

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: Re: update on "Well Read" books and authors program
Date: May 7, 2013 8:31:13 AM PDT
To: "Mary Ann Gwinn" <mgwinn@seattletimes.com>



Hi, Mary Ann.

Going national! Congrats to you and the "Well Read" crew. And best wishes for further successes.

Best.
Ivan

On May 6, 2013, at 4:39 PM, Mary Ann Gwinn wrote:

Hi Ivan and Carol: I just sent this note to your publicist at Riverhead. Thought you might be interested as well. Cheers, Mary Ann Gwinn

From: Mary Ann Gwinn
Sent: Monday, May 06, 2013 4:38 PM
To: 'glory.plata@us.penguingroup.com'
Subject: update on "Well Read" books and authors program

Hi Glory:

This is Mary Ann Gwinn, Seattle Times book editor and co-host for "Well Read," the books and authors public television show that's taped in Seattle. You recently helped us get Ivan Doig on "Well Read" as a featured author.

We have some very exciting news about "Well Read"! No longer is it just a local television program. "Well Read" has been picked up for national distribution by American Public Television, and is also being run on APT's 24/7 public television network "World," which is available in over 85 television markets all over the country – including 14 of the top 20 markets.

This means, beginning May 1, that "Well Read" has jumped from being available to about 2 million television households in Washington state to being aired in over half the television households in the country – over 65 million in all.

We greatly appreciate your help in getting Ivan on the program: his episode is among the episodes that will soon be sent to APT for distribution to public television stations.

The key to "Well Read's" success is the large number of nationally known authors who visit Seattle on book

EDUCATION JOBS

NYTIMES.COM/MONSTER

The Hempstead Union Free School District

in Nassau County, New York is seeking visionary secondary administrators for Hempstead High School effective July 1, 2013. The high school supports a diverse population of 1,300 students.

EXECUTIVE HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

- New York State certification as School Building Leader (SBL) or School Administrator Supervisor (SAS)
- Expertise in supervision, instruction, assessment including NYS mandates for APPR, Common Core and PARCC
- Evidence of successful experience improving student achievement
- Ability to reach logical conclusions, make high quality decisions and set priorities
- Provide leadership in the development of the school's master schedule
- Commitment to high visibility and involvement with school activities.

ASSOCIATE ASSISTANT PRINCIPALS

- New York State Certification as School Building Leader (SBL) or School Administrator Supervisor (SAS)
- Minimum of three (3) years' experience as an administrator
- Experience in the selection, supervision and evaluation of staff
- Knowledge of New York State mandates, teacher evaluation, Common Core, SLO's, etc.
- Assist with the development of the master schedule for teachers and room assignments.

DIRECTOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS AND READING

- Must possess a valid New York State Certification as School District Leader (SDL) or School District Administrator (SDA); Permanent Certification in Reading and/or Literacy
- Minimum of five (5) years teaching experience
- Extensive knowledge of the NYSED and Common Core Learning Standards in English Language Arts and Reading in the content areas
- Knowledge and experience in staff training.

DIRECTOR OF SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY AND ENGINEERING

- Must possess a valid New York State Certification as School District Leader (SDL) or School District Administrator (SDA); Permanent Certification in General Science, Biology, Physics, Chemistry, or Earth Science
- Minimum of five (5) years successful teaching experience
- Knowledge of resource needs for STEM initiatives
- Extensive knowledge of New York State mandates and Common Core Learning Standards
- Strong content knowledge in Science K-12
- Knowledge and experience in staff training.

DIRECTOR OF SOCIAL STUDIES

- Must possess a valid New York State Certification as School District Leader (SDL) or School District Administrator (SDA); Permanent Certification in Social Studies
- Minimum of five (5) years successful teaching experience
- Knowledge of resource needs for STEM initiatives
- Extensive knowledge of New York State mandates and Common Core Learning Standards
- Strong content knowledge in Social Studies K-12
- Knowledge and experience in staff training.

Terms of Employment:

Salary will be commensurate according to experience. Interested candidates should send a confidential letter of interest, resume, letters of recommendation, and professional certificates by Wednesday, May 15, 2013 to: Dr. Rodney Gilmore, Assistant Superintendent of Personnel, Hempstead Public Schools, Search # 17-13, 185 Peninsula Blvd., Hempstead, NY 11550 Email: rgilmore@hempsteadschools.org

BOES A Service of Nassau BOCES An Equal Opportunity Employer



HARRISON CENTRAL SCHOOLS
Westchester County, NY
LEADERSHIP OPPORTUNITY
Committed to equity and access to opportunity for all students, the Harrison Central School District is seeking a dynamic instructional leader for the following vacancy:

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPAL

Effective July 1, 2013

- Expertise as an instructional leader, capable of leading professional development for a diverse and talented faculty
- Comprehensive knowledge of instructional best practices and the structures that support child development & student learning
- Experience using data to establish clear and measurable goals to monitor student progress and evaluate instructional programs
- Expertise in the supervision and evaluation of faculty and staff to promote professional growth and ensure high standards of professional accountability
- Ability to engage stakeholders, including students, parents, faculty, and community members, in a shared commitment to the goals of the school and the district
- Evidence of substantive leadership initiatives and valid NYS administrative certification (SAS, SDA, or SBL)

Interested candidates **MUST** apply online at: www.olasjobs.org/lhv

HARRISON CENTRAL SCHOOL DISTRICT

Search #165-6 • An AA/Equal Opportunity Employer

Edgemont U.F.S.D.
SCARSDALE, NY 10583

ANNOUNCEMENT
OF VACANCY
JULY 1, 2013



ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
EDGEMONT JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL
(GRADES 7-12)

Candidates should have personal characteristics and prior professional experience commensurate with work in a high-performing school community. Successful candidates will demonstrate:

- proven leadership in the supervision of instruction,
- ability to address the needs of students in grades 7 through 12,
- facility with master schedule development.

New York State Certification as a School Building Leader required.

On-line application required: www.olasjobs.org/lhv

Malverne Public Schools
TEACHING -SEPTEMBER 2013
PROBATIONARY

- Literacy B-6
- Literacy 5-12
- Special Education - Middle Childhood 5-9
- Special Education - Adolescent 7-12

PART TIME POSITION
SEPTEMBER 2013

- Music - Elementary Level

New York State Teaching Certification required

Send letter of interest, resume, and copy of certification by May 24, 2013 to:

Richard Banyon, Deputy Superintendent
Administration Building
301 Wicks Lane, Malverne, New York 11565

Malverne Union Free School District is an Equal Opportunity Employer.

Independent Special Education Elementary School
www.westenddayschool.org

Education Head Position
2013-2014 School Year

We are seeking a candidate who has an extensive background developing curriculum and supervising teachers as well as the following qualifications:

- MS Ed. in Special Education required
- NYS Certification in Elementary/Special Education
- NYS Certification in Administration and Supervision (SBL) is preferred
- Strong academic background, 7 plus years in special education

Send resume and letters of inquiry or request job description:
resumes@westenddayschool.org

The New York Times Store
nytstore.com



JORDIN ISIP

DRAFT AMIT MAJUMDAR

Am I an ‘Immigrant Writer’?



Amit Majumdar, a poet and diagnostic nuclear radiologist, is the author, most recently, of the novel “The Abundance.”

I learned recently, to my surprise, that I had written a novel about the immigrant experience. The novel I thought I’d written was simply about a mother and daughter, but the inside flap of the book jacket made it clear I had “written anew the immigrant experience.” Of course, I do happen to be an Indian-American who wrote about Indian-Americans, so I suppose it made sense to present the book that way. It’s important that the packaging match the contents; no one wants to open up a box labeled Rice Krispies and shake out a bowlful of Cocoa Puffs. The more I studied the book, as a marketable object, the more I thought about how, for me, being a writer is related to being a son of immigrants and how complicated the situation is.

The conventional wisdom about being a “minority” — how white-male privilege will cheat you out of your due — doesn’t really apply to writers. A minority author may well have an advantage.

The American fiction-reading world, though sometimes reproached for not translating enough contemporary literature from foreign languages, actually has a huge appetite for stories about other people who live in other ways. And an abundance of these stories are written by authors who embody the American and the “foreign” at once.

Publishers are a shrewd bunch, if “shrewd” can be applied seriously to people who sink money into the production of books, a seemingly losing endeavor. They know a book’s success has a lot to do with how it is marketed, and they wouldn’t push something as “fiction about immigrants” if that killed readers’ interest.

And yet this label does pose some obstacles. Fiction strives to attain the universal through the particular; readers want to relate to characters, to see themselves.

The burden is on the writer, then, to make his or her experiences and observations resonate across any divide between writer and audience, whether it be gender, religion, race, geography or all of the above. If a reader comes from the same cultural background as the author, those moments of self-recognition that bind someone to a book are, inevitably, more likely to occur. It’s a kind of home-field advantage when your life’s basic details overlap with those of your reader.

That may well be how the art itself favors a majority author who writes

The strangeness that attracts readers must also be overcome.

For the majority. For a minority writer, the strangeness that attracted a reader’s curiosity in the first place is also a strangeness that must be overcome.

This leads me to reader expectation. Here, particularly for realist fiction, the question is one of authority. Do we judge a white male writer more critically when he writes about a minority? Are we on the lookout for something to seize on as evidence of unwitting racism? William Styron dealt with considerable backlash for voicing a black slave in “The Confessions of Nat Turner.” What if Tom Wolfe were to make the generalizations about Dominicans in America that Junot Diaz makes with such authority and charm?

Notice how many celebrated minor-

ity writers of our time — Mr. Diaz, Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, Jhumpa Lahiri — tend to write inside their own communities. One explanation may well be the nature of realism, which is (for now) literary fiction’s dominant mode: the artistic need for observed detail, and the tendency of literary novelists to tweak their personal experiences into fiction.

Write what you know, young writers are taught. This may well reinforce, and be reinforced by, our sense of a writer’s being an authority only on his or her own community, his or her own people.

So, in a paradoxical way, the freedom to write about your own experience turns into a restriction on the subject matter permissible to you. Your selling point governs how you are perceived.

You can write, not about a mother and her daughter, but about an Indian-American mother and her Indian-American daughter. If you do what you do “well,” the book’s themes (love, family, mortality) will be lauded for transcending their context. That is, the book’s success will be proportional to the extent its cultural strangeness dissolves in the reading. We call this “universality.”

Readers don’t want the differences to estrange them — for all their curiosity, they actually want the differences to disappear. They want to recognize themselves.

This is all part of the larger paradox of fiction, where the characters must be specific enough to be anyone. In the end, the packaging may simply serve as an introduction. The true meeting takes place when the book opens, and a stranger reads about — and comprehends — a stranger.

This is from Draft, a series on writing, at nytimes.com/opinionator.

nytimes.com & monster

EDUCATION JOBS

NYTIMES.COM/MONSTER

To post a job listing online, visit nytimes.com/monster. To place a print ad, call 1-800-AD-TIMES; for a display ad, call (212) 556-8034.

YORK PREPARATORY SCHOOL

York Prep, an independent, co-ed, 6th-12th grade college prep day school is accepting applications for the following positions:

Upper School English Teacher – Grades 8 – 12

Special Education Teacher – Grades 6 – 11

(Special Ed candidates must possess NYS Certification)

Science Teacher – Grades 8 – 12

All candidates must have a minimum of three years’ teaching experience.

Resume and cover letter may be sent to:

teach@yorkprep.org

NORTH BABYLON UFSD ANTICIPATED VACANCIES

ADMINISTRATIVE - JULY 1, 2013

• Assistant for Instructional Support (Elementary)

• (3) Curriculum Specialists (Secondary)

• Math • Science • ELA/ESL

(Both admin. & subject area cert req’d.)

• Assistant Principal (Secondary)

All administrative positions require knowledge of NYS assessments, Common Core Standards, Danielson rubric, APPR regulations.

Appropriate SDA/SAS/SBL certification req’d.

TEACHING - SEPTEMBER 1, 2013

• Social Worker (Secondary)

• ESL/TESOL Teacher

• Special Education Behaviorists

(Special Education cert. & BCBA req’d.)

• School Media Specialist - PT

CIVIL SERVICE - JULY 1, 2013

• Network and Systems Administrator

(Network experience required)

Please send a letter of interest, resume & copy of NYS certification(s) by May 10, 2013 to:

Dr. Judith Marino, Asst. Supt. for Educational Services, North Babylon UFSD, 5 Jardine Place, North Babylon NY 11703 (EOE/AA)

ELEMENTARY GENERALIST

Manhattan College, an independent Catholic institution of higher learning that embraces qualified women and men of all faiths, races, and ethnic backgrounds, is seeking a full-time, tenure-track Elementary Generalist for the undergraduate program.

For more information, and to apply, please visit <http://manhattan.edu/human-resources/jobs/assistant-professor-elementary-generalist>

Manhattan College welcomes applications from women, members of minority groups, and those attracted to a college with a Catholic identity. An AA/EO Employer M/F/D/V.

HERRICKS PUBLIC SCHOOLS

2013-2014

Elementary Spanish Immersion Teacher

Elementary & Bi-lingual Certification Req’d. Fluency in Spanish a Must.

Elementary Classroom Teaching Exp. Pref’d.

Application Deadline: May 17, 2013

Interested candidates are to send letter of application, resume, and copies of certification immediately to:

Dr. Dairde Hayes

Assistant Superintendent for Instruction

Herricks Public Schools

999B Herricks Road

New Hyde Park, NY 11040

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

FULL-TIME FACULTY

St. Joseph’s College, New York, Brooklyn Campus, is seeking a

DIRECTOR FOR THE DILLON CHILD STUDY CENTER

a school for children 3-6 years old that serves as a laboratory school for college students preparing to teach at the early childhood level. Doctorate in appropriate field or commensurate experience required

Position to start July 1, 2013

For details go to:

www.sjcny.edu/employment

St. Joseph’s College

NEW YORK EOE

EDUCATION EVALUATION COORDINATOR/REPORT WRITER

Education firm

working in seven states seeks

candidate with B.A. or M.Ed. and

excellent writing skills.

K-12 teaching experience preferred.

Duties may include field work.

Send letter of interest, resume,

and writing sample to

AMERICAN EDUCATION SOLUTIONS, INC.

3 Croton Point Avenue

Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520

NO PHONE CALLS

CLEARY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF SUPERINTENDENT

Effective on/about September 1, 2013

Seeking a visionary leader with strong administrative skills and 5+ years of experience in the area of Deafness.

Master’s in Deaf/Spec. Ed & NYS Certification in Administration req.

Forward cover letter, resume, certification by June 1, 2013 to

Dr. Patricia Martin

Cleary School for the Deaf

301 Smithtown Blvd

Nesconset, NY 11767

Additional info @ www.clearyschool.org

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The New York Times
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JANE HAHN/EUROPEAN PRESSPHOTO AGENCY

Go to Die?

to countries that don't belong to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. The aim was to stop dumping e-waste on the world's poorest nations and thus to provide an incentive for safer waste management in our

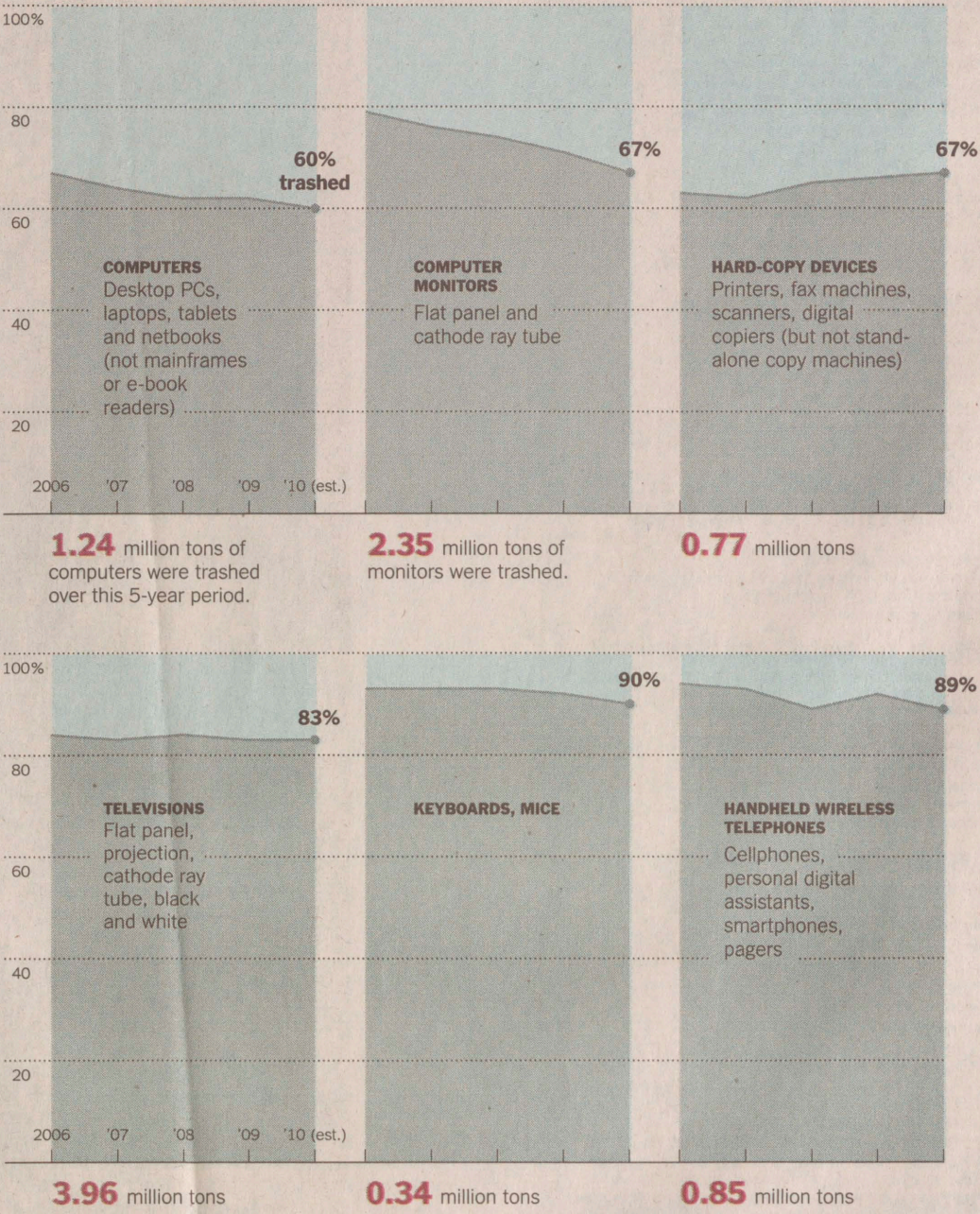
E-waste is a growing toxic nightmare. And it's not just a third-world problem.

own country. The bill had bipartisan support but was never put to a vote. The European Union provides a model for industrial regulation that would shift the burden of safe product disposal back to the manufacturers that produce electronic goods. Its Waste Electrical

and Electronic Equipment Directive requires electronic sellers to accept, free of charge, any of their used products brought in by customers for recycling. The goal is to have properly recycled 85 percent of the European Union's e-waste by 2019. Similarly, Japan requires its electronic manufacturers to establish their own recycling facilities or commission third parties to recycle a range of products, from computers and cellphones to TVs and air-conditioners. Government or consumer pressure on manufacturers to design electronics with end-of-product-life issues in mind could be enormously helpful. Most cellphones, for example, are deliberately designed to make disassembly difficult. Changes in the way manufacturers glue, screw and solder components together would make it easier to dis-

Electronics Dump

Most Americans throw away rather than recycle outdated devices. Below, the percentage of electronics, by weight, that wound up in landfills or incinerators in 2006-10.



Source: "Electronics Waste Management in the United States Through 2009," Environmental Protection Agency THE NEW YORK TIMES

mantle discarded phones and thus reduce the risks posed by crude recycling techniques like those deployed by Ghanaian children.

THERE are alternative phone service business models that could be beneficial to producers, users and the rest of us. For example, manufacturers could sell products complete with prearranged recycling service or subscriptions that made it possible, for example, for phone user to exchange old units for new ones rather than throwing them away. Under a product service system model, companies recycle old units and repurpose core components. Xerox uses a similar model for its photocopiers, without impact on sales or profits. In the absence of government reg-

ulation or industry initiative, consumers could play a role in determining what happens to products that have outlived their usefulness. Most phones and small electronics are designed with obsolescence in mind. But what if we held on to our gadgets longer and repaired, rather than replaced them? We could recycle the ones we no longer use through certified recycling services like e-Stewards, a nonprofit organization that runs certification programs for e-waste recyclers, ensuring that goods are not improperly exported. As consumers we need to demand better end-of-life options for our high-tech trash; if manufacturers and government fall down on the job, we, the millions of Americans who own cellphones, should press for safe recycling.

imals on our children. Adults have always tended to see kids and animals as vaguely equivalent, or at least more like each other than like us. "Children," Sigmund Freud wrote in 1913, "show no trace of the arrogance which urges adult civilized men to draw a hard-and-fast line between their own nature and that of all other animals." Kids begin life naked, unable to speak, and appear motivated only by instincts and urges. Like a pet dog, a baby needs to be fed, housebroken, and taught to sleep through the night without howling.

For Freud, this animalness was problematic: socializing children meant molding their wildness into humanity. But these days, it's easy to feel that society needs the taming — it's despoiling so much of the natural world. And so, unsettled by the loss of wild things and places, and separated from those landscapes in the cities and suburbs that replaced them, we may be prone to romanticizing our wild children the same way we sometimes romanticize wild animals — as purer and gentler spirits than the society we've brought them into.

I'm not arguing that seeing a link between kids and animals is an exclusively modern phenomenon — that it's some anxious, overcompensatory affection of nature-deprived Americans, like those elaborate stone shower stalls, made to look like waterfalls and grottos, or the Paleo Diet. The link has always been there. (Dr. Melson notes that many of the oldest, prehistoric toys discovered include animal-shaped rattles and little wooden crocodiles.) But the meaning we wring from that connection clearly changes over time. In short, maybe we keep giving animal stuff to kids because their imaginations already brim with animals. But maybe, now, it's also the other way around: maybe we long to see children and animals together, as free creatures living in an innocence we've strayed from.

THERE'S really no way to know: most psychology research about kids and animals dissects children's one-to-one relationships with pets, not their abstract feelings about wildlife or the many representations of it they encounter. The best investigation of those vicarious relationships I found dates from 1983. That was when Stephen R. Kellert, a social ecologist at Yale, and Miriam O. Westervelt, of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service interviewed kids at 22

schools in Connecticut, in grades 2 through 11, to gauge their attitudes toward wildlife. What they discovered is an obvious but deflating truth: little kids are like animals, too necessarily consumed by their own interests to register much concern or compassion for other animals in the abstract. Kids under the age of 6 especially "were found to be egocentric, domineering, and self-serving," Dr. Kellert later wrote, summarizing the study. "Young children reveal little recognition or appreciation of the autonomous feelings and independence of animals" and "also express the greatest fear of the natural world." It was the younger kids, not the 8th or 11th graders, who were

Does it matter how real the connection is?

more likely to believe that farmers should "kill all the foxes" if a particular fox ate their chickens; that it's O.K. to slaughter animals for fur coats; that most wild animals are "dangerous to people"; and that all poisonous animals, like rattlesnakes, "should be gotten rid of." It was the younger kids who were more likely to agree with the statement "It's silly when people love animals as much as they love people," whereas virtually none of the teenagers believed it was silly. Most second graders agreed with the statement "If they found oil where wild animals lived, we would have to get the oil, even if it harmed the animals." Eleventh graders overwhelmingly did not. "Our society frequently romanticizes young children's attitudes toward animals," Dr. Kellert has written, "believing that they possess some special intuitive affinity for the natural world and that animals constitute for young people little friends or kindred spirits." But

the data was clear: the younger the kids, the more "exploitative, harsh and unfeeling" they were — the more their relationship to wildlife was based on the satisfaction of "short-term needs and anxiety toward the unknown." Older kids wanted to go camping in wildlife habitats; younger ones wanted "to stay where lots of other people were." We like to imagine our children as miniature noble savages, moving peacefully and naked among the beasts. But they're more like the colonists: greedy, vindictive, wary, shortsighted and firing panicky musket shots at any rustling in the woods. It's not their fault. They are behaving like children.

And maybe, I've come to realize, that's exactly the point. It may not matter whether the connection between children and animals is real or imagined; if watching my daughter chase butterflies on a sunny day feels so good and life-affirming because she's fulfilling some innate impulse — momentarily finding her ecological niche — or only because she's fulfilling some wistful, pastoral fantasy of mine. Maybe it's a little of both. Maybe, as with so many parenting questions, the truth gets lost in that mysterious wilderness between our children's identities and the ones that we are urging them toward. Ultimately, all these animals that we fill our children's lives with — the frustrated goats who learn to compromise, the worried skunk who makes it through her first day of school, the teddy bear that needs to be hugged and tucked in — are also just proxies. They are useful, adorable props, props that we sense command our kids' attention in some deep, biophilic way. And so we use them to teach our children basic lessons of kindness or self-possession or compassion — to show our kids what sort of animals we'd like them to grow up to be.



SOUTHER SALAZAR

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6 – KIRKLAND, WA

6:30 PM arrival

7:00 PM

Reading/Signing

PARKPLACE BOOKS

348 Parkplace Center, Kirkland, WA 98033

Coordinator: Rebecca Willow, 425-828-6546

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10 – SEATTLE, WA

Note: You have a space saved for you near the attendant booth of the library's parking lot.

6:00 PM

CIRCLE RECEPTION

Private Reception/Signing

LIBRARY FOUNDATION & AUTHOR

Seattle Central Library, SirsiDynix Gallery

1000 Fourth Avenue, Seattle 98104

Coordinator: Chris Higashi, direct 206-386-4650 or
cell 206-898-5316

Chris will meet you in the lobby upon your arrival for this private reception. This event will give Library Foundation and Author Circle members a chance to chat with you in a casual atmosphere, as well as to have their books signed. No formal remarks are necessary.

7:00 PM

Public Reading/Signing

READING & SIGNING

Seattle Central Library, Microsoft Auditorium

Coordinator: Chris Higashi, direct 206-386-4650 or
cell 206-898-5316

Bookstore contact: Rick Simonson, 206-624-6600

x119

This reading and signing is open to the public. Elliott Bay Books will be handling book sales during this portion of the event. Chris Higashi has reserved three seats in the front row for your guests.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11 – SEATTLE, WA

11:30 AM

Live Chat

SEATTLE TIMES ONLINE CHAT

Coordinator: Mary Ann Gwinn

4:00 PM

Public Radio)

Taped by Phone

MOUNTAIN WEST VOICES RADIO (Montana

Clay will call you at 206-542-6658

Interviewer: Clay Scott, 406-442-2322

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14 – PORTLAND, OR

FLIGHT: ALASKA AIRLINES 2043

1:00 PM Depart Seattle

1:48 PM Arrive Portland

Confirmation: NHCKX

ESCORT: KEVIN SPRAGER (*Associate of Sandra Rafalik*)

503-504-3813 cell

Kevin will meet you at baggage claim.

HOTEL: THE WESTIN

750 SW Alder Street, Portland, OR 97205

503-294-9000 Tel

Confirmation: C485367901

1 night stay only

7:00 PM arrival

7:30 PM

Reading/Signing

POWELL'S CITY OF BOOKS

1005 W. Burnside, Portland, OR 97209

Coordinator: Chris Farley, 503-228-4651 x5831

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15 – LAKE OSWEGO, OR

ESCORT: KEVIN SPRAGER (*Associate of Sandra Rafalik*)

503-504-3813 cell

Kevin will pick you up from your hotel to take you to the following event. He will take you to the airport immediately afterward, so please remember to check-out of your hotel and to bring your luggage with you.

12:00 PM arrival

12:20 PM-1:30 PM

Reading/Signing

GRAHAM'S BOOKS & STATIONARY

460 2nd Street, Lake Oswego, OR 97035

Coordinators: Paul & Terri, 503-636-5676

FLIGHT: ALASKA AIRLINES 2642

3:30 PM Depart Portland

4:19 PM Arrive Seattle

Confirmation: NHCKX

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18 – SPOKANE, WA

FLIGHT: ALASKA AIRLINES 684

12:00 PM Depart Seattle

12:57 PM Arrive Spokane

Confirmation: JGOBYP

Note: Nancy Roth (cell 509-499-3238) from Spokane Public Radio will pick you up at baggage claim to take you to the following interview, then to your hotel.

**1:45 PM estimated arrival
PUBLIC RADIO**

Taped in Studio

Air-Date: 9/24

509-328-5729

INTERVIEW: “THE BOOKSHELF” / SPOKANE

2319 N. Monroe Street, Spokane

Coordinator: Nancy Roth or Verne Windham,

HOTEL: THE DAVENPORT HOTEL

10 South Post Street, Spokane, WA 99201

Phone: 509-455-8888

Confirmation: 148522744

1 night stay only

Note: Please feel free to take a taxi to and from your event this evening, and save your receipts for later reimbursement by Riverhead Books.

6:30 PM arrival

7:00 PM

Reading/Signing

AUNTIE’S BOOKSTORE

402 West Main Avenue, Spokane, WA 99201

Coordinator: Lois Hughes, 509-838-0206

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19 – SEATTLE, WA

Note: Please feel free to take a taxi to the airport this morning and save your receipts for later reimbursement by Riverhead Books.

FLIGHT: ALASKA AIRLINES 2393

9:30 AM Depart Spokane

10:38 AM Arrive Seattle

Confirmation: JGOBYP

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20 – SEATTLE, WA

Driving Directions to KUOW Studios (4518 University Way Northeast, Seattle) from I-5 South:

Take exit **169** toward **NE 50TH Street**

Head east on 50th Street toward **Brooklyn Avenue NE.**

Turn **right onto Brooklyn** and 1.5 blocks to the **University District parking lot** (which will be a large blue sign with a yellow "P").

Parking and Studio Arrival:

Please park in Lot #10, located across from the DECA Hotel.

DO NOT PRE-PAY FOR PARKING, even though you will see signs that will ask you to do so. KUOW will provide tokens after your interview to take back to the parking lot after your visit.

After you park, walk through the Dollar Tree store to University Way. KUOW is located near the middle of the block on the opposite side of the street.

The door for KUOW is next door to the Urban Outfitters store. There is no large signage on the building, so look for a glass door with a KUOW sticker affixed to it. **Please press 1 on the call box to the left of that door.**

Take the elevator to the **3rd floor (Suite 310)** and check in at the front desk.

9:00 AM arrival

9:15—9:30 AM

WA

LIVE Interview in Studio
desk 206-543-2710

"WEEKDAY" / KUOW PUBLIC RADIO

4518 University Way Northeast, Suite 310, Seattle,

Coordinator: Jason Pagano, 206-221-2730 or front

Host: Steve Scher

This 15-20 minute live radio interview will promote this evening's signing.

6:30 PM arrival

7:00 PM

Reading/Signing

UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE

4326 University Way NE, Seattle, WA 98105

Coordinator: Stesha Brandon, 206-633-6443

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23 – KIRKLAND, WA

11:15 AM arrival

11:30 AM-1:00 PM

WA 98033

Reading/Signing

NORTHWEST BOOKFEST 2012

at Parkplace Books, 348 Parkplace Center, Kirkland,

Coordinator: Deborah Schneider, PHONE TK

This one hour solo program will consist of a reading, audience Q&A and book signing.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28 – BELLINGHAM, WA

HOTEL: THE CHANNEL LODGE

205 N. First Street, La Conner, WA 98257

Phone: 360-466-1500

Confirmation: 12086F

Room 110 confirmed; 1 night stay only

6:30 PM arrival

7:00 PM

Reading/Signing

VILLAGE BOOKS

1200 Eleventh Street, Bellingham, WA 98225

Coordinator: Christina Claassen, 360-671-2626

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29 – ANACORTES, WA

11:50 AM arrival

NOON – 1:00 PM

Signing

WATERMARK BOOK COMPANY

612 Commercial Avenue, Anacortes, WA 98221

Coordinator: Patti Pattee, 360-293-4277

2:00 PM

Stock Signing

SNOW GOOSE BOOKSTORE

8616 271st Street NW, Stanwood, WA 98292

Coordinator: Christine Kauffman, 800-634-6673

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5 – MISSOULA, MT

FLIGHT: ALASKA AIRLINES 2348

arranged by Judy Klein of the Montana Book Festival

NATIONAL RENTAL CAR

12:54 PM pick-up from Missoula International Airport

Confirmation: 875679842COUNT

1st day of 5 day rental

TIME TK
TK)

Reading/Signing
59802

917-414-1578

MONTANA BOOK FESTIVAL (MORE DETAILS

The Wilma Theater, 131 S. Higgins, Missoula, MT

Coordinator: Judy Klein, 406-777-0153 or

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6 – MISSOULA, MT

8:15 AM arrival
PUBLIC RADIO)

8:30-9:15 AM
MT 59812

Taped in Studio
School)

“WRITE QUESTION” / KUFM-FM (MONTANA

University of Montana, 32 Campus Drive, Missoula,

Located in the PAR/TV Building (next to the Law

Coordinator: Chérie Newman, 406-370-1069

Please bring a copy of the book with you to this interview, as Chérie will ask you to read a short passage.

The entrance to the studio is at the northwest corner of the building. Chérie will meet you at the door that has the letters KUFM above it.

11:15 AM arrival
11:30 AM-1:30 PM
Reading/Signing

FACT & FICTION

220 N. Higgins, Missoula, MT 59802

Coordinator: Barbara Theroux, 406-721-2881

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7 – HELENA, MT

TIME TK
DETAILS TK)

Private Event

NATURE CONSERVANCY BENEFIT (MORE

Venue Address TK

Coordinator: Kat Imhoff,, 406-443-0303

100 books will have been purchased for this private event.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8 – HELENA, MT

10:00 AM-1:30 PM
Stock Signing /Reading
Public Signing

MONTANA BOOK COMPANY

331 N. Last Chance Gulch, Helena, MT 59601

Coordinator: Pam Sommer, 406-443-0260 or 877-844-0577

You'll pre-sign stock upon your arrival at the store in the morning, followed by a break for lunch around 11 AM. The reading and signing portion of your event will be open to the public and will begin around 12 PM.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9 – BOZEMAN, MT

11:45 AM arrival
12:00-1:30 PM
Reading/Signing

COUNTRY BOOKSHELF

28 West Main, Bozeman, MT 59715

Coordinator: Laura 406-5710-7429 or 406-587-0166

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10 – SEATTLE, WA

NATIONAL RENTAL CAR

Please drop off your rental car anytime before your **1:25 PM** departing flight to Seattle via Alaska 2749

Confirmation: 875679842COUNT

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15 – TACOMA, WA

TIME TK

Talk
98402

PNBA BOOK & AUTHOR BREAKFAST

Hotel Murano, 1320 Broadway Plaza, Tacoma, WA

Coordinator: Thom Chambliss, 541-683-4363

Details TK

Riverhead Books Contacts

Glory Plata
212-366-2575 (office)
310-351-2488 (cell)

**THE BARTENDER'S TALE by Ivan
Doig**

Media Schedule

As of DATE \@ "MMMM d, yyyy"
September 6, 2012

Ivan Doig
206-542-6658 (home)
206-200-4143 (cell)

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: back page essay**
Date: August 14, 2012 8:17:21 AM PDT
To: rebecca saletan <Rebecca.Saletan@us.penguingroup.com>, Glory Plata
<Glory.Plata@us.penguingroup.com>



Hi, you two. No surprise about the NYTBR. I don't mind having the piece shown around some more, although I don't want it just to go online somewhere. I'd rather have it on my own website, if it comes to that. Onward, eh?

Best,
Ivan

On Aug 14, 2012, at 5:33 AM, Saletan, Rebecca wrote:

Hi Ivan,
The NYTBR is a no-go with the essay, but Glory has some other ideas about where to place it. Will keep you posted, OK?
All best,
Becky

Rebecca Saletan
Editorial Director
Riverhead Books
Penguin USA
375 Hudson Street, 4th floor
New York, NY 10014-3658
t 212 366 2908
f 212 366 2922
www.penguin.com

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject:
Date: June 29, 2012 12:40:59 PM PDT
To: Glory Plata <Glory.Plata@us.penguingroup.com>



Hi, Glory. Just thought of this, re: the theater piece for NYT Arts section. We have as an illustration possibility London Theater programs from our time there in 1972, which was an almost nightly theater-going experience that was influential with me. Plays by Tom Stoppard, Caryl Churchill, Shakespeare, Shaw and so on, acted by Diana Rigg, Albert Finney, Ralph Richardson, Alec McCowen, Maggie Smith -- all in all a vintage, colorful display in more ways than one. Hope this helps.

Best,
Ivan

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: version 2
Date: July 26, 2012 1:58:17 PM PDT
To: Becky Saletan <rebecca.saletan@us.penguingroup.com>



Key Character: The Typewriter

As it must to any writer born under the star of good fortune, the Author Interview came calling early in my career, and across more than three decades and fourteen books, it has been a generally pleasant experience. I like journalists, having been one. But starting some years ago, I found I absolutely had to take a drastic step before ever letting any interviewer into the room. I needed to hide my typewriter.

If I didn't, invariably the visiting reporter homed in on my Royal manual as if it were cheese in a mousetrap, except I was the one then snapped up into cliché, The Luddite Writer. It mattered not one whit that the computer I use for rewriting and editing sat in plain sight ten feet away; the story angle never budged from under the interviewer's technophobe-scenting nose and here came the pat questions, including the inevitable "Where do you even find ribbons for a typewriter these days, Mr. Doig?" (On the Internet, stupid, I had to keep myself from saying.)

Surprisingly, what was almost never asked was the key question: Why use a manual typewriter in this day and age? Too bad, because it would have drawn from me a pair of answers more incisive than most. To sculpt on paper. And loyalty to the best friends my fingers have ever had. Let's take those in reverse order.

When my folks presented me with a mail-order Olympia portable for my 18th birthday, the typewriter became for me what the saddle horse was for my father at that age, the means of getting somewhere in life. Almost as if it were already creating sentences, the gift bespoke that I was on my way out of our lariat proletariat life as hired hands on Montana livestock ranches, and off I went, with the Olympia snug in its leatherette traveling case, to Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism. Without it to practice on, I shudder to think how I would have fared in writing courses taught by hundred-word-a-minute ex-newsmen. Not only was the doughty Olympia instrumental in earning me two degrees, proficiency on it led me to a wife. Carol and I met in the company of some one hundred clattering typewriters, as summer instructors for selected high school journalists whom we crammed into the J School's hothouse news lab and threw crazy story assignments at. (Frank Rich? Walter Mossberg? Dick Teresi? Babalu Mandel? Remember, guys?) Forty-seven wedded years later, her Royal sits opposite mine on our capacious desk, a discreet distance from her iMac.

Those typing skills ushered me to newspaper and magazine jobs and eventually a successful Ph.D exam for which -- get this, youngsters -- I had to obtain special permission to type rather than handwrite. Several years of freelance magazine work found me pounding out articles on a succession of sturdy manual Royals, and when I turned to books and fiction, the typewriter was always right there, often in the story itself. I invented a resounding oversize office machine called a Blickensderfer for Rosellen Duff to turn out paychecks for Fort Peck dam workers and her short story efforts, both, in *Bucking the Sun*. I sent Ben Reinking through World War Two as a reluctant military combat correspondent trusting only his typewriter, in *The Eleventh Man*. And it is one of my continuing characters, the unstoppable Morrie Morgan, who has convinced me to be loyal to my Royal and quit hiding it. In the novel I am working on now, Morrie in his new role as impassioned editorial writer caught up in the struggle between Montana miners and the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, corporate greed machine 1921 version, who sits up to his trusty typewriter and lets his fingers find the keys "like old friends of the mind."

Old friends, truly, in my case for a couple million words in type. The upstart machine that has taken over the world, the computer, I have mostly made peace with, beholden offspring that it is of the archaic QWERTY keyboard. But its innovative feature, the mouse, my wrist and hand are convinced is an instrument of the devil. Diligent exercises have thus far kept me from carpal tunnel woes. But have I ever had to do calisthenics for my finger-friendly typewriters? You know the answer.

The fingers also tell the most about sculpting on paper, because I regard my rough drafts as a way of feeling the shape each sentence aspires to be, just as sculptors ever since Michelangelo have run an inquiring hand over a promising piece of stone to find the form waiting within. For me, employing typewriter keys and ragged lines instead of hammer and chisel is not so much mystical as merely practical, although there is a touch of mystery to the process. "Getting it in the fingers," as a jazz musician friend calls his noodling with the notes until they arrange themselves with automatic fluency, and as a sculptor friend has described, in virtually the same words, how he cups a hand to stone's texture to find the direction for his next chisel stroke

-- and as I rely on my questing digits for combinations of words I didn't know I knew until they are coaxed up onto the white field of paper in front of me.

There is a word for this seemingly unaccountable instantaneous leap of ideas from the forehead out to the very ends of the arms -- the Germans are good with these triple-deckers: *fingerspitzengefühl*, roughly "intuition in the fingertips." Great generals and explorers are said to have it when they trace across a map and translate the flow of battle or an unnavigated river, the great pianists tell their students to concentrate at their tips and their tops and music will fill in between. Down here in the lesser ranks, I can only claim some kind of instinctive deftness at the end of the hand when my whacking keys feel their way along the language. My current novel, *The Bartender's Tale*, shows such fingerwork right away. Tom Harry, "the best bartender who ever lived," needed a distinctive look to go with his unforgettable skills, and down the page of my first draft the groping exploration goes on like haiku run wild or a crazy crossword puzzle: *His black hair*, undercut by *pompadour*, then *was graying* gives way to a wordpile of *gray*, *white*, *had a streak*, and below those, the key word in this tippety-typetty search, *frost*. From that, his appearance and much else about him became clear to me as a sculpted bust: *the bachelor saloonkeeper with a streak of frost in his black pompadour*.

And while I know such shades of phrasing can be retained on a computer screen, this is a line I wanted to keep and consider for days, weeks, maybe months until it ended up as the reader's first good look at my leading man. Paper does it best. I wish I were inventing a hybrid art form here, literasculpture or some such, but actually authors used to do it this way a lot. The vintage *Paris Review* "Writers at Work" interviews always showed a manuscript sample right at the start, and there we can see the typed-and-penciled-through stretches of Eudora Welty, John Updike, Ralph Ellison, Mary McCarthy, Jack Kerouac (that scroll!), Norman Mailer, and others, finding the keys--Royal as likely as not--to magic on the page.

17277 15th Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

25 July '12

FAX to Becky Saletan, 2nd p. NYTBR backpage

Becky--damn all the technology, except my trusty Royal!

Ivan

In my current bok

Morrie in his new role as impassioned editorial writer caught up in the struggle between miners and the ACMC, corporate greed machine 1921 version, who sits up to his trusty typewriter and lets his fingers find the keys “like old friends of the mind.”

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It held, and paper does that best.

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: Fwd: Photos of Ivan Doig, part 2
Date: July 25, 2012 5:38:51 AM PDT
To: Becky Saletan <rebecca.saletan@us.penguingroup.com>
▶ 9 Attachments, 19.5 MB



Becky, here's the possible NYTBR backpage I talked to you about. What think?

Key Character: The Typewriter

As it must to any writer born under the star of good fortune, the Author Interview came calling early in my career, and across more than three decades and fourteen books, it has been a generally pleasant experience. I like journalists, having been one. But starting some years ago, I found I absolutely had to take a drastic step before ever letting any interviewer into the room. I needed to hide my typewriter.

If I didn't, invariably the visiting reporter homed in on my Royal manual as if it were cheese in a mousetrap, except I was the one then snapped up into cliché, The Luddite Writer. It mattered not one whit that the computer I use for rewriting and editing sat in plain sight ten feet away; the story angle never budged from under the interviewer's technophobe-scenting nose and here came the pat questions, including the inevitable "Where do you even find ribbons for a typewriter these days, Mr. Doig?" (On the Internet, stupid, I had to keep myself from saying.)

Surprisingly, what was almost never asked was the key question: Why use a manual typewriter in this day and age? Too bad, because it would have drawn from me a pair of answers more incisive than most. To sculpt on paper. And loyalty to the best friends my fingers have ever had. Let's take those in reverse order.

When my folks presented me with a mail-order Olympia portable for my 18th birthday, the typewriter became for me what the saddle horse was for my father at that age, the means of getting somewhere in life. Almost as if it were already creating sentences, the gift bespoke that I was on my way out of our lariat proletariat life as hired hands on Montana livestock ranches, and off I went, with the Olympia snug in its leatherette traveling case, to Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism. Without it to practice on, I shudder to think how I would have fared in writing courses taught by hundred-word-a-minute ex-newsmen. Not only was the doughty Olympia instrumental in earning me two degrees, proficiency on it led me to a wife. Carol and I met in the company of some one hundred clattering typewriters, as summer instructors for selected high school journalists whom we crammed into the J School's hothouse news lab and threw crazy story assignments at. (Frank Rich? Walter Mossberg? Dick Teresi? Babalu Mandel? Remember, guys?) Forty-seven wedded years later, her Royal sits opposite mine on our capacious desk, a discreet distance from her iMac.

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version, and tis Morrie, about to type like a man possessed after another needless death of a miner, whose fingers find the keys "like old friends of the mind."

Old friends, truly, in my case for a couple million words in type. The upstart machine that has taken over the world, the computer, I have mostly made peace with, beholden offspring that it is of the archaic QWERTY keyboard. But its innovative feature, the mouse, my wrist and hand are convinced is an instrument of the devil. Diligent exercises have thus far kept me from carpal tunnel woes. But have I ever had to do calisthenics for my finger-friendly typewriters? You know the answer.

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If there were an instruction book to life, I had reached the chapter
of taking stock of oneself without the help of a mirror.

And while I know shades of phrasing can be retained on a computer screen, this is a line I want to keep and consider for days, weeks, maybe a year, until it does or doesn't end up that way in the final version of Morrie's tale. Paper does it best. I wish I were inventing a hybrid art form here, *literasculpture* or some such, but actually authors used to do it this way a lot. The vintage *Paris Review* "Writers at Work" interviews always showed a manuscript sample right at the start, and there we can see the typed-and-penciled-through stretches of Eudora Welty, John Updike, Ralph Ellison, Mary McCarthy, Jack Kerouac (that scroll!), Norman Mailer, and others, finding the keys--Royal as likely as not--to magic on the page.

Begin forwarded message:

From: <tiffanykopec@comcast.net>
Date: July 19, 2012 4:44:27 PM PDT
To: <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: Re: Photos of Ivan Doig, part 2

If there were an instruction book to life, my bet is it would advise
I was at the chapter of taking
had reached

stock of oneself behind
in more than a mirror-gazing way.
without the help of a mirror. Looking around

If life came with an instruction bk, I wd have been at the ch.

If the bdg hse isn't taxed like the W-Astoria, that shd get us by.

--on our backs, to be fair to G, altho I was the wage earner--

That particular cast of eye...of a city always enwrapped in conflict
perhaps came of the experience of
reflected
was inevitable
became habitual in

Good grief, a possible window man even if there were no windows around?

Hooper & G aboard?

The old scoundrels.

This isn't the dance of the sevel veils. Out w/ it, Morgan.

It's more fun at wakes.

He fingered his ear. Maybe I learned about to say

He gave me a look with more behind it than he was saying.

Pausing. glance

I've given them something about with our lead negotiator. He makes me look
to think

like the soul of reason.

The n'rm seemed on the point of vibratio n, which indeed proved the case
to be
I was to find
when the might press started in the back room it cd be felt thru the floor

But for now

Armbster

You asked him? To come?

deal him in

Uncle Patrick

Surprisingly, what was almost never asked was the key question: Why use a manual typewriter in this day and age? Too bad, because it would have drawn from me a pair of answers more incisive than most. To sculpt on paper. And loyalty to the best friends my fingers have ever had. Let's take those in reverse order:

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Anaconda as a corporate greed machine, 1921 style, and it was Morrie, about to type like a man possessed after yet another needless death of a miner, whose fingers find the keys “like old friends of the mind.”

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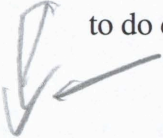
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There is a word for this seemingly unaccountable instantaneous leap of ideas from the forehead out to the very ends of the arms--the Germans are good with these triple-deckers: *fingerspitzengefühl*, roughly "intuition in the fingertips." Great generals and explorers are said to have it when they trace across a map and translate the flow of battle or an unnavigated river, great pianists tell their students to concentrate at their tips and their tops and the music will fill in between. Down

Grommet the wombat

They're so right. It has stuck with me that in a single 6-month span I was successively a rainbow, an observer of the Underground Balloon Corps, and a latrine queen.

not a thing
And this had nothing to do with the Age of Acquarius.

The 3769th, at least our barracks, was resoundingly (feverishly) heterosexual. Frico's graphic yearnings for the 00s of the Tenderloin (seraglio by the Bay) spoke to us all.

Cheneyesque Gingrichian Armeyist insight--perhaps it is why I have never made/been a politician--to dodge. Even had it occurred to me, I couldn't afford it. My folks--my father and grandmother--were subsisting on seasonal ranch wages back in Montana, and somebody in the family needed an income, prontissimo.

Donny, lanky quiet Carolinian, was newly married. LaBit, the Lousianan who sounded to me like he was from the Bronx, was called Bee.

Not until I researched for a novel called The Eleventh Man, based on a Montana college football team that was wiped out one after another in WWII, did (New Guindea etc.)...But it was all there. _(MT Natl Guard in New Guinea; Japanese acused of cannibalism, the Montanans accused of slaughtering prisoners.

At age ten I was taught by my father (to shoot) the gophers who were making Swiss cheese of our cow camp (or from the gophers' point of view, 00s who had invaded their prairie dog town.) The .22, like all our rifles, had an open sight, which meant you merely lined up the (dot)... and blam, dead gopher. The U.S. military, however, used a peep sight in which you had to center the target, and I was mortified to barely qualify.

Basic training, I admit, has become a memory blur of 00, 00, 00. It was at Shepard AFB, where I was sent for 00 weeks of technical school training as a

propellor repairman... Wichita Falls the anal end of nowhere. But that underestimated the place. What it was, was (gathering spot) for mysteriously cold damp air, off Lake Texoma. In all my Montana winters, I had never been so cold, and soon was resorting to what many of us did, wearing a layer of civilian clothes under my uniform; rainbow beneath it all.

shouting in Lt's face. blinked; indeed, the force of my OO probably pinned back his eyelids. facing not a cowed recruit but a possible madman, he muttered, "Do it," and moved on.

"I shit you not."

to guard the toolbox. hardly any hands-on training.

*A had already bored
hole - filing crews - men
twice my age, do
nothing about me unimportantly*

I had an aptitude for acing tests which flagged me as early as grade school as the kind of fluke student that educators hungered for. It had won me a full scholarship ride through Northwestern... Nonetheless, the training sergeant gave me strange looks as I used every last second, long after the regulars had given up (on test) and he could have had a smoke break, to deduce (prop angle) was C or D.

I was from the last vestige of the lariat proletariat...But most of these kids were not discernably from anywhere. Or going anywhere, except Korea. Vietnam was not yet in our outlook.

Well, what the hell, I thought. "Anybody here from Adak, Alaska?"

"Ajax whut? Wherz 'at?"

You might ask what it is about a propellor that needs fixing? For that matter, what were propellers doing anyway in the Air Force of the mightiest...? I wish I had a clearer answer than tech school ever gave me.

When I began migrating around the country as a journalist, the given mission of one of the Reserve squadrons to which I was assigned was to hose the radiation off dispersed aircraft when nuclear war started. I shit you not.

But get over it? I don't see how.

6/8/12 go ahead w/ with NYT depts? NYTBR more
strategic for me
Glory
hold Larkin in reserve

- shapely house on 300' bluff that ^{w/ 30 mile view} overlooks Puget Sound
- big veg garden provides a lot over past many 7. year
 - gardening w/ sound of sea lions
- blueberry, rasp, strawberries & blackberries; fruit trees, including an ancient one I've grafted 4 kinds of apples onto

- writer for NYT many times in past, before I got being a free-
NYTBR ^{land mag} ^{writer}

- diaries
letters
- Yes, We Have No Bandannas: Tough old whod / ^{senior} ⁺
 - Norman: Movie people are kind 7 creatures that eat what's been run over on road.
 - Bud G: Broke up her marriage, it was only 65 then.
 - learned from them - mutual: ~~Best~~ advice to Bud on a bk ~~contract~~ advance
 - experience of knowing & visiting: two of them, ~~ultimately~~
 - poetry under prose
 - & I in turn voiced his bk for him into an audio best seller, & winner of an Audio

Becky most wants done

- theater & drama are major ingredient in new novel, & in my life & writing my whole career
- ~~That's~~ ^{Becky / Hagman / Tony Roberts} ~~area~~ hi son / college / London / Prairie
- A meadotal name-dropping: Tom Stoppard / Frank Rich / & Neil Simon

Stage of Life

"Oh, surely not," Tom Stoppard protested when I tried to tell him what an inspiration his chance-taking play, Rosencranz and Guildenstern Are Dead, provided me when I was starting out as a novelist. Inasmuch as that first of a dozen novels went nowhere near his (Hamlet), I suppose he meant my imagination would have found its way without his... Perhaps, but stage magic has always...

Short of men...

We dropped the kissing scene, to my relief then and regret ever since.

college

budding journalists. One of those buds in our audience was named Frank Rich.

Then came :London, 1972. Carol had a sabbatical from her teaching job, and I began on, what else, a play.

Rosalind, the original bossypants, entrances Zoe. the shepherd 00, cross-eyed with desire for Phebe, captivates Rusty. (I knew a lot about shepherders.)

Olivier: 3rd spear-carrier

Peter Brook: Mark Twain's Huck to G Brook's People of the Book, there you have it.

When the show opened with a dynamo named Faith Russell laying Aretha Franklin licks on my lyrics, Take..., I was giddily stratospheric myself.

Oh, surely yes.

confided
convey to
a mind-opener
had been for
mind to be
I'm guessing

Play's The Thing

Guy Domville

/ Conrad & Ford

London

Stoppard "Oh, surely not." Oh, surely yes.

Decades later, I had a chance
to tell

Book-It

NHSI/Frank Rich

Dupuyer play

Own the stage

NU: Benjamin, Tony Roberts, Larry Hagman, Ron Hogate, Paula Prentiss (Ragusa),
Karen Black, Ziesmer

. deep theory

(I speak not of TV & movies; Richard Price ...)

Peter Brook

Mark Twain to Geraldine Brks People of the Book, there you have it.

theatrical

said with concern

"Oh, surely not," Tom S tut-tutted when I had the chance to tell him what a
mind-opener his play, Ros... proved to be for me as an aspiring novelist.
His take on Hamlet...

We dropped the kissing scene, to my relief then and regret ever since.
short of men.

my head squarely on my shoulders

Then came London, 1972. I began on, what else, a play.

Stupid Google.

Go hammer up heaven...

Prairie Necture Stand your ladder... I was in bliss.

When that show opened w/

began to lay Arethra F lick on my lyrics,

up there in the stratosphere
strator¹heric myself...

star-struck

Chekov - toes

circulate

put themselves
conjugated

mingle

at one of those events where writers of all stripes
I like to think his expostulation,...was meant to convey

His [well] cerebral reaction, ... I attribute
into playwright's province
writer 7 novels

#

Time Warner's Major Audio Replay

'Perfect synergy' for a business the company 'couldn't afford not to go into'

BY MATT KOPKA

After six years out of the game, Time Warner is reentering the audio business (News, July 26) with a new company, christened Time Warner AudioBooks, that will be a joint venture of the Atlantic Group of record companies and Time Warner Trade Publishing. The new company will differ



New concept, new company, new logo.

markedly from the company's first venture, according to Warner Books CEO Larry Kirshbaum. (Warner Audio abandoned the field in 1987, selling its titles and stock to Random Audio.)

"Quite frankly," Kirshbaum said, "we got in too early the first time. But with the tremendous recent growth of the audio business, it made sense to get back in. It's a business we can't afford not to be in."

The marriage of Warner's Publishing arms with its record division will represent a "perfect synergy," Kirshbaum predicted.

Lori Weintraub, the new company's president and CEO, commented: "A lot of the creative work is going to come from the audio side first. We see this business as a real hybrid of the recording and book industries." This, she continued, "will distinguish us" from companies whose base lies mostly in books. Weintraub was previously a vice-president at A*Vision Entertainment—Atlantic's video division—where she developed projects with Jane Fonda, Kathy Smith and others. She expects to carry many of the relationships she developed at

A*Vision into new projects at Time Warner Audiobooks.

In fact, among planned projects are a series of exercise tapes by Kathy Smith that will be spun off into books, a series on parenting by Richard and Linda Eyre and audio study guides for college students.

Weintraub declared that reaching "the MTV generation"—an audience that has not up to now been among audiobooks' principal purchasers—is an explicit goal. "This is a generation that's accustomed to audio product," Weintraub continued. "They're used to the technology. Once products exist that are entertaining and informative we know that they will buy them."

Weintraub also plans to make use of Atlantic's extensive music catalogue in developing new materials, and to bring "an especially high level of quality to production." She added that "a number of top Atlantic artists are eager to be involved" in a projected series of children's titles.

How Much, How Soon?

In its first year the company should have 20 titles, Weintraub said. "Next year it's safe to say we'll have 100." Kirshbaum added that "at full throttle, we'll do eight to 10 titles a

month."

The new company plans offices on both the West and East Coasts. Marketing structure and distribution will be centered in New York, while creative work will take place largely in Los Angeles. The company's publisher, Nanscy Neimann, already is dividing her time between both coasts.

"We're going to be in very close contact," Kirshbaum averred. As for possible problems with communication, in the "era of the fax," he doesn't anticipate problems. He and Weintraub already see eye to eye to such an extent, he said with a laugh, that they "finish each other's sentences."

One of the phenomena most absorbing industry observers is the advent of lower-priced audio lines: at least three companies have ventured into the game, each with markedly different strategies. Is Time Warner planning anything similar?

"We're not going to be offering a low-cost line, a la Random," Kirshbaum stated. "We plan to be very competitive, but we're not going to do anything brilliant and original right off from the pricing side. Where we're going to be brilliant is in our packaging."

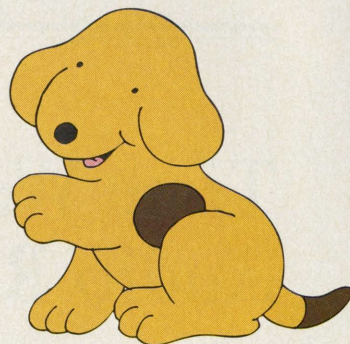
Weintraub agreed. The company will work very hard, she said, to attract attention with both its packaging and advertising. The new company has already joined the Audio Publishers' Association, she said, and hopes to join other publishers in a concerted effort to bring audiobooks to greater public awareness.

The Audie Awards: Sales Stimulators

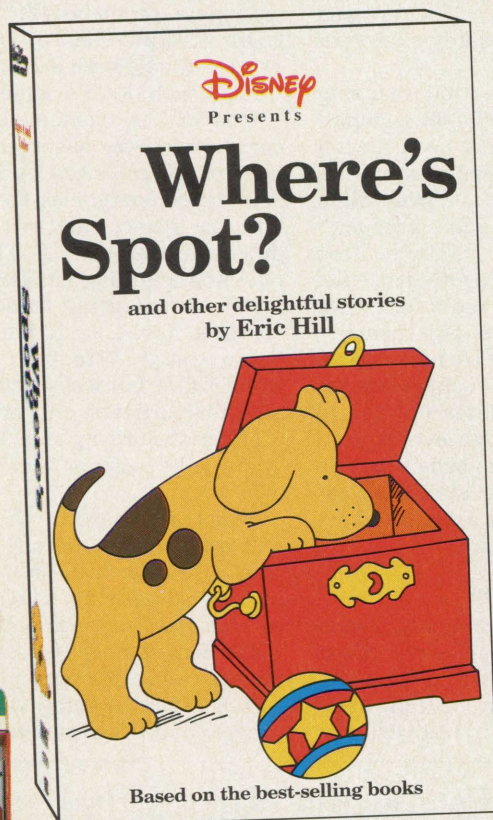
- Fiction: *Pelican Brief*, Bantam Audio
- Nonfiction: *Autobiography of Malcolm X*, Simon & Schuster
- Unabridged Fiction: *Hideaway*, The Reader's Chair
- Unabridged Nonfiction: *A River Runs Through It*, Audio Press
- Self-Help: *Real Magic*, Harper Audio
- Business: *Liberation Management*, Random House
- Best Reading: Will Patton, *Black Cherry Blues*, Simon & Schuster
- Best Dramatization: *A Mule for Santa Fe*, Bantam Audio
- Best Production: *Every Living Thing*, Audio Renaissance
- Best Package: *Needful Things*, Penguin HighBridge
- Best Everyday Seller: *The Way Things Ought to Be*, Simon & Schuster
- Best Small Publisher: The Reader's Chair
- Best Distributor: Ingram Book Co.
- Best of the Best: *Truman*, Simon & Schuster

This year's Audie Awards were determined by audiobook retailers based on customer preferences and were given to audiobooks that have most stimulated sales, according to Steve Wells of Audio Books in San Francisco.

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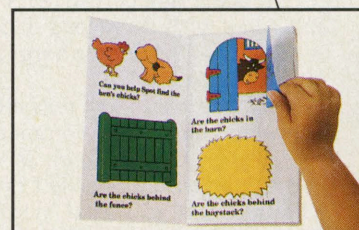
12-pc. also available!

Stock # 1676

Prebook: August 17 / NAAD: September 10

 Running Time: Approx. 30 Minutes Each / Not Rated / Walt Disney Home Video distributed by Buena Vista Home Video, Burbank, California 91521. Spot © Eric Hill/Salspot Ltd. 1993

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NYT: Norman & Bud

Home / Larkin & I at gardeners
jaw-dropping homes & views
apart ~~7~~ + photogenic author's homes, &
don't know who. Well they'd be

- when F W review & interview will run.
- any luck on Beulah?
- Elaine; 4 more ARCs by Fri.

- back p. / essay topic
- childhood stages. // play-acting

jury / awards N/A

From: "Plata, Glory" <Glory.Plata@us.penguingroup.com>
Subject: NYTBR Essay Ideas
Date: June 4, 2012 4:15:22 PM PDT
To: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>

Hi Ivan – Just checking in on a thing or two today! Becky filled me in on your ideas for an NYT Book Review back page piece that you two had discussed via email last week. I have to say that I love both the Norman MacLean/Abe Guthrie and the theater idea for either the NYTBR or New Yorker...and I think your idea for a lifestyle piece focusing on you and your neighbor David Laskin (and your lovely homes) would fit well in an outlet like Better Homes & Gardens, or even the New York Times "Home & Gardens" section!

I'd love to speak more with you about all three over the phone sometime this week, but with BEA being the unruly beast it is, I think it might be best to call you later in the week when things have calmed down. I'll keep you updated, but for now let's plan to touch base on the early afternoon of this Friday. Let me know if that doesn't work.

I OK?

All best,
Glory

Glory Anne Plata
Associate Publicist | Riverhead Books
375 Hudson Street, 4th Fl
New York, NY. 10014
212-366-2575 Tel.
Twitter: @glory_anne

From: "Plata, Glory" <Glory.Plata@us.penguingroup.com>
Subject: **RE: Bartender's Tale**
Date: June 5, 2012 12:48:02 PM PDT
To: Carol Solle <csolle66@gmail.com>
Cc: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
▶ **2 Attachments, 173 KB**

Hi Carol – Definitely. Please see attached.

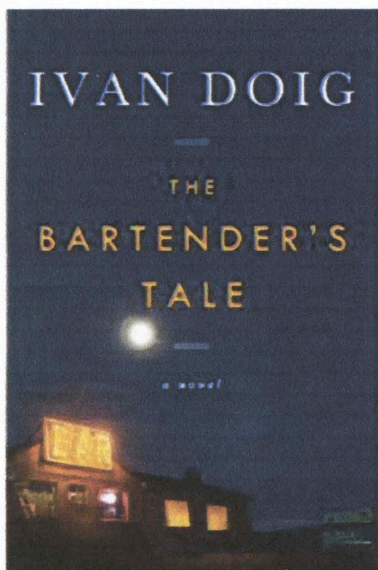
And Ivan, I received your note. Friday phone call to discuss your essay ideas at 1 PM PST / 4 PM EST works! Talk to you then.

All best,
Glory

Glory Anne Plata
Associate Publicist | Riverhead Books
375 Hudson Street, 4th Fl
New York, NY. 10014
212-366-2575 Tel.
Twitter: @glory_anne

From: Carol Solle [mailto:csolle66@gmail.com]
Sent: Tuesday, June 05, 2012 3:44 PM
To: Plata, Glory
Cc: 'carol doig'
Subject: Bartender's Tale

Hi,
I'm Ivan Doig's webmaster. Do you by chance have a larger image (250x378) of the cover? This is what I got from Amazon which is only 199x300:



Thanks!
Carol Solle

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: **Re: kudos from Wendy**
Date: June 5, 2012 4:16:34 PM PDT
To: Wendy Smith <smith.wendy@earthlink.net>



Dear Wendy

The O'Neill piece is a beauty. I feel like a big-league theater critic (almost) in stumbling onto the great man's novelistic side, as you astutely put it. And hey, congrats on Real Life Drama being reborn as a Vintage; it deserves to be in print unto eternity. Thanks again for this kudos chain of good news--keep us apprised of the college safari.

All best,

Ivan

On Jun 1, 2012, at 5:51 PM, Wendy Smith wrote:

OK, I wasn't going to send you the O'Neill piece (how much self-aggrandizing can a writer do?), but after your email I have to, just because you will see among other things my comments on how O'Neill could have been the Great American Novelist if he hadn't chosen instead to be the Great American Playwright.

Funny about your current PW interviewer--she probably isn't any younger than I was when I met you, but you and I are both 20 years older! Glad she seemed informed and enthusiastic.

Thanks for your tips about UW--we aren't even looking at California state schools, because we know they've been decimated, but I wasn't aware that Washington had at least some of the same problems. We'll see how that plays out, and we will certainly let you know if we are heading towards the Upper West Coast.

Congratulations again on your beautiful new novel.

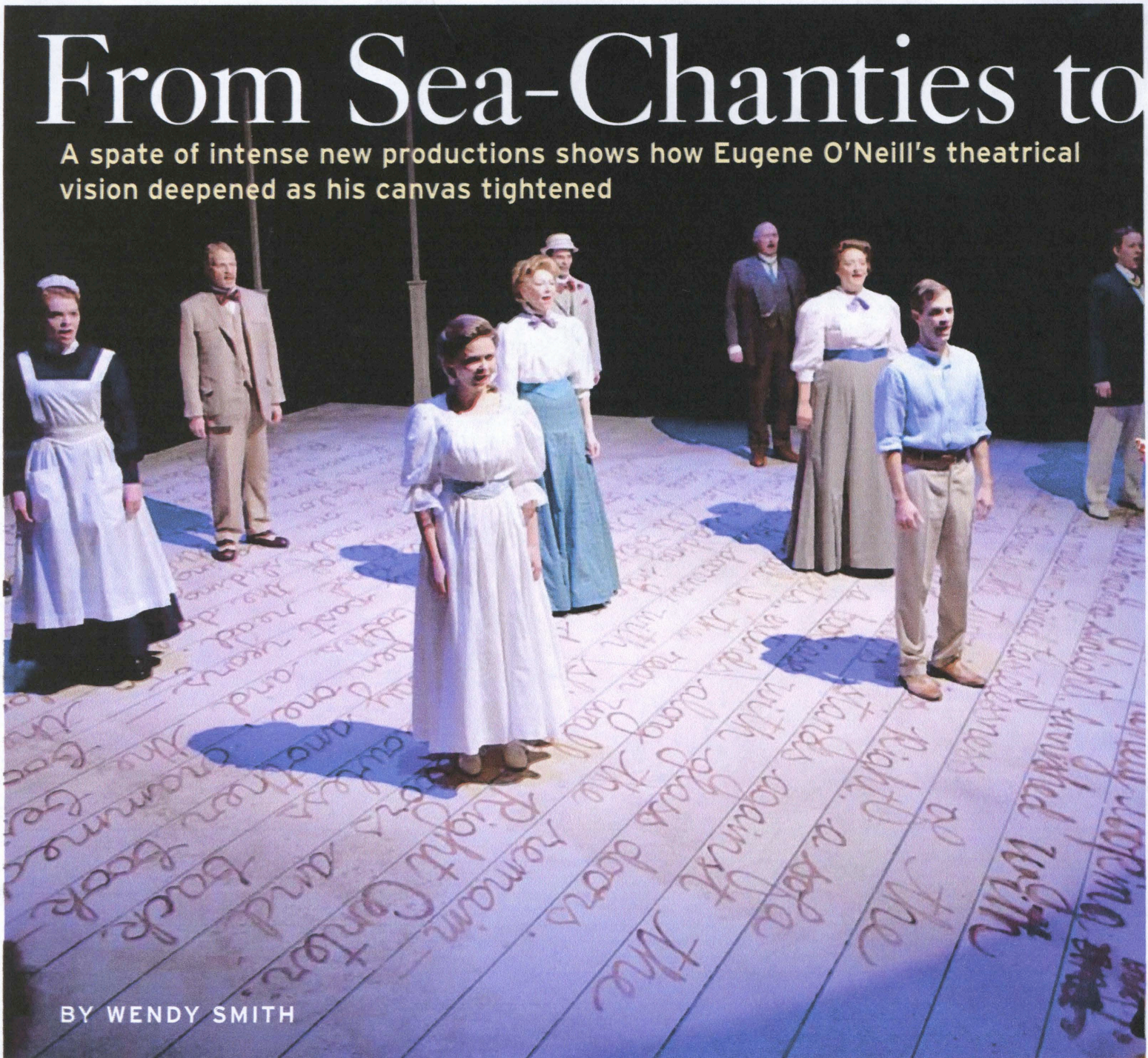
Wendy

-----Original Message-----

From: carol doig
Sent: Jun 1, 2012 8:19 PM
To: Wendy Smith
Subject: Re: kudos from Wendy

From Sea-Chanties to

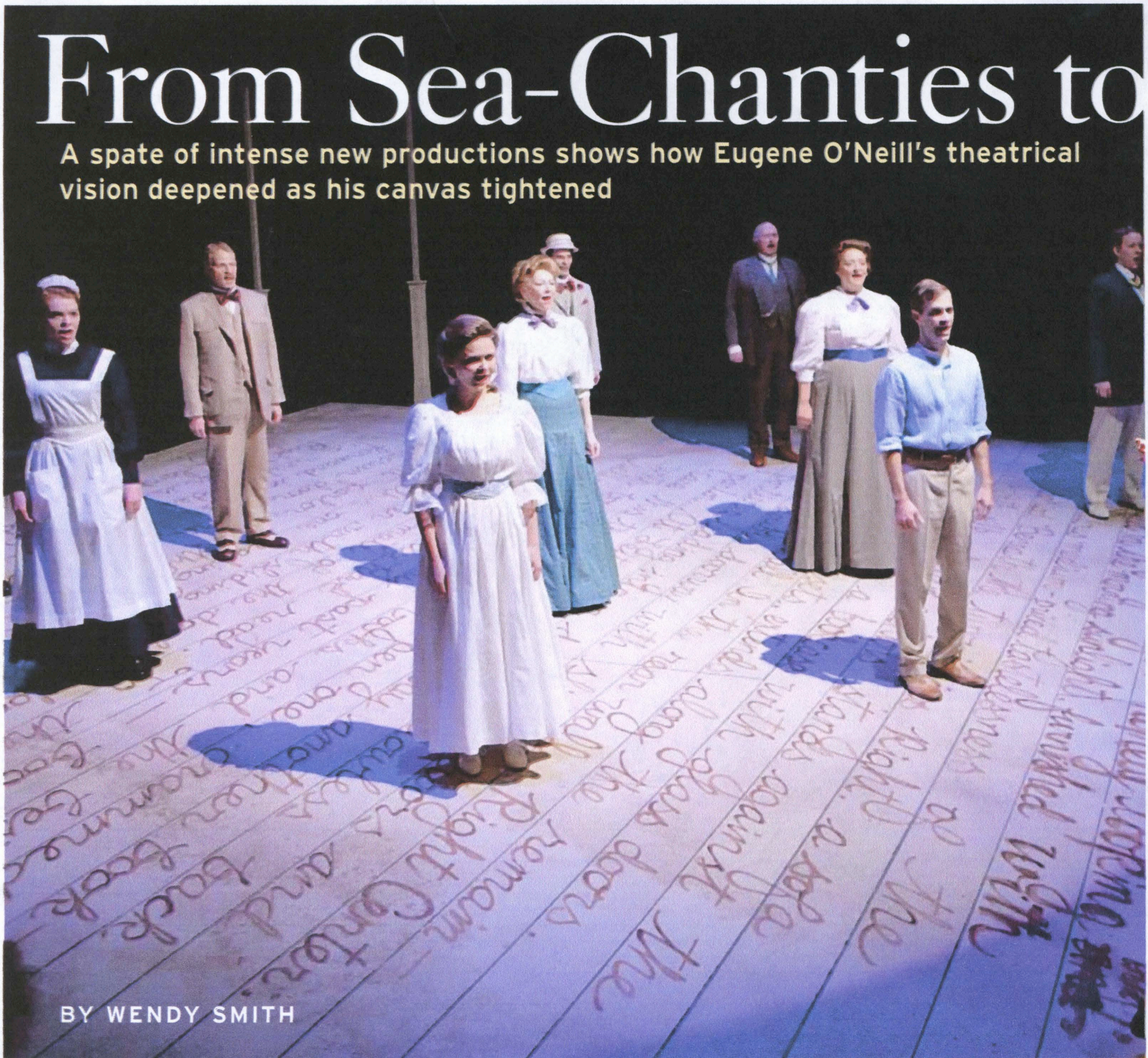
A spate of intense new productions shows how Eugene O'Neill's theatrical vision deepened as his canvas tightened



BY WENDY SMITH

From Sea-Chanties to

A spate of intense new productions shows how Eugene O'Neill's theatrical vision deepened as his canvas tightened



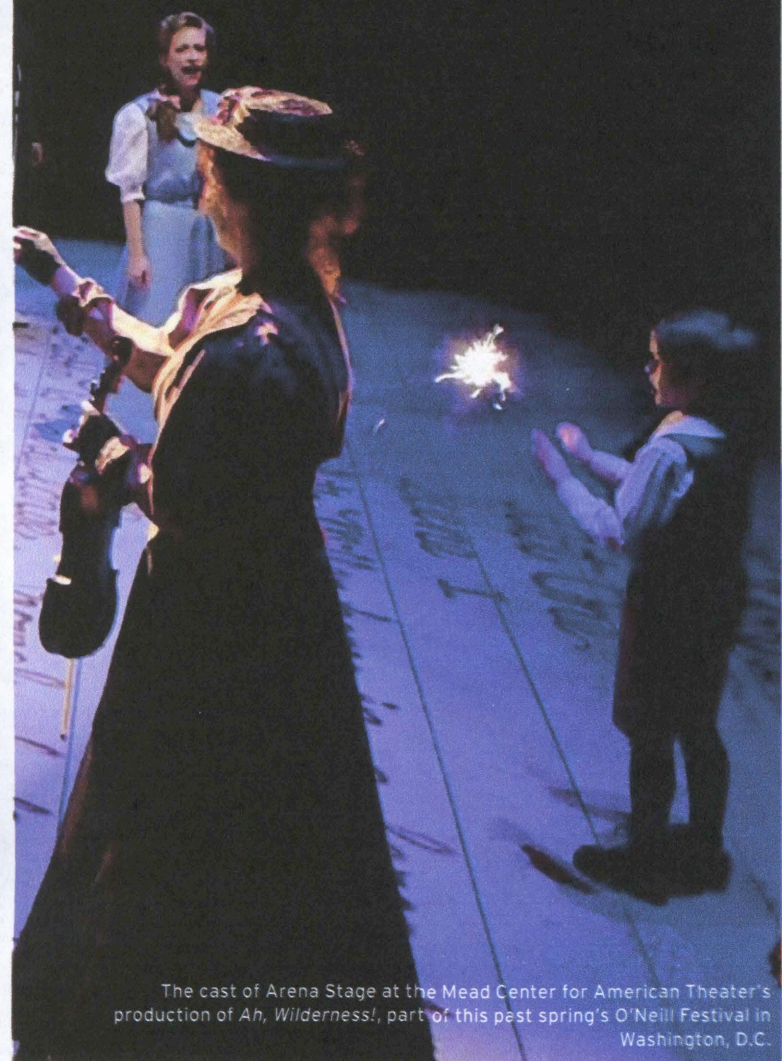
BY WENDY SMITH

EUGENE O'NEILL TOWERS OVER THE AMERICAN STAGE THE WAY SHAKESPEARE TOWERS over the English: He virtually invented our national drama, forcing a juvenile theatre to grow up just as America was facing the political, social and spiritual challenges of maturity. No truly ambitious actor can shirk the challenge of his soul-exposing roles, and no one who cares about the theatre wants to miss out on the key entries in his exhausting yet exhilarating canon.

An evening of O'Neill can be exhausting and exhilarating for the same reason: He never settles for less than the most the theatre has to offer. He disdains cheap laughs, easy emotions and comforting nostrums—all the facile tricks of the “show shop,” as he sneeringly called Broadway. He demands of his audiences the same stern willingness to look at life whole and without flinching that he demands of himself, and he expects them to sit still for as long as that look takes.

O'Neill sometimes failed to achieve his titanic ambitions, but he never compromised them. Toward the end of his life, as he gained perspective on the nightmarish family drama that shaped his dark view of the world and humanity's place in it, his work became more personal and also more universal. There are no greater American plays than *The Iceman Cometh*, *Long Day's Journey into Night* and *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, yet they came after nearly three decades of game-changing achievement that included such other seminal pieces as *Anna Christie*, *Desire Under the Elms* and *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Familiarity with

the Moon



The cast of Arena Stage at the Mead Center for American Theater's production of *Ah, Wilderness!*, part of this past spring's O'Neill Festival in Washington, D.C.

SCOTT SUCHMAN

the dying seaman in *Cardiff*, a judgment echoed in Josie Hogan's benediction for James Tyrone Jr. in *Moon*: "May you have your wish and die in your sleep soon, Jim, darling." O'Neill was the first great American playwright in large part because he was the first to challenge audiences with a genuinely tragic vision of the human condition—a vision that consistently presents death as the only lasting peace achievable.



O'NEILL'S QUEST TO PRESENT ONSTAGE LIFE IN ITS UNVARNISHED REALITY LED HIM TO EXPERIMENT with new forms from the very beginning. *The Moon of the Caribbees*, O'Neill's personal favorite among his one-acts, is a virtually plotless mood piece, and the stark, nearly empty setting at St. Ann's Warehouse offered an apt visual metaphor for the vast, indifferent world in which his sailors seize the transient pleasures of drink, dance and sex.

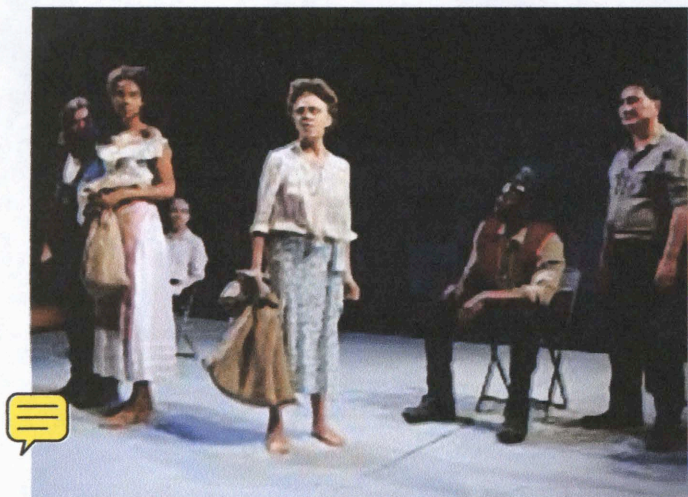
That opening vista was, unfortunately, about the only moment in *Early Plays* that meaningfully connected with O'Neill. To direct, the Wooster Group tapped fellow avant-gardist Richard Maxwell, who guided the actors to adopt a flat-affect style familiar to anyone who has seen the work of Maxwell's company, the New York City Players, several of whom mingled with Wooster regulars here. I was not among the purists outraged by the Wooster Group's earlier multimedia renderings of *The Hairy Ape* and *The Emperor Jones*; perhaps that's why I liked Maxwell's stripped-down use of the same unit set for *Early*

O'Neill's entire body of work merely makes those final masterpieces more astonishing: How could he have given so much and yet still have more to give?

A representative selection of that sprawling body of work this past spring in New York and Washington, D.C., gave a partial answer. The one-act seafaring dramas, with which O'Neill and the Provincetown Players announced their determination to create a new American theatre in 1916, got an avant-garde reboot in Brooklyn, where the Wooster Group, no stranger to the writer's catalog, produced *Early Plays*. Meanwhile, across the East River on West 22nd Street, the Irish Repertory Theatre gave a scrupulous, traditional account of O'Neill's rarely performed 1920 Broadway debut, *Beyond the Horizon*. Uptown at City Center, the Pearl Theatre Company essayed *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, offering a production deliberately lower-keyed than the big-name Broadway revivals of 2000 (featuring Gabriel Byrne and Cherry Jones) and 2007 (with Kevin Spacey and Eve Best).

Arriving with the cherry blossoms in Washington was the Eugene O'Neill Festival, the second such full-scale celebration in a scant three years. (Chicago's Goodman Theatre—sponsored "A Global Exploration: Eugene O'Neill in the 21st Century" was a 2009 *American Theatre* cover story.) The D.C. festival's centerpieces were the Shakespeare Theatre Company's fearless crack at *Strange Interlude*, O'Neill's notoriously difficult nine-act Freudian marathon, and the Arena Stage production of *Long Day's Journey into Night*. Among the festival's other offerings were Arena's staging of O'Neill's nostalgic *Ah, Wilderness!*, plus two new plays examining O'Neill's theatrical legacy and an exhibition of some 40 drawings of O'Neill productions over seven decades by *New York Times* caricaturist Al Hirschfeld. Lectures, panel discussions, readings and even an online radio play were all part of this multi-venue extravaganza.

Ranging from the first script of O'Neill's to be publicly performed (*Bound East for Cardiff*, included in *Early Plays*) through the last one completed before failing health forced him to stop writing (*A Moon for the Misbegotten*), the spring flurry of productions made palpable the continuity of his ambition and vision, even as his craft grew and his style shifted. "This sailor life ain't much to cry about leavin'," says Yank,



TITLETK, part of the Wooster Group's *The Early Plays*.



TITLETK, part of the Wooster Group's *The Early Plays*.

Plays. But while those earlier productions had a fiery conviction that matched O'Neill's, making their radical revamping feel like legitimate reinvention, Maxwell's gutting of the emotional content in *Bound East for Cardiff*, *The Moon of the Caribbees* and *The Long Voyage Home* felt like mockery, right down the droning, intentionally artificial delivery of the dialects with which O'Neill evokes the varying backgrounds of a group of misfits from around the globe gathered on a tramp freighter. The point of those dialects—which indeed do look hoary in print but can easily be spoken in a way that seems natural on stage—is that O'Neill portrays with dignity the kinds of people who had previously appeared in the theatre only as comic foils or villains. To eliminate this compassion and sense of kinship for even the most miserable dregs of humanity, a thread that binds the seafaring plays to *The Iceman Cometh*, is to eviscerate his work.

"It's almost revolutionary to give exactly what O'Neill intended," director Ciarán O'Reilly told the *New York Times* in 2009, discussing his faithful execution of the playwright's expressionist devices in *The Emperor Jones*. (That revival, starring an electrifying John Douglas Thompson, appeared in New York a few years after the Wooster Group remounted its own high-tech version from the 1990s.) O'Reilly took the same original-intent approach to the naturalistic *Beyond the Horizon*, which makes O'Neill's first major statement of principles: Hold onto your dreams or suffer the consequences; betraying your essential nature will ruin your life; materialism will destroy your soul. With the benefit of hindsight, we can see that these are not simply the lessons to be drawn from *Beyond the Horizon*'s grim saga of two brothers derailed from their true destinies by their love for the same woman. They constitute an artistic credo that would guide O'Neill throughout his career, and they sprang from personal experience.

"What are you trying to do—send [the audience] home to commit suicide?" James O'Neill infamously asked his son after *Beyond the Horizon*'s premiere. O'Neill certainly had no intention of pandering to them, as his father had done for decades performing in immensely profitable tours of the melodramatic *The Count of Monte Cristo*. His intimate knowledge of the fallout from his father's commercial compromises—James' squandered talent, the O'Neill family's shattered home life—gives painful intensity to *Beyond the Horizon*'s merciless insistence that mistakes can't be undone, that life is too implacable to allow for redemption.

It's a young man's play, sometimes crude and schematic, and O'Reilly had the good sense to encourage the Irish Rep's capable actors—Lucas Hall as Robert, the dreamer who stayed home on the



NAME TK, left, and NAME TK in Irish Rep's *Beyond the Horizon*.

farm; Rod Brogan as Andrew, the man of the soil who went to sea; and Wrenn Schmidt, who played Ruth as an exhausted young mother terrified of her husband's inadequacies—not to be embarrassed by the flaws in the text. They embraced O'Neill's unrelenting pessimism and played the human particulars in which he always embeds his philosophical points. O'Reilly's thoughtful interpretation illuminated *Beyond the Horizon* as the unjustly neglected culmination of O'Neill's apprenticeship years.

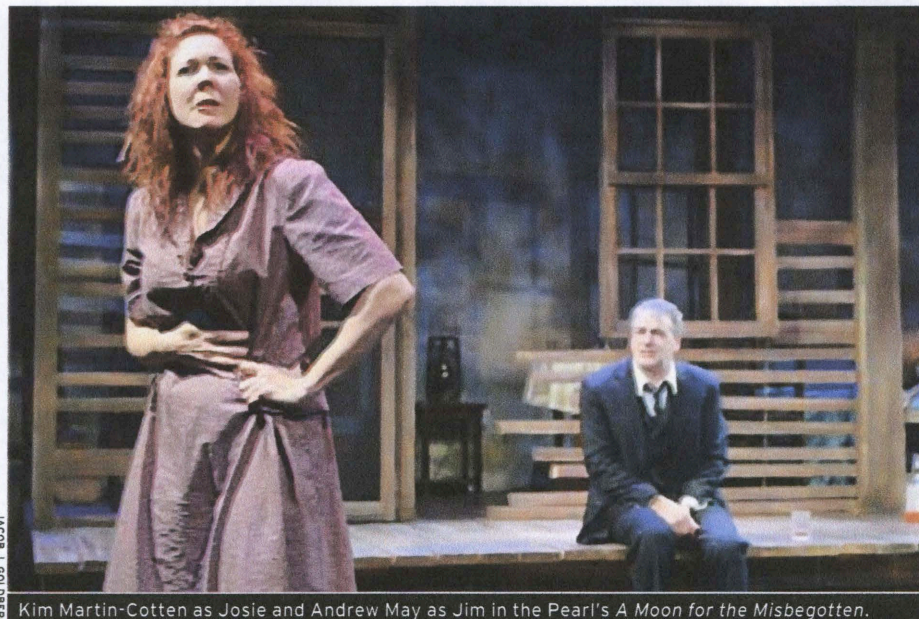
STRANGE INTERLUDE IS A CHARACTERISTIC WORK OF O'Neill's middle period, the decade and a half of furious creativity during which he wrote 20 plays and pressed against the realistic theatre's constraints. Following *The Great God Brown*, a daring attempt to use masks in a contemporary drama, *Strange Interlude* features another imaginative update of ancient theatre practice. In what O'Neill called "thought asides," characters speak aloud their inner musings, unheard by the others on stage. Unlike the direct addresses to the audience employed across the centuries from Elizabethan drama to Victorian melodrama, these asides are freely intermingled with ordinary dialogue exchanged among the characters.

To distinguish between the two kinds of speech, the director of the 1928 production had all the other actors freeze in place while a single actor voiced a private thought. That strategy has generally been emulated in the play's infrequent revivals, but Michael Kahn, artistic director of the Shakespeare Theatre Company, correctly concluded that such telegraphing was unnecessary (see interview, page 30).



Helen Carey as Mary Tyrone and Nathan Darrow as Edmund Tyrone in Arena's *Long Day's Journey*.

SCOTT SUCHMAN



Kim Martin-Cotten as Josie and Andrew May as Jim in the Pearl's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*.

JACOB J. GOLDBERG

Kahn's actors didn't overtly distinguish the asides either physically or vocally. On the night I saw *Strange Interlude* at Sidney Harman Hall, the audience had no trouble telling the difference, and the contrast between what the characters were saying and what they were thinking often provoked hearty laughter.

Some of the humor in the play is intentional, but much is not; O'Neill's ultra-Freudian insights, considered terribly bold and risqué in 1928, seem terribly obvious to a modern audience. But people *are* obvious sometimes, and one of this production's great strengths was the willingness of the actors (especially the pitch-perfect Robert Stanton as sex-fearing mama's boy Charlie Marsden) to let both kinds of laughs happen. They were relaxed about *Strange Interlude*'s excesses, so the audience could relax and enjoy the play on several levels.

"It's just a giant soap opera!" said a woman next to me on line at the first intermission. Indeed, promiscuity, hereditary insanity, abortion, adultery and deaths both natural and unnatural are among the plot developments O'Neill doles out with a generous hand as his angst-ridden heroine, Nina Leeds (expertly enacted by Francesca Faridany), finds that she needs the love of three men—and the son on whom she obsessively dotes—to make up for the fiancé she lost in World War I. Despite his contempt for the phony, sentimental fare of his father's generation, O'Neill shared their relish for high drama, and he imbibed an enormous amount of theatrical know-how during those miserable childhood years being carted from town to town on James O'Neill's endless national tours. He thought and wrote naturally in units of acts and scenes, expressing character development through dialogue and stage action, even as he stretched the theatre to encompass greater metaphysical depth and psychological complexity.

O'Neill was the first great American playwright in large part because he was the first to challenge audiences with a genuinely tragic vision of the human condition—a vision that consistently presents death as the only lasting peace achievable.

O'Neill's famously detailed stage directions express these boundary-stretching intentions—and his mistrust of those executing them on stage. They describe scenery in terms of its emotional impact and its relationship to the progression of the story; they give in-depth psychological portraits as well as physical descriptions of characters; and they frequently indicate precisely how a line should be spoken and the action that should accompany it. (The New York Neo-Futurists spoofed this micro-managing in their wickedly funny *The Complete & Condensed Stage Directions of Eugene O'Neill Volume 1: Early Plays/Lost Plays*, which had a brief reprise during the D.C. festival.) He was seldom happy with productions of his plays and considered the published scripts, in which he restored cuts made for performance, to be the truest versions.

In fact, O'Neill was in his lifetime one of Random House's bestselling authors, and he is among the most readable of playwrights, thanks in part to those evocative stage directions. If he had not been so irrevocably committed to the theatre, he might have been a great American novelist.

Strange Interlude is O'Neill's attempt to write a novel as a play, covering 27 years over 9 acts. In the original production, his sprawling script took four-and-a-half hours to perform, plus a 90-minute dinner break in lieu of intermissions. With the permission of the O'Neill estate, Kahn cut the running time to slightly over three hours, including two intermissions. I have usually found it a mistake to eliminate the deliberate repetitions with which O'Neill orchestrates his themes; I've seen two heavily cut productions of *The Iceman Cometh*, both of fragmentary and oddly dull, whereas the Almeida Theatre's 1999 production, anchored by Kevin Spacey's scarifying Hickey, gripped me for every minute of its more than four hours. Goodman Theatre's recent production, directed by Robert Falls, was similarly uncut, and judging by the glowing reviews, it too lived up to O'Neill's epic demands; plans for a Broadway run may well have been announced

by the time this issue is printed.

I have to admit, however, that having read *Strange Interlude* just days before I saw Kahn's production, I couldn't point to anything significant missing. Indeed, Kahn's pruning brings to the foreground a surprising, proto-feminist twist in O'Neill's habitual philosophizing. He wrote many great roles for women, and plenty of speeches that express a character's effort to find meaning in human suffering. But only in *Strange Interlude* does he offer a coherent, female-centered challenge to the way men see things. "The mistake began when God was created in a male image," Nina tells Charlie. "That makes life so perverted, and death so unnatural. We should have imagined life as created in the birth-pain of the God the Mother. Then we would understand why we, Her children, have inherited pain."

O'Neill is here, as ever, a forceful rather than a subtle artist, but he makes the case against a punitive God the Father with delicacy and considerable tenderness in an assertion by Nina's mother-in-law (the excellent Tana Hicken) that reverberates throughout *Strange Interlude*: "Being happy, that's the nearest we can ever come to knowing what's good." Kahn and his accomplished cast realized that these lovely, quiet moments couldn't be disentangled from the busy plot and facile Freudianism that make *Strange Interlude* rather dated, albeit a surprising amount of fun; they struck every note in O'Neill's discordant symphony with equal deftness.

WHEN MIDDLE-AGED, WIDOWED NINA TURNS DOWN THE marriage proposal of her longtime lover at the end of *Strange Interlude*, she explains, "Our ghosts would torture us to death!" It's a cogent forecast of the basic action in *Long Day's Journey into Night*, which sends the ghosts of a naïve schoolgirl and a rising young actor to stalk

the family they made and destroyed. "The past is the present [and] the future too. We all try to lie out of that but life won't let us," says Mary Tyrone in *Journey's* Act 2, summarizing the bleak conclusion O'Neill winnowed from his harrowing family history.

Helen Carey's superb performance at Arena placed Mary at the play's—and the family's—agonizingly conflicted heart. Beautiful and flirtatious in the early scenes, Carey showed us the ardent young woman James Tyrone fell in love with and the ethereal mother their son Jamie worshipped. If Peter Michael Goetz's underpowered James Tyrone had been Carey's match, we would have felt the full horror and sadness of a love that endures despite its disastrous consequences. Carey wrung every ambivalent nuance from Mary's initially good-natured teasing of her husband and sons, and from her retreat into a spooky, morphine-fueled detachment. I'd never been quite so struck by the double-edged nature of Mary's comment to her son Edmund, "None of us can help the things life has done to us"; in complete command of his material, O'Neill has the artistic confidence to give a statement of his core belief to a drug addict making excuses for her relapse.

The same dynamic—brutal truths uttered with self-justifying intent—drives the ghastly exchanges among the tormented Tyrone men that climax Act 4. The impact of that act's orgy of recriminations was muffled by Robin Phillips's overly cautious direction, but O'Neill's own struggle to forgive his parents and brother for the damage they inflicted, on his life and theirs, imbues *Journey* with a seething emotional force that is palpable even in a flawed production.

A Moon for the Misbegotten shares with *Long Day's Journey into Night* and *The Iceman Cometh* a simplicity and economy that reveal the playwright working at the deepest levels of his art. The urgency of what he needs to communicate precludes the restless experimenta-

MICHAEL KAHN: THE SOUNDS IN O'NEILL'S HEAD

AN INTERVIEW BY HUNTER STYLES

As part of his 25th anniversary season at Shakespeare Theatre Company in Washington, D.C., artistic director Michael Kahn staged a new production of Eugene O'Neill's nine-act drama *Strange Interlude*. In part a labor of love for Kahn, the show also served as one of the main events in this spring's Eugene O'Neill Festival, paired with Arena Stage's *Ah, Wilderness!* and *Long Day's Journey into Night*.

In addition to directing *Strange Interlude*, Kahn edited the script down from O'Neill's much longer original. The final product, which ran at the theatre March 27–April 29, was well received—critic Peter Marks of the *Washington Post* described the production as "brisk and handsomely pared-down" and praised Kahn's edited script as "absorbing" and "expertly trimmed." *American Theatre* sat down with Kahn during rehearsals to discuss big questions about O'Neill's very big play.

HUNTER STYLES: Productions of *Strange Interlude* are rare. What's your connection to this play, and why is it important to produce?

MICHAEL KAHN: This is a play I've wanted to do for a very, very long time. It's a master-

piece. The more I work on it, the more I see how huge O'Neill's ambitions for it were. To write such a strong woman as Nina Leeds in the central role, and to have her fight hard for what she needs, is already extraordinary. But it's also full of complicated personal relationships, all about sex, repression, love and getting what you need.

I don't think I realized at first that it's also a big play about America. It's about the biggest American dream we have, which is to be happy. We consider it a right. And everything these characters do to try and make themselves happy follows this dream—love, sex, parenthood, success. The play stretches from Puritan New England to Park Avenue. It's about the growth of morality—and changes to that morality—in a growing, rich, economic America.

Do you have larger plans for the use of the edits you're making to the script?

Well, I'm not going to copyright them or anything. But I would be very pleased if people want to take a look at what we've done with the script. I've love to see the play move into the repertory.

O'Neill's original script takes four and a half hours to perform. Have you ever considered doing the whole thing?

No. I'm not sure the entire thing can be done well in this day and age. O'Neill wrote huge, formidable passages that are all about explaining emotions. In many moments in the show, a character says something out loud, then speaks an inner monologue about the subtext, then says it out loud again, sometimes in a different way. It was O'Neill's way of defining confusion or ambivalence in a character. It happens so often that I've had to decide which ones are necessary—when it's best to let the actors play the subtext rather than tell it to us.

I went into rehearsal with a script that I had been editing for a long time, but I'm constantly realizing that we need to add back in a moment from the original script. Cuts seem necessary in advance, but then you realize that you need certain pieces after all—they impact flow, or a transition, or they're key to an important dramatic moment. We're in the fourth week of rehearsal now, and we're still adding back. It's exciting because I know we're being true to the play.

tion that marked his work in the '20s and early '30s. A single set and a single day suffice as O'Neill uses unadorned, naturalistic speech to strip away his characters' lies and force them to confront who they are and what they've done. If this sounds savage, it is, and yet *A Moon for the Misbegotten* has a warmth well served by the Pearl Theatre Company's intimate production, sensitively directed by J.R. Sullivan on the company's tiny stage at City Center. Indeed, the first act's broad humor, played with gusto by Kim Martin-Cotten as Josie Hogan and Dan Daily as her father Phil, makes this, paradoxically, O'Neill's saddest play. *A Moon for the Misbegotten* shows us people capable of delight (not something you see a lot of in O'Neill) once again shipwrecked on the shoals of the past. What makes O'Neill's perennial theme so heartbreaking here is that it isn't Josie's past; she makes the mistake of falling in love with someone whose course in life was set long before she knew him: haunted James Tyrone Jr.

Andrew May's Jim Tyrone was a hollowed-out shell of a gentleman whose intelligence and charm hadn't been entirely drowned in drink and dissipation, a tantalizing rescue project for Martin-Cotten's strong but achingly vulnerable Josie. May's courtly demeanor in the early scenes made an intriguing contrast with Jason Robards's performance in the keening 1973 revival that established *A Moon for the Misbegotten* as a central work in the O'Neill canon. Robards was more of a Broadway tout, using his raucous voice and braying laugh to drown out the furies shrieking inside his head, while May's demons seemed to be whispering poisonously in his ear. When May delivered the lacerating Act 3 monologue in which Jim confesses that he got blind drunk on the train carrying his mother's corpse to New York and spent every night of the journey in bed with a prostitute, the defining moment was his storm of weeping against Martin-Cotten's

breast. O'Neill brought the character based on his brother back from *Long Day's Journey into Night* because he felt he'd failed to do justice to Jamie O'Neill's profound love for their mother, and May's interpretation movingly conveyed that love. Robards's final monologue was one long howl of outrage, abandonment, self-hatred and the most dreadful, desolate kind of self-knowledge. It's one of the few times in the theatre when I have felt in my bones the catharsis through pity and fear that Aristotle defined as the purpose of tragedy.

Greek tragedy was one of O'Neill's touchstones, not only in his understanding of theatre but of life itself. Depicting a world in which human beings commit crimes without intending to, driven by forces they cannot control but may at last come to comprehend, the *Oresteia* and *Oedipus Rex* provided a philosophical frame that could encompass the guilt and grief of a teenager wracked with the knowledge that his birth had been the cause of his mother's morphine addiction.

But if O'Neill's embrace of the Greeks' tragic ethos quite possibly saved him from following the suicidal path of his nihilistic brother, he found no way to voice it in his own plays until he discovered his second touchstone: the revolutionary drama of Ibsen and his peers. Seeing Alla Nazimova's *Hedda Gabler* in 1907, he remarked, "gave me my first conception of a modern theatre where truth might live." More than 100 years later, sampling key works from his staggering output, we can see that what *Hedda* gave O'Neill is what he gave the American theatre: the belief that it was a place where truth might live. 

Wendy Smith is the author of *Real Life Drama: The Group Theatre and America, 1931–40*, soon to be reissued as a Vintage paperback and e-book. She is a contributing editor of the *American Scholar*.

How does the design of the production affect all this?

It was very hard to imagine a set for the play at first. Originally I thought there would be no set at all. But then we came up with an abstract space that feels more like a room. I didn't want to do a lot of scene changes, so we're using some projections. I've never used projection before. I didn't want to make everything seem tremendously designed; I wanted to allow for a kind of starkness.

Have the actors been quick to connect with these complicated characters?

Yes, actually. I've never worked with most of these actors, which is wonderful and challenging. But it was so clear, in auditions and early meetings, that they love the play. From the very beginning we felt a sense of doing something we all really cared about.

I knew in advance that I didn't want to stylize these internal monologues in an obvious way. It's not just lighting, it's not just freezing in place—I don't think we need to travel in and out of some convention every single time there's internal monologue. We're still working on finding the balance between a natural style and the elevated emotionality of O'Neill's

language. We're finding that the truer it gets for the actor, the more their playing of it can grow in size. The text is absolutely full of exclamation marks and ellipses. O'Neill heard particular sounds in his head. We're working toward that.

What makes O'Neill's writing unique? What do you learn about theatre when you work on one of his plays?

I do a lot of Shakespeare—both O'Neill and Shakespeare had really gargantuan notions of what theatre could be, and say, and do. The variety of ideas, their richness, the size of their vision...you really have to go up the mountain with these guys. And they're always ahead of you. You can't try to reduce them to your level. O'Neill is a genius, no question in my mind. It's really something to get up in the morning and work with a genius.

It seems that audiences have an appetite for



Robert Stanton and Francesca Faridany as Charles Marsden and Nina Leeds in Kahn's production of *Strange Interlude*.

that—for the expansive sense of what theatre can be.

I hope so. A lot of people coming to see this play will have never seen it. They're coming out of curiosity. But I hope they'll have a meaningful experience with what I think is one of the greatest plays ever written.

Hunter Styles is a theatre writer based in Washington, D.C.

From: Wendy Smith <smith.wendy@earthlink.net>
Subject: **Re: kudos from Wendy**
Date: June 1, 2012 5:51:31 PM PDT
To: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Reply-To: Wendy Smith <smith.wendy@earthlink.net>
▶ 1 Attachment, 401 KB

OK, I wasn't going to send you the O'Neill piece (how much self-aggrandizing can a writer do?), but after your email I have to, just because you will see among other things my comments on how O'Neill could have been the Great American Novelist if he hadn't chosen instead to be the Great American Playwright.

Funny about your current PW interviewer--she probably isn't any younger than I was when I met you, but you and I are both 20 years older! Glad she seemed informed and enthusiastic.

Thanks for your tips about UW--we aren't even looking at California state schools, because we know they've been decimated, but I wasn't aware that Washington had at least some of the same problems. We'll see how that plays out, and we will certainly let you know if we are heading towards the Upper West Coast.

Congratulations again on your beautiful new novel.

Wendy

-----Original Message-----

>From: carol doig
>Sent: Jun 1, 2012 8:19 PM
>To: Wendy Smith
>Subject: Re: kudos from Wendy
>

>Dear Wendy--

>Wow! You know how to help a fellow end a work week on a high note. Yours was the latest good news for The Bartender's Tale, which is getting the best buzz since The Whistling Season. For one thing, the first PW interview since you know when! The interviewer had to be older than Luca, although she didn't much look it, but as I told Carol she seemed to know her stuff and mine as well. Anyway, that's another set of crossed fingers around here.

>
>Luca would be so welcome in Seattle. Both universities are right up there. You might be mindful that the U of Washington has suffered budgetarily along with other public institutions in our slowly recovering state, and tuition has gone up accordingly although it maybe still looks good compared with a lot of other places. We look forward to seeing the gang of you out here again--we'll put on the spaghetti and something else.

>
>Ah, Eugene O'Neill. I can't believe I beat you to the news of The Iceman Cometh. And you probably can't believe I did it by psychic powers, aka luck. I must have written that part of the book nearly two years ago, with no notion The Iceman would actually Cometh to the Goodman (although if you're going to bet on a terrific revival, that was probably a good one, eh?). Unlike you, I didn't know diddly about O'Neill beyond seeing Desire Under the Elms on television, I think, so when I dutifully read The Iceman script I was knocked out by the stage directions, which are terrifically novelistic, especially the character descriptions. I mean, "His hair and military mustache are white, his eyes bright blue, his complexion that of a turkey." Deal with that, casting director. The NY Times half-page photo of the set took my breath

From: carol doig <cddoig@comcast.net>
Subject: Re: kudos from Wendy
Date: June 1, 2012 4:55:26 PM PDT
To: Wendy Smith <smith.wendy@earthlink.net>



Dear Wendy--

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And he plainly was in good hands when you held *The Bartender's Tale*. Thanks so much for letting me know about the Kirkus. And keep us informed about Seattleward tendencies.

All best,

Ivan

On Jun 1, 2012, at 9:33 AM, Wendy Smith wrote: ...

| Dear Carol: I have a feeling this is your email, but it's the only one I have, so please shoot the missive

From: Wendy Smith <smith.wendy@earthlink.net>
Subject: **kudos from Wendy**
Date: June 1, 2012 9:33:13 AM PDT
To: Doigs <cddoig@comcast.net>
Reply-To: Wendy Smith <smith.wendy@earthlink.net>

Dear Carol: I have a feeling this is your email, but it's the only one I have, so please shoot the missive below Ivan's way. Thanks--hope all is well with you both, Wendy

Dear Ivan,

I couldn't reply to your nice note with the galley for *The Bartender's Tale* until now, because Kirkus had also sent me a galley and asked me to review it. Alas, our lunches and dinners over the years preclude me from reviewing it for the LA Times or the Washington Post (and boy, am I mad about the latter when I think of Jonathan Yardley's snotty comments on *Work Song*—in case you don't already know, Ron Charles hated them too but was helpless with a fellow staffer). But I allow myself the ethically dubious pleasure of writing about your books for Kirkus on the rationale that they're unsigned and if necessary I could be less than laudatory under the veil of anonymity.

Not that it's ever been necessary, and the bottom line on *The Bartender's Tale* is that I think it might be your best novel yet. Of course, I am an extra-good audience for this one, which encompasses some of my favorite subjects: the New Deal, theatre, oral history, and even Eugene O'Neill! I loved your description of the outdoor *As You Like It* and thought you were spot-on in the detailed way Rusty and Zoe responded to their first taste of theatre. And my eyes were a little damp when I read Del Robertson's passionate explanation of why oral history is important.

But it's more than that. You've always been great with youthful narrators, and I think the portrait here of Rusty slowly grasping adult complexities as he learns more about his father is really wonderful. The landscape passages are some of the prettiest you've ever written about the Two Medicine country. I love your tenderness with the characters, even grungy old Canada Dan. And the closing brought the story full circle in a very moving way.

Did you know, by the way, that there *is* actually a "much-anticipated Chicago revival of *The Iceman Cometh*" with Nathan Lane and Brian Dennehy that closes on June 17? It would be just like you to have ferreted out that info enough in advance to work it into the novel! I recently did a long piece on O'Neill for *American Theatre* magazine, but I didn't hear about the Chicago *Iceman* in time to get there; I did manage to see a fascinating *Strange Interlude* and a welcome revival of *Beyond the Horizon*, his neglected Broadway debut, as well as a lot of other mostly good productions. O'Neill is my first love in the theatre, even before Shakespeare, so it was wonderful to have a chance to write about him.

Well, I have dithered on enough; you will see my more coherent admiration for *The Bartender's Tale* in the review, which went to Kirkus this morning; look for it in the June 15 issue, I would think.

You may hear of a Smith/Mobilia visit to Seattle sometime this summer, as Luca is interested in both Seattle University and University of Washington. I am stunned by the realization that he will be in college in 15 months!

Hope all is well with you and Carol. I lunched this week with Liv Blumer (from your days as an Atheneum author), who sends her regards.

Best,
Wendy