

You are Here

Kim Brown

Text and Images for the Stones

everything is a mirror

Everything is a mirror.

begin by looking
Agnes Martin

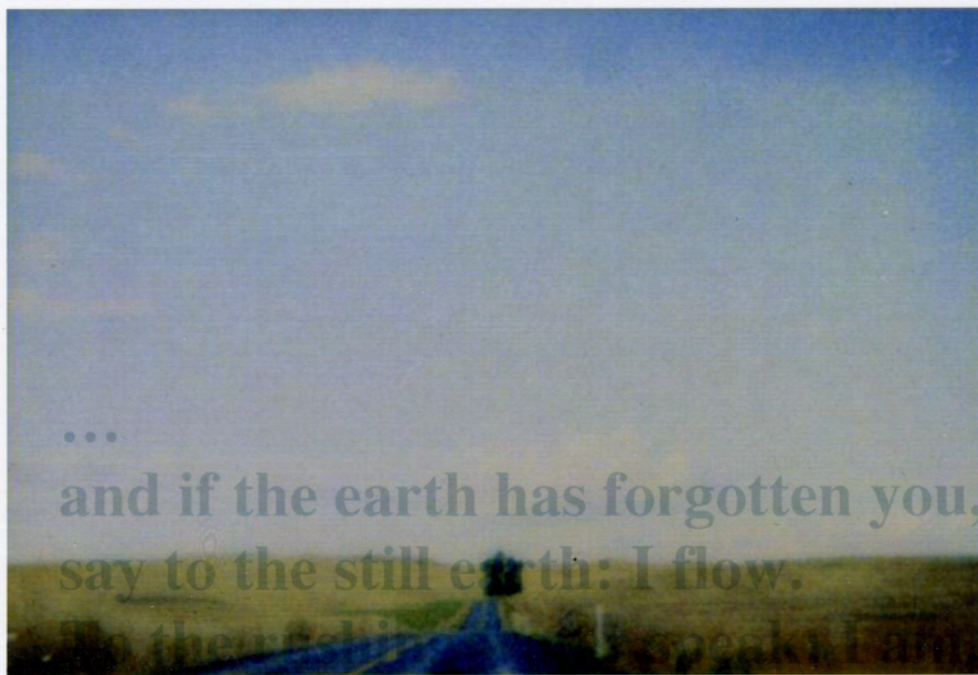
look
ha-ga-ta

look
ni

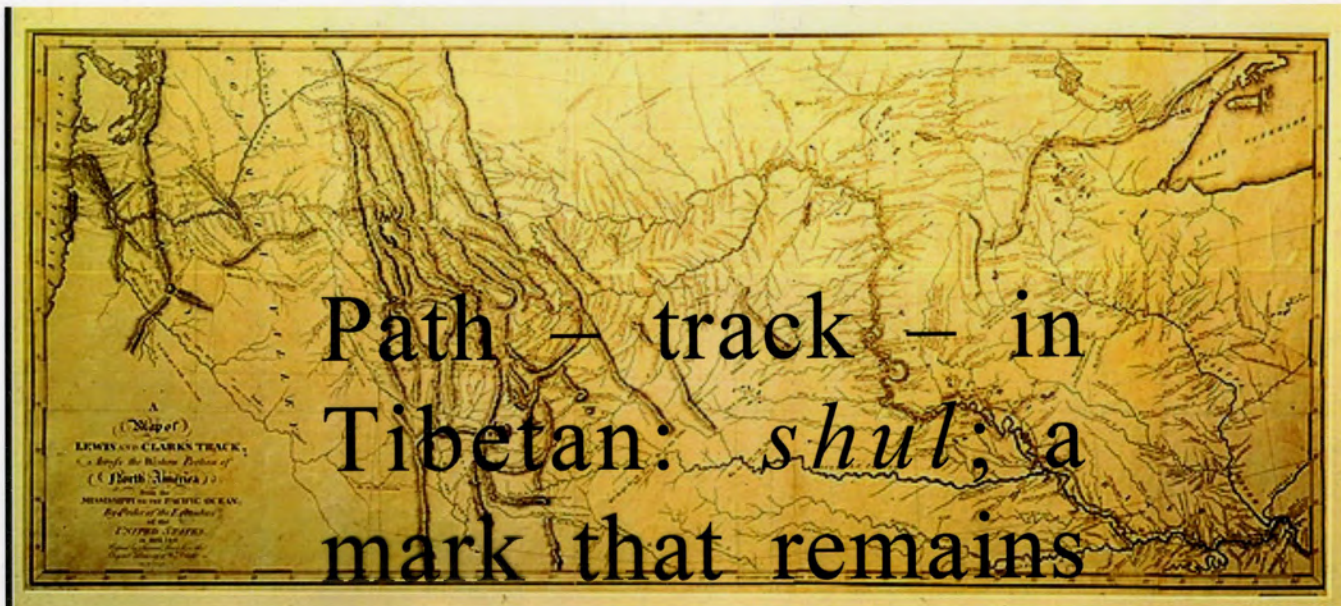
look
da-ka-ta

The actual discovery was made on June 30 1921, and it all came about in this wise. A chance to visit Blackwardine (a few miles north of Hereford) caused him to look at the map for features of interest. He had no particular object in mind, but was just having a look around. He noticed on the map a straight line that passed over hilltops through various points of interest and these points of interest were all ancient. Then without any warning it all happened suddenly. His mind was flooded with a rush of images forming one coherent plan. The scales fell from his eyes and he saw how over many long years of prehistory, all track ways were in a straight line marked out by experts on a sighting system. The whole plan of The Old Straight Track stood suddenly revealed... "The whole thing came in a flash". He told me afterwards.

A. Watkins



Rilke



Path — track — in
Tibetan: *shul*; a
mark that remains

after that which

Original by Clark, 1810, Copied by Samuel Lewis 1814. Courtesy of Library of Congress

made it has passed

by. A foot print, for

August 18

example

Lewis's 31st birthday. Though he has just become the first American citizen to reach the Continental Divide and has concluded successful negotiations for horses, in his journal entry he turns introspective, writing that "I had as yet done but little, very little indeed." He vows "in future, to live for mankind, as I have heretofore lived for myself."



*“The path of the
tracks of your
hands, the path
of the tracks of
your feet, path of
sap, path of
dew...”* Maria Sabina



*Sitting quietly,
doing nothing,
spring comes,
and the grass
grows by itself.*

Zen poem



I stride along with calm, with
eyes, with shoes, with fury, with
forgetfulness. Pablo Neruda





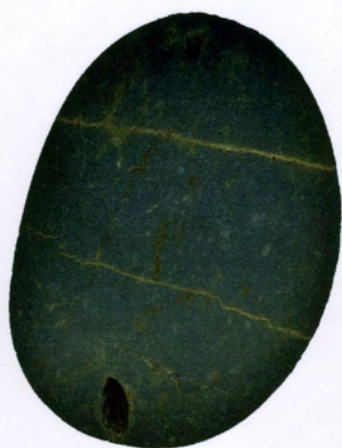


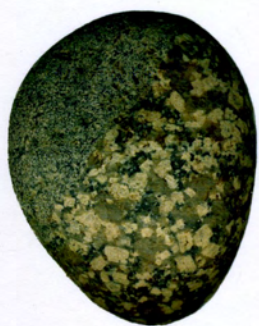


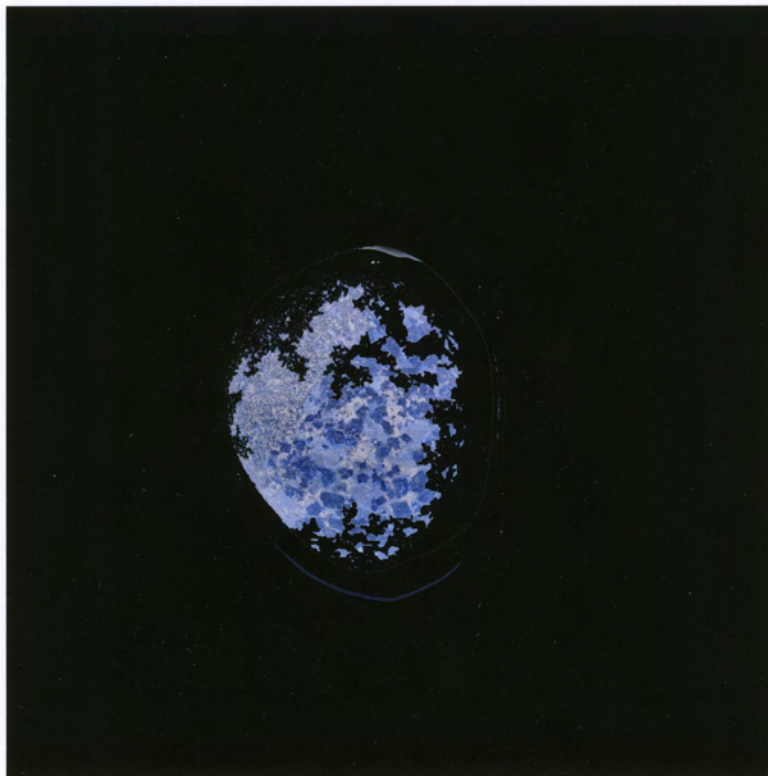
Add nothing to this moment.

Each one of us exists
in the form of a
stone, silent, docile,
available. The stones
represent the birth
certificate of every
person.

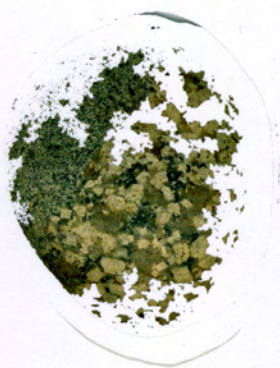
Malidoma Some'





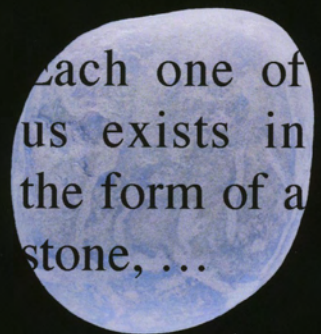


Everywhere is the center of the world. Black Elk

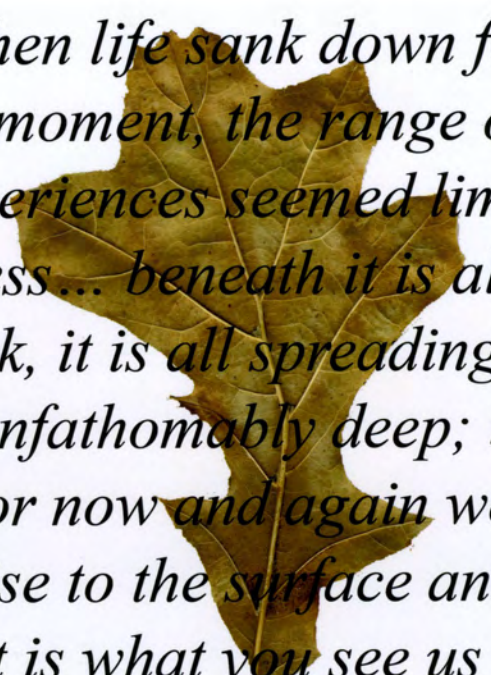


*Nobody sits like this rock sits.
You rock, rock.
The rock just sits and is.
You show us how to just sit here.
And we need that.
I (Heart) Huckabees*





Each one of
us exists in
the form of a
stone, ...



*When life sank down for
a moment, the range of
experiences seemed limit-
less... beneath it is all
dark, it is all spreading, it
is unfathomably deep; but
for now and again we
rise to the surface and
that is what you see us by.*

V. Wolf







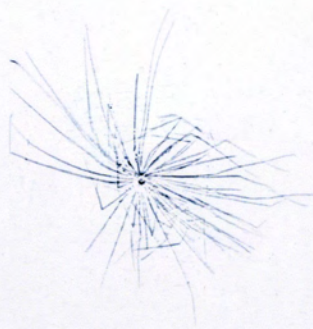
23 may 1810, found the world golden. William Blake



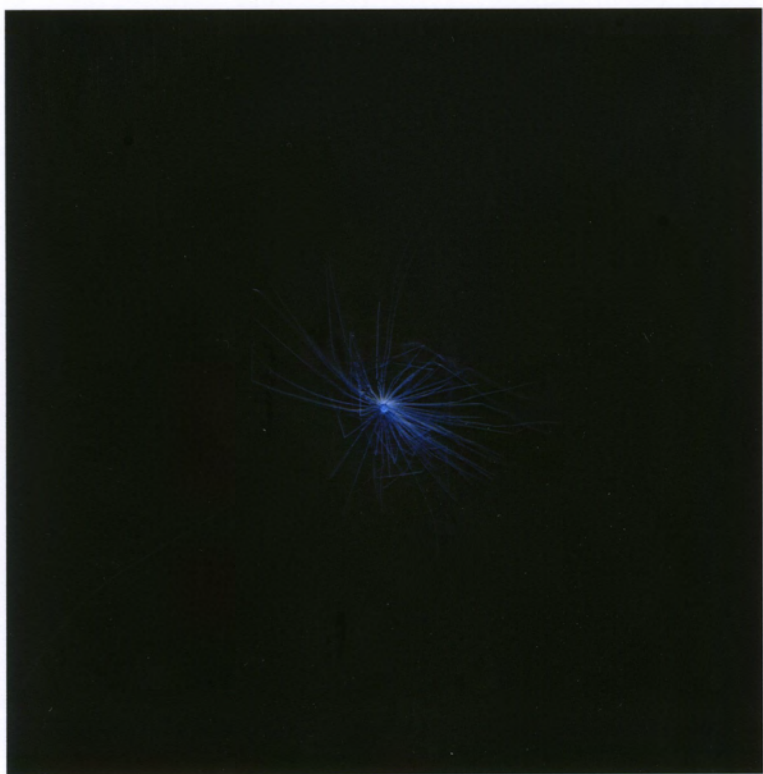
*boil or roast Camas quamash
harvest root bulb
dig large shallow hole
line with stones
build fire in pit
let fire die out - rake coals
place native grass and leaves on
hot stones
flattened camas bulbs - place on
leaves
cover with another layer of leaves
cover with a foot of dirt
steam for one to three days*

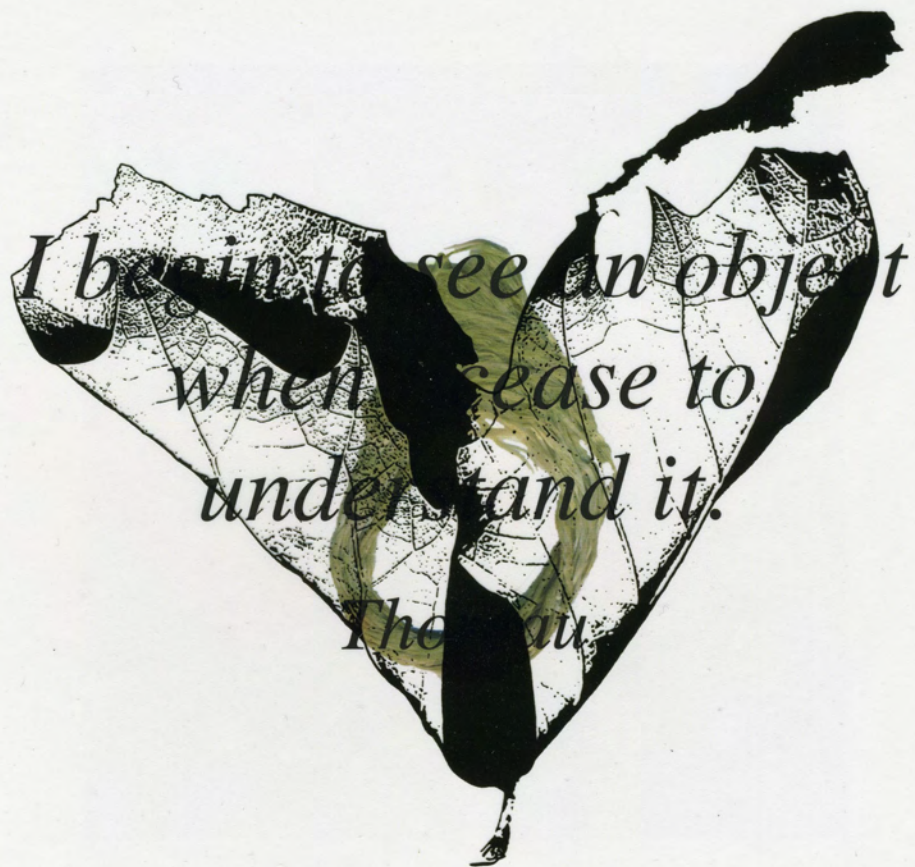


*Sitting quietly,
doing nothing,
spring comes,
and the grass
grows by itself.*
Zen poem



Walking is always falling.





*I begin to see an object
when I cease to
understand it.
Then you*

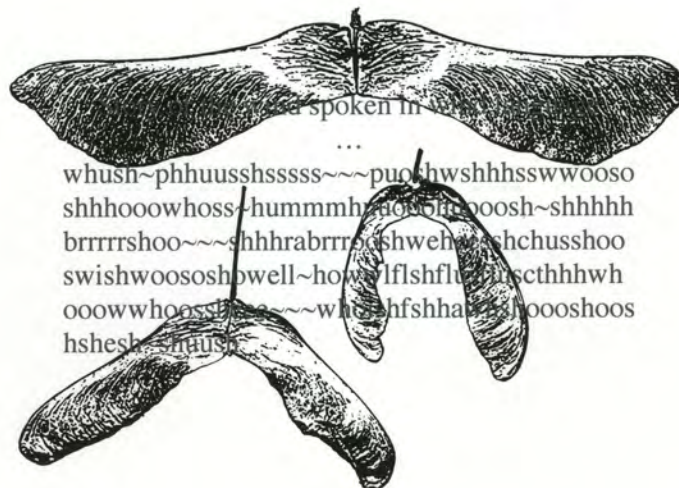












... spoken in ...

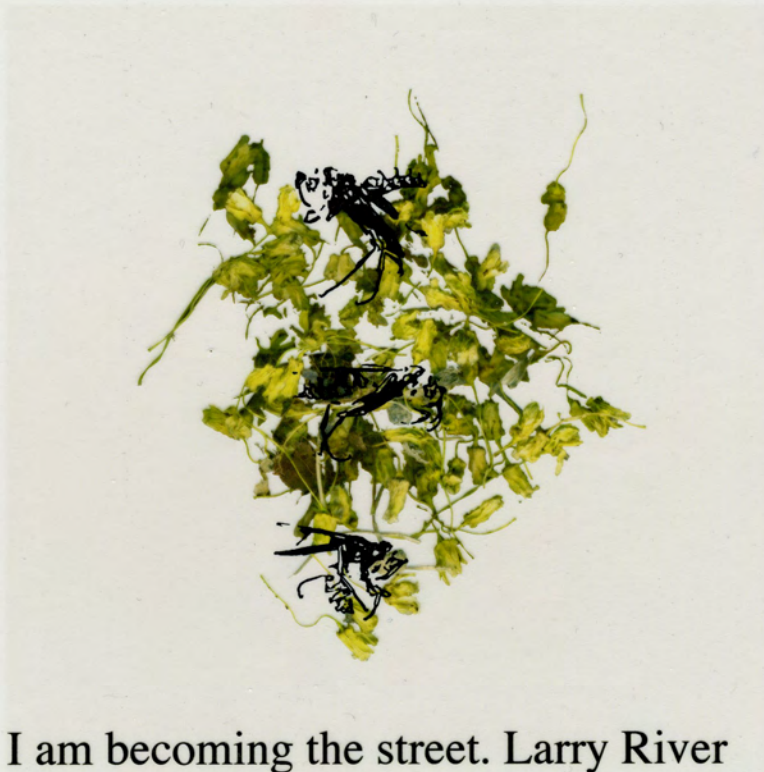
...

whush~phhuusshsssss~~~puoohwshhhsswwooso
shhhooowhoss~hummmhoooh~ooosh~shhhhh
brrrrrshoo~~~shhrrabrrrrshweh~schussboo
swishwoososhowell~howlflshfl~scsthhwh
ooowwhoossh~w~whfshha~oooshoos
hsheshshaus









I am becoming the street. Larry River







Story of the wind spoken in wind language

...

whush~phhuusshsssss~~~puoshwshhhsswwooso
shhhooowhoss~hummmhuuooohuooosh~shhhhh
brrrrrshoo~~~shhhrabrrooshweheesshchusshoo
swishwoososhowell~howwlfshflusfluscthhhhwh
ooowwhoossheee~~~ishfshhawhshoooshoos











just let looking look





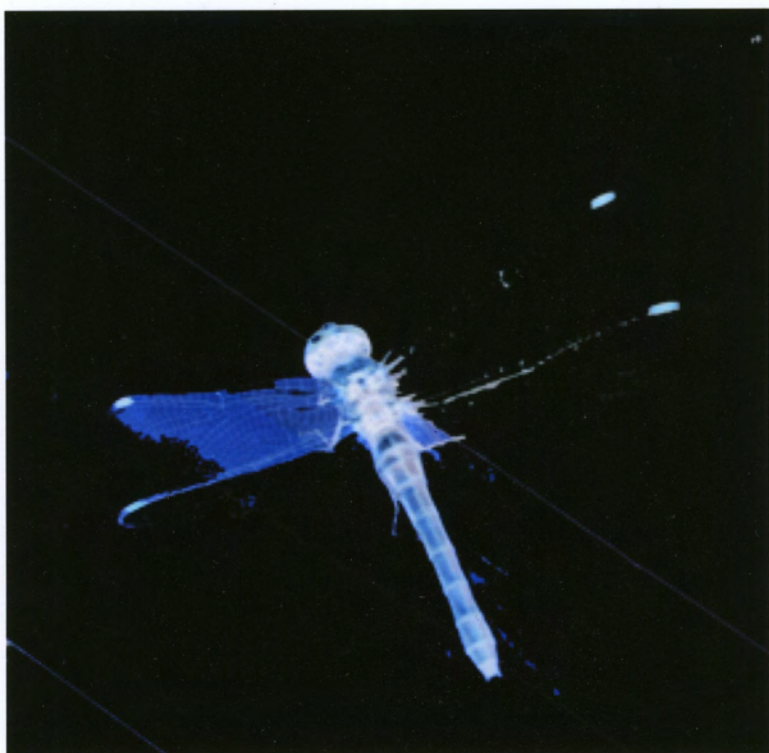
walk
waliftinglk
walifmovetinglk
walifmovsettingetnglk
walifmovsetraylingttinglk
walifmovsetraylingttinglk
walifmovsetraylingttinglk
walifmovsetraylingttinglk
walifmovsetraylingttinglk
lifting-shifting-falling-setting-connecting-grounding-
moving-touching



The dream of my life
is to lie down by a slow
river
and stare at the lights in the
trees –
to learn something by
being nothing a little while
but the rich lens of
attention.
M. Oliver

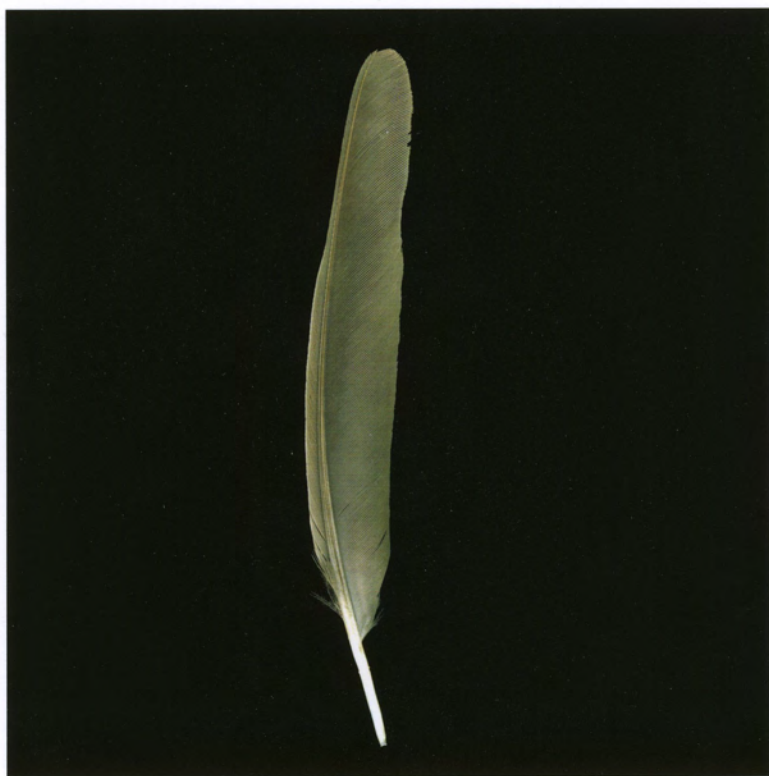
"... I struggle with enormous discrepancies: between the lessons of impermanence and the muse so tenuously moored in my love for place." Sally Mann





...
And no rock
If there were rock\and also water
And water
A spring
A pool among the rock
If there were the sound of water only
Not the cicada
And dry grass singing
But sound of water over a rock
Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine
trees
Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop
But there is no water

...
T.S.Eliot





...
and if the earth has forgotten you,
say to the still earth: I flow.
To the rushing water speak: I am.
Rilke





**I touch the earth because there are so
many things I do not see. A. Caldiero**

...

And we: spectators, always. everywhere,
looking at everything and never from!
It floods us, we arrange it. It decays.
We arrange it again, and we decay.
Who's turned us around like this,
so that whatever we do, we always have
the look of someone going away?

...

so we live, and are forever leaving.

Relki

YOU ARE HERE
KIM BROWN

2006

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