Since my late teens I have kept sketch/idea books, visual journals. I am currently on my twenty-first one. The journals have helped me develop an approach to my art that overcomes the time limitations caused by my present "day" job as an innkeeper. Needing a daily artistic outlet but with limited availability of long periods of time, I have developed a piecemeal way of working. I create small individual artworks or elements of a piece that are then are merged and integrated into a larger work. In effect, I am subdividing my artwork into manageably sized pieces. This approach lends itself to creating work while traveling; when traveling I fastidiously keep a visual journal of the weather, images, impressions and experiences in sequential format and secondly a general sketch/ideas book. These become the heart and inspiration for bigger works.

With the Virgin River Project, I collected material with the objective of doing both a two- and a three-dimensional work. I wasn't sure exactly how the final works would manifest themselves. I wrote a journal, in addition to collecting materials, in order to have to a true recollection of the time and space related to the materials, and so that I would be able to recall my more abstract thoughts and experiences in their context.

During visits to the river I tried, when practical, to keep to a similar time of day. Over time I found that all my senses were becoming increasingly heightened towards the natural sounds, smells and sights, both large and miniscule, of that place. This growing familiarity enabled me to observe changes and developments that a one-time casual observer might miss.

My small patch on the little River Virgin, next to the Zion National Park Visitors Center parking lot (hardly considered remote!), became more and more intimate, and gradually, day by day, yielded up its little secrets and treasures.

Continued and close observations showed me how nature could almost erase man-made sounds when one focused attention on the river. Water bubbling over and around rocks, birds singing in the trees, the small rustle of a lizard—all became louder and clearer and seemed to assume almost magical properties. It didn't require special skills to hear and see the magic, just a willingness to attune. The magic is, I suspect, often unobserved by adults tramping by and children running amid a constant chatter of excitement.

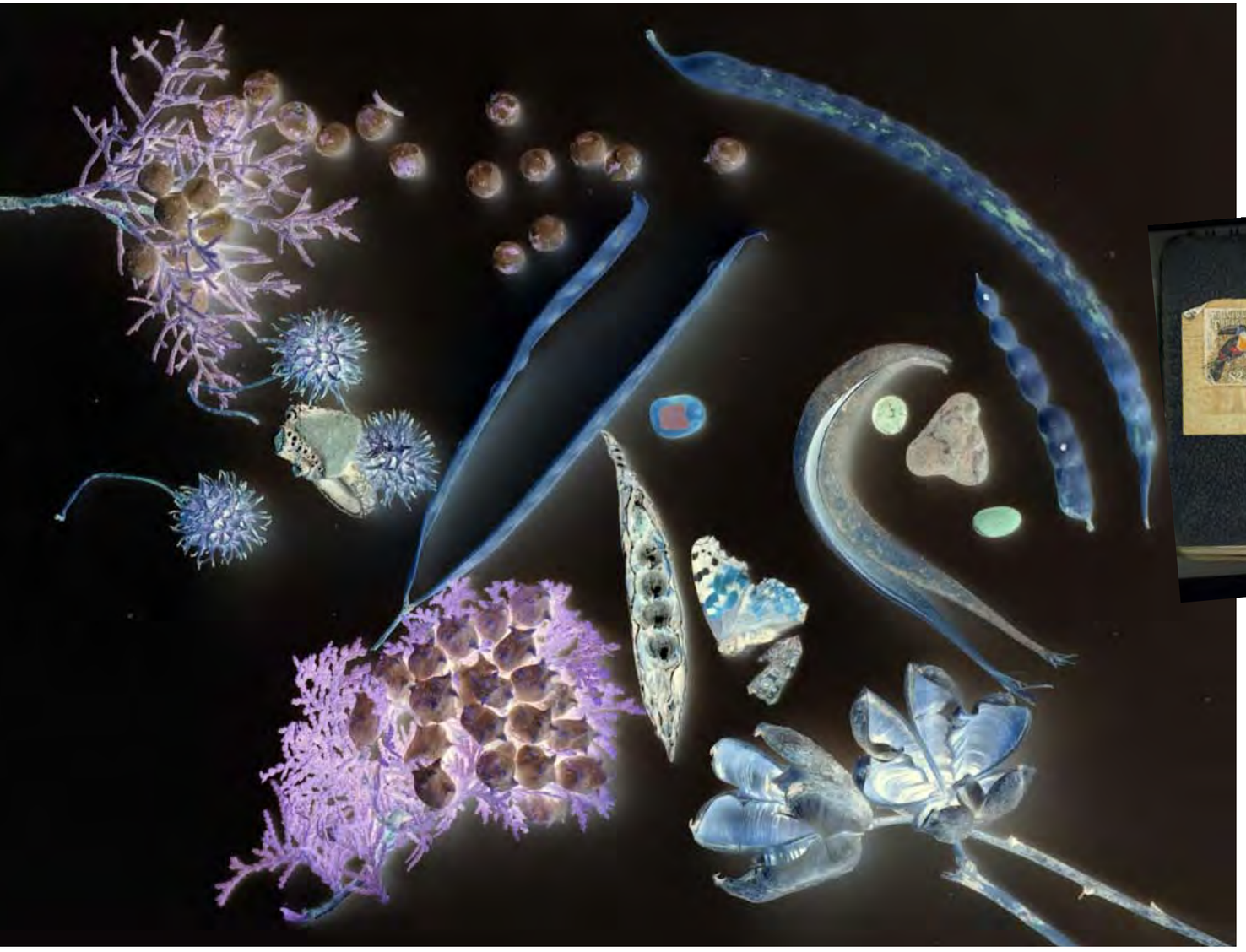
The journaling and material collection lasted five months, culminating towards the end of July when the Virgin River flash flooded. Flash floods are what create the canyon, as vast quantities of sediment, trees, plant debris and boulders are flushed out and away to a new location. At the height of the flood the small cottonwood tree that marked my "spot" was under the raging red water—just the top few inches could be seen. It was a privilege and a gift to experience a flash flood from so close a view. The natural energy and connection with something very primal was a life-changing experience for me as an artist. The noise, smell, paces and rage of the flood are such a contrast to the normal, everyday intimate and tranquil observations of the earlier work.

I mentally processed all these experiences and gathered the material and pondered my next steps. I knew that for the two-dimensional piece I wanted to sew pages together, but I was unsure of the layout (sewing was a past passion of my youth and I wanted to return to this skill). The act of sewing is very peaceful, methodical and relaxing, enabling you to reflect and ponder on the day, the moment, and what is "appearing." *Virgin River: A Journal of Zion* thus began its own journey downstream through the consciousness of my mind and the art of my hands.

The three-dimensional box art, *The Virgin River: A Continuum,* was conceived to be seen as a small treasure that when opened would reveal itself to the viewer. The small water samples and the book are enclosed in the box surrounded by and contained within, a map of Zion. The book is designed to rotate on a spine at a corner. Everything in life is turning in its own way, we all connected and the consequences of our actions and thoughts play out in life and nature. To remind the viewer, quarter circles are sewn into each page so that any four pages can make a full circle when the book is open. The smaller pieces complete the whole, and lead back to a beginning, as with all life.

Recently I have been working on larger drawings of the Virgin River, especially when the flow is in transition. I soak art paper in the river, hoping to collect into the fibers of the paper whatever silt or small debris is floating. Then, using watercolor paints and water oil pastels, I work images of and/or feelings about what I am seeing and experiencing into my soaked paper, incorporating what the river has given up to me; it becomes an abstraction of the flow. I will develop a larger work from these drawings. I plan to continue this diary mode of work with other rivers, other bodies of water, other natural environments.

The Virgin River projects have made me observe my immediate world in greater detail. Both big and small elements of nature influence my work—grains of sand disturbed by feathery touch of a lizard's foot, plant leaves blowing in the wind creating orderly concentric circles in the randomness of nature, or continued erosion and development by extremes of nature in beautiful Zion Canyon.

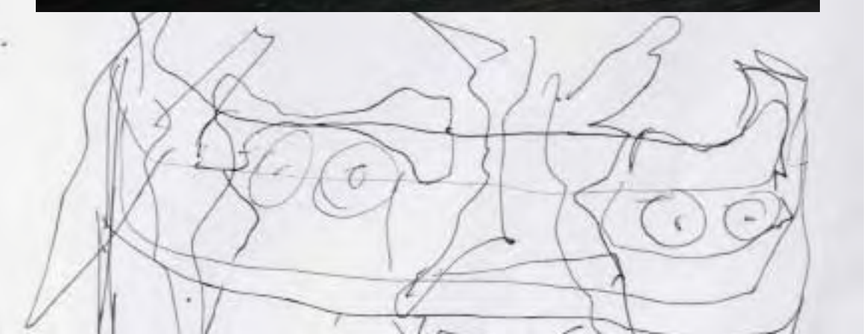


(Sojourns

winter.spring 09) **JOURNAL, MEMORY, LAND**

JOCELYN COOLEY

Fuse by Torching



LEFT, TOP AND BOTTOM: *LifeBox I* and *LifeBox II*.

ABOVE: A page from Jocelyn Cooley's journal with collected items. The pendant shown is *Empty Nest*.

FACING PAGE, LEFT AND RIGHT: *LifeBox I* and the *Let Life Have You Bowl*.

On January 1, 1974 I wrote my first journal entry, in an actual journal. With time my writing expanded from expression of inner drama to creations that talked back and led me to deeper understandings. But I needed something other than words to express my inner voice.

In college, though I mostly studied science (safety in numbers!), I ended up with a degree in modern dance. I expanded from dance to many other media, including beadwork, painting, fabric design, and graphic arts. Three years ago I discovered fine silver metal clay. I'm hooked. It suits me. Working with this clay is like sitting in a cozy oversized chair, snuggling with the person who "gets" you. Behind the scenes, my journal sits on my nightstand ready to take on dreams, musings, and drawings.

When I get an idea for a piece, I start by opening the journal and writing and drawing. It's time to go to the studio when I have a solid outcome in mind. If the piece is any good, it will start talking back. Good conversations always shift our perspective.

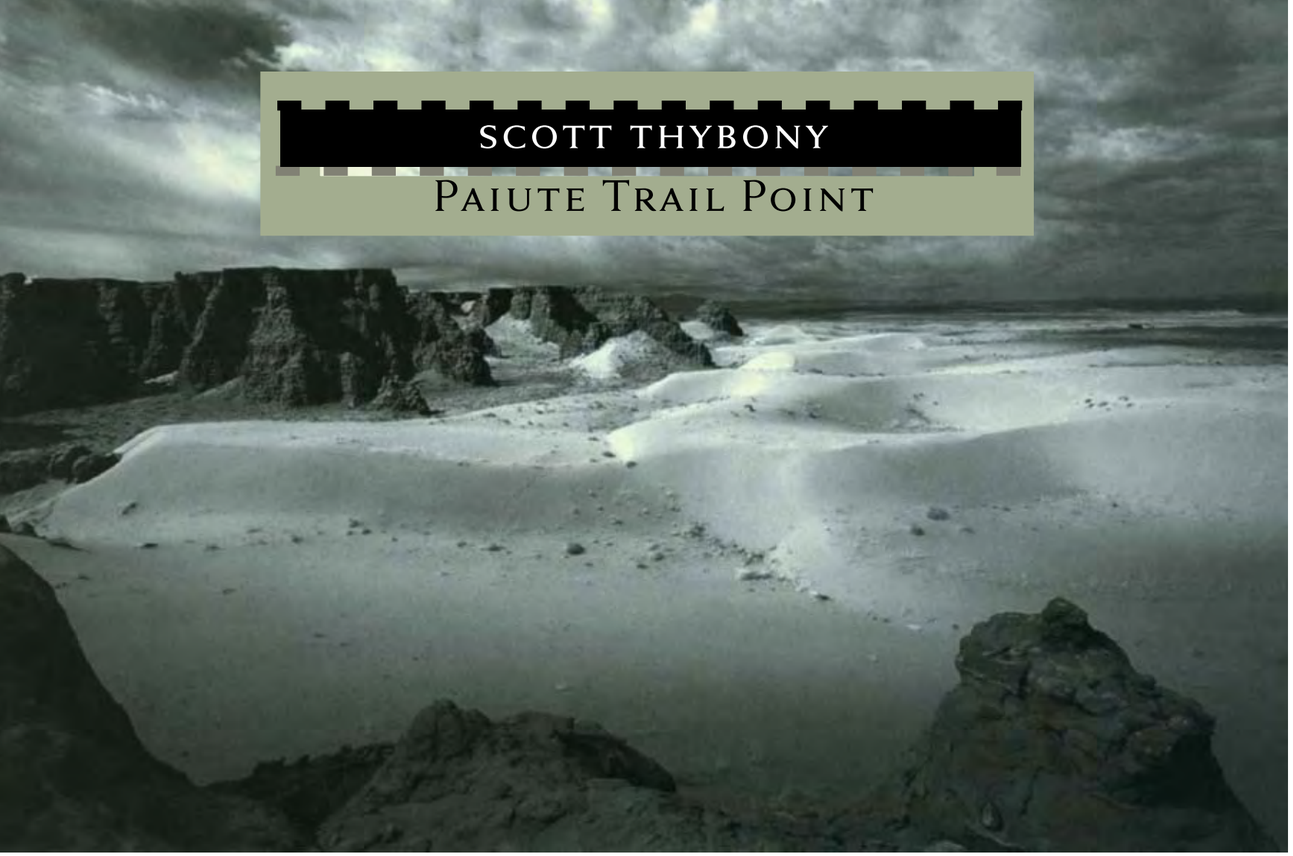
A couple of years ago I made a piece called *Low Tide*, with a marble and sea glass I had found on a troubled vacation during the process of a divorce. This piece didn't just talk; it screamed. It broke in half during firing. From the broken halves I formed the finished piece. It's one of my personal favorites. Whenever I think I have a bit of life "figured out," life lovingly taps me and reminds me there is no such thing.

I enjoy making pieces for individuals because their experiences and beliefs enter into the work. When each of my parents turned seventy, I made a box for them, inspired by their lives lived thus far. The boxes spoke sweetly to me, intensifying my understanding, respect, and love for both parents.

Recently I have been commissioned to rework family rosaries, with an eye to the beliefs of the current wearer. Working with these aged, prayed-upon beads is an offering of respect for old and new.

When walking in my high desert of home, I cannot resist picking up little bits of the land; pods, rocks, branches and other snippits. I take them into the studio and begin a piece based on that wee breath of life, and we have a discourse between nature, myself, and the piece as it forms. I love the dry, rocky, prickly, sage-scented land around me. Stand still. Watch that dusty blue juniper berry roll across the sandy ground in a dry breeze. There is more to see in a square foot of this seemingly sparse land than I can possibly take in.

The land around me provides a space hold. This is a dance term. You hold one part of your body in place and move around it. The land and sky holds the place to remember the bigger picture. Reminding us to simply honor glimpses, wisps, and moments of the "suchness" of life. Each piece I create is just a little touch of something. At its very best a journal entry or a piece of silver might point toward that which is ungraspable, beautiful, chaotic, and fine.



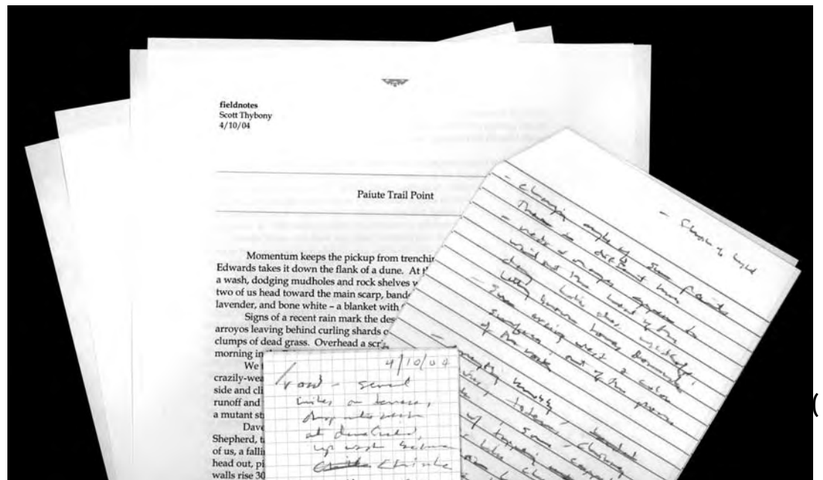
Momentum keeps the pickup from trenching into the sand as Dave Edwards takes it down the flank of a dune. At the bottom he turns up the bed of a wash, dodging mudholes and rock shelves where resistant layers outcrop. The two of us head toward the main scarp, banded like a Navajo blanket in reds, lavender, and bone white—a blanket with the edges unraveling in a wild tangle.

Signs of a recent rain mark the desert. Floodwater has coursed down the arroyos leaving behind curling shards of mud, and green blades push through clumps of dead grass. Overhead a scrim of clouds softens the light on this spring morning in the Painted Desert.

We turn toward Paiute Trail Point where the wash tightens at the base of a crazily-weathered monolith, tapering upward 60-feet. Sand dunes sweep up one side and cliffs bookend the other at the mouth of a short canyon. Incised by runoff and wind-scoured, the rock walls have the knobby texture of Indian corn, a mutant strain.

Dave parks the truck and pulls out camera gear. Mali, his German Shepherd, takes off with her nose to the ground, reading spoor at a trot. Ahead of us, a falling dune has buried the cliff face, and a trail angles up it to the rim. I head out, picking up the trail where it cuts across a bend of the wash. . . . This is the old Supai Trail, I can feel it in my bones.

[Excerpted from *The Painted Desert: Land of Wind and Stone,* University of Arizona Press, 2006; Photo: DUNESCAPE, PAIUTE TRAIL POINT, BY DAVID EDWARDS.]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Paiute Trail Point

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Arts and the Parks

How capturing the power of wildlands on canvas inspired their preservation.

In 1917 the fledgling national park service hosted a monumental art exhibition at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. The display of forty-five paintings, featuring twenty-seven different artists and assembled by the agency's first director Stephen Mather, was touted as a testament to the inextricable connection between art and the human impulse to preserve nature.

It also documented a victory in the battle that had raged since the mid-nineteenth century between the forces that favored utilitarian conservation of natural resources (such as controlled mining, lumbering, and hunting) and those who championed the ideal of preserving natural scenery for its own sake. The latter view was referred to as aesthetic conservation and, according to one historian, the founding of the National Park Service "marked the coming of age of aesthetic conservation in the United States." (Swain 1996)

Celebration of Grand Canyon Art

September 14–19, 2009

By initiating an annual Celebration of Grand Canyon Art, the Grand Canyon Association has created the means to realize a longstanding dream of developing a permanent fine art museum at the park's South Rim. The inaugural event is scheduled for September 14–19, 2009, and features a Modern Masters invitational exhibition at historic Kolb Studio, plus a four-day plein vinting, volunteers from the Arizona Plein Air Painters will conduct public demonstrations of their painting skills at popular scenic overlooks. The event will culminate with a public Quick Draw demonstration near El Tovar Hotel, and an auction of these newly created paintings at Kolb Studio. Proceeds from sales will be dedicated to rehabilitating an existing historic building on the South Rim to serve as an art museum, to preserve and showcase the growing collection of historic and contemporary paintings owned by the park and the association. For more information visit www.grandcanyon.org.

KANIN ROUTSON

Reading the Apple Leaves

Above the confluence of Oak Creek's west fork sprawls an old orchard of red and white Astrachan, Yellow Bellflower, and Paragon apple trees—varieties commonplace in the United States before the industrialization of agriculture a century ago. Now twisted with age, the trees have stood quietly on their creekside terrace for over a hundred years, persisting through a mass extinction of our nation's apple diversity.

Lingering, living, historical trees are a glimpse into the lives of the region's early settlers. Ancient and gnarled, they still stand near the crumbling foundations of abandoned homesteads and ranch houses across the Colorado Plateau. In their youth, the trees supplied fresh fruit to people with no modern amenities and few imported resources. Stories are recorded in the genes of the old trees, stories of homestead life on the Colorado Plateau, stories that die as the trees succumb to drought and old age.

Malus Domestica, the fruit we know as the apple, traveled to North America as seeds in the pockets of European immigrants, and quickly became an integral part of American life. Without modern cold storage and transportation systems that allow for apples grown in New Zealand, Washington, and Chile to be kept fresh throughout the year and shipped to markets worldwide, subsistence farmers relied upon the genetic diversity of the apple to fulfill their needs.

Apple varieties in old orchards across the Southwest speak of the resourcefulness, ingenuity, and creativity of the homesteaders themselves. How did they hear of such strange varieties, with names such as Wolf River, Early Harvest, Rhode Island Greening, and Liveland Raspberry? And when they read the names in catalogues or heard of them through tales traveling west with other settlers, how did they select the varieties they wanted, and how did the trees reach these remote corners of canyon and river valley and juniper covered mesas? Each tree that made its way to a future orchard packed in a saddlebag, ox cart, or wagon, had the ruts of the trails, the rhythm of the horse's gait, and the desires of the homesteader imprinted into the supple cambium. The apple varieties of each particular orchard provide insight into the people; the quantities of each sugary gold, soft red, or crisp green apple, the numbers of trees planted for pies or for cider, the bite and sugary crispness of the apples, the colors and scents and flavors and hundred uses; these are the mysteries and the clues of the many forgotten farmers of apple diversity.

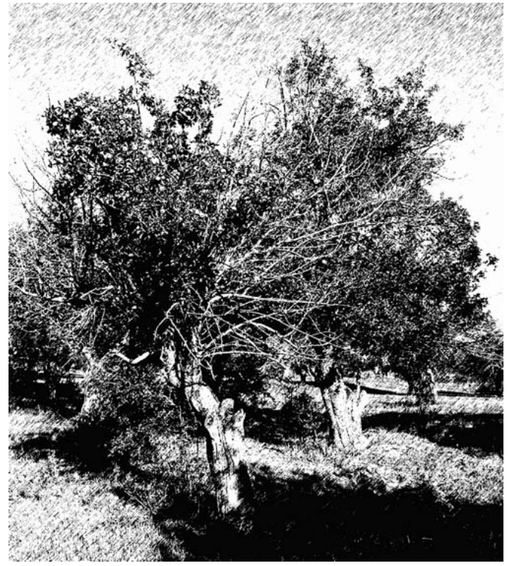
Most homestead orchards had a wide array of apple varieties. Early summer apples were primarily fresh eating apples, providing homesteaders with crisp, early fruit, but they softened quickly and were soon replaced by the early fall apples. Homesteaders planted fall-ripening varieties for a wide range of uses, including pies, tarts, cakes, sauces, butters, dried apples,

Big Bug -- Merrit Spring -- Schoolhouse -- Paragon -- Davis -- Bishop's Lodge

making juice and cider, and for fresh eating or "fancy dessert" treats. Fall apples were the most abundant in the orchards and came in a variety of shapes, sizes, colors, and textures. Bitter-sharp and bitter-sweet apples were planted for cider making, tart apples were prized in the kitchen for pies, sauces, and spreads, and the crisp sugary apples were saved for fresh eating.

By late October the winter apples would be ready to pick. The dense-fleshed winter apples softened and become edible long after the harvests were over and stayed fresh well into the spring. Homesteaders planted these varieties to have fresh eating apples through out the long months of winter—the apples were not the varieties typically used for pies or cider, but ones that would last for several months in root cellars and other cold storages.

Homesteaders also selected varieties of pollinator apples, planted not for their eating qualities, but because they efficiently provide a pollen source to fertilize the blossoms of other apples trees.



Apple trees can self pollinate, but do so inefficiently and produce higher quantities and qualities if provided access to varieties cultivated specifically to produce pollen. These pollinator varieties flower in mid-spring, overlapping with the flowering times of both the early summer and winter apples.

All apple varieties have multiple uses: fresh eating apples can also be made into pies or added to cider blends. Summer apples could be cooked and winter apples made into apple butters, and fall apples could be stored for eating throughout the year. Some varieties, however, had characteristics that made them more conducive to certain uses. For instance, to make hard cider, an apple should have the proper ratio of acids and sugars to give well-balanced body and flavor. Each cider maker had his or her favorite blends and flavor preferences. Apple pies were best made of tart, firm varieties that held together during baking. Summer and fall varieties would be soft if

KANIN ROUTSON grew up on a small farm outside Prescott, Arizona, in the foothills of the Santa Maria Mountains, where he was home schooled along with his brother and sister. He graduated from Prescott College in 2004 with a BA in Environmental Studies, and from Northern Arizona University in 2007 with a Masters in Environmental Science and Policy. He is currently a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Arizona in Arid Land Resource Sciences. For his Masters thesis (Genetic Diversity of Historic Apple Trees on the Colorado Plateau and Implications for Its Preservation, Northern Arizona University, 2007), Kanin traveled to orchards throughout the Southwest determining tree diversity via the analysis of microsatellite markers, short repeating regions in DNA that are highly variable and allow for differentiating between individuals. The research involved extracting DNA from leaf samples of 280 historic apple trees collected from forty-three different orchards. The DNA of these unknown trees was compared to that of 100 heirloom varieties introduced in the late 19th century by USDA agriculture experiment stations and Stark Brothers Nursery. Genetic analysis was done with the technical guidance of Gayle Volk, Adam Henk, and Ann Reilley of the USDA-ARS-NCGRP lab in Fort Collins, Colorado.

Sounding the Land

The writer of a journal distills experience on paper.
A singer inscribes it on air.

Those of us who have European roots can easily forget that we descended from tribes, migratory people, people of the earth who wore the skins of animals killed by their own hands. We can easily forget that we once worshipped the earth and the heavens, that our long-ago ancestors found spiritual mystery in fire, authority in thunder, and a strange otherworldly presence in an echo.

The migration of my hunting and gathering ancestors led them eventually to settle into villages and townships within kingdoms and empires. I am the result of those movements and alliances and now have migrated from my beginnings near Seattle down to California and then over to Arizona.

My home sits within full view of solid stone cliffs defining the southern edge of the 130,000-square-mile land mass known as the Colorado Plateau. My front porch looks onto Sedona red rock rising 1,700 feet above the house foundation, up to a mountain capped by remnants of limestone and massive cliffs of Coconino Sandstone.

Old-timers call the dome-shaped formation Grayback, alluding to the appearance of its secret north-facing cliffs. The United States Geologic Survey calls it Capitol Butte, bowing to a powerful political landmark. And newcomers call it Thunder Mountain, a name I avoided until I heard the loudest force of nature repeatedly echo among its crags. After that storm I couldn't help but call it Thunder Mountain.

There is nearness to mystery atop a mountain's crown, and I have felt it repeatedly at the summit of Thunder Mountain. A little notebook is stored there in a glass jar, inviting climbers to record the inward experience of this private place. I usually take the time to read and then sign the mountain guestbook, enjoying the connections expressed by others:

"The peace of the heights. Bird song. A breeze on my face. God is surely near."

"Sitting on the summit is so empowering and freeing to a cramped spirit."

"What a wonderful place and breathtaking view. I can't wait to bring my brother to this same spot."

"Watched the ravens do their magic dance. Everyone's a poet up here. How could you not be? "

Yes, how could you not be?

ON ONE HIKE UP THUNDER MOUNTAIN I invited along William Eaton. William, a Nebraska-born master stringed instrument designer and builder, is also a musician who has explored his spiritual connection to the desert Southwest. Integrating the sounds of his unique guitars with gourd rattles and water drums, silver flute and electronic violin, his world music ensemble weaves together new music with ancient expressions.