

GARY SNYDER

Charles Freer in a Sierra Snowstorm

—little did I know—

Charles Freer made a fortune building railroad cars.
What he most loved in all the world was art.
He bought East Asian Art—China—Japan—
when things were cheap
and built a fine stone building for his works right on the Mall,
a lot's in storage, underground.

—After two seasons up on
Lookouts in the North Cascades
a few years in Japan,
and many climbs on the snowpeaks of the west
I found myself once in D.C. and asked to see
a sidewise handscroll mentioned in a book
“Rivers and Mountains Without End” or was it “Streams”?
kept at the Freer. I wanted to study
just how an artist might take on
the size of a range of mountains,
the landscape of the world.

They let me roll it out a meter at a time
and always kept an eye—allowed to write notes only with a pencil
—take my time. I think it was three hours.

Then slowly rolled the scroll back to the start.

Gary Snyder, one of the foremost American poets of the past century, has published twenty books of poetry and prose. *Riprap*, his first book of poems, was published in 1959 and reissued in a fiftieth anniversary edition from Counterpoint Press, together with his widely praised translation of Han Shan's *Cold Mountain Poems*. Since 1970 he has lived with his family in the watershed of the South Yuba River in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada.

DAVID LIGARE

Grimes Point, Big Sur, 2012
Oil on Canvas, 40 x 60 in



courtesy: Winfield Gallery, Carmel