

THE CANYON COUNTRY ZEPHYR

PLANET EARTH EDITION

ALL THE NEWS THAT CAUSES FITS... SINCE 1989

APRIL/MAY 2013 VOLUME 25 NUMBER 1

SOLITUDE LOST or just DISCARDED?

*How Silence & Tranquility became antiquated notions
in the Brave New West...*



Also...

A 1982 interview with Edward Abbey by Eric Temple
Is there ANYWHERE good to frack?
Remembering Georgie White Clark
82 Days...the 1968 Campaign of Robert F. Kennedy
Herb Ringer



cczephyr@gmail.com

IS THERE ANYWHERE 'GOOD' TO FRACK?

In February, despite citizens' objections and a petition that contained 75,000 signatures, the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) approved the lease of 26 parcels of public land for possible oil and gas development south of Moab. All the parcels were purchased for more than \$4 million. Almost half the money will go to the State of Utah who will then distribute the funds to various agencies that fund projects in Grand and San Juan Counties. The BLM originally considered 48 parcels but deferred 22 of them, mostly for environmental concerns.

Leading the protesters was longtime resident Kiley Miller and her partner, John Rzczycki. Their concerns ran deeper than most—years ago they were able to purchase a parcel of land from the Utah State Institutional Trust Administration (SITLA) and build a home, completely off the grid. Selling state lands for private homes is, in itself, a policy change for that agency that has led to the promotion and sale of SITLA land parcels in some very unlikely locations.

For Miller and Rzczycki, the threat of nearby oil and gas projects meant more commercial traffic adjacent to their property and, of greater concern, water contamination. They specifically objected to two parcels near their home. One was removed from the sale for that reason, but the other remained.

In addition, Living Rivers, an environmental group out of Moab, objected to 24 of the 26 remaining leases. All of them were approved by BLM. Spokesman John Weisheit noted that development of one of the parcels posed a water contamination threat "to residents of Kane Creek, Bridger Jack Mesa, and Brown's Hole. These homeowners," Weisheit noted, "have investments in infrastructure that provides clean drinking water. Other investments at risk include depreciation of property values." Most of these housing developments were also on SITLA lands once used only for grazing and mining but which, recently, as noted, have been developed for their residential real estate value.

In addition to these specific objections, there is a growing movement to reduce or eliminate further oil and gas development in the area via the introduction of a plan to create "Greater Canyonlands National Monument." Proponents of Greater Canyonlands call for the immediate protection, by presidential proclamation, of 1.4 million acres of public lands adjacent to the national park. According to their literature, "Proposed oil and gas drilling, tar sands exploration, and potash development—some of which would be within sight and sound of Canyonlands National Park—would carve up this wild landscape, harm-

ing air and water quality, fragmenting wildlife habitat, and degrading spectacular scenery."

Moab environmentalist and monument supporter Bill Love wrote, "The area surrounding Canyonlands will be lost to the public unless protected from the extraction industry." And he pointed out that, "Monument status will protect our tourist economy and hundreds or thousands of jobs."

Many others share Love's view and his suggested bottom line—that the scenic beauty of southeast Utah is simply too valuable, measured in tourist dollars, to be degraded and diminished by the extractive industry.

We can all complain about the world and insist we're trying to save it, but more often than not, we wage battles on our own behalf.

But again, to be the broken record I have become, a tourist/amenities economy is based by definition on the massive consumption of natural resources, especially including oil and gas. Moab City officials released data last month revealing that commercial construction in the community exceeded \$16 million in just the first quarter of 2013. The reality is, a tourist economy desperately needs an ever-growing supply of affordable oil to meet expected increases in tourist visitation. But they fear oil exploitation in their area will adversely affect tourism. In their 3 AM hearts, they WANT the oil...but they do NOT want it coming from their own backyards. I posed the question of putting restraints on tourism in Moab to a few prominent locals during a recent facebook discussion and have been suggesting the same idea via this publication for more than 20 years. The silence remains deafening.

So where? Where do we get the oil to keep Moab and the rest of the country rolling? Clearly, nobody wants to live with less. It's not an idea that's even remotely considered by politicians or their constituents or even mainstream environmentalists. Long term threats like climate change fall away when it means making a sacrifice or living with less.

But are there places to exploit oil we can all agree on? While advocates of fracking (Where are you, Hal?!) loathe the film and believe its message is seriously distorted, the documentary 'Gasland' has raised alarms for many people across the country about the health hazards generated by

the hydraulic fracturing process. Critics insist that stories of water faucets catching fire and shooting blue flames across the kitchen are rare. And they may be right. But no one has conclusively proven that water contamination is an impossibility and more evidence is being gathered to suggest that the threat is real.

And EPA data shows that not only is aquifer contamination a real threat, air quality degradation from thousands and thousands of venting condensate tanks is a major concern too, especially when those tanks are concentrated near urban areas. Urbanites will not accept the idea of a harmonious relationship with large-scale fracking next to the neighborhood school.

So where? For much of the year we've been living in a very small town on the western Great Plains. The economy here is depressed—our town once boasted 2500 residents; now we barely muster 700—and what economy does survive has been based on agriculture, mostly wheat, milo and cattle.

But the fracking boom came here two years ago and now farmers compete for the one commodity they and the oil companies both need—water. They fear contamination of the water table but more than that, they fear being unable to compete financially for the water. Some, seeing the writing on the wall, have stopped farming and resorted to selling some of their water to the frackers as the only means left to stay afloat financially, at least for now. But here is where the country grows much of its food. Are Americans willing to put at risk the bread basket of the nation to protect their special interests? Should we resort to getting ALL our food from other countries?

So...WHERE do we get our oil? Most of the same people who promote tourism also oppose the Keystone pipeline. And again, the oft repeated irony raises its ugly head. Most environmentalists oppose extraction and speak endlessly of resource degradation and the dangers of climate change and fears that the end of life on this planet as we know it is near. They seek some comfort in deluding themselves with the myth that if we just build enough wind and solar farms and utilize reusable grocery bags that we can restore the life and vitality—and longevity—of the planet and we can keep on consuming as we always have. And recreating. And promoting the endless growth of things like tourism.

It's a delusion, of course, if not a lie. But no one's willing to confess to it, at least not in the immediate future.

One of the most basic of economic concepts is the law of 'supply and demand.' As demand rises and supplies fall, the price goes up. Conversely, as demand falls and supplies increase, the price drops. If we really reduced our consumption and didn't get seduced by the lower price, we could change the world. But we won't. Show me one self-proclaimed environmentalist, of modest means and bills to pay (including me), who doesn't instinctively jump for joy when the price of gas drops a dime. It's not going to happen.

So...we can all complain about the world and insist we're trying to save it, but more often than not, we wage battles on our own behalf. Kiley hates seeing those drill rigs and worries about her water, and Moabites fret that more oil development will mean declining tourist dollars, and environmentalists complain because they get paid to, and I complain because we get sick of the oil companies tearing up the back roads and increasing local traffic. None of us really wants to do anything dramatic...something that might really turn the world around. Many of us think it's too late for that anyway.

But that won't stop us from continuing to delude ourselves or going to rallies dressed as forest creatures, or signing online petitions, or 'liking' facebook pages that echo our "cause," or sending twenty bucks to our favorite "green" group, or buying a Prius and a stash of reusable Kroger bags.

Who was it that once said, "If it feels good, do it?" We like to SAY it, even if we never really DO it...and it always makes us "feel" so much better.

THE CANYON COUNTRY ZEPHYR Planet Earth Edition

JIM & TONYA STILES, publishers

PO Box 271

Monticello, UT 84535

www.canyoncountryzephyr.com

cczephyr@gmail.com

moabzephyr@yahoo.com

All the News that Causes Fits
since 1989

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Colorado Plateau Bureau Chief
DOUG MEYER

Contributing Writers

Martin Murie Ned Mudd
Scott Thompson Eric Temple
Dave Wilder Bianca Dumas

The Artist

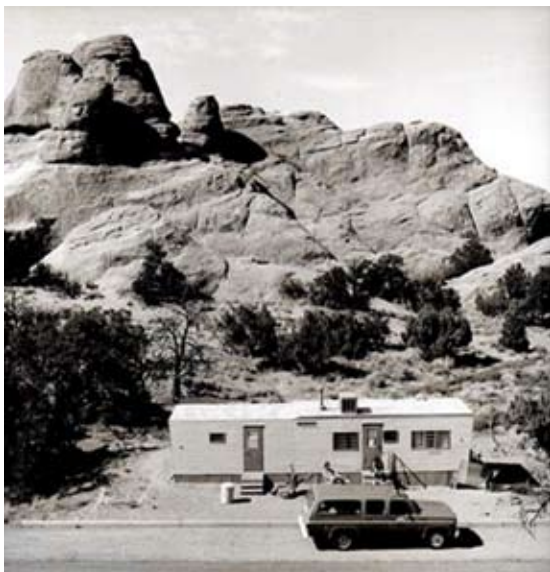
John Depuy
Historic Photographs
Herb Ringer

Webmaster

Rick Richardson

**MY FAVORITE TOURISTS...#2
Charles Pipes, site 40A &
the Devils Garden Campground**

When I was a seasonal ranger, I lived at the Devils Garden Campground at Arches National Park for a full decade. Some people thought I'd never leave; even I wondered if I'd ever get out of there alive. I worried that the tourists might drive me insane and it's true I could get a bit surly with them from time to time. Over the years, I acquired something of a reputation.



Charles Pipes, at first glance, was an improbable camper. He was a librarian from Elkin, North Carolina and looked like one.

But looking back, I realize how many dear friends I made during my Arches era---friendships that would last to this day. Just recently, I called up my old pal Ken Curtis, a former battalion commander with the Salt Lake City fire department. For years, he and many of his colleagues, and their families, would descend on Arches for Easter Week. Jeep Safari might have been a tradition for some Moabites. For me it was the firefighters. Ken's now in his late 80s; Rubi his wonderful wife of more than 50 years, passed away almost a decade ago, but Ken and many of his pals are still going strong.

At Arches, each month brought familiar faces, returnees from previous seasons. Doc and George Bell, two brothers and self-proclaimed "geezers" from Missouri, made their annual trek in August when it was the hottest. Doc was over 80, George in his mid-70s. They'd set out each morning and head into the desert, traveling off trail, cross-country with a grocery bag for a pack and a mayonaise jar for a canteen (now known as a hydrating system).

They'd come limping back at dusk. Doc, stooped over and in apparent pain, would moan, "George is killing me Jim...he's walking me to death!" Then he'd give me a wink and head back to their tent. The next day they'd get up and do it again.

But every May, I'd keep an eye out for site 40. I knew Mr. Pipes was on the way.

Charles Pipes, at first glance, was an improbable camper. He was a librarian from Elkin, North Carolina and looked like one. Short and a bit frail, with thick, wire-rimmed glasses, and only in his early 50s when we met, Charles spoke with a soft but pronounced Southern accent that was a pleasure to hear. He was a true Southern gentleman, in every sense of the word.

I first met him one night in site 40, at the far end of the campground. It was his favorite campsite, maybe his favorite place on Earth, and each year he managed to snare the same location, even if he had to wait a night for it to open. He had been coming to Arches for years before I arrived, but he was delighted to find a ranger who took an interest in his Arches Obsession.

He told me that his wife Wanda had accompanied him once---just once---to Utah. But she failed to see the attraction. She told Charles it was too hot, too dry and too far away and she had no interest in returning. But she saw the look in his eyes and understood how important this was to

him, so she urged Charles to make the return, even if she stayed home.

He came back again and again. Charles said he'd start getting the urge in the early spring. Wanda would hear him downstairs, rummaging through his camping gear, checking his sleeping bag and tent and cook stove. Just thinking about Arches kept him going. Finally Wanda would say, "Is it that time, Charles?" And he'd nod and begin to load up the trunk of the Buick.

He'd set up his camp chair in the shade of a mighty pinyon, pour himself a Scotch and sit quietly, absorbing the sight and the light and the sounds of the desert. Every year, a pair of Western Kingbirds built a nest near his camp and he watched for hours, absolutely enthralled. He loved the way the small birds fought off a couple of persistent ravens who kept trying to get at their nest. Not only did the Kingbirds manage to drive off their much larger cousins, they'd fly just above them and peck the ravens in the back of their heads as they flapped furiously to escape. He was one to root for the little guy. He loved it all.

He had one vice and he knew it. Charles was a chronic chain smoker, addicted worse than any man I have ever known. He lit one cigarette with the embers of the last and kept it up from breakfast to bedtime. He looked quite elegant with his Scotch and his smokes and his casual Southern manners, but the smoking took an awful toll. At 50, he already suffered from emphysema and even the shortest of hikes, especially at an elevation of over 5000 feet, left him breathless. And so, over the years, I would tell him of my wanderings and explorations at the park and, when possible, bring him photographs.

One place, in particular, caught his interest. An archaeological site in the Devils Garden became almost an obsession with him. Someday, he insisted, he would make the hike and see these great petroglyphs for himself.

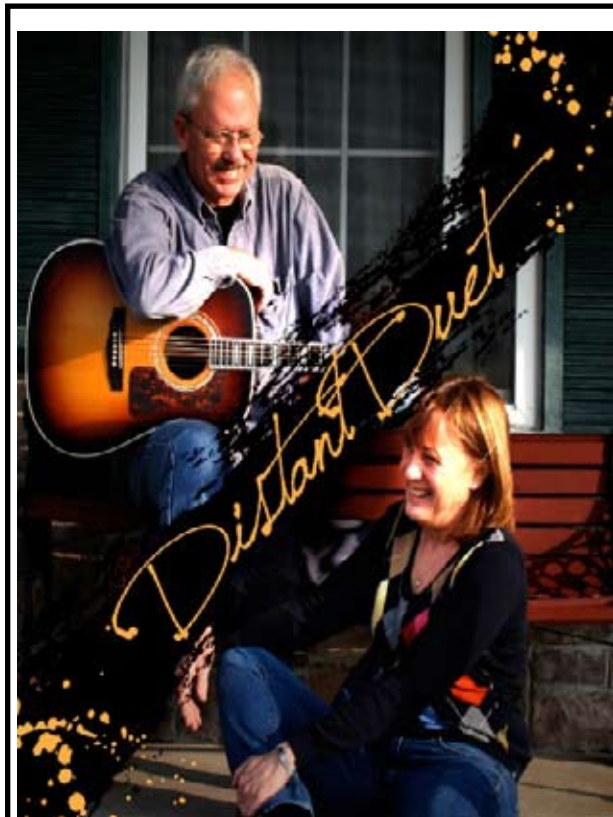
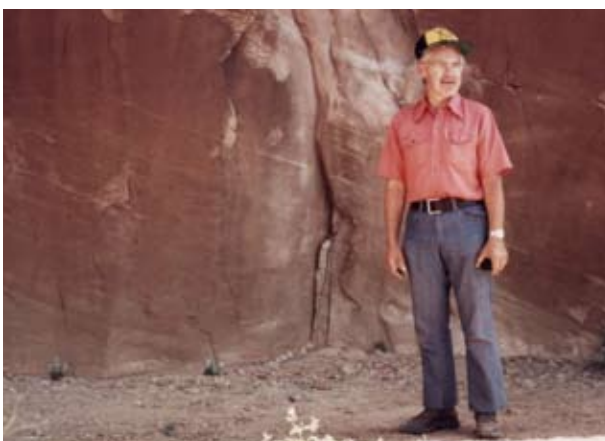
One morning in late May, toward the end of his latest visit, Charles was feeling especially energetic and announced he was ready to visit the rock art site. I was skeptical but he insisted, so we loaded our packs and hit the trail. It was an ordeal for him---the two mile walk took us all day but the absolute triumph and unbridled joy on his face when we reached our destination made it all worthwhile. For both of us.

But the hike took its toll, he felt awful that night and when he broke camp and prepared to head back home to Elkin, I worried that I'd never see him again. I never did.

The next winter Charles' health began to decline. He suffered from congestive heart failure and found just breathing a chore. And yet, even then, with my old friend in a hospital bed, with an oxygen cannula trying to fill his lungs, Charles still managed to slip a pack of Marlboros into his room. Lighting a cigarette in an ICU unit with an oxygen tube running into his nose. It was amazing he didn't blow himself up.

Charles died a few months later. It was his wish that his ashes be returned to Arches, to the site of the petroglyphs he worked so hard to see with his own eyes. His friend Ed McLaughlin came West the next summer and together we made the hike and scattered Charles along the remarkable wall of thousand year old carved images.

Nowadays, I think of that long hike and his happiness and relief when we reached our goal, I think of his ashes still blowing and scattering, out there somewhere in the sand and the sage. But mostly, I think of the image of Charles, blissed out in his camp chair, drink in hand, smoke dangling from the corner of his mouth, smiling contentedly and saying, "What a lovely evening, Ranger Stiles...Can I offer you a drink?"



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Language... has created the word "loneliness" to express the pain of being alone. And it has created the word "solitude" to express the glory of being alone.

~Paul Johannes Tillich



THE PRESIDENT OF URUGUAY... A Role Model for America?

The United States really isn't doing well these days. You may not know it, listening to American news. You'll still hear from the mouthpieces of every public personality that America remains the best country on earth. That, despite our current setbacks, we are still the "shining beacon" of freedom and whatnot. Of course, they offer nothing to back up this claim. No studies, or rankings, to show that living in America makes a person happier, healthier or more fulfilled than he or she would be living anywhere else. To our minds, it's self-evident. All Americans are created better. And, of course, a corollary to the belief that we're the best at everything is the belief that we have nothing to learn from anyone else. And we'll continue believing it, so long as we still excel in the two arts of seduction: finance, which convinces us that money is born out of thin air and then disappears it before our eyes, and pop culture, which intoxicates us with our own vision—only prettier, happier and with greater worldly belongings.

Meanwhile, in the real world, more evidence stacks up against us. The most recent, the U.N. Economic Commission for Latin America and the Caribbean's Statistical Yearbook, which ranked the U.S. 11th out of 19 American countries for income inequality. Some of the countries with greater income equality than ours: Venezuela, Mexico, Nicaragua, El Salvador. These Latin American countries, which were notorious through the 80s and 90s for their ill treatment of the poor and the lavish lifestyles of their wealthy, spent the last fifteen years or so lifting millions of their poor into the middle class. At the same time, in the U.S., millions of the middle class fell into poverty while we continued to reward the rich.

So who is the true "shining beacon" of the Americas? That would be Uruguay, which boasts a rating of 8.0 on the income inequality scale and a president who lives on the



same income as his average citizen.

Jose Mujica is certainly an anomaly among world leaders. His daily life, working with his wife to tend her family's farm, caring for flowers and chickens, is not what we'd term "presidential." His take-home pay, under \$800 a month, is enough to make him happy. The other 90% of his income he donates to charity. But even more impressive are his words. At the recent RIO +20 conference, he spoke poetically to other world leaders in a language they had likely never heard before: the language of a person more concerned with human life than with economic gain. The language of happiness, not of consumption.

Here are some excerpts from that speech, translation courtesy of a Uruguayan blogger at thewanderlife.com:

"I ask this question: what would happen to this planet if the people

of India had the same number of cars per family as the Germans? How much oxygen would there be left for us to breathe? More clearly: Does the world today have the material elements to enable 7 or 8 billion people to enjoy the same level of consumption and squandering as the most affluent Western societies? Will that ever be possible? Or will we have to start a different type of discussion one day? Because we have created this civilization in which we live: the progeny of the market, of the competition, which has begotten prodigious and explosive material progress. But the market economy has created market societies. And it has given us this globalization, which means being aware of the whole planet.

Are we ruling over globalization or is globalization ruling over us? Is it possible to speak of solidarity and of "being all together" in an economy based on ruthless competition? How far does our fraternity go?"

"Because we do not come into this planet simply to develop, just like that, indiscriminately. We come into this planet to be happy. Because life is short and it slips away from us. And no material belonging is worth as much as life, and this is fundamental. But if life is going to slip through my fingers, working and over-working in order to be able to consume more, and the consumer society is the engine—because ultimately, if consump-

tion is paralyzed, the economy stops, and if you stop economy, the ghost of stagnation appears for each one of us, but it is this hyper-consumption that is harming the planet. And this hyper-consumption needs to be generated, making things that have a short useful life, in order to sell a lot. Thus, a light bulb cannot last longer than 1000 hours. But there are light bulbs that last 100,000 hours! But these cannot be manufactured, because the problem is the market, because we have to work and we have to sustain a civilization of 'use and discard', and so, we are trapped in a vicious cycle. These are problems of a political nature, which are showing us that it's time to start fighting for a different culture."

Listening to Mujica, one could almost imagine a world governed by his ideals—a culture which promotes the quality of living and not the ceaseless accumulation of goods. Our culture has progressed so far in the pursuit of materialism that it's become our only export, but I like to imagine that if individual Americans could hear his words, they would be forced to acknowledge his wisdom, and perhaps something could be changed. For such a thing to happen, though, we would have to cease for a moment in proclaiming ourselves the best on earth. We would have to acknowledge that there is something to be learned from our neighbors. That, to our South, someone may hold an answer to the question, "What could make America truly great?" And that someone might be the poorest president-farmer, Jose Mujica.

Further reading:

<http://billmoyers.com/2013/01/29/the-u-s-is-now-more-unequal-than-much-of-latin-america/>

<http://www.economist.com/node/21564411>

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/magazine-20243493>

<http://thewanderlife.com/human-happiness-and-the-environment-address-by-uruguayan-president-jose-mujica-at-rio-20-summit/>

DIGGING OUT FROM GLOBAL WARMING

Little did I know, as I wrote my article in January about the desire for snow, that winter hadn't truly passed us over this year. It was just delayed. And, two weeks after the last Zephyr went up, down came the snow. Over two feet fell around our house over the course of a week. Frigid temperatures kept us inside for another week; then came the rain. And more cold temperatures. Just a week or so ago, I was beginning to think perhaps Spring was arriving. The forsythia in the backyard had sprouted buds and looked ready to bloom. Temperatures finally warmed up. And then, out of nowhere, more freezing cold. More snow. As I write this month, one week before the start of April, the high temperature is 36 degrees.

So much for global warming, right?



**As I write this month, one week before
the start of April, the high temperature
is 36 degrees.**

So much for global warming, right?

Or that's the joke I keep hearing lately. I laugh along, because it does seem funny how weather never quite fits our expectations, but there's a dangerous core inside that joke. Already suspicious of scientists and academics, Midwesterners love any excuse to show that the city-folk don't know what they're talking about, and, to a skeptic, this sudden sweeping cold seems like a blatant refutation of climate change.

Which is why human beings will never truly do anything to stop the climate from changing. We operate, day to day, on our experience. Anecdotal evidence trumps statistics every time. To see what I mean, just try to convince someone that welfare fraud is

actually extremely rare. Every person has met, or heard of, one lazy person who received unnecessary benefits, and so, to the human mind, those statistics can't be right. The phrase "Global Warming" sounds to us like every day should be warmer than average. So when we experience days that are colder than average, that seems like a good enough reason to doubt global warming exists. The fact that, statistically, last year was the warmest year on record just isn't enough to convince someone that global warming is real—not if they're shoveling piles of snow off their car today.

One argument I've heard a few times from climate change deniers: scientists always believe they are absolutely right until they are absolutely proven wrong. For example, before the advent of "germ theory," or the knowledge that small organisms can transmit diseases from person to person, most scientists believed that disease spread through poisonous air, or miasma. This belief was held as strongly then as the belief in germs is held now. So who's to say that climate change isn't this generation's miasma?

It's absolutely possible that future generations will look back on climate change theory and conclude that we were idiots. If history can teach us one lesson, it is that we are often wrong. Humans are always operating on limited information. But, if we are proved wrong, it will likely be as to the causes or else the precise effects of a changing climate. I doubt that we will be proven wrong as to the existence of climate change altogether. Just as earlier scientists were wrong about the precise cause of epidemic diseases, but correct in attributing disease to the environment around them and not to, say, a vengeful God. The change in terminology alone, from "Global Warming" to the more correct "Climate Change" suggests a continuing evolution of thought, as our knowledge of our environment grows.

And, from what I know of the current scientific thinking, these record snows fit the model just as well as last summer's record heat. Every year more evidence stacks up in favor of the position that our world is changing, and that it's our negative influence that has changed it. So I can laugh along with my neighbors. "Global warming, right?" As I push snow off my car. It's very tempting to blame divine retribution for such a wet, muddy mess. But the record-breaking snowstorms and the longer tornado seasons and the blistering summers are enough to frighten me about what the future is bringing; so, until I'm proven wrong, I'll look to the culprit closer to home.



TONYA STILES is the co-publisher of the Canyon Country Zephyr.



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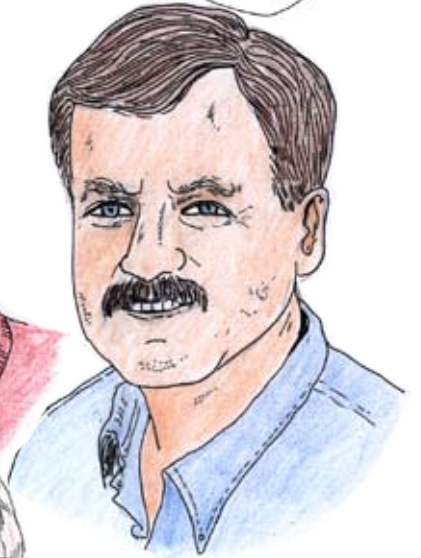
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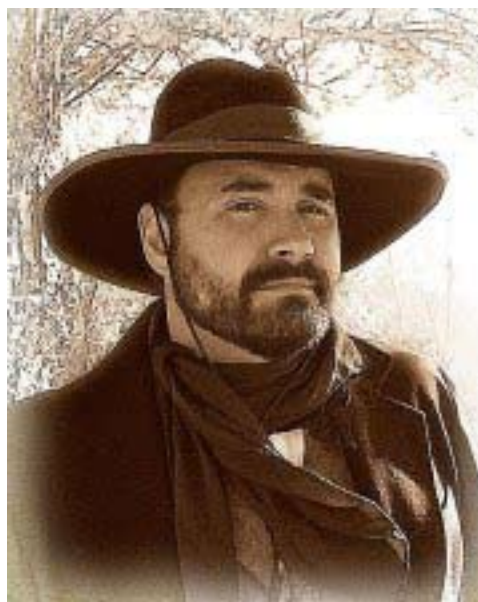
Funny how we humans all crave paradise. I'm not talking about any hypothetical paradise beyond the grave either; that always just sounded like a bore to me. No, I'm talking about real, flower scented, bare breasted, warm and sandy, sin-filled, earthly paradise.

Of course, there is an entire industry dedicated to providing that dream of paradise to us. They pave it, package it and sanitize it for our protection. And it doesn't matter if we are talking about Maui or Moab, the Paradise Industrial Complex is there for us, turning what was once wild and mysterious into something safe, easy and marketable.

There's big money in paradise. Mr. Stiles calls it the "amenities economy" and that's as good a name for it as any. We all use it, feed into it, profit from it. We are all of us, by sheer numbers alone, complicit in the exploitation and destruction of paradise. As John Muir said, "nothing dollar-able is safe."

But we continue to crave it, as a dream unfulfilled, as a tonic for work-a-day life, as an antidote for civilization, as a place to hide. Maybe we all need to look closer to home. Happiness isn't a place after all, and no matter where you go, there you are.

DW



Notes on Paper

a poem



by Damon Falke

In **Notes on Paper**, Falke walks us through the landscape of one man's mind, which contains both his past and an awareness of our common future. From within private memories the narrator reaches out to us with 'we' and 'you', and each spare line invokes the hope that we, like him, are worthy of return to our most longed for places. And if to return is not our fate,

and really it never can be, the narrator bids us survey our own memories, taking time in the present for the winds, and the words, that move the world.

NOTES ON PAPER
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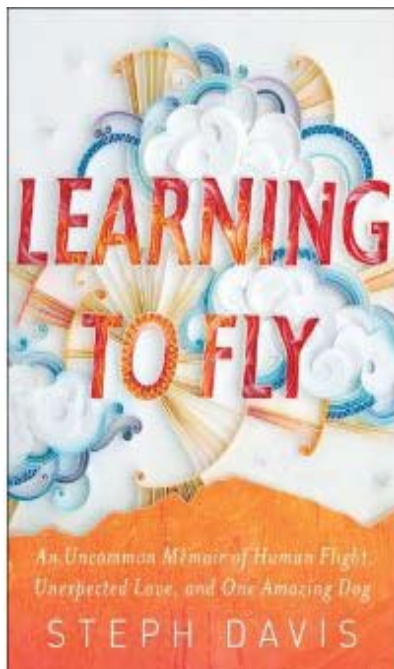
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SOLITUDE LOST...or Just Discarded?

How Silence & Tranquility Became Antiquated Notions in the Brave New West

Jim Stiles

I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion.

~Henry David Thoreau

When Thomas Jefferson purchased the vast territory of Louisiana from France in 1803 and sent Meriwether Lewis and William Clark to explore it, he had no idea just how vast and seemingly unlimited his new acquisition was. They left the known world in May 1804 and traveled up the Missouri River to its headwaters, crossed the Rocky Mountains and descended to the Snake and Columbia Rivers. The long and arduous journey eventually brought them to the Pacific Ocean. All this and their expedition was only half over. They would not return to the capitol and Jefferson until September 1806.

Throughout those two long years, Jefferson could do little but speculate about the journey. Only after their return did he begin to grasp the magnitude of his Purchase. The President listened enthusiastically to their extraordinary trip narrative. When he had heard it all, Jefferson concluded that the North American continent was much larger and more imposing than he had imagined. He proclaimed that it would take "a thousand years" to settle the country. Perhaps more.

Jefferson was a brilliant man but this prediction missed the mark.

"Settlement" of the American West, from the Great Plains to the Pacific Coast did not begin in earnest until the late 1840s. The Gold Rush in 1849, the remarkable movement of Americans to the West in search of free land via the Homestead Act, and the construction of the Transcontinental Railroad transformed the continent.

Towns and cities grew overnight and in the process, hundreds of thousands of Native Americans were killed or dispossessed of their land and their homes. Incalculable numbers of animals were driven to or near extinction, including the American Bison which had boasted a continental population of 50 million in 1850. By 1893, fewer than 200 could be found by scientists in search of remnant herds.

The historian Frederick Jackson Turner proclaimed in 1893 that the "frontier was closed." He explained that the development of the frontier, "begins with the Indian and the hunter; it goes on with the disintegration of savagery by the entrance of the trader... the pastoral stage in ranch life; the exploitation of the soil by the raising of unrotated crops of corn and wheat in sparsely settled farm communities; the intensive culture of the denser farm settlement; and finally the manufacturing organization with the city and the factory system."

It was over. The continent was beginning to fill and only a few realized what was being lost. Most of us rarely miss what's being taken until it's gone and so it was with the open spaces and the wide vistas of the West.



Within the dwindling landscape, some saw for the first time the degradation of aspects more difficult to define—those intangible qualities that are more a consequence of the land than a physical part of them. All of that empty space brought a great silence. There was a word for it—solitude.

Within the dwindling landscape, some saw for the first time the degradation of aspects more difficult to define—those intangible qualities that are more a consequence of the land than a physical part of them. All of that empty space brought a great silence. To many it was intimidating and even frightening and the cities they built to escape it were the refuge, not the haven. But for some, there has always been an almost primal need for the quiet that offered tranquility instead of fear. There was a word for it—solitude.

Solitude has been pursued by those who longed for it in whatever place they found themselves. Thoreau noted, "I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude. We are for the most part more lonely when we go abroad among men than when we stay in our chambers."

And Edna LeShan observed, "When we cannot bear to be alone, it means we do not properly value the only companion we will have from birth to death - ourselves."

Solitude can be a struggle. The French novelist Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette confessed that, "There are days when solitude is a heady wine that intoxicates you with freedom, others when it is a bitter tonic, and still others when it is a poison that makes you beat your head against the wall."

But the great English diplomat and Nobel Peace Prize recipient Robert Cecil insisted, "Solitude shows us what should be; society shows us what we are."

Nowhere has solitude been more keenly felt than in the enormous emptiness of the American West. The naturalist John Muir first articulated the feeling that so many of us would pursue in the next century. He wrote:

"Walk away quietly in any direction and taste the freedom of the mountaineer. Camp out among the grasses and gentians of glacial meadows, in craggy garden nooks full of nature's dar-

lings. Climb the mountains and get their good tidings, Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees."

Muir founded the Sierra Club and devoted the rest of his life to saving the wild places he saw threatened. He won a great victory when the Yosemite Valley was protected from exploitation but grieved to his dying day when another remarkable place, Hetch Hetchy, was drowned by a municipal reservoir. He loved the natural world with a passion that is almost unknown now. And he longed for solitude. "Only by going alone in silence," he urged, "without baggage, can one truly get into the heart of the wilderness. All other travel is mere dust and hotels and baggage and chatter."

Since then, other voices for solitude have articulated the yearnings of succeeding generations. Aldo Leopold wrote, "To what avail are 40 freedoms without a blank spot on the map?" And he warned most prophetically, in ways he may not have even realized at the time, "Civilization has so cluttered this elemental man-earth relationship with gadgets and middlemen that awareness of it is growing dim."

For my generation, Edward Abbey crystalized vague, undefined emotions about the land that we struggled to articulate. Desert Solitaire embraced both physical wilderness and solitude and fused them. For us, the two components were inseparable. I remember a particular passage:

"... the air is untroubled, and I become aware for the first time today of the immense silence in which I am lost. Not a silence so much as a great stillness - for there are a few sounds: the creak of some bird in a juniper tree, an eddy of wind which passes and fades like a sigh, the ticking of the watch on my wrist - slight noises which break the sensation of absolute silence but at the same time exaggerate my sense of the surrounding, overwhelming peace. A suspension of time, a continuous present. If I look at the small device strapped to my wrist, the numbers, even the sweeping second hand, seem meaningless, almost ridiculous."

Abbey reveled in his solitude. "I am twenty miles or more from the nearest fellow human, but instead of loneliness I feel loveliness. Loveliness and a quiet exultation."

Indeed, three years before *Desert Solitaire* was published, the United States Congress, in a rare display of vision and selflessness, passed the Wilderness Act of 1964. Not since the federal government established the idea of national parks, almost a century before, had it exhibited the foresight to preserve lands that might someday be compromised or lost. According to the act, wilderness was defined to mean an area of undeveloped Federal land, at least 5000 acres in size, that "still retained its primeval character and influence, without permanent improvements or human habitation."

And...just as significantly, offered "outstanding opportunities for solitude or a primitive and unconfined type of recreation." In the eyes of the law, 'solitude' carried just as much significance as the resource itself. One component of wilderness could not survive without the other. Solitude lost was wilderness destroyed.

This is the way it would always be, I thought. As environmental battles heated up in the 1970s and 1980s, the fight for the preservation of western lands was always waged on behalf of those qualities that defined wilderness itself. We fought for the land and the air and the water and if we benefitted from its protection, it was a side-effect. We didn't need to add anything to make wilderness better. We didn't need to create solitude. It was already there. We simply chose to appreciate the gift.

Nowhere in the legislation, nor in the hearts and minds and souls of its strongest proponents, was there any mention of money, or economic benefit, or recreational industries, or outdoor retailers. But in the twenty years since environmentalists turned away from the defense of wilderness in

We didn't need to add anything to make wilderness better. We didn't need to create solitude. It was already there. We simply chose to appreciate the gift.

its purest form to a more pragmatic, but degrading, strategy of wilderness for profit, a new generation of Americans has grown apart from values that were once so cherished and revered. Ultimately, in order to "save" wilderness, its very meaning may have been lost.

When everything is reduced to the mere counter-balancing of economic interests...when Nature has been so subjugated that she has lost all her original forms, what room will there be for virtue? In the mean time, things are going to get very murky.

-- Gustave Flaubert

Part of the disconnect comes from the sad fact that for the past two decades, fewer children experience any direct contact with Nature. Richard Louv's book, "Last Child in the Woods: Saving

our Children from Nature-Deficit Disorder,” supports the notion that kids no longer have any connection to the natural world or to independent thought for that matter. According to a NY Times article by Bradford McKee, “The days of free-range childhood seem to be over. And parents can now add a new worry to the list of things that make them feel inept: increasingly their children, as Woody Allen might say, are at two with nature.”

Now twenty years later, the Nature-Deficit Generation is coming of age, and their children can't even hope for an anecdotal connection to a “free-range” life in the woods. The outdoors tradition, passed along from one generation to the next, has been broken. The changes are dramatic. For those that still seek an outdoors experience...it's not exactly what John Muir had in mind.

Almost a decade ago, I read an article from a group called “Cooperative Ecosystems Studies Units.” According to CESU it is, “a network of cooperative research units (that) has been established to provide research, technical assistance, and education to resource and environmental managers...multiple Federal agencies and universities are among the partners in this program.”

At a CESU gathering called, “Tourism Break-Out,” the group noted that tourism patterns in the West were changing and that it was “important to have young people involved in projects – because they are a group that can help federal agencies recognize future needs.”

They worried about “the changing values of generations regarding parks – what one generation values in a park (such as solitude) may be less important to another generation (that may be more interested in extreme sports).”

Given their mandate to provide for the enjoyment of all people, federal land managers had reason to worry; visitation by people under 30 has been declining steadily for a long time. Rather than seeing this as something of a blessing—after all, their other mandate is to protect the park resources—federal bureaucrats are trying to find incentives that go beyond the beauty of our natural wonders to lure new visitors to them.

The CESU report concluded, “(There is) great potential for partnerships with outdoor recreation outfitters, suppliers, clothing manufacturers, etc., who already know a great deal about our federal land visitors and have a strong handle on how people are using that land.”

CESU's observations could not have been more telling. Since then, any effort to promote a pro-wilderness/pro-nature experience often embraces high-tech, adrenalin-laced and often high-risk physical activity.



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the fading of solitude. Rock climbing, BASE jumping, slacklining, zip-lining, and commercial canyoneering compete for the attention and pocketbooks of would-be adventurers who rarely take time to just gaze. If anything, contemplating one's navel has fallen from favor. The environmental heroes of the early years of the 21st Century bear little resemblance to Muir or Abbey.

Six years ago, world-renowned rock climber/dare-devil and “Goodwill Ambassador” for Patagonia outdoor gear, Dean Potter, made an early morning, unauthorized, free ascent of Delicate Arch. He filmed his own triumph and released it to the media. The tape played around the world, but to many of us, the climb was a sacrilege. It should have also been illegal, but a loophole in the park rules let Potter walk away a free man.

I was livid and snapped off an editorial condemning the self-serving publicity stunt. Some of my readers took angry exception. One young reader wrote, “Dean Potter has raised more awareness about nature and done more for the protection of our wildlife areas than an army of you idiots bitching on the internet will ever do. It's this geriatric community of do-nothings that wants to sit by and look at rock that is getting butt hurt. It's so sad, watching you people grow old and bitter, wanting the government to regulate everyone's lives to suit your tastes.”

Young recreationists like “Seth” look to extreme adventurers like Potter and Slackline King, “Sketchy Andy” Lewis with reverence and adoration. Lewis has drawn world attention with his high wire spectaculars, bouncing precariously on a cable strung hundreds of feet above the ground. He has followers world-wide. They are the heroes of the “environmental movement” in the 21st Century. “Looking at rock” is an antiquated notion.

But it may be possible that “looking at rock” is an acceptable experience if done at high speed. Also coming to Moab is Southeast Utah's first commercial zipline park on the cliffs north of town, on property once owned by the Uranium King Charlie Steen. His son, Mark, working with Moab's Casey Bynum is bringing “The Next Big Thrill” to Moab. The course will include seven zip lines of

various lengths— from 290 to 1,240 feet over 53 acres. Zipliners will reach breathtaking speeds as they fly down the sandstone cliffs of Moab.

Utah Public Radio (UPR) reported the story in December. “Because Moab is known as an ‘adventure town,’ Bynum believes the zip line will fit right in. The town asked for extra engineering studies, but permits were granted with no opposition.”

Even wilderness itself—legislated, congressionally-approved and designated—is changing dramatically, with less chagrin from hikers than one might expect.

A study by Troy Hall and David Cole called, “Perceptions, and Behaviors of Recreation Users: Displacement and Coping in Wilderness,” attempted to determine if accelerated use of wilderness areas was degrading the “wilderness experience” of its users. Their conclusions, based on many interviews and research, surprised even them. They concluded:

“Most visitors perceive adverse changes, such as increased crowding and impact. Majorities reported that these places feel less like wilderness than they did in the past. Most visitors have learned to cope with these adverse changes either by making simple adjustments in their behavior or the way that they think about these places. Consequently, most visitors report that their experiences are largely unchanged and that they are as satisfied with their experiences as ever... few people are absolutely displaced.”

While backpackers and hikers might have preferred more solitude, it was no longer a make-or-break issue. The one proposal that brought stiff resistance was restricting access to reduce numbers. Nobody wanted that.

In other words, while backpackers and hikers might have preferred more solitude, it was no longer a make-or-break issue. The one proposal that brought stiff resistance was restricting access to reduce numbers. Nobody wanted that.

A story by Heather Hansen at ‘High Country News’ reported that, “Another recent study based on users of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness in Washington and Oregon's Three Sisters Wilderness, looked at what factors most detracted from visitors' having a ‘real wilderness experience.’ It revealed that while people don't like to have others camp nearby them in the wilderness, or when strangers walk through their camp, the biggest factor detracting from their experience was seeing litter.”

Near Moab, where use of the once obscure Mill Creek area has exploded and even attracted European tour buses, efforts to maintain its once pristine condition have overwhelmed those trying to protect it. One of my heroes, Sara Melnicoff of Moab Solutions, continues to wage a holy war against the litter and junk dumped daily along the trail. She regularly hauls away truckloads of garbage. And yet, if we take the HCN report to heart, perhaps keeping all that litter on the ground is the best way to stop the exponential increase in visitation. Desperate times call for counter-intuitive solutions.

What does the future hold? As energy costs rise and the population swells, can any kind of tourism survive. Many believe it can, and that it will flourish and grow, but their vision insists it will be very different. Mass transit systems, shuttles and a group ethic must prevail. Travelers will no longer be choose from unlimited destinations. The car, that same contraption that is suffocating the planet gave us limitless options and unbounded mobility. Tourists of the future will lose that; instead they can expect the option of numerous “natural” and “recreational” experiences. Or as the marketing brochure will insist—a perfectly blended mix of both.

They'll be shuttled to motels and “adventure” centers. They'll ride a bus to biking or hiking trailheads. They'll subsequently need to travel in groups. They can disperse if they like, but in wild new territory, unfamiliar to newcomers, there is safety in numbers. They'll be dropped off at designated times and picked up at designated times. And at designated locations.

A certain amount of regimentation will be inevitable for mass transit and regional shuttles to operate on such a vast scale. In this future, opportunities for solitude survive, but in not quite the same fashion I imagine the meaning of the word to be. Painful to ponder, but as inevitable as sunrise.

What's notable is that for many travelers to Moab in 2013, the Future is already here. And for them, it doesn't sound that bad. For a majority, perhaps, it sounds preferable to the kind of wilderness experience and solitude I prefer. And THAT is what people like me need to remember.

Many decades ago, the Sons of the Pioneers wailed...

This ain't the same old range.

Everything seems so strange.

Where are the pals I used to ride with?

Gone...to a land...so strange.

It's a cowboy's lament. And I realize that *this ain't* the same old range either. The world keeps turning over, again and again, faster than any of us dreamed possible. As technology continues to shrink the world, its newer citizens embrace the collective over the solitary. Solitude feels like isolation for many of us in 2013 and it has no place in the Brave New West. We all cherish the shared experience, but there was always a need for the empty room. Now the need recedes. “Rugged Individualism” has been in decline for decades. Now it's in its death throes.

And so, a lament and a longing for the quiet moment, passed along from generation to generation, from the old to the young, for more than a century, from Thoreau to Muir to Leopold to Abbey ends. The solitude is there, if you know where to look for it, but who's looking? And who would notice or care if it went away?

Is that a bad thing? Who knows? Maybe not. But Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote, “Adopt the pace of nature: her secret is patience.”

The world has lost patience with solitude these days. They'll never know what they threw away.

From the 1990 Zephyr: WHAT (DID) MOAB WANT?

NOTE: In the early years of The Zephyr, Moab was transforming itself, though not everyone was sure just who the 'transformers' were. We set out to ask the citizens of Moab and Grand County what they saw coming. Here is the first installment of "What Does Moab Want?" From May 1990..

INTRODUCTION

The vast numbers of tourists, arriving in ever increasing numbers has split the community...Moab and Grand County have so far been unable to develop an infrastructure that can keep up with tourist growth. Inadequate camping facilities have turned the river corridor and the Sand Flats area into genuine health hazards. The Moab Police Department, which boasts a force of eight, can barely keep up with the problems that arise on a busy weekend when tourists double or even triple the town's population. The Grand County Sheriff's office has been forced to devote more and more of its time to search and rescue operations, when visitors, unfamiliar with the harsh and confusing canyon country, become lost or injured. This year the Sheriff's office has begun charging those victims for search and rescue costs.

Proponents of tourism believe that improving the infrastructure and finding the money to deal with the growing numbers is absolutely vital, and will produce dividends far beyond the costs. But there are others who believe tourism is out of control like a runaway train, that it is creating a hectic frenetic lifestyle for people who live in Moab because they want to avoid that kind of chaos. One local merchant puts it like this: "I want to make enough money to be comfortable, but I want to be happy too, and have the time to go fishing when I want. What's the point in making loads of money and working 16 hours a day and never going fishing?"

More than anything, many Moabites feel like they are losing control of their community and their own lives. They fear that forces beyond their control are leading, or perhaps pushing them in a direction they do not want to go. But again, is this fear shared by most of the citizens, or by a vocal minority?

It seemed like the best way to find the answer was to go out on the streets, and into the shops and stores, and ask the men and women who live here. With tape recorder and notebook in hand, the candid comments of a broad spectrum of Moabites, from "orgo-hippies" to "redrock cowboys," from bureaucrats to barbers, from Sierra Clubbers to Western Land Users. This is what Moab is saying about the future it wants, or the future it fears...JS

Ray Tibbetts, real estate agent:

"We want out of town money; that's the icing on the cake. The bad part is there's a lot of big money coming in here, where local people cannot bid on that market to buy real estate. So we could become like Park City or Aspen someday. We promoted tourism when we had a healthy economy, because we need that industry. What's good is when you have a little bit of both. Then you're more diversified. The worst thing about tourism is that the jobs created are usually low-income jobs, whereas your mining and industrial jobs pay a lot better."



Bill Ossusky, auto mechanic:

"Any influx of money into the community is good, as long as it benefits the community as a whole and not just certain individuals."

Zeke Francis, T-Shirt Shop owner:

"On the out of town money, it's going to price local business out of the market, because we're not going to be able to afford to rent the space and keep what we have here. As far as housing goes, when out of town people come in and spend \$60,000 for an overinflated \$30,000 house, the taxes next door go up and we price the elderly out."



Rex Holman, advertising director:

"I would say that tourism is not the answer (to our economic problems) but as has been proven in other rural tourist oriented communities, tourism can lead to the begin-

nings of economic development, i.e. the re-location of the types of plants and facilities and small industries that are tied to tourism in some respect. As for out of town investment, I think it's only natural that when an area is obviously receiving excellent publicity that out of town investment is going to nose around, and if they see opportunities, they will invest.

I don't think Moabites will lose their power base (to out of towners) if they take an active role. If they are passive, their power base will be diluted or erode, simply because they have not reacted or done something positive. The same opportunity for investment is there for a local as an outsider. But it's not realistic for someone who's making a working wage to idly dream that he wants to build a motel in the million dollar category. But that same person can decide to make some small product and sell it to shops, use their ingenuity. That ingenuity has to be channeled to what you can afford. He who has the gold rules—the Golden Rule."



Kathy Cooney, art gallery owner:

"I hope the people of Moab realize the importance of balance, and not to be too excessive in any one direction. Massive tourism can be as polluting as the toxic incinerator we didn't want. As for out of town investors, the only way it will be good is if they have respect for the Moab people who live here and are working here today That's what's important. I think they should become a part of the community as opposed to us having to change to become a part of them."

Al McLeod, electrician:

"I think the Moab APATHY is more powerful than any influence from Telluride or Park City will ever be. That's my personal opinion."

Harold Behr, computer store owner:

"My biggest concern is the demand that the tourist based community expects in services and the mediocrity it creates. An example of this is McDonalds, which is rumored to be coming here, versus a Main St. Broiler where you can get a really special hamburger that's a pleasure to eat or something that you just stuff in your gut. You see that along a full range of services. Most of the businesses that are in town here were established by people that moved here for the character of the town, for the heritage, the community feeling. The products and services being provided from a standpoint of personal satisfaction, individual pride and quality craftsmanship. Again as an example, the Main St Broiler. Carl (Rappe) comes out and makes sure you get exactly what you need, makes a fresh pot of coffee for you. Those people will sell out when they find they can't compete against the mass manned concept being marketed by the chains and the folks with the out of town money. So you take away the job satisfaction from what we're doing and there's no reason to do business here. It's a cascading sort of thing...as tourism becomes a primary industry, we're going to find more individuals who just give up. Look at "The Movies" video store. I liked to go talk to Kyle (Bailey) and ask about new movies, what was good and bad...he took the time to know and he enjoyed it. In comes the mass video, and you can't find out if a movie is new or old, bad or good. They just take your money and say, 'Next please.' That's what concerns me."

Vanessa Pierson (age 10,) actress:

"I say 'No.' (Tourism) ruins the environment. They come with their bikes and run over everything."



Sue Bellagamba, Program Coordinator, Environmental Education Center:

"I like to see a diversity of people in Moab and I'm not against tourism at all. I don't like to see our fragile desert environment not being able to withstand the great numbers of people that we're getting. That worries me. I don't like the we/them attitude that develops in so many tourist towns. What I don't want to see happen is prices on lands and homes inflated to

the point where we can no longer afford them because we live and work in a community that doesn't have high wages. That is what happened to me on some land adjacent to my house that I wanted to buy. I made an offer at the appraised value and it was bought by someone else at twice that value. They were from Aspen and I'm sure they're nice people and will be great neighbors, but there was no way I could afford it. I like diversity. That's why I liked Moab so much when I moved here. I like miners, and ranchers and a little bit of everybody. The problem is when too many of one group come in and control and dominate and change the community."

Dan Mick, auto body shop manager:

"Tourism is here. I come from a tourist town in Minnesota and grew up around the cycles of an up and down economy. I think tourism is the future of Moab. I don't think you're going to see uranium mining or ranching come back. People come here for the scenery, the friendliness of Moab, the clean air, so I think we'll see a lot more of it. Out of town money, whether it's good for the community, these people are over the fear factor and are investing their money. If we could get over that factor, we'd do something. Somebody's got to do it sometime. I'd like to see local people do it and keep it in the city, but nobody so far has jumped in there and done that. People have wanted to keep Moab like it is, to keep it small, but I think the money's going to come in to the town and go out of the town until we get over the fear factor ourselves and start doing the same things they're doing."

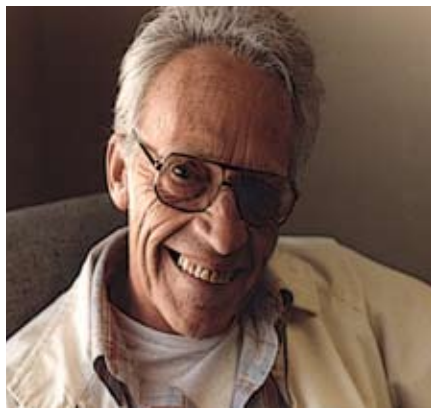
H.K. Hancock, director S.E. Center:

"On the subject of outside money and its future role in S.E. Utah, I think that to whatever extent we (locally) feel the need to rely on either investors or expert advisors from outside, we lose control of our own destinies.

On the subject of to what extent tourism should be or become THE underpinning of the S.E. Utah economy, the good news is that there's little doubt that other than locating a rich uncle, tourism is probably the least polluting industry extant. Not necessarily in the bad news category, but a thoughts which occurs to me when I remember I'm not totally comfortable with tourism as the basis for an economy, is a passage from John Ise's classic, The National Parks. Over 30 years ago he said, 'With a place's decision to accept or promote tourism as a means of survival, that place has acknowledged that its last hope for a continued existence is in someone else's hands.'"

Dale Parriott, machine shop owner:

"Tourism is the best quick alternative, but in the long run, I think it's the worst thing we've ever done in Moab. Ten years ago, we should've given tax incentives for one, two, three-person businesses—small over-operated businesses that would bring money into town and generate trades and crafts that Moab doesn't have. Tourism is a good deal, but we only get it seven months a year. What about the rest of it? Tourism will shut out a lot of opportunities for in-town people. The kids that are growing up now will not be able to own property like their parents did. It'll all be sewed up. As soon as the out of town money starts coming in, the taxes will go up, and as the tax base goes up, as property becomes more expensive, there's going to be a lot of people who won't be able to afford to live here. There are some good benefits as well—better hospitals, better schools. But personally, I'm not sure that we're not giving up a good way of life that we've had for a century in this valley. All for the sake of money. We're not here on the planet just to make money."



Jimmie Walker, Administrator, G.C. Road District:

"I don't think that tourism is the answer singularly because we'll end up in the same trip as we used to be when we were a mining town. We need diversification, and we need to keep our minds open to other industries to balance things yet. I see a trend towards the outside interests taking over, because we're such a natural for their needs. Whether it'll be all that bad or good, I really can't say for sure. Anytime you get activity of an economic nature, it can't be all bad. But it might also increase the cost of gas, groceries, motels and certain things that can create a burden on the permanent people."



Dale (Pete) Peterson, barber:

"I think we need local entities in our business here instead of people from New York or the corporate structure telling us what we can or can't do in our own communities. Take a look at the Yellow Front. The manager down there is out of business, simply because the company didn't handle itself well somewhere else. Tourism right now seems like the only thing we've

got and maybe some retirement. So we have to do what we have to do. Maybe someone needs to look at light industries, but every small town in America is trying to do the same thing."



Robin Groff, bicycle shop owner:

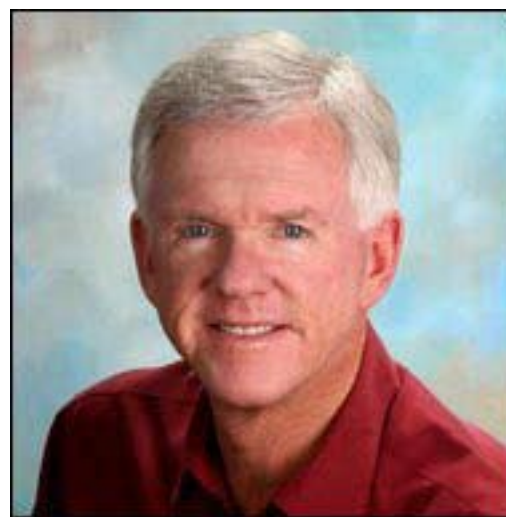
"Tourism is the answer at this moment. This town was depressed after the mining industry collapse in the early 80s, and there's no doubt that the town is more prosperous now than then. Whether tourism is the final answer or the best answer is debatable, I suppose. Certainly a well-rounded economy beats a one-sided economy. But until that happens tourism is going to be the answer, probably for the next 10 years. This community is not set up right now for light industry, nor is it going to be in the near future. We don't have the infrastructure for it. We don't have the infrastructure for the tourism we're getting, but we're working on it at least. We have great scenic beauty and that's our resource and tourism plays off that. I don't think all the people here are going to welcome out of town investment, myself included. I think the question is moot, though, because I don't believe there's a lot we can do about it. When it comes, it

comes, and we're just going to have to deal with it. 'Politically,' is the best way to deal with it. We have to have development that is consistent with the traditions of Moab. We can't compete economically with these people, or entities, or 'them,' whoever 'they' are with money. So the only way we can help ourselves in keeping these traditions is through the political structure. That means zoning and planning. But eventually, I do see Moab becoming somewhat like Aspen or Telluride and I don't think there's much we can do about that. But we can hold it down so the unfavorable aspects of those communities we can try to hold out, and retain the flavor of moab. But to think we can put a lid on it is naïve."

A 1993 Interview with

TOM SHELLENBERGER
Moab Economic Development Co-ordinator

2013 PROLOGUE: As Moab began to 'take off' in the late 80s, we all wondered who would try to bring some order out of the brewing chaos. Via a grant from the City of Moab, formr Park City resident Tom Shellenberger became Moab's "Economic development Coordinator." There was a not so humorous joke among locals at that time that Moab would be the "next park City," and investors from that town were plainly evident. Tom agreed to be interviewed for the may 1990 issue...JS



Zephyr: You came down here from Park City, Utah. What attracted you to Moab?

Tom: We've been vacationing here for the last 12 years, and like a lot of people, we experienced the desert country and Moab and fell in love with it. I've been looking for a way to make a living down here ever since. WE had a 5-year plan four years ago that we were going to sell everything and move to Moab. Our opportunity to do the cross country ski business at Pack Creek Ranch enabled us to accelerate that to three years. We wanted to come here.

Zephyr: What did you do up there?

Tom: I owned an alarm company. I had that for five years and a combination of a very stressful business , a climate that neither one of us liked real well, and our love of the desert is why we made the move.

Zephyr: You've become the economic development coordinator through a grant from the city. What are your qualifications for the position and how do you define "economic development?"

Tom: First, my qualifications are...I didn't go to school to be an economic developer, but I majored in business in college and have owned my own business. I've worked for several corporations, so I feel I know from the business angle. My expertise is not from grant writing or how to get state or local or federal funds. My expertise is from a business background and what it takes to make a business work. I've also been involved in the governmental process in Park City for eight years; I've been involved in the inner workings of the government sector; I was familiar with how things work and how you get things done.

What (Did) Moab Want?

Tom Shellenberger

(continued)

“Economic Development,” as I see it, my scope is fairly limited here. They hired me for six months to basically get small businesses into Moab—small manufacturing businesses. I’m not looking for someone who will employ 100 people. My personal feeling is that the small business is where we need to be, so if anyone goes under or has problems, it won’t affect Moab’s economy greatly. Right now, we’re back into a single industry economy again—it’s tourism instead of mining, and if we have a downturn in the economy, people don’t travel as much. Even tourism could affect us negatively if we’re not diversified.

Zephyr: When you took this job, did you have any kind of “plan” for economic development?

Tom: We’re definitely competing head to head with everybody for these small businesses. To answer your question directly, did I have a plan? I would have to say “no.” I didn’t come in here with a wealth of formulated plans as to how to do it, but it has evolved since I’ve been here as to how to approach this. I’ve been working very closely with Bette Stanton over at Grand County, and we’ve been very frustrated with leads that have come down from the state or office of economic development. They send those

leads out to every town in Utah. Since Bette gets some of her funding through those folks, she has to respond one these leads. Most of them don’t go anywhere; they’re cold. They’re leads that everybody else is fighting for. We wanted to come up with leads of our own and that’s when we came up with our poster campaign. When people are vacationing here, they see a poster or tent card that says,

“Bring Your Business to Moab.” So half the battle’s been fought for us. They’re already here. They like Moab, otherwise they wouldn’t be here for the most part. If we can plant that seed, we’ll generate some good leads from that. And I think in the next year or two, we’ll see some good results from that. Economic development is not something that happens overnight. I tend to be results-oriented, which kind of frustrates me that I haven’t brought two businesses here by now.

Zephyr: You’ve talked about bringing new businesses and new people to Moab. What can be done for the people who are already here, who are surviving by the skin of their teeth?

Tom: I guess I really don’t know how to answer that. First of all, I think there is money to loan. The banks are willing to loan money, but it has to be approached in a professional manner. You can’t do your business plan on the back of a cocktail napkin. They’re going to have to approach it from a businesslike standpoint. The banks have a business to run, just like anybody else. If they start making bad loans, they’re not going to be in business long. So they have to tighten up on credit. I know several people in town who have gotten loans through the process and done the necessary homework. SBA loans are possible. There’s a lot of paperwork involved, but that weeds out the serious from those that are operating on a whim. As far as a revolving loan fund, it’s been talked about. I’ve talked to the Chamber, and it has a lot of problems associated with it, because in essence you become a bank. Who is going to determine who deserves the money? I’m meeting with the Mayor in the morning about setting up an incubator facility, where the old sewing plant is by the bowling alley. It’s a beautiful building for a service industry, computer software...that type of thing could help a local. Somebody who is already here could move in there, and the City could give them rent relief for a year or two. We’re trying to get it donated to the City by the people who own it. It’s for sale right now, but I talked to the owners and asked, if we gave you the right deal and the tax write-offs, would you consider donating it, and they said they would.

Zephyr: At all levels of government, the people often complain that they are not consulted about their wants and needs. That decisions are made at the top. Have you been out into the city and talked to the businesses about what they really want?

Tom: Well, I’ve talked to the people in the Chamber of Commerce, because they’re the businesses I’m more familiar with. Probably not as much as I should, and I need to get out and talk to more folks. I guess I’m feeling a little constrained by time since I’m only here for six months. It’s not a given that they will fund this position again. We’ve put in a budget request, the people I’ve talked to, the feedback about the poster has all been positive. The City Council was all positive about it when I met with them the other night. But to answer your question directly, no, I haven’t done as much of that as I should.

Zephyr: You’ve been quoted as saying that Moab is where Park City was 10 years ago.

Tom: More like fifteen.

Zephyr: Do you see Moab, in 15 years, being where Park City is now?

Tom: No. I don’t think Moab ever could become Park City, and it shouldn’t become Park City. People here are more sensitive to their surroundings than the Park City people were. I don’t think mountain bikers or river runners or jeepers that pass through have the money it takes to get Park City to where it is now. Ad I’m not saying Park City is a good point, because I left there because it got too big and too slick for me. But Park City has done a lot of things right. It took an economy that was just about down the tubes.

Twenty years ago, you could buy property for back taxes on Main Street. They have succeeded, good or bad, in making a real vital Utah town. But the money is not here that a skier brings to town. A skier will spend five to seven thousand dollars a week. You’re not 35 minutes from an international airport in Moab. That will insulate Moab from ever becoming a Park City, I think. I see a real group of folks who don’t want tit to become that way. I don’t want it to become like that and I don’t want to be perceived as the guy who’s going to come in and industrialize Moab. That’s not my intention; even if I wanted to, I don’t think it could happen. I chose to leave Park City for some of those reasons. I don’t like to be labeled as “the Park City guy” because that’s where I’m from. That’s no different than you being “the New Jersey guy.” Is that where you’re from?

Zephyr: Kentucky. Watch that.

Tom: We all came here for our own personal reasons, and I think we came here

because we all love what Moab is and what it has to offer. If we lose that, it’s going to ruin it for everybody. Yet, there is the potential for some of that happening (i.e. Park City, Telluride.) Property values have already started to go up. Just in the last year, you see a lot of homes over \$100,000 now that you didn’t a year ago.

Zephyr: Is there any way to prevent that from hap-

pening?

Tom: The people in town really have to decide what they want their town to be. I don’t think there’s any consensus. I’ve been trying to be open minded. I’ve met with the Sam Taylors and the Bill Heddens, the two extremes. And each one has their own idea for an ideal Moab. But where is the common ground? Where do we meet to find a consensus? I’m not sure I really know the questions right now, much less the answers.

Zephyr: Has it been difficult to adapt to the slower lifestyle here? In part, I’m referring to a letter to the Times-Independent by a newcomer who was appalled at what he perceived to be poor, inefficient service.

Tom: He had a lot of guts didn’t he? I came here knowing that was going to be a problem. At Park City it was a problem. Utah was a problem. When I came to Salt Lake City to work at the Hotel Utah, that was as different as night and day. I couldn’t get deliveries on time. I went to Park City and it was worse. I came to Moab and it was worse than Park City. It’s frustrated me, because I’ve been trying to remodel my home and the Emporium and Uranium Building. Sure I’d like things to happen faster. But it doesn’t surprise me, and actually I came here to slow down a bit. I’m still on the treadmill and need to slow down with it. I will say, in defense of the people who work here, that the quality of the workmanship has been better than what I’m used to.

Zephyr: Any closing thoughts?

Tom: Moab needs a consensus for the way it wants to go; we’re at a crossroads right now and we can go in several different ways. It can go towards the environmental or tourism, or more industrial. But people in this town need to decide what we want to become. We have to be directed in one path, and I don’t think anybody has a real handle

EDITOR’S NOTE: In 2013 Tom Shellenberger is a real estate agent at Moab Premier Properties.

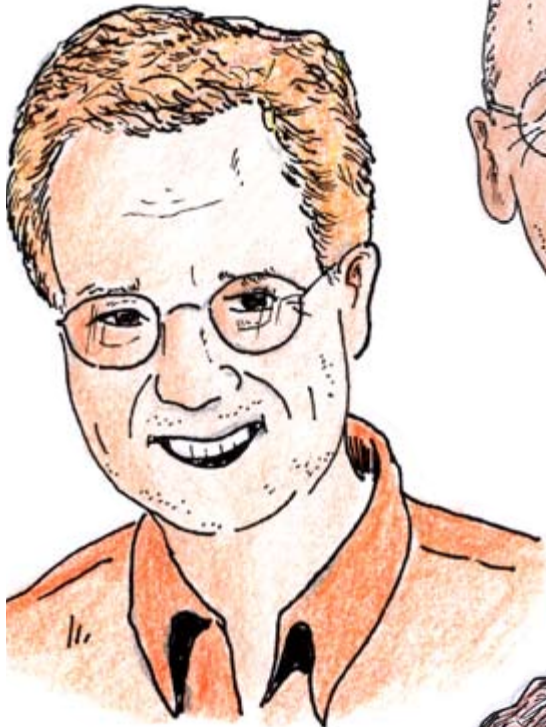


WHY READ THE ZEPHYR?

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Thomas Jefferson

JOHN TYMOCHKO
USA



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Salt Lake City, Utah



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El Paso, TX



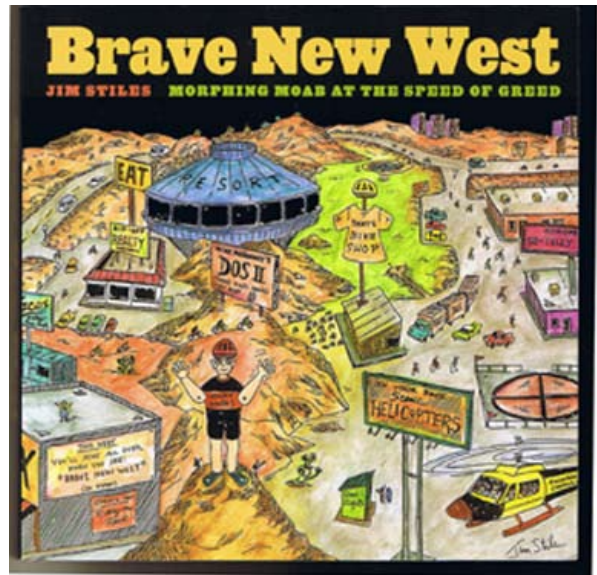
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A 1982 Interview with EDWARD ABBEY

with Eric Temple

What follows is the transcript of an interview conducted by Eric Temple with Ed Abbey in December 1982. The interview took place in the cabin behind Abbey's Tucson home and was videotaped for a program produced by KAET-TV in Phoenix, Arizona. Portions of the interview were made into a half hour program called "Edward Abbey's Road" which aired in Arizona and many PBS stations nationwide in 1983. Thanks to Clarke Abbey for permission to print this excerpt.

ET) What do you see as the major environmental problem in Arizona right now?

EA) Progress. Development, Growth, Industry--everything that the politicians and the chamber of commerce loves, I'm against. I think it's gradually destroying Arizona, and I don't think it will survive--I think we're using up our resource base, especially water, much faster than it can ever be replaced. Therefore, unless some sort of technological miracle saves us, I imagine that Phoenix and Tucson will be small towns again, and probably very nice places to live.

I was just reading a very good book by Charles Bowden, "Killing the Hidden Waters" which goes into this subject in great detail, historical and geological. He describes how the Papago Indians survived out here simply by living off the land, mainly hunting and gathering. Surviving on surface water--a few springs and flash floods for farming, and they got by for 10, maybe 20 thousand years. 'Course they didn't create what most of us would consider a very brilliant civilization, but they had a satisfying way of life and were probably as happy as most modern Americans.

ET) What would be the final straw that would make the politicians curtail the growth, or attempt to curtail it?

EA) I don't think they will, they're in the grip of a kind of ideology of growth, the politicians, the chamber of commerce, most business people in the state. They seem to really believe that growth is a good in itself and more growth is better, so I doubt if this expansion will be curtailed until something very unpleasant happens. Probably we'll discover more pollution in our ground water supplies. The wells for example, some of them, dozens I guess have already been closed in this area and other Arizona towns. And the river water they're hoping to import from the Colorado river is very low quality water, high salt content and god knows what other junk is in it from all of those uranium mills upstream- So at enormous cost they're pumping that dirty river water out of the mountains and into the central valley in hopes of keeping the expansion of Phoenix and Tucson continuing for maybe a few more decades. It might work--and it might not, and even if it does work, I think it does more harm than good.

I can't see that anything is gained for the people who now live in Phoenix by trying to make Phoenix another LA. And I think we in Tucson have much more to lose than to gain by trying to catch up with Phoenix. And Flagstaff wants to be another Tucson, and so on. And I think it's ridiculous. It's insane in the long run, rational point of view.

If we were content to maintain a relatively small population in this state, I don't know what the optimum would be, we've probably already passed it. But if we were

content just to support the number of people we've got here now, I don't see anybody forced to leave. I don't want to leave, I still love it here. I think we could probably support the present population of Phoenix and Tucson for a long time, maybe a century or two, while slowly using up our ground water supply. But if we continue this what I consider crackpot expansion, this ideological growth, why we're going to run up against the limits much quicker, then they'll start talking about dragging icebergs up from Antarctica and up the Sea of Cortez, through Puerta Pumasco, Gila Bend, towing them on giant barges.

ET) Something else that goes hand in hand with that is the generation of electricity. Coal and Nuclear seem to be the substances of choice for the utilities in Arizona. What are the pitfalls of that?

EA) Well, the disadvantages of coal are pretty obvious. The burning of coal pollutes the air, strip mining destroys a lot of good rangeland depriving ranchers and Navajos of their resource base. And coal too is just a temporary fix, even though we may have an awful lot of it in this country. It too will be used up sooner or later, but we want to create a long term civilization here in the west or in North America, and I think eventually we're going to have to rely on renewable resources, like sunlight and grass and trees, surface water, running water.

But I realize that the United States for that matter doesn't take it seriously. The people who run this country assume that technology and science will rescue us each time from our foolishness, and so far it might appear that they've been right. However, when we burn up the planet then we'll, I suppose, try to export the human species into outer space. Space colonies. Colonize the moon, Venus, Mars, and that's utopianism. And uranium, you mentioned that didn't you? When they complete the Palo Verde nuclear plant we're going to have the biggest one in the world, is that right?

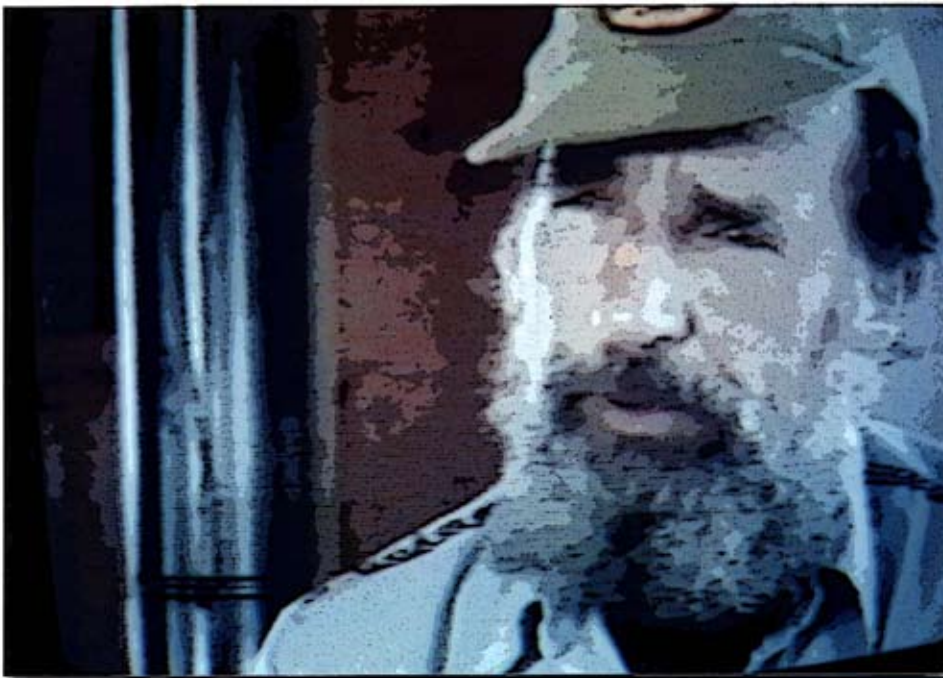
ET) That's what they say.

EA) I find nuclear power very unappealing, first of all because it's undemocratic; it centralizes control. It puts our lives and livelihoods in the hands of a very few people, probably one big utility, one big public agency over which the public has very little control. And of course there are the well known dangers of it. (Editor's note: Abbey gave this interview five years before the nuclear disaster at Chernobyl) There's no guarantee that these nuclear plants won't break down, melt down and maybe force the evacuation of the entire city of Phoenix someday. And it's a very expensive form of power; I don't know the economic details but it may turn out to cost more than it's worth...simply in dollars. Nuclear power has been a heavily subsidized industry so far, subsidized by us taxpayers in one way or another and that's how it has survived as long as it has. I doubt if nuclear power would last another 10 years if we had a really free market economy. It's expensive and it's dangerous and it's undemocratic, and uranium mining of course also destroys rangeland again, in some cases wilderness. And the problem of what to do with the nuclear waste has still not been solved. Nobody wants these nuclear waste dumps in their own state.

EA) Well I think that it has a very good future. The worse the environment gets, the

ET) What is the future of environmentalism as you see it?

EA) Well I think that it has a very good future. The worse the environment gets, the

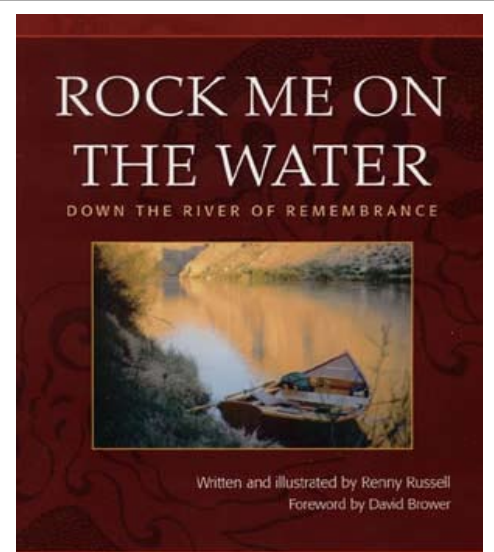


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From Renny Russell,
the author of...



more popular environmentalism becomes. People like James Watt do us a lot of good to spur interest in environmentalism and boost membership in all sorts of conservation organizations. People always get concerned about things that they are in danger of losing...though it often comes too late. I think America has led the way in this field. We are probably the most environmentally conscious, big industrial nation on earth, getting the parks established over a century ago. First nation on earth to do that. Good thing we did too.

I'm not much of a prophet. I suppose the conflict between conservation and development will grow more intense each year with the pressure of a growing population and economic demands. That's all I can see in the future, more conflict, more arguments, more shouting. Possibly if the economy stays in a recession long enough, a majority of us will gradually adapt to a simpler, a more frugal way of life. Not make such enormous demands on the land, the air, and the water. But there's so many of us in the United States already, 240 million I guess and still growing. (The US population in 2013 is almost 315 million) The rate of growth is supposed to be slowing down, but the total keeps growing. When I was a kid in school, we were taught that the population of the United States was 120 million, as if that were a fixed, permanent figure. And now it's apparently just about doubled.



I can't see that anything is gained for the people who now live in Phoenix by trying to make Phoenix another LA. And I think we in Tucson have much more to lose than to gain by trying to catch up with Phoenix. And Flagstaff wants to be another Tucson, and so on. And I think it's ridiculous.

And all of us want to maintain our American standards of living. We like having these nice little houses, electricity, running water, cars and pickup trucks and motor boats; its hard to give up all of these technological toys. We wouldn't have to give them up in fact, if we had a small population. I guess I'm sort of a nut on the subject of planned parenthood. I think we should plan it a lot more intensively. I'd be in favor or revising the income tax structures in such a way as to reward single people, childless couples, penalize heavy breeders. Make people that have more than say two children pay extra taxes instead of less. Make that a national public policy to encourage small

families. And that means cutting off immigration too. Restricting it to a very low level. These are very delicate, touchy subjects, especially here in Arizona.

And that's why I bring it up. I don't like to talk about it. Makes me sound like a racist and an elitist. But I talk about it because apparently no one else will. The politicians won't touch the subject of course. And the chamber of commerce doesn't care, they welcome a growing population. That means more demands for more goods...more extensive exploitation of the land and water and the air. Strip mining the ranges, and clear cutting the forests, and damming the last of the free-flowing rivers. But I think if we're going to have a decent future in this country, and I'm only speaking of the United States, the rest of the world is...most of it is in much worse shape than we are. If our children and grandchildren are going to have a decent life in this country, we're going to have to reduce the total population gradually by attrition, letting old farts like me die off...cutting off immigration, especially illegal immigration, gradually adopting, adapting to a simpler lifestyle...doing without more things. Giving up all of our gadgets...or making them so expensive that you have to choose. So you could have a car or a pickup truck but not both, that's kind of ridiculous. Things like that, a gradual...I wouldn't call it a reducing of the standard of living, but a simplifying of our way of living. And I think it would be good for us...be good for us to do more walking, or to ride bicycles to school instead of driving a car.

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These are old ideas of course, people have been preaching them now for ten or fifteen years. I don't have any new ideas on the subject...just repeat the old ones. I think there's a great popular support for these basic ideas...great popular support for environmentalism, all the polls, all the elections seem to suggest it. Most of the voters want their clean air, they want their clean air laws not only maintained, but strengthened. Most people seem to want our wilderness area preserved. Most people apparently would prefer to live a more outdoorsy sort of life. To get away from the big cities, and even the suburbs now. Apparently more and more people are moving back to small towns or even to farms if they can manage it. But I think environmentalism has popular support, has majority support, but we don't have the money...we don't have the power to translate that popular support into political action or have the power to translate that popular support into political action or at least not into enough political action.

Power still lies in the hands of corporations and those with lots of money to throw around.

ET) You've made some appearances for an environmental group called Earth First!, and certainly a couple of your books have talked about sort of ecological sabotage, or taking things into your own hands. Do you see that as a coming thing, or is it already here?

next page...



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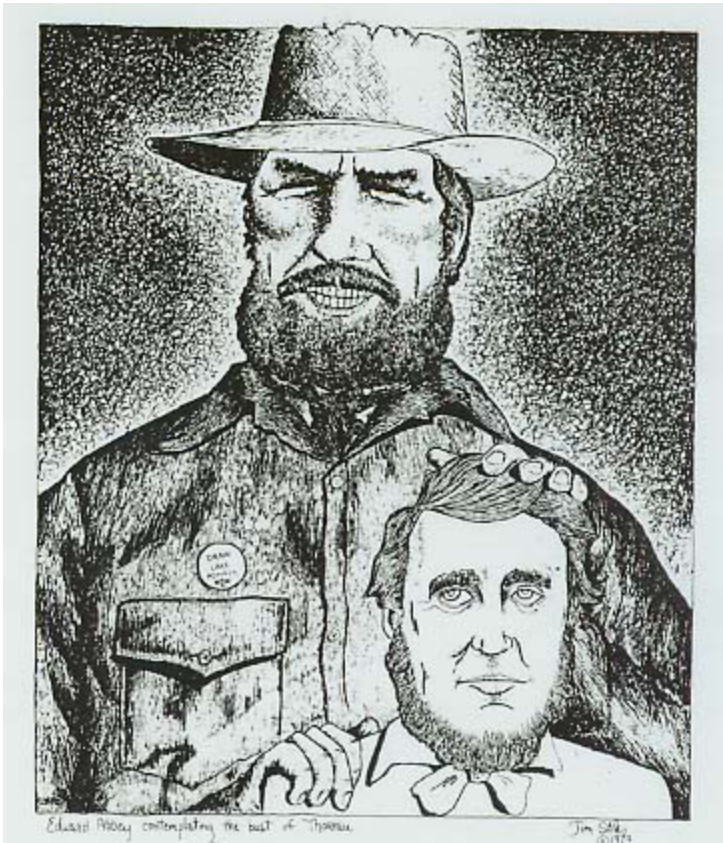
1982 Eric Temple Interview with... EDWARD ABBEY

(continued)

EA) Well I'm not going to advocate sabotage publicly on the federal airwaves here. But I think there probably will be more of it if the conflict between conservation and development becomes more intense, and if the politicians fail to follow the popular will on the matter. I think a lot of people are going to become very angry and they're going to resort to illegal methods to try to slow down the destruction of our national resources, our wilderness, our forests, mountains, deserts. What that will lead to I hate to think. If the conflict becomes violent and physical then I'm pretty sure the environmentalists will mostly end up in prison or shot dead in their tracks. So I hope we can save what's left of Arizona and the United States by legal, political means and I still think we can. I still vote in elections...even though there doesn't seem to be much to vote for or against, when there's not much choice. I think if enough people get sufficiently concerned, why we can still make changes...needed changes in this country by political methods...God, I hope so.

ET) What does the future hold for you, what are your plans?

EA) Oh, write a few more good books and die. I've done almost everything I've ever



I think if enough people get sufficiently concerned, why we can still make changes...needed changes in this country by political methods...God, I hope so.

wanted to do. Traveled over half the world, enjoyed the love of some good women, and the friendship of some good men. Had some adventures. Wrote a few books that I'm still pleased with. Had a pretty soft easy life. Most of my life I've been able to do exactly what I wanted to do. I haven't had to turn my hand at honest labor for about ten years. And I never did believe in working for more than six months our the the year at any job I didn't like. So I'll write a few more books, explore a few more places. I'd like to go to Australia again. I'd like to see something of Africa. I've got a teenaged daughter, got to get her through the agonies of adolescence before I can shunt her off to college.

I'd like to grow wise and venerable, but I haven't figured out how to do it yet.

ET) Do you see any positive thing...We've been talking about a lot of things that are pretty unpleasant. Is there something happening that you see in the world today that might be interpreted as a positive thing?

EA) Oh, the arts are thriving. Music, literature, dance, sculpture, painting, seems to me in this country and in most of the world there's a great burgeoning artistic activity. I think modern technology has created a sort of world culture which may in some ways actually be bringing people together or creating an international culture, and that may turn out to be a good thing.

Nuclear power has made war less appealing than ever. Hydrogen bombs take all of the fun out of war. I think there's an enormous amount of goodwill and good feeling being shared around the world, people visiting one another. Visiting one another's countries and lands, getting to learn something about each other. But this is in a race against the other catastrophe of overpopulation, war, hunger, civil war, revolution. Not that I'm against revolutions...I think many of them are necessary and therefore are justified. I'm not anti-technology either. I like all of our gadgets and toys, it's just the scale

of them that I think is doing us harm. As I've written, I'm very much in favor of space exploration for example, I think it's a great adventure for humanity insofar as we can all share in it. But I think it should be supported by voluntary contributions only. Not by compulsory taxation under threat of prison and death. The Sierra Club gets by on voluntary contributions and so should NASA, and moon shots, and space travel. Let those things be financed by people who are willing to support them.

Good things, I'm trying to think of good things!

You can still get good cigars. I'm impressed by the young people that are growing up around us. They seem to be healthier more athletic and brighter than ever. At least the ones who haven't been lobotomized by too much television and Newsweek and Time. I suppose for every danger in the contemporary world you can find a corresponding avenue of hope, an opportunity for true progress, as opposed to mere quantitative growth. Probably never before in human history have so many been so keenly aware of what our troubles are and what causes them and what can be done about them. I think the knowledge and the goodwill is here, present in most people. Our problem is how to translate that knowledge and goodwill and technique into the creation of a true civilization, which I do not think we have.

Kurt Vonnegut says we're still living in the dark ages, I agree with that. But we're still struggling to get out of the dark ages into some kind of enlightenment, I think that's possible. Still might happen before disaster solves all our problems. If we don't solve our troubles by reason and goodwill and generosity and mutual aid and sharing, then I think our troubles, national and international, will be solved in the usual way. By catastrophe. By war, famine, plague...what was the fourth horseman? Death.

And anyway, even if the human race wipes itself off the face of the earth as Jonathan Schell thinks it might in his book, I still think that life will survive, even if only in the most rudimentary form. I'm in favor of all kinds of life, even bacteria, germs, bugs, insects, scorpions. I don't think that anything humanity can do will destroy all life on earth. And as long as there's life in any shape, why there's still hope of some kind.

If we don't solve our troubles by reason and goodwill and generosity and mutual aid and sharing, then I think our troubles, national and international, will be solved in the usual way. By catastrophe. By war, famine, plague...what was the fourth horseman? Death.

In fact life is good in itself. If we humans are stupid enough to destroy our own lives, that doesn't necessarily take all of the goodness out of the lives of other creatures that might, and I hope will, survive us. I think earth would still be a decent place if there were no humans on it at all. I don't know exactly what kind of consciousness a dog has, or the wildlife or the birds we see out here, but my impression is on the whole they seem to enjoy their existence and I think it's worthwhile for its own sake. They're not dreaming of heaven or some technological utopia. They just find the ordinary daily business of life, breeding, nest building, and finding food a good in itself, and I agree with that. I think the hawks are right and the rattlesnakes. Keep going...continuity.

I don't have any hope of personal immortality, but I am glad I've had children. And that therefore I have a stake in the continuity of human life. I think it's well worthwhile just keeping the game going, whether it leads to any greater end or not. Well, enough of mesophysics. Do you have any simple, easy questions?

ET) Yeah, I've got one more. What do you see your role as, social commentator, author?

EA) My role...I see myself as an entertainer. I'm trying to write good books, make people laugh, make them cry, provoke them, make them angry, make them think if possible. To get a reaction, give pleasure. I do not see myself as a social commentator because I don't look at any of these things we've been talking about hard enough, I'm not really skilled at it.

But I like to write. I like to throw words around. And if I can give pleasure in that form I feel I'm earning my pay. I have no desire to be a leader of any kind, I dislike being called a guru. I think every man should be his own guru, and every woman her own gurette...we should all be leaders. I'm an anarchist. My father was a Wobblie. I.W.W. We should all take charge. We should all be leaders, neither followers nor rulers, make our own decisions. I'm really a democrat, small "d", I really believe in democracy. Direct democracy.

I think every issue of any importance should be decided by popular referendum. It's nice to see these petitions get on the ballot. The process should be made much easier. If we could do away with those bunch of morons and moral dwarfs up in the state legislature and decide state policy by public referendum, I would love to see that. I think the majority of the people in this state and in this country are almost always far ahead of those who call themselves the authorities, or presume to be our leaders. They're not leaders. What was the last leader we had in this country? Thomas Jefferson perhaps. Anyway, my role is just to write books. I'm not really trying to do anything more than that. Write some good books, if possible, and enjoy my life...the lives of my family and friends, and my enemies. I enjoy their problems too.

Eric Temple interviewed Ed Abbey on several occasions. His documentary, Edward Abbey: A Voice in the Wilderness is available on video. He is also the administrator of the facebook page: "EDWARD ABBEY: A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS."

* Since Abbey gave this interview in 1982 the U.S. population has grown to almost 315 million people.

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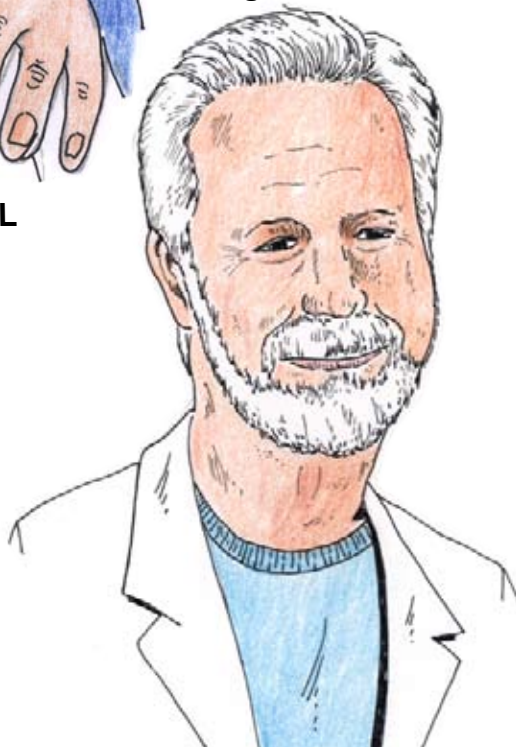


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Global Warming:

Maybe Denial is Working for Betty and Lou, but it Isn't for Their Teenagers

Scott H. Thompson



Kevin Anderson, a climate scientist at the University of Manchester in the U.K., is one of those humans who somehow never learned to be a proper, timid professional, and is therefore honest to a fault. One of our species' success stories: may his genes pass on. So it wasn't surprising that in a lecture in November, 2012, he said, "...the scientific community repeatedly underplays the story. That's what I'm trying to show here. Very unpopular with some of my colleagues..."

...
"So across the board everyone's saying we can't be honest about two degrees C [of warming above pre-industrial]. I

was at an event recently, a Chatham House event so I can't tell you who was there, but a very senior government scientist and someone very senior from an oil company...these very senior people said, 'Well, I think we're on for 4 to 6 degrees C, but we just can't be open about it.' But that is going on all the time behind the scenes, that somehow we can't tell the public."

Shout it, brother: not only is the public not being told that at least a 4 degree C world is hurtling toward us like a Texas-sized asteroid, it also isn't being told what that world will be like once it hits. So being Kevin Anderson, he tried: "For those sort of temperatures you may find that there's no transport network...this is not a world that we know how to contemplate...you'll see significant reductions, 30% to 40% reductions in some of the staple crops, in maize and rice and so forth..."

...There's a widespread view that a four degrees C future is incompatible with organized global community as we see it today. Particularly with nine billion people and all the other stresses that we face. It's likely beyond adaptation. Lots of us will not be able to adapt to the impacts...Some of us might be able to adapt but many people won't and it's devastating for the majority of ecosystems. Ecosystems always change but this is a very fast rate of change. Ecosystems are probably not tuned to this rate of change..."

...

"...for an outside chance of [only] 2 degrees C [of warming]...we need about a 40% reduction in the next three years in our energy consumption...A 70% reduction by 2020 and basically be completely de-carbonized by 2030 – fridges, planes, ships, cars, everything we do...to give a little bit of space for the poorer parts of the world to help them develop and improve their welfare...So...we'll all say that that's impossible. The question I was asked...was, well, is living with 4 degrees C temperature rise by 2050 to 2070, is that any less impossible? The future is impossible."

Other than Anderson's academic co-author Alice Bows and the Australian academic Clive Hamilton, who based his seminal book *Requiem for a Species* on Anderson's work, and of course *The Canyon Country Zephyr's* own Doug Meyer, I don't know of anyone out there who's been this blunt about what global warming means.



Close are the American stalwarts Dr. James Hansen of NASA and writer Bill McKibben. The difference is that the latter leave more room for hopeful outcomes, which is a cultural expectation. Because in America, with its boosterism and expansive optimism, those who insist on an unvarnished prognosis for global warming run a greater risk of being shunned. In his book Clive Hamilton said, "Optimism as a social norm is particularly strong in the United States, where the culture of self-help and self-improvement reigns...Optimism is closely tied to the norm of individualism, because it is

believed that hopes are realized through personal accomplishments. Although a caricature, it is sometimes said that in the United States a homeless person is just a millionaire temporarily down on his luck." (pp. 129-130).

The flip side of expansive optimism, however, is psychological denial, and even a wonderful caricature that lies at one side of a continuum can end in pathology.

Consider this. According to a Rasmussen Reports "Energy Update," dated February 19, 2013, only 43% of Americans agreed that global warming is primarily caused by human activity. For over four years this figure has remained stuck at this level, even less at times, in spite of overwhelming scientific evidence demonstrating that global warming is both perilous and human-caused.

If people were the rational creatures they pretend to be, not connecting the dots on something this obvious would be evidence of a learning disability. What it is instead, sadly, is evidence of psychological denial bordering on delusion.

I think the pervasiveness of psychological denial within our borders developed in this way. The last thing a critical mass of our elites want to see happen is the prolonged period of planned economic austerity that is necessary for serious progress in addressing the most devastating long-term consequences of global warming. Nor do they want to witness what will happen to massive fossil fuel companies once the market value of their oil, gas, and coal reserves, the ones that will never be produced or mined because of global warming, collapses. Brothers and sisters, these people are protecting the golden calf of economic growth and all its key features at all costs.

Kevin Anderson says it: "So it doesn't matter if we wipe the planet out, if we all die, so long as we're not interfering with economic growth."

That's why it's no surprise that none of our mainstream politicians (except for Al Gore) have put themselves on the line to inform the people how dire the scientific findings are. Nor is it a surprise that our major media outlets, which are owned by honcho for-profit corporations, continue to play global warming down by giving it spotty, equivocal, and incomplete coverage. Or that money-suffused right wing sources, including fossil fuel companies, have flooded the airways with propaganda as cruel and warped as that of a dictator regime, without meaningful refutation or response.



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But the hi-jinks and self-absorption of the powerful don't by themselves explain the pervasiveness of psychological denial in America. The other half of this vicious cycle is that people in the street don't want to hear about what global warming means – truly means - because they're not interested in scientific findings that question the American Dream of prosperity. They buy those lottery tickets to keep that dream alive.

Interestingly, if there were a mass demand for a public discussion of the stark scientific truth, as unlikely as that now seems, along with a willingness to endure the austerity measures that would follow such honest talk, there are sympathetic elites who would, after first chewing their nails for awhile, stand up and join them.

Elites are people, too.

But denial reigns supreme and Hurricane Sandy hasn't changed that. It's only spawned some polished rhetoric and more equivocal proposals.

Psychological denial is hiding the truth from yourself. It is a lie. Here is what the eminent psychiatrist Carl Jung said about how lies work on the mind: "The lie is there objectively, either in the conscious or in the unconscious. If I don't admit it, if I have not assimilated it, it becomes a strange body and will form an abscess in the unconscious." (Dream Analysis: Notes of the Seminar by C.G. Jung, 1928-30, p. 20).

We know such an abscess is there in two ways. First, the person will project his or her own dishonesty onto other people, unfairly perceiving negative motivations or attributes within them. We see this in the irrational suspicion of climate scientists that so many people in denial harbor; in some cases even accusing these scientists of a vast conspiracy to invent global warming in order to procure research funding and destroy capitalism.

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Second, the person will pass the abscess - the lie and its consequences - down to the next generation: to her or his own children. And if the lie is pervasive it will be passed down to children throughout that culture. Jung covered both levels when he said: "...the more unconscious [that is, younger] children are, the more they are under the influence of the collective unconscious, or they may absorb the unconscious problems of their parents." (p. 19).

Consciously or unconsciously, children know that their well-being and future should come first, and that a parent who fails to honor this ancient obligation of our species has betrayed them.

This betrayal is almost always sealed with a lie. The parents lie to themselves as much as anyone else, because shoving their kids down a chute violates the conscious picture they have of themselves as proper, caring parents. More important, such parents lie to their kids: "Mommy and Daddy love you, honey. You know that." Thus implying that their children's needs have priority when their own actions as parents belie this.

Many of the chronically self-destructive behaviors we see in teenagers - heavy drug and alcohol use, self-mutilation, nose-smashing fist fights, suicidal talk and gestures, risky sexual behavior, school failure, and so on - are rage-ful responses to these lies. The teenager delivers a sarcastic message indeed: "If

you don't care about my future, why should I?"

Now for a common example. (Bear with me: we will return to global warming.)

Let's say mom is an opiate pain pill addict whose boyfriend is her supplier. In this configuration her teenager's function in life is to keep them out of jail by not bringing down too much scrutiny from school principals, the juvenile court system, and other authority figures in the community. At the same time, mom and her boyfriend are so obsessed with getting high and the ongoing financial drama associated with it, that they utterly fail to give the teenager the consistent, caring attention and supervision that she or he needs to stay out of trouble.

The kid gets it: getting in trouble means getting even.

Anyone growing up with an addicted parent, regardless of the drug - and alcohol is a drug - knows that it is a consuming spirit. And that procuring an ample supply of the drug, while also avoiding the consequences flowing from its use, are the priorities around which the family's life must revolve. What might benefit the teenager and help him or her feel appreciated and loved, will receive sporadic attention by comparison. Should the teenager turn away from such an insane family mythology in order to embrace honorable values, family members will respond with cold silence if not scorn and derision.

There is every reason to expect that most of our teenagers will live long enough to experience either a 4 degrees C world or one that's moving rapidly toward it. We are fools if we think clear-eyed fifteen and sixteen year olds won't unearth the works of Kevin Anderson, James Hansen, Bill McKibben, and Clive Hamilton, and spread the true word to their friends. At some point teenagers will realize that those of us over 40, maybe over 30, are denying our responsibility for the long-term consequences of our addiction to cheap energy, thereby condemning them to a dire fate so that we can continue to live in carbon-based comfort.

They'll also realize that we'll be safely dead by the time the cataclysm hits them.

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Consider the following. While we adults are much more able to process difficult emotions and are far better adapted to workaday reality and relationships,

next page



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Scott Thompson

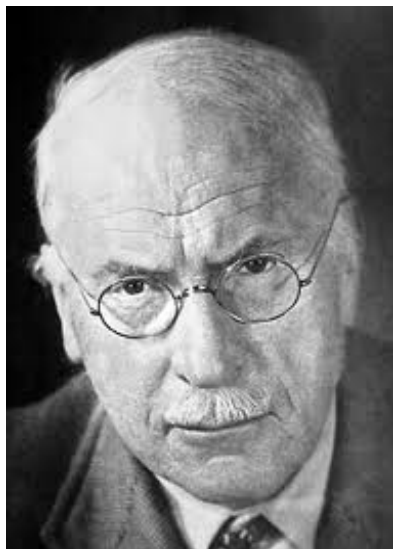
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teenagers by contrast are superior in the creativity and flexibility of their perceptions, giving them a knack for seeing through false and obsolete paradigms that we adults often lose. Teenagers also have a superior adaptation to technology, giving them an unlimited capacity to find out virtually anything.

I think two responses by adolescents to the specter of psychological denial are predictable. First, at some point there will be an explosion of adolescent self-destructive behaviors compared to today. If you think multi-drug abuse, including opiate pain pills, is rife among teenagers now – along with the overdose deaths - just wait awhile.

Much of this first response will shade into an utter indifference to what anyone over age 30 thinks. Teenagers will meet adults' demands for responsible behavior with open contempt.

The second response is psychological adaptation, which I feel is already beginning. It works as follows. About a hundred years ago Carl Jung came to



About a hundred years ago Carl Jung came to believe that that the unconscious has a prospective function. He found that dreams, for example, have an uncanny knack for indicating what circumstances a person is likely to face in the future.

believe that that the unconscious has a prospective function. He found that dreams, for example, have an uncanny knack for indicating what circumstances a person is likely to face in the future.

The unconscious expresses itself in stories and symbolic images rather than literalistic or rational language. Once you know the difference, popular speculative fiction books and movies, which are loaded with archetypal images, not only tell an entertaining story, but also indicate what the collective unconscious is anticipating. Thus they yield remarkable insights, but on the other hand they are insights that deconstruct rather than bolster psychological denial.

Small wonder they're not more widely sought.

Dystopian romance novels are written for and marketed to teenagers. Hunger Games is the best known but there are many. And they sell. In these novels the protagonist is an adolescent girl, sometimes a boy, struggling to survive in an oppressive, faltering society that is plainly hostile both to her individuality and survival. In these societies the adult leaders are corrupt, oppressive, and deathly destructive. The teenage characters must rely solely on their inner, that is archetypal, resources and each other to begin to build a new world. My picks are Under the Never Sky, by Veronica Rossi, and Yesterday, by C.K. Kelly Martin, a Canadian.

Given that we're putting our teenagers on the fast track for 4 degrees C, their unconscious seems to be preparing them for what's ahead.

Certainly we're not.

Note: the excerpts by Kevin Anderson are from his lecture, "Real Clothes for the Emperor: Facing the Challenges of Climate Change," which he gave on November 6, 2012. You can find it on YouTube by typing in "Kevin Anderson Annual Cabot Institute Lecture 2012." A transcript can be found at



SCOTT THOMPSON is a regular contributor to The Zephyr. He lives in Beckley, WV

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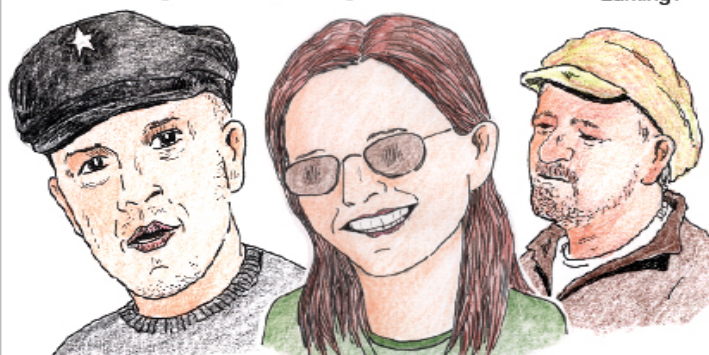
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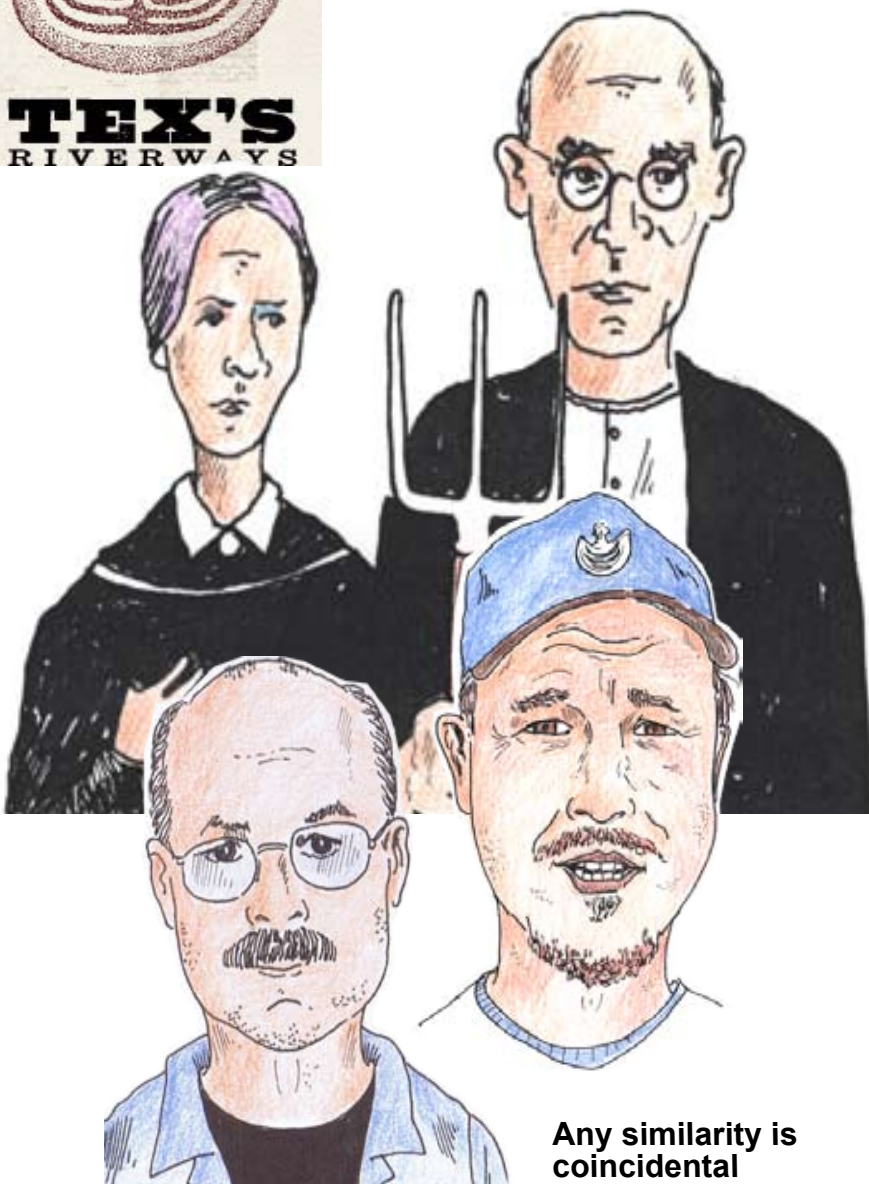


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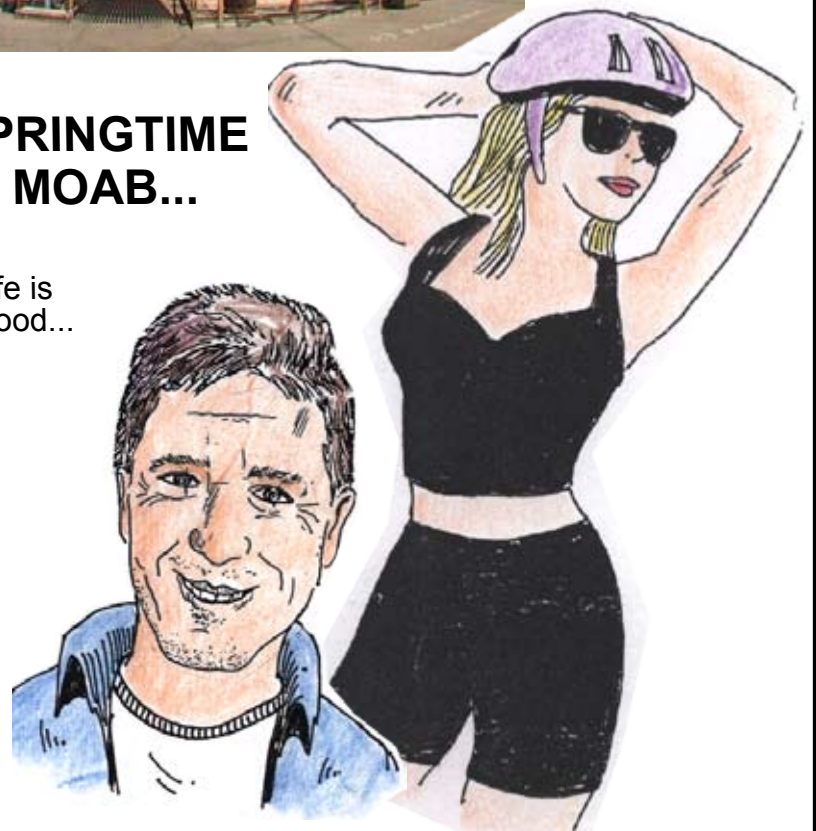
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WHO ARE WE?

When Aldo Leopold saw fierce green fire in the eyes of the dying wolf his life was changing; years of living in wolf country were driving those moments, years of paying attention, taking the measure of mountains.

“I realized then, and have known ever since, that there was something new to me in those eyes -- something known only to her (the wolf) and to the mountain.” (1) Leopold goes on to “suspect” that a mountain fears its deer, just as deer fear wolves. This metaphor, wonderfully outrageous, using fear as the organiser, is then spelled out:

“The cowman who cleans his range of wolves does not realize that he is taking over the wolf’s job of trimming the herd to fit the range. He has not learned to think like a mountain.” Thoughts like these culminate in his famous rule:

“A thing is right when it tends to preserve the integrity, stability, and beauty of the biotic community. It is wrong when it tends otherwise.”

That proposition looks immediately outward, to “a thing,” a human act in the system. Its consequences are subject to judgement as to integrity, stability, beauty. We can argue, and we ought to argue, about those three nouns. They emerge from the full context of Leopold’s book, which is itself an emergent.

It’s probably not possible to rigorously prove his statements, but we can think about them. In Leopold’s proposition, it’s obvious that respect is assumed; respect inheres in all his writings. Ecosystems have a life ... or process, if you prefer ... of their own: integrity. To what extent do we decide to interfere with the stability of that? That is one of the questions, and another is: What do we mean by stability?

But beauty? Why does he make things even more difficult by insisting on beauty as a category of judgement? I think he has to; otherwise the rule is just another rule. He believed that ecosystems not only have a life of their own, but that our lives are there; our acts and thoughts are part of the determinations. The life world in all its multifarious spread and mystery is where we live, in certain very particular niches. Nowhere else. We not only respect and value, we appreciate, we take part. Beauty happens there.

Rachel Carson, another naturalist with a sharp eye for beauty: wherever she can find it: “... the slender shapes of sharks moving in to the kill. There was something very beautiful about those sharks to me ... and when some of the men got out rifles and killed them for ‘sport’ it really hurt me.” (2) I speculate that for Carson the killer sharks’ beauty was an aspect of their integrity, whereas the riflemen in those sporting moments were distanced somewhat from the scene, even as they enacted its deep structure of life: struggle to live, destined to die. And it seems to me that we ‘varmentalists also tend to act out the script we call ecology in a superficial way. Too often, ecology for us is a guide to high flown rhetoric as well as a simple parable of harmony where Nature knows best.

The science known as ecology is not that easy, and it regularly delivers surprises. It theorizes now in schemes of ever greater complexity, trailing uncertainty in their wake. Energy, biomass, nutrients and reproductive strategies are treated as dynamic players that are roughly quantified and cleverly put together in language a computer can understand.

Something we didn’t notice, or noticing didn’t really think much about, was that system programs worked by computers are not identical to the situations being studied. They are imagined cross sections of a stream, not the stream itself. That stream is a history; any assemblage of organisms has a past, exists as a flow. Variability, therefore, is built into that flow’s moments in time. Indeter-

minacy looms large and so does individuality. Each organism lives, dies and is unique; nothing before or after quite duplicates the living moment. Another way of putting this is to say that actually existing plant and animal ecosystems refuse to reveal goal-seeking programs that are aimed at an eventual steady state of eternal balance. Instead, they adapt to change by way of change. Life goes on, but the actors, organic or inorganic, adapt, die, shift strategies or move on as new entities move in, and so on and on.

Each place on earth, urban or wild or hard-to-name, duplicates no other. Chicago has a certain character different from New York City, different from Lovelock, Nevada. Kilimanjaro is different from Denali, is different from the badlands of South Dakota. And they all keep changing, sometimes very slowly, sometimes in jumps. They’re mysterious, the more we learn/experience Chicago or Denali, the more we know we’ll never comprehend their totality. There is no totality.

We can be thankful for the fairly reliable stabilities here on earth, but there is no authority. Each one of us owns a struggle, but together we are all wrapped in evolution, a strange program.

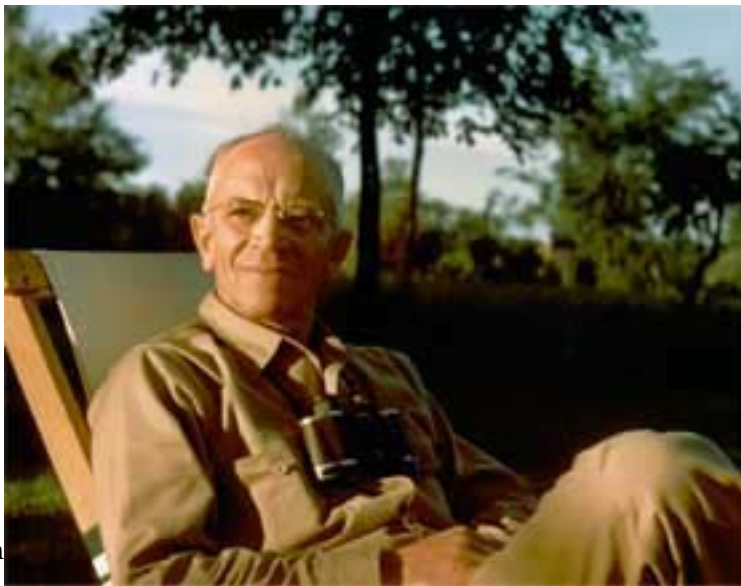
Okay, all of the above is mainly a bunch of abstractions. Even Leopold’s mountain that thinks is not exactly anywhere. We know what he’s talking about, but let’s get down to real

earth: Lovelock, Kilimanjaro, Denali, New York, Chicago. Those are nouns, each one signifying a place.

Maybe you’ve grown up in one of those places, maybe you have spent a life there. Take that one more step: a mountain in whose presence generations of humans have lived and died. That mountain, in some mysterious way, has entered the lives of those who are there. For them there is no other place that has that brand of power. It can happen to people living near a river, a towering rock, a grove of trees. In English, we use the religious word sacred to symbolize those happenings, but outside of Christian belief, that word turns impossibly abstract. Other words fail too. We might try getting closer to the power of mountains, rivers and trees by wordlessly diving deeply into our own lives. Lovelock, Kilimanjaro, Denali, New York, Chicago. Pick your place of inner, lived presence.

There is a mountain in Arizona known in English as Mount Graham. Rising thousands of feet above the surrounding desert it is a sky island, last stronghold of an endangered species of red squirrel (once thought extinct), and for the San Carlos Apache that mountain is a place of sanctity. Plowing doggedly through a string of protests from Apaches and environmentalists and rather timid authorities from various walks of life, the University of Arizona found enough access to political power places to build a telescope complex on the top of Mount Graham. This year a fire further reduced the squirrel’s habitat. Now, thinking back, the worst aspect of that struggle strikes me as the dismissive and mindless way most participants by-passed the Apaches’ voices.

Ola Cassadore Davis, at that time head of the Apache Survival Coalition: “The university, I’d say, is like a tin man. No heart.” There is something to try to understand here: about tin body, no heart. When we western sophisticates come across the religious adjective sacred applied to a mountain, we pass on without pause, tossing any attached argument into the storage bin labeled “Myth,” or “Indigenous Belief.” What we’ve come to take much more seriously are neat abstractions. Think globally, act locally. Small is Beautiful. Globalisation is Bad. Sustainability is Good. The War on Terror. The Spirit of Wilderness. Every one of those phrases encloses contradiction, or outright falsehood. They are useful as starting places for discussion, for argument. But we don’t use them that way; they serve instead as satisfaction screens, abstract finalities rather than beginnings, generators of a fine generality fog between us and what’s really out there.



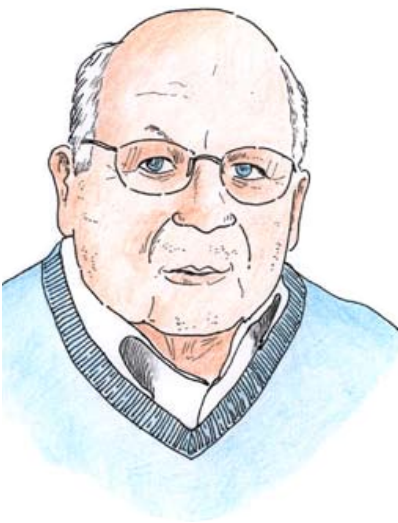
Are we something more than rationalists, more than tin? Do we have warm and lively mammalian hearts? Restless, we keep seeking, saying to each other that we are participants in nature, integral parts of the whole. Some go so far as to set us up as point scouts in the vanguard of evolution, chosen animals on a grand journey of universal history, nature unfolding, nature coming to know itself through our own enlightenment. A purpose in the universe, after all!

I haven't been able to get friendly with that notion; there's no blood in it, only cold abstraction. It strikes me as failure to pick up our full, updated membership card. Bewitched by centuries of upward strivings toward final truth, it's hard for us to "relate," as the saying is, to crayfish and longhorn beetles and critters who live under bark of trees, in slime of ponds, in microscopic crevices of our skin. Maybe we don't really mean it, this relating idea.


Turn around, look. There we stand, tall and troubled, taking ourselves very, very seriously, star players at the arrow tip of the whole shebang. A lonely place. Is there an evolutionary duty to be there? Do we really want to be there?

(1} Aldo Leopold, Sand County Almanac. Oxford U.Press, 1949. (2) /Lost Woods. The Discovered Writings of Rachel Carson/, ed Linda Lear, Beacon Press, 1998.


MARTIN MURIE died on January 28, 2012 but his words will always live on, here in The Zephyr.



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Top 10 things We Expect From the New Pope

10. Declare CERN blasphemous for claiming to have found "the God Particle"
9. Install a Taco Bell in the Basilica with fish taco specials on Fridays
8. Move his relatives and extended family into the papal apartment with him
7. Continue to decry poverty while wearing more gold than a gangster rapper
6. Baptize dead Mormons into the Catholic church
5. Chastise the NFL for using "Hail Mary" meaning a pass from one man to another
4. Add a golden parachute retirement clause (in Latin) to his contract
3. Start a weekly CrazyCatholicConfessions.com blog website
2. Install a low-rider and spinners on the Pope-mobile
1. Change his Pope-name from Pope Francis to "Pope Pancho" (the nickname for Francisco)

Vlachos' Views

Paul Vlachos is a New Yorker who understands The West. He also understands New York. His work celebrates the differences and the similarities.

Here is volume #5 of Vlachos' Views...



The Hotel Monte Vista, in Flagstaff. I know nothing more of the place than that, one night I was passing through Flagstaff on my way somewhere, probably East, but it could have been any other point on the compass, and I saw this sign from the corner of my eye. Since it was 1999, before the day of hand-held night shots – or before I got lazy, depending on how you see it – I pulled out my tripod and took a few shots, bracketing the exposure time a bit. It has sat around in my pile of photos ever since, that pile slowly growing higher out by the old tree stump. One person was once smitten by and and asked for a copy. That's about it. Still, something always grabs me from this photo, this sign. When I just went to confirm that it was Flagstaff and that it wasn't my head playing tricks on me, the first search hits returned links on how it is supposedly haunted. Is that a marketing ploy? Will some places stop at nothing in order to drum up business? I'll bet there actually is a large enough pool of interested parties to sustain a ghost tourism economy. Either way, the sign certainly has some spirit to it. Flagstaff, itself, always seems cold and snowy. It's the elevation. It's a lesser, but still significant crossroads for me. If I'm not passing through, I'm usually stopping there to shop on my way north, towards the Grand Canyon.



U.S. Route 395 runs the length of California, from top to bottom, and then continues northward to greater glory and Oregon. It's a well-used road and you can often find truckers, hunters, vacationers, and pilgrims of all sorts going somewhere, usually fast, sometimes slowly. When I am on 395, it usually means I'm soaking or on my way to soak or see something interesting. I'm usually quite happy to be there. This stretch is below the military base town and overnight oasis of Ridgecrest and above the junction with California Route 58, the Barstow Bakersfield Highway, a desert crossroads that goes by a few different names. Anyway, these high tension line towers follow the road for a long time, essentially making it a power line road, but that's a bit of an insult to a major US highway, isn't it? Either way, I like the harshness and geometry of the towers and the desert country, even if they do introduce some hideous man-made ugliness into the picture.



Remnants of a once-proud strip, between 13th and 14th Streets on 8th Avenue.

I used to go by the Lumber Store here every other day, on my way home from work, and collect scraps – really nice clear pine pieces and oak trim – and then bring them home and keep them for small projects. This was in the 80’s and I was married and there were other problems with life at the time. Eventually, a lot of wood piled up and my wife – long since my ex-wife – would scream “ENOUGH WOOD...NO MORE WOOD.” It was a family operation and there was always drama at the Lumber Store. The saw guy was named Lenny and he, unlike many saw guys, had somehow retained all of his fingers. I could go on, but I’ll save it for another day. This pizza place and deli, though, remain, unlike many of the other small businesses in the far west of Greenwich Village, which has long since given up the ghost to the super rich, who don’t seem to need delicatessens, and tourists, who don’t seem to need anything but high-end fashion stores. The only concession to real residents has been the incredible increase in super discount drugstores and small bank branches which, I am convinced, are a massive, international money-laundering scheme.



There is a line between shooting old stuff, decayed stuff, even ruins - and shooting stuff that’s falling in on itself or so overgrown that you can’t tell what it is anymore, as was the case with an amazing billboard I recently saw in South Carolina, but which was so overgrown that it looks like a Jackson Pollack. Still, I’ll post that at some point, just out of abstract interest. When I saw THIS, though, on a back road in Georgia, I had to stop. Even though the building was just beams and rafters and the glass neon tubing is obscured by vines, a heart-shaped sign that says “Georgia Girl Drive In” is just too special to pass by. Had “Te Te’s Take Out,” a few miles down the road, not been so stuck in a dark stand of trees, I would have gotten that, as well. Something about the South...

For more images and observations from Paul Vlachos, visit the WordPress version of The Zephyr



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GEORGIE CLARK...

“WOMAN OF THE RIVER”

BY ANNE CROSMAN

Georgie Clark is single-minded. “The Colorado River is my life, always has been,” she says in a high, squeaky twang.

“The Grand Canyon is my home. Forty-eight years now.” Her eagle-like eyes blaze.

Year after year, May through September, Georgie runs the river, guiding her rubber raft through rapids and falls, giving thrills to city slickers and nature lovers. On a good day, the waves crest at 15 feet, and when they hit, everyone laughs, screams, and holds on tightly. The sun soon dries the soaked boatload.

“I like it because I’m naturally that way—I like to MOVE and I like to GO.” She speaks quickly, spitting out words. “I like the fact that there’s a beginning and there’s the end. And

you meet different people all the time,” she exclaims. “I like people and I like to give ’em enjoyment. I like to show ’em the river. They get a kick out of it.” She pauses.

“That’s the way I like it!”

It’s a famous quote, her business motto, emblazoned on brochures and neon-bright tee shirts.

I book a seat on a trip in early May 1991. She writes me longhand on orange stationery: “I am looking forward to seeing you on the river. We can talk a lot then. Keep your notebook

handy. I am so busy between trips that I can’t arrange anything then. I only have three days between trips and work 4 a.m. until 10 p.m. to be ready for the next trip.

“I would love to be a part of your book.

“Sincerely, Georgie.”

She’s a tiny, sinewy woman with turquoise eyes and a platinum pageboy. Wrinkles line her tanned, leathery face. She shakes my hand with an iron grip and welcomes me to the canyon.

“I hope you enjoy it,” she says. I assure her I shall.

On the river, she is in perpetual motion. For five days, from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., she steers and maneuvers her 37-footlong raft, resting only for midmorning “egg breaks” and lunch onshore. She checks and maintains equipment, instructs her boatmen, oversees preparation of meals, and helps serve them.

She talks with people, and after dinner, pours shots of her favorite blackberry liqueur into our coffee.

Always in command, she seems to be the last in bed and first to rise. At 4 a.m., she rouses the crew to start breakfast, serve, clean-up, then stow everyone’s gear onboard for push-off at daybreak.

Once on the river, she stands silently at the stern of her raft, left hand on the outboard motor, right hand on a safety rope. Her eyes scan the river, picking the best spots to ride the rapids.

When we hit white water, she negotiates fast, efficient passage, avoiding whirlpools, skirting rocks, and twisting in and out of drops and waves.

It’s a lot of work for an 80-year-old woman. But she loves it.

Georgie is a legend in the Grand Canyon. In 1945, she was the first woman to float down the river in a life preserver. She was the first person to take large boatloads of paying customers

down the river, starting in the late 1940s.

In 1955, she introduced her own raft, the “G-boat,” a trio of surplus rubber pontoons lashed together in a special configuration, for greater flexibility and less chance of flipping over.

Her “G-rig,” with a 30-horsepower Johnson outboard motor, is the biggest and safest boat on the canyon river. It measures 27 feet by 37 feet and holds 24 people.

“Everyone watches Georgie run rapids. That’s part of the fun of the river,”

says Ron Hancock, long-time friend and boatman.

A tall, sun-reddened man with broad shoulders and ready smile, Ron motions toward a group of people watching from shore.

Above them tower the red, craggy cliffs of the Grand Canyon. Ron prepares to videotape our run through Hance Rapid, a 30-foot drop at the 76-mile river mark below Lee’s Ferry, Arizona, the trip’s starting point. “Hold on,” he shouts. “Scream and holler and have a lot of fun!”

Georgie says nothing, but leans over the motor and peers out from under a red-brimmed hat, her hawk nose in profile, Georgie Clark head cocked to the left, mouth in a faint smile. She steers to the right side of the river.

All around us is churning white-water, and I see what looks like a big drop ahead. Suddenly the raft plunges and pitches, and we’re in the middle of a trough. A sheet of water smashes the people in the bow, and they scream with delight. In the stern, we get pounded by a second wave and water shoots up through floor space. Everything is soaked, including Georgie.

We look like river rats.

The people onshore shout, wave, and applaud, and Ron swings his camera toward them, capturing the end of another successful run. We check our gear to make sure nothing has washed overboard—hats, glasses, cameras, binoculars. We’ve been told to anchor everything inside our parkas and rain gear. Now it’s time to take off the life jackets and let the sun dry our clothes.

Georgie’s eyes never leave the river. She stays the course, squints into the dark blue water, and relaxes only slightly as we coast into a smooth stretch.

Ron’s video will be sold at boat shows that Georgie attends in the winter to publicize her trips. She calls her company “Georgie’s Royal River Rats” and her brochures include clients’

quotes of praise. In the off-season, she patches and paints her rigs, revises the brochure, and buys supplies for the next season.

“I’m so busy, I never think of me,” she says. “I’m so BUSY.”

Her voice has a tinge of wonder. “I don’t spend time thinking anything about myself. I do what I want, with the good health I have. My sister Marie used to say if I gained a minute’s time, I’d try to put an hour in it.” She laughs a high, tinny cackle.

So you can laugh at yourself? I ask.

“Me? Oh, yeah,” she smiles, showing irregular teeth. “For sure, for sure. That one I can do well.” Her hands are dry and gnarled, her fingernails broken. “I’m all bones now,” she laughs, looking down at her synthetic leopard-skin top and pants. “These were Marie’s idea. I got motor grease on a red shirt once, and Marie got me a whole leopard-skin outfit. ‘Wear these,’ she said.

‘If you get grease on them, it’ll look like another spot.’ So I have!” They’ve become Georgie’s signature. A leopard-skin flag flies at the stern of her G-rig.

Tonight we’re sitting in captain’s chairs at campsite, a sandbar that stretches 100 yards. Tamarisk trees with frond-like branches separate us from the canyon wall 40 feet back. The

crew is preparing dinner and people are unrolling their sleeping bags. The sun sets quickly and soon we are in shadow. Georgie drinks beer from a can.

“I worked all my life. Born on it, raised on it,” she says rapidly. “I’m a workaholic. If I’m not working, I practically feel uneasy. I’m used to doing things a certain way. And I always did manage to work for myself.

“I worked in real estate and at things where I could be my own boss. No matter what, even in the Depression, I was determined to work for myself, come



hell or high water. I raised my own daughter when there ain't nobody around." She smiles and looks pleased.

Growing up poor made her strong. "We ate simple food: celery, beans, cabbage, and prunes. We ate rice, cucumbers, raw potatoes, baked potatoes, and tomatoes. All the things they

say are GOOD for you now. We didn't have pies or cakes or anything sweet, because we couldn't afford it."

After marriage, she graduated from high school, gave birth to a daughter, and headed west to explore deserts, canyons, mountains, and rivers, including the Green, San Juan, and Colorado.

She hiked, climbed, swam, and paddled. She attributes her stamina to good genes.

"You inherit things. I believe you inherit TERRIFIC," she says earnestly. "I don't need glasses and my hearing is good.

I'm always active. I'm Irish and English on my mother's side, French on my father's. My mother used to say, "That's French and alley cat." She laughs delightedly. "Of course, that makes you sturdy, because, anybody knows, animals or otherwise, these are the sturdy ones. Not if you're a thoroughbred, you'd never be sturdy. I like the mutts, I pick up the mutts." She grins.

Georgie always has had pets. Three cats and a dog live in her mobile home in Las Vegas, and she lavishes attention on them.

"I feed 'em and pet 'em and let 'em sit in my lap," she says. "I always turn on the TV for 'em. The cats like to look at TV. Not for me, I don't watch. The first night I'm back from a trip, I stay up to keep 'em company, even though I'd like to go to bed.

**"The Grand Canyon
is my home.
Forty-eight years now."
Her eagle-like eyes blaze.**

"My sister used to accuse me of liking animals better than people, because I RAVED for them first," she goes on quickly.

"My family's all dead: mother, brother, two sisters, and daughter. My father left us early on. My mother never talked agin' him. He was a Frenchman from France and she said he just

simply should not have been married, that he was a party guy.

So we didn't know anything about dads. When people today yak all this stuff about 'You should have two parents,' I just laugh, because my mother was so terrific."

She doesn't mention two former husbands. I read in her book, Georgie Clark, Thirty Years of River Running, that in high school, she married Harold White, the father of her daughter.

Later they divorced and she married James Whitey. "He eventually went his way and I went mine," she writes. "Although I have been married most of my life, I'm afraid I've always

been quite independent. I have always lived life my own way, no matter what my husband thought. Of course that's not the way to get along with a man, but then that was the way I have always been."

Her animals are her family now. "I like pets really as good as humans. Anyone can benefit from pets," she goes on enthusiastically.

"It's too bad when people don't like animals, because animals, I think, are the BEST thing on earth. When I have a dog, I usually have a yard where he can run free.

"And cats," she exclaims. "I love cats because they will have freedom, even if they starve to death. I always say I'd be like the cats. I'll go sit on a fence and howl, even if I starve to

death!" She laughs hard. "Animals treat you just like you treat them. You've gotta have the interest, put them BEFORE you.

Whatever you get, take care of it." She looks fierce.

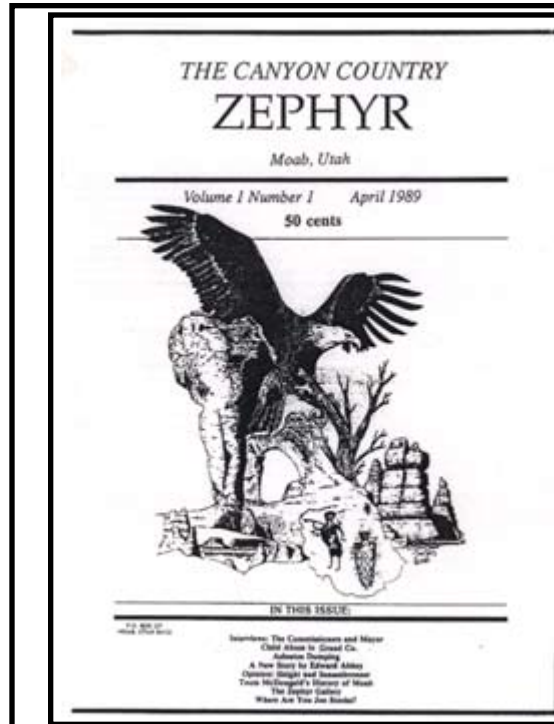
Georgie is a loner. Except for a couple of good friends, including her office manager, she keeps to herself. "I like to live alone," she says. "I don't even let anybody know the address. I don't NEED anyone, so I'm never lonely.

"My mother taught me to be self-sufficient. She always said, 'We're poor, there's no down.' And she never downed me. She told me to go for it! When I was thinking of going down

the Colorado River in a life preserver and people said it couldn't be done, my mother said, 'Go for it! I'm sure you'll make it.'"

The smell of grilled meat floats over to us and Georgie excuses herself to oversee dinner. Hungry boaters have lined up with their cups and plates. Appetites run high on the river.

Later we talk about her daughter Sommona Rose, who was killed at the age of



The first issue of THE CANYON COUNTRY ZEPHYR went to press on March 14, 1989. It contained Ed Abbey's last original story.

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GEORGIE CLARK

.....CONTINUED

15. "I named her after a French woman I knew," says Georgie in a loving tone. She describes how she

and Sommona Rose did everything together: traveled, hiked, climbed rocks and mountains, even learned to fly together when Georgie trained as a pilot in the U.S. Ferry Command in World War II.

They were riding bicycles on the California coast when a drunk truck driver hit the girl, killing her instantly. The police tracked the driver, but Georgie declined to bring charges. "It wouldn't bring her back," she says quietly.

For a few weeks, she lived in depression. Then she met Harry Aleson, a fellow Sierra Club member and explorer. Aleson showed her slides of his hikes in the canyon country of Arizona and Utah. Georgie was hooked. A new world opened up and she suggested they hike it together. She and Harry became friends, and over the years, they covered many miles. Twice they floated down the Colorado River of the Grand Canyon.

"I was out here on the river 25 years when there was absolutely nobody here," she recalls. "All the people on my trips depended on me, period. There wasn't nobody else. There was

no helicopters, there was NOTHING down here. The park rangers were not here. That was before the dams were built. These were long trips, one- and two-week trips."

At 80, she is strong in body and mind. She takes pride in not being emotional. "My mother taught us not to cry. We don't have that emotion. I don't have it about marriage or nothing.

I was never one who had stars in my eyes. I was not one who grew up wantin'



...she believes most young people lack the strong fiber of her generation. "I look at kids today and feel sorry for 'em. They don't have a mother like mine, who taught me to be self-sufficient.

or being man-crazy. In fact, the men had to prove themselves to me!

"Oh, sure," she goes on. "I miss the people who've died, like my sister Marie, because we were peas in a pod. But there's no way I was going to cry, because I don't know HOW to cry.

"I don't go to funerals. I don't see funerals at all, because when people are gone, they're gone. They're out of it. You do whatever you want to do for 'em in lifetime."

Georgie has been "doing for" people all her life, starting with her older brother and sister. "We were always taught that no matter what, you helped one another and supported one

another, good or bad," she says. She's helped Navajo Indians who live in the Grand Canyon. At Christmas, she persuaded friends and businesses to donate food, candy, and clothing, then

trucked it herself to the reservations. "I like the Navajo," she says quietly. "I could've been a Navajo, lived as one.

"The Navajo feel the same way I do about life, about nature and sex. If they need it, they do it. That's that. They don't use all this build-up, with fancy dress and undress.

This is RIDICULOUS. The Navajos never did such a thing. It flows natural. When I was young, I didn't even think of sex. If I wanted anything, I took it. If I didn't, forget it!" She laughs.

"There's no emotion in sex, there's no nothing. It's like eating. If you need it, you need it. If you don't, to heck with it.

"I keep busy," she says. "People need to be busier. If they've got time, they think about themselves too much. Then even any little thing, they can FEEL it, and that little thing gets

bigger. If they got too much time on their hands, they're going to think about their ills. Naturally!

"A lot of older people don't have interests," she continues quickly. "They go into condominiums, things are done for 'em, they don't have the interest. This traveling around by bus and all, tours, any of this stuff, that's for the birds." Her

voice is impatient. "I could have less interest in a bus trip than the man in the moon!"

At home in Las Vegas, Georgie drives blind people on errands. "I think of all things on earth, the worst is not being able to see. So my sympathy has always been terrific for them." She donates clothing and leftover food from the river trips to a local mission. "If I get two minutes, I do somethin' like this," she says.

She reads U.S. News and World Report, Reader's Digest, and The Wall Street Journal. "Not the financial stories," she says quickly. "I'm not interested in that. I like their stories on the actual things in life. When they tell a story, it's really stated very carefully. They have a lot of stories on different things."

Later, she confides, laughing, she uses the newspaper to line the animals' litter boxes.

Her religion is the Golden Rule: "Do as you'd be done by," my mother always told us." Nature is also a religion for her. "The Navajos are like that, the Navajos ARE nature," she

explains. "Their original belief is complete nature. I could come on the river being a Navajo, because I've been with Navajos. I used to give 'em parties and get food and all for 'em, in the old days before there was civilization. I like the nature, I believe in nature, and I think everything's the way it's meant to be."

She's healthy, lives on fruit, vegetables, cheese, and bread. She takes no vitamins. "I think they would be an off-balance to you," she says adamantly. "I don't eat a lot. As a youngster,

I didn't get a lot of food. None of us did. I never smoked, because I couldn't afford it."

She likes beer and an occasional glass of blackberry liqueur, but only at night. A new law forbids anyone to drink and operate a boat on the river. She says some river runners used to drink beer all day and became dangerous to other boatmen.

Georgie has a number of young friends in river-related businesses. But she believes most young people lack the strong fiber of her generation. "I look at kids today and feel sorry for

'em. They don't have a mother like mine, who taught me to be self-sufficient. They aren't bad. It's just a case of the times.

Times change and they're going with the times. It's simply the different day they're raised in. They don't know different, so what would they do any different?"

She loves children and welcomes them on her trips. "I wish that more families would bring their children," she says. "We get some, but not as many as I'd like. Sometimes I'll get children of the Girl and Boy Scouts who hiked with me in the early days."

Georgie seems to be at peace.

What's the key? I ask.

"I see the good in everybody and just forget the bad," she replies. "I just forget it, pick out the good and leave the other alone, 'cause everybody's got good and bad faults. It just depends on the person who's judging."

When she turned 80, friends and admirers honored her. "Ted Hatch of Hatch River Expeditions put on a party, a great big party!" she exclaims. "They had 400, 500 people at Marble Canyon, at the Hatch Warehouse, and it was a real blow-out! No one will ever forget that party." She cackles.

"There was a guy with long blond hair in leopard-skin cape and tights who jumped out of a cake that came down from the ceiling. Then he took me on a ride in a Cadillac. I'm not so sure I liked that, because he liked to drink," she whispers. "That guy loves a WILD time, that guy loves a wild time." She shakes her head and smiles.

"Then he drove me up in the hills above the warehouse, and all of us watched some fireworks. They put on a real show. Yeah, it was SOME party."

Her eyes glisten and she grins

Anne Crosman is an author and free lance journalist in Sedona, AZ. She teaches memoir writing and edits books.

Her earlier book Young At Heart: Aging Gracefully With Attitude (2003, 2004, 2005) won a national Benjamin Franklin Award and a Washington Irving Book Award in Westchester County, NY.

She has been afternoon host for "All Things Considered" on KNAU, Arizona Public Radio, Flagstaff, AZ.

She was a CBS and NBC Radio Network News Correspondent in NY, Washington, and Geneva, Switzerland. She freelanced for The Christian Science Monitor, The Washington Post, and Newsweek.

She is working on a new book about organ-transplant recipients and welcomes ideas from any CCZ readers.

Anne has been a member of the Sierra Club since 1955, when her parents took her down the Green River on a SC trip.

The Desert Rat's FASCINATING FACT OF THE MONTH!!!

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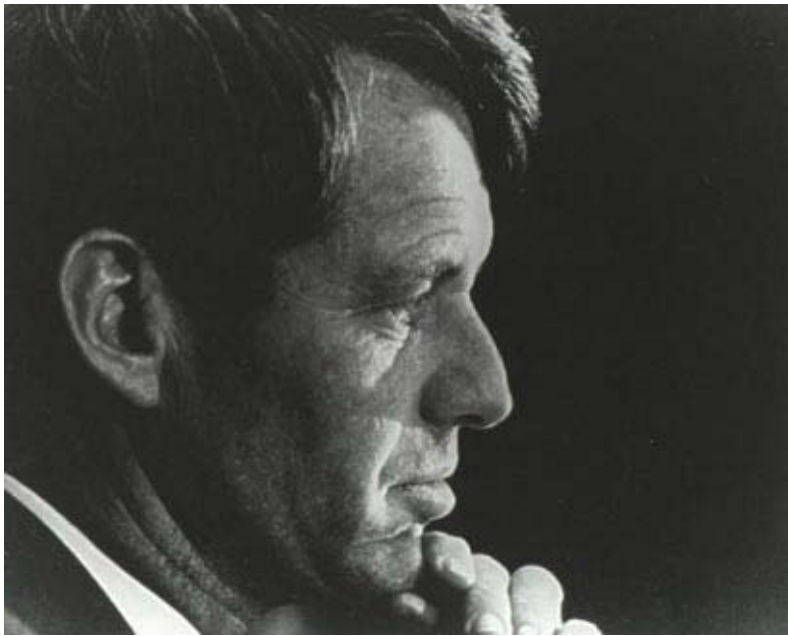
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82 days...

Robert F. Kennedy's Campaign for President

March 16 to June 4, 1968



From "The Last Campaign: 82 Days that Inspired America"

By Thurston Clarke

While driving to an event on Long Island with Sylvia Wright on March 15, he asked her if she thought he was crazy to run. "My brother thinks I'm crazy," he said. "He doesn't like this. He doesn't go along. But then, we're two different people. We don't hear the same music. Everyone's got to march to his own music." And hours before declaring his candidacy he told advisers who were still begging him to change his mind, "I've got to try it, even if I fail. I'd [kill]...myself inside if I let myself act like a hypocrite."

As he was reviewing his announcement the next morning he complained to Ted Sorensen that one passage made no sense, adding, "Not that anything we are doing today makes sense anyway." Sorensen was reminded of what JFK had said after Bobby had jumped off a sailboat into the frigid waters off the coast of Maine: "It either showed a lot of guts or no sense at all, depending on how you looked at it."

Washington, D.C. March 16, 1968

I am today announcing my candidacy for the presidency of the United States. I do not run for the presidency merely to oppose any man but to propose new policies. I run because I am convinced that this country is on a perilous course and because I have such strong feelings about what must be done, and I feel that I'm obliged to do all that I can.

I run to seek new policies - policies to end the bloodshed in Vietnam and in our cities, policies to close the gaps that now exist between black and white, between rich and poor, between young and old, in this country and around the rest of the world.

I run for the presidency because I want the Democratic Party and the United States of America to stand for hope instead of despair, for reconciliation of men instead of the growing risk of world war.

I run because it is now unmistakably clear that we can change these disastrous, divisive policies only by changing the men who are now making them. For the reality of recent events in Vietnam has been glossed over with illusions.



There is a failing of generosity and compassion.
There is an unwillingness to sacrifice.

Greek Theater, Los Angeles, Calif., March 24, 1968

For it is long past time to ask: what is this war doing to us? Of course it is costing us money -- fully one-fourth of our federal budget -- but that is the smallest price we pay. The cost is in our young men, the tens of thousands of their lives cut off forever. The cost is in our world position -- in neutrals and allies alike, every day more baffled by and estranged from a policy they cannot understand.

March 18, 1968, Landon Lecture at Kansas State University, Manhattan, Kansas.

We cannot continue to deny and postpone the demands of our own people while spending billions in the name of the freedom for others. We have an ally in name only. We support a government without supporters. Without the effort of American arms, that government would not last a day.

The front pages of our newspapers show photographs of American soldiers torturing prisoners.

At Kansas University, March 18, 1968

“I am also glad to come to the home of another Kansan who wrote, ‘If our colleges and universities do not breed men who riot, who rebel, who attack life with all their youthful vision and vigor then there is something wrong with our colleges. The more riots that come on college campuses, the better [the] world for tomorrow.’”

After a pause, Kennedy identified the author of the quotation, saying, “The man who wrote these words was that notorious seditionist, William Allen White—the late editor of the Emporia Gazette—and one of the giants of American journalism.” White had been a close friend of Landon’s, and an icon to Kansas Republicans. All eyes now went to Landon, waiting for his reaction. If there was a moment when Kennedy’s campaign hung in the balance, this was it.

On Vietnam then.. but so much like today.

Every time -- at every crisis -- we have denied that anything was wrong; sent more troops; and issued more confident communiques. Every time, we have been assured that this one last step would bring victory. And every time, the predictions and promises have failed and been forgotten, and the demand has been made again for just one more step up the ladder.

And whatever the costs to us, let us think of the young men we have sent there: not just the killed, but those who have to kill; not just the maimed, but also those who must look upon the results of what they do.

It may be asked, is not such degradation the cost of all wars? Of course it is. That is why war is not an enterprise lightly to be undertaken, nor prolonged one moment past its absolute necessity.



Ball State, April 4th:

“You cannot point to others and say, ‘This is their choice; this is not my responsibility,’ For when elected or appointed government officials act...they act in your name. When they conduct a war...they do so for your future and really in the name of the American people.”

From Thurston Clark’s The Last Campaign...

He improvised, for example, on his plea that Americans “learn the harsh facts that lurk behind the mask of official illusion with which we have concealed our true circumstances [in Vietnam], even from ourselves,” telling an audience in San Jose, “We can no longer differ on reality; we can no longer deceive ourselves,” and students in Los Angeles, “I am on the side of those who are not afraid to recognize past error, who refuse to blindly pursue bankrupt policies which will rend us from our friends and drain us of our treasure, in the fruitless pursuit of illusions long since shattered.”

Some students at the University of Nebraska booed when he said, “Our real power lies not in guns, bombs, and napalm, but in exemplary action at home and abroad,” and booed again when he said he favored halting the bombing of North Vietnam. He lost his temper and snapped, “Unless we kill every one of them, including the women and children and their supporters, you are going to have to deal with them.” Vietnam was not World War II, he said, it was a political struggle that posed a moral question: “Do we have the right to destroy all the people in Vietnam to save it?”

Our country is in danger: not just from foreign enemies; but above all, from our own misguided policies -- and what they can do to the nation that Thomas Jefferson once told us was the last, best, hope of man. There is a contest on, not for the rule of America, but for the heart of America. In these next eight months, we are going to decide what this country will stand for -- and what kind of men we are.

From Thurston Clark (after visit to poverty-stricken Mississippi)

When Burden’s wife, Amanda, opened the door, he grabbed her by the shoulders and said, “You don’t know what I saw! I have done nothing in my life! Everything I have done was a waste! Everything I have done was worthless!”



For more on Robert Kennedy’s Last Campaign, visit the WordPress version of this issue and our facebook page...



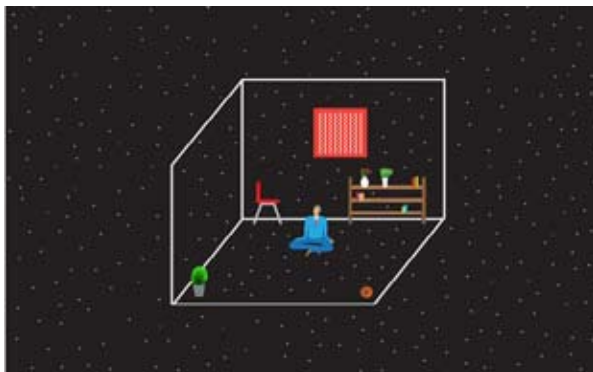
from Mudd, Stiles & the Heath Monitor Files...



A new and controversial frontier in mining is opening up as a British firm joins a growing rush to exploit minerals in the depths of the oceans.

UK Seabed Resources is a subsidiary of the British arm of Lockheed Martin. It has plans for a major prospecting operation in the Pacific. The company says surveys have revealed huge numbers of so-called nodules - small lumps of rock rich in valuable metals - lying on the ocean floor south of Hawaii and west of Mexico.

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/science-environment-21774447>



Living With Less. A Lot Less. (New York Times op-ed)

every socioeconomic bracket can and do deluge themselves with products. There isn't any indication that any of these things makes anyone any happier; in fact it seems the reverse may be true.

http://www.nytimes.com/2013/03/10/opinion/sunday/living-with-less-a-lot-less.html?pagewanted=all&_r=0

From the Al Gore Amazing Sustainability Index 2013

“The F-150 has been the best-selling truck for 36 years in the U.S., and it’s been the best-selling vehicle of any kind for 31 years. They build 7,500 trucks in the Dearborn plant per week..... While all U.S. auto companies are showing increases in car sales, it’s a rebound in pickup trucks and real estate that really gets Detroit car executives excited.”

<http://www.npr.org/2013/03/05/173540365/as-construction-picks-up-american-truck-makers-race>



Nearly half of all of Africa’s lion populations could face extinction in the next 40 years if conservation measures aren’t changed, according to a new study. The study, published today (March 6) in the journal Ecology Letters, found

that lion populations that were fenced into conservation areas rebounded in recent years, whereas lions in open preserves were challenged by prey loss and predation by human neighbors.

<http://news.yahoo.com/half-africas-lions-may-extinct-40-years-160131003.html>

The most accurate assessment to date of the impact of commercial fishing on sharks suggests around 100 million are being killed each year.

The researchers say that this rate of exploitation is far too high, especially for a species which reproduces later in life. The major factor driving the trade is the ongoing demand for shark fins for soup in Chinese communities.

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/science-environment-21629173>



Two wind turbines towering above the Cape Cod community of Falmouth, Mass., were intended to produce green energy and savings -- but they’ve created angst and division, and may now be removed at a high cost as neighbors complain of noise and illness.

“It gets to be jet-engine loud,” said Falmouth resident Neil Andersen. He and his wife Betsy live just a quarter mile from one of the turbines. They say the impact on their health has been devastating. They’re suffering headaches, dizziness and sleep deprivation and often seek to escape the property where they’ve lived for more than 20 years.

<http://www.foxnews.com/politics/2013/02/26/cape-cod-community-considers-taking-down-wind-turbines-after-illness-noise/?test=latestnews>

A controversial group opposing Japanese whaling in the Antarctic region on Monday released video showing one of its ships, the Bob Barker, being sandwiched tightly between two larger vessels: a Japanese whaling ship and a Korean refueling tanker. It also shows what's said to be a flash-bang grenade explosion near the stern of the refueling ship, Sun Laurel.

<http://www.grindtv.com/outdoor/blog/51124/dramatic+collision+in+southern+ocean+leaves+anti-whaling+boat+damaged/>



The new boom in natural gas from shale has changed the energy economy of the United States. But there's another giant reservoir of natural gas that lies under the ocean floor that, theoretically, could dwarf the shale boom.

No one had tapped this gas from the seabed until this week, when Japanese engineers pulled some up through a well from under the Pacific. The gas at issue here is called methane hydrate. Methane is natural gas; hydrate means there's water in it. In this case, the molecules of gas are trapped inside a sort of cage of water molecules.

<http://www.npr.org/2013/03/15/174336812/could-tapping-under-sea-methane-lead-to-a-new-gas-boom>

Evidence from Siberian caves suggests that a global temperature rise of 1.5C could see permafrost thaw over a large area of Siberia. A study shows that more than a trillion tonnes of the greenhouse gases CO2 and methane could be released into the atmosphere as a result. BBC News

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/science-environment-21549643>

A global olive oil shortage looms as the effects of last year's drought, which affected Spain and areas in Southern Europe, begin to hit the marketplace.

In 2013, Spain may see as much as a 60 percent drop in olive harvest yields from last year, from 1.6 million to 700,000 tons. This will have global consequences -- Spain is the world's top producer and exporter of olive oil and table olives, as recognized by the International Olive Council.

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/03/06/olive-oil-shortage_n_2819297.html



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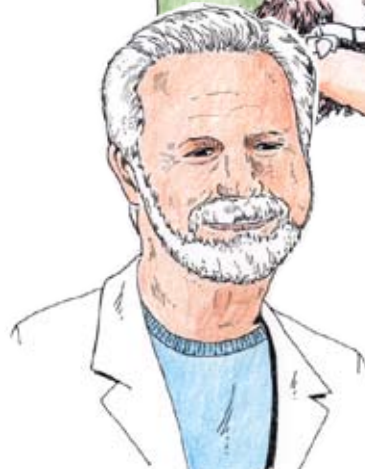
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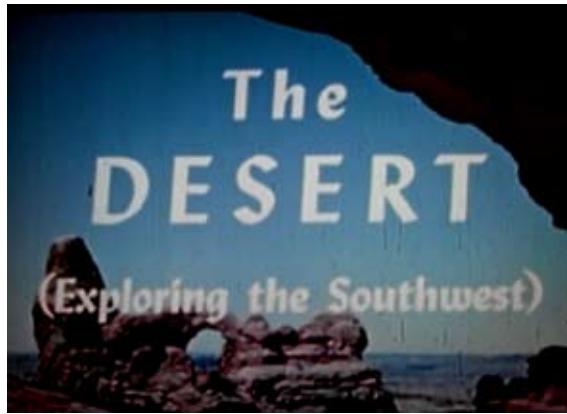
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Ray Garner's "The Desert... (Exploring the Southwest)"

NOTE: The Zephyr recently received a DVD of a 1949 documentary film by Ray Garner. The film is silent; Mr. Garner exhibited this film to audiences around the country and provided 'live' narration. The film is now in the public domain and I'm happy to present some still images from the film. In this issue—images of Chesler Park in the Needles. 1949....JS



In 1949, it was possible to fly a small Cessna-type aircraft out of Chesler Park in the Needles Country southwest of Moab (later part of Canyonlands NP. here are still images from that scene in the film...



Ray Garner – Producer/Director/Cinematographer/Writer (from AFA)

Born in Brooklyn in 1913, Ray Garner began his photographic career in 1935, filming a Boy Scout climbing expedition in the Grand Tetons. This 8mm effort has been lost. In 1937, he was appointed to the position of staff photographer to the New York University Rainbow Bridge-Monument Valley expedition sponsored by the American Exploration Society.... From 1955 through 1958, Ray Garner traveled as a lecturer, illustrating his talks with his films. He began making films for NBC News in the early 1960s, and directed various segments in John Secondari's 'Saga of Western Man' series for ABC News in the early 1970s, including the film '1898.'

Ray Garner passed away in 1989. He was a true auteur, whose greatest contribution to academic film was in his breathtaking cinematography



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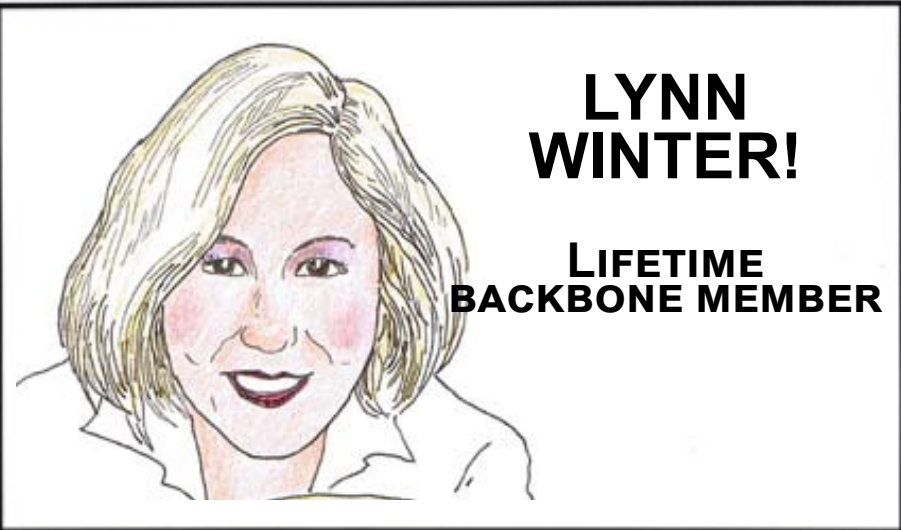
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“GRAND PLANS...A ‘New Moab’ Update

Doug Tree...April 2013

The numbers are in. Moab is growing. Judging by the sound of circular saws and hammers echoing around town these days commercial and residential construction projects valued at over \$19 million are underway. Moab will add 300 hotel rooms over the next two years, yet another condo complex, road widening and parking improvements throughout Arches and a bicycle trail along the river. Remember these headlines from last year? Coming soon; a dinosaur theme park, a sports complex and a new USU campus. And let's not forget the thousands of acres of your public lands the BLM is leasing off to energy companies as fast as contracts can be drawn up and signed. Proposals are being passed through a rubber stamp approval process for expanded uranium and potash mining, oil wells, natural gas fracking operations, pipelines, tar sands mining, helium extraction and everyone's favorite - the Green River nuke plant.

City officials trumpet new jobs (most pay \$8-\$9 dollars an hour as seasonal work, with no benefits) and increased tax revenue. But all of these current and future plans however well intentioned, beneficial and profitable are haunted by the specters of natural resources that are taxed to their limit and aging infrastructure that can barely support the needs of our current permanent population. In February, less than a month before all this “good” news of new growth, the papers were running stories documenting Moab's failing water distribution system.

The first lesson anyone who resides in a desert environment learns is just how essential water is to daily existence. From May until October a bottle of water is my constant companion. Just how much water does Moab consume? Residents (roughly 5,100 of us) use 32 million gallons per year, commercial operations suck up 55 million gallons and Moab hotels claim 9 million. That's just shy of 100 million gallons every year that must be pumped, distributed and for the most part processed through the sewage treatment plant. Agricultural water utilized by local farming operations consistently drain Ken's Lake of nearly all of its 63,000 acre foot capacity every year.

The proposed Utah State University campus will cover 40 acres of land and when completed will provide housing and services for 3000 students. Add faculty and support staff and this project alone will nearly double Moab's population over a projected build-out of 15 years and require another 32 million gallons annually. The dinosaur park will consume 20,000 gallons every three days drawn from underground storage tanks that will be resupplied by truck from town – adding up to another 2 million gallons. The sports complex will be built adjacent to the Spanish Trail Arena and feature two baseball and two soccer fields. That means lots of water to keep the grass nice and green in the baking summer sun.

Moab's infrastructure was constructed 50 to 60 years ago when the city's population doubled during the uranium boom and consists of 43 miles of water lines, 33 miles of sewer lines, a sewage treatment plant and a network roads, storm drains, cable TV and phone lines. These systems have a life expectancy of about 40 years.

With infrastructure being pushed beyond its design capabilities, our elected officials are gambling (praying?) that there will be no catastrophic failures. Yet unsustainable growth for the sake of growth and projected future revenue continues without consideration of the consequences expansion can drag along with it.

The winter of 2012-2013 was incredibly cold. Water mains, laterals and meters froze solid and burst all over town. A 400 foot section of water pipe (less than a tenth of a mile) was replaced at a cost of \$100,000. To replace 43 miles of pipe, crews would be constructing 4600 feet a year for fifty years at over \$1 million per mile and would complete the project just in time to turn around and start all over again. Add replacement of sewer lines, storm drains and the roads that cover them then toss in a new sewage treatment facility and the task seems insurmountable just to maintain current design capabilities. Yet Moab and Grand County will continue, under the guidance and vision of our current leadership, to grow and grow.

And how will the city pay for reconstruction? According to the Moab Sun News of February 20th at the city's annual “visioning” meeting, Mayor Sakrison proposed “governmental lobbying and working with the state for funding. The city may have to think out of the box.”

Back to water. Where does this biblical flood of desert water come from? Contrary to what most people think, our water is not drawn from the Colorado River – it's too polluted and laden with sediment to utilize in a municipal system. Moab taps into the Dakota-Glen Canyon aquifer that resides below most of the Colorado Plateau through wells located near the Spanish Valley golf course. The aquifer is an excellent source of clean drinking water that has somehow escaped the ravages of decades of mining. But

that will soon change with the advent of unregulated, unrestrained natural gas fracking operations unleashed upon the lands that blanket our water source courtesy of the BLM. Congrats Dick Cheney, for orchestrating the greatest transfer of public lands to private hands in the history of this country. Will your ghost ever stop haunting us? But I digress. The Dakota aquifer is currently perforated by both active and decommissioned wells within the area administered by the Moab Field Office. In researching this story I found the BLM doesn't know exactly how many wells are out there but they estimate about 320. But this article was not intended to be a rant about fracking; we'll leave that for another day.

What is relevant is the fact that these extraction operations use an incomprehensible amount of water for each individual well. Depending on depth, a single well can require from 1 to 7 million gallons of water for a single frack. Existing operations on local BLM lands have consumed an estimated 300 million to 2.24 billion gallons, and a well can be fracked 18-20 times over a 20 year lifespan. Why all the water? To produce “fracking fluid”. Throw 596 proprietary chemicals into the mix and you are ready to bust open the most stubborn, dense shale formations the region can offer up and suck out a bounty of hydrocarbons.

The problem is this; the borings are drilled right through the aquifer and have a nasty and consistent history of casing failures. This allows fracking fluid to flow directly into groundwater. In addition, once the rock is fractured below the aquifer, natural gas mixed with Halliburton's chemical secret sauce tends to seep upward along the fracture zones and into the overlying aquifer. Once this occurs, the groundwater quickly disperses contaminates over a vast area – like oil on water. Just ask the residents of Garfield County in



Colorado about their quality of life after a massive seep of (estimated) 115 million cubic feet of natural gas bubbled up into previously pristine Divide Creek in 2008. Divide is a tributary to the Colorado and seepage continues in that area today.

Modern fracking methods have a short history, only seven years to date but in that time groundwater contamination has been documented at site after site. Studies suggest it occurs somewhere between instantaneously and 6 to 12 months. What kind of time frame are we looking at before these chemicals disperse far enough to start showing up in our water supply? No one knows, but time will reliably tell. Like a major earthquake in California, it's not a matter of if it will happen, but when.

In the early months of 2013 Moab is facing some serious issues and if these problems are left unaddressed the city is condemned to enter yet another downward spiral into bust. Without thoughtful, insightful planning toward sustainable growth, infrastructure that can support that growth and most importantly maintaining a source of clean, safe drinking water the long range outlook for the city and county are bleak at best.

Moab residents have, unfortunately, a track record of apathy in regard to taking action and voicing their opinion on critical issues. As a society we are, for the most part, too busy working two jobs in an attempt to scrape together enough money to make ends meet and sock away enough to survive the long winter off-season. We don't seem to notice, to care about what is happening around us. Our city and county leaders have proven time after time that they have only one goal in mind: increase tax revenue by making the tourist industry more attractive to visitors and opening our public lands to extractive industries. Without opposition, they will continue to do so. The Mayor stated that the city has to think outside the box to find a solution to funding. What he, as mayor and we as citizens really need to accomplish is to find a way out of the corner we've painted ourselves into in the never ending quest for capital.

DOUG TREE lives in Moab.

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The View from Above...

Moab in the Early 90s,just as the Boom was Beginning



ABOVE: This is an image of the southeastern part of Moab. The curving highway that crosses the top part of the photo is US 191.. Visible is the just built City Market and McDonald's and across Kane Creek Blvd, the old Main St. Broiler, later torn down and replaced by a Burger King. The road descending from top left is 400 East. The new high school has not been built and the area now occupied by the football field is still in pasture. Milt's and Dave's Corner Market are visible at the junction of 400 East and Mill Creek Drive. Across the street, the future Mill Creek Pueblos are nowhere to be seen.

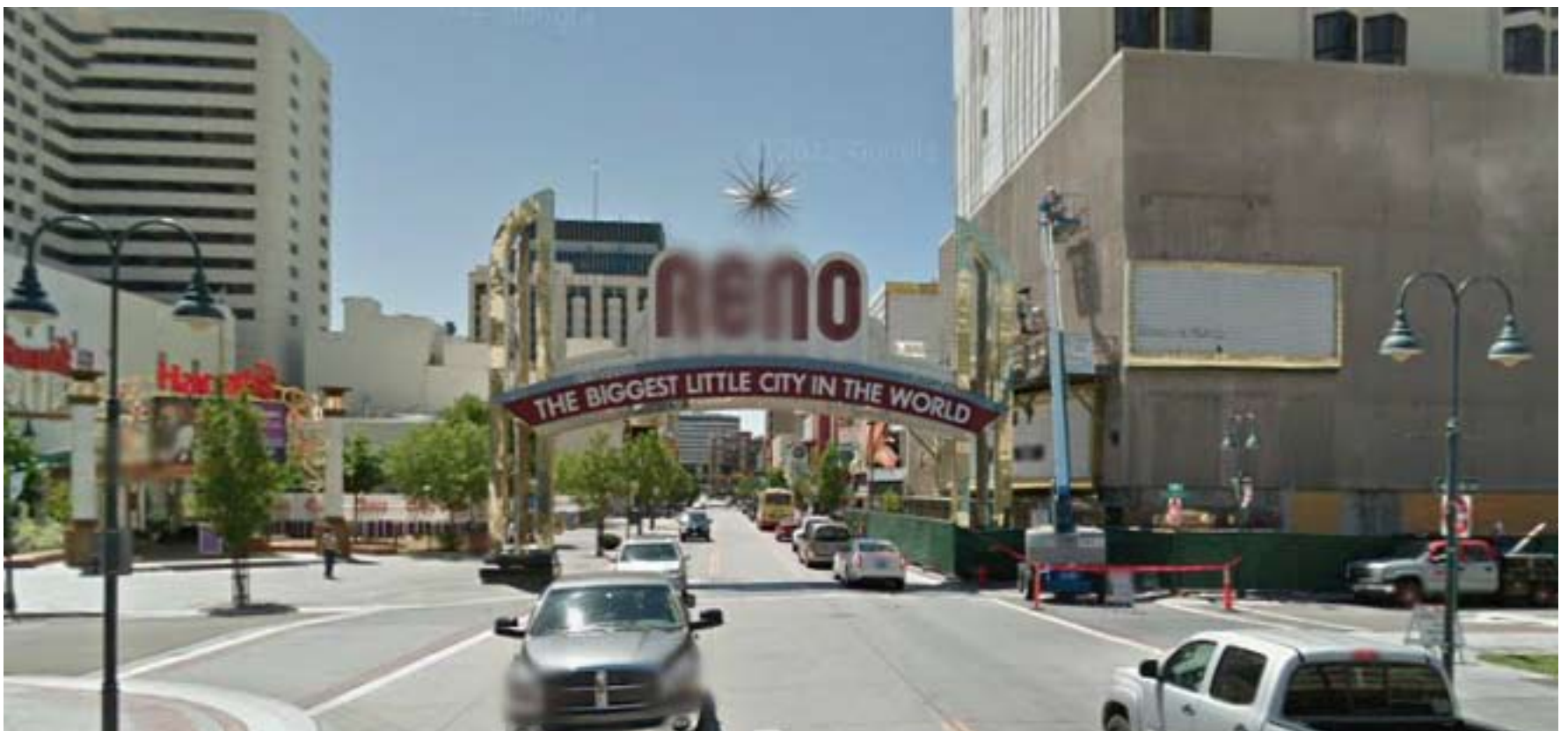
BELOW: Two views of the North Highway (US 191). At right, the view extends to the river and the old bridge. The area now occupied by three motels is still horse and cattle pasture. The Doxol gas storage facility adjacent to the Slickrock campground has been removed. BELOW LEFT, just to the right of the water tank is the Old Grand Ranch, still there but now 'supplemented' by Moab Springs Condos.





RENO, NEVADA

THEN (1944) & NOW (via Google Maps)





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