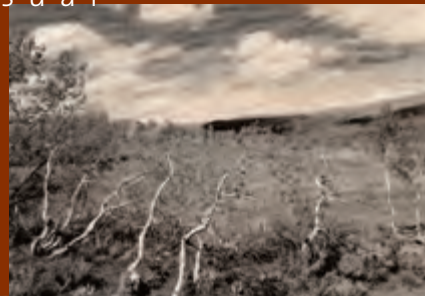


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High Desert Journal

literary and visual
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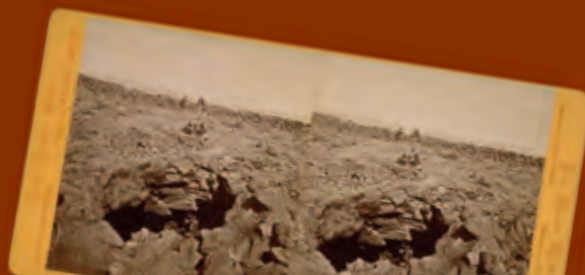
from
the high desert



Ellen Santasiero
Kathleen Dean Moore
Michael Sykes
Gary Snyder
Henry Sayre
Robert Stubblefield
Ursula K. Le Guin
Sandy Brooke
Ingrid Lustig
Terri Warpinski
Peter Goin

David James Duncan
Rick Bartow
David Axelrod
Kim Barnes
Josh Beddingfield
Donna Henderson
John Orne Green
Judith H. Montgomery
Carolyn Scarbrough
Tom Holder

Elizabeth Grossman
John Daniel
Robert Wrigley
Debra Hollern



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“When the sun goes down

interview with Jarold Ramsey by Ellen Santasiero

“When the Sun Goes Down in Simnasho ... what happens?”

So began Jerry Ramsey’s provocation to a room full of fifth graders at Oregon’s Warm Springs Elementary School last fall. When the children replied with all kinds of fantastic ideas, Ramsey, a writer in residence with the National Book Foundation’s *American Voices* program, helped them shape their responses into poems and stories.

What seemed like play to the children is serious work to Ramsey, who for thirty years has unearthed, collected, annotated, taught, promoted and, above all, loved the stories and songs that make up the body of Oregon Indian literature. As you read his most recent book, *New Era: Reflections on the Human and Natural History of Central Oregon*, a memoir about growing up on a dry-land farm outside Madras, Oregon in the 30s and 40s, you realize that Ramsey is just as interested in Anglo history as he is in Indian lore. A retired university professor, Ramsey talks about his work with stories as a kind of conservancy – a literary conservancy – believing that it is just as important to take care of our stories, poems and songs as it is to care for our land, water and air.

The minute you meet the intellectual, down-to-earth Ramsey you have no trouble picturing him as the boy on the back of the combine he describes in *New Era*, reading “*Dante’s Inferno* (Ciardi’s translation), which worked out to be approximately twelve straw-dumps per canto.” Bill Robbins, Oregon State University Distinguished Professor Emeritus of History, has described Ramsey as “an Oregon original, a person that I compare favorably with Norman Maclean. What else, other than love of place, leads such people to Chicago and Rochester as Shakespeare scholars, only to return to their roots and write their best work?”

Ramsey is perhaps best known for his anthology, *Coyote was Going There: Indian Literature of the Oregon Country*. He is also the author of *Reading the Fire: Essays in the Traditional Indian Literature of America*, and was co-editor of *The Stories We Tell: An Anthology of Oregon Folk Literature*. Ramsey has written four poetry books, two plays and libretti. He lives with his wife Dorothy in his boyhood home. This interview was conducted in November 2004.

Ellen Santasiero: You spent every Monday for five weeks with Warm Springs Elementary schoolchildren, helping them write their own stories and poems. What was your deepest hope for that residency?

JR: One was to give them good reasons to write. I told them repeatedly that we’re all unique, and that’s one reason we have writing, to express that, to get it out. These are Indians after all, and I told them that for a long, long time their stories were told by other people, with good and bad results, mainly not so good. I said it’s time for you to tell your own stories. You’ve got the gifts, you’ve got the words, so go to it. One kid said, *you really mean it?* I said, *yeah, I really mean it. Go to it.*

ES: You’ve practically devoted your whole career to making Indian literature accessible to the rest of us. Why is an Anglo person such as yourself interested in promoting and preserving Indian literature?

JR: I grew up here and I can’t imagine understanding this country without learning something about the stories that the first people told about it. So that’s my local connection. I think I can say honestly that even if I were somebody from New York City I would find Indian stories interesting and worthwhile. Robert Frost has a great poem called *The Gift Outright*, which he recited at John F. Kennedy’s inauguration. It’s a wonderful poem about American history and American culture, but there is one line in it that really sticks in my craw. He

says something about this great land vaguely realizing westward, “unstoried.” He uses the adjective “unstoried.” Well, not true, Robert Frost, not true at all. By the way, it’s precisely that vaguely realizing westward that led to the almost total eradication of the literary traditions of the Indians.

ES: Can you reflect on the integration of the wave of newcomers to central Oregon who came after irrigation came to the region in the 40s? Can we learn anything from how those newcomers were integrated into the region to help current newcomers integrate more easily?

JR: I am the product of two homesteading families. We were among the first here on Agency Plains. There wasn’t much else but dry farming and some cattle and sheep raising until the irrigation project came in 1946-48. This was real land reform, the kind that we generally associate with South America. There should have been some kind of educational program to help us old-timers deal with the sudden influx of all those people from elsewhere, mainly from Idaho. I don’t remember any overt episodes, but there really was a lot of tension. On the one hand I suspect that some of the newcomers were probably fairly arrogant and brash. It irritated the old timers greatly to see their beloved fields – which they thought were flat – made more flat, and dust blowing like a second dust bowl. Their coming led to the consolidation of my beloved little one-room school with the Madras schools. Our market road was renamed “Boise Drive,” which really rubbed people the wrong way. But on the other hand, I think the old-timers here gave the newcomers a pretty chilly reception. They really did, so much so that the newcomers defensively organized clubs depending on when they came here, there was the 46 Club, the 47 Club, etc. What I’d like to do is get the members of these clubs together to talk about those times. I think they would talk not just about the mechanics of irrigation in this new untouched country, but the social aspects of it, too. I think it’s time we healed those wounds a little bit. These people have been here for fifty years. They were pioneers too, don’t ever doubt it. They brought something entirely new to this country and they transformed it. Who is to say it isn’t for the better? The newcomers brought some really wonderful things. They brought 4-H, they brought a notion of community organization which had never been heard of here. When I was little, there were probably not more than 14 or 15 families on this whole big plateau. Our sociology was based on fewness. It was social change and disruption on a fairly small scale compared to Bend, but I see the same thing happening there. I guess my hope about the newcomers is that they take the time and trouble to learn the stories of what this country was like at least before they came. It certainly is exasperating to the rest of us to see how indifferent some of them are to those earlier times.

ES: If you were to put together a syllabus for central Oregon residents so that they could know and learn more about this place, what would be on the list?

JR: Phil Brogan’s *East of the Cascades*. He was a native of Jefferson County, a remarkable man, a journalist at *The Bulletin*. He was one of the most able scientific writers I’ve ever encountered. The book is written in his characteristic kind of dry style. He never rose to the heights of letters, but the book is very readable and it’s dead-on accurate. Reub Long and A.R. Jackman’s *The Oregon Desert* is certainly obligatory reading. I can’t think of a better introduction to the old high desert than that. A book by Bend resident Russ Baehr, *Oregon’s Outback*. Russ spent a lot of time with old-timers beginning 30 or

Simnasho ...”

in



Jarold Ramsey: “I think we have to try to conserve things of the spirit, things of the imagination, including stories ...” photo: Thomas Osborne.

40 years ago when there were lots of really old-timers still around. In some cases he got them to talk as they would not have talked to anybody else. Witness my great uncle Walter McCain, whom I had never heard say more than seven or eight words at once. Russ Baehr got him to talk about his escapades as a boy. Ray Hatton’s books. He has written wonderful books on natural history, mainly, but they are all to some extent about human history. I would modestly include my book *New Era*. Also, my anthology, *Coyote was Going There*, which concentrates as much as I dare on this part of the country, although it covers all of the Oregon country. In the area of oral literature, I would recommend a book that Suzi Jones and I did some years ago called *The Stories We Tell*. I would also recommend that people check out the holdings at the three county historical societies and at the High Desert Museum. History is not just in the books – maybe it’s most securely there, but when you put something in a book, you leave a lot out. The great thing about the High Desert Museum is that they have things like that steam saw mill. How do you get that into a book?

ES: What about Lewis and Clark stories?

JR: Sure, in some broad sense, but they had little impact here. That reminds me of another astonishing book titled *When the River Ran Wild* by George Aguilar, which will be published in June 2005 by Oregon Historical Society Press. George is a Wasco elder of Filipino and Wasco descent. His father was drowned on the Columbia fishing when he was just a baby, so he was raised over here by his maternal grandparents, the Polk family. He is just steeped in traditional Wasco Chinookan lore. When I met him in 2000, he told me shyly that he had been doing some writing and I said I’d like to see it. I read his material and I could see that he was really working on a book that was partly genealogical but it was also broader than that. He was trying to conserve traditional Indian culture on the Reservation. I couldn’t be more excited if it were one of my own books. It’s going to give a completely new perspective on central Oregon Indian culture and on Lewis and Clark. George is able to trace some of the Warm Springs families today back to people who were alive when Lewis and Clark

by **Henry Sayre**

*A basaltic cliff, embroidered with lichens,
Illumined by the sun, orange and yellow,
The work of a great painter,
Careless in the splash of his brush.
An ocean of sagebrush which dimly breaks
Against a purple coast too far away ...*

– C. E. S. Wood, Prologue, *The Poet in the Desert*, 1915

An idea of order

This much we know: The great American Impressionist painter Childe Hassam visited Oregon twice, in August and September of 1904 and then again, from September 3 until sometime in late November of 1908. On both occasions he was the guest of Charles Erskine Scott Wood – c.e.s., “Ces,” his friends called him – Portland cultural icon, one-time soldier (who at the surrender of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce in 1877 transcribed his famous surrender speech – “From where the sun now stands, Joseph will fight no more forever”), lawyer, poet, painter, political radical, social libertine and founding trustee of the Portland Art Museum.

Wood lured Hassam out West by commissioning him to paint a mural for his library, a seascape, recognizably the Isles of Shoals in Maine, provocatively populated, in the words of Woods’ wife, Nannie, by “a lot of naked ladies bathing on rocks at the sea.” She would admit that the paintings were “admired by some, but the majority of people do not care for them.” Busy installing the mural in the library, he drank heavily, chased the ladies, and otherwise, as Nannie said, “led us a merry dance.” But Wood liked him and escorted the painter around Oregon, to a log cabin on Mount Hood, to Cannon Beach, down the Willamette Valley, all culminating in a trip to Wood’s beloved Harney County, where, at the south end of Malheur Lake, on the Blitzen River, the Wood family had established a camp on the property of the P Ranch, formerly owned by the cattleman Peter French. There Hassam got so drunk that Wood had to cart him off to Seattle to dry out. “My heart aches for one with such cravings,” Wood wrote to his daughter.

Wood bought the property on the P Ranch – about 140,000 acres worth – in 1907, and a year later, in August, the federal government declared Malheur and neighboring lakes a national bird sanctuary in order to protect the area’s three-hundred-plus species of birds from plume hunters harvesting swans, egrets, herons and grebes for feathers for the millinery trade. Not a month later, on September 3, 1908, Wood, together with Judge Charles Carey, then Vice President of the American Bar Association, met Hassam at the railroad station in Ontario, outfitted themselves for an extended stay at Wood’s camp,

and made the 187-mile trek into the heart of Harney County, where they would stay until late November. One day that fall, someone photographed Hassam and Wood, painting side by side, in their boots and their Skivvies.

The rest is conjecture: It was hot. They had driven the wagon out to this spot, in the middle of nowhere, bursting upon an ocean of sagebrush that stretched across to the edge of the alkali flats, behind which the purple hills of the Steens Mountains rose like a wall of storm cloud perched on the horizon. They stripped, set up their easels, Ces a little behind Hassam – “Muley,” they called him, because he was as pig-headed and obstinate as a mule – and began to paint. They hadn’t been at it five minutes when the Judge jumped from the wagon, dancing a little jig unbefitting a man of the law, waving his camera – one of those damn Eastman Kodak “Brownies” – and threatening to take their picture.

“I need evidence!” Carey guffawed. “Proof! Two grown men painting in their underwear!”

They ignored him. They always painted in their underwear when it was this hot, unless the ladies were around.

“And if the ladies are around,” Muley had once opined, “we prefer painting in the buff.”

Privately, Ces was not so sure. He was pretty certain that Muley would stop short of dropping his briefs and making a nudist camp of it, though he had to admit that preponderance of evidence might suggest otherwise. He knew the man well enough to know that he was at least as much blush as bluster. But properly piqued, Muley was also the kind of man capable of saying to himself “What the hell” and baring his bottom to the breeze. It was a toss-up.

Thankfully, Ces was confident it would remain so. There were no ladies around. He’d seen to that.

There were plenty of fish. That was a problem.

“What will they say in Paris?” Carey shrieked. “It’s proof. We are the Great Unrefined!” He waved at the horizon. “How dare we call this a landscape!”



Childe Hassam and C.E.S. Wood painting in the desert. Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society.

It was a landscape, certainly, barren only ostensibly. Full of fish. “Trout a thousand miles long!” Hassam exclaimed. And game: “Mallard ducks so thick they knock your hat off when you put your head out of cover!” These were his very words, written to fellow Impressionist J. Alden Weir back East not two weeks into the trip.

The artist evidently preferred fishing and hunting to painting, which was not the point of the expedition.

From Wood’s point of view, this was the most beautiful place on earth, its light like no other, as if filtered by its very barrenness into the full spectrum of the rainbow, dancing in points of color into the illusory depths of its countless mirages. It was a lens, the very retina of the Creator contemplating the space of imaginative Being.

It was hard to grasp. It needed a painter like Hassam, which required Hassam to actually paint.

Wood had taken to retiring most mornings after breakfast to the carpenter shop, while Hassam enjoyed his cigar. There he would prepare two stretchers, one for himself and one for old Muley. He took a certain satisfaction in the precision of his cuts, perfect 45-degree angles that, when he laid them out on the workbench and nailed them together, resulted in perfect 90-degree corners. He stretched them with canvas, pulling it tight side to side with all his strength, so taut that had they required drums to accompany their songs at evening camp, his canvases might have served. And then he would walk back to the tents, to present Muley with the blank prospect of his day’s duty.

It sometimes worked. This day it didn’t.

When Wood arrived back at the breakfast tent, Cookie told him that Mr. Muley had departed some fifteen minutes earlier aboard Jericho, apparently intent on tracking a flock of Sandhill cranes that had flown overhead.

“Sir,” Cookie addressed Wood, “did you know that them cranes mate for life? Mr. Muley said so.” He shook his head. “Who would of thought it. Birds. . .”

It was a fact. Since his arrival Hassam had taken, each evening, to studying *Studer’s Popular Ornithology*, with its color illustrations

by Theodore Jasper. He was becoming something of a birder. The Sandhill cranes particularly fascinated him.

In part it was their sheer size – they stood over four feet high, and at seven feet their wing span was nearly that of a bald eagle. It was also the fact that the rusty gray feathers on their body exploded above their bright yellow eyes into a rounded crown of magnificent red. Such incident of color in an otherwise dull prospect of plumage appealed to the painter. It was, above all, their social behavior that attracted Hassam. Not just their monogamy, but the fact that each fall the pairs who throughout the spring and summer had nested individually, jealously driving off intruders from their nesting grounds, which might be a hundred acres or more, gather together again, first three or four pairs together, then ten and fifteen, their trumpeting “garoo-a-a-a” filling the now drying marshes around the lake with sound.

“They depend on one another,” Hassam had said at some point the week before, as he sat studying the image of one in *Studer’s* where it was depicted standing beside a great white heron, a bird unknown in these parts. “That’s what’s interesting.”

It amused Wood to think that mutual dependency was a concept somewhat foreign to the painter’s imagination, as if the idea had never occurred to him before that someone or something might need someone or something else to survive.

“It’s the very thing that drives civilization,” Wood had observed.

“And parasites,” Muley had retorted.

Wood turned to the cook. “Did he take his fishing gear with him?” he asked.

“No, sir,” Cookie replied, “But he did take his paint box.”

This was a surprise. “His easel?”

“No, sir, just his paints.”

Of late, Muley had taken to painting on the lids of his cigar boxes. “It makes a good surface,” he explained. “Kind of slippery, but absorbent.” They were well stocked with cigars, and at the rate Muley smoked them, lids would soon be in plentiful supply.

Wood turned his mind to cleaning up the camp. The Judge

by **Ursula K. Le Guin**

Up in a Cottonwood

I

Who could have for some reason
put a large grey stone
way up in a cottonwood?
Not even on a branch: a twig
holds up that feather boulder
softer than the evening air.

Another deeper in the leaves
turns its silent horns this way,
gazes, shifts the grip
of the mousedead talons,
and softly tells us who.

II

Indignant indolence.
Wrath gone all downy.
An awful gold round glare
shut halfway to pure contempt.

Birdwatchers.

*Someone should remove them.
If they were smaller
If it were evening
I would see to it.
And presently
issue a pellet containing their bones.*

III

Moon cursive
shell curve
of wings in leaves and shadows
soundless, halfseen.

An owl is mostly air.

Some of the People

I

Small, wise sheep face.
White circle round dark horse's eye.
Flea-leap. Deer-lope.
Almost stone stillness.
But the ears, the ears!
Jackrabbit, only you.

II

Spring upwelling, shower of voices,
river of branches, fountain of leaves,
Cottonwood, lift your secret streams
to shiver and brighten, to whisper
water to the bonedry wind.

III

Our rumps are copper and much to be admired
and we perch facing almost all the same direction
on the electrical wire and we look underneath our wings
with our beaks for nits and we tell all the gossip
to each other and everybody else every morning
and all over again with additions in the evening
and suddenly fall silent

and suddenly are gone to Mexico

by **Kim Barnes**

Four years. That's how long it's been since I "left the river." I don't say since I "moved to here from there" or "since I began living on the mountain." I say "left the river," as though I were saying "left the church" or "left my husband" or "left the country of my birth."

I left late autumn mornings with the windows open, when I woke to the cool mineral smell of silt. Afternoon picnics along the sandy shores, my children sifting the shallows for tadpoles, water skippers, mussel shells. Evenings flyfishing the V of current for rainbow, steelhead, salmon, then watching the moon rise over Angel Ridge, its silvery wedge of light illuminating the bridge below our house so that the ribbed structure itself seemed to levitate above the water.

The "lasting place." That's what we called it because we believed we would stay there for the rest of our lives, and we didn't.

We knew it was a move we had to make. My husband and I had taken positions 75 miles north at the University of Idaho, and the hour-and-a-half commute each way was impractical and sometimes treacherous; our children would soon be of driving age, and we dreaded the thought of the deadly Highway 12 being their proving ground; they needed more opportunities than our small settlement could provide teenagers not raising 4-H steers. And so, after a decade of living on the Clearwater, we moved from our home on the river to our home in the woods – three long August days of manic runs up and down the canyon, back and forth across the prairie, the largest U-Haul we could rent stuffed full, potted plants and grubbed up herbs wilting behind the cab's hothouse windows.

By the time we made our last trip, I had been saying goodbye to the river for weeks: each morning, I would stand on our deck, soaking up the canyon's warmth as though I might hold it in reserve for the long winter I knew was coming. Twenty-five hundred feet higher in

elevation, our new home wouldn't give me the early springs and long autumns I'd come to love. No more garden tomatoes lasting past Halloween. No more basil plants lush enough to provide us with a year's supply of pesto.

But, then, the bright side: no more wrist-thick rattlesnakes *mat-ing* in the basil. No more star thistle so dense and vicious we couldn't find our way to the river except on paths worn through by deer. No wasps nesting in the eaves by the thousands, a hundred ticks carried in on the bellies of our dogs and cats, set loose in our beds to find the warm nests of our armpits. We could go to a movie on the spur of the moment, have dinner in town. And even though there would be no river – not even a spring moistening the granite and clay embankment outside my kitchen window – there would be the woods.

I knew how much I'd miss the river. Or I thought I did. But I also knew I was going back into the dream of my childhood – back into the forest I'd left at the age of twelve and believed I'd never regain.

Paradise

My parents had come to Idaho from Oklahoma in 1956, leaving behind lives defined by poverty and alcoholism. My mother was sixteen, my father eighteen when they were married in the small logging town of Pierce by a Pentecostal minister. My mother set up housekeeping in a 8x20 shack – one of several circled in the logging camp along the North Fork of the Clearwater River. No electricity or tapped-in water, but enough isolation to make my mother long for her red-dirt home. She missed the open Midwestern horizon, the way you could see a visitor coming for miles because of the roostertail of dust along the flatland road. But not my father. He had found his paradise in that circle of trees that shut out the sky and kept the world at bay. My mother and father both found their salvation in that little Pentecostal Church. They set about making a new life for themselves free of their inherited sins: no drinking, no gambling, no dancing. My mother threw away her makeup and swimsuits; my father gave up his love for Willie and Waylon. They purified themselves in the snowmelt of May, both baptized in the same watershed from which we drank, from which we took enough trout to hold us through the longest winters.

I came to an awareness of myself as a young woman in that time of national turmoil that hardly touched us. Even though it was 1969, the war that raged overseas came to us muted and late, if at all. No television, no radio or newspaper to distract us from our daily attention to doctrine. No teenage fashion magazines for me to moon over. As a member of the Holiness sect, I could not wear earrings, cut my hair, listen to worldly music, or join the cheerleading squad. As a daughter of Eve, I was a temptation to myself and those around me and, like my mother, I must remain silent and invisible. Surrounded by the women and girls of the church, physically isolated from the world, I had no sense of what I might be missing, of how different I might be. I was saved, and my family was saved, and we lived, I was told, in the palm of God's hand.

I remember warm summer days playing in the mica-laden creeks, my mother – so young! – sunbathing on the pebbled banks. I remember cold fried chicken and watermelon laid out beneath old-growth cedar, my father fishing the still free-flowing river while my younger brother napped in my mother's lap. I remember my own baptism, how the preacher bent me back until my face submerged and the world warbled in my ears. I remember little other than contentment. I remember a pure happiness. What I feel is nostalgia for my own innocence, of course, but it's more than that: I remember my parents' laughter. I remember their youthful pleasure. I feel how close they came to Paradise.

It was a crisis of faith that took us from that place. The summer before my thirteenth birthday, my father believed he heard the voice of God telling us we must leave the land that had nurtured us, given us our living, held us together as family. Perhaps he believed that he loved it too much. That he had forgotten that Paradise could never be found on Earth but only in Heaven. Within twenty-four hours, we were packed and gone, leaving our shotgun-shack behind. We followed the river to the small city of Lewiston 90 miles southwest, to where the Clearwater joined the Snake and continued on its way to the Pacific.

Could my father have foreseen how that journey would break us all? How he would spend his nights driving a truck loaded with wood chips from mill to mill rather than sitting on the step of his shack, watching the moose dip its great head into the nearby pond? How

my mother would have her own crisis of faith and begin to question her subservience? How his daughter, lost to herself, would find company with others existing on the fringes, marginalized by appearance or circumstance?

I rebelled, ran away from home, was found and brought back. I graduated from high school and left my father's house that night. I worked at fast-food drive-ins and milltown bars, stayed with men and left them, or they left me. Always, it seemed, I was searching, questing for that place left behind. Days off, I would follow the river back into the woods, alone or with a boyfriend, to hunt, fish, lie in the high meadows. I believed that there was something I might still find there, along the feeding streams of the North Fork. Cold mountain water surrounded by ponderosa, hemlock, larch, white fir: it remains my slice of Heaven.

In the summer of 1990, after several years of living in Lewiston, my husband and I discovered the house for sale in the Clearwater River canyon, halfway between my childhood home and the city. I remember us standing on the deck, looking directly into the eye of an osprey hovering for fish. I remember my husband saying that it made his soul sing. And even though the land was visibly barren – steep hills of thistle, sage and cactus giving way to ravined basalt – I could stand in the kiln of high summer heat, look out over the river and sense the cool promise of deeply running water.

Only one thing was missing: trees. But some happiness *can* be bought. I made forays into town, brought back expensively bundled saplings from garden stores, cleaned out the bare-rooted dregs at Wal-Mart. Ten Christmases running, I hunted down and purchased live evergreens that we painstakingly acclimated into – and back out of – our too-warm house (sap rising, falling again) before pick-axing holes into the still-frozen soil for planting.

Still, it would be decades before our slips of green became a forest. Every summer, when the temperature on our deck hit 120 and the only mature pine cast its thin line of shade, we loaded up and headed out for our friend's high-country cabin, abandoning our river for the forested cool of mountain evenings. Our "pet cemetery" was crowded with chickens and rabbits that had expired in the heat, often because we had left them to a climate we ourselves could not bear.

I thought, then, that I might welcome the moderate summers on Moscow Mountain, our deck shaded by a tight stand of bull pine. In an area known for its peas and lentils and wheat, I have my trees – an island of wooded wilderness afloat on an ocean of loam. From where I sit, sheltered by the massive trunks and elongated boughs of conifers, I can see the land stretched out before me, undulant, as though sculpted by the movement of water, like an undersea bed of mounded sand.

But the water, if ever here, has gone. There is no lake, no river, no stream that I can see, only dry-land farming, marginal wells and seeps that sometimes feed the smallest of ponds. Our first spring on the mountain, before the snow had melted from the roof, I badgered my husband into driving north with me to the nearest creek, where I waded into the icy melt and dropped a nymph into an eddy. The fry I caught and cast back was a tiny pleasure, but the feel of the frigid water around my knees, the smell so crystalline I could taste its sharp

photographs by **Terri Warpinski**

Terri Warpinski creates imagery that reflects her reverence for the landscape and her interest in the traces of human connection with this landscape. Warpinski believes art, literature and theater can gather people around an issue in an uplifting way. In her experience, she has seen how art can reach the spirit of people in a deeper way than a purely analytical approach. Warpinski is the Vice Provost for Academic Affairs at the University of Oregon in Eugene, Oregon.



Parallel Tracks, Diamond Craters, 2004.



Steens Mountain Aspens, 2000.



Desert Track, 2002.