

B I S T I



B A D L A N D S
G O O D L A N D S

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B I S T I



L I N D E W A I D H O F E R

B I S T I
B A D L A N D S
G O O D L A N D S



LINDE W A I D H O F E R
W E S T E R N E Y E P R E S S



BISTI, THE PUREST OF PURE LANDSCAPES, PRIMAL AND PRIMITIVE, WORTHLESS AND PRICELESS

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BISTI. OFF THE BEATEN PATH, WAY OFF, a lost corner of northwestern New Mexico, two-lane asphalt slipping south from Farmington over dry hills, dry washes, en route to the ever dry Navajo nation, the rez, a small road sign, blink and you'll miss it, then a twisty dirt track often half-washed-out, zigging and zagging around rocky, sandy, muddy buttes, a ruined church, the long-gone Bista'hai congregation, some incongruous wire fencing, a small parking lot and a BLM gate. Finally a much less-than-obvious trail of dusty footprints heading east, heading out, heading into the Bisti.

BISTI. You look out there and you can't see much, from a distance an empty landscape, low, wide, horizontal, the sky falls down to a flat and far-off line, maybe some soft shapes way out there, but how far? Hard to say, just walk, follow the scuffed footprints, and an hour later your optimism is rewarded, the landscape starts to fold, crinkle, and push up in strange shapes, small at first, miniature hoodoos, micro buttes, wind sculpted sandstone, mudstone plugs, small sand-colored sand castles frozen into semi-stone, a plain full of mini-monuments, mini-mountains, growing out of the flatness, slowly growing larger as you keep walking east. Your car a fading memory.

BISTI. The terrain comes into focus, yes, there are shapes out here in the middle of nowhere, more precisely on the edge of nowhere, a nowhere that looks more and more interesting the farther

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and deeper you walk into it. The towers and hoodoos grow bigger and stranger, horizons turn into curtains of ridges, more ridges and bigger buttes twist toward you then retreat, there is almost no shade, almost no plants, there are canyon mouths, canyon-like washes that wind back out of sight, opening into hidden playas and dry patios, dotted with eroded spires, hillsides eroded into lacy filigree patterns, incongruous colors intruding into a basically colorless landscape: brick-red shales to the north, hints of greenish ore in the Kirtland shale, black shadows of exposed coal beds, colors that, like us, don't belong here. Stone concretions masquerade as cracked eggs from another planet. Petrified logs, equally foreign, melt slowly out of slowly melting buttes. And occasionally, rarely, the arc of a bleached bone appears at your feet—a dinosaur bone? Can't prove it, but don't doubt it.

BISTI. Bigger than we'll ever know. After a half a day following twisting gullies, retracing your steps, starting over, you start to wonder if you'll find your way back to the road. Looking at the map you see you have just barely entered the Bisti/De-Nah-Zin Wilderness. It is so big and you're so small that you have to think expedition rather than excursion. You have to try again, you have to bring more water next time, you have to return. The Bisti stretches out of sight, never out of mind, out there waiting for you.

Lito Tejada-Flores





























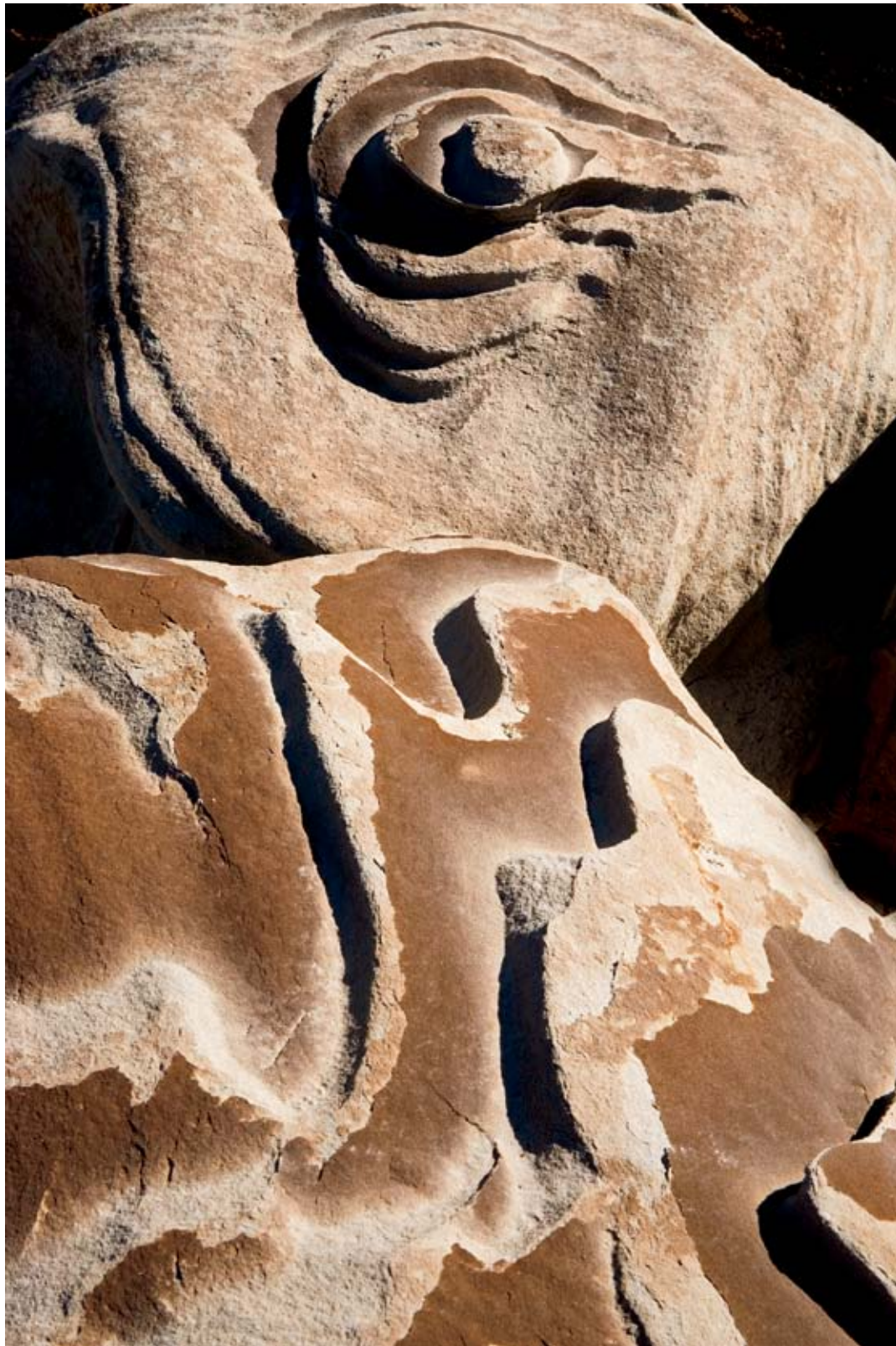




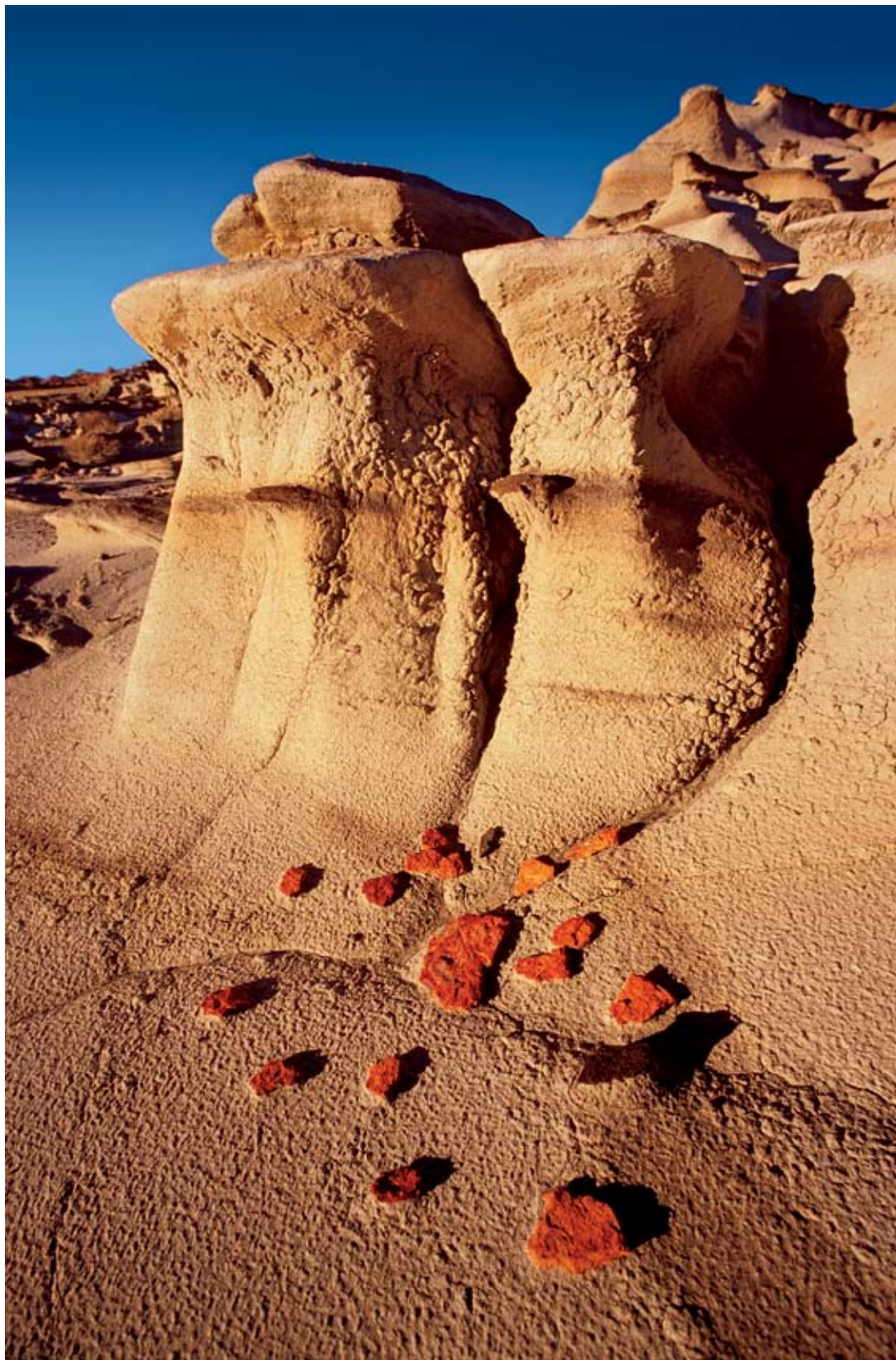






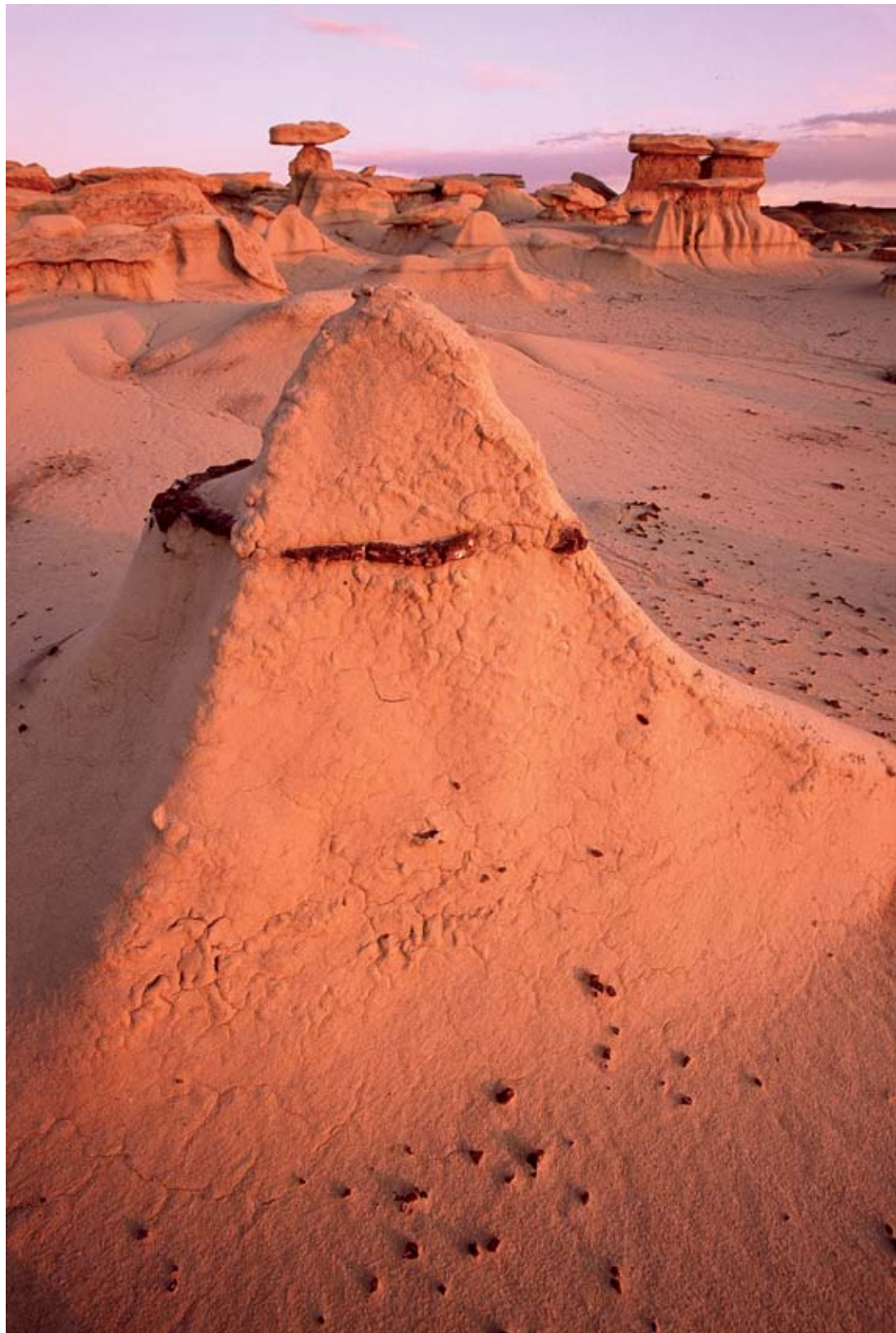






























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This work is available in several formats:

as an electronic photo book or eBook;

as a deluxe large-sized monograph (13x11 inches, on extra heavy paper);

as a standard 10x8 inch monograph;

and as a collector's edition containing both the large monograph

and six archival prints from Linde Waidhofer's Bisti collection.

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All the images in this monograph are available as fine-art archival prints,
in various sizes, all produced by the photographer.

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Linde would enjoy your feedback on this, and her other electronic photo books. She finds it an exciting, ongoing challenge to adapt her photographic work to emerging digital media. You can write Linde at

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