pupils of mine grinning at me as if they had good sense and mothers on the
warpath about my absence for the past—dear me—year and then some. I fended as well as circumstances would allow, promising probably too many of them that I now would be giving lessons again and if they dreamt of their child one day filling a theater this way, lo, that chance awaited in my music parlor. I could not account for why I was such a sudden celebrity until someone said in near-awe “You’ve met Montgomery Rathbun then, what is he like?” and that quick it dawned. Word had spread from Milly Tarrant’s father, the desk clerk, that the famous Mr. Rathbun had sought me out for advice on a point of music; the image of us meeting like heads of state of the musical world there in the parlor of the Broadwater would have bowled us over at Fort Assinniboine.

Of course every stitch of a performance night interests me, even the straggly processional of the audience sorting itself into place, and we were going in to our seats early when Mrs. G. looked back over her shoulder and said, “The misters are here.”

There was a last nimbus of sun going down behind Mount Helena and a moon like a globe lantern waiting to replace it as Wes and Whit climbed out of the big car. Lilacs bloomed, their color deepening with the day, in the hillside neighborhood across the street from the Marlow Theater. Summer on such an evening was slow to step down from the longest day, a week before; dusk and warmth would linger as if night had been temporarily postponed. Because of the time of year Monty’s performance was set for eight-thirty so people could do the necessary for their gardens and lawns, come in from fishing or porch-sitting, round up the musically inclined members of the family, and stroll down the gulch to the theater, men carrying their suit jackets carefully over their arms.

Whit, though, lodged a complaint to the evening air that seemed to have come in on a tropical tradewind. “Damnedest weather. Still feels like the middle of the afternoon.”

“Is there any weather you do like?” Wes inquired, genuinely wondering, while he gestured that Whit’s tie was riding cockeyed. “You
As he hit that note, round and perfect, the chandelier above the crowd began to sway.

He froze, the cut-glass constellation in motion even more now. Cecil shot him a confused look, trying to decide whether to keep playing so Monty could pick the melody back up or wash the tune out and start over—and then his hands halted on the keys as if a message was coming up through them. The music stilled, the only sound now the gentle tinkling of the chandelier. Then a rumble, like thunder down in the ground.

The theater floor vibrated as if it were the deck of a steamship leaving the dock. Pell-mell, the crowd came to its feet and started piling toward the doors, not a stampede yet but definitely a clogged surge.

An earthquake gives a person a jolt in more ways than one. It causes your basic assumption of life, the ground on which you exist, to quiver. I had been through one before, the time I took Samuel to Yellowstone Park. But we were outdoors there, the sway of the trees like fishing rods in truth rather interesting. Here the question was whether the theater would shake to pieces with us in it. I thought something already had fallen and bruised my arm when I realized it was Mrs. Gus's grip on me.

Willing his bad leg to match his good one in the effort, Wes was up and clambering into the next aisle, fighting past eddying audience members to reach Susan and Mrs. Gustafson. He always hated pandemonium, he would rather take his chances in a shellhole. Now he banged over seats until he was within reach of Susan, a vexed expression on her that seemed to wonder why people needed to be so contrary, as she tried to make her way toward the stage. His instinct supported that: "The stage steps! Out that way!" No sooner did he have Susan and Mrs. Gustafson plunging that direction with him than the Marlow Theater gave another shudder and the lights went out. In the sudden interior dusk, plaster dust making them all cough, he muscled a path for the women to follow him. Whit and Gustafson, each puffing harder than the other, caught up with them.

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And that brings us to Monty. Imagine him, as I have been, tuned to the best of his abilities in the school of Angus over here. One great thing Angus knew, and put into you and Samuel and others of any talent, was that chore-sharpened ambition could aim itself upward from the narrow acres here. Think of it, Susan, although your emotions on the matter would be necessarily mixed: a greatly earlier start in life for Monty, a less fettered chance for his voice to find the glory it deserves.

Wes gave the Duff homestead one last looking at and turned away.

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As he hit that note, round and perfect, the chandelier above the crowd began to sway.

He froze, the cut-glass constellation in motion even more now. Cecil shot him a confused look, trying to decide whether to keep playing so Monty could pick the melody back up or wash the tune out and start over—and then his hands halted on the keys as if a message was coming up through them. The music stilled, the only sound now the gentle tinkling of the chandelier. Then a rumble, like thunder down in the ground.

The theater floor vibrated as if it were the deck of a steamship leaving the dock. Pell-mell, the crowd came to its feet and started piling toward the doors, not a stampede yet but definitely a clogged surge.

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warpath about my absence for the past—dear me—year and then some. I fended as well as circumstances would allow, promising probably too many of them that I now would be giving lessons again and if they dreamt of their child one day filling a theater this way, lo, that chance awaited in my music parlor. I could not account for why I was such a sudden celebrity until someone said in near-awe “You’ve met Montgomery Rathbun then, what is he like?” and that quick it dawned. Word had spread from Milly Tarrant’s father, the desk clerk, that the famous Mr. Rathbun had sought me out for advice on a point of music; the image of us meeting like heads of state of the musical world there in the parlor of the Broadwater would have bowled us over at Fort Assinniboine.

Of course every stitch of a performance night interests me, even the straggly processional of the audience sorting itself into place, and we were going in to our seats early when Mrs. G. looked back over her shoulder and said, “The misters are here.”

There was a last nimbus of sun going down behind Mount Helena and a moon like a globe lantern waiting to replace it as Wes and Whit climbed out of the big car. Lilacs bloomed, their color deepening with the day, in the hillside neighborhood across the street from the Marlow Theater. Summer on such an evening was slow to step down from the longest day, a week before; dusk and warmth would linger as if night had been temporarily postponed. Because of the time of year Monty’s performance was set for eight-thirty so people could do the necessary for their gardens and lawns, come in from fishing or porch-sitting, round up the musically inclined members of the family, and stroll down the gulch to the theater, men carrying their suit jackets carefully over their arms.

Whit, though, lodged a complaint to the evening air that seemed to have come in on a tropical tradewind. “Damnedest weather. Still feels like the middle of the afternoon.”

“Is there any weather you do like?” Wes inquired, genuinely wondering, while he gestured that Whit’s tie was riding cockeyed. “You
Just then the stage manager called him for the lighting check, and the other two retreated to backstage.

Cecil was still steamed. "Jace?" He was the only person in the world who called J.J. that, particularly with a permanent question mark. "What gives, anyway? I was kidding around about the piano. But messing with the follow-sheet without even talking to me about it, that's something else. He's been acting high and mighty since we got here. I know these are his old stomping grounds, but—"

"So let him stomp for the folks," J.J. said tiredly. "We'll sort all this out in Denver."

The bromide for the unspeakable is, "Words fail me." I vow they will not.

Susan was panting markedly with the effort this took. When she caught up to realization of it, she drew a careful series of breaths to steady herself before writing the next.

Tracing in ink what happened last night is the only way I know to tell the world about how one thing followed another, each piece of time a shard streaking lightning-like to the next.

This night she had come to the diary in something like a daze of duty, the rhythm of obligation as insistently in her as the tides of her heart. Her hand was fixed to the page before she made herself pause and review everything that had danced out of place since the last time she had seated herself there. The past twenty-four hours were a jumble, at every level. She blinked hard, barely staying dry-eyed, as it registered on her that Samuel's photograph had been toppled. Might she just now have done that herself, in her reach for ink, pen, and pages to testify on? Or—? Whether or not it was her own doing, she picked the photograph up off its face, stood it where it belonged, and again put herself for all she was worth into her pen hand.

Mrs. Gus and I had arrived to the theater together, bookends that don't match but surprisingly few people seem to notice. An audience huge for Helena was pouring in and the lobby was a crisscross of former pupils of mine grinning at me as if they had good sense and mothers on the
a nerve I had, chalking that mark and letting on to him
that standing right there would solve all stage woes. I
recall him looking long and hard at it (and doubtless at
the proposition of myself as teacher). When he stood his
ground to that barn of an auditorium and my asking of
him, I knew we would get somewhere.

Susan fidgeted the pen, rolling it contemplatively between the
fingers of her writing hand, while she worked back to the page of that
first day of scouring traces of cows out of the homestead house, the one
about Scotch Heaven not amounting to much as a site but unbearable
as a sight. She tried to think back with exactness. Had she meant for
those words to carry a whiff of epitaph for Scotch Heaven even then?
They would have had to be astral as comets to predict the final human
sum of the old valley: Adair Barclay McCaskill and Susan Duff its last
residents. And Adair only until she had Christmased with Varick’s
family. At the new year she had gone to Scotland on a visit that showed
no sign of ending. Susan had spent the full winter—fortunately an
open one; only for a few nights had she put up at the Hahns’, nearest
family to the schoolhouse—and the swift spring in a Scotch Heaven
that was as much apparition of its homestead decades as it was creek
and valley. Varick had not decided yet on the disposition of the
McCaskill homestead, ghostly indeed now without Angus and the
sheep. For that matter, she still was making up her own mind what to
do with the lower end of the valley. Ninian’s land. With more than
grass and hay attached to it.

That decision would keep for now. She read back over what she
had written so far today. It constituted singing the scales, warming up
one’s voice. With a considerable intake of air, she commenced to the
next:

Wes and I are like flighty children playing with matches. One of us
ignites . . . and the other in scaredy-cat fashion stamps it out. Then the turns
are reversed.

She wrote in that vein until her hand began to play out.

Well, at least there was one of them who had life’s ground solidly
under him at the moment. She plucked up the review Monry had
sent, for the sheer savor of reading it over, every blessed word:
The only thing feeble about thundershowers this time of year was duration; hoping against hope she checked the sky, and while the stormy section looked like black sheep's wool, already on both sides of it were patches of bland blue-gray. She watched at the window until the sharp-edged squall rumbled off across town. Then returned to the diary and noted in brackets that not a drop of this worm-downer would have reached far enough to do the Two Medicine country any good.

She paged back some more, under the spell of the inked words and their curlicues of memory. Maybe it was the ozone, but everything today seemed sprung out of the usual sense of passage of time. It felt curiously like adapting some foreign custom, this diarizing in the middle of the day. Siesta in reverse. The role of woman of leisure did not come naturally to her, but she was working at it. Her hair was down—no pupils today, of course, and none in prospect until she could get the music school resurrected and a number of miffed mothers soothed—and the shawling effect on her shoulders was another sumptuous diversion from usual. As she read back over entry after entry, moments leaping out at her, she twiddled strands of the tresses she had let grow all her time at Scotch Heaven, idly judging their distance from gray. Reaching the point of doing that, was she. Vanity, thy name is human. Automatically she reached down a music sheet and jotted that in the margin in case it could be made to fit into the operetta somewhere.

Suddenly the pen had a mind of its own again: What odd bits we remember, she found herself resuming on today's marathon diary catching-up.

Monty's letter mentions Mrs. Gustafson's fearsome hotcakes—the plop of them hitting the griddle was in itself almost tough enough to chew—and I have thought back time and again to that X on the stage, to flatter it by calling it that, there that first day at Fort Assiniboine. What
Thunder sent another casual tremor through the loft room, the arriving storm dimming what should have been the peak of the day, and Susan got up from her desk and with guilty pleasure put on all the lights. After Scotch Heaven life the Helena house still felt unfamiliar and for that matter wastefully voluminous, the size of a factory, but to have electric light again was a treat she practically sprinkled behind her ears. She would not have traded all the gold of Last Chance Gulch for the teaching year she had just put in at the South Fork, nor would the same sum persuade her to do it over again. Her smock crackly with the weather's contribution to the atmosphere of energy, she sat back down to the pages brightly awaiting her continuance:

—not a master. Ho ho. As if the habit of summing one's days into ink could be as lax as whether to dust the top of the cupboard or not. I can no more ignore the need to keep track of life—as much of it as can be made to fit in these pages—than Wes could his confessional booth. And I find that there is the odd benefit that with the passage of time the words hold more than I knew I was putting there. I look back not even a year—she flipped pages; an eyebrow went up and stayed that way—and I find Monty in despair, Monty persevering, Monty exasperating, Monty in magical voice.

As she composed her thoughts at pen-length, the rain din built second by second. Merciless rods of it determined to puncture the roof, from the sounds of it. "Lord, if ye happen to be of a mind / Send us rain," Angus's inevitable appropriate weather couplet rattled in the back of her mind,"And if so be it ye spill some / Send it again." When the roar on the roof hit such a pitch she could not hear herself think, she gave in and quit the desk again, this time for the gable window and the rare sight of excessive moisture in Montana. Hollyhocks in the yard were rocking madly in the wind, rainwater puddling into small swamps around them. There was a smell of great freshness in the air, and the temperature was vigorously dropping.
flirtatious. A set of poems in the florid hand of Wasson, the Flemish
Romantic. Wes shook his head each time.

"This is rather nice," the dealer said. "An original of a verse by
Pushkin. He must have copied it out fresh to look it over."

Wes knew the military legend—Pushkin's forebear an Abyssinian
prince who became a general for the Czar—better than he knew the
poet's attainments, other than the customary one. "Ladies' man,
wasn't he?"

"Quite, Major. Sufficient to get himself done in in a duel over
one."

"Russian isn't quite Greek enough to me," Wes scanned the boldly
penned couplet in Cyrillic lettering. "How does it read?"

The dealer checked the accompanying translation.

Not all of me is dust. Within my song,
safe from the worm, my spirit will survive.

Wes sat unmoving. Monty's singing at that last musicale flooded
back to him. That's what Monty had seemed: within the Medicine
Line song. The people there at that musical evening had turned to
statues, not even the click of a glass, at his almost holy rendition of
his father's prairie soldiery. Even Merrinell, who kept all her matters
of the spirit confined east of the Palisades, remarked afterward how
struck she was by it.

"Damn the poets," Wes said softly. "They tattoo all the way
through. I'll take this, too."

The dealer left, a discreetly happy man, and Wes sat in the quiet
company of this day's collected prizes, his thoughts once again on
their way toward the West and Susan.

These pages went a bit lame during my regency in
Angus's schoolroom, and now they threaten to gallop the
hand off me to catch up. I find I can barely move the pen
fast enough to keep up with the race of thoughts. I won-
der what ninny it was who so blithely said a diary must be
a servant—
"I'm telling you, I don't know where they got them hid out. The Major is a bearcat on something like this, he wasn't a big officer in the war for nothing. Off he goes, somewhere, sure—but the rest of us on the place don't know zero."

Trying not to sound exasperated, the man across the back table repeated what he had been saying the two previous Saturday nights. "We can't take you into the Order just like that, not until you prove out. Can't you find some way to give us some help on this?"

Dolph preparatorily rubbed across his lips with the back of his hand. "Speaking of proof."

The man tipped the bottle of 80-proof whiskey once more toward the waiting glass.

Another day in a diary page, another session of music made (well, hammered at) in this old flat Gibraltar. Here we sit in confinement, Monty and I, and for that matter Mr. and Mrs. Gus and Bailey and his no-names, while the Klan chameleons can openly go about their daylight lives.

I lay awake on such things: is he one, I think back over someone I once saw be so terribly mean to a horse; or the slyboots woman in town we always called "the common carrier" because of her chronic gossip, would she press the sheets for her husband to wear and pat him out the door to hunt us down? Whoever they are, I live for the moment when Wes can get his foot on the throat of this bunch.

She whapped the diary shut with good-night finality, but held on to her pen as if she never went unarmed. Her clock had been banished beneath clothing in the deepest drawer until bedtime—she agreed with Monty that the tick-tock here was crazily more loud than elsewhere—so she leaned sideways far enough toward the window to check the progress of the moon. High in the sky; if this long night had a meridian, the moonlight should be close to shining down on the morning side of it by now. And she still was not one bit sleepy. She
“Of course not.”
“Promise not to think it’s loco?”
“Monty, I will not think anything, I will not laugh”—at this point I probably could have been heard a mile up and down the creek—but I will take the broom to you in about half a minute if you don’t tell me where on earth such songs came from.”
He said, word for word:
“Angel Momma and the holy rollers.”
That was the first verse of several confounding ones. The song sounded as old as the hills and yet unknown as the next heartbeat. Monty’s is a propitious voice for such a song. In his new bottom range, he can put such resonance into the “ohs” of “stone,” “own,” “alone,” “thrones,” and that ending-line surpriser “Jones” that it makes one wonder, How could one throat hold that?

When he had finished I remember that I rested my chin on my fist until I could trust my words. Finally I managed: “I know most gospel songs. Why have I never heard the likes of that?”

Monty shrugged as if to say my musical education, or lack of, was no doing of his. “Just a spirit song I learned when I was little.”

When he saw that the phrase threw me, he said: “What I always heard songs like that called. The spirit moves a person, I guess you’d have to say, and next thing they know, these words show up out of them.”

“Why did you sing it now?”

He puzzled at that a moment himself. “It runs through my head sometimes, and this once I wanted to try out my new air on it, is all.”

I hardly dared ask, “Are there more where that one came from?”

“Oh, some.”

“Then let’s have them.” I at once got out music sheets, Monty as surprised as if I had produced a rabbit from a hat. By then Dolph was stomping around out in the yard, both their horses saddled and waiting, but I didn’t care. I took down several—“Mouthful of Stars,” “End of the Road,” “The Moon Followed You Home,” “Unless I Be Made To,” all of them music up from the bones—as fast as I could write while Monty chanted or half-sang them, before I could stand it no longer: “How did you come by these songs, exactly?”

He looked as discomfited as if I had asked him where the wind keeps its nest. “You won’t laugh?”
I must take care to put this down with every exactness, she wrote of their turning point. [Italics, full measure]

Angus would have the poetry appropriate to it, Adair its cockeyed essence, Wes would chalk it up to the wily ways of God and the reward of duty. I have only my pair of astonished witnesses, my ears.

It already had been a day to mark on the wall. Monty's vocal exercises had gone well—this in itself is like saying the earth took a turn around the moon—and his performance of the practice repertoire grows stronger as he does; it is the sort of leaping progress that a teacher always hungers for. He just then had ripped through "Moses" without evident effort (at last!) and I was about to call it good for the day when he announced: "I have me something of my own I want to sing."

I was surprised, to say the least. What could I say but, "Be my guest." Looking very determined he took his position in the middle of the room, studied off into nowhere—the next habit I need to cure him of—then clapped his hands a couple of times and out it came. I render it here on the page in as close a manner as possible to the way he sang it, for the lines were distributed in the air like poetry:

"Does the hawk know its shadow?
Does the stone roll alone?
Does the eye of the rainbow
Ever weep like our own?
    I am vexed,
    I am hexed,
    I kneel at all Your thrones.
One of so many
    Just another praying Jones."
"The Major once told me he felt the cupped hand of God around him, in the war."

By now Monty has seen, any number of times, Samuel's picture on my makeshift desk. I may be imagining, but I think sometimes I catch him studying it. This time, he did me the cold kindness of not looking in that direction when he said: "I guess maybe in any sort of situation, there's soldiers and then there's officers."

That woman was going to drive him to desperation.

Breathe, breathe, breathe. You would think she was a life-guard pumping away on a drowning.

Monty eased the Duesenberg across the cattle guard at the main gate of the Double W, grimacing as the bumps made the elegant car bounce and groan. The county road on in from the ranch was no bargain either, with ruts fried into it by the abrupt turnarounds of weather. He wished the Major would go back in the legislature long enough to do something about these christly awful roads that he was always having to baby the car along on.

Even this day off from her tasted bad, thanks to her. "Breath capacity, I hate to keep bringing it up," she had brought it up, last thing yesterday. "Yours is lazy. That's not your fault, it comes with chasing around the countryside with the Major and otherwise never exercising."

"I'm exercising now, seems like," he had pointed out.

"It doesn't come out in your singing yet. You must keep at it and at it."

Her and her at-it-itude. All he wanted was to sing. No, that wasn't quite all. He wanted to sing as free and easy as Angel Momma had, and have the world sit up and listen, and make enough money at it that one wrong turn of a card or stray shimmy of the dice wouldn't leave him flat busted, and for that matter not have to shine up another man's car and then right away be called on to drive it over those dustbaths called Montana roads. (It went without saying that he was always going to have a general desire for a Leticia Number Two, which he had not had
"Dolph, the woman is teaching me singing, is all. That's as far as it can go."
"Aw, I was only trying to be sociable, Snowball. Excuse me all to hell if I trampled on your toes."

_I DON'T quite know what to make of this_, Susan resorted to the diary immediately after supper a few nights later,

but somehow we got off onto Wes today. It was mainly Monty's instigation, and it threw me for a loop. We had reached our daily stage of tea and honey—I administer it as a kind of soothing syrup when we hit a certain level of frustration—when he looked at me over the lip of his cup and asked:

"If the Major ever gets back here, you think he'll figure he's getting his money's worth on me?"

I answered to the effect that Major Williamson can afford any price we could ever cost him. Monty's expression told me he was not remotely satisfied with that, so I added that really, he needn't worry, the Major had no shortage of either funds or hope for this musical endeavor of ours.

He wagged his head as if considering that and after a moment said:

"Well, he is a praying man, even if he can't get down on his prayer bones anymore."

His skeptical tone surprised me, given his mother's life of gospel. ("Angel Momma" is long dead but still ticking, from the way he cites her.) Without thinking I said:

"For him it seems to have worked."

He wanted to know how I meant. Monty is more than bright enough to realize that Wes and I did not find each other in baskets in the bulrushes, and so I went so far as to say:
academy for wherewithal, that she had taken the great step of buying the house on Highland Street.

Sister dearest—They do have wind here. Reminds me a bit of a constant chinook, but more of a washelli. Samuel, with his love of code and collector’s passion for language. She went to his notebooks, found the one with his lexicon of wind names, across the airy face of the earth: chinook, williwaw, datoo, mistral . . . washelli, a coastal Indian word for “west wind.” She took another pushpin from her supply and, eyes all but closed, thrust it into the map on the Western Front.

Susan, ma chérie—

“Solve this, Solomon,” as Mr. McCaskill would say:
With my size 11 1/2s, I am now a runner. My lord and master hands me orders, I twist and dart and squirm through—there is no flat-out running in these slits in the ground crowded with thousands of us, it is more like carnival dodge ‘em—and deliver the message, wait for the reply, then struggle back to HQ.

There were three letters after that, brimming with the intrigued jottings of a big-shouldered bright man somehow singled out to trot slips of paper through Europe’s artificial canyons of men and earth; and then instead of the mail one day, the apologetic adjutant from the armory across town was at her door, sent specially.

With duty in France now up to her, Susan managed to put aside emotion except to keep tensely dabbing in, sotto voce, the correction “Mademoiselle” on the endlessly effusive welcomes from the endless officials. Not to take away anything from the grief of others, but she considered the loss of an only brother worse than widowhood would have been. A bereft wife could remarry.

The rest of it, this initial evening, was a matter of maintaining a measured smile and accepting apologies for the inclemency of climate within the confines of France. She played the role of weatherproof visitor to the hilt until inevitably her little group was brought face-to-face with the famous Major Williamson, whom they surely knew? Oh, they did not?

“Sad circumstances to meet in, Mr. Averill, Mrs. Averill,” the dis-
The moment Wes proposed Scotch Heaven to her in this charitable enterprise of his, to call it that, Susan saw the interlude here as her chance to remedy that lack. Here she had solitude, that Cheshire countenance of creation: find the face of what you wanted to do and lock on to it without blink or hesitation, wasn't that the prescription? Here she was even paid ("All right then, triple," the most welcome words Wes had spoken to her in those four years) to sit and stew over music. (Unbidden, the schoolyard song chanted in her: A diller, a dollar / a high-coller scholar. Why on earth should that take up room in her head, and not some passage fit for an operetta? Maybe there was her answer, have Angus's tons compose the lyrics that seemed beyond her.) Here she had but a single student—although he frequently seemed like more—standing in the way of the time and strength and patience that ought to set that pageant of mud and glory to music. And tonight again she couldn't capture any of it, the flivver journey of 1914 as scattered as the Milky Way.

"Trunk songs," she delivered the verdict on this work of hers to the noncommittal cat. What little she had composed so far was only worth being closed away under a firm lid, in there to ferment with the mothballs. With Prairie Tide swept away one more time, she went back to the diary and today's other frustrating musical chapter.

If I am so down I can hardly write. Monty works hard at these lessons, but there is no reservoir of breath in him. It's as if the man has no diaphragm! He chops along from note to note. This morning I braced him as to whether he was doing his exercises when he is out of my sight. "Religiously," he had me know. I must hope that did not mean only on Sundays.

The next day came blowy, perfect bad weather for staying in and facing unwritten music, and she was trying to get under way when a voice outside resounded like the language of kings:

"Susan! I've brought you a person of importance!"

Angus's hail drew her to the window. He rode past to his schoolhouse every morning about now, but the bundled-up figure perched
All that was lacking was her. He wished like everything she was over there governing the keys for this. Wherever the station had dragged up this accompanist, the woman plowed around on the piano like she was doing Sunday school. But he would make up for it. Obo! The first perfect singer there ever was? As perfect as he could make it, on this.

The announcer was finishing his scripted patter. “And now, out of that historical heritage, here is Montgomery Rathbun to sing the ballad of the Tenth Cavalry.”

Monty took the cue, and out into the air, out over the Medicine Line and the weedy parade ground of the old fort and the time-browned washhouse of the Double W and the silent homesteads of Scotch Heaven, his voice began to travel.

“Forty miles a day
on beans and hay.
Scenery all the way
on cavalry pay.
When I was young and in my prime,
I dabbed my X on the Medicine Line.
Suited up blue, and since that time,
Boots and saddle have suited me fine.
Forty miles a day
on beans and hay. . . .”

As the piano accompaniment went into a romp that made Susan wince, she said: “Even I’ll admit, Monty is full of surprises. I thought I knew all his songs, but I’ve never heard this.”

“Buffalo soldiers, that’s our lot.
Midnight sons of the Medicine Line.
Prairie life is all we’ve got,
I’ll stand your guard if you stand mine.
Forty miles a day
on beans and hay. . . .”

It had taken him any number of nights, with a stub of pencil always within reach on the apple box bedstand, to bring all the verses
All that was lacking was her. He wished like everything she was over there governing the keys for this. Wherever the station had dragged up this accompanist, the woman plowed around on the piano like she was doing Sunday school. But he would make up for it. Oh no! The first perfect singer there ever was? As perfect as he could make it, on this.

The announcer was finishing his scripted patter. "And now, out of that historical heritage, here is Montgomery Rathbun to sing the ballad of the Tenth Cavalry."

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Style Sheet for PRAIRIE NOCTURNE by Ivan Doig

-Sources: Webster's 10th, Random House Unabridged, Chicago Manual of Style, WIT

-serial comma
-numbers: spell numbers, including in dialogue, unless unwieldy. Also: twenty percent; 30.06 (but thirty-aught-six in dialogue; Tenth Cavalry; 80-proof; two-thirds).
-italics: use with thoughts; for hypothetical dialogue; for unattributed remembered dialogue; for notes; in general, for words as words; for lyrics; for emphasis, per author. Song titles are set roman, in quotation marks, as are radio programs.
-no that/which distinction
-,too,
-Jones's
-use Mister instead of Mr.
-all caps are used to express the strength of Monty's voice.
-no commas used with compound adjectives.
-NOTE: Author makes some unusual choices in punctuation and grammar. Please set the following:
1) "This all counts," Susan came close to a coax. - and other such constructs.
2) "They plunged that direction" - do not insert preposition.
3) "We wouldn't do that, now would we." - no question marks in this and other such constructs.

Author also uses unusual spellings. His should take precedence over those of Webster's 10th. See Word List II for help.

Word List I:

Anaconda Copper 5
Assiniboine, Fort (Fort Skin-and-Bones)

Bailey 223
Barclay, Judith 69
Barclay, Rob 33
Big Sandy Creek 133
Bovard, Tinsley, Coggins 322
Breed Butte 67
Brewster, Howard and Susetta 480
Broadwater Hotel 43

Cecil 346
Clore Street 30
Conrad 97

Dagmar 89
Doc Walker 169
Double W (or WW) ranch 22
Duff, Flora 67
Duff, Ninian 16
Duff, Samuel 63
Duff, Susan 2

Earl and Bea’s 24-Hour Buffet (E & B) 340
English Creek 16
Erskine, Don and Jen 57

Fiddle Strings 82
Flossie 4
Frew, Allan and George 35 and 288

Gardiner 353
Gates of the Mountains 36
Gros Ventre 35
Gus (Gustafson) 155
Mrs. Gustafson
Hahn, Fritz
Hardeman, Lieutenant 324
Harris 36
Hawkins 155
Highland Street 2
Highwood Mountains 73
Hilfiger (Hilly) 353

Imhoff, Private 102
Indian Head 62
Ingomar 88

Jackson, Jace (J.J.) 345
Jacob 202
Jenkins 90

Kuhn, Dolph 18
Lake George 10
Lieutenant Olsen 102

Marias River 133
Marlow Theater 384
McCakill, Alec and Beth 62
McCaskill, Adair Barclay 62
McCaskill, Angus 60
McCaskill, Varick 62
Mrs. Gustafson
Musgreave 35

Ned 235
Noon Creek 21
North Fork valley
Nowhere and Petaloomis Loomis 159

Over There Memorial Committee 6

Petrie 373
Pondera County 109
Potter, George 3
Prairie Tide 5

Rabiznaz 379
Rankin, Jeanette 83
Rathbun, Angeline (Angel Momma) 20
Rathbun, Montgomery (Snowball, Monty) 11
Rathbun, Mose 134
Reese, Anna (queried) 66
Rennie, Toussaint 286
Reynolds 211
Roman Reef 36

Sedgwick House 306
Sherman, Philip 97
Speddersons 35
St. Mihiel
Sweetgrass Hills

Two Medicine & Teton Railroad 96
Two Medicine country

Valier 97
Valley Stockmen's Bank 72
Vandiver 416
Williamson, Merrinell 10
Williamson, Warren 33
Williamson, Wendell 132
Williamson, Wesley (the Major) 7
Williamson, Whitney (Mister Whit) 22

Zanzibar Club 30

Word List II:

air-promised
American Expeditionary Force
Archbishop
arm-in-arm
army

barbwire
barkeep
bedstand
beerglass
benchland
bib and tucker
Blackfeet
blood-boiling
bookdealer
bowtie
brakeman
breathwork
Brevoort Hotel
brockle-face
brushpopper
buckboard
buckrake
budbreak
buffalo grass
bughouse
building-stone
bunkhouse
butcherknife

carpet-beater
cartman
catalogue
cathedral-rise
cathouse
centerstage
chinook
choirsong
chokecherry
choreboy
chouser
church, the (no cap)
city-spangled
clifftop
clothespegged
coffeed
Company C
corral sitter
Creation (as in “all of Creation”)
cropland
cross-street
cufflink
day-herders
dead-level
deskman
dibdab
dishtowel
distant-faced
downpayment
drivewheel
Drouillard
Duesenberg (Doozy)
dust storm
dustbath
e1, the
empty-windowed
everyplace
eye-flicker
fantan
fate-haunted
fenceline
fence"}
Field, Joseph
Field, Reuben
Fifeshire
flat-iron
folk-dance
follow-sheet
franglais
frogmouth
gandydancer
gatepost
Gatlinburg
getup
Godamighty
goodbye
go-round
Great Northern Railroad
Great War
grownup
grub line
guardhouse
guardpost
guardrailing
gunnysack
gusset
half-ass
half-dance
half-listened
half-minute
Halvers
Hayes, Roland
heebie-jeebie
Hell
hidey-hole
high C
hipper-dipper
hogback
honyocker
hoodoo
hotcake
hotfooting
hunky-dory
ink-teardrop
joyboy
KC boy
kiying
Klavern
Ku Klux Klan
landclaim
laundrywork
lieder
lightninglike
-like (but lightninglike)
logey
longbox
longstroke
Lowlander
lungpower

Macfadden, Bernarr
man-to-man
Mass
medicoes
mid-
midtown (Manhattan)
misery-whip
museum-goer

nighthawk
nightriders, night-riding
nightsinger
Ninian's land
noonhour
no-woman's-land

Observance (Armistice Day)
oh oh, oho
one-lunger
onstage

palmline
pantleg
parade ground
parademaster
pathlength
pig-iron
play-prettly
plow
Pope
posie
posthole
Princes Street
prybar
puppet-play

ragmouth
railcar
rainbarrel
rangeland
ribcage
ridgeline
Riel, Louis
Robeson, Paul
rodeo-goers
rowdy-dow
rowhouse
runningboard
runthrough

saddlehorse
sassiety
schoolma'am
schoolyard
Schrafft's
Schumann-Heink, Ernestine
scissorbill
screendoor
sentrylike
sheepdip
sheepman
shinnying
short-timer
siccing
sideport
simmer-brown
sin-eater
Sixteenmile Canyon
skip-step
skunkhole
slaughter-beef
slaunched
slickback
smartypants
smidgen
sodbuster
someplace
son of a bitch, sonofabitch (follow author's lead)
songfest
songsheet
sparkplug
St. Mihiel
stand-to
stockbuyer
stockdog
stock-still
stockyard
stovepipe
straightback
suffs
sugar daddy
suitcoat
sun-up
talking-to
tallybook	
tanyard
theater district
tie-cutter	
timberline

tinsmith	
trapline
trooper (stage performer), trooper (calvaryman)
tumpty-tump

verandah
voicebox

wage hand
washelli
washerwoman
washhouse
washwater
weedpatch
West, Western (geographical region)
Western Front
what-all
whatnot
wheeltrack
whiskey
whiteface
whoop-te-do
williwaw
windhover
window glass
windtune
workhorse
workings-over
workshoes
workspot
workwagon
X'ed

Fictional historical references:

Cheyne
Wasson
York, Charles