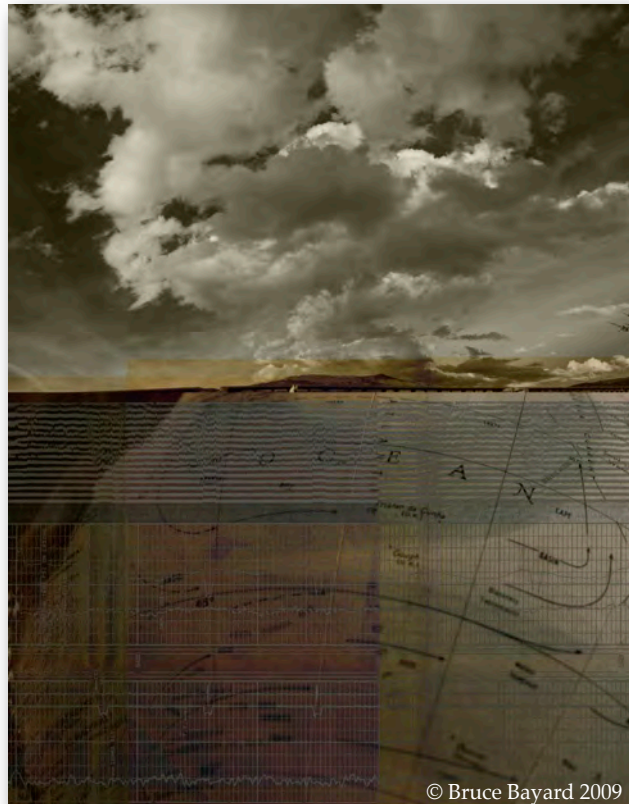


SHIFTING PATTERNS: PREPARING FOR UNSETTLED DAYS



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Susan Cross

Executive Director, Jefferson Nature Center

CLIMATE CHANGE HAS BEEN REAL TO ME SINCE the concept first entered my consciousness through Bill McKibben's 1980s book, *The End of Nature*. Even then (almost 30 years ago) I can remember chatting with my brothers back in Ohio about how the winters had changed since we were kids—there just wasn't skating ice anymore. In northern Oregon I worked as a naturalist in marine science and learned, with the coming and going of *El Niño*, what a small climate shift can do to an environment. Living now in the Applegate Valley of southern Oregon I have been growing more apprehensive as I witness in my own canyon die-offs of manzanita, beetle-kills of fir, and experience with more frequency scorching temperature extremes of up to 108 degrees. I worry when I hear agency predictions of less snowpack and more catastrophic wildfires.

In a world where the average person moves every five years, getting a personal sense of the continuity of regional climate patterns is getting rarer. In general, we may miss in our haste and disconnectedness what an indigenous person fully embedded in their environment would easily identify. Things are changing.

Bloom times and migrations. Patterns of rain and snowfall. Ocean currents. Wildfire occurrence and locations. The world of science is working to understand the risks and possibilities and to develop adaptive strategies for a 'soft landing' for human populations in the century ahead.

As the Director of Jefferson Nature Center, I was impelled to instigate a local climate change arts project called *Shifting Patterns: Preparing for Unsettled Days* when I heard a presentation about a climate change report released for our region. The report, called *Preparing for Climate Change in the Rogue River Basin of Southwest Oregon*, was prepared by the Climate Leadership Initiative of the University of Oregon, The National Center for Conservation Science and Policy, and the Pacific Northwest Research Station of the USDA Forest Service. The scientists took climate modeling techniques used for global climate change predictions and applied them to a basin level in order to make predictions about local effects of climate change. The report was fascinating but dense and contained the usual amount of scientific jargon. It seemed like essential information for citizens of our region and I knew that several governmental organizations were looking at it with respect. But how could we make the statistics, vegetation maps, complex graphs, and niche language understandable? How could we create a road in?

Jefferson Nature Center believes that art and science make natural partners. Based on that belief I decided to design a project that would apply artistic reflection and creativity to interpretation of the information in the climate report. My goal for *Shifting Patterns* was to create a link between the world of science and the world of art. *Shifting Patterns* connected sixteen local artists with the scientists at the National Center for Conservation Science and Policy. JNC brought the artists and science people together for a special presentation about the report, then each of the artists was given the full text of the report to take back to their studios. The artists were charged with creating art in response to the report and then sharing the result with the public in several venues over the course of several months. *Shifting Patterns* artistic participants included writers, visual artists, craft artists, and performance artists. I was de-



lighted and astonished at the energy, creativity, and thought the artists put into the project and I am proud of our communal effort to create awareness of the effects of climate change in our basin.

I came to feel like a spiritual witness as I watched the artists struggle with the report's contents. Studying the report is truly looking directly into the maw of massive and unpredictable change with no clear pathway into a stable future. It took brave hearts to explore deeply the meaning of the sobering forecasts. All the artists soul-searched and did profound creative work. The artists took the hard facts of the report and transmuted them into emotion and sentiment. They made climate change personal and intimate. They made us feel the impact of the loss of things we love: fir trees, birds and butterflies, the quality of our water and air, the steadfastness of seasons and the landscape-level beauty of long patterns of place. They made us aware of our fear, our hubris, and our lack of deep understanding of intricate natural systems. We all shared that pain-in-the-heart that comes when we are aware of something precious moving beyond retrieval or reclamation. In our shared moments as a group of people engaged in a common exploration we found companionship, tears, despair, hope, laughter, and love—for each other and for our place. My dearest dream is that this kind of honest examination of our situation will ignite a mysterious untouched creativity hidden in our hearts and will lead to a renewed sense of knowing about how to heal the damage done. Being involved in this project nourished my courage and tenacity as we all face a future of shifting patterns.

The stories and projects that came from our joint venture follow.

www.jeffersonnaturecenter.org

Jefferson Nature Center



Zoe Alowan

A Grandmother's Tale from the Future: 2051



I CHOSE STORYTELLING AS A WAY OF RESPONDING to and interpreting the *Rogue Valley Climate Change Report*. Creating a new story that incorporated the scientists' findings and yet posed a new possibility of a hopeful future seemed the most useful artistic endeavor I could make. It came to me that I could be an old woman celebrating her 100th birthday and answering her great-grandchildren's questions of what happened. As a young mother I had the wonderful opportunity to bring my children to their great-grandmother's 100th birthday party and hear her eloquently share with them what it was like to cross the prairies through Indian country in a covered wagon. So it was not such a big stretch to project myself to a similar situation even if the year would be 2051.

But what to say about what happened to us? To our seas, our animals, our plants, our humanity? What would the new story look like? Would it be apocalyptic? How would we accommodate the climate change crisis? I had the great good fortune to talk with many people about my project and scientist Connie Barlow and her husband, Michael Dowd, gave me a lot to think about. Their book *Thank God for Evolution* offered me a new vision. Connie Barlow is one of the first scientists to start assisted migration projects for conifer trees. I found this inspiring in its sense of mythic integrity and so decided to talk about the shift that took place as people began to step away from being Endless Consumers of the Earth (like a cancer cell) to becoming Protectors Who Give Back to the Earth (like an immune system).

I did this in character as a very old woman with a great deal of humor and warmth in the manner of a somewhat interactive monologue. I also included some drumming and telling of a fairy tale about a king who leaves his realm for a year in the care of four sons. One of the sons violates three simple agreements: to plow the Earth's grains with joy and reap with gratitude, to keep the cows contented, and to plant a tree for each one cut down. In short: to live in integrity with the natural world. A troll entrances this youngest son with greed and almost causes the total destruction of the kingdom.

This story within the story of the old woman speaks to the old story and its devastating consequences. "More for me means less for you and less for the species of the Earth itself." The new story is about "Abundance for me means abundance for all." In the light of species devastation and climate change my story presented and suggested that this new interconnected Integrity and sense of Mythic Purpose is possible.

As an artist I need to view things from different perspectives. As a sculptor I walk around the object I am creating so that I can see it from many angles. In this instance I had the opportunity to use the medium of storytelling performance to view a situation from a unique perspective: the future.



I learned so much from this opportunity. The climate change report triggered concern and despair. Not so much for me but for my children and future grandbabies. I began writing stories about the beauty of this planet and the coastal fires as a way to share a memory of something that may no longer exist. Then I began to wonder whether the things that are breaking down may actually need to break down. Could it be possible that the bad news may actually propel humanity to cooperate?

My participation in this project also inspired me to write two grants involving community engaging in artistic expression as a way to depict new possibilities for a sustainable and joyous future.

I believe it has been valuable for the community simply by the fact that since my first presentation at the Jefferson Nature Center in August 2009 I was invited onto local television for an interview as the one hundred year old woman from 2051. I have received wonderful feedback from people who viewed the broadcast. They found it engaging and amusing. The humor part is, I believe, useful for the community as a way for 'the medicine to go down' around Shifting Times. I am very grateful for the opportunity to respond to the scientists' studies and offer an artistic response.

Bruce Bayard

Divided Landscape: Ark



I BEGAN OIL PAINTING AT AGE 9, AND ALTHOUGH I BRIEFLY attended the University of New Mexico, I am largely a self-taught artist. I have explored a wide range of media and techniques including oil, acrylic, casein, collage, lithography, etching, pencil, crayon, encaustic and assemblage.

In 2000, I began a serious exploration into digital technology to produce art and have been doing so ever since. Now that I have a fair level of competence with *Photoshop*, my working process allows for sustained intuition, fortunate accidents, and a complex layering of visual information, all of which I attempted in paintings, but there with only moderate success in creating the work I had envisioned. Currently, I am exploring deeper into the digital realm by creating two-dimensional work that is also time-based.

The artwork I created for this project is a long horizontal narrative called *DIVIDED LANDSCAPE: ARK*. The horizontal format refers to the landscape. The image used for the backdrop of this work is Grizzly Peak of the

Rogue Valley in panorama. As I was listening to the scientific presentation of the *NCCSP Climate Change Report* for the Rogue River Basin, the concept of building an ark came to mind and seemed to relate in many ways at every turn to this project.

The biblical Ark story is realistically impossible taken at face value, but as a fable seems quite relevant to today's climate situation. The focus of the report in my mind was how thinking ahead to probable disasters in future climate change scenarios and planning for their eventuality would mitigate their effect, and assist in recovery. My artwork uses the idea that preparedness, represented by the Ark depicted as building blocks mingling with clouds, could create a cautious optimism on the other side of chaos.

Going through my own process of interpreting the climate change report was in itself good reason to participate, but witnessing the process of other participants was added value. I came away with a renewed conviction that artists (and scientists) are quite capable of saving the planet. Creative problem solving, thinking outside the box and innovation are the artist's forte, and their creative response to a dire problem was inspiring.

<http://babayard.com>



Jim Chamberlain and Pepper Trail

Shifting Patterns: Meditations on the Meaning of Climate Change



JIM CHAMBERLAIN BUILT HIS FIRST DARKROOM ALMOST 40 years ago simply for the fun of developing film. During the "dark room" era he became interested in building electronic projects using vacuum tubes, then on to transistors at home and finally integrated circuits while working in the research laboratories of Xerox Corporation. Both interests finally merged when he designed and built an enhancement for a photographic enlarger which he sold to the Beseler Corporation. Now using purely digital technologies with state of the art camera and software, the pursuit continues. To Jim photography is about the mystery of where and when an image will be discovered, it's the chase of searching for the next one. It's the heightened excitement and visual awareness when he senses a satisfying visual experience is about to come together. His background in electronics and computers has taken him on a more intensive digital path than most artists. This passion for expanding visual experiences through the digital process is what he finds so addictive.

PEPPER TRAIL IS AN ORNITHOLOGIST, CONSERVATIONIST, AND WRITER. He began watching birds as a boy in upstate New York, and traces his incurable love of travel to a family trip to Mexico when he was twelve. Since then, Pepper has studied birds around the world, from the rain forests of Amazonia to the coasts of Antarctica. Since 1994, Pepper has lived in Ashland, where he is the ornithologist at the National Fish and Wildlife Forensics Laboratory. He is involved in many regional environmental issues, especially the establishment and protection of the Cascade-Siskiyou National Monument, and is a regular contributor to Jefferson Public Radio and the Jefferson Monthly. His essays have been published in the books *Intricate Homeland* and *A Road Runs Through It: Reviving Wild Places*, as well as in a variety of journals. He began to write poetry about five years ago, and his work has appeared in *Open Spaces*, *Borderlands*, *Atlanta Review* and other publications.

A SOBERING SCIENTIFIC REPORT ON THE LIKELY IMPACTS OF CLIMATE CHANGE in the Rogue Valley was published in December 2008. In response to the report's frightening vision of our future, Susan Cross of Medford's Jefferson Nature Center created the *Shifting Patterns: Preparing for Unsettled Days* project. The project, supported by the Oregon Arts Commission, gathered together 16 southern Oregon artists, including ourselves, to respond to climate change, creating a community dialogue around this issue.

One of the most disturbing aspects of climate change is its potential to affect everything. For our response, we decided that we needed every medium we could use: photography, scientific prose, and lyrical poetry, and to put it out there as interactively as possible. We have created a website and its companion book, *Shifting Patterns: Meditations on the Meaning of Climate Change in Oregon's Rogue Valley*. The website, which will be regularly updated, contains far more images than could be presented in the book, as well as additional writing and a wealth of links to sources of scientific information and steps for practical action.

The words and images in this book arise from the natural world of the Rogue Valley today, and from our vision of possible futures. From the outset of the project, we knew that we wanted to include the full range of environments around our hometown of Ashland, from the confluence of Bear and Ashland Creeks on the valley floor, to the peak of Mount Ashland. We visited these sites, and all the habitats in between, many times during the spring and summer of 2009. We hope these words and images may lead you to think about your own home places in new ways. Together, we await the future, in common fear and shared hope.

The World to Come

The world to come will not be blessed
Yet may you be
Blessed in strength for those hard times
Blessed in love
For love is always blessed
Blessed in courage to conquer the fear
That will seek an easy victory
Blessed in peace that you create
For there will be no other
Blessed in hope
For a better world to come
- Pepper Trail



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<http://shiftingpatterns.org/>

<http://wwwphoto.org/>

Ann DiSalvo

Climate Chronicles



I'M A NATIVE OF WISCONSIN. WITH A DEGREE IN ART FROM UW Stevens Point, I moved to Kentucky where I worked in illustration and fine art along with a variety of diverse work, including farming. I came to Oregon in 1992, settled in Ashland in 1993. My partner Bruce Bayard and I established our studio in 1998 and got involved in several organizations to support the arts, including The Dance Alliance, Ashland Gallery Association, J.C. Cultural Coalition, and City of Ashland Public Arts Commission. I attend two figure drawing sessions each week in Ashland for practice and endeavor to create new art as often as I am able, trying out various media but returning always to my favorites among the dry media, charcoal and pastel.

"Shifting Patterns" brought artists with varying thought processes together and gave them a way to apply their world-view to a problem that will be shared by all of their neighbors. I was glad to be a part of this project because it felt good to be able to work on this huge problem, to feel like I was

chipping away at the massive block of ignorance. And it was an opportunity to commit to the genre of drawing that includes writing, namely the comic book; a genre that has been waiting for the right moment in my career.

I found my thoughts expressed very well by Frank Oppenheimer, founder of San Francisco's *Exploratorium*: "Artists and scientists are the official 'noticers' of society... They notice things that other people either have never learned to see or have learned to ignore, and communicate those 'noticings' to others." What we did together to interpret the expected effects of climate change was an important beginning to our human process of adaptation; the expression of our thoughts and desire for learning.

<http://anndisalvo.com>

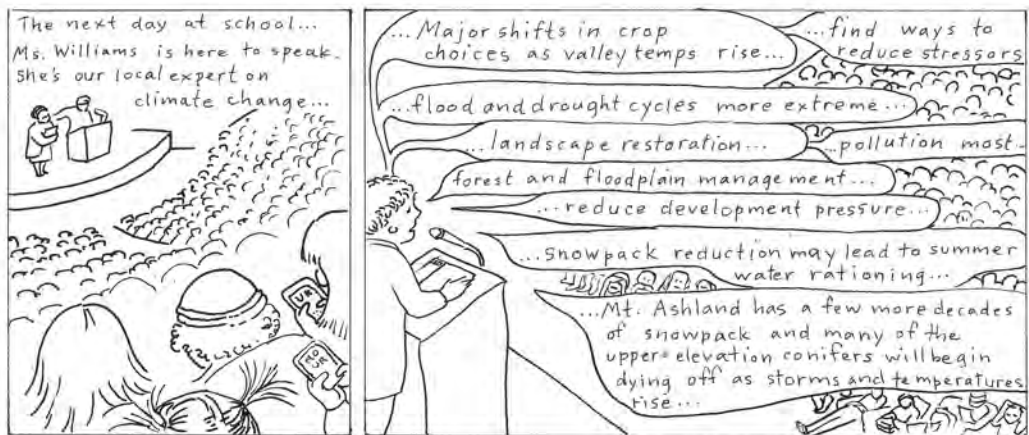


by Ann DiFabro 2009 ©





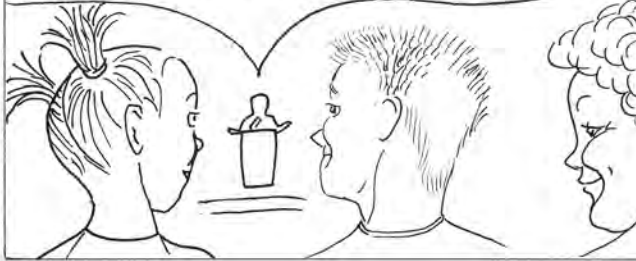




prioritize water supply to favor local agriculture to assure food is available ... research new crops before they're in demand... manage fisheries to protect the genetic diversity of native species... We need to prepare our local economy...



...plan for the future ... instead of manage as we always have, patterned on history... This study is your key to doing the right thing for the Rogue Valley's adaptation to climate change. Thank you for inviting me here to speak to all of you, to whom this matters the most.



I think we should transform to a gift economy

I want to be studying the forest ecosystems. Old growth resists fire

My dad finally explained his work to me and it was way cooler than I thought. He actually shows businesses how to reduce their carbon footprint, and invest in windfarms and solar power.

My mom is a CERT volunteer and I went with her to help evacuate our neighborhood when there was that wildfire that burned a hundred acres. I just loved being the ones that spread the word of the danger!



My family has a goat dairy. They're hoping I'll want to take it over someday. It's a lot of work, but I like goats. They'll eat anything

I know this sounds totally like third grade, but I really do want to be a fireman - in a rural district where it's mostly for...

Well I'm moving to Portland so I can still be snowboarding when I'm old, like 45, 50 years old and still boardin' on Hood - yeah!

My uncle Vern has a vineyard. Guess I need to tell him to plant warm weather grapes and build rainwater collectors for irrigation... that's kind of like a swimming pool, right?



end

Shoshanah Dubiner

Chrysalis of Transformation



photo: David Lorenz-Winston

ON A PERSONAL LEVEL, MY PARTICIPATION IN THE project revitalized my creativity and belief in the importance of art in human life. When I attended our first meeting with the scientists, I was feeling depressed in my personal life and very discouraged about the future of life on earth due to global environmental degradation. After the meeting, I knew I was not alone in my concerns and in the struggle to create some work of artistic merit that would be meaningful to others and contribute to a positive transition into the future. Meeting with the other artists, talking about our concerns, sharing different points of view, giving and receiving encouragement about our work — all that made

my own process stronger and richer. At the end of the project, I felt part of a ‘family’ or recognizable community of other artists. Presenting my painting and the written statement about it was a great opportunity to be seen and heard and to get immediate, and informed, feedback. Based on the enthusiastic response from the group at my presentation, I was inspired to create a short video for YouTube where the image and the message could reach a larger audience (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BHNfVjATkR8>). To summarize, I gained a sense of belonging to a community of artists whom I respect and an increased confidence in the kind of work I am doing.

I think my participation was valuable to the community because my painting gave people (the artists, myself included, the general public who attended the series of presentations, and the viewers of *YouTube*) a hopeful metaphor of radical social/economic change to carry with us as we all move further into unsettled times. The Great Transformation of the clumsy caterpillar into a graceful butterfly is a metaphor for the social transformation needed in this era of intense climate change.

In response to the report from the National Center for Conservation Science and Policy, I painted a story about butterflies, those beautiful and important pollinators that we humans enjoy and depend on. I chose three species of butterflies: the black-striped Western Tiger Swallowtail, the hairy dark purple Mourning Cloak, and the black-tipped Orange Sulfur. All three species live in southern Oregon, which is famous for its great diversity of butterflies.

The chrysalis is where the caterpillar undergoes its dramatic transformation into a butterfly. At the very center of my painting is the chrysalis, where the caterpillar has already dissolved into a molecular ‘soup’, with only special cells — imaginal disks — left intact. These cells eventually multiply and differentiate to become the wings, legs, mouth, antennae — the entire body — of the butterfly that emerges from the chrysalis. To me, the transformation inside the chrysalis is a biological miracle; it represents the kind of miracle we need today, not the miracle of a *deus ex machina* who will save us from ourselves, but the miracle of self-transformation.

In my painting, a ‘green island’ lies directly below the chrysalis. There, caterpillars crawl over fresh leaves of poplar and ash, between clover and alfalfa. Humans gather before the chrysalis in awe, move toward it and even enter it. Adult butterflies fly into the blue sky above. Some fill it with glorious colors. Others go extinct, remembered only in photographs and illustrations. Others fly into cosmic space.

On either side of the green island, the earth is drying out: the ground is cracking, flames leap from the cracks. This is the modern industrial, petroleum-based society, as we know it, seen indirectly by its effects on the environment. Drought and heat resulting from human-caused climate change have already diminished some popula-

tions of butterflies and have caused others to collapse regionally. Humans are part of the ecosystem that butterflies live in today and are the prime players in story of 20th- and 21st-century climate change. It's up to us humans, not the butterflies, to do something corrective.

To what extent *will* human society enter the chrysalis, undergo its own transformation? What aspects of our humanness will act as the imaginal disks for the formation of the new societies to come?

www.cybermuse.com



John Fisher-Smith

A recounting in six parts of the circumstances surrounding my meeting with Terra



I ENJOYED THE EXPERIENCE OF WORKING TOGETHER WITH a collective of artists and writers struggling to answer the same koan: "How can we, here in the Rogue Valley, adapt to Shifting Patterns of climate change?" Each time there was a presentation I marveled at the many ways of addressing the question. For months I kept making false starts, writing drafts that led me to dead-ends. This is typical for the artistic process, we are used to playing hide-and-seek with the muse. I am trained in Joanna Macy's Great Turning process, so when Zoe Allowan brought us her wise old woman it must have started something moving in me. I met with her over a cup of tea at Chozu. Some weeks later the story of Terra came to me, after reading Thomas Berry's inspiring essay in Sun magazine, and I sat down and wrote the first draft. I think the community valued a novel approach offering inspiration. I was guided in this by a visitor

to the first showing who said he was mighty sick of hearing bad news.

A recounting in six parts of the circumstances surrounding my meeting with Terra

for James, Emma, Ruby and Olivia

"You can't solve a problem with the same mind that created it." - Albert Einstein

Terra Incognita: unknown territory: an unexplored country or field of knowledge.

Part 1. Context

SCIENTISTS TELL US WE MUST ADAPT TO CHANGING WEATHER PATTERNS. They warn of a general warming trend, less snowpack in the winter resulting in more runoff and increased flooding. Ecologists and conservationists warn us we must change our ways, reduce our dependency on all forms of fossil fuel, and turn back the clock to a pre-industrial lifestyle. The dreamers and deniers amongst us anticipate a technological fix, which will give us abundant clean energy from water or hydrogen, while skeptics warn that more energy would simply increase our manic rape of Earth.

A BBC News Website says :

"...what emerges is a picture of decline that goes way, way beyond climate change. Species are going extinct at perhaps 1,000 times the normal rate, as key habitats such as forests, wetlands and coral reefs are plundered for human infrastructure. Aquifers are being drained and fisheries exploited at unsustainable speed. Soils are becoming saline, air quality is a huge cause of illness and premature death; the human population is bigger than our one Earth can currently sustain."

Bad news is abundant but who in the world will tell us how to change our ways and stop our persistent chase of the superlative, our headlong race to bigger than; more of; better than; cheaper, higher, wider, longer....ad infinitum.

Part 2. Inspiration

THOMAS BERRY IN HIS ESSAY “THE MEADOW ACROSS THE CREEK” comes closest to addressing this dilemma when he tells how as a boy of twelve he experienced a moral and ethical epiphany, a moment that informed his entire life. He saw how all that we call progress could be evaluated or measured by one simple yardstick: good if the life and continuity of the lilies blooming in the meadow across the creek that day was unharmed and not good if they would be damaged or interrupted.

As an adult Berry came to understand that all life and the entire universe is to be experienced as celebration — not more, nor less. He decries the way we have as a people become alienated from the very universe that gives us life. “We initiate our children,” he says, “into an economic order based on exploitation of the natural life systems of the planet... Yet, if we observe our children closely in their early years and see how they are instinctively attracted to the experiences of the natural world about them, we will see how disoriented they become in the mechanistic and even toxic environment that we provide for them...”

Thomas Berry describes the path to healing Earth and ourselves: “Every member of the body must bring its activity to the healing of damaged Earth, more especially, of course, the forces of Earth with the assistance of the light and warmth of the sun. As Earth is, in a sense, a magic planet in the exquisite presence of its diverse members to each other, so this movement into the future must in some manner be brought about in ways ineffable to the human mind.”

Thomas Berry further clarifies his meaning, “We might think of a viable future for the planet less as the result of some scientific insight or as dependent on some socioeconomic arrangement than as participation in a symphony or as renewed presence to the vast cosmic liturgy.”

Part 3. Journey

AFTER READING THOMAS BERRY’S ESSAY I HAPPENED TO COME ACROSS THE LITTLE-KNOWN but seminal work of Professor Timon Futurino of the U of O. (You may recognize Dr. Futurino’s name from the atomic particle named after him.) His recent studies in quantum physics threaten to overturn our concepts of time and space. Discovering he was in Ashland with his wife attending the theater I invited him over for tea and expressed my desire to visit the year 2109, a hundred years hence, for the purpose of learning how we residents of the Rogue Valley can adapt and survive the threats we face from climate change, peak oil, and all the rest. The professor was delighted to find a willing subject. He swore me to secrecy and we set a date in early September. After saying goodbye to close friends, on the pretext of a trip to the wilderness, Dot and I drove straight to Eugene.

Dr. Futurino had asked me to arrive after classes on Friday evening dressed in track clothes. He’d recommended heavy carbohydrate loading, warning me that the journey would take it out of me like riding Le Tour de France. So I forced down three bowls of excellent spaghetti at Café Zenon on Pearl Street before going across town to the Department of Physics in Willamette Hall.

The professor greeted us in a worn tweed jacket with leather elbow pads, faded blue jeans and a blue open collar denim shirt. “Hi, I’m Professor Futurino.” he said warmly, forgetting we’d met before, “Call me Timon.” I introduced my wife Dot as “line tender” as if I were going on a deep dive. He led us to the elevator, we descended to the basement, he unlocked the electronic door to his laboratory and ushered us in. I became aware of an eerie bluish light emanating from the air — “Just a quantum bi-product” he said, “don’t worry, it’s quite harmless.” Pointing to the toilet he suggested I drain my bladder and then he strapped me solidly into a complicated chair suspended in a double ring like a toy gyroscope. I recognized it instantly as a duplicate of the chair used by Dr. John Epley of Port-

land, inventor of the Epley maneuver for treating positional vertigo. I commented on this but Timon, preoccupied with the controls, demurred.

"You said Rogue Valley, September 2109?" he confirmed briskly, typing into a nearby console. "I can't guarantee date and time, you are my first human subject, but I'll do my best." A shiver of terror ran down my back at hearing this — 'first human subject'?

"Ready?" he said and I braced myself, thinking he would spin me around. "No, relax, you won't feel a thing." He said, "You can keep notes by pressing the button under your right hand while thinking each thought you want recorded."

"Here we go!" I remember seeing his fingers typing in the command.

Part 4. Meeting

I AWOKE NEXT MORNING AT SUNRISE TO SEE A TWELVE OR THIRTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL studying me closely. She seemed as surprised to find me asleep on the couch in my antique track clothes and running shoes as I was to see her there looking a lot like my granddaughter.

"Hello," she said looking me over as I rubbed my eyes, "who are you... where did you come from?"

"John's my name," I said. "I'm a time-traveler from 100 years ago. I'm here to find out how you survived." I looked around the large family room, a sort of cob structure made of whitewashed mud, dug into the hillside.

"Golly, gee wilikers," she responded, springing on me an expression from my college days in the 1950s. "You can call me Terra. Hey, can I fetch you a glass of fresh-squeezed orange juice from our orchard?"

"Wow, I'd love some!" I blurted out. "How can you grow oranges here? We never see them north of Cloverdale, California."

"They say our Rogue Valley climate is similar to Pasadena's a hundred years ago," she said, "only less humid and hotter in the summertime."

As I started sipping the sweet fresh juice, she was putting on her shoes. "Come out into the orchard when you're ready, we all work in the cool before breakfast — I'll introduce you to everyone."

"Everyone? Who lives here besides you and your family?"

"Oh sorry; I see what you mean. In school they taught us how you lived, one family per household, in what you called the nuclear family. I'm a bit mixed up about that, I mean about nuclear. We kids memorize the names of the World Council of Elders founded by your Nelson Mandela, Bishop Tutu and President Jimmy Carter, and joined later by Michelle Obama and her husband Barrack. By mid 21st century the World Elders had persuaded all the governments to abolish nuclear altogether — or we would all perish they said. I guess the nuclear family went too, I've been told it was equally ... well, dysfunctional."

"Please tell me about your family." I asked.

"Our family name is Incognita so I'm Terra Incognita." She started listing the given names and relationships of her family group including several adult women and men, several assorted grandparents, two younger children plus Terra and an older brother. She explained to me how larger extended family groups had come about for sensible use of human and natural resources. Also it allowed sharing their children — enjoyed by loving uncles and aunts — fewer children assured they could live within the limited holding capacity of their gardens, and orchards. Some family groups, she said, raised goats for milk and cheese for the community. The goats mostly lived on weeds like blackberry and poison oak growing in steep canyon land.

Later that morning, as people sat down to a hearty breakfast of porridge made from locally grown grains and beans served with goat's milk yogurt and sunflower seeds, Terra warmly introduced me as I struggled to learn their names, one by one: a man named Oak, another River, a girl named Willow, a boy Cougar, a woman Venus, an

older woman Grandmother Charity, and older man Grandfather Raven and so forth. After the meal was cleared and the dishes washed and put away the group circled in the family room for morning council. One of the grandparents led off with a simple tone sounded from deep in her belly and tapped the table with her hand. Everyone joined in until the resonant space was filled with tones and overtones, not unlike the chanting of Tibetan monks and nuns but also quite unique and spiritual.

Terra, a girl of the 22nd century, had explained to me beforehand that this was a way to align their energies, and made them happy and harmonious. It sounded to me kind of hippy-dippy at first. But she explained that The Collapse which is what they called the hard times of mid twenty-first century was caused not only by the physical breakdown of Earth's climate and life systems, but also in large part by the inharmonious energies of Earth's peoples who were constantly in conflict with one another. It had been discovered she said that this was a vibrational difficulty, a dissonant waveform that could be corrected through collective toning.

Terra also reminded me that morning of the phrase from our Bible: In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. After The Collapse, she said, they had been forced to recognize that the twisting of words in speech was contrary to God, in that it created disharmony and disunity. She had learned that there were even television channels in our time featuring people using hate speech as a weapon to hurt and mislead other people. "One of them was called F, O, X" she said. "Oh hey, that spells fox like the wily little critter that steals our chickens. In our world," said Terra, "children are taught that twisted and abusive speech is exactly like a gun or a knife which can maim and kill people, families and communities."

And so the day went on with Terra showing me around, telling me all about their gifted lives while the family was taking care of business, which they did as if it were a celebration, counting their blessings all the while, knowing they had enough. They were happy I thought, like people the world over we sometimes call 'primitive'. And they were healthy too. Health care had been replaced by well-being, because good health was far cheaper and better than any medicine.

At one point I asked Terra to tell me more about The Collapse. "We don't often talk about it," she said, and paused... "It was so terrible. Grandma told me whole generations, literally billions of people, died worldwide as systems based on exploitation of fossil fuels failed. It might not have been so bad," she explained, "had your back-to-the-land culture of the 1970's survived the wasteful detour of Reaganomics, with its voodoo economics based on the delusion of what we now call Consumerism." (The shift from industrial to service economy, American workers and citizens are re-named *consumers* and their function re-shaped into an *alimentary canal* of sorts.) Then Terra showed me a dog-eared reprint of Stewart Brand's swan song book, the *Next Whole Earth Catalogue* published in 1981 as the movement burned to a cinder. "It was a miracle," she said, "that a torn remnant of the old back-to-the-land fabric made it through to where we are today."

My mind was racing, thinking of the myriad topics I wanted to hear about, education, transportation, agriculture, water, land use, locality, communication, transportation, technology, goods, manufacture, cottage industry. But Timon had told me my time was limited between two sleeps and the September sun was crossing the sky only too fast.

Then I recalled the prophesy of Thomas Berry that the solution would be "ineffable to the human mind" and not result from "some scientific insight or ... socioeconomic arrangement" but would emerge more as a prayer or celebration within a felt universe. Like a flash I saw how simple the solution was — Terra and her family Incognita and all the other survivors were living in just that way — their lives were lived in awareness of creation itself of which they were manifest, in gratitude, embedded in nature.

Part 5. Dream

THAT NIGHT I WENT TO SLEEP ON THE COUCH AGAIN AND HAD THE MOST wonderful dream. I found myself in a secret garden surrounded by roses and lavender. Seated opposite me was Thomas Berry, big as life and very alive, in spite of his death in June at the age of 94. From the position of the sun I could see it was teatime and between us was a silver English tea set just like my mother's. He was pouring tea into classic bone china teacups with saucers. As he finished he offered me a cup, picked up his own, took a sip and asked in a rich voice, "John, what did you learn from your visit with Terra?"

"Frankly I'm a bit confused," I replied. "Remember your essay, 'The Meadow Across the Creek'?" He nodded. "Well I thought it charming but a bit Utopian, and yet that's just how Terra and her people have survived a hundred years from now."

"Yes," he said. "They're in harmony with Earth, aren't they? They're living a natural life but they've arrived there through love, celebration and prayer. You can't find Utopia, can you, through fear, selfishness and hate."

"Why is it then, Thomas, that we believe in Hell and create a living Hell on Earth," I asked, "and yet we believe Utopia is boring or unreachable?"

Thomas Berry shrugged. "Is that a statement? If so, I can only say, quite true, and the operative word is believe." Then he summed up for me, "What you saw is people just like us, living a natural life embedded within nature, within a Universe — it's that simple."

Part 6. Return

IN THE MORNING I AWOKE TO THE BLUE QUANTUM LIGHT of Professor Futurino's laboratory back at the U of O in Eugene. I opened my eyes and saw Dot looking me over quizzically. "Are you alright?" she asked. "At two A.M. I got worried when I noticed you were drifting into the wrong century — you know I'm hopeless around computers. I couldn't wake Timon. He was exhausted and had asked me to take over. So as your line tender," Dot grinned, "I had to bring you back myself, sweetheart, guiding you through the decades to the reentry portal. Thank goodness you're safely back."

"Thanks, line tender," I said, remembering when she stayed awake all night at the Arctic Circle watching a sun that never set. Dot unstrapped my exhausted body from the chair as Timon burst back into the room.

"Oh, welcome back, John," he said. Then going to the fridge, "Here, have some juice." I knew I was back in the USA as I watched him pour reconstituted Florida orange juice from a plastic jug into a plastic mug. Later as we said goodbye he handed me a transcription of my thought-notes.

Driving home in the Prius, Dot asked many questions. When I had recounted everything, she asked, "Well, where do we go from here?"

"Simple," I responded. "The girl Terra Incognita is like the lilies blooming in the meadow across the creek." As we go forward, 'preparing for the unsettled days of Shifting Patterns', we can evaluate our actions as 'good' when they move us toward Thomas Berry's natural life in harmony with the earth — the life of Terra and the people of our future survival.

control-click on <http://tinyurl.com/ya96uao> to hear an audio performance of this piece

Althea Godfrey

A Tree's Story

Trees Are Like Air, We Thought



SENTIMENT IS HARD TO ESCAPE WHEN YOU WRITE ABOUT beloved things we stand to lose in the face of climate change. Get close to that endangered thing you love today, and your heart starts to break. Suffering is so much everywhere that its message has broken down. If it weren't for Joy, we would be lost.

At least that is what I believed as I wrote these stories about Douglas fir and Rogue Valley climate change. As a sociology student at Southern Oregon University I have been very interested in these issues, as a social scientist might be. It's not about blame or choosing a side, it's about seeing reality as clearly and accurately as one can and adding to the discourse.

I'm not unfamiliar with communicating about environmental issues. Most recently I have been writing about plants, gardens, weather and climate as a magazine writer and newspaper columnist. As a poet, I have been writing about the environment for 20 years. As a journalist, I covered environmental stories when I could, winning an honorable-mention for a story covering a salmon restoration project in a statewide competition.

Hearing about the specific changes that could be expected in my home valley was a challenge. As you can see in my work, it's not just my valley, it's my backyard. It may not be my lifetime, but science allows us to see beyond a lifetime. It is my heritage, our heritage, and I feel that strongly. It made writing clearly both more difficult and more imperative.

Being chosen as a participant in Shifting Patterns enabled me to draw together my decades of experiences, my love for life on Earth, my skill as a professional writer and poet and make a whole from them. It was not just a whole story, translating climate science into ordinary language, or even crafting a good poem. It was a way for me to become whole around this entire subject. To wrap my heart around people, planet and pollution. I am grateful for the experience and the funding that made it possible.

A Tree's Story

LONG AGO, WHEN FIRST PEOPLES WERE ALL WE KNEW, WE ALL were part of the circle. A life without us could not be imagined, we were reality, one with all that is. We were consumed, but our sacrifices were small.

With cedar and salal, with huckleberry and salmon, we danced in a living circle. We were the Standing People then and seeing into and between our branches, to the light, the People found their art. They saw into our strong still bodies and knew our souls. We too are living beings with purpose.

You cannot know us as we know each other. We live together, branches touching in the sky. Our falling branches nourish our future. Under the ground, in the living earth, we reach out and touch each other. We merge into one thing under the ground. Our roots connect and together we draw up the water and food we need.

We grew tall and old for generations, surviving fire, surviving drought. We fed in the rain, sent our pollen across the wind. When one tree died, from its roots new life grew up, and so we multiplied across the mountains. We are family, with a time not like your time. Moving slowly, so slowly, our lives last a long time—even a thousand years.

What in our difference makes it hard for you to see how we might rejoice and desire this way of being? What we need is what every living being wants—a home. A tree farm is not a forest home. Home is where the generations can grow, as they have always done.

A place where life is lived as Creation intends.

We appear placid. Our nature is to stand and sway. We cannot run away. We stand, prisoners in rows of strangers. You take our bodies to your mills, forgetting the shelter of the animals, the food of the fourth world below. Forgetting the very air you breathe. As we live on, so will you. Will you give us this home?

Trees are like air, we thought

In the beginning it was about capital
“D” Destiny. A shared one we thought (though really for a few)
but it was a destiny anyhow and we were voracious
and it was big and tall and seemed endless.

It was about timber, and the pulp, the board feet.
We grew homesteads, books, and cities.
It was about fortunes and everybody dreaming
about their share of greatness. Their entitlement.

Destiny had us, yeah, and profit and jobs. We grew
an economy. Mill towns. Timber families. Profit
and taxes. All the stuff we created on our own.
We moved whole towns by railroad, to cut ‘er down.

Then it was about the wilderness, the soul of it—a little,
And conserving production for the future.
With so many trees—it was awfully close to infinity—
we made a few parks in the forests—and sold the rest.

Trees were like air to most folks. Air goes all the way to space.
You don’t run out of air or trees. You look at the forest and see
Lumber. Jobs. Money for schools and sheriffs. Libraries.
You can’t see a carbon sink.

We couldn’t imagine.
Didn’t let ourselves imagine,
And wouldn’t be troubled by what the worriers imagined
We thought we could.

II

I wanted to write about the Douglas fir moving north
I wanted to write like a genius about the Douglas fir
Who’s leaving the Rogue Valley,
leaving us with oaks and maples

I wanted to write like a muse, like the Lorax.
Nothing came but sentiment and longing. Longing for things
not to change. To stay the same. For me.
After all, humans think a lot about themselves.

I did the research and listening to scientists.
And spent weeks and wrote pages of driveling words.
Staring at the Douglas firs outside my window.
Staring at polished sheets of Douglas fir that now held my words.

In the forest, some Douglas firs merge at the root,
They partner and feed each other, so if you cut just one,
cut it straight off like a logger, its partner can grow bark
over the stump of the lost tree, covering the wound.

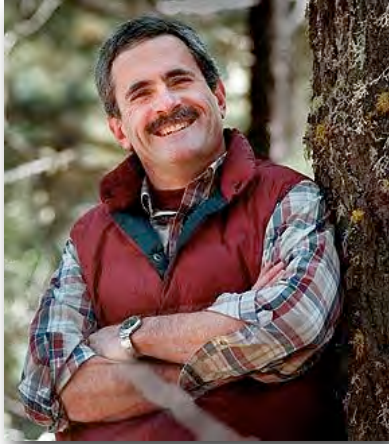
If that doesn't get you a little sentimental, perhaps you've lost something dear.
See my longing? My longing for you to care, to care enough
to cover the wounds we made when we couldn't imagine we were making
Rogue summers too hot, too long, and too dry for Douglas firs.

The trees will retreat into the north and up into the mountains.
It will take a long time and we will hardly notice, unless
the bugs or wildfire and smoke get our attention. I wonder, then,
what will be missed?

Will they say, "Back then, when we lived in the climate 'sweet spot'
Six billion people was no problem for this planet. Back then, we had
global harmony. But we couldn't see, what with our intra-species
squabbling. We couldn't—we wouldn't—imagine losing those trees."

Jeff Golden

Facilitator



USING THE 'ART OF CONVERSATION', I HAD THE PRIVILEGE of facilitating a discussion on three of the four evenings after the artists finished presenting their work. I solicited the elements of each evening that most strongly moved or stimulated members of the audience, looking for patterns that weaved our experiences together into discernible patterns. The comments of audience members, especially their descriptions of the ways in which specific elements of the presentations moved them, often enriched the experience of other audience members; as the imagination of different people was captured by different presentations, audience members were able to benefit from one another's specialized insights, lifting the level of the shared experience for everyone.

From my point of view, these culminating conversations were invigorating and successful, and brought a wholeness to the evenings that may not have otherwise been apparent.

I believe an important and useful principle - that media other than cognitive discussion and left-brain thinking are more effective in helping some people grapple with vital social/political issues, has untapped potential for helping us understand and come to some choices about worldly challenges - was borne out by this program. Some community members left, I believe, with enhanced appreciation for the role of artistic expression in facing our worldly challenges.

www.unafraidthebook.com

Barbara Massey

Climate Change and Birds of the Rogue Valley



I MAJORED IN ZOOLOGY IN COLLEGE AND SPENT THE FIRST 20 YEARS of my working life in research labs as a medical technician. That was enough. We had moved to southern California by then and the wonder world of the seashores, forests, mountains and deserts of the west changed my whole perspective. I went back to school and earned an M.A. in Biology at California State University Long Beach, with emphasis on Ornithology. Shortly thereafter, the Endangered Species Act in 1972 mandated protection for the species I had studied – the California Least Tern - and other birds of the beaches and wetlands of the state, and I was never without a new challenge for the next 25 years.

In the early 1990s I wanted a new direction, something that would make retirement a more fruitful period. Sketching had always come easily and I wanted to try drawing and painting birds. After some hopelessly amateurish attempts it was back to school again to learn the necessary techniques and find a medium that would work for me. That turned out to be watercolor. It took a decade of plein air painting before I was ready to tackle birds. Now I am doing so, and getting keepers.

Conservation has been a serious concern of mine since reading *Silent Spring* when it was first published. I was a founding member of the Long Beach Audubon Society and co-founder of *pro esteros*, a bi-national organization created to conserve the wetlands of Baja California. Since retiring in Oregon I have written a book on birds of the Rogue Valley and directed a three-year survey of birds in the Cascade/Siskiyou National Monument in addition to painting, bird-watching, play-going and all the other delights of living in Ashland.

Here is a photo of my exhibit and one of me, plus the explanation I had on a frame in front of the paintings. As to what I found most rewarding about the project, I think it was the way we worked it all out, with almost everyone admitting they were flummoxed at the start but somewhere along the way finding a means of expressing an idea that satisfied both the criteria of the project and themselves. It was a strong creative experience for me.

Climate Change and Birds of the Rogue Valley

RECENTLY THERE HAS BEEN A FLOOD OF RESEARCH ON THE EFFECTS OF CLIMATE CHANGE on flora and fauna in California. Models project that there will be a re-shuffling of both plant and bird communities as a result of warmer temperatures. But even with the sophisticated modeling tools that biologists now have, they cannot predict accurately what the changes will be. It is not as simple as a move north or up to higher elevations. Complexity can be expected, because of the evolutionary processes that will come into play. What can be predicted is that many effects could be seen in as little as fifty years.

In our bio-region, the valley may become too warm for the oaks and they may die out at low elevations and shift upward into the region now dominated by conifers. The conifer belt may also migrate upward, but there will be no higher region to move into, and thus the amount of coniferous forest in the Cascades and Siskiyou could be diminished.

On the valley floor the existing bird assemblages will change: some species may adapt to their new environment, some migrate up the hillsides, some go farther north. Familiar birds may survive in diminished numbers,

new species may arrive, and species now present in small numbers may expand their numbers. A partial list of birds now resident in the valley includes California Quail, Acorn Woodpecker, Hutton's Vireo, Western Scrub-Jay, Black-capped Chickadee, Oak Titmouse, Bushtit, White-breasted Nuthatch, Brown Creeper, Wrentit, Cedar Waxwing, Western Meadowlark, and House Finch. Birds that migrate laterally to our lowlands to breed include House Wren, Nashville Warbler, Lazuli Bunting, Western Tanager, Black-headed Grosbeak and Bullock's Oriole.

Birds at high altitudes have fewer choices than those in the valley, as they cannot go higher, and losses will be sustained. The result could be fewer individuals of now-common species or even loss of uncommon species altogether. New species may join the assemblage. Birds currently resident in our montane forests are few – in winter scarcely a dozen species can be found at places like Mt. Ashland, Hyatt and Howard Prairie Lakes. Residents, including Steller's Jay, Gray Jay, Mountain Chickadee, Red-breasted Nuthatch, Golden-crowned Kinglet, and Cassin's Finch, all found ways to survive the severe winters that can occur above 5000 feet. Migrants come up to breed in the montane coniferous forests from the valley, and many more from southern latitudes. They include Mountain Quail, Sooty Grouse, Wilson's Snipe, Band-tailed Pigeon, White-headed Woodpecker, Williamson's Sapsucker, Olive-sided Flycatcher, Hammond's Flycatcher, Dusky Flycatcher, Gray Jay, Clark's Nutcracker, Mountain Chickadee, Red-breasted Nuthatch, Hermit Thrush, Mountain Bluebird, Hermit Warbler, Green-tailed Towhee, Fox Sparrow, Lincoln's Sparrow, Dark-eyed Junco, Cassin's Finch, and Pine Siskin.

I found that documenting existing bird distribution, seasonality, and abundance was perhaps the best contribution I could make. And since arrival in Ashland ten years ago I have been doing just that. First, by writing a book based on two years of monthly counts at twenty sites in the valley and its environs, then by organizing a monitoring study of the birds in the Cascade/Siskiyou National Monument. We also have an abundance of data on birds from many years of Audubon Christmas Counts, breeding bird surveys, and Klamath Bird Observatory banding stations. There is a solid basis for comparison when changes come.

For this exhibit I chose the two habitats at extremes in our area, the valley floor and the high mountains, to show a few of the species that will certainly undergo changes.



Vanessa Nowitzky

When Humanity Gets Too Big for the Planet



THIS WAS THE HARDEST COMMISSION I HAVE YET DONE.

At first I was terrifically enthusiastic to do it but as the months went by I realized I was completely blocked and became terrified.

First I was trying for a very long time to create my usual form, a singdance. I was playing with contortionistic elements; I wanted to express that we were in the 'home stretch' and just had to stretch from home to home. I did come up with a singdance piece that was under two minutes, about the seeds that can grow and blossom, to create whatever we want the earth to become. And I did sing a short song I had written, called "The Power of Green," which expressed the same view.



But I wanted a longer piece and I didn't want to make a piece about how miserable I am when I experience the desecration of nature. As an artist whose medium and instrument is my body, I knew it would be too hard on me to feel and express that, and besides it seemed to me that I would need a large ensemble to say what I really wanted to say about it.

So I made a dance about waking up and realizing we have to take care of our planet. It was all inspired by accident when I found my blue-green ball in storage. I used to use it as a backrest. It looks just like the Earth from space, all swirly blue-green-white. I immediately was able to make a dance with this ball, about how we are changing our relationship to the Earth, called "What happens when Humanity grows too big for the Earth." I played Humanity, and of course the ball played the Earth. I start off sleeping using the Earth as my pillow, then I wake up and crawl all over the Earth, and I get so big I accidentally kick it away, almost losing the Earth, and then I have to learn how to take care of it.

It was only one week before the performance that I discovered the ball so I didn't try to make a singdance in that short of a time, which is a lengthy process. I did incorporate a little singdancing right at the end, as Humanity learned how to support and flow with the needs of the Earth. But it was mostly just dance and I picked a song called "Blessing" by my favorite musical group, Huun-Huur-Tu, which is a band from Tuva, a country just south of Siberia. Since I have seen them live three times, including twice in Ashland, I was happy to include their music because they represent the action of traveling the world - their ability to tour is one of the good things about the Earth getting smaller via human technology.

I really wanted to give people hopeful thoughts, which could be like a lifesaver to cling to if times get rough. I love human technology, and know that really the only thing that needs to change is human awareness. As we become aware of what we are doing, then we can use our technologies to help the planet instead of unconsciously harming it. The intention to travel is good. We just need to figure out cleaner modes of transportation. Same goes for all our energetic needs. The sun is so overwhelmingly powerful. The powers are out there. It is only a matter of time before we figure out how to utilize clean sources of energy.

Yet time is a funny creature... sometimes there is too much, sometimes not enough... I don't know if these enlightened changes will happen in time to ensure every human's survival. Many people have already died from floods and storms that might have been induced by global warming. I am sure that humanity will survive, though perhaps along the way many humans will die. And life will go on, although many lives may be mourned. Eventually the Human Body will evolve enough wisdom to work in concert with its home, the Earth.

www.singdancing.com

Karin Onkka

A Mandala Representing Global Climate Change in the Rogue Valley



AS A GRAPHIC DESIGNER, I OFTEN WORK WITH ICONS AND SYMBOLS. After hearing the presentation on the local effects of global climate change, a few symbols emerged. I was curious to see how these symbols would interact with and speak to each other when placed into a mandala.

Mandalas are generally circular, geometric designs that have traditionally been used in eastern religions as a focal point in meditations. Mandalas also have roots in western religions and can be found in the stained glass windows of many cathedrals and in the celtic cross. Native Americans also have their version of mandala designs and were typically created for healing purposes.

The creation of a Mandala as a healing process greatly appealed to me. I have always struggled with the desire to become more educated about environmental issues and the feelings of helplessness that often result. When I began to work with the information from the presentation on a more spiritual level, I found a sense of hope and acceptance that I wanted to share with others. I found it interesting to learn that Swiss psychiatrist Carl Jung studied mandalas and found that as his clients progressed in their course of psychotherapy, they spontaneously began to create their own mandalas. These mandalas emerged from patients who were previously struggling with deep psychic chaos.

Mandalas speak to each viewer individually, and there is symbolism within them that will be unique to every viewer. In mandalas, there are many levels of symbolism at work – some of these involve particular colors, numbers and shapes. My own interpretation of this mandala follows: First off, certain aspects of this mandala were planned and others emerged as I worked on it. In studying the creation of mandalas, this typifies the process – often certain images are brought to a mandala as inspiration, and others are spontaneously created around them. At the very center of the mandala is an eye, which stands for many things, including the power of each individual as well as empathy. Moving outward from there, there is an image of a snowflake and a flower. These images speak to the reduced snowpack we may experience in our mountains as well as some of the rare mountain wildflower species that may no longer be present due to altered growing conditions. Moving outward from there, there is a blue band with an image of a fish and a feather. These negative images were placed in a field of blue to represent the struggle that our local fish species may experience due to increased storms, flooding, wildfire and drought with resulting erosion, pollution, sedimentation and altered stream flows as well as the bird species that may no longer inhabit the upper regions of the Rogue Basin due to altered habitats. In the next circle there is an image of a white oak leaf encroaching upon a Brewer's spruce sprig. This represents the change in vegetation that may occur throughout the valley as it becomes drier, and chaparral species overtake the more lush forest plant communities. Woven into this circle is the ginkgo leaf, which is a nod to a species that has been in existence for eons and has seen a number of periods of global freezing and warming. The outermost circle represents both the sun and flames while the blue water drops can represent sweat, the alterations to the rainfall we could experience in the basin, or the fate of fresh water in our valley. The outermost circle, which evokes visceral feelings of heat, contrasts starkly with the innermost circle which evokes feelings of a chilly winter day, perhaps even the feeling of warming up with an old family quilt.

Working with all of the images in this mandala helped me to realize that there are many various ways to embrace what may happen as a result of global climate change in the Rogue Valley. All of nature is beautiful – I am open to there being certain unexpected benefits to global climate change. A shift in weather, local species, habitats, or plant communities doesn't have to necessarily spell our demise. In fact, it may increase our awareness of nature, inspire us to find ways to live more in tune with nature, and increase our sense of community. I have long admired the inner-connectedness of nature and her uncanny ability to heal.

“A mandala expresses a deep sense of harmony and communicates, at an unspoken level, the interconnectedness of all things, the value of peace and tranquility, the natural and spontaneous way in which each element can support and enhance the existence of each of the other elements. The mandala works by the virtue of the relationship between each of its parts which represent not just themselves but an integral aspect of the whole.” -- David Fontana: *Meditating with Mandalas*



I really appreciated both the challenge of the project – creating an artistic interpretation of global climate change in the Rogue Valley – as well as the luxury of having nearly a year to research, integrate, become inspired by, process, discuss, share, and formulate my own opinions about this issue. As I mentioned in my project write-up, I felt like I undertook a much-needed healing approach to the work I ultimately created, which was very important as well. In general, however, I really appreciated being a part of the group and finding the challenges and inspirations that were common to all of us, and seeing the varied pieces that resulted.

I think it was valuable to the community because it provided a light and approachable venue to an issue that has historically been viewed as heavy and insurmountable. I hope that it allowed viewers to think about aspects of this issue in new ways. I also saw the value in the facilitated discussions. I'm sure that people really appreciated being able to discuss the issue in a community-inspired setting. As a result, perhaps as a community, we are that much more prepared for the events that could result from a global climate shift.

Jan Pinhero

Logs On the Fire



WHEN I FIRST READ ABOUT THIS PROJECT, I THOUGHT “What a great idea – taking scientific information about climate change and giving it a visual face. So I’m honored to be part of this project.

The scientific information in the report that we were given was depressing. But we’re used to depressing. We’ve all read about or have heard about issues facing the Earth and its species for a long while now – heartbreaking stories about polar bears drowning, forests disappearing, problems with pollutants and plastics in oceans. The list is long. I had to keep reminding myself that our job as artists was to respond to the information, not solve it.

It’s safe to say that all of us who read the report experienced grief for what will be and for what will be lost. The landscape will change. I already see things in a different light.

For example I learned that as our climate warms, there will be fewer coniferous forests: so when I see tall Douglas fir trees or Ponderosa pines I give them greater consideration. Picture the hills and mountains in the Rogue Basin without them. They’ll pass because they can’t get enough water and will die of stress and disease. In turn there will be less available water for the rest of us living beings here.

Here in the Rogue Basin, we already deal with forest fire, flooding, water quality and availability, air quality, and economic hard times. But with global warming there will be longer periods of drought. It’ll be hotter and drier. We’ll have more fires, worse air quality, more flooding, more erosion, and more pollutants in waterways. Agricultural and forestry-related jobs are already changing.

Our hope is to lessen the impact of climate change with preparation and planning. We must plan new and revamp old systems with climate change in mind. It’s like eating a cancer diet before you get cancer.

For an example, there will be less water in rivers because agricultural needs will be greater with longer droughts. Salmon will have a hard time living in water a few degrees warmer and they’ll have to contend with a higher level of harmful bacteria in the water and less available oxygen. When we plan new roads, bridges, culverts and dams or change poorly-planned existing ones now, we must consider the salmon’s future in a hotter climate. We don’t want to add to their problem, we want to free waterways and direct road run-off away from creeks and rivers to stop sediment and pollutants from funneling into the water.

Our greatest hope is if we develop and start using energy that doesn’t emit CO2. We’re not going to stop driving our cars or flying in planes. We’re going to continue to transport stuff in trucks.

In my painting, I thought of trucks and cars as logs on the fire of climate change. Logs on the fire. Heat begetting heat. We’re playing in traffic, and heading into the heat of climate change together. We may not be doomed but other species may well be.

Because I live in a semi-wild area and study wildlife every day, I’m obsessed by its welfare. As the coniferous forests disappear, the species that depend on them will face challenges of finding food, water and safe corridors to travel from one shrinking habitat to another.

I’m a big bird fan. High elevation birds who depend on mature coniferous forests and wetlands like evening grosbeaks, pileated woodpeckers, and boreal owls may disappear in this area as the forests diminish and highland temperatures increase.

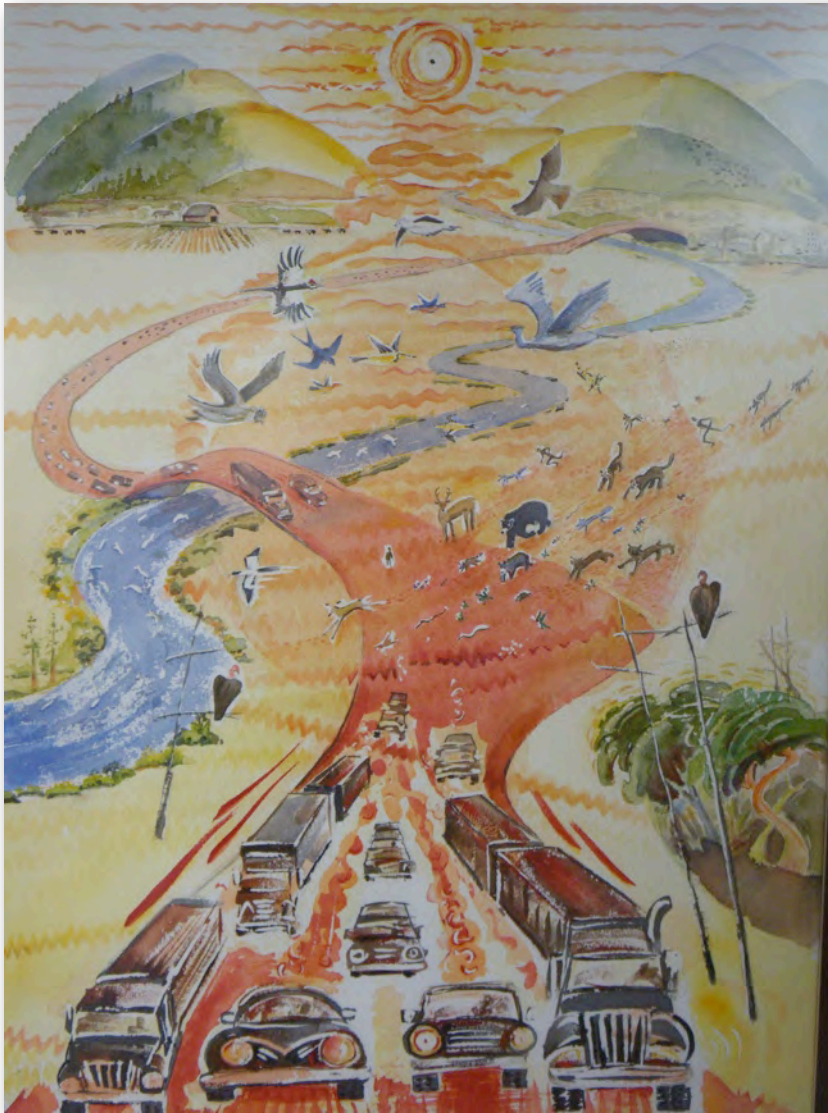
Long-distance migratory birds will have an increasingly rougher time surviving their hundreds and thousands of journey miles with habitats disappearing on either end. Their movement depends on the length of the day rather than the temperature or the weather. So when they reach a regular feeding area or their nesting ground, they may have missed the times when the insects or plant life that they depend on for food are still alive. The type of the food may have already passed because of warmer weather.

When I see a summer bird like a black-headed grosbeak, a western tanager, Bullock's oriole, or lazuli bunting, it feels especially poignant. I may not see them much longer and my children's children may never see them. According to an article in *Audubon* magazine, roughly a hundred million birds are killed annually from banging into

windows of high rise buildings. It's crucial that cats are spayed, neutered, and controlled. They kill zillions of songbirds every year.

I can't forget to mention meat consumption in relationship to climate change. You can see a line of cows in the background of the painting. The greenhouse gases from methane and nitrous oxide emitted from farm animals, including chickens, traps heat more powerfully than carbon dioxide and significantly contributes to global warming. Half the grain grown in this country goes to feeds animals. Tons of petroleum-based herbicides, pesticides, and fertilizers are use to grow this grain. Think of the fossil fuel and refrigeration used to transport it. If you don't want to be a vegetarian, I've read that an individual's meat consumption needs to drop from 12 oz. per day to 3.1 oz. in order to protect the planet.

I'm usually a plein air painter so this was different for me. This is a recycled frame. I was influenced by Charles Burchfield, a watercolor painter of the 20's thru 60's who lived in Ohio. He was known



for capturing the essence of nature and weather using pattern, lines and marks to indicate movement, vibrancy, and sound. He said, "To me, the artist, interested chiefly in weather, all weather is beautiful and full of powerful emotion."

The Shifting Patterns project was important to me because I had heard and read about climate change, but didn't think of it particularly in terms of my own ecosystem. It brought to light changes that humans, wildlife, and flora will face here in the Rogue Valley.

The project was a way to make information about global warming more tactile and understandable to communities, so that we can see how crucial it is to change the way we live. It would be valuable as a county-wide, state-wide and nation-wide project. Museums and galleries in cities, towns and universities might include such exhibits and scientific presentations in conjunction with Earth Day. Highlighting visual, audible and educational work about their own area is a great way to make people aware of their natural environment, and to inspire them to vote for policies that will combat exploitation of local natural resources.

When we hear the words 'global warming', the poster child, the polar bear, may pop into most American heads. Shifting Patterns is a way to bring the reality of climate change home. Personally as an artist, I hope to do more paintings incorporating the subject, and to encourage others to do so too.

Kandy Scott

From Polar to Solar



I AM A DOLL ARTIST. THIS IS MY INTERPRETATION OF regional climate change predictions based on the information provided to me by scientist Cindy Deacon Williams at the *National Center for Conservation Science and Policy*. Jefferson Nature Center and Susan Cross were probably wondering how a doll artist could interpret changing weather predictions in the Rogue Valley. Thank you for being so adventurous in allowing me this opportunity to show my art form. At a meeting I warned the group that whatever I did it would be with levity. My understanding, from the lecture and literature I have been sent is.... **We are on a warming trend in the Rogue Valley.**

More sunshine means more opportunity for solar power. Sunny has solar panels for her house and business. Her business is making solar blankets that can power anything electrical. So now she can have power wherever she goes. With more sunshine, Sunny can sun bathe and soak up lots of Vitamin D. Sunny will also spend less on clothes. The added warmth we are experiencing has also caused the growing season to be longer. The grapes and her girth represent the abundance and variety of food available. Because she isn't wearing the fur coat, this symbolizes she won't be needing it for awhile, hence the title *From Polar to Solar*.



Thalia Truesdell

Temperature Rising



TEMPERATURE RISING IS THE TAPESTRY I CREATED IN RESPONSE to *Shifting Patterns: Preparing for Unsettled Days*. During the initial presentation about climate change, a transforming panorama began to unfold and develop in my imagination: I saw fish swimming in a void, a thinning ozone layer with a hot brassy sun, the river low and murky, and a driftwood graph intersecting the whole and detailing the changes.

I had no trouble designing my weaving, unlike many of the participants in this program who struggled mightily with how to convey their impressions. My problem was in getting my fingers to move, to create a barren landscape, forest fires, compromised riparian zone, and most of all, the absence of the majestic fir trees.

Within the medium of a small weaving, I could not begin to show how far-reaching the effects of climate change will be. I hope that someday I can create the second installment of this work, showing the transition back to re-

stored healthy forests and streams, a protected ecosystem and habitat, and a respect for the natural balance and health of our planet.

The most important thing I gained from my participation in this program is the strength to carry on - the strength to educate and inform, to fight for change, to always keep an eye on the future, and to keep hope in my heart. Supported by the facts about our own backyard, I am better able to share my knowledge and fears with others and therefore effect change.



thaliaweaver.com

Marlene Warneke

An Evolution Idea



AS A RETIRED OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST, I AM ABLE to spend time enjoying and exploring my creativity. Over the years I have donated art to local charities such as hospice and art museum fundraisers. I have enjoyed the privilege of consigning my clothing pieces in Obiko Gallery of San Francisco, and in an international fashion show of clothing from recycled materials at Fort Mason. For a number of years I sold pieces at craft fairs in the Bay Area, which proved to be successful.

I have taken many and varied art classes throughout the years and continue to be fascinated with varieties of techniques. Though I use new materials in my work, I derive great satisfaction from using discarded items in a new way. Everything gets recycled,

whether it is to form a toxic soup at a landfill or is used purposefully to enhance life. I often see great beauty and possibility in tattered or rusted pieces, and enjoy creating with them.

I was very pleased to participate in the Shifting Patterns project though I quickly became overwhelmed with the immensity of the task we humans face at this time of global climate change. In my installation piece I tried to express both the devastation that we are facing and the possibility of positive change that we are being given. We have the opportunity to



move for-

ward working together, incorporating the skills of our ancestors for cooperative living in community with the promising new technical skills currently being developed to cope with climate change. Collaboration and recognition of our love for and deep dependence on our planet are important factors in our ability to survive. In my installation the Mobius strip represents the continuum of life. The salmon represent the essential parts of life that are endangered. The mandala painting at the bottom represents the devastating changes that are predicted for our geographic area.





Monte Killingsworth songwriter

I was honored to write and perform three topical songs about climate change for the Shifting Patterns project. Here are the lyrics. Find MP3 sound files of these songs at:

<http://www.jeffersomaturecenter.org/Events.html>

Download 'em. Send 'em to your friends. Sing along.

A Rising Tide

Once the Earth was bigger
Than the biggest thing we knew
Once the land was lush and green
The ocean vast and blue
People lived in harmony
We planted by the moon
The Earth was made our instrument
The seasons played our tune

Then, to make things easier,
Men dreamed of big machines
One led to another
The end yet to be seen
But as forests shrink and cities grow
And poles are opened wide
The people of Earth's here and now
Face a rising tide . . .

*Rising tide, rising tide
You can't get away
You can't run and hide
You can't wait until tomorrow
There's no solace from the past
It's a rising tide here and now
And now it's rising fast*

Antarctica is melting
And the glaciers in Tibet
If there's an easy fix to the fix we're in
We haven't found it yet
And now methane in Siberia—
In the twinkle of an eye
A trillion tons of swamp gas
Will be filling up our sky

The ocean drowns an island
The people are displaced
Drought dries up a pasture
Farmland turns to waste
Hurricanes are stronger
Winters harder to abide
The people of Earth's here and now
Face a rising tide

Jefferson Nature Center

But as the planet warms
There comes another change as well
A host of gentle voices
They might save us all from hell
Teachers who provide us
With the facts we need to know
Another way to live our lives
So simple and so slow

They've been at it since the 60's
They'll tell it to you true
Thinkers and philosophers
They know what we must do
So may selfish opposition
Sink beneath an ocean wide . . .
An eco-revolution
Rising like a tide

GAIAIOU

If you'd rather ride on the bike trail
Than take a freeway to the mall
If you stay in town this Christmas
'Cause you just flew home last fall
If you frequent farmers' markets
Buy your veggies where they grow
You've gone below . . .

Newer and faster
Our culture's built for speed
Bigger and better
That's what we used to need
We've got to shift that paradigm
Value slow and low:
Use less than you used to, go below

*Down below 350
That's what we've gotta do
Down below 350
It's up to me and you
Down below 350 (ppmco2)
Use less carbon than we used to
It's our gaiaiou*

If your SUV isn't
If your beer is microbrewed
If your AC is a mister
In the backyard in the nude
If you carpool, share, and barter
Take the bus to see a show
You've gone below . . .

If your music is local
Made by folks like me
If your granola and your lover
Are organic and G-M free
If you've opted for a simple life

Shifting Patterns

Spiritual and slow . . .
You've gone below . . .

The Junkman

At a bar I met a younger guy
William Johnson was his name
It was Monday night, the news was on
Before the football game
He said 'I know you won't agree with this'
I could tell he felt real strong
'This nonsense about climate change'
He said 'You greenies got it wrong'
I asked him how he knew
'The Junkman says it's true'

Bill called it '*gorebull warming*'
He claimed he'd heard enough
'It's a U.N.-backed conspiracy
Meant to take away our stuff'
He said 'We're wasting hard-earned capital
On silly schemes like cap-and-trade
Let's invest it all in industry
Look at the progress that we've made'
I asked him how he knew
'The Junkman says it's true'

'We're heading toward an ice-age
So we need to be prepared
We should be building dams and factories
But you eco-pagans have folks scared
You're anti-food and anti-energy
The liberal media's on your side
From hurricanes to polar bears
You should be ashamed of how you've lied'
I asked him how he knew
'The Junkman says it's true'

*Every day in America...
The air fills up with junk
TV, blogs, and radio
Spew bullshit, lies, and bunk
Disinformation, manufactured spin
It's mostly why we're in the mess we're in*

So I told him about the Junkman
His name is Steven J. Milloy
His entire operation
Is just a corporate-sponsored ploy
He gets paid by Philip-Morris
To sow the seeds of doubt
You don't have to take my word on this
Google 'Junkman': you'll find out

Bill Johnson laughed and said 'you bet'
And walked into the night
I guess I didn't change his mind

He's convinced he's got it right
So all you junkmen out there
We can't afford to wait
Bill Johnson needs to hear from you
As the hour becomes too late
Give it to him true
He needs the truth from you
We all need the truth from you