

Ghost Fish

We live in a constructed environment now and should consider ourselves grateful to have an opportunity to participate in the journey of building the future for the next generations. It is important to have fun, see the beauty the surrounds us and remember the consequences of our previous decisions. These *ghost salmon* represent those consequences and our opportunity to take care of what is with us now.

Patrick Field

Temperance

The oil painting, *Temperance*, represents the beginning of a new series of work, which has emerged from my MFA research project. In *What Painting Is*, art historian, James Elkins writes *painting is alchemy*. Alchemy is the art of transmutation or transformation. Similarly, the quest to transform the material substance of paint, using the flame of an artist's passion combined with their intellect, can be equated to alchemy. Fire and water, two elements that oppose each other, can be considered when brought together, to create wholeness - balanced polarity - an alchemical, royal marriage.

Destanne Norris

Glacier Creek -Now!

As an artist, I use photography as a medium to express perspective, to explore my relationship with nature. The exploration and investigation of the natural environment has been at the foundation of my career as a professional forester since the late 1980's. The details of nature's cycles, rhythms, patterns and textures have been my main focus. By documenting these intricacies, I seek to reveal how nature's larger splendor is echoed in its tiny details. The perception of our landscape and our relationship with it is at the heart of my art practice and of my professional forestry career. Questions regarding how we shape our landscape, how we consume our environment and how the landscape shapes us remain ever present.

Water is a natural subject to photograph, observe and examine.

Between earth and earth's atmosphere, the amount of water remains constant; there is never a drop more, never a drop less. This is a story of circular infinity, of a planet birthing itself.

Linda Hogan

Hearing about the proposed Independent Power Project (IPP) for Glacier and Howser Creeks compelled me to explore convergence of my interest regarding Glacier creek, water and photography. Glacier creek drainage is one of my favorites in the region - it is spectacular, inspiring, and has offered me over the years numerous and memorable hiking opportunities in which to photograph and connect with Nature.

This photographic installation documents cross sections of and current water flow along Glacier creek. The IPP project on Glacier creek proposes to divert up to 80% of the mean annual flow of water. This means from the point of the project's planned diversion, most of the water would never return to Glacier Creek. The IPP project plans to use a 7km tunnel through the mountains to transport this water to a power station which would generate an estimated annual production of 138 to 178 GWh (13,800 to 17,800 Canadian homes).

Images captured of Glacier Creek were photographed from half a dozen different points along the creek water's journey, from the upper reaches of the drainage down to the mouth of Glacier Creek,

where it converges with Duncan Reservoir. The cascading images echo the topographical profile that Glacier Creek follows. The images also outline the creek flow above and below the proposed diversion point for the Glacier Creek IPP project. The location of the proposed diversion point is embodied by a stack of numerous reports and letters upon which the future of Glacier creek resides.

In this environment of plenty, I believe that we take water for granted. This photographic installation reflects on our social, ecological and economical relationship with water and right to water resources.

It seems, it is not until deprivation, that as humans, we realize importance of that which is lost.

If there is magic on this planet, it is contained in water. - Loran Eisely

Julie Castonguay

Celeritas and Gravititas

I grew up in Richland, Washington, next to the Hanford Nuclear Site, where my father worked for nearly thirty years. A plutonium production site during the cold war years occupying a vast desert expanse of over 560 square miles, Hanford produced plutonium for the first bomb test at Trinity, and for the Fat Man bomb that was dropped on Nagasaki. Nine reactors hugging the banks of the Columbia River were built there and eventually decommissioned. Today, considered by many to be one of the most toxic waste sites on earth, Hanford serves as a test ground for environmental remediation, with over 10,000 workers charged with the task of cleanup.

My father, a metallurgical engineer and mid-level manager at Hanford, could only discuss his work in the vaguest of terms at home. Each day, he drove the five plus miles out of town; past the guard station that housed the uzi sub-machine gun-bearing Hanford Patrol, to his work site. One of his many offices during his tenure at Hanford sat below a water tower at the 300 Area. Bold print on the side of the

water tower cautioned workers in its proximity that *Silence Means Security*. Later, he worked on the experimental FFTF Breeder Reactor program. What began for me as a child with a simple desire to visualize where my father worked (caught in glimpses in leaden silhouettes along the northern desert horizon if I climbed high enough in the backyard sycamore tree) evolved as an artist and an adult into a full-blown curiosity with Hanford and its myriad histories, half-lives, and reverberations.

My drawings and paintings are an attempt to understand the locus of what I still call *home*: a place not bound by mere physical geography but a terrain that spans beyond the first critical atomic pile in Chicago; beyond the ancient cataclysmic floods that ripped with hurricane force winds across the region's basalt plateaus, and beyond the dining room table where the question, *What did you do at work today, Dad?* Could never really be answered. The terrain unfolds infinitely, with a dissonant cacophony of laborers circling through their days of construction and cleanup; with subatomic particles shooting through strata of desert soil, sagebrush, tumbleweeds and water; with the slap and drone of speed boats and jet skiers racing up the Columbia River, its dark turbid waters churning beyond the decommissioned reactors in a series of slow moving lakes to the ocean.

Karen Rice

Water, Bath and Ritual BATHING in ECSTASY

Bathing as ritual has been around as long as water itself. The cleansing power of water both physically and spiritually is nothing new. In Egypt, Cleopatra was known to love a good bathing ritual, in ancient Rome bathing was elevated to heights equal only to Mount Vesuvius, but let's not forget Turkey, Israel and Japan. It didn't matter where you lived, how much money you had, what religion you followed, whether you soaked in a river, a lake or in some sort of tub, baths happened.

Personally, I've always taken showers. In my family when you were old enough to get out of the tub and into the shower it was a right of passage, a coming of age.

I didn't discover the wonders of bathing until I met up with Mary, my life partner. Mary only took baths. She took them every day. She took long...hot... baths. The baths were so long I had no other option but to join her in the soak. At the time it was just a way to spend more time with her, but it soon became an event I looked forward to. *Taking a tub* as we called our bathing ritual was a divine way to spend time. It was calming, erotic, therapeutic, and even gloriously mundane.

Now I am a bathing convert, I love the warm waters to enfold me, cleanse me and nourish me. I became curious about people's bathing rituals, which brings me to bathing in the Kootenays. Exactly what role does bathing play in the lives of people in this area? What are people's bathing rituals? Do they feel guilty about using all that water to enjoy a few moments of bliss? In making this video I was surprised to learn the rituals of today are not much different from ancient times.

So, *draw back* the bath curtain and enjoy; ***BATHING in ECSTASY- Water, Bath and Ritual.***

Nancy Rosenblum

Coyote and the Creation of the Columbia River

Over time, I have heard the story of the Columbia River and how it was formed through multiple tribal renditions. The particular version I tell has roots in an ancient form but is a hybrid of my making. I explain this as part of my responsibility to the ancient profession of storytelling. Quoting chief standing bear from morning doves' book coyote stories: the stories 'never grow old...they are of the mountains, rivers and forests...they belong....

I have asked Eileen Delehanty Pearkes to offer cultural background on my people's relationship with water.

Marilyn James

Imagine this place without planes overhead, cars on the road, trains on the tracks, or the hum of hydroelectric transmission lines. What did the landscape sound like before European contact? Wind tossed the trees. Rain speckled the leaves. An osprey or an eagle screeched suddenly as it whirled through the air. Thunder boomed briefly against the valleys in a summer storm. But the most noticeable noise of all in the long-ago landscape? The sound of water. Water moved. It roared, rushed, and

swelled -- into creeks, rivers and lakes. It rose and fell, froze and thawed, lived and breathed. It hosted fish, and gave passage to sturgeon-nosed canoes. The Sinixt woke each morning to the sound of water rippling past their streamside villages.

They dipped tightly woven baskets into streams for drinking, and bathed in the cool current after a visit to Sweat Lodge.

The Sinixt believe that any person who has lived in accordance with tribal custom will “merge with the entire body of nature like a bubble melting or bursting into a stream.” * They understand what can be forgotten so easily: that water cleans and nourishes the human soul, as well as the landscape.

For the Sinixt, water is the essence of life, and the place to which all life returns.

--Eileen Delehanty Pearkes, author, *The Geography of Memory*

*Quoted from elder Nancy Wynecoop, granddaughter of Able-One, as recorded by Richard Elmendorf, B.C. Archives, accession no. 93-4888.

Coyote and the Creation of the Columbia River

As a Sinixt indigenous person from this region, whose peoples were declared extinct by the federal Government of Canada in 1956, it is glaringly apparent that there is a huge gap of knowledge, acknowledgement and connection to original inhabitants to this land. As an indigenous person I grew up steeped in stories of the landscapes that I lived in and travelled over. Those stories were linked largely to the original inhabitants of the land. These stories gave the landscape the seemed endless and boring on long car journeys alternative forms, characters, beginnings, endings and beings. There were often both auspicious and austere characters, all tied into one, weaving complexities of reality around profound nonsense and usually given with a high and often subtle moral message.

As an activist, educator, creative person, mother and grandmother I know and understand the power of story. It is powerful tool of perspective and can create a new lens for the eye to see, the mind to create, the heart to rejoice and emotions to tear. I wish to offer, with all humbleness, my people's creation/coyote story of *how the Upper Columbia River Drainage came to be*. The headwaters, a most important beginning and place, of truly magnificent water being. There are many stories of the water ways and water beings that are part of our every day landscape in this region but all feed the great Columbia River and so this homage must be paid through the telling of its story.

Lim limpt (thank you)
Marilyn James

Water Form and Construction

I have lived and hiked in the West Kootenays of British Columbia for 30 years and watched its water transform with the changing seasons from snow and ice to glacial rivulets, to form into small streams, then creeks which flow into lakes and rivers.

Cadden Creek provides water to my home by gravity, bringing seasonal debris of silt, leaves and conifer needles. This creek joins Bonanza Creek to flow into the head of Slocan Lake. As it moves, its sounds change from the rushing swell of spring to the trickle of fall and finally the ice covered quiet of winter.

In these paintings I am trying to visually capture the feel, smell and sounds of the water's transformation by recording its form, construction, reflections and patterns.

A combination of contemporary logging practices, with a regulatory failure to protect regional forests and watersheds and now the new threat of the privatization of our creeks, streams and rivers for private hydro electric power generation, has lead to an ongoing degradation of the environment, a threatened sterility of water bodies and an altered ecosystem. The fragile watershed within which I live, is undergoing rapid change. This body of work begins my on going documentation of these changes.

Boukje Elzinga

Credits for: **BATHING IN ECSTASY - *Water, Bath, Ritual***

Many thanks to the splendid bathers:

Janette Mulloy

Judy Mulloy

John Buffery

Cynthia Olivas

Jan Formby

Mary Whitlock

Achille LaLonde

Francoise Collinge

K. Linda Kivi

Thanks to:

The Archives of the Nelson Touchstones Gallery

Shawn Lamb

Mo Lordes for her wonderful tub and all her heavy lifting

Deb Thompson for getting my bathing vision first go-round and having exorbitant amounts of never-ending enthusiasm and ideas

Rod Taylor for figuring it all out constantly smiling

Nicola Harwood for helping me focus on what was essential

And Mary Whitlock for her bathing expertise, sense of humor, song and love.

Tanya Pixie Johnson