

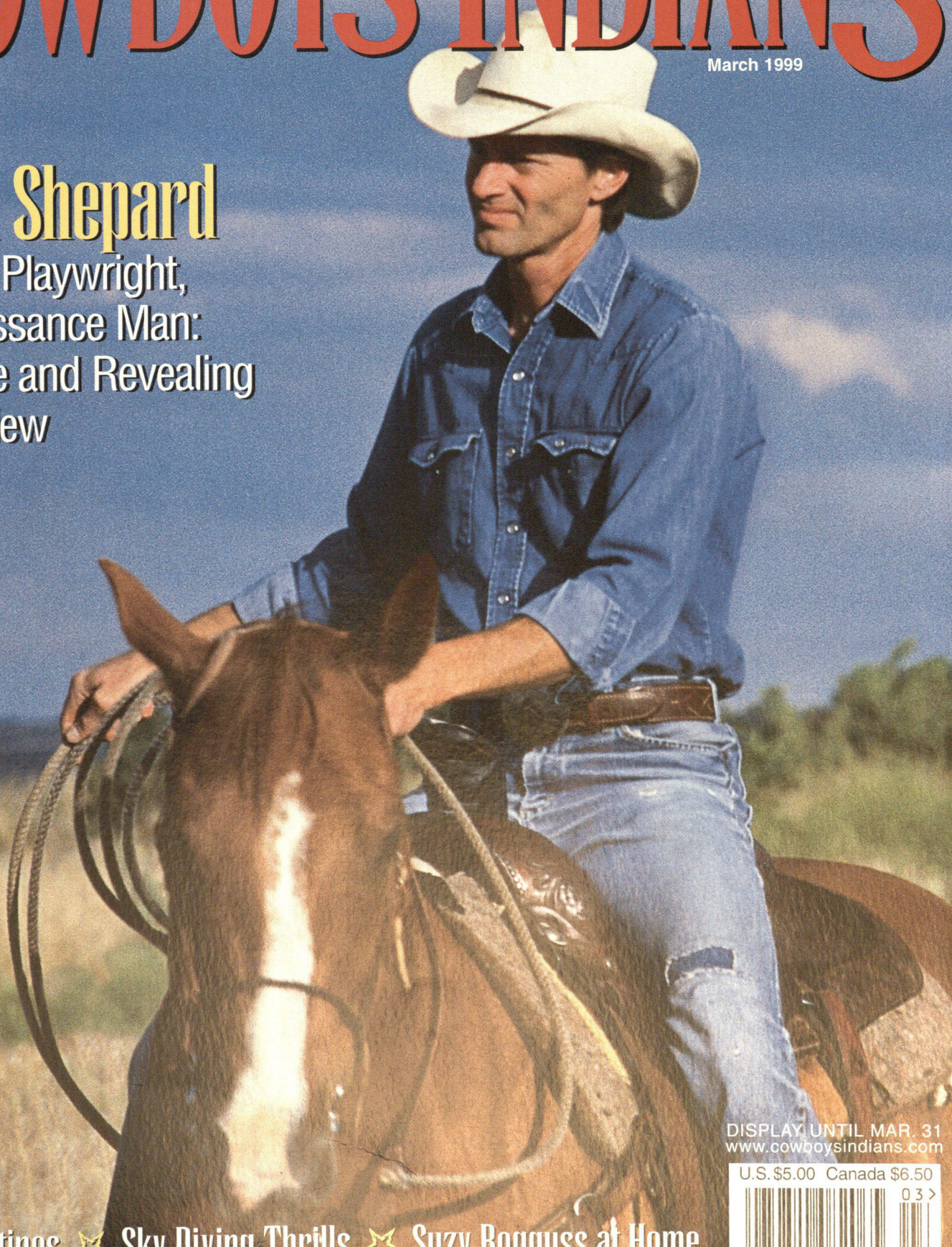
THE PREMIER MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

COWBOYS & INDIANS

March 1999

Sam Shepard

Actor, Playwright,
Renaissance Man:
A Rare and Revealing
Interview



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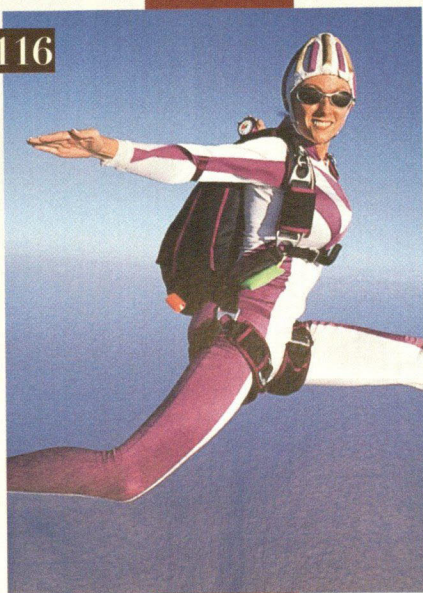
Cowboy Valentines ☆ Sky Diving Thrills ☆ Suzy Bogguss at Home
Ski Sun Valley ☆ Pueblo Indian Pageantry ☆ All The Pretty Purses



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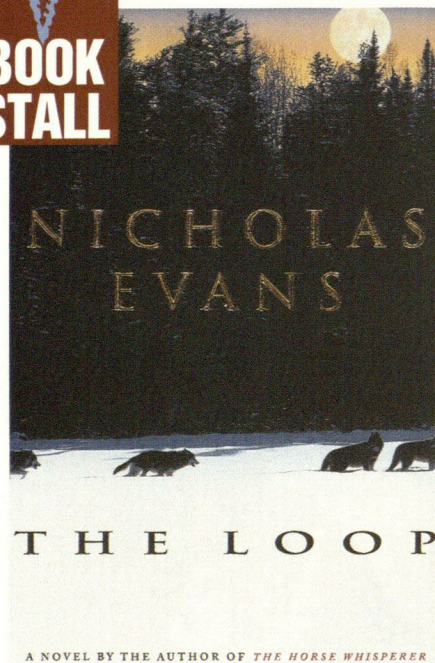
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BOOK STALL



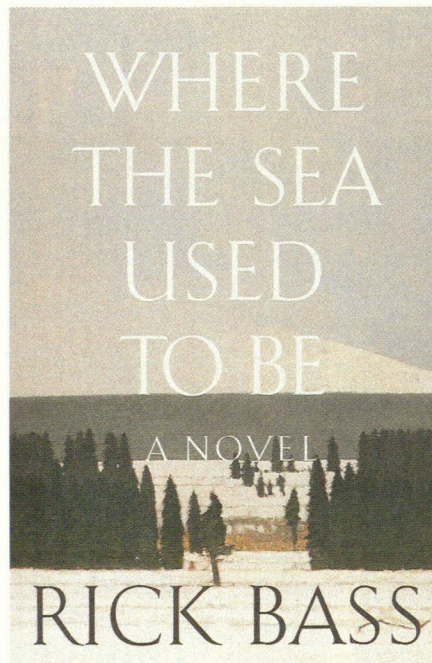
The Loop

By Nicholas Evans; Delacorte Press, New York, 1998; 434 pp.; \$25.95

Nicholas Evans' previous book *The Horse Whisperer*, took Hollywood by storm and got snapped up as a movie vehicle for Robert Redford for upwards of \$3 million before the manuscript was even finished or had a publisher. Now comes Evans' follow-up novel, another contemporary Western romance, this one maybe not as much of a page-turner, but a vivid rural tale in its own right.

The story hinges on unlucky-in-love Helen Ross, a 29-year-old biologist who arrives in Montana to help protect the wild wolves being driven out by the ranchers, and finds herself getting involved with 18-year-old Luke Calder, a loner who's never acclimated to his dad's redneck ranching ways. The pair shares a reverence for the wilderness that no one else that Helen meets — certainly not the brutes sopping up beers down at The Last Resort bar — seems to, yet their relationship escalates at its own risk as both become outcasts from the town's prevailing forces.

The Loop takes its title from a so-named torture trap the ranchers set for the wolves, a device so evil that its use demands a mulling over of the consequences and of the innate value of wildness in lending all our lives meaning. Generally colorful and soulful, *The Loop* treads a middle ground



somewhere between Cormac McCarthy's more literary cowboy-wolf saga, *The Crossing*, and Nevada Barr's genre mysteries about the environmentally-minded parks ranger, Anna Pigeon.

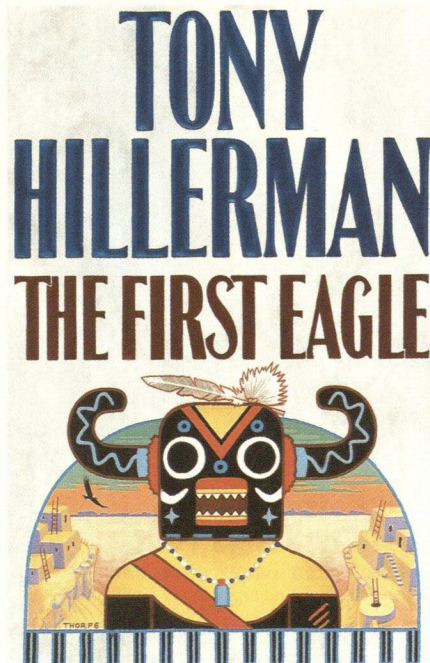
—Wolf Schneider

Where The Sea Used To Be

By Rick Bass; Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston/New York, 1998; 445 pp.; \$25

If you call yourself a Westerner but you think roughing it means spending a few hours on a loping ride followed by a lunch of salmon goat-cheese burritos at some dude ranch, then you desperately need to read this book. The first clue that it's something extraordinary is the jacket illustration by ultra-evocative Western painter Russell Chatham. The second clue: well, have you ever read one of Rick Bass' short stories?

In this, his first full-length novel, Bass transports us on a rugged, literary, and utterly authentic journey through a harsh Western winter spent in a nowhere's land along the Montana/Canada border. There, spunky feminist Mel lives in a remote cabin, curing her own elk and grouse and trout in her smokehouse, tracking wolves, and struggling to retain her equilibrium during visits from her overbearing father, a Houston oilman who happens to own the whole valley where she lives.



Dad's latest protégé, sent to prospect in the valley, becomes Mel's lover while winter exacts its frozen toll on all living things, including the *Northern Exposure*-ish quirky townsfolk who are Mel's neighbors; but by the end we all know more about living in harmony with the seasons, and Mel has finally extricated herself from her father's curses, proving that Euripides was only partially right when he wrote about the gods visiting "the sins of the fathers upon the children."

—Wolf Schneider

The First Eagle

By Tony Hillerman; HarperCollins, New York, 1998; 278 pp.; \$25

Aficionados of Tony Hillerman's atmospheric thrillers stay as thirsty for new adventures as desert plants for rain. This latest offering from the mystery master has all the elements that make his books such satisfying reads.

There is the unforged mystique of the Southwest with its ancient lore and religions, soaring spaces, and unusual characters. There are intricate plots and subplots, insights into Navajo and Hopi life, and the personal odysseys of Navajo policemen Chee and Leaphorn. Throughout all this richness runs Hillerman's terse yet eloquent prose that combines journalistic directness with evocations of nature and seamless dialogue.

An older-and-wiser Chee and the now-retired Leaphorn cross paths again, albeit reluctantly, in an interweaving drama involving murder, angry eagles, and witches. If that weren't enough, two lurking killers — the deadly plague and the hantavirus — make an appearance. Never read a Hillerman novel? Go ahead and start with this one. You'll soon be heading to the bookstore for the rest.

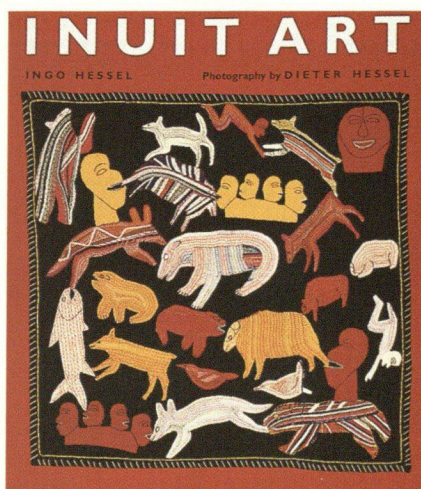
—Charlotte Berney

Inuit Art

By Ingo Hessel; Photography by Dieter Hessel; Harry N. Abrams Inc., New York, 1998; 198 pp., 150 color & b/w illus.; \$45

The roots of the Inuit, formerly called Eskimos, reach far back into prehistory — for five thousand years, this seminomadic hunting people roamed a vast homeland in Arctic Canada. Shamanic and utilitarian objects exist from as early as 1700 B.C.

This book, the first to depict the full range of Inuit art, introduces the reader to the rich environment and culture of the Inuit tribal groups. Prehistoric, historic and contemporary works are presented in beautiful, large photographs accompanied



by an intelligent text. Not just sculpture, but prints, drawings, and textiles are covered by the Canadian author, who is a respected Inuit art expert.

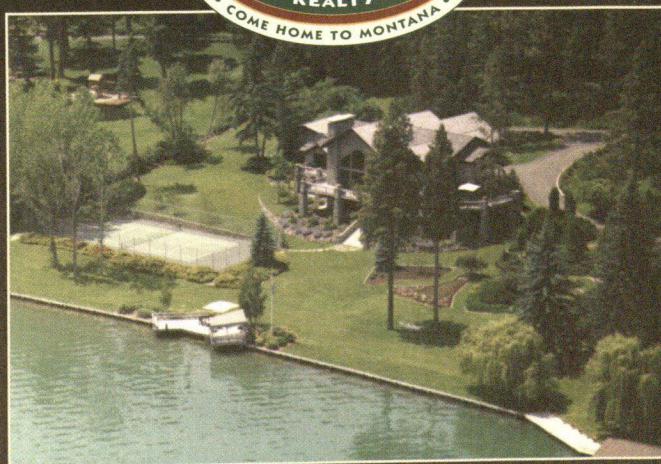
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Hillerman's drama involves murder, angry eagles, witches, and plague

FLATHEAD LAKE, MONTANA



This remarkable property affords a lifestyle combining luxury, privacy, and recreation. The use of stone, native logs, large windows and light woods make the home extremely compatible with its setting. Expansive decks ring the eastern and northern sides offering outdoor living areas with spectacular views



of the lake and Swan Mountain Range.

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