Each year the Christopher Isherwood Foundation awards fellowships to novelists. The fellowships are for $3,000.00 each. An applicant must have already published a novel or a collection of stories. The awards are very competitive. For more information, please visit: www.isherwoodfoundation.org.

The Foundation also awards non-fiction grants which are selected by The Huntington, San Marino, California.

The 2005-6 Isherwood grant recipients are:

**Barry Gifford**, Berkeley, California (Isherwood Fellowship in Fiction Writing, Ahmanson support). His novels include *Wild at Heart*. He co-wrote the films *Lost Highway* and *City of Ghosts*.

**Lucrecia Guerrero**, Dayton, Ohio (R. V. Cassill Fellowship in Fiction Writing). Her work includes *Chasing Shadows* (Chronicle Books). Her MFA is from Spalding University. She teaches at Antioch College.

**Krandall Kraus**, San Francisco, California (Isherwood Fellowship in Fiction Writing, Ahmanson support). Kraus’s books include *The President’s Son* (Alyson Books) and *Bardo* (Alyson Books). His MFA is from Ohio University.

**Richard McCann**, Washington, D. C. (Doris Roberts-William Goyen Fellowship in Fiction Writing). His works include *Mother of Sorrows* (Pantheon). He co-directs the MFA and Creative Writing program at American University.

**Ann Pancake**, Seattle, Washington (Isherwood Fellowship in Fiction Writing, Ahmanson support). Her work includes *Given Ground* (University Press of New England). She has won a Pushcart Prize and a National Endowment for the Arts Creative Writers Fellowship grant. She has a Ph.D. from the University of Washington.

**Aimee Parkison**, Charlotte, North Carolina (James C. McCormick Fellowship in Fiction Writing). Her work includes *Woman With Dark Horses* (Starcherone Press). Parkison teaches at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. Her MFA is from Cornell.
2004-2005 Non-Fiction Winners (Selected by the Huntington Foundation)

Christopher Isherwood Foundation Fellows

**Jeff Solomon** is a Ph.D. Candidate at the University of Southern California. His project is: “Fabulous Potency: Author Photos, Authorial Personae and Queer Identity”

**Richard Zeikowitz** is Associate Professor of English at John Jay College (CUNY). His project is “On Writing, Pacificism, and Homosexuality: The Correspondence between E. M. Forster and Christopher Isherwood.”

Fiction Fellowship Judges
David Scott Milton (novelist, playwright, film writer, professor)
Frances Kroll Ring (non-fiction author, editor, professor)
Eric Miles Williamson (novelist, editor, professor)

From Exhumations, 1966:

**On H.G. Wells:** “Wells was always proclaiming his faith in the capacities of man. Yet he refused to take account of Man’s highest capacity—that of knowing and drawing strength from what is eternal within himself. Some inhibition or deeply seated fear, it would seem, made Wells unable to accept the validity of the mystical experience, or to recognize its central importance in the scheme of human evolution…”

**On Robert Louis Stevenson:** “Personally, I never cared much for *Treasure Island*—John Masefield’s sea stories appeal to me far more—but it is impossible not to admit that it is a kind of masterpiece. Why is it so successful? Because, I think, it belongs to that very special class of what one may call, without any suggestion of disparagement, superpotboilers. The superpotboiler is the perfect work of synthesis. It is about our daydreams about something. It sums up the totality of our fantasies relating to a certain milieu. It presents to our recognition our own nostalgia, so that we almost feel that we have created it ourselves… *Treasure Island* isn’t simply the account of a particular treasure hunt; it is a definitive statement of the treasure-hunt daydream, and, as such, doubly non-realistic. Other examples of this class are *The Pickwick Papers* (the old-fashioned Christmas), *Carmen* (Spain-as-you-like-it), and *South Pacific* (phallic sailors plus tropical sex).

**On Katherine Mansfield:** “Katherine Mansfield’s life is so fascinating because—despite its surface tangle of moods, impetuous reactions and rash decisions—it presents a very simple symbolic pattern. This is a variant of the Garden of Eden theme. A childhood paradise is lost. An apple of knowledge is eaten, with bitter consequences. And then, under the curse and blessing of that knowledge, comes the attempt to regain the paradise. It is a deeply moving story but not really a tragic one, for it ends in sight of success.”
IF New Advisory Board Members

Artist Rebecca Campbell recently had an exhibition at L.A. Louvre in Los Angeles. She holds an M.F.A. from UCLA.

Elaine Dundy’s novel The Old Man and Me has recently been reprinted by Virago Modern Classics. Her other books include The Dud Avocado and Elvis and Gladys.

Carola Kaplan is Professor of English at California State University, Pomona, and an authority on Isherwood.

M.G. Lord, author of Barbie and Astro Turf is a frequent contributor to the New York Times Book Review.

Tina Mascara is a producer in Los Angeles. She is co-producing a documentary on Don Bachardy and Christopher Isherwood.

British born Stephen McCabe was art director for My Dinner with Andre and for Under the Tuscan Sun. He lives in Los Angeles.

Greg Mullen is the Director of Library Systems-City Librarian of the City of Santa Monica.

Guido Santi, from Rome, Italy, is a producer in Los Angeles. He is co-producing a documentary on Don Bachardy and Christopher Isherwood.

Early Letters from Christopher Isherwood to His Mother

Lisa Colletta has recently published Kathleen and Christopher (University of Minnesota Press). This work “collects more than one hundred previously unpublished letters the young author wrote to his mother between 1935 and 1940. Composed while he was still a struggling writer, they offer a brilliant eyewitness account of Europe on the brink of war and an intimate look at the early career of a major literary figure.” The work includes an insightful introduction by Colletta.

New Documentary Short Film on Don Bachardy

Academy Award winner Terry Sanders has completed a short film about Don Bachardy. The documentary “which captures the passionate eye and the prolific work of one of the great portrait artists of America… explores the complex and mysterious relationship between artist and subject in a richly detailed, intimate and exciting journey through the creative process.” The film, developed by the American Film Foundation, was recently shown at Graumann’s Chinese Theater complex in Hollywood.
Isherwood Review

The inaugural issue of *The Christopher Isherwood Review* is scheduled to be published this winter. The editors of this new scholarly journal intend to provide a forum for scholars to publish critical and informative essays on Isherwood’s fiction and nonfiction. Submissions for the next issue are currently being accepted. Essays offering new insights into any of Isherwood’s works, drawing on contemporary critical theory, are particularly encouraged. Essays may also focus on the work of writers closely associated with Isherwood as long as a connection is made to Isherwood’s texts. Manuscripts should be between 5,000 and 7,000 words and follow MLA documentation style. Author’s name, affiliation, and contact information should appear on the cover sheet only. Please send two hard copies of the essay to: Professor Richard E. Zeikowitz, Co-Editor, *The Christopher Isherwood Review*, Department of English, John Jay College-CUNY, 445 West 59th Street, New York, NY 10019. Inquiries: rzeikowitz@jjay.cuny.edu

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Tom Backer
Ann Nietzke
Robert Phillips

Pen and Ink Wash by Don Bachardy
Mission

The mission of the Christopher Isherwood Foundation is to contribute significantly to the flourishing of American letters by awarding grants to published novelists. The Isherwood Foundation is a 501(c) 3 Charitable Foundation (ID# 95152). Gifts are tax deductible.

Officers and Staff

Don Bachardy, President
David Hockney, Vice President
James P. White, Vice-President and Executive Director
Jules White, Director of Design and Technology

IF Fellows,

2001-2005

2001-2
T. Greenwood
Eric Miles Williamson

2002-3
Non-Fiction
James Berg

2003-4
Debra Di Blasi
Daniel Chacon
Brock Clarke
Ann Nietzke
William Orem
Charles Wyatt
Non-Fiction
Jamie Carr

2004-5
Kate Braverman
Daniel Cushnear
Alyson Hagy
Bret Anthony Johnston
John McNally
Nance Van Winckel
Non-Fiction
Jeff Solomon
Richard Zeikowitz

2005-6
Barry Gifford
Lucrecia Guerrero
Krandaal Kraus
Richard McCann
Ann Pancake
Aimee Parkison
Excerpt from Don’s Bachardy’s journal:

**18 January 79**

This morning at breakfast Chris, with a bad hangover, told me I only cared for people in terms of my own will. Without knowing quite how he meant it and without questioning him further, I think I agree with him. His statement had the instant ring of truth in my ear.

He also told me that I was the only person he’d ever met who has as bad a character as he and that’s why he loves me. I’m the only person he can talk to. I felt quite heady at such high praise. He is certainly the only person who really knows how to flatter me, and the only person who can soften me with flattery. We are two monsters who understand each other very well. Ours might almost be what’s called an unholy union.

Also at breakfast Chris stated that he couldn’t bear seeing people not get what they want. The thought of Wystan’s not getting the Nobel Prize made him cry right then and there at table. A letter from Edward Upward, telling him of his inability to write because of fits of vertigo, had triggered these thoughts. He’d found Edward’s letter “very moving.” “He’s a good person,” he said with weight.

**21 May 79**

In flight to Houston, Texas. An exhibition of my paintings and drawings opens tomorrow evening at The Texas Gallery. Fredericka Hunter has set up commissions for me in Fort Worth and Dallas which will involve more flying for me, an unpleasant prospect. By far the most attractive prospect is the possibility of a sitting with Gene Tierney. I have written to her and sent photographs of my work as well as a generous letter of introduction from George Cukor. I am to call her on my arrival in Houston. I finished her autobiography on Saturday as preparatory homework. I found it much more interesting than I’d expected. I like her humanity, and I like her drive as well as her lack of self-pity and complaint. She has a kind of animal nobility. But she is very much a product of her class, in spite of all her attempts to buck it. She has a deep belief in money and, though “well-bred”, was in fact brought up as an expensive whore. Her marriage to Oleg Cassini was only a partial defiance of her upbringing. Though penniless, he masqueraded as European nobility. Her susceptibility to him, in contrast to her American conservative bias, was probably due to her early Swiss education, ironically “a must” of the 30’s moneyed American upper class. And class will show, though it may take some time. How right and proper she should now find herself married to a Texas oil millionaire, a role very few women, if any, have found themselves playing by sheer accident. But much preferable to write about her from firsthand experience, which I very much hope I will have.

“Your loyalty! When it costs you nothing, you are extravagant. Do you think I don’t know that?” I made this comment to Chris late one night last week, after one of our dinner parties. It is typical of the attitude I have often taken to Chris when I’ve had more than a little to drink. It is my other tongue in action. I record it not in approval so much as in a spirit of objective reporting. It is not even untrue, only ungenerous in its refusal to give Chris the benefit of any doubt. I even repeated it to him the next morning when I found my note recording the remark. Chris’s face showed his weary disappointment at my dwelling on dreary negative sentiments while much of considerably more importance to us both goes unheralded. But perhaps my love and praise of him requires a negative balance, though one day I hope and think that it will not.

The disloyalty I was speaking of was based on his tolerance of such openly declared enemies of mine as Tony Richardson and Elsa Lanchester. And yet I understand his position. He feels sorry for them, particularly Elsa,
and recognizes that their failings cause them as much or more pain than anyone else. He is genuinely fond of
them, too, especially Tony, in spite of the inconvenience they cause him.

22 May 79

Yesterday evening around six o’clock I called Gene Tierney from Fredericka and Ian’s house. Even though I’d
heard Tierney’s current voice on the Merv Griffin and Mike Douglas Shows, the voice which answered my call
was so low and gravelly that I was convinced that I was speaking to a slow and unresponsive Black servant.
“May I speak to Mrs. Lee?” I asked. “Who wants to speak to her?” I explained that I was a friend of Mr.
Cukor’s who’d written to Mrs. Lee. “Oh, the artist.” By now I’d guessed that I was speaking to Tierney. “Is this
Mrs. Lee?” “Yes.” “As I explained in my letter, I’m very much looking forward to meeting you. And I do hope
you will have time to let me do a drawing of you.” “Are you the artist?” the drawling voice asked with more doubt
than enthusiasm, assuming I’m sure that it had been dealing with a female secretary. “Well, he does, or you
do, very nice work, but I’ve had my portrait done several times and I’m really quite satisfied.” I then quickly
explained that I was asking for a sitting only as a great favor, because I wanted to have a drawing of her just for
myself. “Yes, well I’m afraid that won’t be possible,” the drawling voice informed me without even the smallest
effort to improvise a passable excuse, “You see, I’m moving.” I heard the dull thud of a block being firmly put
into place.

I couldn’t accept such instant defeat though I was at a loss to know what more to suggest. “ Couldn’t you find
just a little time during the week? I’m here until Friday anyway.” “I’m moving,” the voice returned as though
English ought to be understood by me. “Well, I’m very disappointed,” I hedged. Then only to prolong contact:
“George Cukor asked me to give you many fond regards.” No answer, not even a grunt.

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