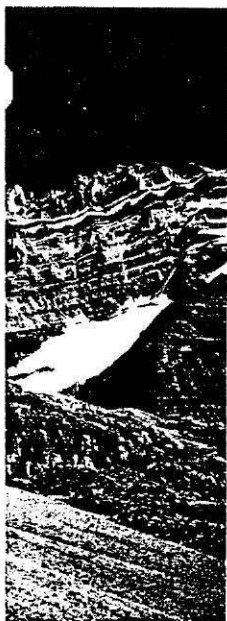




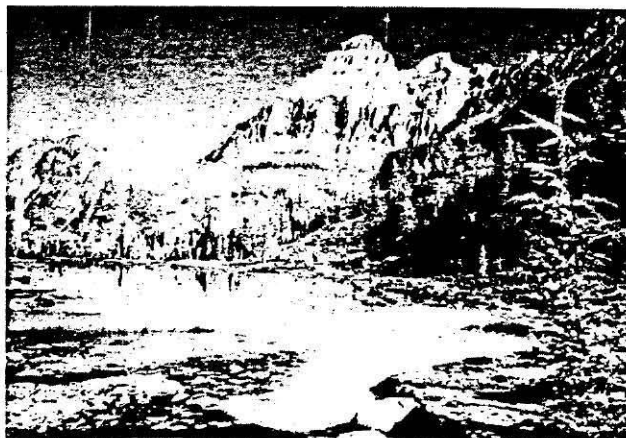
# high country

Photographs: Barry Brown

*As the sun draws near the horizon, the great drama of the day begins . . . stronger and sharper becomes the relief . . . a thousand forms . . . stand forth in strength and animation. All things seem to grow in beauty, power, and dimensions. What was grand before becomes majestic, the majestic becomes sublime, and . . . the sublime . . . transcendent. (DUTTON)*



*as if I always met in those  
panion, and walked with*



*The morning wind forever blows,  
the poem of creation is uninterrupted;  
but few are the ears that hear it. (THOREAU)*