

Preface

STEPHENIE AMBROSE TUBBS

9

Acknowledgments

II

Introduction

ANNICK SMITH AND SUSAN O'CONNOR

12

Notes on the Photographs

IAN GLENNIE

14

CONTENTS

PART ONE

HOME ON THE RANGE

MARY CLEARMAN BLEW

Becoming

19

JUDY BLUNT

Evolution

25

JAMES WELCH

Excerpt from *The Death of Jim Loney*

29

JAMES GALVIN

No Bastion

35

THOMAS MCGUANE

A Foal

36

M. L. SMOKER

Grandfather Poem • Letter to Richard Hugo (I) • Birthright • Crosscurrent

38

JIM HARRISON

To a Meadowlark

42

PORTFOLIO ONE

LEE FRIEDLANDER

43

PART TWO
HUNTING AND GATHERING

BARRY LOPEZ

The Bear in the Road

57

RICK BASS

Bird Hunter

65

DAVID JAMES DUNCAN

Four Excerpts from the Novella

“What the Prairie Has To Say about Fly Fishing”

73

WILLIAM KITTREDGE

Excerpt from *The Willow Field*

Far Point

86

GRETEL EHRLICH

A Summer Journal

92

PORTFOLIO TWO

LOIS CONNER

94

PART THREE

TRAVELS ACROSS THE PLAINS

JIM HARRISON

Don't Fence Me In

III

ANNICK SMITH

Excerpt from “Crossing the Plains with Bruno”

117

RICHARD FORD

Empire

123

PORTFOLIO THREE

GEOFFREY JAMES

146

PART FOUR

NATURAL HISTORY

DAN FLORES

An Entire Heaven and an Entire Earth

161

PETER MATTHIESSEN

Excerpt from “Plains, Prairies, and the Shining Mountains”

167

RICHARD MANNING

Instructions from a Misanthrope's Paradise

181

RICHARD HUGO

Driving Montana • Distances • High Grass Prairie • Bear Paw

192

Source Acknowledgments

196

Contributors

197

B E C O M I N G

MARY CLEARMAN BLEW

[I]t was the fear that in order to be what he might become he would have to cease to be what he had been, he would have to turn away from that place to which his flesh and his thoughts and his devotions belonged.

WENDELL BERRY, *The Memory of Old Jack*

In the spring of 1944 my mother and father borrowed more money than they had ever seen and purchased the old home ranch on Spring Creek, in central Montana, that had been my great-grandfather's 1882 homestead. My father would be thirty-one in a few weeks, my mother had just turned thirty. I was four years old, my sister a toddler of eighteen months. We had been living on an alkali ranch in the sagebrush, down on the Judith River, and the move meant hay meadows and fresh water and good grazing for the cattle on the slopes of the mountains that overlooked the creek drainage, together with all the family associations with place, which even in 1944 were becoming emblematic. My great-grandfather had been one of the earliest homesteaders in central Montana, and it seemed that every shale hill and coulee, bend of the creek or grove of cottonwood trees, had its name and its position in the landscape of the family narrative.

Nearly sixty years later, I look back on that time and think how heartbreakingly young my mother and father were in 1944, with their two small daughters and their debt and their plans to deepen their roots on land where gnarled posts had been set and barbed wire strung on line fences by my great-grandfather and his sons, and where peonies and hollyhocks planted by my great-grandmother still bloomed every summer around the steps of the log ranch house where my father had been born. My parents dreamed of building up their herd of grade Hereford cows and calves, of constructing a two-bedroom house with modern improvements like electricity and telephone service, of repairing the corrals and barns and fences and clearing the underbrush that would, as my father said, make the ranch a *place* again.

The life my parents dreamed on the Spring Creek ranch was sheltered from the rest of the world by mountain ranges and distances and the slow pace of news, which came by radio, provided that somebody had bought batteries for the radio and the batteries hadn't run down. Or else the news came by a two-or three-day-old newspaper, delivered by the rural mail carrier, which had reported the Allied bombing of Europe and the liberation of France and the American bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the discovery of concentration camps, so far away that the ranch families of central Montana could keep their innocence.

Those ranch families had suffered, as did other Americans during World War II, from shortages and rationing. It was hard to get gasoline, hard to get tires, hard to find fresh meat and fresh eggs in the stores. But in 1944 most of those ranchers were putting up their hay with teams of horses and mowing machines and buckrakes and beaver slides, and they were planting gardens, as they always had done, and raising their own chickens and butchering

their own meat. Most of them had never known the conveniences of electricity or refrigeration; they still pumped their water by hand and heated it on a coal stove. For bathing, a galvanized tub on the kitchen floor; for necessities, an outhouse. If they were lucky, they had a washing machine with a hand-turned agitator instead of a washboard and that same galvanized tub. Electricity? Not in the country, not until after the war. Telephones? My family hooked up to a party line in 1949. Television? Not until 1956.

Does it sound like a Wendell Berry dream? That self-contained little ranch, undefiled by technology, where everybody worked hard but everybody had enough to eat, where good grass grew in those hay meadows along the river, where cattle grazed all summer long on the slopes of the South Moccasin Mountains. Where entertainment, except for the huzzah and razzle-dazzle of county fair time, was conversation by lamplight around the supper table?

My father wanted no other life. Couldn't imagine anybody in his right mind wanting another life, couldn't understand why some of his uncles had followed the war work to California and settled there, slaving for wages and calling another man boss. At least when a man was his own boss, he could take off a day when he wanted to (not that my father ever did, not with hay to stack between rains and cows to milk and fences to be fixed, no rest all summer long, then no rest in the early Montana winters with teams to be harnessed to sleds and hay hauled to the cattle and horses, then in late winter and early spring the riding to look after the cattle calving on those same open slopes of the South Moccasin Mountains).

I have only the most fleeting memories of that first year on the Spring Creek ranch, but recently I discovered the diary that my mother's older sister, who had been teaching in southwest Washington and come home for a visit, kept during the summer of 1944.

Doris & Jack [my parents] on a ranch deal, my aunt noted on May 13, 1944, and then, on July 10, after her school let out and she returned to Montana for her summer visit, I rode herd on the kids. They were hoping I'd come. First time this summer I've been up river.

It was the first time, in other words, that she had seen the Spring Creek ranch since my parents had purchased it. For my mother and father, that summer must have been frantically busy, between keeping up with the work on the alkali ranch and still getting the haying done on their new meadows. The rain my aunt reported in her diary had delayed the haying—they were still stacking the last of it in August—so she pitched in, helping wherever she could. From her diary entries, it is clear that she and my mother were working almost every day in the hayfields along with the usual cooking and cleaning and clothes-washing and the care of two little girls. My mother must have been grateful for her sister's assistance. *How tired Doris looked tonight*, my aunt noted several times over the summer.

July 13: We put in half a day putting up hay.

July 14: Jack went for a [hay] stacker. Took all day. Doris & I explored & picked berries & rhubarb.

July 15: They worked all morning on the stacker. We got in a good whack at the hay in the afternoon.

July 17: We finished stacking the field & moved the stacker after dinner. What a trip. Willow brush 10 feet high. Crossed Spring Creek & Little Judith River, [which flowed through the ranch and into the Big Judith River.]

The hay stacker was a teetering construction of poles and hand-sawed lumber, probably just taller than the willows, with a set of teeth that worked on a set of pulleys to carry a load of hay up the incline of the stacker and flip it on top of the growing haystack. Moving the stacker, all those ropes and poles and teeth and high, creaking lumber behind a straining team of workhorses, across a creek knee-deep on the horses and across a deeper, swifter river, through willows and chokecherries that caught at the frame of the stacker and threatened to tip it over, was a tense operation of hours while the hay in the next meadow waited and ripened and over-ripened. Everyone's tempers would have been short. The horses probably got the worst of it.

July 22: Sat[urday]. The rope [on the hay-stacker] snapped some tools into the air. Cut Jack's chin. Doris & I took him to the Dr. Had stitches.

I can just remember that day. One of those ranch thunderbolts with no warning. One minute all going well, the next minute the sudden snap of rope, the flash of metal, and my father's bleeding face. My mother and aunt probably packed the gash as best they could, loaded him into the old pickup, left the little girls with my grandmother, and headed for town as fast as they dared on wartime tires, with my father fuming because he wasn't driving, because he wasn't getting his haying done, probably swearing he was okay, no need for such a fuss, no need for stitches and a doctor's bill.

He had been lucky, of course. Lucky not to have been blinded. Or killed. And then what would have become of his wife and his mother and his little girls.

July 23: Sun[day]. Doris went for Jack. We [probably my aunt and my grandmother] hayed in the P.M. Got a nice stack started but cleared such a small patch of ground.

July 25: Doris hayed today. She wanted Jack to lay off & get Ma to come & care for the kids but Jack wouldn't lay off.

Of course not. He wouldn't lay off, he still had hay down, and already it was late July.

July 28: Jack's chin is healing fine. Tomorrow he hopes to get the bandage off. So glad it was no worse. It could have been really bad.

Nearly a week after the accident, my aunt risks thinking about what might have been. Risks putting it in a few cautious words. So glad, so glad it was no worse.

August 6: Sunday. Took another swing at the hay. Have about one day's work left I hope.

August 7: I'm taking care of the kids today while the rest go to town. Have only 3 weeks left [before her school starts again] & are they full. I don't feel like I've had any vacation.

August 12: We went to finish haying.

After the haying, my aunt went back to southwest Washington to teach school, but my mother continued her cycle of work, cooking three meals a day on a wood stove and washing every sheet and shirt and pair of blue jeans with water she had hand-pumped and heated on that stove (washing them on a washboard until electricity came to the ranch after the war and she got a Maytag with an agitator and a wringer), and sprinkling and ironing all those clothes with irons heated on the wood stove, and feeding and watering her chickens and gathering and candling the eggs to be sold in town, and helping with the milking and separating the cream and making butter out of what wasn't sold in town, and weeding and watering her

vegetable garden (more water to be hand-pumped and carried), and all this in addition to working in the hayfields or the harvest fields. No wonder she was too tired to play with her little girls, or read to them, or do more than snap at them to behave themselves. Like her, my sister and I looked forward to my aunt's summer visits.

I learned to read in a single moment, like a spontaneous mutation. After all these years I remember the sudden illumination, the thrill. Nothing like it has ever happened to me since.

My grandmother had begun teaching me to read the summer I was three. Something to occupy the bored child, probably. I learned how to sound out the individual words from the combinations of their letters, but the process seemed pointless and lame, nothing like the luxurious out-of-body state of being read aloud to. Still, there I was, one afternoon, five or six years old and bored out of my mind, with nobody to play with but a toddler sister who needed a nap. I had a book, but nobody had time to read it to me.

No, I can't read to you now. Maybe after milking. Maybe after supper. After the dishes are done. Not now. Go play.

I wandered off across the yard with my book under my arm, the only person for miles with nothing to do. The sun was shining (summer, more work for everyone on a ranch). I was barefoot, scabby-kneed, and grumpy. The yard was trampled-down dry shortgrass, defined by a dirt road and a grove of chokecherries. The book was a fourth-grade geography textbook, with a yellow cover, probably lifted from some school or other where my aunt had been teaching. Its title was *Our Little Neighbors around the World at Work and Play*, which I know because I still possess it.

Well, what the. Give it a blankety-blank try.

What happened was a flash of unblinding.

In that new and unexpected light, I realized that I did not need to hear the sound of every separate letter, I did not need to mouth every word; in fact I did not need to pause on a word I did not understand. No, by golly, I could *flow*, absorbing whole lines, paragraphs, and pages as the lines and paragraphs and pages absorbed me. I think I realized something profound had happened, but I didn't stop to ponder, because I was *reading*.

On and on I read, about children in China and Mexico and the Philippines, while the hard Montana sunlight blazed down on the pages and made the letters dance. On and on and on. Glasses for my nearsightedness would be the next expense my parents somehow would have to scrape together the money to meet.

That evening, when my grandmother said that she had time now to read my book to me, I said, "Never mind, I already read it."

A silence of adults, eyes meeting over my head.

There was the question of school. Eight grades at the one-room Spring Creek School, and then what?

Within eight years, my parents had sold the Spring Creek ranch of their dreams and bought another, more marginal ranch of second-growth pines and hawthorn brush and sandstone in the foothills of Montana's Snowy Mountains. No family stories there, no imprints of the past, but short cool growing seasons, too short for gardens or more than one cutting

of hay, and fierce, snowbound winters that stressed and starved the livestock. The one good thing about the foothills ranch: it was on a school bus route, so my sister and I could go to high school in town without having to board away from home.

I read and dreamed my way through high school, doing assignments if they interested me, forgetting them if they didn't. In those days of obligatory home economics courses and low expectations for girls, nobody paid attention to me. I was a ranch girl, and an impoverished one at that, ill-dressed and awkward, one of many such girls who often dropped out of high school, if they made it to high school in the first place, to marry ranch boys and take up their burden of ranch work, as their teachers predicted they would.

I had no inkling, of course, of the great social and economic changes, the uncertainties, the decline of the family farm or ranch and the advent of agribusiness that lay just ahead of us in the second half of the twentieth century. I supposed the world would turn as it always had. Reading on the sly during the art classes and typing classes I had been shunted into, I bundled into boots and blue jeans under my skirts for the cold ride home on a school bus, changed out of my school clothes into chore clothes to help with the milking, to help clean the cowbarn, whatever. Work was what a ranch was about—is still what a ranch is about.

In his novel *The Memory of Old Jack*, Wendell Berry writes of a farm wife he dislikes because she dislikes farm life, that at least “she canned, she preserved.” And how easy it is to write the words, *she canned, she preserved*, without feeling the heat in the kitchen at mid-summer, the wood stove roaring under the canning kettle, the woman's sweat, the sticky juices, the flies. The fire kept going with wood carried by the woman from the woodpile, wood that raises blisters like tiny red stitches on her arms, sticks to her clean apron and litters her clean floor with bark and mold. Floor needing to be washed again with water carried by her and heated on that same stove, over and over.

Work on the foothills ranch went on, but increasingly without heart and hope. The mountain pastures and hayfields were marginal, the seasons short, prices bad. My father sold his Hereford cows and calves at a loss and tried dairying, which failed. He tried raising a few sheep, tried cutting a little timber, and finally, to make ends meet, went to work a couple days a week at the local livestock auction barn. His health was bad, my mother increasingly grim.

With no brothers, my sister and I were our father's best help in the hayfields and the dairy. By the time we were in our teens, we could milk all thirty-odd cows in the dairy, snarling at each other over whose turn it was, tying up the feet of the cows that kicked, attaching the Surge milkers, and waiting while they chugged away. Then we poured out the milk into buckets, carried the buckets down to the springhouse, strained the milk into ten-gallon cans, and set the cans in a tank of spring water to cool. Then we gussied ourselves up with lipstick and button earrings and skirts with enormous crinolines and went to school and tried to look as though we belonged there.

Increasingly my parents' hopes centered on me, their bookish child. Over the years they'd had plenty of reasons to be exasperated with me. *Can't get any work out of her! Can't get her nose out of a book!* But if I could go to college for two years to get an elementary teaching certificate, as my mother had done, then I could come home and get a rural school to teach,

as my mother did, until she married my father. I could help on the ranch during weekends and summers, and my paychecks would mean a little cash coming in. Never mind the impracticalities—that two-year teaching certificates had been phased out, that rural schools were vanishing, that the girl had dreams of her own.

My parents' plans (make a country schoolteacher out of the girl) were at odds with our high school guidance counselor's up-to-date 1950s wisdom (why fuss about college when she can't afford it and when she's just going to end up a housewife, after all). The guidance counselor may have been thinking about my seesawing grades when he refused to let me sit for the University of Montana's scholarship examination, or maybe he was thinking about my parents' lack of money. But the university, for some reason, sent along an extra copy of the examination, and I slipped in at the last minute when a friend shouted me off the school bus. With the scholarship money and my grandmother's savings, I went off to Missoula and majored, not in elementary education, but in English and Latin. I was seventeen.

"Mary would make a good absent-minded professor," my mother used to say about me, never realizing how prophetic her words would be.

I never went back to the ranch. What I took with me—an odd list. I know how to sex newborn kittens. I know how to steal hens off a roost without making a racket. I can halter-break a foal, shoot and dress and butcher a deer, sew by hand, and stock my house with candles for the inevitable day the power fails. I know what work is. I cannot abide the sentimentalizing of work.

"You're so *practical*," sighed a professor friend, and she did not entirely mean it as a compliment.

What else I've taken with me. My mother's words to live by. *What do you mean, you're tired? What do you mean, you don't have time? Just do it.* My father's words. *What do you mean, you can't? Can't stack hay bales, can't ride that horse, can't rope that calf and hold him while I brand him? Just do it.* It wasn't bad advice for a young woman to carry with her into the graduate programs of the 1960s, where she learned to do a different kind of work.

But landscape has imprinted itself upon me as surely as it did upon my father and mother; gray hills and cutbanks and cattle living their parallel lives in the blue shadows of mountains, hay meadows along a creek bottom with a fringe of willows and cottonwood trees and unrelenting sunlight upon gravel, a place, a legend, a haven for the ghosts who do the work of ghosts. Let the bookish girl roam, let her read. The place waits for her.

CONTRIBUTORS

RICK BASS moved to the West from Texas and Mississippi, where he was a gas and oil geologist. He is the author of twenty-one books, including *Oil Notes*, *Colter: The True Story of the Best Dog I Ever Had*, and *The Nine Mile Wolves*. He received a James Jones Fellowship for his recent novel, *Where the Sea Used to Be*. Bass's short stories have been awarded the Pushcart Prize and the O. Henry Award and have been collected in *The Best American Short Stories*. His many literary awards include a PEN/Nelson Algren Award Special Citation for Fiction and a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship. He lives in the Yaak Valley of Montana with his wife and daughters, and is a tireless defender of wilderness and wild animals.

MARY CLEARMAN BLEW grew up on a small ranch near Lewistown, Montana, with her cowboy father and schoolteacher mother and aunt. She has used these experiences in her fiction, essays, and memoirs, which include *All But the Waltz*, *Balsamroot*, and *Jackalope Dreams*. She has won the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Award twice, once in fiction and once in nonfiction. In 2004 Professor Blew received the "Distinguished Achievement Award" from the Western Literature Association, an award previously won by such writers such as Wallace Stegner, Tillie Olsen, and Gary Snyder. One of her stories, "Paths unto the Dead," was published in the *Best American Short Stories* collection, and another, "Lambing Out," was published in the *O. Henry Prize Stories* collection. A former chair of the Idaho Humanities Council and the Montana Committee for the Humanities, Blew is currently a professor of English and Creative Writing at the University of Idaho.

JUDY BLUNT spent more than thirty years on family wheat and cattle ranches in northeastern Montana before leaving in 1986 to attend the University of Montana. She worked at refinishing floors and other odd jobs in order to support her three children as a single mother while completing an MFA in creative writing. Her poems and essays have appeared in numerous journals and anthologies. Her short pieces have appeared in *Oprah Magazine*, the *New York Times*, *Big Sky Journal*, and other publications. She is the recipient of a Jacob K. Javits Graduate Fellowship and a Montana Arts Council Individual Artist Fellowship. Her memoir, *Breaking Clean*, was awarded a 1997 PEN/Jerard Fund Award for a work in progress and a 2001 Whiting Writers' Award. She is a professor of English and creative nonfiction at the University of Montana.

LOIS CONNER is a photographer of the contemporary landscape. Her work has been shown at museums internationally and included in collections such as the

Museum of Modern Art, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the Sackler Gallery in Washington DC, as well as the Victoria and Albert Museum and the British Library in London. She has been awarded fellowships to photograph from the Guggenheim Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the Anonymous Was a Woman Foundation. She taught at Yale University's School of Art for more than a decade. Other teaching venues include Princeton University, the Central Academy of Fine Arts in Beijing, the Hangzhou Academy of Art in Zhejiang, School of Visual Arts, Stanford University, Louisiana State University, and Sarah Lawrence College. A book of her work, *China: The Photographs of Lois Conner*, was published by Callaway in 2000. Upcoming publications include *American Trees* (Yale Art Gallery), *Beijing Spectacle: Ruination and Reinvention*, and *Lotus*.

DAVID JAMES DUNCAN is the author of two novels, *The River Why* and *The Brothers K*, as well as *River Teeth*, a memoir and collection of stories, and *God Laughs and Plays: Churchless Sermons in Response to the Preachments of the Fundamentalist Right*. His collection of essays, *My Story as Told by Water*, was a finalist for the National Book Award. Duncan's work has appeared in *Harper's*, *Outside*, *Orion*, *Sierra*, *Northern Lights*, *Gray's Sporting Journal*, and many other publications. He has received the Lannan Fellowship, the 2001 Western States Book Award for Nonfiction, a National Book Award nomination, two Pacific Northwest Booksellers Association awards, and the American Library Association's 2003 Eli Oboler Award (with Wendell Berry) for the Preservation of Intellectual Freedom. His work is included in the three volumes of *Best American Spiritual Writing*. He lives with his family and four horses on a Montana trout stream.

GRETEL EHRLICH is the author of *This Cold Heaven*, *The Solace of Open Spaces*, and other books of nonfiction, fiction, and poetry. Ehrlich's work has been included in many anthologies as well as *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, the *New York Times Magazine*, *Time Magazine*, *Life*, *National Geographic Adventure*, *National Geographic Traveler*, *Outside*, *Audubon*, *Antaeus*, *Architectural Digest*, and the *Shambala Sun*. Her awards include a National Endowment for the Arts creative writing fellowship, a National Endowment for the Humanities grant, a Whiting Writers' Award, a Guggenheim Fellowship, and the Harold D. Vurcell Memorial Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. She has worked as a filmmaker and a rancher and divides her time between the California coast, Massachusetts, and Wyoming. Recently, Ehrlich has been investigating the effects of global warming on native peoples in the far north.

DAN FLORES is A. B. Hammond Professor of Western History at the University of Montana–Missoula. Dr. Flores specializes in western environmental history and is the author of seven books, including *Horizontal Yellow: Nature and History in the Near Southwest*, *The Natural West: Environmental History in the Great Plains and Rocky Mountains*, and *Southern Counterpart to Lewis & Clark: The Freeman & Custis Red River Expedition of 1806*. His written work has been honored by the Western History Association, the Western Writers Association of America, Westerners International, the National Cowboy Hall of Fame/Western Heritage Center, the Denver Public Library, and the Texas State Historical Association. He divides his time between homes in the Bitterroot Valley of Montana and along the Galisteo River near Santa Fe, New Mexico.

RICHARD FORD is the author of the trilogy *The Sportswriter*, *Independence Day*, and *The Lay of the Land*, as well as several previous novels. *Independence Day* received the Pulitzer Prize and the PEN/Faulkner Award for fiction and was the first novel ever to win both awards. Ford's several books of short stories include the acclaimed collection *Rock Springs*, which is set in Wyoming and eastern Montana. He has taught writing and literature at the University of Michigan, Princeton University, Northwestern University, and Williams College, and has been honored abroad for his contributions to literature. Additional awards include a Guggenheim Fellowship, a National Endowment for the Arts fellowship, and the PEN/Faulkner citation for fiction for *The Sportswriter*. He has lived on Montana's Hi-Line and in Missoula, as well as in New Orleans. Currently he and his wife have homes on the coast of Maine and in New York.

LEE FRIEDLANDER began his career as a magazine and album cover photographer. He has been a commercial photographer and teacher at the University of California–Los Angeles, the University of Minnesota, and Rice University. Mr. Friedlander is considered one of the most important photographers of this era. His seventeen photographic books include *Like a One-Eyed Cat: Photographs by Lee Friedlander, 1956–1987*, *Lee Friedlander: Nudes; Sticks and Stones*, and the catalog book *Friedlander*, from his one-man exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in 2005. Friedlander's photographs are in many of the world's major museum collections, and he has won three Guggenheim Fellowships and five National Endowment for the Arts grants. In 1990 he was given the prestigious John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Fellowship.

JAMES GALVIN was raised in northern Colorado and has lived and worked at his Wyoming ranch near Laramie for part of every year of his life. He has published several collections of poetry, most recently *Resurrection Update: Collected Poems 1975–1997*, which was a finalist for the Los Angeles Times Book Prize and the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize. He is the

author of the critically acclaimed prose memoir *The Meadow* and a novel, *Fencing the Sky*. His honors include a "Discovery"/*The Nation* award, a Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Writers' Award, and fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation, the Ingram Merrill Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Arts. James Galvin divides his time between the high plains of Wyoming and Iowa City, where he is a permanent member of the faculty of the University of Iowa's Writers' Workshop.

IAN GLENNIE graduated from Rice University in Houston, Texas, with a degree in architecture and continues to live in Houston, where, since 1972, he has been a director of Texas Gallery. The gallery exhibits contemporary art in all mediums including photography. A number of artists—including Chuck Close, Thomas Joshua Cooper, Lee Friedlander, Sally Gall, Sally Mann, Robert Mapplethorpe, Jean-Luc Mylayne, Cindy Sherman, and William Wegman—have had photo exhibitions at the gallery.

JIM HARRISON grew up on Michigan's Upper Peninsula, spends winters near Patagonia, Arizona, and has recently moved with his family to Livingston, Montana. He has published thirteen collections of poetry, including *The Shape of the Journey: New and Collection Poems*, *After Ikkyu*, *The Theory and Practice of Rivers*, *Natural World: A Bestiary*, and *Locations*. Harrison has been a successful screenwriter as well as a book reviewer, literary critic, food columnist, sportswriter, and conservationist. His fiction includes the acclaimed novella *Legends of the Fall*, the short story *Woman Lit by Fireflies*, and novels *Returning to Earth*, *Dalva*, and *North Fork*. He has also found time to write a memoir, *Off to the Side*. Mr. Harrison has received fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Guggenheim Foundation, and he is a cultural icon in France.

RICHARD HUGO was raised in the blue-collar neighborhoods of West Seattle. He studied creative writing at the University of Washington and received his M.A. in 1952. For thirteen years he worked for Boeing as a technical writer. *A Run of Jacks*, his first book of poems, appeared in 1961, when Hugo was thirty-seven years old. In 1964 he moved from Seattle to Missoula to teach English and creative writing at the University of Montana, where he remained for nearly eighteen years. He was a brilliant teacher who attracted many future writers to his classes at the university. In 1977 Hugo was named the editor of the Yale Younger Poets Series. Among his most well-known books are *The Lady in Kicking Horse Reservoir*, *Good Luck in Cracked Italian*, *What Thou Lovest Well*, *Remains American*, *31 Letters and 13 Dreams*, and *The Right Madness on Skye*. A new edition of his book of collected poems, *Making Certain It Goes On*, was published by Norton in December 2007. Hugo also authored two mystery novels, a collection of personal

essays, and a small but influential book on creative writing, *The Triggering Town*. He died in 1982 at the age of fifty-eight.

FREDERICKA HUNTER studied art history at Wellesley College and the University of St. Thomas, Houston, where she worked for Dominique de Menil. Upon graduation she joined Contract Graphics Associates, a print gallery in Houston, which later became Texas Gallery. Since 1972, as owner of Texas Gallery, she has presented more than four hundred exhibitions of contemporary art in all mediums. In addition, she has served for many years on several art-related foundations, such as The Trisha Brown Dance Company, New York, and the artist Donald Judd's Chianti Foundation in Marfa, Texas. In 1997, she founded Artpix, a non-profit publisher of DVDs on contemporary art. She lives in Houston, Texas.

GEOFFREY JAMES, a Welsh-born, Canadian-based photographer, is best known for his black and white panoramic views of sites as diverse as the asbestos mines of Quebec, the cultivated parks of landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, and the formal gardens of Europe. James's work defies the traditional category of journalistic photography through compelling images that investigate the intersection between nature and the built environment. His photographic books include *Running Fence*, *Paris*, with Hubert Damisch, and *Place*, with Rudy Wiebe. In 2002 James was awarded the Gershon Iskowitz Prize in recognition of his contributions as an artist and the Roloff Beny Photography Book Award for his book *Paris*.

WILLIAM KITTREDGE was raised on an eastern Oregon cattle ranch. He published his first novel, *The Willow Field*, at the age of seventy-four. His nonfiction books include *Hole in the Sky*, *Owning It All*, *The Nature of Generosity*, and *The Last Rodeo*, a book of selected essays. His collections of short fiction are summed up in the *Best Short Stories of William Kittredge*, and his essays, stories, and memoirs have appeared in *Harper's*, *TriQuarterly*, the *New York Times*, *Outside*, and other magazines. Kittredge co-edited the Montana anthology *The Last Best Place*, with Annick Smith. He received the Los Angeles Times Robert Kirsch Award for lifetime achievement and the National Endowment for the Humanities Charles Frankel Prize for contributions to the culture of the West. A coproducer of Robert Redford's *A River Runs Through It* and a screenwriter for *Heartland*, Kittredge held the Regents' Professorship of English and Creative Writing at the University of Montana, where he taught for twenty-nine years.

BARRY LOPEZ is the author of six works of nonfiction and eight works of fiction, including *Winter Count* and the recently published collection *Resistance*. His study of animals and life in the far north, *Artic*

Dreams, won the National Book Award. *Of Wolves and Men* was influential in the effort to preserve that species. He was co-editor with Debra Gwartney of *Home Ground: Language for an American Landscape*, a landmark work of language, geography, and folklore. Lopez's writings appear regularly in *Harper's*, *Paris Review*, *DoubleTake*, and the *Georgia Review*. He is a strong voice in favor of wilderness and humanity, and has been the recipient of an award in literature from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, a Guggenheim Fellowship, and other honors. He lives with his family on a river in western Oregon.

RICHARD MANNING is the author of *Grassland: The History, Biology, Politics and Promise of the American Prairie*, *A Good House: Building a Life on the Land*, *Against the Grain: How Agriculture Has Hijacked Civilization*, and *Last Stand*, a finalist for the Sigurd F. Olson Nature Writing Award. A recipient of a John S. Knight Fellowship at Stanford University and a three-time winner of the Seattle Times C. B. Blethen Award for Investigative Journalism, Manning worked for several years as the environmental reporter for the daily *Missoulian*. He has also won the Audubon Society Journalism Award and the first Richard J. Margolis Award for environmental reporting. His work has appeared in *Harper's*, *Audubon*, *Outside*, *Sierra*, *E*, *High Country News*, and the *Bloomsbury Review*. Manning lives with his wife in Missoula and is a supporter and advisor to the American Prairie Foundation and other environmental groups.

PETER MATTHIESSEN is the author of *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*, which was nominated for the National Book Award. He has published numerous other works of fiction, including *Far Tortuga* and *Killing Mister Watson*. Mr. Matthiessen's parallel career as a naturalist and explorer has resulted in numerous widely acclaimed books of nonfiction about places ranging from Africa to Russia's Lake Bakal to South Dakota's Pine Ridge Reservation. Among them are *The Spirit of Crazy Horse*, *The Tree Where Man Was Born*, which was nominated for the National Book Award, and his remarkable spiritual and physical journey into the heights of Tibet, *The Snow Leopard*, which won the National Book Award. He is a practicing Buddhist and one of America's most revered and eloquent champions of global justice and environmental reform.

TOM MCGUANE grew up in Michigan, spent time in Key West, and settled in Montana. He is the author of several highly acclaimed novels, including *The Bushwacked Piano*, winner of the Linda Rosenthal Award of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters and *Ninety-Two in the Shade*, a finalist for the National Book Award. He is a screenwriter and director whose credits include *Rancho Deluxe* (which he wrote and directed) and *Missouri Breaks*. Mr. McGuane's stories and essays have been included

in *The Best American Essays*, *The Best American Sports Writing of the Century*, *Heart of the Land: Essays on Last Great Places*, and *TriQuarterly*. An ardent fly fisherman, horseman, and conservationist, he is a member of the board of directors of American Rivers and of the Craighead Wildlife-Wildlands Institute. He lives with his family on a Montana ranch, where he raises and trains cutting horses, and up the Skeena River in British Columbia.

SUSAN O'CONNOR is a philanthropist and arts advocate. She lives in Valley of the Moon, Montana, and has been a cofounder and supporter of nonprofit organizations such as Writers in the Schools in Houston; the Missoula Writing Collaborative; Pacific Writers' Connection, in Honolulu; Families First, in Boston and Missoula; Ohana Makamae, a family resource center in Hana, Maui; and Ala Kukui/Hana, a healing center. Susan has also written two special edition books: *The Stations of the Cross*, published by Russell Maret in 2001, and *Retracing the Day*, with an essay by William Merwin and original art by Lou Hicks, published by Russell Maret in 2006. She is presently on the board of the American Prairie Foundation, the Clark Fork Coalition, and the Charles Engelhard Foundation, and is vice-president of Saroc, a family investment company in Missoula, Montana.

ANNICK SMITH is a writer, editor, and filmmaker who lives in Montana's Blackfoot River valley. Her books include the memoir *Homestead*, a collection of essays, *In This We Are Native: Going Away and Coming Home*, and a natural and human history of the Oklahoma tallgrass prairies, *Big Bluestem: Journey into the Tallgrass*, written for The Nature Conservancy. She was the co-editor with William Kittredge of the Montana anthology *The Last Best Place*, and her work has appeared in *Best American Short Stories*, *Travel & Leisure*, the *New York Times*, *Audubon*, *Outside*, *Orion*, and other magazines and anthologies. She was a founding member of the Sundance Film Institute, the executive producer of the feature film *Heartland*, and a coproducer of Robert Redford's production of *A River Runs Through It*.

MANDY SMOKER BROADDUS, a poet who writes under the pen name M. L. Smoker, is a member of both the Assiniboine and Sioux tribes of the Fort Peck Reservation in northeastern Montana, where she was born. Smoker earned her MFA from the University of Montana, where she received the college's creative writing Richard Hugo Fellowship. She is a graduate of Pepperdine University, and attended University of California–Los Angeles and the University of Colorado, where she was a Battrick Fellow in poetry. Her first collection of poems, *Another Attempt at Rescue*, was published in 2005. Smoker's poems have appeared in *Shenandoah*, *South Dakota Review*, and *Many Mountains Moving*; and they have been translated for *Acoma*, an Italian literacy journal published by the University of Rome. She has a short story in *Hozho—Walking in Beauty: Native American Stories on Inspiration, Humor and Life*, edited by Paula Gunn Allen; and her work is forthcoming in several anthologies.

JAMES WELCH, a poet and novelist of Blackfoot/Gros Ventre heritage, was one of the most accomplished Native American writers of the post-1968 generation. His first three books were published in the Harper and Row Native American Publishing Program, and his novel, *Fools Crow*, won the Los Angeles Times Award for Fiction in 1986. His book, *Killing Custer*, was a nonfiction treatment of the Battle of the Little Bighorn as viewed from the Indian perspective and was made into a documentary film broadcast for the PBS American Experience series. Welch was a student, friend, and neighbor of poet Richard Hugo. His final novel, *The Heartsong of Charging Elk*, about a Sioux Indian abandoned in nineteenth century Marseille, was a best-seller in France, where he was honored with a Chevalier dans l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres medal. He lived in Missoula with his wife Lois, and he died of cancer in 2003.