



cczephyr@gmail.com

THE OCCUPY MOVEMENT & HISTORY:

A recent survey of Americans under 30 revealed some surprising gaps in their knowledge of America and of the world. Three in ten could not locate the Pacific Ocean on a map. Seven out of ten couldn't find New Jersey. One of ten was unable to identify the United States itself. And while polls show that most young Americans support the Occupy Wall Street movement, you have to wonder if many of them would be able to find the location of the nearest protest.. Questions about American history have provided similar results. In what war did President Franklin Roosevelt serve as Commander-in-Chief? A strong minority said the Civil War. The mind, once again, boggles.

The most practical application of the study and knowledge of history is its value as a learning tool. Wisdom is a trial and error process; it always has been, and in that respect, we have for the most part failed miserably. It was, after all, Chief Justice Earl Warren, who eulogized at President Kennedy's funeral in November 1963, "The only thing we learn from history is that we do not learn...But we must learn."

Five years later, assassins shot down Martin Luther King and then Robert Kennedy, and the country committed itself to four more years of conflict in Vietnam and the deaths of 20,000 more young American soldiers and hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese men, women and children.

In the past I took Earl Warren's comments to mean that we ignored the lessons of history—that we looked at history, analyzed its implications, and then foolishly chose to repeat the mistake. I didn't anticipate that the day would come when history itself might be on its way to extinction. It's difficult to learn from history or even reject it, when you don't know it exists.

I was a kid when President Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, and for years the date of his death served as a marker or reference point in my life and for everyone else who experienced that terrible black Friday afternoon.

A couple months later, National Geographic published a memorial edition; its president and editor, Melville Bell Grosvenor, wrote the tribute and I remember being struck by his first paragraph:

"Only the future can assign to John Fitzgerald Kennedy his true place in history. But this I know: When men now boys are old, in a distant time beyond the year 2000, they will say, 'I remember. I remember when they brought him home, the murdered president, from Dallas...'"

I was one of those boys and seeing the number "2000" in print was impossible to comprehend at the time. The date seemed a lifetime away and indeed it was; yet it has all happened so quickly. For years, I'd ask new friends and acquaintances, "Where were you when Kennedy was shot?"

Then, after 1968, it was necessary to identify which Kennedy I was referring to. As the years passed and my friends became younger, I'd ask, "Were you old enough to remember the Kennedy assassinations?" Still later, as my friends became even younger, the question still evolved. "Were you alive when the Kennedys were shot?"

Today, in many cases, it's almost fair to ask, "Have you ever heard of John F. Kennedy?" Many Americans under 30 know that JFK had a lot of hair and a lot of sex. And that's it. They don't know about the Bay of Pigs, or the Cuban Missile Crisis, or James Meredith at Ol' Miss, or



The Occupy Moab Protest in October



Medgar Evers, or the Test Ban Treaty, or the Apollo Moon Program, or the standoff against Big Steel, or the March on Washington and civil rights legislation.

All that happened *then* is what makes us who we are *today*. And maybe that's why we all seem so adrift. How can we know where we're going, if we don't know where we've been?

Media pundits have lately been attempting to draw parallels between these perilous times and the Sixties. It's easy to forget through the haze of time that as late as 1968, most Americans supported the war in Southeast Asia. Protests came from a loud and dedicated minority and was composed almost exclusively of students. Until recently, I was hard pressed to find any outrage coming from anyone, of any age. I heard laments or excuses of frustration ("We can't change anything."), but it looked more like indiffer-

ence to me. And perhaps it's because so very few young Americans realize that we've done all this before. Over and over.

On one level, the Occupy Wall Street Movement gives me newfound hope. FINALLY! I keep thinking, the youth of our country are waking up and I hope they can sustain the fervor. And I hope more and more citizens of all ages and backgrounds join the ranks.

To really make a difference, however, they'll have to do more than camp out in city parks and challenge pepper-spraying cops with pre-programmed slogans and rants. They need to be persistent—outlasting the bastards is always the most effective strategy—but they also need information. They need to understand why they're there. And their cause has to be broad enough, and their demands encompassing enough, to project decency and compassion and integrity for ALL of the 99%. Maybe even for the cop who sprayed them.

To really make a difference, however, they'll have to do more than camp out in city parks and challenge pepper-spraying cops with pre-programmed slogans and rants.

The history of war and hate and greed and violence, of the men and women who caused it, and those who strove to stop it, is all there to be studied and learned from. History is not a recitation of dates and names and places. It is a chronicle of cowardice and courage. Of lost causes that were won and others that stayed lost. Of hopeless lives that clung to hope nonetheless, and found redemption and rebirth in the process. History is a savage tale of cruelty and greed and violence, but also a story of compassion and beauty and love. History contains multitudes.

More than anything, it is a blueprint for the future. The technology may change. The sophistication of its players may become more refined. But the story line rarely fluctuates.

History doesn't just happen; it's made. It's being made right now. And it is possible learn from our mistakes. Sooner or later, somebody's bound to get it right. Right?

JUST WHO is OCCUPYING WHOM? ("I'm shocked! I'm shocked...")

The issue seems so clear cut.

At one end of the room are the 99%, the overwhelming majority of the population. US. We are the hardworking, underpaid, unemployed Americans with staggering mortgages or without a home at all that are being left behind by the very few.

Standing opposite us, and towering over us at a considerable height is the 1%, the tiny fraction of men and women who, through skill or luck or guile or deceit or the circumstances of their birth, control the vast majority of this country's wealth.

The Have's vs the Have-nots. The Good versus the Evil. The Righteous vs the Wrong. How I like a black & white fight.

Unfortunately, this isn't one of them, though I've even deluded myself at times. In fact, the battle lines are so muddled and confused, so intersected and entwined with an infinite variety of grey zones and half truths and misconceptions, that trying to find some objectivity in all this—searching for that cleansing moment of cleansing clarity and truth—is all but impossible.

In fact, the truth, these days, has about as much value as the "warm pitcher of piss" John Nance Garner once used to describe the office of the vice president.

The Truth will get you nowhere but a half truth just might

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

THE ZEPHYR, copyright 2012 The Zephyr is produced six times a year at various global locations and made available free to almost 7 billion people via the world wide web. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of its advertisers, its Backbone members, or even at times, of its publisher.

All Cartoons are by the publishers



Colorado Plateau Bureau Chief
DOUG MEYER

Contributing Writers

Martin Murie Ned Mudd Michael Brohm
Scott Thompson Dan Norris Sam Camp
Charlie Kolb Kathleene Parker Dave Wilder
K Hancock Cayte Bosler Verona Stocks

The Artist

John Depuy

Historic Photographs

Herb Ringer & Terry Knouff

Webmaster

Rick Richardson

win you a prize. But at this point in my journalistic career, what have I got to lose?

First let me be clear—the point here is NOT by any means to defend the 1%. Hardly. They deserve every unkind word we can utter, every sharp pin in the Wall Street Voodoo Doll we can stick in them.

But every day, in ways we may not even be able to imagine, we enable these people, we make them stronger, and we encourage their arrogance, even while we allegedly figure war against them. They know this and they're laughing at us, every moment of every day. We make it possible for them to succeed. We are, in fact, responsible for their success and some of us even reap the same benefits, though on a much smaller scale; yet most of us don't even know we're involved. Our complicity is matched only by our naivety.

Let me give you an example.

Who hates the oil companies? Who sees double when the price of gasoline skyrockets and then we hear ExxonMobile or ConocoPhillips or British Petroleum announce record profits again? We all complain bitterly about the fat cat CEOs who walk away with staggering salaries and obscene bonuses. No argument here. Executive greed is obscene. We want blood from these companies.

If you're a school teacher, a city employee, a cop, or if you maintain a small IRA mutual fund, most likely, at least some of your retirement income comes from oil company profits.

But who are the companies? When we talk about oil company greed, what and *who* are we really talking about?

Most corporate profits don't go into the pockets of their senior officers. Corporations are owned by their shareholders. The men and women who run these companies believe their first responsibility is to them. It is a sign of the times that corporate leaders feel very little loyalty to their own workers—to the thousands of employees who, by their hard work and sweat, help make the company profitable to begin with.

But who are the shareholders? Are they predominantly the 'rich weasels' we'd like to believe they are?

A couple years ago, economist Robert J. Shapiro tried to find out. Shapiro served in the Clinton administration as undersecretary of commerce for economic affairs and was a key economic adviser to Al Gore and John Kerry in their presidential campaigns. He is also a co-founder of the Progressive Policy Institute, a "think tank" affiliated with the Democratic Leadership Council. He is not a member of the Tea Party or a friend of Grover Norquist. His findings are interesting. Shapiro discovered the following:

* *Almost 43 percent of oil and natural gas company shares are owned by mutual funds and asset management companies that have mutual funds. Mutual funds manage accounts for 55 million U.S. households with a median income of \$68,700.*

* *Twenty seven percent of shares are owned by other institutional investors like pension funds. In 2004, more than 2,600 pension funds run by federal, state and local governments held almost \$64 billion in shares of U.S. oil and natural gas companies. These funds represent the major retirement security for the nation's current and retired soldiers, teachers, and police and fire personnel at every level of government.*

* *Fourteen percent of shares are held in IRA and other personal retirement accounts.*

* *Forty five million U.S. households have IRA and other personal retirement accounts, with an average account value of just over \$22,000.*

In other words, whether we knew it or not, many of us had a vested interest in and greatly benefitted from oil company profits, while we simultaneously cursed them for their excesses. If you're a school teacher, a city employee, a cop, or if you maintain a small IRA mutual fund, most likely, at least some of your retirement income comes from oil company profits.

Last year, as BP stocks plummeted after the Gulf of Mexico oil spill, UK citizens were in panic mode as they watched their retirement incomes collapse. These weren't greedy capitalists, they were middle-class citizens like you and me, who had hopes of some kind of nest egg for their senior years. It's the same story, different country. In the end, pointing fingers at the oil companies and holding them entirely responsible for all these disasters is hypocritical if

we don't acknowledge our own complicity.

And the contradictions don't stop with Big Oil. Big Business is so deeply entrenched in the lives of the 99%, extracting ourselves from Corporate America will be far more complicated than holding placards and signing facebook petitions.

As long as we create the demand and as long as we exhibit an insatiable desire to live the excessive consumptive lifestyle we believe is an entitlement, the capitalist system will keep looking for products to sell us. And as long as we invest in these companies and expect a great return on our investment, we can hardly condemn their actions unless we condemn our own as well.

This is the hard truth that no entrenched "progressive" wants to acknowledge. Until we do, our credibility is laughable.

THE GHOSTS of CHRISTMAS PAST? The Best is Yet to Come

For most of my adult life, Christmas and I have been at odds with each other. I don't like shopping and I don't like malls. When they started running Christmas shopping commercials before Halloween, I got off that bus real fast.

After I left Kentucky and moved to Utah, I never had a family of my own to celebrate with. Though I received many invitations to be with friends over the years, I usually declined. I wanted my own special memories.

I wanted the kinds of memories I had as a kid, especially those first ten or twelve years. I was lucky to have all of my grandparents alive and well for the first two decades of my life and that made all the difference. We really did go over the river and through the woods, multiple times, over the holidays. I will always cherish the warmth and affection and love that wrapped and comforted all of us grandkids during those remarkable times.



Frank & Susan Montfort.. my grand parents

AND the food was pretty remarkable too. My grandmothers had their own specialties but they always managed to put together a feast so effortlessly. Of course, it just looked that way. We'd have Christmas Eve dinner at Grandma Stiles', then Christmas Day dinner at the Montforts, then back to the Stiles homestead for leftovers on Christmas Night. By the day after, none of us could move.

I missed those days. Nothing seemed to measure up. For many years, I ignored Christmas and Christmas ignored me. It was a standoff.

I hit rock bottom a couple years ago. I'd decided to throw caution to the wind and start a new life in Australia. Moved my stuff there. Was ready to start talking like an Aussie. I was saying "Bloody Hell," a lot.

But it was a disaster. Instead of a new life, I found myself living out of a 1983 Datsun pickup truck, eating Nobby's peanuts and canned tuna most of the time, wondering what the hell I was doing there. As Christmas approached, I considered just sleeping through it but in the Southern Hemisphere, December means summer and soaring hot temperatures. Just too damn hot to snooze.



I decided I'd make the most of it though. I picked one of my favorite camping spots, a lovely little paddock along the Blackwood River beside Jayes Bridge. An old sheep shearing shed still stands by the river, surrounded by lovely old gum trees. I'd pitch my tent, find the shade to hunker down

in, and listen to some good cricket. It would be okay.

But what about Christmas Dinner? Turkey was out. There'd be no stuffing or mashed potatoes or cranberry sauce or green bean casserole. I would have to do without it all. But there was one unique Stiles Family Christmas Eating Tradition I could still approximate. My mother always prepared a simple little pre-dinner hors d'oeuvre. She'd blend cream cheese and diced green olives and spread them on celery sticks. Sometimes I liked them more than the turkey. So on my way to Jayes Bridge, I stopped in Boyup Brook for the ingredients. The little store had everything I needed and I thought, *With stuffed celery sticks, Christmas can still be good.* I drove out 30 miles of gravel road to my little pasture. It was hot but I was alright with it. It was helping to keep the flies in check.

Sometime late in the afternoon, it occurred to me I'd forgotten to buy ice. Would the cheese survive? I decided not to worry about it.

Next day dawned hot. By 10 o'clock, the thermometer was pushing 100 degrees. I thought maybe I should have my celery cheese sticks for Christmas Brunch. I looked at my Philly cheese—it had lost its smooth consistency and looked a bit...I don't know...curdled? But I was desperate to preserve this holiday tradition, so I prepared my 'meal' and proceeded to eat the whole stalk, curdles and all.

It was hot but I was alright with it. It was helping to keep the flies in check. Sometime late in the afternoon, it occurred to me I'd forgotten to buy ice. Would the cheese survive? I decided not to worry about it.

About an hour later, lying in my tent in full sunlight, I began to feel funny. Really funny. And then there was nothing funny about it at all. My head was swimming, the light began to change to a strange neon glow and I could barely see my hands in front of my face. The world spun. I kept seeing the shearing shed race about the paddock. Trees uprooted themselves and danced in the sky. More than anything else in the world, I wanted to find the toilet paper. It was somewhere in the truck. I staggered out of the tent groping for the door handle. I had literally gone blind. I reached into a box and felt some paper towels and ran for a tree. I had heard the expression 'running from both ends' before, but had never experienced the thrill of it until now. I lost about five pounds in less than a minute.

And like that, it was over.

I drank a lot water and ate nothing for about three days. Finally I went to Perth and had two Big Macs and super-sized the fries. I swore I'd never celebrate Christmas again.

That was three years ago. For any of you who are reading this and thinking, 'yeah, my luck's about as bad as Stiles' and maybe worse,' I offer you hope. Things can get better. They may not, but they might. I stayed the course, survived the cream cheese, endured yet another personal defeat, and came back to the States, determined to stay out of trouble, and just watch cowboy movies and drink Dr. Pepper for a few years. Instead I met Tonya Morton, we got married on October 1 and now we look forward to a brilliant Christmas and many more to come. We've already bought our tree and I have every intention of restoring my celery cream cheese and olive tradition. I plan to refrigerate them this time.





KRIS KRINGLE: *That's what I've been fighting against for years...the way they commercialize Christmas.*

ALFRED: *A lot of bad "isms" floating around this world...but one of the worst is commercialism.*

– Miracle on 34th St.

We're within a month of Christmas now and it's difficult not to feel a bit religious. When I was a child attending Mass, I always looked forward to the beginning of the Advent season. The words of the advent readings, the hermit John the Baptist, filled my seven year-old's heart with a feeling of purpose and optimism. Each week, one more advent candle illuminated the wreath on our dining room table. The rituals of the season—White Christmas playing on the television, choirs of red-nosed carolers in the hospitals—evoked a feeling of timelessness. Even my parents, who had been through so many of these seasons, spent hours at night watching the lights of the Christmas tree reflect swirling patterns against the windows of the living room.

In my memory, every Christmas was perfect. And yet, even then, it was practically a truism that Christmas had become a materialist binge. In Catholic school, teachers passed out pencils emblazoned with the words "Jesus is the Reason for the Season." Mothers and Fathers of all political stripes cautioned their children not to forget the joy of generosity, of homemade cards and popsicle-stick ornaments. Now "Occupiers" have camped outside the national temples of greed—WalMart, Best Buy and their ilk—to remind shoppers that capitalism and Christmas needn't go together. Everyone has agreed for decades that the shopping, the money-grubbing, the gluttonous excess of the holiday is at best absurd, and at worst, dangerous.

But still the shopping continues. The beauty of Christmas lies in rituals—the advent wreath, the Christmas tree—and somehow the ritual of amassing credit card debt has taken on more beauty than all the others. I suppose it's easy to

judge the shoppers crowding Target on Black Friday's Eve. Surely we'd like to imagine we're all above the outright crassness of the crowds pushing for entry at midnight. But, I can imagine, after a long year of working fourteen-hour days, making less money and seeing your children less than ever before, that the thrill of Christmas shopping lies in knowing you have something tangible to give. You may have to work in the morning. You may not ever have time for making popsicle-stick ornaments. But when you have stomped through the anxious-eyed crowds, pushed and pepper-sprayed your way through the melee, and you finally hold the one present your child most wanted, you can finally relax. "See. I am still a good parent. I am still worthy of my child's love. I battled dragons to get this toy. No one can say I failed." The triumph of carting

that toy to the checkout line may be the only triumph you've felt in weeks. And surely you can carry the weight of your credit card bill just a little while longer—long enough, at least, to wrap this toy and put it under the tree.

We're all a part of it. I can remember that part of my childhood Christmases as well—peeking up at my parents through a big stack of presents. And I'm no scrooge. I would never argue that we shouldn't give gifts to the people we love. But there is undeniably something wrong with a society where our experience of the sacred is reckoned in currency. For instance, a couple months ago, on our honeymoon, Jim and I found ourselves in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, known as the Sacre Coeur. I had a vague memory of visiting the Basilica nearly a decade ago and

feeling profoundly moved as I sat among the empty pews, and so I was drawn to visit it again. But, as I led Jim through the grand entrance—conscious, as a former Catholic School kid, of the literal threshold between the profane world without and the sacred world within—I realized that this visit would be very different. It was late afternoon, nearly dark. Flickering candles illuminated the small chapels rounding the circumference of the church. That much was the same. But as we walked over to one of the chapel alcoves and stood under the peaceful face of the Saint, we were accompanied by a constant clanging noise.



Help us restore a masterpiece.
THE GLEN CANYON INSTITUTE
www.glencanyon.org

WE'RE YOUR FRIENDLY GREEN DOCUMENT SHREDDERS!

Our new, smaller PEA SHOOTER trucks are more energy efficient!

SCOTT FASKEN
 970.464.4859
fasken@bresnan.net

...AND WE RECYCLE WHAT WE SHRED...

EVERY TON OF RECYCLED PAPER REDUCES CARBON EMISSIONS BY FOUR METRIC TONS!

www.coloradodocumentsecurity.org

We looked around us, checking to see if the door had been left ajar, but the problem wasn't outside. The clamor came from within the church. To the left of the altar, behind the thick wall delineating the choir, were five illuminated machines; in front of them, a small queue of people. The clanging continued. "What in the hell is this," I murmured to Jim, beyond worry about my small blasphemies. And then the recognition dawned on both of us. Medallion machines. A staple of hot tourism spots in France. Place a two euro coin in the top of the machine and out falls a commemorative medallion of whichever site you're visiting. The growing line in front of these machines insured a continuous stream of coins dropping in, coins dropping out. "This noise is giving me a headache," Jim murmured back, and so we kept moving. Maybe ten feet further along we reached another chapel. I bent to read the small sign which reminded passersby, "This is a place of prayer." One woman in a black mourning shawl stood over the candles at the offertory and, using the long wick, re-lit three or four which had blown out.



We made our way back to the front of the altar and took a seat in the pews. Despite ourselves, we were moved to comment on the beauty of the mural above our heads, the grace of the stone pillars, the fluid granite arches. Slowly, a small procession of nuns took their places in the choir seats and began to sing their Vespers. Translated from the Latin, "O God, come to my assistance. O Lord, make haste to help me. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be world without end. Amen. Alleluia." The sweetness of the Sisters' voices was intoxicating and I noticed several other people bending to sit among the pews and listen.

I wanted so badly to feel what I had felt on my previous visit—the sacred quiet, the holy isolation. I wanted, for a moment at least, to will myself away from the crowds of tourists speaking all languages of babble at each other, the pickpockets and street performers, outside the church. But the sound of coins continued, ringing discordant to the Sisters' harmonies. I might as well have been genuflecting at a Vegas casino. All I could do was wonder what the nuns

were thinking as they sang. I knew they sang these words every day at this time. Was their ritual so pure that they were unaware of all else? Were they so holy that the sound of money couldn't pierce their calm? Or was this just the reality to which they had resigned themselves?

Finally, having reached no conclusions, Jim and I stood and made our way to the exit—passing, as we departed, two more medallion machines and another queue of glazed-over tourists depositing their two euro coins. We were swept out the doors into the cool evening and the general din of commerce rose around us, filling the streets with noise.

I suppose that, to the contemporary Westerner, money is the primary form of engagement with the world. Give your coin to the machine and in return you will have proof that you were in the sacred basilica. Without that coin, you would have to satisfy yourself with memories—and what would you show to your family back home? You might as well have stayed in Indiana, the thinking goes, if you weren't going to buy anything. At the same time, what is Christmas, to an American, without extravagant presents? Where's the proof that this holy day is any different from, say, the Feast Day of St. Anthony? And how will your child prove to his friends that his parents love him, if not with a new Xbox?

The clanging continued. "What in the hell is this," I murmured to Jim, beyond worry about my small blasphemies. And then the recognition dawned on both of us. Medallion machines. A staple of hot tourism spots in France.

Of course, who can oppose giving presents to children? Or to anyone else, for that matter? But, to continue in the religious spirit of this article, I keep thinking of Matthew 6:21, which says, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Where is our treasure better spent—buying our kid an Xbox so that he can fit in, or taking the family on a trip to a museum? Maybe our treasure is best spent taking our one day off, even if it is "the best shopping day of the year," to craft popsicle-stick ornaments. I'm sure that if I had asked any of the tourists in the Sacre Coeur why they were wasting two euros on a silly medallion, they would say two euros is a small price for a memento. It's just a couple euros. Who cares where they spend it? But, walking down the basilica steps, I couldn't help noticing the small, crouched man sitting on the hard granite, his legs splayed before him. At the end of his pant legs, two bandaged stumps of feet quivered in the cold. Beneath his hat and his thick beard, I couldn't see his face, but I could see the contents of the small can he was rattling. A few ten-cent pieces, twenty-cent pieces, maybe on fifty-cent piece. And not a single two euro coin.

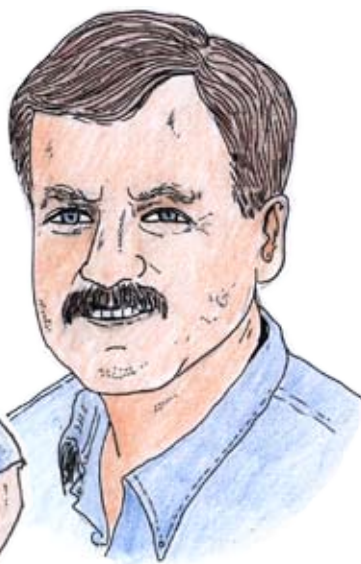
NEW BACKBONE MEMBERS FOR DECEMBER/JANUARY

TOM PATTON
Lawnchair Point, UT



PAUL CLEARY
Tulsa, OK

5



GARY FERGUSON
Red Lodge, MT

ALSO THANKS TO:
DOUG SABETTI
and BILL LIPE
& BILLY JACK

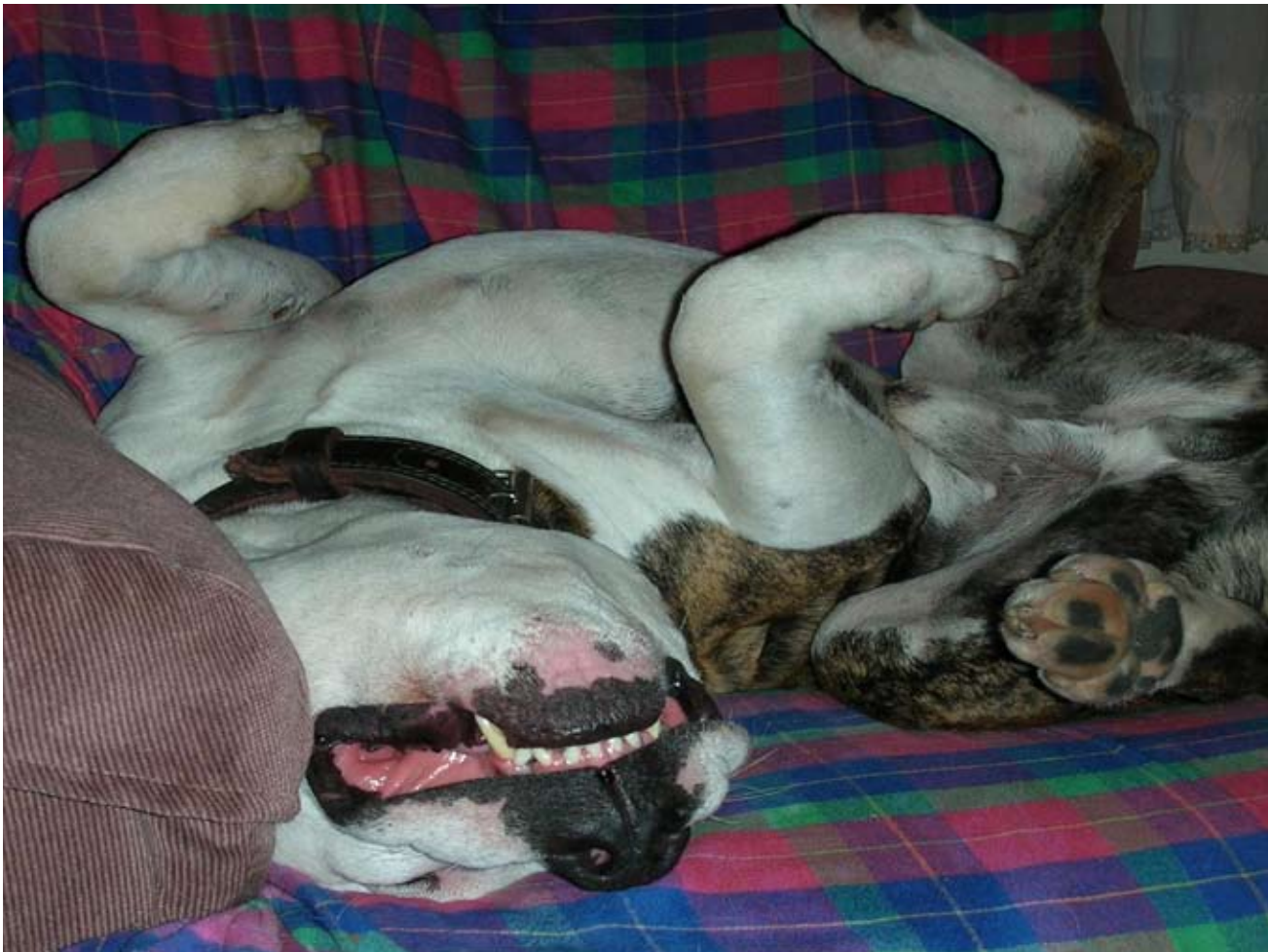


**PLEASE JOIN
THE
BACKBONE
\$100 yearly**

**Includes cartoon &
signed copy of
Stiles' book,
BRAVE NEW WEST.**

**PO BOX 271
MONTICELLO, UT
84535
or at our web site
with your credit card
via PayPal...**

**WE NEED MORE BACK-BONERS!
PLEASE JOIN!**



'GAUGE'

The Champaign Dog from The Land of Lincoln



Gauge was rescued from an animal control facility that would not allow him to be adopted even though he showed no signs of aggression or any other problem. Simply because he is a Bully Breed--an American Bulldog--he was scheduled to be euthanized. Luckily, a shelter worker knew he was super-friendly, and committed to helping the 85 pounds of sweetness and smiles. 6 months after joining our pack, he required surgery to correct a problem with his back legs. Recovery was slow, but his pack mates kept him company. He did great and loved the water therapy.

Today, watching this happy boy zoom around the farm with the other dogs, one would never know he'd seen any dark days.

His favorite things are sleeping in the sun, eating, going for walks, making friends, playing with this pack-mates and a good game of stick following by an 8 minute zoomie attack!

Lisa Braddock
Rural Champaign County, Illinois



the footprints TOP 10 LIST

121 East 100 South...
Moab, Utah 84532



How about Top 10 ways to get the government to do what you want...

- 10. **Vote**
- 9. Give \$1000 to your city councilman
- 8. Give \$10,000 and a hooker to your local state representative
- 7. Give \$50,000 to your governor's PAC (keep the hooker for yourself)
- 6. Give \$100,000 to your congressman's PAC and a trip to Tahiti for him/her
- 5. Give \$100,000 to each of your state's representatives' and senators' PACs
- 4. Give \$500,000 to the vice president (under the table)
- 3. Give \$1,000,000 to the party in power and fund an "information conference" in Thailand
- 2. Provide insider information about your Fortune 100 corporation to selected members of congress
- 1. Own a media conglomerate

TSAKURSHOVI



The home of the "DON'T WORRY, BE HOPI" T-shirt

A unique selection of traditional Hopi arts, crafts, and cultural items including over 150 Katsina dolls done in the traditional style, as well as baskets, ceremonial textiles, jewelry, pottery and more.

We also have complete visitor information (including connections for knowledgeable & articulate guides) to make your visit to Hopi a memorable & enjoyable one. We are located 1 1/2 miles east of the Hopi Cultural Center at MP 381 on HWY 264, in the heart of the HOPI REZ

928.734.2478 POB 234 SECOND MESA, AZ 86043



JIM CASE
Flagstaff, AZ

"NATALIE" friend of MARCIA MARSHALL
Minneapolis, MN



RICHARD INGEBRETSEN
Salt Lake City, UT



DON BAUMGARDT
El Paso, TX

RACHEL WHITE
SLC, UT



Stan Urycki
Cuyahoga Falls, OH



DAVE YARBROUGH
Waddy, KY

ALAN JOSLYN
Highlands Ranch, CO



Back of Beyond Books

83 N. Main St
Moab, Utah
435.259.5154

facebook

www.backofbeyondbooks.com

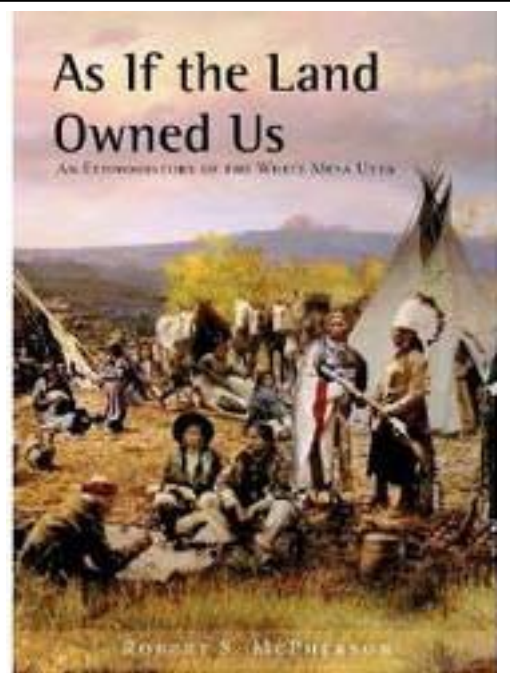


AS IF THE LAND OWNED US

By Robert S. McPherson

Robert McPherson has gathered the wisdom of White Mesa elders as they imparted knowledge about their land-place names, uses, teachings, and historic events tied to specific sites--providing a fresh insight into the lives of these little-known people. While there have been few published studies about the Southern Utes, this ethnohistory is the first to mix cultural and historic events. The book illustrates the life and times of the White Mesa Utes as they faced multiple changes to their lifeways. It is time for their history to be told in their terms.

<http://www.backofbeyondbooks.com/product.cfm?id=1321229303963>



An Interview with: **DERRICK JENSEN**

By Cayte Bosler

I lean against the railing atop a high rise, just enough to get butterflies, and settle my gaze on the Pacific Ocean. The city of Seattle is waking up. From above, the sputtering trucks look like slow moving flat birds circling their prey. Mechanical claws find and empty dumpsters with last night's soup du jour, boot scuffed newspapers, things for the "away." Those that never found sleep pass those that wake early to witness or coax the first grumbles of the day. Everything I now own is in a backpack at my side. I give my eyes to the ocean before turning to leave.

A plane ride later, I am in southern Utah, with a group of all walks and ages, heading into the canyons. Everything we need is on our backs. We do not return for two months.

Not knowing what or where it would happen; we stumbled into an equinox, love for flesh and dirt, darkness of legend and it's counterpart in light – and one day walking, we discovered hieroglyphs on rock, safe from a modern showcase. The people of the Anasazi marked their stories in symbols of birds and figures, as pieces to fit with left behind pottery, war towers and bones. We dreamt that night at White Rock, an ancient burial ground - of cycles, of death, of morphing masks, spiders and on more than one occasion, heard footsteps that stopped close to our heads and never left.

There is, all around us, this land of primary fire.

Have you noticed?

Full of vigor, I left Utah and returned, sun slathered, bright eyed and determined - to the supermarkets of my childhood suburbia in Washington State. Desperate to reconcile these realities, I called on a friend to drive the Pacific coast and speak my mind. He listened with patience then threw "A Language Older Than Words" by Derrick Jensen on my lap. It became the book that gave me greater context for my shock and my cultural queries after returning from the woods.

In the three years since backpacking through Utah, I have moved to Colorado and now study and work with issues related to environmental justice. I have been exposed further to Jensen's work in the world of academia and have stayed curious about what his critique means to the community I work within.

Where so many millions of bugs, foxes, bears, humans and powerful beasts have lain down on the earth and died, it will be hard to tell, what once was bone, from the scraps of modern man. What does the awesome task of reconciling our minds, hearts and souls with what humans have built mean for those of us still in love?

Below are questions from a conversation I had with Derrick Jensen this September.

Cayte Bosler: What are the differences with the current impending collapse scenario and historical collapses?

Derrick Jensen: The Mayan civilization, for example, still had land to retreat to. Somewhere else for people to go. They still had the basic skills to be able to feed themselves and survive. Now a small percentage of humans could feed themselves. How many people dropped into the forest could find food? I couldn't. How many people know when the next new moon is or their local geography? Also, a difference is that we have overshot our population more than before. We've become increasingly dependent on an abstract society. This crash will be far more severe.

CB: How should humans live post-collapse?

DJ: What I believe will happen is as the oil economy collapses, those in power will attempt to maintain power by forced human labor to substitute for oil loss. We will see slave camps. What I want is thousands of different cultures living in different, unique ways in different places. You wouldn't live the same way in the Olympic rainforest of Washington as you in the desert of Utah. I want different ways of being. 10,000 different cultures in different places. Asking what will come later, though, is like lying in bed with your spouse and you turn and say, "Excuse me, sweetheart, there is an axe murderer standing over the bed. How are we going to live tomorrow?" The emergency is now.

CB: Why aren't we seeing the environmental crisis be declared a national emergency? Can you speak to the collective denial?

DJ: The stock market is down 144 points today. That's really important. Yahoo news, let's see, trending now – Jessica Alba...long time lifeguard sues over skimpy swimsuit rules...My point is that people have come to believe this culture is more important than life. Even Bill McKibben says he is attempting to save civilization and not the planet. On a deeper level, R.D. Laing's rules for a dysfunctional culture are:

A) Don't.

Rule A.1) Rule A does not exist.

Rule A.2) Never discuss the existence or nonexistence of Rules A, A.1, or A.2.

What this means is that we can't talk about corporate control of the planet, but we can talk about ... oh, hang on I got to check the sports. More people are interested in the Detroit Tigers than real tigers. Upton Sinclair said, "It's hard to make a man understand something when his job depends on not understanding it." The same thing is true for entitlement. The problems we face are not cognitively challenging. Any way of life that is based on destroying the landbase is not going to last. Based on non-renewable resources. Duh. Denial pervades everything. The problems we face are not fundamentally rational, and therefore are not amenable to rational solution. It is not reasonable or rational to destroy the planet you live on.

CB: A question that often comes up often is whether to work within the system of government and law or not?



Asking what will come later, though, is like lying in bed with your spouse and you turn and say, "Excuse me, sweetheart, there is an axe murderer standing over the bed. How are we going to live tomorrow?" The emergency is now.

DJ: We need people working within and outside. Within is necessary but not sufficient. The court system is rigged against environmental lawyers. We need to take down the entire system. We need offensive and defensive work.

CB: How did you come to that conclusion?

DJ: Lots of environmentalists begin by wanting to protect a specific piece of land. They don't question the foundation of western civilization. And then you ask – why does this culture destroy land in the first place? With some other people I worked to save old growth forest. We showed that the timber sales were violating the clean air act. Then the company got congress to pass the 1995 salvage rider bill. Timber sales violating clean air acts, etc. We saved old growth, and the timber industry got congress to pass the Salvage Rider, which made it so that we couldn't do appeals anymore. What we learned was that any time we can use their rules against them, they change them. That was an important lesson. I then recognized that working within the system was not sufficient.

CB: What questions are you grappling with at this point in your work?

DJ: Twenty books later, I still can't completely believe that this culture is as insane and destructive as it clearly is. I don't understand why people can't see this or think it's okay to kill the planet. There are stolid scientists saying that within 50 years the oceans will be devoid of fish. I've devoted my entire adult life to understanding how insane it is and I still don't have any clue how insane it is. There is the bright green movement. Take wind energy, for example. Where do you get the copper for the wiring? If you have a city then where do you get the food and building materials? They don't take the fundamentals into account. William McDonough does things like putting native plants on top of a truck factory and calls it "green architecture." You can put native grasses on the path of a death camp. It doesn't make it just.

CB: What brings you solace?

DJ: A marine preserve between Baja and the tail end of Mexico excluded all commercial extraction, and fifteen years later all the fish have come back. It's so beautiful to see the fish just swimming there, living their lives. Life wants to live. If we can stop this culture from killing it, then it will recover. That brings me solace. Another thing that helps me keep going is that I don't have anyone in my life I have to revisit Civilization-Is-Bad-101 with. I don't have to re-fight battles everyday. All my friends understand how horrible this culture is.

CB: If you could take a walk with two people from history who would they be?

DJ: Do I get to pick Christopher Columbus and walk along the edge of a cliff and push him off?

What we learned was that any time we can use their rules against them, they change them. That was an important lesson. I then recognized that working within the system was not sufficient.

CB: No, this isn't an assassination in a time capsule.

DJ: Tecumseh and Fredrick Douglass.

CB: What are your current musings on what happens when we die?

DJ: Maybe we hang around for a while and then our energy starts to diffuse then enter everybody else...if I were to die out there ants would come or who ever else, possums, vultures and carry me off. Maybe our psyche does the same thing where it kind of hangs around then disperses...like a wave... it comes up on the shore and has its individuality then merges back into the ocean...or maybe we do stay somewhat distinct ...and then come back as something else.

Derrick Jensen (born December 19, 1960) is an American author and environmental activist living in Crescent City, California. Jensen has published several books questioning and critiquing modern civilization and its values, including *A Language Older Than Words*, *The Culture of Make Believe*, and *Endgame*. His recent books include *Deep Green Resistance* and *Dreams*. He holds a B.S. in Mineral Engineering Physics from the Colorado School of Mines and an M.F.A. in Creative Writing from Eastern Washington University. He has also taught creative writing at Pelican Bay State Prison and Eastern Washington University.



Cayte Bosler is a student at the University of Colorado and in the INVST Community Studies and Leadership program. She studies the Humanities and Japanese. She enjoys traveling, most recently in Nicaragua, and hopes to one day scour the globe with a backpack and journal.



HOPE BENEDICT
Salmon, ID



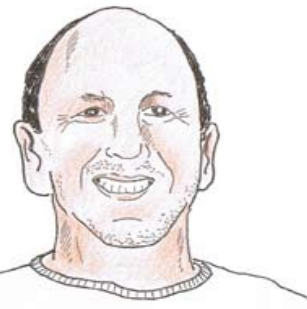
STEVE RUSSELL
Moab, Utah



MICHAEL BROHM
Louisville, KY



NICK PERELLIN
Corpus Christi, TX



TED HELM
Brentwood, TN



GARY MEEKS
Price, Utah

CARNIVORES! HERBIVORES! OMNIVORES!!

We offer ethnic and traditional cuisine and emphasize the use of high-quality, organic ingredients and fresh seasonal produce.

ALL MENU ITEMS TO GO
352 N MAIN ST 259.6896

and we're on facebook!!!

LIFETIME BACKBONE MEMBER

LANETTE SMITH
Basalt, CO

BRENT SWANSON
Idaho falls, ID

MYSTERY WOMAN OF MONTY CELLO, UTAH

Homo sapiens: Been There, Done That, Going Somewhere Else

By Scott Thompson

“The whole society is going someplace else.” – Gary Snyder

Five years ago, the November sun baking my face, I hiked into the Chihuahuan Desert eight miles north of Las Cruces, New Mexico, into all the space and light. Sipping on my half-full Dasani water bottle, I sat on a lichen-covered rock, gazing across a lovely sea of creosote at the violet spires of the Organ Mountains twenty miles distant. The bright hillside behind me was quilted by a layer of prickly-pear cacti, their pads spreading out low to the ground, interspersed with the bent brown branches of Ocotillo.

I first saw a desert expanse like this forty-five years ago. I immediately felt the presence of a new but unknown center, as though my sympathetic nervous system had shifted its orientation. Since then I have sought out Western deserts and mountain ranges and they have always filled me with a strange abiding awe.

I was thirty before I had a conscious understanding of what this was about. Now in my sixties, the story arc of my life over the last four-plus decades has crystallized into a simple if drastic understanding: that humanity is proving itself unqualified to be the dominant species on this planet. The signs of this were emerging when I was a young man, but today you have to be cognitively challenged, joyfully ignorant, or in a state of psychological denial or sociopathic indifference not to at least be impressed by the evidence. Barring a miraculous cultural transformation within the next decade or so, it will be nature's solemn task to hand us a species-level pink slip.

What we can trust is that the world's natural systems - its atmosphere, ocean and ecosystems - will do exactly that, taking the necessary steps to restore the planet's energy balance and aesthetic grandeur. Monkeyshines like geo-engineering could delay the worst consequences of global warming for awhile, only to make room for other environmental consequences to knock our species shitless first.

The terrible aspect of humanity getting the pink slip is that almost none of the many-millions-to-billions of people in future generations who are likely to die will bear any responsibility for having caused the holocaust. Nor of course will any of the numberless species that will go extinct. The privileged, powerful people of the developed world, who do bear the principal responsibility, will be long dead by then.

The terrible aspect of humanity getting the pink slip is that almost none of the many-millions-to-billions of people in future generations who are likely to die will bear any responsibility for having caused the holocaust. Nor of course will any of the numberless species that will go extinct. The privileged, powerful people of the developed world, who do bear the principal responsibility, will be long dead by then.

That day I stayed out in the desert a long time. A full moon rose over the maroon arm of the San Andres Mountains and the desert air chilled my face. Looking at the sunset over a long, barbed wire fence, the earth turned Onyx black underneath the straight, sharp-edged horizon, running north into the black folds of the Dona Ana foothills. An uncertain, flame-like layer of orange light lay on top of the black earth, above which there was a prism of white-gold, pink, and lavender, the latter fringing into creamy blue, beneath the dark blue firmament.

What makes the wildness of the natural world more advanced than our own species, which we can see and feel when we're out there, is the way its negative feedback loops correct imbalances in the system. Too many deer? Predators. Forest fires? The species have adapted to them: aspen trees often grow in the burnt areas and Lodgepole pines are protected from pine bark beetles by the burned-out spaces.

As long as we humans were hunter-gatherers we lived under the supervision of wild ecosystems, which merrily forced us to live in tandem with them. But ever since the fateful discovery of agriculture, that dread day when the serpent truly coiled around our innards, we have too often been unwilling to limit either our numbers or our consumption of resources. The Industrial Revolution only escalated the process, enabling ruling hierarchies to systematically transform our splendid landscapes into gruesome reflections of their own hubris. The arrival of machines, technology, and fossil fuels has made us not just neglectful of negative feedback loops, but oblivious to them.

Even though Homo sapiens has thus far tanked in its efforts to administer the planet, it has been strikingly successful a number of times at both surviving disasters and learning new paradigms from them. The first occasion we know of was 70,000-75,000 years ago.

According to Spencer Wells, a professor at Cornell University, it happened this way. Sumatra's Mount Toba erupted, the most massive such eruption within the last two million years, culminating in a "volcanic winter." Temperatures plummeted 9-27 degrees Fahrenheit, followed by a thousand years of increasing cold. The human population fell from about 85,000 to fewer than 10,000 and possibly as few as 2,000. It must have been a horrifying time. (See Wells' 2010 book *Pandora's Seed: the Unforeseen Cost of Civilization*, pp. 15, 106-107.)

How did humans react to this catastrophe? Let me quote Wells here and at length in some of the following paragraphs: "The genetic and climatic data both paint a picture of a human population teetering on the brink of extinction. It is likely that the cataclysmic climatic shift created a scenario in which humanity had to adapt or die. And the response of these humans...was to change their culture." (p. 107).

When you study anthropology and archaeology you realize that the variability of human cultures over time is the great secret of our adaptability and survival. Cultures have the capacity to change their orientation within a generation if pressures from the environment are extreme enough. Genetic change can occur fast too, but not that fast, and not so comprehensibly. The differing ways of life that people today know intimately would likely not exist, or at least not exist in the same variety, if our species had not had to contend with all that atmospheric ash from Mount Toba.

When the volcano erupted the evolutionary pieces were already in place within our species that would make striking changes possible. As Wells says, "Humans, it seems, were probably pre-adapted to develop the material culture of the Upper Paleolithic period [the Late Stone Age, 45,000-10,000 years ago], and all they needed was the impetus - in the form of the intense selective pressure provided by the last ice age and the eruption of Mount Toba - to make use of their ability to solve problems in novel ways..."

"A complex modern human trait like the capacity for abstract thought, first recognizable in the fossil record through artistic depictions, could have arisen... through small, incremental steps that eventually led to the right combination for natural selection to act on. This...might explain why we see sporadic evidence of modernity prior to 70,000 years ago, but only see it explode afterward...The



extreme climatic changes brought about by the ice age and, in all likelihood, the eruption of Mount Toba would have exerted on the human species selection for innovation and speedy adaptation – such strong selection, in fact, that we developed a new culture...a climatic crisis paved the way for cultural innovation...

“What evolved around 70,000 years ago in the human lineage was the ability to adapt quickly – to innovate – using our culture, as opposed to our biology, as was the case with Neanderthals...” (pp.108, 111, 112.)

But exactly how did we develop the ability to reinvent human cultures? Certainly this didn't come out of thin air. It involved our discovering the remarkable capacity to picture a different future: imagining that a society can choose to follow altogether different standards of behavior, and that it is possible to effectively communicate such a vision to other people in the form of stories and admonitions. This must have felt like an alternate reality at the time.

As Wells says, “Innovation...involves imagining new ways of solving a problem and then implementing them. The first step involves the sort of imagination that is reflected in the creation of art...and the second requires some way of explaining the innovation to others...This process of trial and error (often using seemingly crazy insights) coupled with better communication became the model for human innovation – the first time such a successful system for problem solving had ever evolved.” (p.112.) Over the following 50,000 years, until the arrival of the Holocene and the “invention” of agriculture, hunter-gatherer societies possessing this revolutionary capability spread across the Earth, successful virtually everywhere they went.

Our long-term descendants will likely see such power systems as a cultural aberration, and may well establish traditions that will both sharply discourage their emergence and if necessary shut down any nascent power-fixated organizations before they can gain traction.

The ability to envision a different cultural paradigm and other unorthodox solutions, however, isn't a gift everyone has. We can make an educated guess, thanks to the early 20th century psychiatrist C. G. Jung, that about one in four people have that capability to some degree. When we look for an internalized version of the aptitude that is less tied to existing paradigms, the figure drops to one in sixteen. (Jung's major work on this is Psychological Types. See also Gifts Differing, by Isabel Briggs Meyers.) When in addition we require a gift for communicating such unconventional insights, we can make a crude estimate of about one in forty or fifty.

Such a ratio makes sense when we consider that hunter-gatherers in the Late Stone Age traveled around in bands of about 150 people. (See Wells, p. 119.) In such a group there were likely to be several people with this vital ability, enough to develop it fully and pass it on between generations.

Today people with internalized visionary traits - whom Jung termed introverted intuitives - are often drawn to art and science. And by the late 1960s some of those artists and scientists began picturing an enormously different culture for humanity. As early as the 1920s Jung himself knew a massive shift in Western society was on its way, but it was too early for him to perceive its dimensions.

One of the first who did was Paul Ehrlich. He was a population biologist at Stanford University, who in 1968 published a controversial 180 page paperback, The Population Bomb. Here's what he said in this book about climate change, which he cannot have written later than 1971, because that's when the edition I have was revised by him:

“But even more important is the potential for changing the climate of the Earth. All of the junk we dump into the atmosphere, all of the dust, all of the carbon dioxide, have effects on the temperature balance of the Earth. Air pollution affects how much of the sun's heat reaches the surface of the Earth and how much is radiated back into space...

“...The greenhouse effect is being enhanced now by the greatly increased level of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. In the last one hundred years our burning of fossil fuels raised the level some 15%. The greenhouse effect today is being countered by low-level clouds generated by contrails, dust, and other contaminants that tend to keep the energy of the sun from warming.

“At the moment we cannot predict what the overall climatic results will be of our using the atmosphere as a garbage dump. We do know that very small changes in either direction in the average temperature of the Earth could be very serious. With a few degrees of cooling, a new ice age might be upon us...With a few degrees of heating, the Greenland and Antarctic ice caps would melt, perhaps raising ocean levels 250 feet. Gondola to the Empire State Building, anyone?”

“In short, when we pollute, we tamper with the energy balance of the Earth. The results in terms of global climate and in terms of local weather could be catastrophic. Do we want to keep it up and find out what will happen? What do we gain by playing ‘environmental roulette?’” (pp. 38-39.)

Ehrlich wrote these eerily on-target paragraphs so long ago that scientists didn't know whether it was global cooling or warming that was heading our way. Yet he appreciated the level of danger with crystal clarity. It's an example of the intuitive function at its best: that gift for spotting a broad problem pattern well in advance, coupled with a description of an alternative culture that can adapt:

“Somehow we've got to change from a growth-oriented, exploitative system to one focused on stability and conservation. Our entire system of orienting to nature must undergo a revolution. And that revolution is going to be extremely difficult to pull off...Unlike people in many other cultures, we see man's basic role as that of dominating nature, rather than as living in harmony with it...

“So there is considerable reason for believing that extremely fundamental changes in our society are going to be required in order to preserve any semblance of the world we know. Furthermore, those changes are going to have to take place in a framework of certain natural limits...even though we would like to dominate nature, it still dominates us...

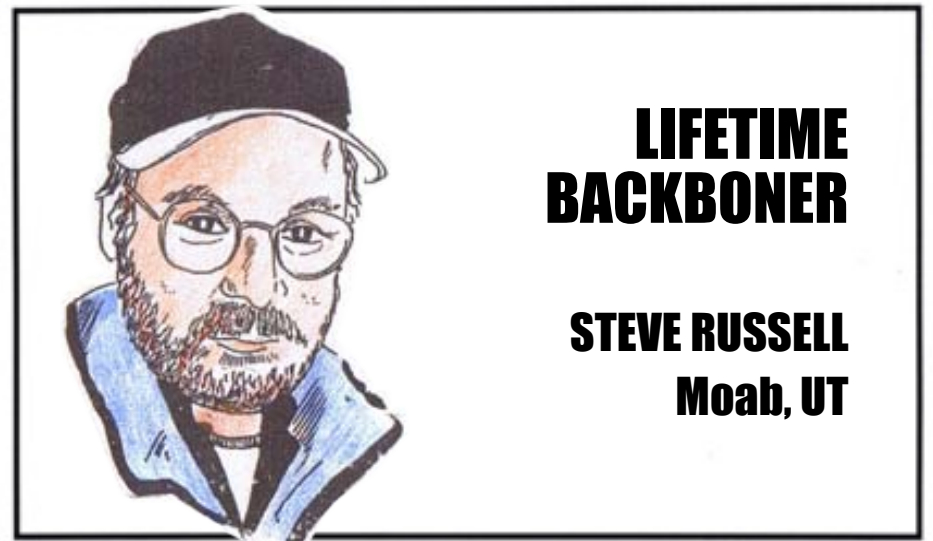
“Our big problem for the next century is to bring the population under control, then to reduce its size to a supportable level, while creating an atmosphere in which necessary changes, investigations, and planning can take place.” (pp. 155-157.)

I think a hundred years from now our descendants will read these words with wistful smiles, glad that Ehrlich saw what the hell was going on back in 1968, and that he had a clear if somewhat generalized picture of how our culture needed to change in order to avoid catastrophe. They will also understand that the gifted intuitives of our time were up against well-financed legions of professionals and politicians who adroitly obstructed essential societal changes, right up to the point of no return. Our long-term descendants will likely see such power systems as a cultural aberration, and may well establish traditions that will both sharply discourage their emergence and if necessary shut down any nascent power-fixated organizations before they can gain traction.

Meaning that once the eco-shit hits, the whole society will be going someplace else, changing the culture in the ancient way.

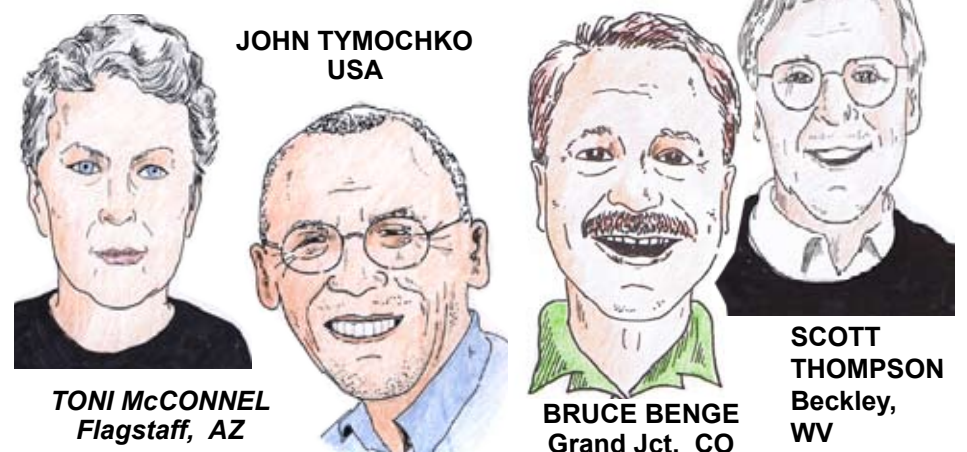
And maybe in a few hundred years, assuming all life forms on our humble planet haven't been fried, Homo sapiens will be ready to be the dominant species.

SCOTT THOMPSON is a regular contributor to The Zephyr. He lives in West Virginia.



LIFETIME BACKBONER

STEVE RUSSELL
Moab, UT



TONI McCONNEL
Flagstaff, AZ

JOHN TYMOCHKO
USA

BRUCE BENGE
Grand Jct, CO

SCOTT THOMPSON
Beckley, WV

Bonfire of the Vanities

by Doug Meyer
Quotations from "Inferno" by Charles Bowden

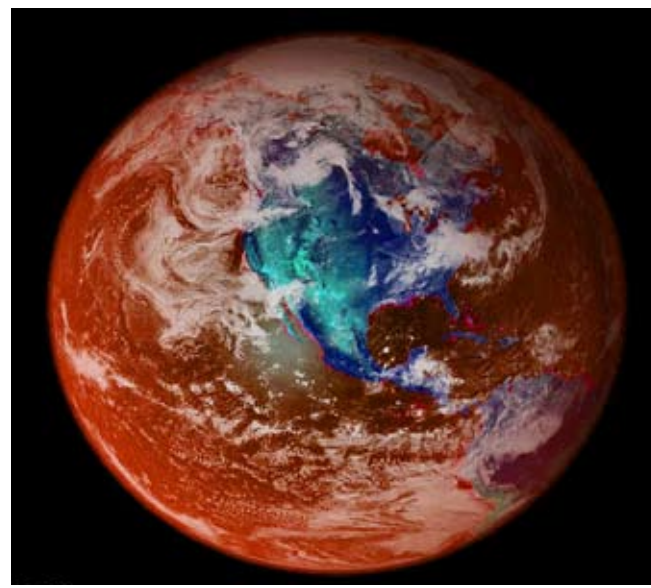
"It is not simply that I do not have clean hands. It is worse: I refuse to wash them..."

In case you hadn't noticed, the ethic of conservation is about to be swept away by human history. Wilderness and global warming, once environmentalism's core issues, now only reveal our self-deceptions amid the problems of balance, sustainability, and the relationship between humans and nature.

The October edition of the *Zephyr* brought us closer to wrapping up environmentalism's wilderness legacy, and I'd like to add my two cents only because I think I've got a diagnosis for the symptoms listed there. Confusion about the definition of wilderness and our motivation for saving it, ongoing political failure, and the defenders' desperate surrender to unlikely demographics are all evidence of a quarter century of wilderness debate, ideas still not well acknowledged in environmental circles. This is my own hyper-compressed take on an established discourse.



On the other hand, even though Hansen's Venus theory isn't convincing yet, wouldn't we have to guess that ending civilization now before it can burn all the fossil fuels would be the better bet for life on Earth in the long run? But then again, would it? If the Earth goes through a biological inferno where only lower order forms of life survive, who's to say that's not the best result? At least the Anthropocene would be over.



"Can the natural world be saved if we are not animals? Or better yet, can the natural world be saved once we utter that damning phrase of segregation: the natural world?"

"I love this nature business as we create a place in our minds and in our reserves that repudiates ourselves. We have so many reasons for this nature business and none of them are honest. Because being honest in these areas invites a messy disorder that this business is about abolishing."

The critique proposed official wilderness as the epitome of establishment environmentalism, both putting band-aids on fundamental problems of national character and history. Once we've saved little bits of the wilderness, we feel better about the horror of industrial civilization. But there's a still more alluring fiction embedded in the concept. The duality between wilderness and the society that created the wilderness produced the dream among environmentalists of constraining the USA through legal and political means. Ultimate example: the Sierra Club's effort to persuade the American public to drain Lake Powell, which would have effectively starved the American way of life in the Southwest. Blowing up the dam with a houseboat clearly had a better chance. The voters now view environmentalists as professional liars in the same class as politicians and the media.

"Notions like the park are seen as magic kingdoms where this balance will be displayed for our edification forever and forever...The only balance that actually exists snores in the virtual reality of our nature documentaries..."

Wilderness defenders never understood that the academic attack on the wilderness idea was more importantly a devastating cultural critique. Puritanical white man wants exclusive recreation in a pristine, uninhabited landscape after committing genocide against the prior occupants of the continent. Now that's what honest environmentalism should have been using all along to undermine the public. Instead, the professionals have their friends in Washington and their seat at the table to think about. Spending decades haplessly negotiating with a delusional nation, they've only succeeded in transferring the delusion onto themselves. No wonder SUWA now explores for "pretty" places to protect.

In short, it's not that we don't care about it anymore; instead I think we're too

embarrassed to mention the word. We've looked in the mirror and discovered a lot of wilderness there.

"I am out of balance. I wish for strong drink, illegal drugs and night driving with the headlights off, the tach begging for relief. I am the bad father, the hopeless husband, the insult to all peacemakers, the murderer, the menace on the midnight roads...I am adventure travel."

Now of course I'm no climate scientist, so I welcome challenges to the next few paragraphs. These aspects of global warming science are rarely discussed in the media and thus likely have little public awareness.

First, we ought to describe more simply the one-way human impact on the planet's carbon cycle. Centuries of global warming have been locked in by our rapid transference of carbon from long-term storage (fossil fuels) to short-term storage (plants, trees, soils, the surface ocean, and the atmosphere.) There are no realistic ways of reversing that process on any timescale meaningful to

civilization. Once in short-term storage, a portion of that carbon mass will have to be cycling through the atmosphere and thus heating the planet. Therefore, all the ideas for carbon sequestration in forests and soils do nothing to address this basic problem.

Second, if a virus were to wipe out humanity tomorrow, climate forcing would roughly double within weeks due to the rapid loss of the large sulfate-aerosol reflective effect, which is emitted mostly from coal-fired power plants and automobiles. That's right; many of civilization's biggest CO₂ sources are also emitting substances masking in the very short term much of the long-term warming of the CO₂. In other words, if humanity were to somehow come together to actually decrease climate forcing, deliberate and dangerous geo-engineering of the planet's atmosphere for a century or so would be required in addition to massive emissions reductions, assuming that already-committed feedbacks manifesting during the next several decades don't overwhelm those efforts.

Do you see how screwed we are? In any scenario without geo-engineering, from full-on burning of fossil fuels, to total global economic collapse, climate forcing can only increase! As climate impacts worsen, driven by emissions from decades earlier, desperate nations or even perhaps extraordinarily wealthy dogooders will be out of options. If they're still interested, they'll have to try the geo-engineering idea. I'm talking about the most likely form: deliberate high-altitude spraying of sulfate aerosol pollution. But they won't be able to maintain it for the century or so needed after all emissions stop. Meanwhile, economic destruction will only slow the burning of fossil fuels. Thousand-year floods, insurance and financial collapse, famine, mass migration, regional drought, war, and finally Armageddon, that's the future of our wondrous global economy.

"There is no way to square our plans with our numbers and no way to corral our appetites within the tidy borders of our ideals."

So what are we to hope for, imagining at the very least a post-human Earth still viable for biological life? The spike in warming that would occur if civilization were to collapse abruptly might be surprising in its impact on the planet's

remaining species. The chain of events is just too long for science to be able to pin down what could happen.

On the other hand, even though Hansen's Venus theory isn't convincing yet, wouldn't we have to guess that ending civilization now before it can burn all the fossil fuels would be the better bet for life on Earth in the long run? But then again, would it? If the Earth goes through a biological inferno where only lower order forms of life survive, who's to say that's not the best result? At least the Anthropocene would be over.

"[W]hat if we are not meant to walk a straight and narrow path and to separate our glass from our paper from our plastic from our metal? What if we can never really belong and the best, the very best, we can do in the empty desert on the hot summer night is to feel and to know where we would belong if we did belong, which we do not. What if we are a passing fancy in the cicada thrumming of the DNA and our only chance at life is to go at it headlong and by that act, that essential act, we guarantee the obliteration of our kind? Just a thought, but what if it is true? What if our struggles to calm ourselves and gentle ourselves are beside the point? And destroy the only thing we have to contribute to this seething skin coating the planet? And that only thing is the sure knowledge of its existence and the sure knowledge that we do not belong in this place because our hearts are too large and hungry for this ground?"

**Do you see how screwed we are?
In any scenario without
geo-engineering,
from full-on burning of fossil fuels,
to total global economic collapse,
climate forcing can
only increase!**

When I say the conservation ethic is finished, I'm referring to the public's at first resigned and soon-to-be liberating awareness of McKibben's *End of Nature* idea. Not only was wilderness a big lie, but global warming leaves humanity no natural way out; you cannot offer to save civilization and keep the pristine nature concept alive. (Of course Gaia still has a natural perspective: eradicate the human disease ASAP.)

Well then, don't environmentalists at least get to point their fingers at agriculture and capitalism and maintain some semblance of the moral high ground? I no longer think so; both of those planet-killing human cultural developments now seem to have been predetermined once the human DNA strand first fell into place. And if everybody is to blame then nobody is to blame, and the environmental guilt-trip won't work anymore.

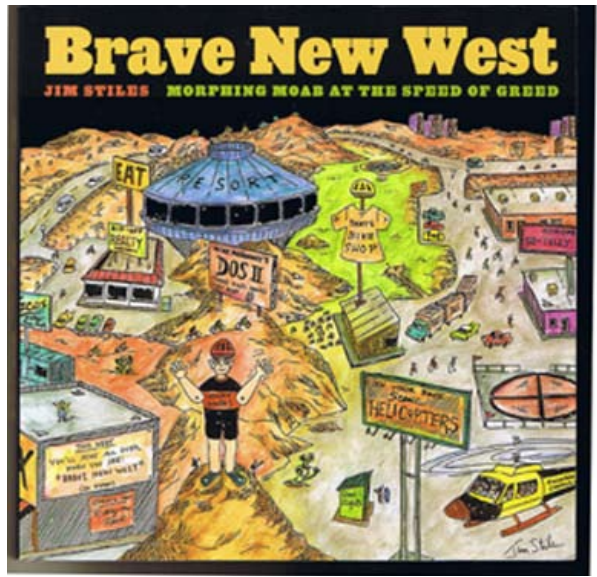
So why do professional environmentalists still get paid? Good question, but there's a one word answer: greenwash. Whether we're talking about secular humanists or progressive Christians, or just plain-old terrified white America, these groups make up an enormous market that somehow still clings to the belief that we humans won't cause our own demise, with the humanists being the most desperate consumers of that lie. Environmental orgs reaping mega-funds from the plutocracy exist primarily to serve that market.

"All of this flows through our veins regardless of our professed beliefs and all of this came not from God but from within the darkness of ourselves."

The Christians (wouldn't you know) have a ready-made fallback position, because their acceptance of the moral duty of individuals to exercise stewardship of God's Creation is tempered by their expectation that the human race will inevitably fail in that trust, thus bringing on the end of the world. So I think honest environmentalism has not much left to talk about except for this. We ought to remind the faithful, a few seconds after they launch the missiles, of one little inconvenient truth: the cause of impending destruction of our environment lies not in human morality but instead is simply coded in human genetics. Oh shit! There's no drama at the end? I guess this line of thinking has no future either.

"With luck, we will not get out of here alive."

DOUG MEYER is the Zephyr's Colorado Plateau Chief, except we still don't know what that means. He lives near Flagstaff, Arizona.



"Jim Stiles holds up a mirror to those of us living in the American West, exposing issues we may not want to face. We are all complicit in the shadow side of growth. His words are born not so much out of anger but a broken heart. He says he writes elegies for the landscape he loves, that he is 'hopelessly clinging to the past.' I would call Stiles a writer from the future. Brave New West is a book of import because of what it chooses to expose."

-- Terry Tempest Williams

SIGNED COPIES OF
Brave New West

are now available directly from
The Zephyr
PO Box 271
Monticello, UT 84535

\$20.00 postage paid
checks only at this time

www.canyoncountryzephyr.com

ANDREW KEETON
(from Mike Reed)
OKC, OK



TOM THORNE...SLC, UT



GREG SMITH
Ventura, CA

GREG KROLL
Santa fe, NM

John Tappan
Corvallis,
Oregon

BRIAN GATLIN
Grand Canyon, AZ



THE CALM BEFORE THE SWARM..#1

Moab, Utah in the Late 1980s

Jim Stiles

In the summer of 1987, the economy of Moab and Grand County hit rock bottom. A few years earlier, as uranium prices plummeted, the Atlas Vanadium Processing Mill north of town closed its doors for good. The mill, which had at one time provided hundreds of jobs now lay silent. It seemed as if the mainstay of Grand County's economy had vanished overnight and Moab was ghost town bound. Unemployment reached 20%. Empty homes and 'For Sale' signs were everywhere; at one point as many as one in five homes was on the market. The way the story went: Everybody moved to Elko, where the mining industry was still viable.

Moab's politicians and promoters tried to stop the town's dwindling population and shrinking tax base but Moab was hemorrhaging to death. For a while, in the early 80s, as the Department of Energy searched for a place to store the nation's high level nuclear waste, a remote location in San Juan County, just a thousand feet from the boundary of Canyonlands National Park became one of the primary sites for the "repository." The plan was to excavate a huge chamber in the massive salt domes, thousands of feet beneath the surface and store the radioactive material in canisters. The subterranean vaults and the canisters needed to withstand the forces of Nature for about 10,000 years. Considering this was a government operation, many of us were skeptical. In addition to the repository site, the associated infrastructure needed to deliver the goods would have been

By 1985 Moab was in a state of full "economic collapse." For the old time Moabites, the ones who had cut their teeth during the Uranium Boom days of the 1950s, Moab's demise was an unmitigated catastrophe. It was inconceivable to them, and heartbreaking as well, that the party was over. For almost 40 years mining had sustained the Moab community and now it seemed as if the town had nothing to show for its past success except boarded up Main Street businesses and half-deserted neighborhoods.

For another part of Moab's dwindling population, however, the downturn in the economy offered an unexpected opportunity. Since the early 1970s Moab had become a mecca for a small but growing group of young pilgrims, for lack of a better word, and I was one of them. We were searching for a different kind of life, away from the polluted, frenzied madness of urban areas. In Moab, Utah, we thought we'd found it. Coming to Moab meant making some sacrifices. We knew we'd never get rich. We knew we had removed ourselves from cultural and social opportunities that we'd grown accustomed to in our old home towns. And we knew we'd probably always be a vocal but persistent minority in a very conservative part of the American West.

The end of the mining boom presented a disaster for some, and an unexpected dividend for others. With the exodus of the mining community, housing prices plummeted, but for the first time, all those seasonal rangers and river runners--the marginal citizens of Moab,



The Corner of Center & Main Streets, looking south in 1988

In the summer of 1987, the economy of Moab and Grand County hit rock bottom. A few years earlier, as uranium prices plummeted, the Atlas Vanadium Processing Mill north of town closed its doors for good. The mill, which had at one time provided hundreds of jobs now lay silent. It seemed as if the mainstay of Grand County's economy had vanished overnight and Moab was ghost town bound.

staggering. DOE proposed a railroad line from Moab, downriver to Lockhart Basin and the base of the Needles Overlook to the site. The view would have never been the same. But Moab, still very much a town with a mining mindset in 1982, voted 2 to 1 in favor of the Repository in a non-binding straw vote.

Moabites debated the Repository at public meetings with the same amazing regularity and enthusiasm that we devoted to other contentious issues over the years. Again maybe there just wasn't anything else to do in those days but argue, but participation remained spirited and well-attended. Abbey's presence at these meetings, either live or by proxy may have boosted attendance. When Ed didn't feel up to the task, he often sent his young bride Renee' to read his prepared comments--we usually preferred looking at her anyway.

But more often, the Great Debates were waged with remarkable civility at Moab's three greasy spoon diners, the Westerner Grill, Milt's Stop n' Eat, and the Canyonlands Café. Milt's was named for its creator Milt Galbraith who built the Stop n' Eat in 1951 with \$10,000 he borrowed on a handshake (He paid off the loan in a year). Milt and his wife Audrey ran it 14 hours a day, six days a week, 50 weeks a year until 1982, when they finally sold the Stop n' Eat and settled into a comfortable, if not wealthy, retirement. The Westerner and the Café had origin stories of their own, and the cuisine at all three was similar--what made them so special were the seating arrangements. Even when tables or booths were available, they were few and far between and most of us were thrown into the mix at the counter. You never knew who your dining companion might be on any given day--it made for interesting conversation.

The L-shaped counter at the Westerner and the Café especially encouraged animated cross-talk from all the customers. My favorite lunch partner was an ex-uranium miner named Neldon Lemon. We'd been at the same meeting the night before and I'd overcome my fear of public speaking to stutter a few words. Neldon wasn't pleased and when he sat down beside me and I attempted to introduce myself, he cut me off..

"I know who you are," he snarled. "You're one of them goddamn environmentalists that wants to lock everything up." He looked at me fiercely.

"Well," I said, "That must make you one of those uranium miners who wants to tear everything up."

Neldon squinted at me for just a moment and then shook his head and chuckled. "Ah what the hell. I guess I can tolerate sitting next to you. What's the special today?"

That's the way it often was at the Westerner. Neldon and I became friends over the years. We chose to disagree on many issues but we were able to acknowledge and even celebrate our common interests as well. We both chose to live a simple life away from the cities, we both loved the open space and freedom of the Rural West, and we'd both chosen Moab. What else mattered really?

Still, on one issue we saw the changes in Moab very differently.

like me--could suddenly afford to buy a home. We went from being bearded hippies to responsible land owners in eighteen months. I was one of them. I'd heard rumors that prices had fallen and I spent part of a day driving up one side street after another, stunned by the number of realty signs. Finally I spotted an old stucco home with a big yard and a magnificent spruce tree in front. A catalpa tree grew next to the driveway...it was a sign from my grandfather, for sure, who loved the catalpa's spring blossoms but despised the seed pods. I decided to make an offer.

But I had no idea how to buy a house. I didn't even know where to start, so I turned to Pete Parry, the superintendent at Canyonlands National Park and asked for advice. He had some and it was brief. "Go see Norma Nunn."

Norma was a paragon of energy and assertiveness--exactly what I needed to get me through this torture. I told her about the Locust Lane property and she knew it well. The bank owned the house, had been sitting on it for five years, unable to unload it. The last time the house sold, in 1980, it went for \$51,000. Now the bank wanted \$23,000.

"We'll offer \$18,000 and see what they do," Norma explained. "How much of a down payment can you make?"

I'd checked my pitiful savings account. I barely had \$2000 in the bank and during the off-season from Arches, I was living on unemployment.

"Two thousand? They might take that," Norma assured me. "And be sure to list your unemployment compensation when you apply for the loan. That adds to your yearly income."

I thought she was crazy. "Are you sure, Norma?"

"Absolutely....this bank does not want to deal with all these empty houses. My guess is, they'll unload it at the price you're offering."

And she was absolutely right.

The next morning, I drove straight to town and walked warily to her desk. I stared disbelievingly at the documents she'd left for me. "Approved." I was a landowner. A few weeks later, we closed the deal. My new home was a wreck. No one had lived in it for years. I didn't even know if the plumbing and wiring worked...it was an "as is" deal. As I stood in the backyard, I felt a bit dizzy. What was I thinking? My doubting thoughts were pushed aside by a hard noise that sounded like a gravel crusher. But this was no mechanical clatter--it was Toots McDougald.

"Did you buy this goddamn house or are you just renting it?"

She was leaning against the fence that separated my place from hers. She looked to be in her 70s. Tall, angular, not an ounce of fat on her. She pulled her short closely cropped hair straight back, like Valentino. A cigarette hung idly from the corner of her mouth.

"Well?" she repeated, "Did you buy this goddamn place or not?"

I nodded slowly. "Yeah...for better or worse, I bought it."

Toots shook her head. "Then I hope you paint those goddamn aluminum shingles up

there on the roof. The glare from them shingles into my kitchen is just awful in the afternoon." With that she threw down her smoke, stomped it out with her tennis shoes, and walked back inside.

It became clear to me that painting the aluminum shingle might be a wise priority and as a result, Toots and I became lifelong friends. In the years to come she would feed me chocolate cake, every time she wanted me to come outside and pull goatheads and remind me that if she were 30 years younger, "you wouldn't be over there sleeping alone, honey." Toots told me of her adventures as a little girl in Moab, of her long trail rides to Turnbow Cabin, of the sorrows and joys she'd endured and loved over the years and decades...she painted a picture of a Moab I had never seen.

But what about now? What was to become of Moab in 1987? With a dwindling population and few if any prospects for a brighter economic future, some thought Moab might literally dry up and blow away. But others saw Moab's economic slump as an opportunity to re-define ourselves as a community. What kind of town did we want to be as we approached the last decade of the 20th Century? It seemed as good a time as any to abandon our title of "Uranium Capital of the World." Moab had always been pushed and shoved along by a boomtown mentality. Maybe we could finally escape that kind of erratic life.

But how to make a living...that was the rub. In the waning days of the summer of 1987, Moabites began to realize how divided we still were on the subject. Rumors of a plan to build an incinerator--a toxic waste incinerator--at Cisco, Utah, 35 miles upstream from Moab, reached the local cafes. The debate began.

The Grand County Commission--Jimmie Walker, Dutch Zimmerman, and David Knutson--had been working behind the scenes for six months with a corporation named CoWest, Inc. CoWest specialized in building toxic waste incinerators and now they wanted to construct what they claimed would be a state-of-the-art facility on 180 acres of land in Cisco. But the land there was not zoned for that kind of use; in fact, there was no heavy industrial zone in Grand County at all, and the county commissioners, seeing a way to dramatically boost the county tax base, thought they'd stumbled across a gold mine. Or a high-tech toxic version of one. And they were convinced that the residents of Grand County would support them.

Jimmie, Dutch and Dave were all lifelong residents of Moab and survivors of the economic downturn. But none of them sensed how much Moab had changed in such a short time. Just five years earlier, in 1982, Moab residents had supported the proposed nuclear waste repository by a 2 to 1 margin, despite the fact that the facility was to be built within a thousand feet of Canyonlands National Park in San Juan County. So the fact that the commissioners enthusiastically supported an industry that would incinerate a staggering variety of toxins, from benzene and paint thinners to pharmaceutical wastes should not have surprised anyone.

But the community was enraged, or at least part of it; what no one could predict was the extent of the anger. Was this just another vocal minority? Or were we seeing a fundamental shift in Moab and Grand County attitudes? We were about to find out.

On the evening of December 2, 1987, a "toxic waste information meeting" was held at Star Hall. Commissioner David Knutson assembled a panel of CoWest officials, federal and state regulators, and private citizens. Almost 400 people crammed into the building for one of the most spirited gatherings in the town's recent history. Dean Norris, the president of CoWest became an instant antagonist for incinerator opponents. Dressed in gray polyester and sporting a huge diamond-studded pinky ring, he barely tolerated the barrage of questions by angry residents that filled much of the evening and many of us could not have been happier; every cause needs a Bad Guy and Norris played the role perfectly.

When the shouting was over, nothing had been resolved and a showdown looked inevitable. The commission showed no sign of backing off and Moabites continued to vent their anger.

The Utah constitution provides a referendum provision to decide issues such as this; it requires 12.5% of the total number of votes in the last gubernatorial election. In Grand County, that meant 418 signatures. Three weeks later, sponsors of the referendum presented petitions to County Clerk Fran Townsend with more than 500 signatures. The petition asked that "Section 2-5-12-C of Ordinance 134, passed by the County Commission on January 25, be referred to the people for their approval or rejection at the regular election to be held November 8."

Approval of the Initiative Petition would implement a new law that would restrict com-

mercial uses in any Grand County zone. It said: "No zoning ordinance in Grand County shall allow: the incineration or burning of hazardous and/or toxic waste; the storage of toxic waste other than that created as a byproduct of local business or industry; the manufacture of toxins and viruses; the manufacture of synthetic pesticides, herbicides, and fungicides; the manufacture of chemical or biological weapons."

As Election Day approached, Grand County was wound as tightly as a Warn winch. The polls closed at 7 pm and Grand County residents were glued to their television sets. But in Moab, there was no "live" local news. Thousands of us were staring instead at the Channel 6 weather scanner, waiting for the updates. Channel 6 news director Ken Davey, the "Dean of the Moab Press Corps," would videotape himself at the courthouse, reading the latest tallies. Then he'd pop the cassette from the recorder and sprint down Main Street to the studio and play the slightly delayed video.



Channel 6 news director Ken Davey, the "Dean of the Moab Press Corps," would videotape himself at the courthouse, reading the latest tallies. Then he'd pop the cassette from the recorder and sprint down Main Street to the studio and play the slightly delayed video.

Early on, a trend became evident--the incinerator was toast. By an ever-widening margin, Grand County voted in favor of the initiative and soundly defeated the project, ultimately by a margin of almost 2 to 1. Most remarkable was the turnout itself--more than 80% of all registered voters went to the polls on November 8, 1988; it was a record then, and we have rarely come close since.

The incinerator issue died on November 8, 1988 and no one has ever seriously considered a similar project for Grand County since. The statistics that came out of that election are still remarkable, because the vote was so free of an ideological bent. While almost two-thirds of the population opposed the incinerator, in the presidential election, Dukakis took a beating from the Republican George Bush. So liberal versus conservative, Democrat versus Republican didn't play a pivotal role; instead, it was about our quality of life here, and toxic waste incinerators did not sound like an enhancement.

For Walker, Zimmerman and Knutson, they found themselves cast as the Darth Vader Trio to many of us in 1988, but it was hardly fair. None of them stood to profit personally from CoWest; coming from lifetimes in the extractive industries, the incinerator seemed like a quick way to increase the tax base in a depressed county on the verge of blowing away like so much dead tumbleweed. Opponents of the incinerator celebrated. Had a new day dawned in Moab and Grand County? We all hoped and dreamed that perhaps we really could re-define our community and create something new and different. Something to be proud of.

The "winners" and "losers" alike put the election behind them and moved on with their lives. But the question still remained: How do we make a living in Grand County, Utah? A year before the referendum, in November 1987, the Times-Independent ran a small story in its second section. The title of the article was, "Mountain biking in SE Utah is becoming a popular sport." Hardly anybody took it seriously.

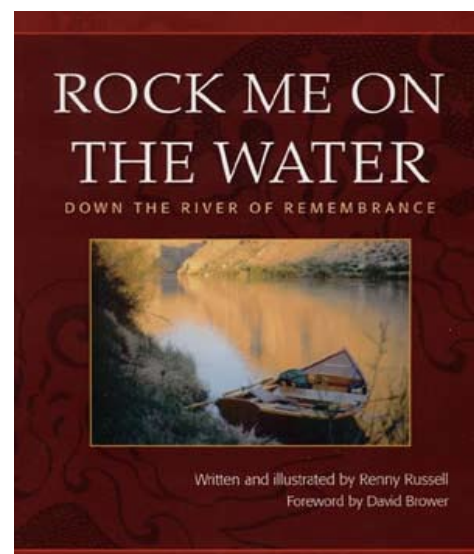
NEXT TIME: "The Joy of Being Poor" in Moab, Utah

"Renny Russell's *Rock Me on the Water* is at its heart courageous. To return to the same power of nature that took his brother thirty years previous--to be with it, to confront it, to take solace in it, and to be inspired and healed by it--is remarkable in itself. His book is, as well, a testament to the evocative rhythms of the wilds. In this complicated dance, this profoundly personal journey, Renny Russell also gives us an amazingly spirited tour of one of the truly great landscapes of the American West and a keen understanding of its power to shape a life."

Robert Redford

order signed copies at:
<http://www.rennyrussell.com/>

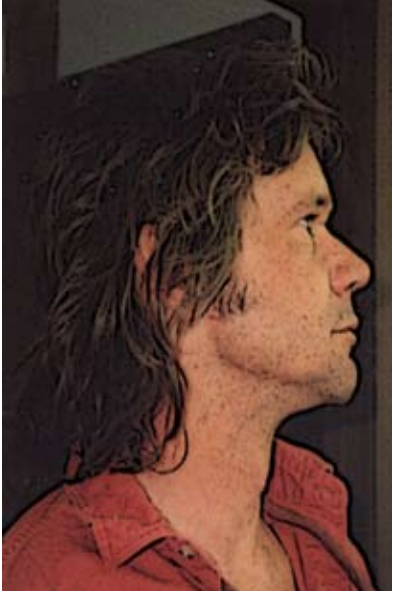
From Renny Russell,
the author of...



PORTRAITS OF MOAB...1988-1993

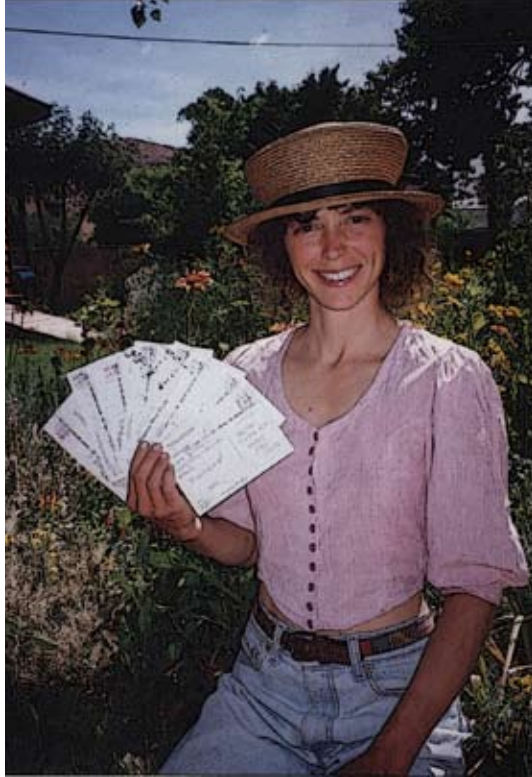
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM STILES

In the late 80s and early 90s, I was taking a lot of pictures of Moab's 'survivors,' the ones who decided to tough out the hard times and make a new life. Here is Part 1 of my collection of Great Moab Faces...JS



DONI KIFFMEYER & KAKI HUNTER:

Actors, playwrights, directors, alternative energy enthusiasts---they both remain Moab activists in 2011.



JOHN SENSEBRENNER:

Took over Milt's Stop n' Eat in 1979 and put almost as many years behind the counter as Milt Galbraith did...he was also the Zephyr's first conservative commentator ...

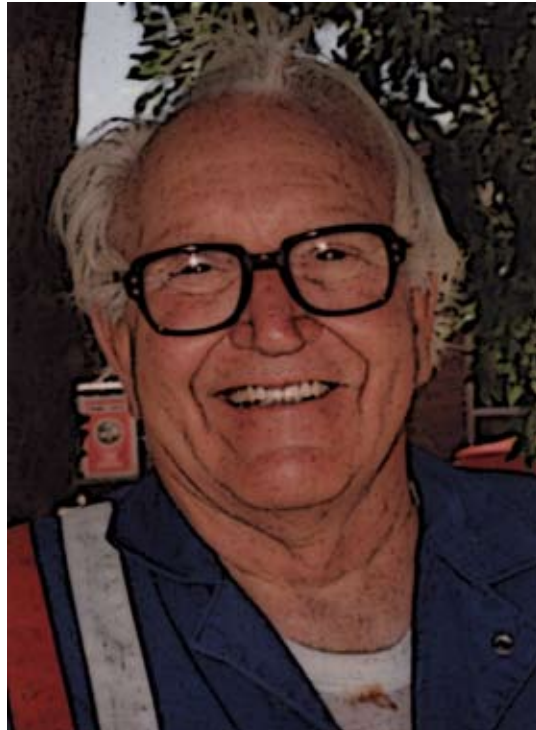


MARGARET HOPKINS:

Has devoted her life to the education of Grand County children. She is currently the superintendent of Grand County Schools.



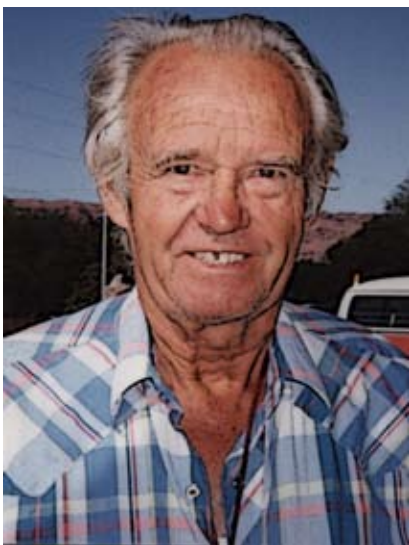
DAVE COZZENS: Another Moab Lifer. Building contractor. Outspoken activist for conservative points of view.



JIMMIE WALKER: Lifelong resident of Moab. Miner, county commissioner. Grand County promoter. Jimmie represented the last of the Old Guard when he supported a toxic waste incinerator in 1988.



TOM ARNOLD: Volkswagon mechanic/philosopher, Ed Abbey's pilot, curator of Tom Tom's Foreign Car Museum. Tom was a familiar face in Moab for almost 40 years. He always reminded me of the line from McMurtry in Lonesome Dove---"cheerful in all weathers." Tom was unflappable. He died in 2007.



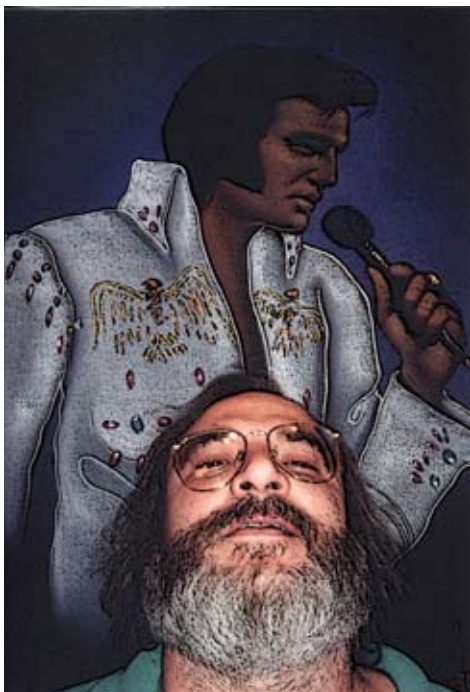
LIN OTTINGER: Longtime explorer of the canyon country. In 1990 he was still using ancient VW micro-buses to explore the White Rim. He clashed often with the Park Service as rules and regs go tighter over the years. He is also the only known Moab tourguide to have a dinosaur named after him.



DAVID KNUTSON: Former Grand County Commissioner and advocate for a "Book Cliffs Highway" in the early 1990s, David and The Zephyr disagreed on almost everything; yet we enjoyed an open and honest friendship...I miss that. Hope Dave is doing well these days...



ANDREA STOUGHTON: Legendary rock climber and outdoors enthusiast, she rode her bike everywhere before it was fashionable. However, for all her incredible upper body strength, this reporter was able to beat her arm-wrestling in a well-publicized event at Dave's Corner Market, 2 out of 3 times. I am still available for a re-match...



MIKE MAROONEY: The one & only. Owner of the Dos Amigos in the mid-90s. Mad Man. Moab could use a Marooney these days.



HOLLY DINSMORE: Longtime Moabite, spent years managing Mike Marooney. Now a familiar face at WabiSabi.



MONTY RISENHOOVER: The Zephyr's favorite real cowboy. He lives in Western Colorado these days.



CHRISTY WILLIAMS DUNTON: The Voice of Moab since the late 70s. Poet, philosopher, defender of Free Speech. Now program manager at KZMU.



JOE KINGSLEY: Realtor and Democratic Party leader in the late 80s. Joe has been a resident of Castle Valley for 40 years. Someday he's going to write a story for the Zephyr on his memories of the Valley when nobody had heard of it.



BEGO GERHARDT (center), world class rock climber, and **HEATHER BROWNELL** (future veterinarian). We're unable to identify the woman on the left.



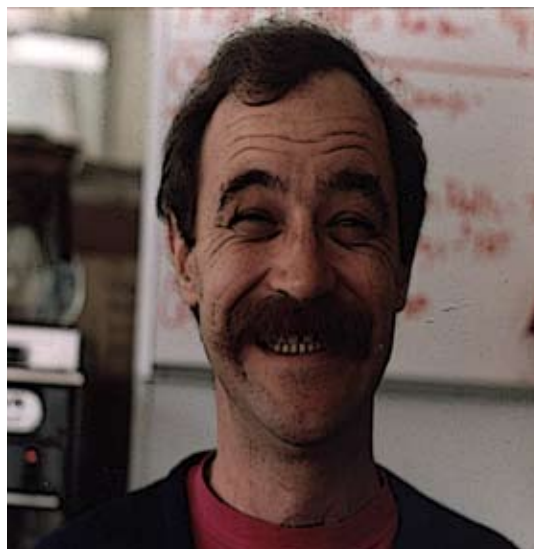
JIM SARTEN: River runner, small businessman and enthusiastic supporter of Moab and The Zephyr (!!). He always had a kind word for everybody. I loved bumping into Jim at the PO. He died last year.



CARL RAPPE (Uncle Meat): Started the Main Street Broiler in the late 80s. Hardly anyone remembers that Carl was the force behind the creation of KZMU radio. Carl is still in Moab but grumbles about it a lot.



VENICE DENNY: A familiar face in Moab for decades, he owned a parcel of land on 4th East where the Mill Creek Pueblos now stand. Venice offered the then-pristine property to the city, at a rock bottom price, so it could be preserved as a park, but the city said showed no interest. It could have been a beautiful addition to the Mill Creek Parkway.





LAURA HOUCK & LINDA WITTKOPF...

Lolly and Linda started "Back to the Soda Fountain" in the old Family Drug Store building on Main St. Best sandwiches in Moab in 1989. Linda died in 2006. Lolly is still there.



ED SNYDER:

Came to Moab in the early 90s from Telluride and opened Eddie McStiff's. Once given a ration of shit by this editor for being an 'outsider,' he's now one of Moab's oldest surviving businesses.

CATHY COONEY & CHUCK SCHILDT:

Owners of Moab Mercantile in the late 80s. Chuck runs the downtown visitor center these days. Cooney is Moab's artist-in-residence.



ROBERT FULGHUM: author of the best seller "Kindergarten" book, Fulghm did NOT like having his picture taken when he was getting a haircut.



ALICE DROGIN AND DAUGHTER: Alice worked for the NPS as a seasonal interpreter at Arches in the 1980s. Last month she was elected a Castle Valley councilperson.



LOIS & IZZY NELSON: Longtime owners of Nelson Refrigeration. Still living in Moab. I am still trying to get Izzy to embrace the world wide web.



SCOTT GROENE & JANE S JONES: Two of the Zephyr's favorite early eclectic writers: Hardcore Green Groene and Libertarian Jane. Groene is now ED of SUWA and we have no idea where Jane is these days. If you know her whereabouts, tell her to call home...



KEN DAVEY (THE DEAN of the MOAB PRESS CORPS) at his early 90s wedding to Julie Fox, seen here with his dashing Best Man.

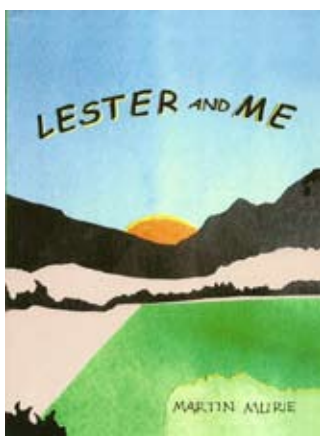
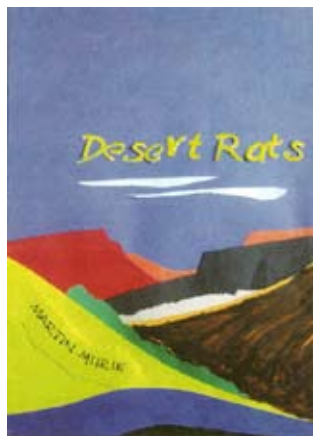
We have GREAT road bikes & Mountain Bikes too...



**2822 NORTH AVENUE
GRAND JCT, COLORADO**

970.242.9285

Still your Moab HQ East for all your biking needs.



ORDER SIGNED COPIES DIRECT FROM MARTIN MURIE:

LOSING SOLITUDE: A contemporary Western. Developers invade a cowtown....\$14.95

WINDSWEPT: Birdwatchers & a biker from Montana tangle with corporation extremists in Medicine Bow, Wyoming....\$14.95

BURT' S WAY: Environmentalists labeled 'terrorists,' keep a' chuggin' on the Quebec/New York border...\$12

RED TREE MOUSE CHRONICLES: Forest animals on assignment; What is the future of the forests? They turn activist.....\$6.00

SERIOUSLY INSISTENT: 80 pages of activist critique...\$7.00

www.packratnest.com

ROSCO BETUNADA
WhiteWater,
Colorado-dough



LINDA HART
Coldwater, KS



JEFF NICHOLS
SLC, UT



PAUL VLACHOS
NY, NY



BECKY MORTON
Oakland, CA



TIM STECKLINE
Spearfish, SD

MELINDA PRICE-WILT-SHIRE
Victoria, BC



CLARK TROWELL
Green Valley, CA



KAY & TUCK FORSYTHE
Ellensburg, WA



DAVID YARBROUGH
Waddy, Kentucky



KEEAN & DANIEL
Salt Lake City, UT

PAUL CLEARY
Tulsa, OK

www.eddiemcstiffs.com



57 S MAIN STREET
in the McSTIFFS PLAZA
435.259. BEER (2337)

Eddie contemplates his own portrait and concludes:
"I am **S00000000** good looking."



MY PERSONAL HISTORY

Life & Times in Southeast Utah Verona Stocks

The farm in Blanding

When school was out a family friend took Aunt Pearl, Mary and me to Blanding. The night before we left, a well dressed elderly man stopped at Grandma's house, he ate supper with us, they asked him to stay the night. He said no, he was passing through Blanding and would be on his way. When we arrived in Blanding Dad and Mother were expecting us. They said a man had come to their house and had breakfast with them. He told them what time we would arrive. They described the man who ate supper with my Grand parents one evening and breakfast with Dad and Mother the next morning. It took us three days to drive there in a buggy, the man was walking when he came to the Murphy Ranch in Moab, and he arrived at Dad's farm five miles below Blanding the next morning for breakfast and he was walking. That was very puzzling to us all, still is to me.

I do remember my first look at our farm. We went down a long ridge to the bottom of what was called a "Swale." A wide place between two ridges. There was a big tent, surrounded by tall beautiful sage brush with patches of grass and flowers here and there. It was like the parks on the mountains, except there was not a tree in sight. The sage had a purple tint and was as tall as a man, and so much grass. There were lots of big white Segó Lilies.

Dad cleared and fenced ten acres, he planted corn, beans, and potatoes. It was over the ridge east of the house. One of Mary's and my chores was to keep the weeds out of the garden Mother had planted before we got there. We spent a lot of time digging Segó Lilies so we could eat the bulbs. Another chore was to go about a mile to get the mail. We had a little sorrel mare called Bird to ride, she was built something like a donkey and she thought a lot like them too. Full of all kinds of tricks. Mary could ride her but when she tried taking me with her, Bird would go so far then she would rear up. I would scream and Mary would have to bring me back. She either had to ride alone or make me walk with her. That didn't work out too good either.

One time we went after the mail and just before we reached the road some Indians showed up and as far as we could see down the road there was more Indians, most of them on horse back, they were headed toward Blanding. Mary said we should hide in a wash close by. But not me. I had to get up on the bank behind a little bush and watch those Indians go by and did not come our way. They saw me alright, pointed my way and laughed. Mary was furious and scared too.

Dad chewed tobacco and we had some goats. When Dad and Mother went after water and left Mary and me alone, Mary would get out a plug of tobacco and give each goat a chew, they liked it. She finally figured if the goats could chew tobacco and not spit she could too. She tried it, soon she turned green...

April 4, 1914, Mother, Mary and I were baptized. It was not supposed to be a cold day, it was, the water was very cold. The pond we were baptized in is now called Jackson Pond.

Joe Huff was visiting his folks in Moab and he baptized all three of us. I was afraid of water, after watching Mary and Mother get dunked all over. I thought if they could do it so could I. I was very proud to be baptized when my Mother was.

I can remember one friend who was baptized that day. It was Bessie (Shafer) Youvon.

Aunt Tim was anxious to see her daughter so we left for Blanding, her grandson Howard wanted to help Mary drive the milk cows. She did not need help

but he had nerve and stayed right with her.

Arthur Christenson, who lived at the foot of Peters Hill was on his way to Monticello, he helped drive the cows and showed off for Mary and Howard, She had her first crush. Howard felt hopeless about ever being a cowboy. He knew he never would be able to stand on a horse, let alone stand on his head, do somersaults, twerle a rope, rope a cow, or whistle like Arthur even though Arthur was riding a burro.

We stopped at the Carlisle ranch. The next morning we drove straight through Monticello. It was raining, the mud was deep the horses pull-hard.

I was very sick and Great Aunt Tim was a cute elderly little lady but not used to what she was going through on this trip.

Then it started raining harder, we were near Verdure and had to stop. I was sitting on the seat of the wagon Mother was driving. Aunt Tim and the younger kids were back in the covered wagon, warm and dry.

Dad drove in among some trees and set up the little tent. Mother told me to hurry and get into it. I tried but could not walk. Dad carried me to the tent and fixed a place for me to lie down. Aunt Tim came in and they got her as comfortable as possible. Dad, Mother and the other kids had to sleep in the covered wagons, except Mary, she slept with me. Dad stretched a canvas between two trees and built a camp fire so Mother could cook out of the rain. Then Mary and Howard came and she was mad, Dad asked what took them so long and she told him there was a bull back there and one of the cows had jumped the fence and they had a hard time getting her back on the road and she kept trying to go back.

Aunt Tim really gave Mary a lecture, she could not be a lady unless she watched her language, Mary said, "Well it was a bull." Aunt Tim said, "no it was a gentleman cow."

We stayed in that camp ten days before we could move on. The rain stopped but I was too sick. It was my appendix. Aunt Tim and Howard were glad to be united with their folks and to be in a house again, when we finally reached Blanding.

Bucking Burros & Chewing tobacco

Dad cleared land for other farmers close by and he cut posts and built fences. There was a lot of cattle and wild horses on the White Mesa, where we lived. Dad located our burro and brought her home, she had a cute little burro colt. Mary was going to ride our burro, she had the summer before but that

donkey had run wild for so long she had other ideas. Mary said I had to lead her, Mary got on, no way to hold the donkey's head up so she bucked, Mary flew high and came down head first in a pile of posts, nothing showing but her feet. Dad got her out, she was scratched up and mad. Dad told her to put a bridle on the burro and hold her head up so she couldn't buck, that worked.

Dad chewed tobacco and we had some goats. When Dad and Mother went after water and left Mary and me alone, Mary would get out a plug of tobacco and give each goat a chew, they liked it. She finally figured if the goats could chew tobacco and not spit she could too. She tried it, soon she turned green, maybe she was just a little pale, well whatever, she was just one sick kid. I sure was glad to see Mother and Dad show up. Dad stopped chewing tobacco and he



got rid of the goats. He never figured out for a long time just how those goats could find his tobacco, no matter where he hid it.

Grandma Murphy and Otho come to Blanding for a visit. He was five years older than Mary but he always seemed younger. There was no water on our place. We hauled our culinary water from a spring of good water about a mile and a half from our place. Our cows and horses watered there, unless the Indians were on the move. Otho was with us one day when we went to the spring after our cows. That time of year we did not expect Indians but they were there and getting ready to eat. It was Chief Posey and some of his people. One of his women brought food to us. Otho and Mary kept poking me and saying "You eat and don't say a word." I ate. Otho kept saying, "It might be dog meat or rattle snake." He did not know but I did, it was goat meat and fresh, I saw the hide hanging there. He was a town boy.

One day Mother went with us to get some vegetables from the garden which was over a little ridge from the house. We got to the top of the ridge and could see the garden below us. Rover our dog kept trying to turn us back. He was



Aunt Tim really gave Mary a lecture, she could not be a lady unless she watched her language, Mary said, "Well it was a bull."

Aunt Tim said, "no it was a gentleman cow."

growling and the hair on his neck and back was standing straight up. An animal howled down by the garden, Otho just turned and ran. Mary said come on, Gee, I was going as fast as I could. She came back, gave my arm a jerk, I beat her to the house.

Mother looked at Rover, his hair still standing on end, he was still watching that ridge. We were told to stay by the house and close the door. At times Dad carried the mail to Bluff for the regular mail man. When he returned he told us a crippled wolf had killed two Indian women in Bluff two nights before. We were not allowed to leave the yard until the men tracking the wolf let us know it was out of the area. It was killed in Colorado.

We moved back to Moab that fall. Mary, Annie and me walked the two and a half miles to school all winter.

A Loss to the Family

Mother was eight months pregnant when her second baby boy was still born. Mother was alone when the baby came and she was heart broken, they wanted a boy so bad. Us kids came from school, we knew Mother was not feeling good when we left that morning. Mary chased us out into the tent where I fed the kids while Mary was trying to do something for Mother. Uncle Heber stopped

in and saw the situation, got Aunt Nellie to help Mary. He built a little casket, Aunt Nellie fixed it up with silk cloth and lace, then they had a little service for the baby and Uncle Heber buried it.

Dad was out rounding up cows at the time. Mary stayed home from school until the folks realized just how sick Mother was. Uncle Heber and Uncle Felix kept a close watch on Mother. Uncle Heber saw that some of the women took food to her, Uncle Felix saw that there was plenty of wood and fresh water.

Us kids were chased off to school before Mother was up and around Mary and I always brought flowers home to her from Essie Shaffer's flower garden. After Mrs. Shaffer found out Mother was so sick she always had flowers ready, when school was out, for us to take home.

We had plenty to do when we got home. Mary would let me help her cook then she fed Mother, milked the cows, fed the chickens and pigs, I fed the little kids, did the dishes, put the little girls to bed, etc.

Before Mother was really able to travel we moved back to Blanding and down on the dry farm. We went the same old way Dad driving one team and Mother driving the other one. Mary drove the cows, I had the usual attack of appendicitis.

When we got settled in at the dry farm Dad plowed up the ten acre field that was fenced. Mary and I came along behind him and dropped the potatoes and then the corn in the rows he made. He harrowed over that. We planted the garden while Dad finished clearing the twenty acres he was going to plant on Grandma's land. Mother did walk up with the three little girls to see that we planted the garden right. She was still too weak to do much.

Mother was eight months pregnant when her second baby boy was still born. Mother was alone when the baby came and she was heart broken, they wanted a boy so bad.

There was a long rocky, tree covered high ridge bordering Grandma's land on the east. At the North end there was a spring, hard to get to but the Indians did not come to it so that is where we got our water part of the time. On the day we were going to plant Grandma's field Dad told Mother to fix a picnic and we would plant corn, get water and picnic at the spring.

Mary and I was busy planting the corn, Dad was making rows and barely staying ahead of us when Rover started growling. We looked up and there on that ridge was a herd of cattle, their leader was a big roan steer with the biggest horns I have ever seen, he wanted to use them too. Dad told us to get to the wagon as fast as we could, get in and lay down and be very still. Mother saw the cattle and had the little kids in the wagon laying down. The sideboards on that wagon was not near high enough. Dad unhooked the horses and got to the wagon just before the steer did, about a hundred head of cattle was right behind him. Dad put the horses on the opposite side of the wagon from the cattle, then he got a single tree off the wagon to hit that steer if he attacked the horses or tried to get the people in the wagon, he did not need it. Rover was a large dog, he grabbed that steer by the nose and hung on, it was a wicked fight. The steer finally got loose and took away from there as fast as he had come, his followers went with him. When he attacked a cowboy on a horse another cowboy who had a gun killed him.

We finished planting that week, it was hard because Dad got sick. He had typhoid fever. Grandma showed up. I do not know if Mother sent for her or who brought her. I do know she was needed, Dad had to have someone with him day and night. When he was able to get around all our mares were gone. The big red stallion had rounded them up. When he was able to work Dad had to have Queen, her and Baldy was the best work team.

I do not remember just when Dad built the cabin on the farm, but we liked it better than the tent; we did still use the tent however. Now I remember who came with Grandma and why. It was Aunt Pearl's father-in-law. Mr. Knight came to witch a water well for us. He would walk around with a peach limb and if it turned down, that's where you dug for water. We never got a well.

When Dad built that cabin he left some long poles sticking out on the corners, they were just right to catch Mary in the head when she made a dash in that direction. She did several times a day. He wondered when she would learn, because always she was knocked down and had knots on her head. I think he finally sawed them off. The poles I mean.

Getting the Better of Cousin Eph

Before Dad built the cabin the other man, Joe Huff's cousin Eph lived with

continues on next page...

VERONA STOCKS (CONT)

us a lot. He never worked or helped out in any way. He was bossy with us kids and he always sat in Mother's rocking chair. Mary and I mocked his way of eating, that helped us because we learned to eat with our mouths closed and did not smack our lips. Mother never stayed in that room when he was eating and she never caught us making fun of him.

He went too far when he ordered Mother to cook his dinner one day when she had very little to cook and he was a big eater. Mary had a scheme, he always went to sleep in the rocking chair after he ate. We got soot out of the stove, Mary put a little water in it and painted his bald head. Got some on his face too. Then we put a looking glass right in front of him. We got tin pans and beat on them with sticks. That woke him up, and when he saw himself in that looking glass he was really mad. He went after Mary and she grabbed a pan of soapy water and threw it in his face and eyes. We got out of there fast and found Mother.

Eph packed his things and went to Joe's place but he was not welcome there either so he soon went back to Moab. Dad never did say a word to us kids for giving Eph a bad time.

I did not like to go to Blanding. The mountains were all wrong and not in the right place, the sun did not come over them. There were no beautiful tall cliffs and no red rock hills close by. The town was not right either, even though there were some beautiful homes there were no rows of tall green poplars, no spreading cottonwood trees and no orchards. Even after all the things that were wrong, I was not unhappy after we reached the dry farm, I was just too busy, Mother was happy and Dad worked six days a week most of the time, when he was home on Sunday, he read the Bible to us and asked us questions. When we finished the lessons, if we listened closely it took about an hour then we played game or went on a picnic to the spring. We had to haul our water and Dad made it fun.

After Dad had typhoid fever he stopped drinking. He liked to sing and read, he read to Mother, because she did not like to read. They did not intend to go back to Moab that fall so Dad bought a lot on the outskirts of Blanding, west of Redd's store. There were Cedar and Pinyon trees all around the lot.

Dad needed those work mares the stallion had stolen, especially Queen. Nickle was alright working with Bally for light loads, but for hauling logs or doing road work he was too small.

Dad went looking for tracks to see if those wild horses were near.

He took Mary and me along. Mary was riding on Mother's side saddle, but I was riding Nickle bare back with just a rope around his neck when we came onto that herd of horses suddenly. The ones near us were mostly domestic animals so they did not panic like the wild ones would. Dad jerked the rope off Nickle, told me to hang on or those horses coming behind me would run over me. He hit Nickle on the rump with that rope and told him to go home quick he did, about 30 head of horses behind him, Dad coming behind them yelling and using the rope on any horse that tried to slow down, Mary coming behind him screaming and scared I would fall off. Well I had no choice but to hang on and ride. Nickle was running all out, the horses behind him were running and some of them were right beside us. He went into that corral fast, those horses right with him. I got back to the gate where Dad was and said "Well let's go get the rest of those horses." Dad laughed and said we don't need any more.

We got our mares, Queen, Sal and Bird who had a beautiful red colt with her, he was big and built like the red Stallion. Dad kept a few more of the horses for their owners and turned the rest loose.

The Bishop says the kids are wild.

Soon after that Dad hitched Bally and Queen to the buggy and sent Mary and me to the store. We sure made a fast trip, Mary scared me much worse than riding after wild horses. She decided we should have a horse race. Bally and Queen hooked to the buggy and to each other she got them on the run alright, only they stayed close together so she got down on the buggy tongue between them, that's the way we came in to town. The horses were glad to stop at the store. It was not so bad going home, she told me about this good drink she had and told me she would make me one. She did too, she made it with vanilla sugar and water. The vanilla was the real thing, mostly alcohol.

Mother and Dad did not pay much attention to us then, later when we went to bed they did. It was a hot night so we all thought it would be great to sleep by the haystack. Mary and I thought it would be fun to climb on the haystack and slide off. Dad told us to stop it and go to bed so we climbed up it and slid right down on his bed, giggling and talking loud. He caught us and discovered we were drunk. He told us to slide off the other side of the haystack for awhile. It was years before I could even eat vanilla ice cream.

The Bishop got after Dad because he was bringing up his girls to be so wild. We thought we would be a little wilder so when we rode into Blanding on our way to school we would stand up in the saddles, get the horses to go on a high lope then change horses, I would step across to Mary's saddle and she would

step over to mine.

Then one morning on our way to school the double tree bolt broke and the buggy tipped over--it was going to her side, if I went toward my side I had to go up so when she jumped out. I followed her and landed halfway in the ditch. She unhooked the horses, tied them to the fence nearby, then she made me go to school wet to the waist. I sure was embarrassed because there was a girl in my class that always wet her pants and I thought the kid would think I did.

The reason we had the buggy was because Arthur Kimball saw us riding into town on a lope and changing horses. They thought it was safer in the buggy. Some guy saw the buggy and horses and rode all the way to the ranch to tell Mother we had tipped over on the bridge, the water was deep and running swift, and he couldn't find us anywhere. He hitched a couple of horses to the wagon and come as fast as those horses could travel. The first thing she saw was those horses tied to a fence, so she came to school and found us safe. She had a good visit with Claudia Kimball.

I think this happened in 1915 but it could have been 1914. We were sleeping in the cabin when we were awakened by this awful commotion. Mother was yelling at us to light the lamp quick and help her, and there was a cat squalling. Mary got the lamp lit and saw Mother fighting with a great big cat. It would get away from Mother jump back on the bed where Mother's youngest child was sleeping and put his mouth and nose over hers. It took all three of us to get that big tom cat out of the house. Mother's arms face and neck were all bleeding where the cat had scratched her. She awakened her little Margaret, she seemed so drowsy and hardly able to wake up. Mother did not sleep the rest of that night. She had come awake just in time to save her child's life.

The next morning Mary and I hunted all around for that cat, it was close to the house, we had long sticks to beat it with. We could chase it but it would not go far. Finally we set the dog on it. He killed it. That cat seemed evil to us all. He did not belong to us and we did not know where he came from.

Dad finally got our cabin built up near Blanding. We did not mind the short walk to school. After school Mary and I usually had to bring the cows home.



The Bishop got after Dad because he was bringing up his girls to be so wild. We thought we would be a little wilder so when we rode into Blanding on our way to school we would stand up in the saddles...

One of them had a bell on so we could easily find them. They usually grazed along Cottonwood Wash. One evening when we found them some Indian women and kids were trying to drive them toward their camp. Mary picked up a stick and yelled at the boss cow, Baldy, she started for home and the calves, the rest following her. The Indians did not give up trying to turn them at first. But the cows were going home. One young squaw kept running along side me and pulling my hair. I had fairly long braids. Mary kept yelling at me to keep running. Of course I had no intention of stopping. I could dodge the Indian by going under trees, she could not because she was fat. Most of the Indians were laughing at her so she gave up the chase and let us go home.

We were very crowded in the little log cabin there in Blanding, but Mother and Dad were both happier than they could ever be in Moab. Mother was going to get another baby, Mary and I kept watching her as the weeks went by, still no baby so we decided it was surely two babies and one at least had to be a boy. Mary said she was going to love and take care of that boy the most. I said I would take of the baby girl because boys grew up to be mean and destructive.

I was ten and Mary was twelve but we did the washing that winter, Mother could not bend over a scrub board. Dad still had to haul water just a short distance, When the snow came we melted that to wash the clothes. I know Annie was going to school so she must have walked with us in the morning, she did not come with us from school, so she probably got out earlier.

Next month: The twins are born. The family moves back to Moab.






Fresh is the only way to ensure truly delicious Middle-Eastern flavor.

City Weekly Best of Utah

WE HAVE TWO LOCATIONS!
 1515 South 1500 East & 912 East 900 South

OPEN MONDAY-SATURDAY 11AM to 9pm
 In a hurry? Phone ahead and we'll have it ready for you

(801) 671.2999
www.mazzacafe.com

Our Claim Stays the Same: FART-FREE BEANS

WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON OUR FOOD!

Our genuine Mexican Cuisine comes from traditional recipes & methods from BAJA, CALIFORNIA & other states in MEXICO.

51 N. MAIN ST
MOAB, UTAH
435.259.6546

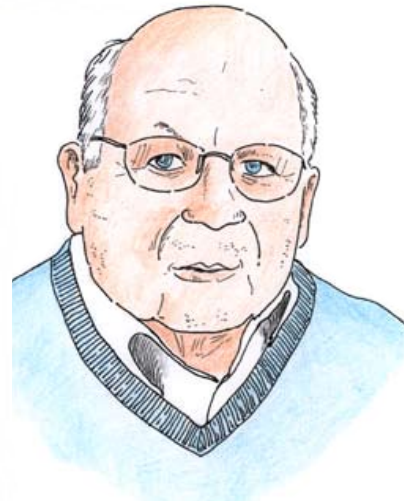
www.miguelsbajagrill.com

CATHERINE SHANK

ORTHO-BIONOMY
 for your body & mind

offers profound relief from acute & chronic pain...It addresses both physical & emotional trauma through deep subtle healing.

79 S Main #10 in Moab
www.phoenixrisingmoab.com

CHECK OUT
 OMAR TATUM'S
AmeriCandy

in LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

<http://www.americandybar.com>



984 BARRET AVE LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY!
502.583.3447
 "Still only 1531 miles from Moab!"
www.lynnspariscafe.com

"One of the four most fun restaurants in America" Esquire (June 2002)

For a good time call Patty "The Instigator" at 502-821-8888 or email her Patty@lynnspariscafe.com to plan your next celebration!



COMING NEW YEAR'S EVE & DAY

3rd Annual PAJAMA PARTY
 Come in your PJs and win a special gift!!!

and at:
WORLD of SWIRL

Tons of new items for GIFT GIVING & STOCKING STUFFING...





Holidaze

It is starting to get cold here. Once again, the trees flame with gold that rains down on the barren fields whenever the wind sweeps down the valley. I can see my breath most mornings, and know that the shower of leaves will soon be replaced with spiraling snowflakes. Images flash in my mind's eye of the time I have spent here; I see the folded mountain above the village striped with fresh snow, I see men and boys huddled around the café woodstoves, pulling their woolen robes tighter about them. I see the haze of woodsmoke from countless fires, settled low against the valley floor in the early mornings that shine with silver frost. Winter is coming once again, and I suppose that it is better this year to have an idea of what is in store, rather than simply facing the unknown as I did last year at this time.

Today, the third of November, marks twenty months from my arrival here in Morocco. Everything is on repeat now, no season will take me by surprise, and many of my friends have already begun to fret over my imminent departure at the end of April, which draws ever closer. Returning this past week from a two-week trip to London, I asked my friends if they had missed me. They said yes, but that it was okay if I traveled because they knew I was coming back. One of my friends, my best friend "Haddou", said that it was okay "until my final trip"; the one that I would not be returning from. We didn't talk for a few minutes after that. The forging of strong friendships, born of strangeness and isolation, only to be forced to abandon them at the end of our term, is just another of the hallmark difficulties that comes with Peace Corps service. Like most other trials here, it is best ignored until it is absolutely necessary. For now, I find preparing for my second winter is a welcome distraction.



I can see my breath most mornings, and know that the shower of leaves will soon be replaced with spiraling snowflakes. Images flash in my mind's eye of the time I have spent here...

I have cleaned my house top to bottom, everything has a place now that isn't a pile, and I continually check to make sure the woodstove and butane heaters are in good working order. My store of firewood will be purchased from a friend of mine next week and I will borrow a chainsaw from another friend so I can cut it all down to size. Although I have a very nice hand-forged axe, there is no place near my house that I am able to split the six-hundred kilos of rounds that I have lined up. The roof has lots of space, but is in imminent danger of cracking from the shock. Rooftop chainsawing is acceptable though, and I can guarantee you that I am the only government certified sawyer in the valley...

Once winter sets in, be it next week or next month, my house seems to shrink down to two rooms; the kitchen and the study. The living room, so pleasant in the summer, gathers dust and cobwebs, and my bedroom is sealed like a walk-in freezer. My kitchen stays warm when I cook, and many of my winter days are spent listening to the hiss of the pressure cooker and smelling the wonderful aroma of baking bread. I sleep in my study near the stove, on a small foam mattress across from my desk and surrounded by my books; lots of reading and writing to do in the next few months. My initial goal for Peace Corps reading was one-hundred books, and I have twenty-six left to read.

(My complete reading list is posted on my blogsite---the address of which is provided at the end of this dispatch---if you are curious.)



The forging of strong friendships, born of strangeness and isolation, only to be forced to abandon them at the end of our term, is just another of the hallmark difficulties that comes with Peace Corps service.

Growing up at 7500 feet in Southwest Colorado, I have always enjoyed wintertime. I love the crisp bite of the air in late autumn, the endless acres of bone-white Aspens, and the spindrifts of snow swirling off the summits of the La Plata Mountains against the azure winter sky. Each year, as the holidays grew closer, my parents' house would be filled with light, laughter, and music. I remember fondly the smell of turkey and pumpkin pie at Thanksgiving, or the heady aroma of baking gingerbread at Christmas. My father would always make a large pan of it for the family, and serve it with a steaming lemon glaze ladled over the top from the copper-bottom saucepan. The tree would sit in the same corner as it had every year previous, and the house would be filled with the cool scent of spruce. Sometimes as a small boy, I would sit next to the tree just before bed, and watch the shimmering, fractured light which played on the living room walls.

In my family, each tree ornament has a memory of a specific Christmas. Some of them I had made as a child, such as the wooden-lathe star on top of the tree I remembered weaving years ago as part of an art class, while still others had been made by my parents when they were children. Some were made by my brother, and the rest were received as gifts from friends and relatives.

Taken together, the tree is a history of our family. Presents were always well thought-out and well received and my brother and I spent many sleepless Christmas Eve nights lying awake staring at the ceiling, while our parents rummaged about downstairs playing at being Santa Claus.

Many years, many memories, and, though this is may give away just how young I am, never before have I spent a Christmas away from my family and home in the Rockies. Standing on the train platform in Rabat one night last month, my heart leapt when I saw a building above the tracks illuminated with spotlights of red and green. Is it decorated for Christmas? I wondered for a moment, before remembering that red and green are the national colors of Morocco.

**Many years,
many memories, and,
though this is may give away
just how young I am, never
before have I spent a
Christmas away from
my family and home
in the Rockies...**



Decorated for Christmas or not, it's the holiday season once again, which is an intensely strange time of year here in North Africa. Never before in my life have I lived in a place where Thanksgiving and Christmas are completely unheard of. Expecting my friends here to remember western holidays is like expecting them to remember my birthday; there's just no reason for them to know. At the same time I have to make it a point of remembering the holidays on the Islamic calendar, which all move 10 days back each year. Ramadan, with its feasts before and after, and the Night of Power, when the entire Koran is read from start to finish; there is also the birthday of the Prophet Muhammad, and of course L'id Khbir.

This year, L'id Khbir is a scant four days away at the time of my writing. It the great feast of Abraham and arguably the largest holiday of the year, with travel being well nigh impossible for a week before and after. It lasts for three days, and begins the first morning with the ritual slaughter of a fatted ram. Just yesterday my host family offered to let me make the cut myself; this an incredible honor, as the carotid artery, jugular vein, and trachea all must be severed in one strike, so as not to taint the meat with blood. I politely declined, commenting that I would be ashamed to do something so sacred while not being a practicing Muslim. My family just smiled, and I think I may have gained more favor in refusing than I would have by accepting.

The ram will be butchered after the killing cut is made, and my immediate host family (as well as my extended host family) will feast on the meat for three days of celebration and fellowship. Last year at this time I found myself growing homesick as I saw relatives embrace and exchange excited greetings; some had not seen each other for a year or more. I sat in the corner of the salon next to the crackling stove, and listened to rapid-fire conversations in a language I could not understand. But despite my linguistic ignorance, I was treated with respect and love as if I were a family member long lost, who was just now being welcomed back into the fold.

I am excited for this year's feast, though I am a now a vegetarian and cannot participate in the intense carnivory. I look forward to being able to speak the language and participate in the conversation. I will get to be a part of the family stories, and will be able to contribute to the ribald jokes that will be bandied about by the men in one room while the women cook in the other. It is a rich experience to say the least, but I am not sure how much it will soften the blow when Christmas comes and goes unnoticed. Someone who works in the tourist business may make an offhand comment to me in the week following or preceding Christmas day, but I don't anticipate more than that... at least from locals.

Peace Corps volunteers are each other's best means of support at any time of year, and we ensure that no one has to celebrate the holidays alone. I attended a Halloween party a few days ago in Er-Rachidia, down on the edge of the Sahara. I was surrounded by friends, old and new, in a room full of wood-nymphs and mermaids, galaxies and gym rats, party-animals and zombies. I am now juggling Thanksgiving invitations, to see which makes the most sense to attend. It's a difficult decision, as nearly all volunteers are incredible cooks, but I think I will go south to the city of Tinjdad, drawn by the promise of made-from-scratch pumpkin pie. As for Christmas, I want to celebrate it quietly in my village.

Up here I have the best chance of a white Christmas, and a bag of decorations left me by a previous volunteer will serve to make the house festive. I purchased a tin of Christmas biscuits and a Christmas pudding while I was in

the UK last month, and hope to serve them to a few close friends on Christmas morning, as the snow falls outside. As for the tree, I have a blank space of wall in my living room and a variety of paints. Maybe, just maybe, as I put the final touches on the wooden-lathe star on the top-most bough, it will start to feel like Christmas over here on the other side of the world.

As my service begins to wind down, and the end draws ever nearer, I realize how amazing this experience has been and all of the things I have learned. Christmas in the Atlas is yet another link in the chain, and I am sure it will be a merry one.

Happy Holidays!
Charlie

"The views and opinions expressed in this article are solely those of the author and do not reflect the views or opinions of the U.S. Government"

CHARLIE KOLB is almost a native Coloradan, and has worked as a seasonal ranger for the National Park Service, but will be working with the Peace Corps until 2012.

The Zephyr looks forward to sharing-regular reports from Charlie. You can also follow him via his blogs:

<http://charlieofmorocco.blogspot.com>
<http://wind-water-stone.blogspot.com>



download ned mudd's music
FREE
www.highplains.films.org

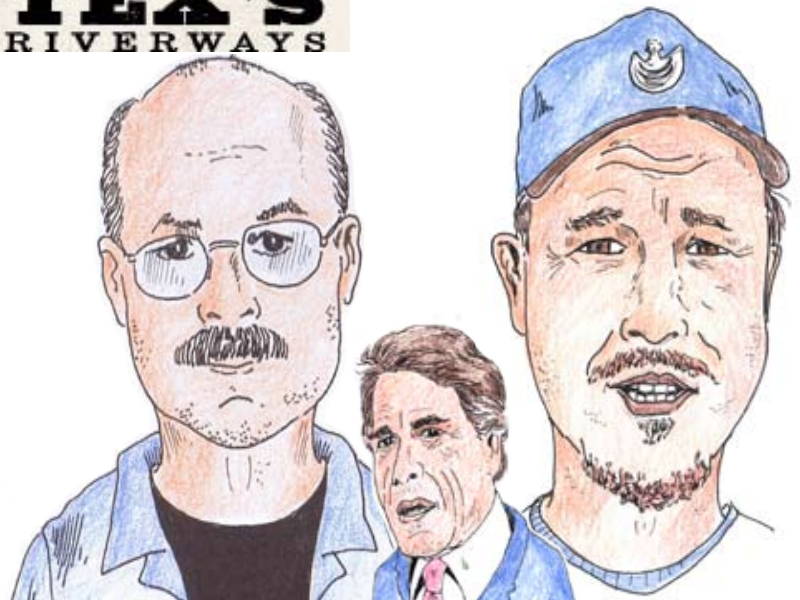


**TEX'S
RIVERWAYS**

PO BOX 67
MOAB, UT 84532
435.259.5101

info@texsriveway.com

CAMPAIGN UPDATE!!!
Looks like RICK PERRY shrunk
like cajones in cold water...
Who's NEXT?



www.texsriveway.com

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



Computerised contact lens will keep you up to date with news and texts

Imagine catching up with your texts, social networking and perhaps the news without having to log on to a computer or even glance at a smartphone.

Messages and images would simply appear in front of your eyes, generated by a computerised contact lens.

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/sciencetech/article-2064543/Computerised-contact-lens-date-news-texts.html>



Promoters overstated the environmental benefit of wind farms

The wind farm industry has been forced to admit that the environmental benefit of wind power in reducing carbon emissions is only half as big as it had previously claimed.

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/earth/energy/wind-power/3867232/Promoters-overstated-the-environmental-benefit-of-wind-farms.html>

Millions dollars to create Alps in the heart of Siberia

The Lake Baikal region wants to turn itself into the Alps of Central Asia with a billion dollar project to create a ski resort.

Private equity fund EurAsia Capital Partners of Hong Kong is joining forces with Russia's Rusresorts to develop ski slopes along Bychya Mountain.

"We have agreed that Eurasia Capital will purchase 35% in our project in Baikal for a price of \$100 million," Rusresorts," Director General Petr Shura says.

Shura says the total cost of the year-round resort will be \$1 billion where "the stock investments will make \$220 \$250 million and the remaining financing will come from borrowed money or from sale of real estate at the resort itself."

<http://rt.com/business/news/millions-dollars-create-siberia-561/>



Lakota Tribes "Refuse to Cooperate" With Tar Sands Proponents

As people gather to protest the greed and corruption of Wall Street in downtown Manhattan and throughout the world, the territories of indigenous peoples and nations have been the front lines of this conflict for a long, long, time.

<http://www.truth-out.org/lakota-tribes-refuse-cooperate-tar-sands-proponents/1320241082#.TrITkE4FPkM.facebook>



Ok, all you Occupy Moab/Wall Street-ers...doesn't this ALSO make you mad? Yet environmental groups like SUWA and the GCT are funded by one of these guys, of course, David Bonderman...

"For David Rubenstein, the founder of private equity firm Carlyle Group, the prospect of losing a three-year fight over legislation that would force him to pay higher income taxes was bad enough. Then, in late May, he discovered a clause in the same bill that

would more than double the taxes he would owe if he sold his stake in the firm or took it public....Rubenstein became one of several high-profile private equity executives who personally took to the Capitol's corridors to persuade lawmakers to remove the clause... Other private equity chiefs, including Glenn Hutchins, co-founder of private equity firm Silver Lake, and David Bonderman, founding partner of buyout firm TPG, also called on lawmakers."

A Tax Hike Has Carlyle Up in Arms

Fund chiefs were caught unawares by a tax clause within a jobs bil

http://www.businessweek.com/magazine/content/10_26/b4184033376418.htm



Climate change episode of Frozen Planet won't be shown in the U.S. as viewers don't believe in global warming

An episode of the BBC's Frozen Planet documentary series that looks at climate change has been scrapped in the U.S., where many are hostile to the idea of global warming.

British viewers will see all seven episodes of the multi-million-pound nature series throughout the Autumn.

But U.S. audiences will not be shown the last episode, which looks at the threat posed by man to the natural world.

It is feared a show that preaches global warming could upset viewers in the U.S., where around half of people do not believe in climate change.

In the U.S., Frozen Planet is being aired by Discovery. They were involved in the joint-production of the series. Yet they are still refusing to accommodate Frozen Planet in its entirety

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2061663/Frozen-Planet-Climate-change-episode-wont-shown-US.html>

IEA: Time running out to limit earth's warming

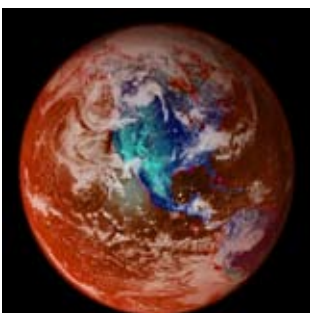
Energy agency warns world must take action to greatly reduce emissions by 2017 -- or else

PARIS (AP) -- The International Energy Agency warned Wednesday that the world is hurtling toward irreversible climate change and will lose the chance to limit warming if it doesn't take bold action in the next five years.

In its annual World Energy Outlook, the agency spelled out the consequences if those steps aren't taken and what needs to be done to cap global temperature increases at 2 degrees Celsius (3.6 degrees Fahrenheit) above preindustrial levels. That's the threshold beyond which some scientists have said catastrophic changes could be triggered.

But the agency's chief economist, Fatih Birol, said this week that he's not optimistic that leaders are willing to make the necessary sacrifices.

<http://finance.yahoo.com/news/IEA-Time-running-out-to-limit-apf-1382603588.html?x=0&sec=topStories&pos=7&asset&cocode>





Open Mon – Sat:
10:00 am – 6:00 pm
115 E. Callender
(PO Box 2212)
Livingston, MT 59047
(406) 224-5802

'The Read you Need.'

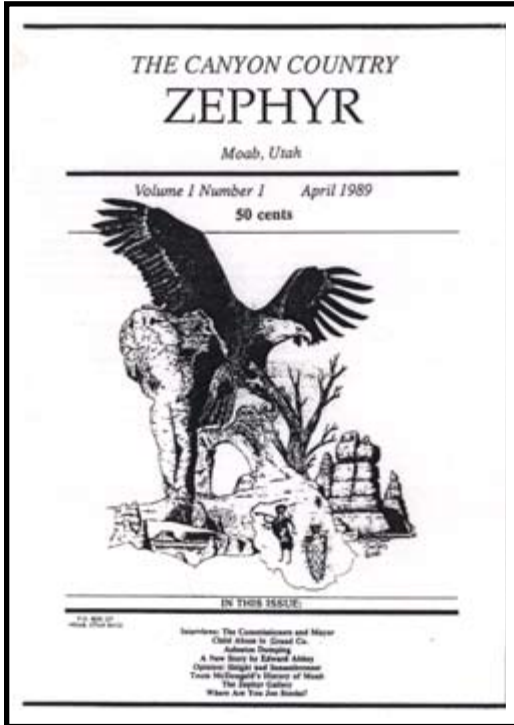
We offer affordable, high quality books, fair trade journals, note cards, and other literary gifts. The store specializes in works by regional authors, signed and collectible books, nature and outdoor recreation, visual and literary arts, and western history and lore. We accept books on trade for store credit, and sell gift certificates as well.

Marc Beaudean & Andrea Peacock, owners
...with Doug Peacock, lurking about.

Lurking?



<http://www.elkriverbooks.com/>



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

We have a small
cache of that first
issue available for
purchase.

\$55 including
postage.

send a check or money order to:
THE ZEPHYR
PO BOX 271
MONTICELLO, UT 84535



131 East 100 South
Moab, UT 84532
435.259.4384
800-635-5280
<http://www.footprints-inc.com/>

You really stepped in it,
Mr President.

And what better
place to talk
about it, Jim



MATT ROBERTS
Austin, TX

BILL
STOKES
St Petersburg
FL

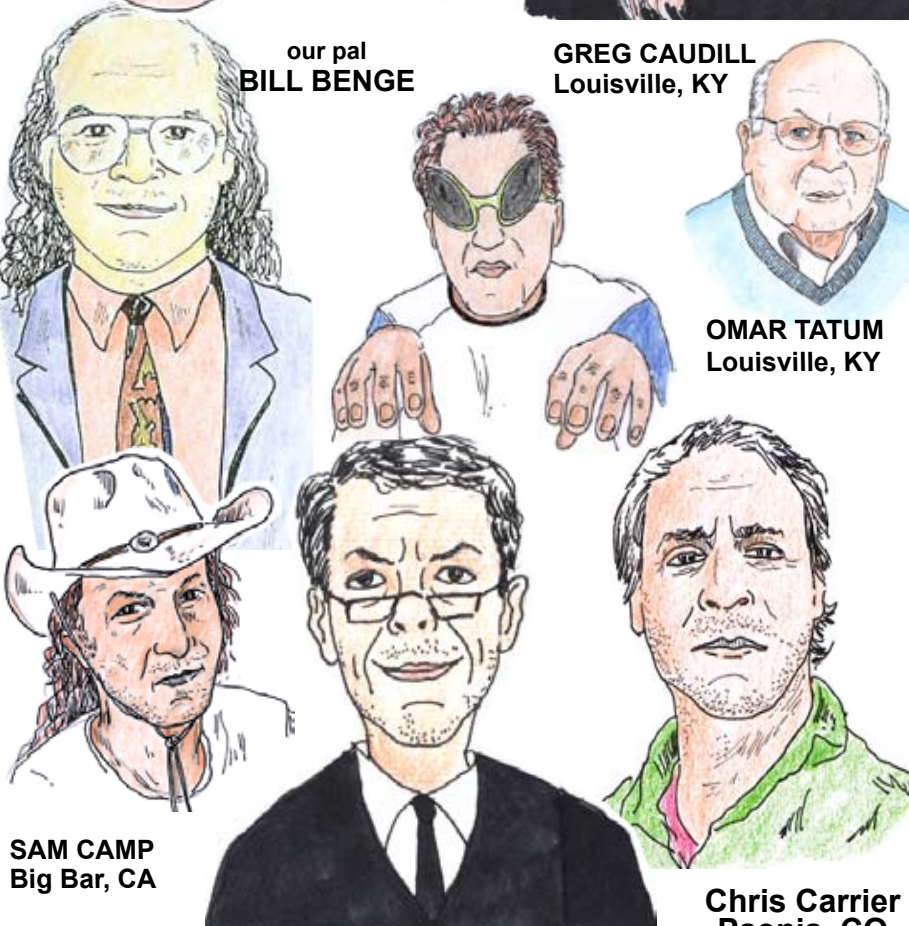
SUE GREEN
Flagstaff, AZ



our pal
BILL BENGE

GREG CAUDILL
Louisville, KY

OMAR TATUM
Louisville, KY



SAM CAMP
Big Bar, CA

LEWIS PAISLEY
Lexington, KY

Chris Carrier
Paonia, CO

CEDAR HILLS DAYS....

SAM CAMP



*When I look over at that roomy, rap around porch,
I remember sitting out there on
warm summer nights,
drink in hand, watching those great storms
move in with ground shaking thunder
amongst a chorus of crickets and cicadas.*



I often don't know what's on my mind (facebook) until sometimes when I look at an old photos like these. It's the old house I lived in during 1977, and most of 78 near Cedar Hill, Texas (actually those are Junipers on the hill). The house had no electricity or running water. The retired dentist who owned it said it was not livable but I knew better. My first daughter was born upstairs in that house in January of 78. It was 17 degrees outside and the wood heater was blazing. The stovepipe glowed orange. Our mid-wife drove through the snow late one evening to get there. After we moved out, the house was burnt down to make way for what some call "progress". You could say that I've always burnt my bridges, but usually those bridges were burnt by that thing called progress. I wondered who had lived there before, and when it was built. The windmill used to pump water out of the ground for livestock. The land looked like is was dry farmed and that house sat on an old 110 acre dilapidated farm. There were old rusted farm implements scattered around the sheds. We were the last to live there, an in between time of old family farm and future reservoir.

When I look over at that roomy, rap around porch, I remember sitting out there on warm summer nights, drink in hand, watching those great storms move in with ground shaking thunder amongst a chorus of crickets and cicadas. The house had several lightning rods. When the storms did arrive I would collect rain water from the roof for a bath in the galvanized metal tub. Sometimes they didn't and I would just watch the lightning a hundred miles distant, far enough for a silent light show. I remember it like it was yesterday. By day, there could be grand thunderheads floating on the horizon. There could also be tornado clouds which are really little tornados in the sky. Only about 10% of tornados ever reach the ground.

I spent two hot summers there. One of those a plague of grasshoppers or locust moved through. They would get caught in your flip flops. The large black and yellow garden spiders responded by building webs around the porch. On occasion I would throw a grasshopper into a web. The spider would run over, wrap it up, stash the hopper in the corner of its web and then go about its business of hanging out, coming back later to suck the juices out of its catch. It gave me a feeling of kinship with them.

Along the roadside leading to the house, there were grand displays of wildflowers in Spring, like bluebonnets, brown-eyed susan, blanket flowers to name a few. I loved the open space of the prairie, different grasses drying to various shades of brown and beige waving in the wind in multiple patterns. After the long hot Summer, the first cool air moving down the Great Plains was a welcome arrival. In late Fall a blue northern would arrive, the temperature could drop 50 degrees in an hour. In that country there's nothing to block the Arctic wind but a barbed wire fence.

I came back to see the old house in 1980 before heading west again and the house was nothing but a pile of ashes. When I was young I didn't think too much about looking back from the distant future, I couldn't possibly image that one day I would look back with such fond memories and reverence for that place. After all in my mind then, as much as I enjoyed experiencing the charm of the ruins of that old farm and house, it was just what I thought would be a stepping stone to something better. Time has taught me that is was much more than that.

The old Cedar Hill place is now under Joe Poole Lake. Memories flooded, nothing left but a few photos from my Kodak Instamatic which I recently scanned, a moment in time like the one you have now. Live your life to its fullest because it will be gone before you know it....

Sam Camp



The old Cedar Hill place is now under Joe Poole Lake. Memories flooded, nothing left but a few photos from my Kodak Instamatic which I recently scanned, a moment in time like the one you have now. Live your life to its fullest because it will be gone before you know it....

JUDY MULLER
Pacific Palisades, CA

EVAN CANTOR...
Boulder, CO

DAVE WILDER
Camp Verde, AZ

JOHN DINSMORE
The Other Side

Uncle Don B Fanning
Tucson, AZ

JOHN HARRINGTON
SLC, UT

ML LINCOLN
Jerome, AZ

TOM PATTON
Lawnchair Point, UT

STEVE LESJAK
The Sonora

TOM BECKETT
Denver, CO

HOBART CLEMS
Nebraska

CHRIS HELFRICH
Salt Lake City, UT

KEN CURTIS
SLC, Utah

PORTRAITS OF PERM

PHOTOGRAPHER MICHAEL BROHM TRAVELS TO RUSSIA

<http://www.michaelbrohm.com>



Young Ballerina... As Hitler's troops advanced, the Russian Ballet troupe was evacuated from Moscow. Half of the dancers went to St. Petersburg and half to Perm. After waiting out the war, the company returned to Moscow. but families and friendships had been started in Perm, and a world-class ballet remains there today.



Stripper in White... Since the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991, cities have become flush with rubles and "gentleman's clubs" have appeared. This club is called The Pothole. The dancer was nude when I arrived and, through an interpreter, I asked if she had any clothes she could wear for the photograph.



Artist in his Studio... During Soviet times, the top-floor apartment was built with large north-facing windows. This atelier was made available to an artist. Artists still prize these north light spaces today.

He Walked in Blood up to his Shoelaces... He had survived World War II. He was 18 years old and started the walk home from the front. For hundreds of miles he saw devastation, walking, wondering whether his family and his town had survived.



Military Officer at Banya...He was a former officer in the Russian Air Force. After preparing a thick stew from the fish he had cleaned and gutted, he spent his evening in the banya, making many vodka toasts to the fatherland, to hero pilots, to his mother.



Her Pension from the State is \$4 per Month... The temperature was 20 below zero. There was no wooden door to the small house, just a large piece of brown felt, perhaps two inches thick. Pushing it to the side, I entered the room. It was warm and orderly inside. She and her cat spend the winter in this room, waiting to get back to the garden in the Spring.



**REQUESTS:
259.5968**



KZMU is a grassroots, community, public radio station isolated in the dramatic landscapes of Canyonlands and the Colorado Plateau country. KZMU is truly an aural oasis in the desert airwaves of southeast Utah.

community radio
90.1 & 106.7 FM

**LISTEN TO US
ANYWHERE ON THE
WORLD WIDE WEB.**

**100%
solar-powered**



www.kzmu.org



Michael Brohm is a russophile. His interest in Russia started in grade school in the 50s. He reads Pravda online, scans the New York Times for articles on Russia, emails friends in Russia with questions.

As a photographer, he has taken on a project in the Perm region of central Russia, making portraits of people from all walks of life. He has just returned from his 3rd trip to Russia.

PORTRAIT OF A CANYON COUNTRY NIGHT SKY

DAN NORRIS



I started attempting to capture the night sky on film way back in 1986. I loved being out in the desert at night and how brilliant the night sky can be without the light pollution of nearby cities. I shot hundreds of night photos in the canyon country surrounding Moab. There are different techniques for capturing the stars as points of light so you can identify constellations versus exposures of several minutes up to several hours that result in star trails from the earth's rotation. At <http://www.dannorrisphotography.com>, you can view many of my night images in night landscape galleries. Today's professional digital cameras are capable of capturing clear images at extremely high ISO settings, making it possible to see features like the Milky Way with more detail.DN

You can get a 2012 calendar featuring the photos of Dan Norris. To view the calendar and place an order, go to:
<http://www.canyoncolorgraphics.com/viewcalendarpages.html>



Healdsburg, California 1-800-852-7085

**SEE THE WORLD!
(while it's still here)**



Essential Travel Gear and Information for the Independent Traveler



Healdsburg, CA 1.800.852.7085

www.walkabouttravelgear.com

Lines Across the Sand looks to **The Monkey Wrench Gang's** real-life counterparts to reignite the passion that inspired generations to take action.

"Wilderness is not a luxury but a necessity of the human spirit."
- Edward Abbey

LINES ACROSS THE SAND

An Independent Documentary Film by ML Lincoln

This documentary is a timely and entertaining reminder that there are still heroes with the courage to take a stand and say, **"this far, and no further."**



| | | |
|------------------------|---------------|-------------------|
| Featuring | Arlo Guthrie | Mary Sojourner |
| Edward Abbey | Jack Loeffler | Ilse Asplund |
| Doug Peacock | Ken Sanders | Tim DeChristopher |
| John De Puy | Katie Lee | Peg Millett |
| Ingrid Eisenstadter | Dave Foreman | Jim Stiles |
| Ken Sleight | Gerry Spence | Bob Lippman |
| Terry Tempest Williams | | |

ML LINCOLN FILMS PRESENTS LINES ACROSS THE SAND
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ML LINCOLN • WRITER/EDITOR SUSAN LESLIE GREEN
COMPOSER COSY SHERIDAN • CINEMATOGRAPHERS ED GEORGE AND BRYAN REINHART • ANIMATION RICH MOYER
CARTOONS JIM STILES • TITLES/GRAPHICS JAMES FRAZIER • WEBMASTER NOEL FRAY • MARKETING KRISTI FRAZIER

LinesAcrossTheSand.com

Due to be released in 2011

This film has not been rated by the MPAA. All content © copyright 2011 Lines Across The Sand. All Rights Reserved.

LinesAcrossTheSand.com

RECENT BACKBONE SUPPORTERS

DOUG FIX
Moab, UT
BACKBONE

ROBERT S YOUNG
farmington nm
funnybone

RON PARRY
Houston, TX
funnybone

WILLIAM BREED
Pawcatuck CT
finger

JOHN J O'HARA
Deptford NJ
funnybone

JAN DENNEY
Moab, UT
funnybone

NANCY NEWMAN
minneapolis mn
finger

BRUCE BENGE
Grand Jct, CO
funnybone

PAUL CLEARY
Tulsa, OK
BACKBONE

ROBERT CARSON
Santa Paula, CA
finger

JEANNE MEYER
Michigan City, IN
BACKBONE

DAVID LANNING
Prescott Valley, AZ
funnybone

JOHN TAPPON
Corvallis, OR
BACKBONE

JAMES GARMHAUSEN
Blanding UT
BACKBONE

CHRIS NELSON
Chico, CA
finger

LINDA VANNART
la crosse wi
finger

Thanks to our webmaster:

RICK RICHARDSON

who, each issue, manages to move *The Zephyr* into cyber-space, without causing the editor to have a nervous breakdown.



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

"In case you haven't noticed, we're fat, and getting fatter.

If Americans stay on this path, 83 percent of men will be overweight or obese by 2020. Women are right behind them, with 72 percent projected to be overweight or obese by then." NPR

<http://www.npr.org/blogs/health/2011/11/17/142414818/americans-are-fat-and-expected-to-get-much-fatter>



PAID FOR BY THE DESERT RAT COMMANDO

THE VIEW FROM ABOVE



(above) U95 bridge at Hite in Glen Canyon...(right) a 1957 aerial image of Arches NM, including Ed Abbey's trailer.



(left) a new million dollar home, built on SITLA lands near Moab.



(above) Rim Village condos in Moab.
(below) Castle Valley



(below) Moab from above The Portal.



(above) Tarantula Mesa, just east of the Waterpocket Fold.



The Fold



Photos by Stiles

SOME PAGES WE LIKE ON



truthdig
drilling beneath the headlines

A Progressive Journal of News and Opinion...
Drilling Beneath the Headlines

<http://www.truthdig.com>


Basin and Range Watch is a group of volunteers who live in the Western United States, working to stop the destruction of our desert homeland.

Industrial renewable energy companies are seeking to develop millions of acres of unspoiled habitat in our region. Our goal is to identify the problems of energy sprawl and find solutions that will preserve our natural ecosystems and open spaces. We support renewable energy but advocate for better national and state planning.

<http://www.basinandrangewatch.org>





Sore No More! is a fast acting pain relieving gel that begins to work immediately once massaged onto affected areas. For years Sore No More! Has provided temporary relief of pain associated with simple backaches, arthritis, bruises and sprains with its unique heating and cooling ingredients. Our special blend of six natural plant extracts in combination with menthol, capsaicin and witch hazel will get rid of pain the natural way


Britta and I would like to wish all of you a wonderful holiday season!!!

www.sorenomore.com
info@glogerm.com






LYNN WINTER!

LIFETIME BACKBONE MEMBER




LIFETIME BACKBONER...

TERRY HEARD

“Maybe I can help you save money on it.”

Central Utah Insurance
435-259-5981
170 East 100 South
Moab, Utah 84532





Color - Weave - Haircut - Restructure - Manicure - Waxing - Restyle - Nails


1460 NORTH AVENUE.....SUITE N
GRAND JUNCTION, CO

970.241.7610



LIFETIME BACKBONE
MEMBER

**JENNIFER
SPEERS**




**THE LAZY LIZARD
INTERNATIONAL HOSTEL**

ONE MILE SOUTH OF MOAB ON US 191
435.259.6057

www.lazylizardhostel.com
reservations@lazylizardhostel.com

check out our nightly rate:
THE BEST DEAL ON THE PLANET

I'm not as GRUMPY
as I look...Stiles just
draws me like this.



**ARE YOU DIRTY?
TAKE A SHOWER
FOR THREE BUCKS**

what we like on



The Bates Wilson Legacy Fund (the "Friends") is a non-profit organization founded to help the National Park Service of Southeastern Utah in its mission to protect and preserve these special places. In collaboration with the Parks, the Friends support those projects that most closely embody the legacy of stewardship that Bates Wilson demonstrated.




<http://www.bateswilson.org>



ALSO JOINING THE BACKBONE...
Barbara Brown...Idaho Falls, ID
Douglas Bruha...Lamoille, NV
Steve Coffel...Florence, MT
Dennis Demots...Oakdale, CT

RICK LARSEN
Santa Cruz, CA

CRISTA WORTHY
Los Angeles, CA

Stan Herd pioneered the art form known as representational crop art – a method of creating images of people, landscapes and brands by digging, disking, plowing and otherwise manipulating acres of green space.


<http://www.millermeiers.com/stanherd>



**DAVE WAGSTAFF
CONSTRUCTION**

New Construction Re-models
"High Quality at a Fair Price"
CALL 435.259.5077 after 5pm

May the longtime sun shine upon you,
all love surround you, and the pure light
within you- guide your way on.
Sat Nam
(old sikh hymn)



**SOLUTIONS
OF
MOAB!!**

The Solutions of Moab promote the Respect, Rethink, Reduce, Reuse and Recycle lifestyle through a variety of hands-on projects that anyone can help with, including regular recycle/cleanup activities in streams, on trails, and along roadways of this gorgeous region

Donations to SOLUTIONS are welcome!
All donations made to Solutions go directly toward expenses in our efforts to provide "Respect, Rethink, Reduce, Reuse, and Recycle" activities and education.

Please mail your contribution to: Solutions,
P. O. Box 1549, Moab, UT 84532
<http://www.moab-solutions.org/index.html>

The WILDER WEST...

the Art & Wit of DAVE WILDER



Occupy Christmas

‘Twas some months before Christmas when all through the Land
People took to the streets with signs in their hands.
They were fed up and poor, with good reason to holler
For their Republic was stained by the rule of the Dollar.

As the bankers all snuggled in beds made of cash
They had looted from Treasury with threats of a crash,
The People were all left out in the cold
With naught but a bill, their Democracy sold.

Then on Wall Street’s front door there arose such a clatter
But the fat cats and lackeys thought naught was the matter.
They turned back to their fortunes, ignoring the rabble
Unimpressed by their anger and Socialist babble.

“They’ll soon tire of all this,” said their Washington minions,
“After all, no one cares for poor people’s opinions.
In the Land of the Rich and the Home of the Greedy
We’ll just keep ‘em distracted and frightened and needy.”

But as fall turned to winter and the chilly winds blew
The People only grew louder and their voices rang true.
From the left and the right others flocked to their call
And the jack-booted thugs couldn’t move them at all.

Though they smeared them and beat them
and called them foul names,
Then dragged them to jail and held them in chains,
All their guns and their power and their methods of misery
Will add up to nothing on the ledgers of history.

From Jesus to Gandhi to MLK
Those who seek justice through peace always carry the day.
And as Christmas approaches, that season of giving
Let’s find our way back to just honest living.

Let’s occupy Christmas as we deck our halls,
Forgo the big banks, big boxes, big malls.
Don’t give them your money, just give them your reason,
Say you’re handing out justice this holiday season.

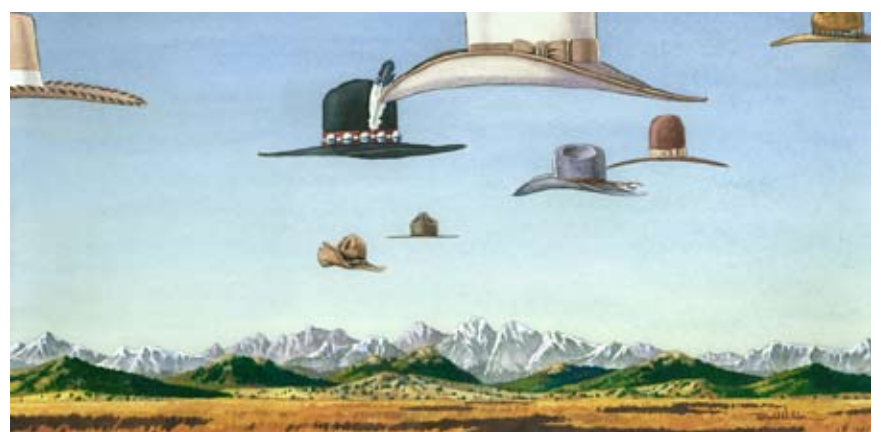
And if Santa were here, all jolly and plump
Those too-big-to-fail bankers would get coal by the clump.
And you’d hear him exclaim from his sleigh overhead,
“Happy Christmas to all! - Now audit the Fed!”

DW

Dave Wilder’s art can be seen at:
<http://www.wilderarts.com>

and at the
Laughing Raven Gallery
417 Hull Ave. Jerome, Arizona

and on facebook:
“David Wilder Arts”



WELCOME TO THE DIMFORMATION AGE!

notes from the desk of Ned Mudd
reporting from the crawlspace of history

Democracy destroys itself because it abuses its right to freedom and equality. Because it teaches its citizens to consider audacity as a right, lawlessness as a freedom, abrasive speech as equality, and anarchy as progress.

Isocrates (436–338 BC)

They say creativity is both a matter of acquired savvy and genetic drift. Perhaps. But is the reverse not also true? Is our species, *Homo erectus asphaltus*, poised to squander the innate creative spark lurking inside the shimmering evanescence of our frontal lobes? The answer to that question, my friends, is not only sobering, but bodes poorly for the future of our era: The Dimformation Age.

Nobody with more than a handful of ganglia could possibly have missed the fact that something downright funky is underway across the GMO Fruited Plains. The America that was once a hothouse of creative fire is quickly morphing into a vapid tanning bed of insipidity. What used to boogie now twitches. What once shimmied, now shutters.

Take a moment to consider how goofy we've become in these heady days of data diving iPhone paradise: "In a 2010 study of about 300,000 creativity tests going back to the 1970s,

Kyung Hee Kim, a creativity researcher at the College of William and Mary, found creativity has decreased among American children in recent years. Since 1990, children have become less able to produce unique and unusual ideas. They are also less humorous, less imaginative and less able to elaborate on ideas, Kim said." (MSNBC)

Absurdity knows no bounds.

The America that was once a hothouse of creative fire is quickly morphing into a vapid tanning bed of insipidity. What used to boogie now twitches. What once shimmied, now shutters.

Now stretch your imagination forward in time, picturing America's legion of kids, fully clad in their grown up bodies. A sad prospect, indeed. While the rest of the world busts their ass in a race to the top of the rock, both in terms of academics and innovation, we're too busy gawking at the latest televised version of America's plastic housewives to make sense of our own lives. Pass the Xanax.

Let me interrupt myself to ask this very important question: Did you know that there are 200 million insects for every one human being? Kind of makes you want to rethink your vacation plans, doesn't it? Not to fret, most of our six-legged neighbors have little more than a fleeting interest in our primatological doings. But, perhaps there's cause for pause: exactly when are the insects going to make their move and take over the planet? Don't laugh, these days anything can (and will) happen. Especially if Rupert Murdoch can make a shilling in the process. Where's my Mayan calendar?

Let's move on - here's an oddly amusing chunk of cultural mojo - possibly of interest to intrepid lifestyle geeks - Seasteading. What sounds like a metrosexual fishing tournament is actually the latest in a growing swell of quasi-libertarian utopianism. In essence, the gig is to construct mega-islands built on platforms in International waters. These nerdy autonomous nation-states will not only resemble bulbous floating cities, but are said to be think tanks of "new ideas for government."

The weirdness becomes apparent when considering the details. "The basic idea is for these new countries to start from scratch -- free from the laws, regulations, and moral codes of any existing place," says the International Business Times.

As a card carrying Libertarian, I'm perfectly okay making the following prediction: We are looking at an unmitigated snafu in the making. Davy Jones, where are you?

Let's imagine how our seafaring utopians might look after, say, three months

Once the excitement of being free settles into a steady state of equilibrium, our heroes will find themselves embroiled in one quotidian chore the rest of us ground-dwellers know too well: the laundry. But not to worry, with no onerous



laws holding back the flow, soap suds can gush freely into the deep blue sea. As can all other forms of noxious effluent, otherwise known as pollution. As disciples of Christopher Stone might ask: "Do fish have standing?" (Sorry, inside lawyer joke.)

Of course, taking out the trash is as free and easy as opening the nearest porthole and giving it the old "heave ho!" Let's leave the bathroom discussion for later. Suffice it to say, freedom can get squirrely real fast, even out past the breakers where the those cute dolphins roam.

And now, to the fun stuff: Let's say Leroy decides to get slap-happy drunk and cranks his surround-sound mega-blaster a few notches north of full blast. To add fuel to the fire, Leroy has a deep-seated obsession for all things related to death metal. (Cannibal Corpse, anyone?) Suffice it to say, many of Leroy's fellow shipmates possess other proclivities. Houston, we have a problem.

In a quest to to maintain order, a couple of ocean going diplomats approach Leroy and offer a bit of compromise: Blue Beard's détente. It's proposed that Leroy turn down his three story boombox or get a good pair of headphones, which ever he prefers. To which he replies:

"This is a free country, dudes, and I'm exercising my frigging right to do whatever I frigging please. So kiss my libertarian ass!"

Leroy has a point: "No laws, regulations, or moral codes."

Back at the ranch, a group convenes to mull things over. To wit: Leroy is pissing off his neighbors and needs what the Chinese politburo refers to as "reeducation." Which, in this case, means that a handful of irate sea thugs marches over to Leroy's place and uses his inebriated carcass for kung fu practice. Violence tends to generate immediate results. It's the long term silliness you have to watch out for. And in this case, Leroy has just discovered what unbridled freedom is all about. (see Isocrates quote above)

Without belaboring the issue, spin that humanoid algorithm out to its end point and you run up against Monkey Island in about 18 months. At which time our lovely experiment in utopian social engineering becomes a hot piece of breaking news on Fox TV as the floating megapolis sinks under its own hubris.

As they say in Peoria: You can take the chimp out of the jungle, but you can't take the jungle out of the chimp.

Let's face it, seven billion monkeys in blue jeans is one Olympic pole vault over the proverbial top. But, instead of dealing with the naked truth of overpopulation, the Green Facade now steers us along the Holy Quest, in search of the elusive Grail, albeit in the guise of renewable energy and increased agricultural yields

.....

Don't you wish you had a dime for every time you read about some stupid human trick?

With a sharp eye and a willingness to remain glued to the tube, you'd collect enough dimes in a couple of weeks to buy a few shares of Apple's stock. And, assuming the market doesn't go the way of the Blue footed booby, your net worth just might pop through the celestial roof faster than a coprophilous (aka: dung-loving fungi).

And, to assist your search for said sordid tales, here's an interesting tidbit from the vault:

“By 2050 or so, the world population is expected to reach nine billion, essentially adding two Chinas to the number of people alive today. Those billions will be seeking food, water and other resources on a planet where, scientists say, humans are already shaping climate and the web of life.” (New York Times)

As if one China isn't enough. Let's face it, seven billion monkeys in blue jeans is one Olympic pole vault over the proverbial top. But, instead of dealing with the naked truth of overpopulation, the Green Facade now steers us along the Holy Quest, in search of the elusive Grail, albeit in the guise of renewable energy and increased agricultural yields. The Emperor is dancing in his sustainable birthday suit to the strains of the latest Ga-Ga pabulum.

I've shouted from the rooftops long enough that my own echo is becoming convincing.

So, let's try it one more time - I=PAT. Human Impact equals Population (x) Affluence (x) Technology. Look it up. In the long run, we either reduce the sheer number of us, or we reduce our affluence. The choice is ours; maybe. Calling Al Gore!

It's a sad day in Mudville, ladies and gents, when you find yourself confronted with systemic myopia and the Blind Eye Blues.

And now, the rest of the story...

Creativity is one of those sneaky biorhythms that refuses to be squeezed into a pattern, or repeated at the drop of a hat. Unfortunately, that fact appears to have slipped under the radar of modern socio-hipness. Much like the making of a fine gumbo, the art of creativity requires that leftovers be allowed to find their way into the stew pot. Stir often.

The question is this: Does America really think we can proceed into the Great Unknown under the power of a generation that's "less humorous, less imaginative and less able to elaborate on ideas" than the nitwits currently running our own quaint version of the Theater of the Absurd?

Let's hope not.

Perhaps we're just collectively burned out from what Mr. Dylan once called "too much of nothing." A quick glance in any department store certainly illustrates exactly how much of nothing we have. But a keen sense of the obvious easily groks that a generation of American kids hell bent on spending untold waking hours engrossed in virtual limbo, glued to a glaring computer screen, will grow up with serious integrative social defects. Whatever that psychobabble means.

The bad thing is, there's no easy way out of this mess. At least not as long as parents reply on electronic babysitters to raise the nation's progeny. On the other hand, there's always the possibility that something will intervene before the dung flies through the fan. What that intervening force will be depends on how creative we become. Catch 22 redux.

The impossible is always possible.(anonymous)

Note to reader: For an updated exposé on population, carrying capacity, and the ongoing demise of the natural world, see Dave Foreman's new erudite tome: "Man Swarm and the Killing of Wildlife." Available via the Rewilding Institute.

<http://rewilding.org/rewildit/>

**LIFETIME
BACKBONE
MEMBER**

**SEDONA,
ARIZONA**

**ANNE
SNOWDEN
CROSMAN**



**Mr. President.
You need to
kick some
ass...**



**Billy Jack.
I'm an
equivocator,
not a
fighter.**

Chris Muhr's

**ALL METALS WELDING
& FABRICATION CO.**

1707 I-70 BUSINESS LOOP
GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO
970.243.6310 FAX: 241.5917
ALLMETALSWELDING.COM

**CUSTOM FABRICATION
DRY BOXES RAFT FRAMES
BOAT & PROP REPAIRS**



American Southwest

CampPhoto.zenfolio.com
Facebook: Camp Photo Photography
email: coconutsam@gmail.com

My 2012 calendars are off
to the printer....

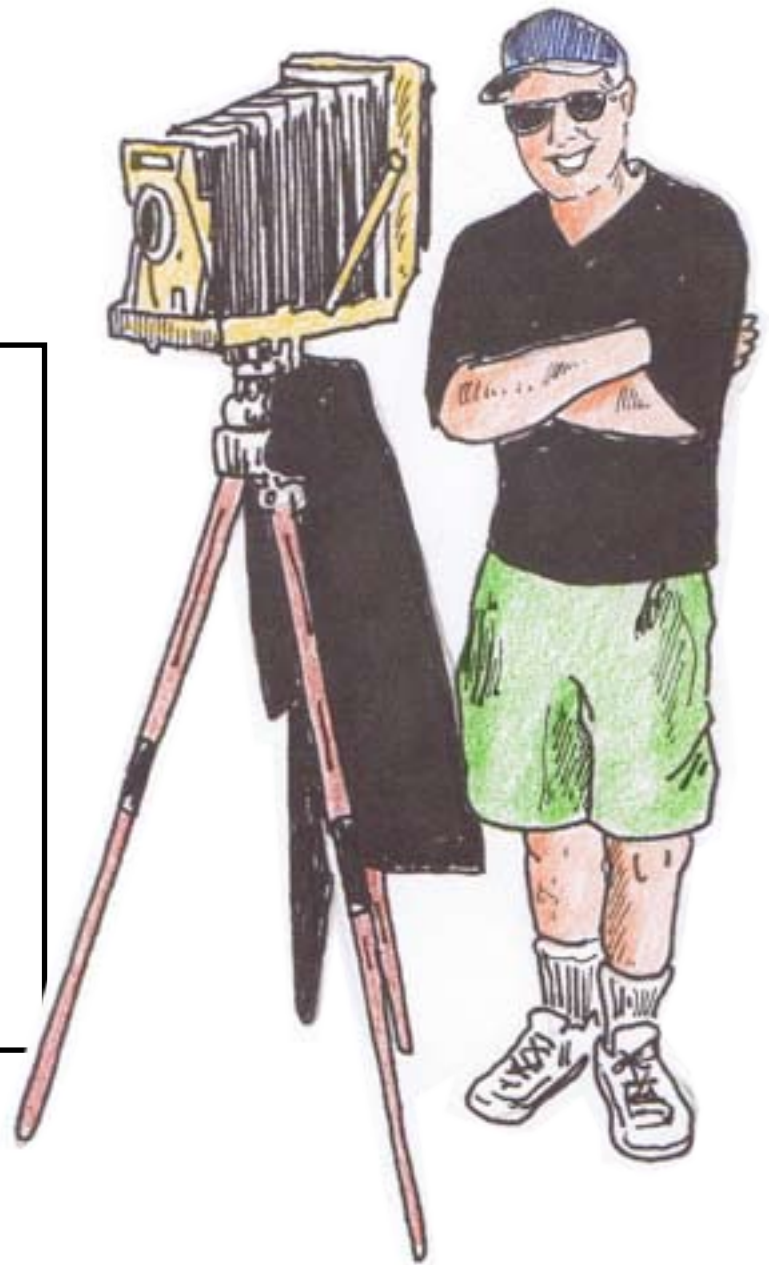
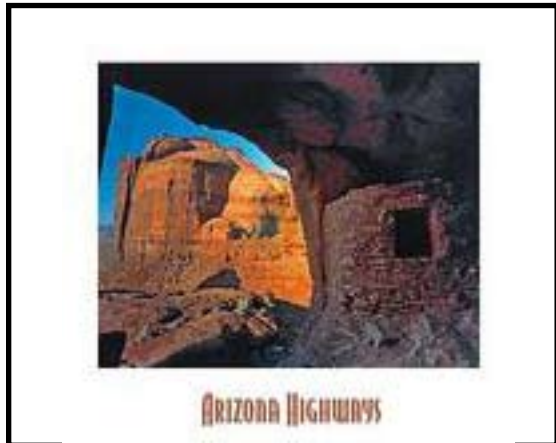
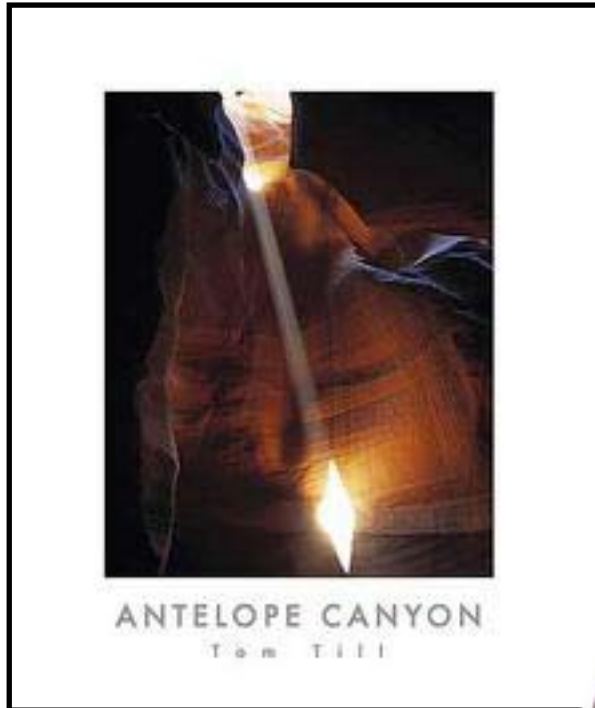
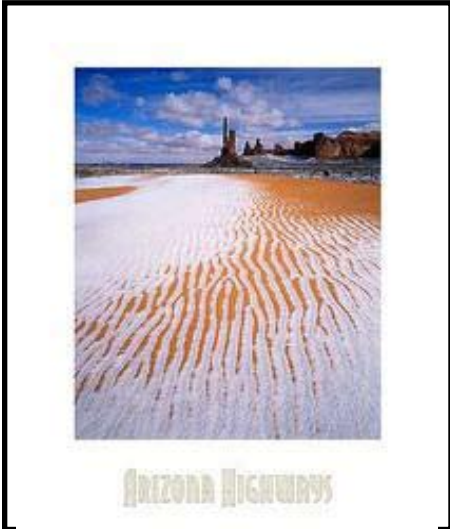
10% of sales donated to the
Canyon Zephyr if you mention
this add and are a Z subscriber.....

2012
Scenic Calendar
by Sam Camp



TOM TILL

GALLERY



61 North Main Street Moab, Utah 84532 435.259.9808 888.479.9808

www.tomtill.com



Ken Sanders Rare Books



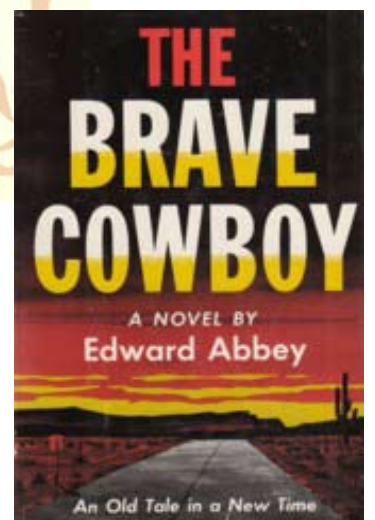
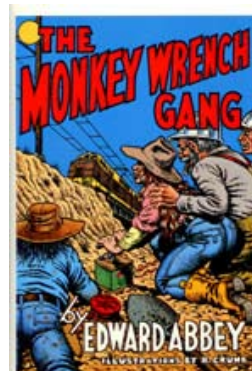
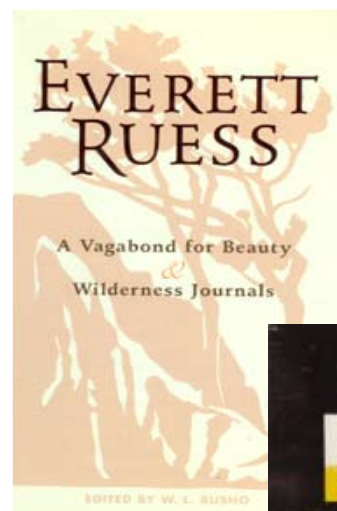
"creating chaos out of anarchy for a better tomorrow"

Ken Sanders Rare Books is a full service antiquarian bookshop in downtown Salt Lake City, Utah. We carry an ever-changing inventory of art, ephemera, maps, photography, and postcards in addition to a vast selection of used and rare books along with a few new books. We also purchase and appraise books. New arrivals and acquisitions are posted to the KSRB website first on Saturday mornings. The inventory will then be posted to the other sites we use abebooks.com, alibris.com, biblio.com, and amazon.com later in the following week.



268 South 200 East
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111
(801) 521-3819

www.kensandersbooks.com



THE ZEPHYR GETS MARRIED!



Though many people thought that pigs would fly before my husband married, Jim and I tied the knot on October 1st, surrounded by our nearest and dearest friends and family. It was a warm and breezy day at our favorite little chapel on the western Great Plains where we made our vows.

Pastor Don Falke, a good friend and former Moab resident, performed the ceremony. Jim's good friend John Wringe flew from Australia to be his Best Man and my dear friend Sara Frieberg and my sister Jenni stood by my side. Michael Brohm, who also took the incredible "Portraits from Perm" in this issue of *The Zephyr*, traveled from Louisville, Kentucky, to shoot our wedding pictures

It was, without a doubt, the most profound experience of our lives. And so we want to share some of that ceremony with you, spoken so beautifully in Don's Texas drawl.

– Tonya Stiles

And one postscript---Jim promises not to let profound happiness and good cheer affect the cantankerous and controversial aspects of *The Zephyr*...We'll see.

Here's part of what Don had to say at the wedding...

"I have come to believe that marriage is probably the last sanctuary in this world for what's good and lovely and filled with life. I think in this world that if you can find this sanctuary together...that you can have one another even in the midst of this ever-insane, ever-darkening world, that would be the greatest experience a man or woman could have. So...love each other, treasure it. What you have together is more profound than anything else that is happening in the world. It's what makes life worth living."

– Pastor Don Falke.

An excerpt from Wendell Berry's "Country of Marriage," read during the ceremony:

*I dream of you walking at night along the streams
of the country of my birth, warm blooms and the nightsongs
of birds opening around you as you walk.
You are holding in your body the dark seed of my sleep...*

*Sometimes our life reminds me
of a forest in which there is a graceful clearing
and in that opening a house,
an orchard and garden,
comfortable shades, and flowers
red and yellow in the sun, a pattern
made in the light for the light to return to...*

*I give you what is unbounded, passing from dark to dark,
containing darkness: a night of rain, an early morning.
I give you the life I have let live for the love of you:
a clump of orange-blooming weeds beside the road,
the young orchard waiting in the snow, our own life
that we have planted in the ground, as I
have planted mine in you. I give you my love for all
beautiful and honest women that you gather to yourself
again and again, and satisfy--and this poem,
no more mine than any man's who has loved a woman.*