

Photoweb Northwest VII.5.09

25 new images & texts of the South Wallowas by Cliff Crego

Red Peak, seen from Krag Peak Crossing, Eagle Cap Wilderness . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



Red Peak, seen from Krag Peak Crossing, Eagle Cap Wilderness . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

LOVE & WATER—*a meditation . . .*

There may well indeed be another planet in the Universe
with high mountains and streams of pure, fast-flowing water,
but we do not know that for a fact.

There may also be other beings in the Universe capable
of love and compassion, but that also we do not know
for a fact.

Water & Love; Love & Water.

Think of it.

Love is like water: wherever it is there in abundance,
life flourishes;

And water is like love: wherever it is wasted, polluted,
blocked or dammed, we abuse not just Earth's
defining essence, but also somehow our own.

*VII.2.2009,
Krag Peak Crossing,
Eagle Cap Wilderness*



[Fieldwork on
Red Mountain . . .](#)



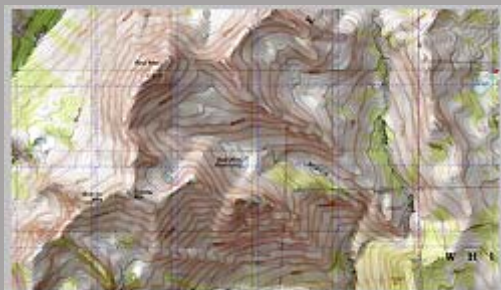
[Copia Group,
from Red Mountain](#)



[Red Mountain,
view Northeast](#)



[Copia Group,
view Southwest](#)



[TOPO—
Red Mountain](#)

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[Little
Eagle
Meadows](#)



[Sunclipse,
Little
Eagle . . .](#)



[Mountain
Phlox](#)



[Little Eagle,
after strom . . .](#)

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Copia Group, from Red Mountain, VII.1.2009. Like Mark Twain said:
"*Whiskey is drinking. Water is for fighting.*" The snow we are looking
at here forms a major part of the Pine Valley's and the town of Halfway's

watershed. Instead of water locked up behind a dam, this is how Nature store's her water for summer. The two key factors are, (1) depth and extent of the remaining snowpack, and, (2) the rhythm of the diurnal melt cycle. Both are strongly influenced in little understood ways by Climate Change. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .

On the road in the American Northwest.



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Red Mountain, view Northeast, VII.1.2009. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

PATH OF DIALOGUE

Stow away your conclusions and
opinions in your bag of unnecessary
gear that you leave at home.

The path of dialogue begins
with real questions, with real problems.

And with a few simple words which
get us started in the right direction:

"I don't know; Let's find out!"

PATH OF CONFLICT

I refuse to have enemies.

I have only students,
first and foremost,

myself.

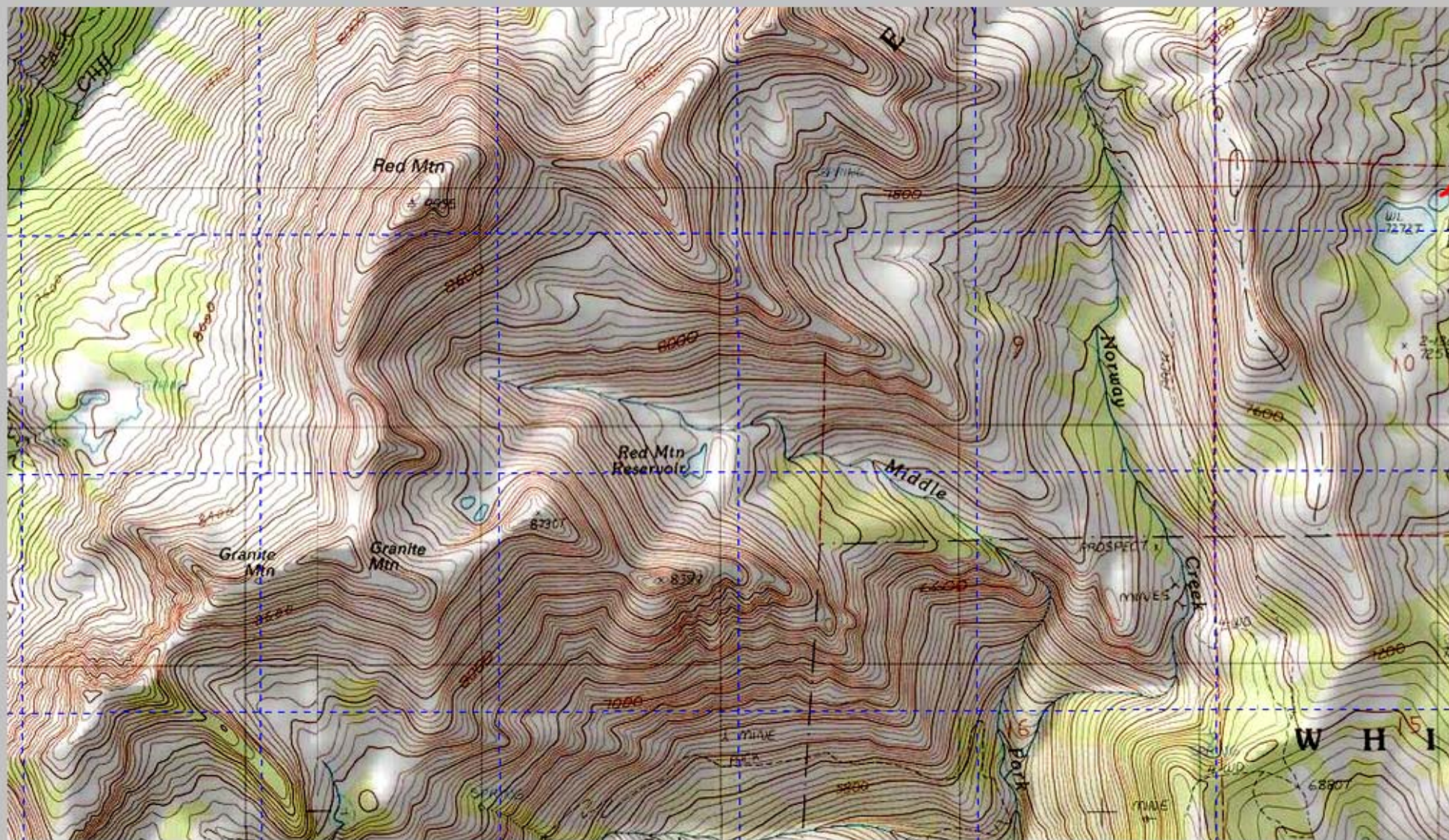
PEACE MAKER

Be the destroyer of arbitray borders,
the creator of the path, the pattern, the *language*,
that connects all peoples.

VII.4.2009,



Cornucopia Peak, view of Northside, VI.28.2009. Eagle Cap Wilderness . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



TOPO—Red Mountain (2913 m.). Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

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Fieldwork on Red Mountain, Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



Little Eagle Meadows, VI.27.2009. Eagle Cap Wilderness . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



Sunclipse, Little Eagle Meadows, VII.5.2009.

Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .

On the road in the American Northwest.



[Little Eagle,](#)
[Summer Last Light](#)



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Little Eagle Meadows, Solstice Time skyline VI.27.2009.

Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .

On the road in the American Northwest.



Mountain Phlox (Phlox diffusa), VII.5.2009. The name "phlox" comes to us from the Greek, and means "flame."



Little Eagle, after storm, VII.6.2009. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

BEAUTY AS BALANCE

Beauty abhors the contortionist, the Yogi who wraps himself in a wire-ball of knots, the Paganinni with his devilish slights of hand, the architect who folds metal into a smashed guitar. The more a culture goes the way of the technical mastery of mere outwardly measured hyper-difficulty, and the more this is projected as an *ideal-to-be-achieved*, the more this culture will lose its resonance with the more rarefied air of the sacred, with the higher spiritual dimensions of artistic endeavor.

ABSOLUTE

Is there anything in Music which is absolute, a kind of unchanging touchstone of beauty and truth? If we begin by assuming that the primary elements of musical reality are not really things at all, but rather relationships, then it becomes clear that the balance of relationship is of primary importance. So, in a way, what is unchanging in Music is change or the movement of balance itself.

VII.4.2009,
Muir (Crater) Lake,
Eagle Cap Wilderness



[Little Eagle,](#)
[before storm](#)



[Little Eagle,](#)
[summer storm](#)



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Little Eagle, before storm, VII.5.2009. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

WINTER PATHS—*refuge . . .*
seventeen 17-step poems

(i) Inverted sled
at winter camp: after
storm, two fieldmice
call it home.

(ii) Among the alder
with hanging catkins,
a nest
that was left behind.

(iii) Where is the Dipper's
house? Behind the waterfall,
the rock,
or the stream?

(iv) The hut was locked
all winter long:—

a sure sign of
mean-spirited times.

(v) The barn cat has
the best of both worlds:—
free mice, free milk
set out, each day.

(vi) Eagles return to the same
twig nest each year. Why
change what is
perfect?

(vii) It remains a deep
mystery where the ravens
find cover
at night.

(viii) The limits of natural
refuge
are bounded
by clear necessity.

(ix) Hording space,
building fences,
making money,
the land I rent to you.

(x) The best refuge of all
is intelligence,
the worst,
is fear.

(xi) Beautiful!
the light of welcome
seen through the snow
of a winter storm.

(xii) Safe. Warm. Dry. Out of
wind. Close to fire.
The snow above
never lets go.

(xiii) The sign read: "*Foreclosed.*"

Evicted. For sale."

There was not a
soul in sight.

(xiv) The guestbook read: "*I
was lost. Found all
I needed here.
Door was open."*

(xv) As she left, she
built a tepee fire,
and left a matchbook
with a note.

(xvi) "*Strike this match
to light friendship's path.
May it stay lit
all along your way."*

(xvii) An overturned boulder
as big as a house:—
it all began:—

right there.

*VII.4.2009,
Muir (Crater) Lake,
Eagle Cap Wilderness*



Little Eagle, summer storm, VII.5.2009. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

TURBULENTIA

Full of commotion,
similarities of movement, of meaning.

When two weather fronts,
one warm, one cold,
collide, we get disturbance,
sometimes, with great violence.

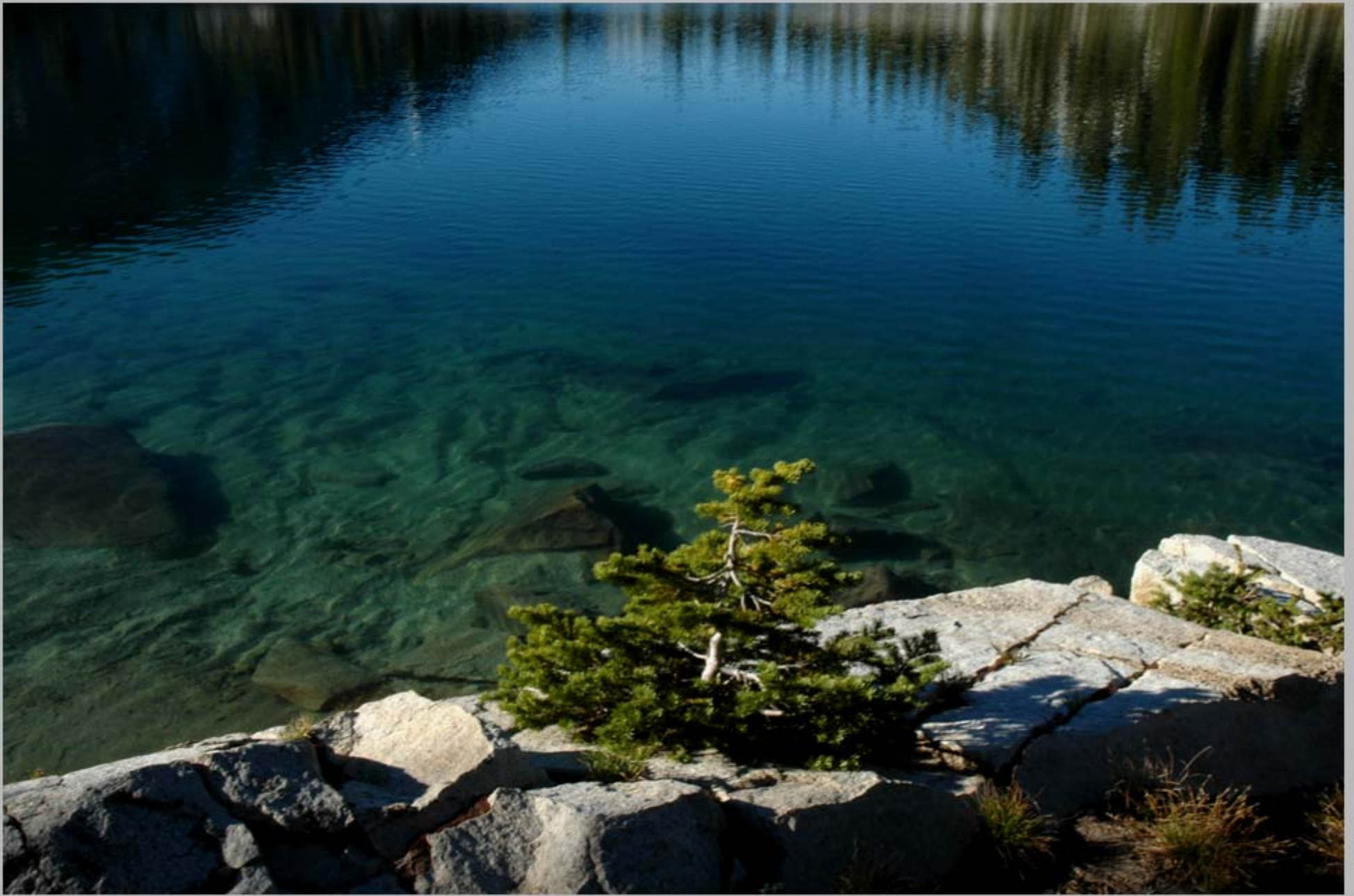
When two armies,
one red, one blue,
collide, we get disturbance.

Same words. Similar movement.
Different meanings.

One has the force of necessity
behind it; The other,
has no necessity at all.

Now think of that.

*VII.4.2009,
Muir (Crater) Lake,*



Alpine Lake, composition with Subalpine Fir . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

THE WATER IN US . . .

How the water in us wishes to lie flat in deep repose
at night, like the water of a clear mountain lake high
in a hidden valley;

And how the water in us wishes to hold and reflect,
like a lake's quiet surface, all the stars and planets
and galaxies of the cloudless July night sky.

The water in us: *Here. Now. Timeless.* The water in us:
but a mere fraction of the whole, yet resonant with a
Universe without beginning, and without end.

*VII.4.2009,
Muir (Crater) Lake,
Eagle Cap Wilderness,*



[Spring Needles,](#)
[Spire Fir](#)



[Blue Mountain
Buttercups](#)



[Glacier Lilies
in Snowmelt](#)



[Muir Lake,
4th of July](#)



[TOPO—
Krag Peak Crossing](#)

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[Muir
\(Crater\)
Lake . . .](#)



[Snowbrush](#)



[Cascade.
Pool.
Falls.](#)



[Krag Peak
Cirque](#)



Spring Needles, Spire (Subalpine) Fir (Abies lasiocarpa) Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

LIGHTER

Each time
I spark the gas
into flame,
I remember that I've forgotten
the poem
about our long journey
from the deep cold of night
into the warming fires of day.
Better, not to forget
this poem.

SAVIOR

I shall not forget the tree of life
that roots
my life,
that gives leaf to my ideas,
wood
to my
fire.

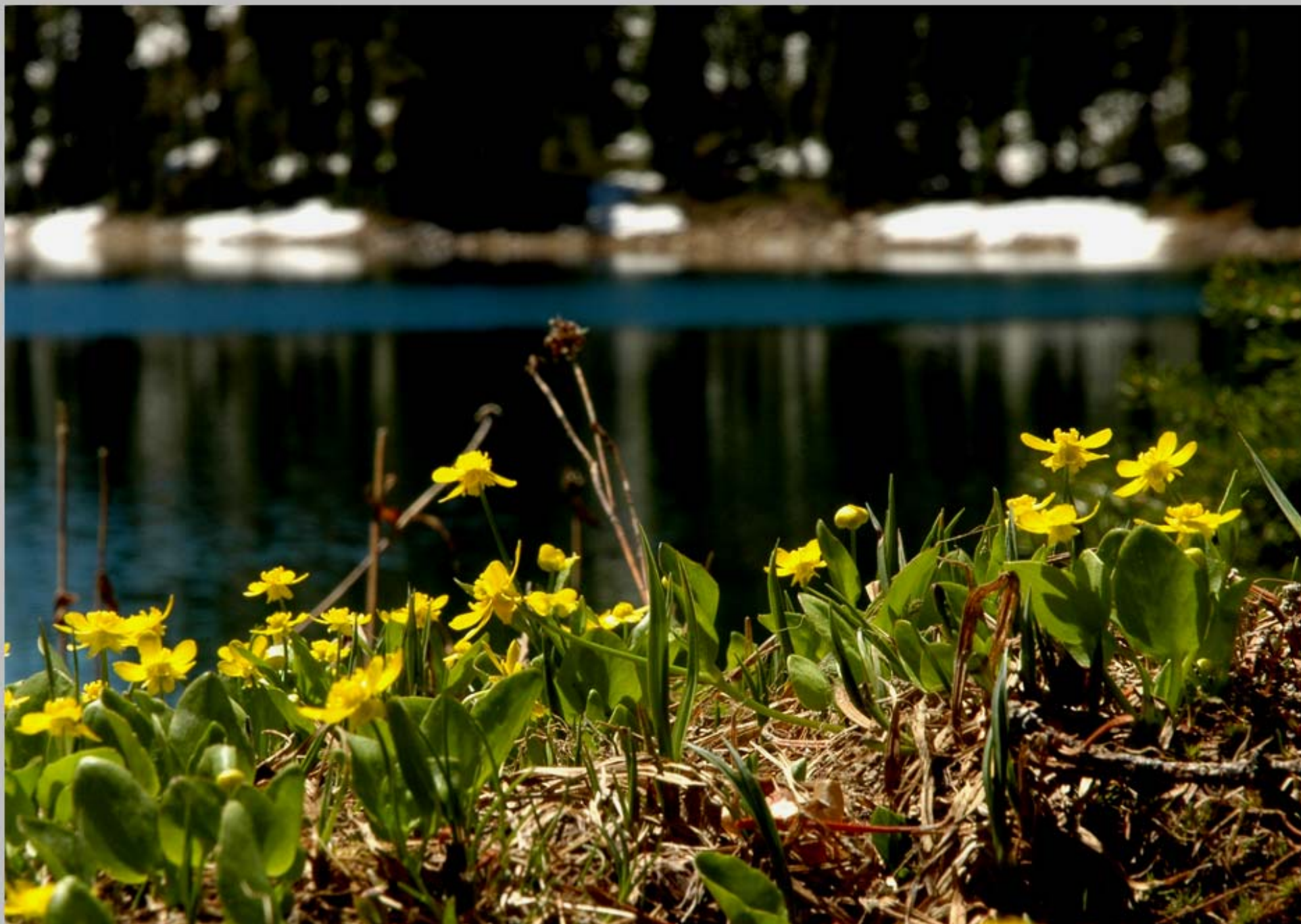
Suffering
has no place
on this tree.

(iii) We shape the world and the world shapes us.

Some problems we choose, others choose us. Either way,
the problem of problems is that they form the vital, living
center of one's life. See the majesty of the solitary Doug-fir,
the depth of its roots as yet unsounded, the circumference
of its spirit still unmeasured, still unknown.

*VII.4.2009,
Muir (Crater) Lake,
Eagle Cap Wilderness*

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Blue Mountain Buttercups (Ranunculus populago). Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .

On the road in the American Northwest.

SOLITARY STARS

When actors become more important than the plot of the movie or play in which they perform, or soloists themselves more central than the movement of the concerto itself, both the drama and spiritual essence of each work will almost certainly be lost. This is the price we pay for the cult of worship of mere solitary stars.

MIND / BODY SPLIT

The greater the split between mind and body, the greater will be a culture's tendency both to denigrate physical labor, and, in order to supply the necessities of its non-physical life-style, to become dependent on some form of slavery, whether the slavery of the whip, or that of the bare minimum of a survival wage.

MEMORY IS SPATIAL

Arrange the objects you use every day in a clear spatial array and you'll never have to think of where to find them. The hand simply moves to the left, or to the right, and picks up its writing pen. This should be a guiding principle of digital design.

*VII.4.2009,
Muir (Crater) Lake,
Eagle Cap Wilderness*



Glacier Lilies in snowmelt (Erythronium grandiflorum). Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



Muir (Crater) Lake, 4th of July last light, view East toward Granite Mountain.

Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .

On the road in the American Northwest.

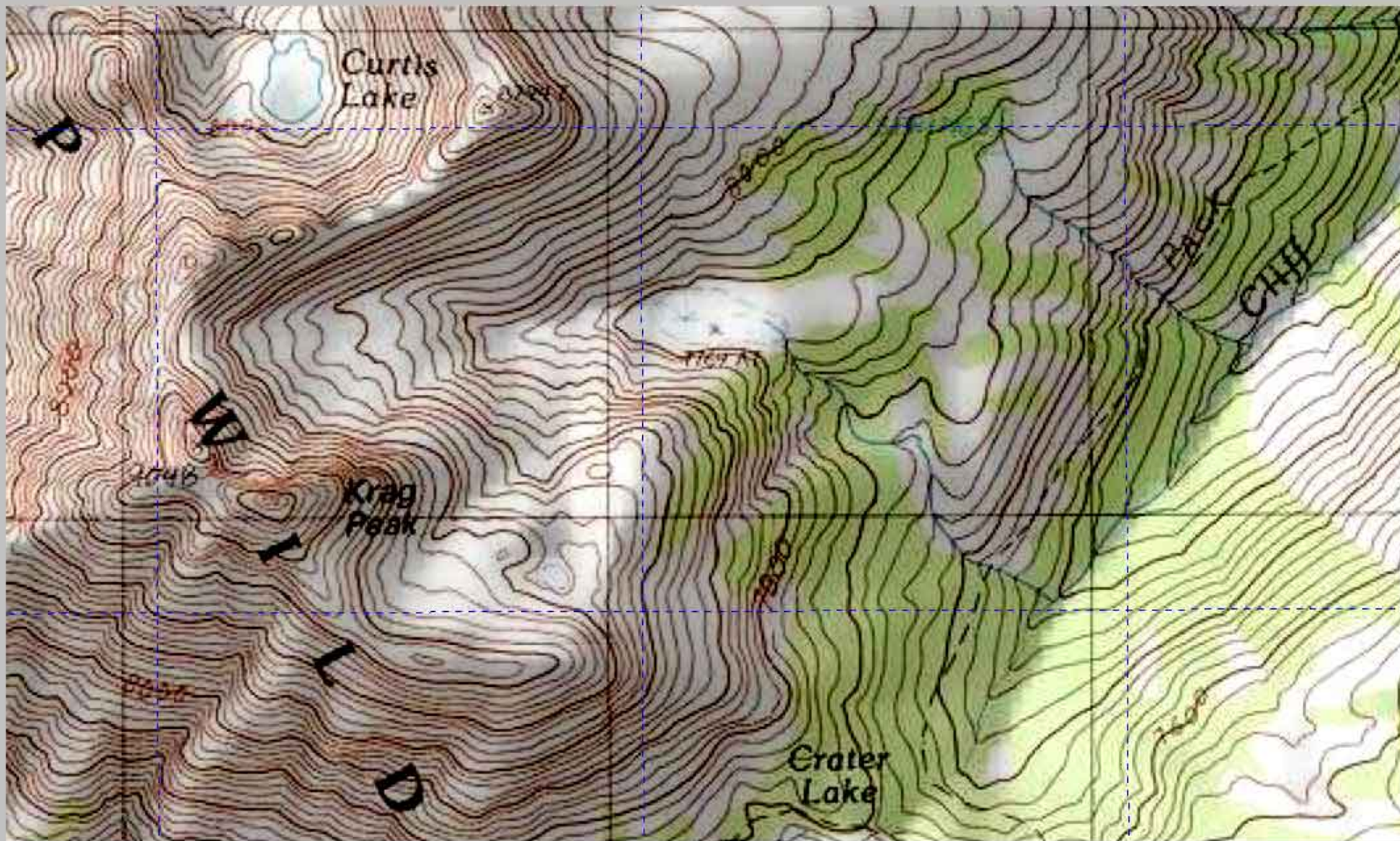
ON THE TWIN GUIDEPOSTS OF LEARNING & EDUCATION

In this brief sketch or outline, I'd like to suggest that the twin guideposts of all learning and education are *Yoga* and the Alexander Technique. Why? Because Yoga forms the life-long practice of learning to work and move and do things *without force*. And the Alexander Technique (AT) forms the complementary life-long practice of learning to work and move and do things *without unnecessary tension*. So we have movement without force, and we have movement without unnecessary tension.

Together as one, the twin guideposts of Yoga and AT form a kind of path, a path of awareness. What we become aware of is, in my view, essentially waste, the waste of intelligence, and the waste of energy when unnecessary force and tension are used to accomplish tasks or ends, in whatever form, at whatever level.

The twin guideposts of Yoga and AT point us clearly in the direction of an implied constellation of ethical and aesthetic criteria. To do things—whether writing at a table, working at a computer keyboard, learning the steps of a complex dance, or playing the violin—without unnecessary force and tension is always, from the viewpoint being presented here, good; it is also always beautiful. Children, I think, sense this instantly, for it is essentially how the innate intelligence of the young mind itself engages the world. So, in a way, the twin guideposts of Yoga and AT serve to strengthen, nurture and protect gifts which, by their very nature, are already implicitly there, waiting as it were just under the surface, and ready to be developed and awakened.

VII.4.2009,
Muir (Crater) Lake,



TOPO—Krag Peak Crossing. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

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Muir (Crater) Lake, view Northeast over Cliff Creek dam . . . Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



[Muir \(Crater\) Lake,](#)
[view South](#)



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Muir (Crater) Lake, view Southeast . . . Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

DIVERSITY?

All Nature abhors a monopoly. Diversity is the signature of natural intelligence.

PLACE FIRST

In all illness, the first place to look is place. The second, is water. The third, air. And then, the farm right down the road.

VII.4.2009,
Muir (Crater) Lake,
Eagle Cap Wilderness



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Snowbrush, flowering (Ceanothus velutinus). Snowbrush, so called
I suppose because of the beautiful white flowers which appear in late spring,
is also sometimes called *Mountain Balm*. Every time I bike up out

of the lower canyonlands of Eagle Valley, the wonderfully fragrant
smell of this evergreen shrub greets with a high-country freshness
beyond all compare, and helps me forget about all the hubbub
of the lowlands. Snowbrush inhabits a somewhat narrow
altitude bandwidth of about 1350 to 1700 meters, and is
a sure sign of heavy snowfall and a healthy snowpack.

Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .

On the road in the American Northwest.



[Jacob's
Ladder,](#)
[an ecotone species](#)



[Spring Sedge](#)



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Jacob's Ladder (Polemonia spp.). Jacob's Ladder is a transition or *ecotone* species, at home at the edge of montane and subalpine forest and meadow. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .

On the road in the American Northwest.

CONTRA NATURUM

Humans are the only species born into the world
without a proper place to be, without a place to stand
like a tree, or dig a simple hole like a squirrel, or build
a nest like a robin.

For how many people does this lack of place to be remain
a life-long problem, beyond all hope of resolution? A quarter
of humanity? A third? Or more?

Just as every human being has a self-evident right to
clean air and water, so all have an inalienable right, and
must have access to, enough land—and not one acre more—
to feed and shelter their own family of friends.

SNOW COCKTAIL

Zinc from *China*,

Cadmium from *Japan*.

Mercury from *Seattle*,

Lead from *Detroit*.

Snow cocktail of the High Wallows,
spring water mixed with crushed white snow
of the drifts that linger into the heat of July.

Clear. Cool. Refreshing.

I drink to your health, friend.

For better or worse, we're
married to the oneness of the world.

SORRY, THIS SPACE IS TAKEN

One morning,
you decide to take your children to the opera.
They say it is one of the greatest stories ever told.
Of great rivers.
Of great forests.
Of great snow-covered mountains.
Outside the opera, there are
hundreds, thousands,
waiting to get in.
There is excitement, everywhere,
native to the young heart,

the young mind.

The doors are flung open.

The building seems transparent,
as if it were made entirely of invisible glass.

You enter with your children.

The orchestra is tuning in the distance.

You see a sea of seats, every color of the evening sky,
arranged in a circular array.

"Odd," you think. "*What's that?*" your daughter asks.

The seats all have identical signs.

A polite young woman in a neat blue uniform
and straight shoulder-length blonde hair
smiles sympathetically, her thin lips not parting,
but somehow showing a trace of empathy, as she walks
towards you and says, "*Sorry mam.*

The seats are all spoken for."

She adds, "*It's always that way. Sold out.*"

*Nobody comes. Ever. But they're always
sold out.*"

She echoes your own words, "*Odd, don't you think?*

*The orchestra plays. The singers sing,
all the same. They don't seem to mind.*

They say it's one of the greatest stories ever told."

Your children begin to cry. You almost do, too.

The crowd is pushing behind you.

"Sorry mam. You'll have to leave now.

The show is about to begin."

*VII.4.2009,
Muir (Crater) Lake,
Eagle Cap Wilderness*



Spring Sedge (Carex scopulorum). Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



Cascade. Pool. Falls. The way of water, when still in its natural state, displays at all levels an amazing richness and complexity. I like to take off along alpine streams and keep hiking and climbing and till I find their source, frequently up above in snowfields above

treeline. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .

On the road in the American Northwest.

MEDITATION—*a way of looking*

Meditation is the natural state of the mind. Rather than a state to be *learned* or *achieved*, we might instead come to meditation by taking away all the stuff that's in the way. This is essentially a movement of negation. Like a great watershed in need of restoration, take away all the sources of disturbance and pollution, and we once again may drink freely from, and see something of, the bottom of the pool. Take away the blocks and the dams, and the mind's natural creative energies will flow as freely as a clear mountain stream in spring, and the invigorating sound of rushing water will once again fill the cool morning air.

VII.4.2009,
Muir (Crater) Lake,
Eagle Cap Wilderness



[Dipper Falls,](#)
[Spring](#)



[Spring Sedge](#)



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Dipper Falls, spring . . . The way of water, when still in its natural state, displays at all levels an amazing richness and complexity. I like to take off along alpine streams and keep hiking and climbing and till I find their source, frequently up above in snowfields above treeline. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .

On the road in the American Northwest.

ON THE NECESSARY UNITY OF FREEDOM & DEMOCRACY

Just as there can be no partial freedom of speech, there can be no halfway democracy.

Democracy at the ballot box without democracy at the workplace is like being able to freely choose which train or bus to get on, but having nothing to say about where it is going, or when and where to get off.

What kind of freedom, what kind of democracy, is that?

ECONOMY

What is the difference between a *Market Economy* and a *Social Economy*?

One is based on profit; the other on both profit *and* ethical responsibility.

Clearly, a necessarily self-destructive feature of all Market Economies is that they ultimately will ravage the very foundation or ground upon which they depend—the Earth and ourselves—because this is the easiest and most direct

route to monetary success. The Social Economy, however, because it is by its very nature self-limiting, must necessarily ask like a farmer concerned about the long-term health of his or her soil: *"Is there not a better way?"*

VII.4.2009,
Muir (Crater) Lake,
Eagle Cap Wilderness,



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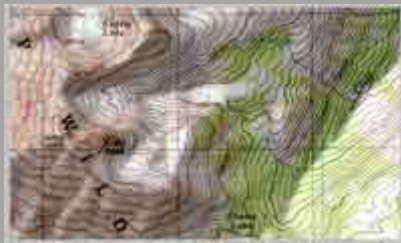
Krag Peak Cirque. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



[Krag Peak Cirque,](#)
[view West](#)



[Watershed—](#)
[July snow to water](#)



[TOPO—](#)
[Krag Peak Crossing](#)



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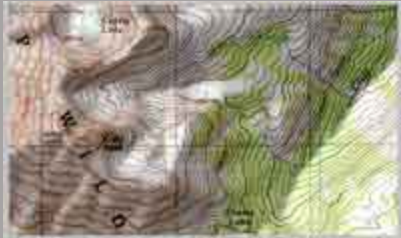
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Krag Peak Cirque. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



Watershed—
July snow to water



TOPO—
Krag Peak Crossing



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Krag Peak Watershed—July snow to water. Eagle Cap Wilderness. . .
On the road in the American Northwest.



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