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natural! Count the waste.

In a small cave in Altamira, Spain, and another in Lascaux, France, paintings scribed from charcoal and sienna-colored clay, from decayed reeds and plants, dance in our imagination with revelations we can only guess at. Who were these people, our ancestors, our progenitors? They are us. We have come to recognize a lot, and yet, we know so little. But these paintings from tens of thousands of years ago of bison and horses, gazelles and human hand prints, inspire us to the marrow of our bones.

**Back at the kiln**

It is October. A community of potters prepares to fire the Anagama kiln on the Rowlands' property. For months, they have gathered cord-loads of firewood; cut it, split and stacked it; allowed the faggots to dry.

With the Maori participating, the kiln will be fired for

a week. Stoked to temperatures of nearly 2,400 degrees. Cooled, unloaded and, because of their trial by fire, those pots emerge precious from the kiln.

In say, 1,000 years, how many will remain? Well, we pray for the best, just as our ancestors did. And hope. Dreams piggyback on these two human aspirations, prayer and hope.

Meanwhile, the Maori inspire. They bring us their art. They share their culture. They indulge in a rare brotherhood and sisterhood. They offer this and more to Clatsop Community College, to the hillside kiln, and to the potters.

**'We are all one people'**

There's something special and unexpected about indigenous cultures. Their writers and artists and teachers inspire us to often forgotten ways of life; to an inside perspective of nature and art; to a living touch that gallops beyond the accumulation of greenbacks.

Once, we were all indige-




DAVID CAMPICHE PHOTOS

Maori at the Anagama kiln, gathered in celebration.

nous, bound to the land of our ancestors. Perhaps that is why so much of what remains of indigenous cultural traditions speaks to us on a deep level. It reminds us of our own faded connections.

We catch fragments. The Maori offer us song, prayers, a language ancient but new to our ears, born of a peculiar devotion to ancient stories and music and deeply felt art.

They speak to and for the elders, and just as frequently, the old ways.

Finally, there is this: We are all one people, and destiny haunts our footsteps. 



Maori gathered at the Cove.



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