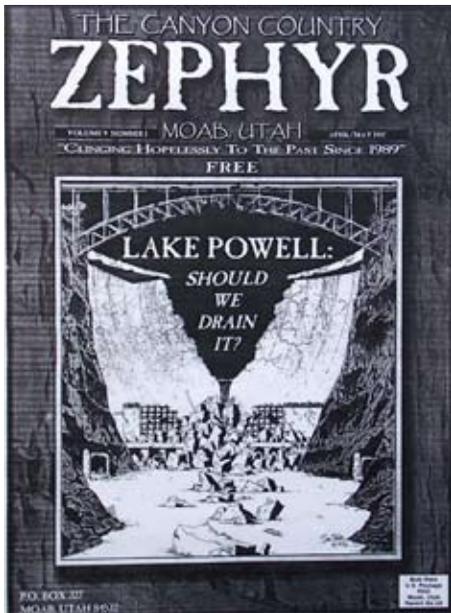


**THE ZEPHYR CHRONICLES
PART 2 CONTINUED**



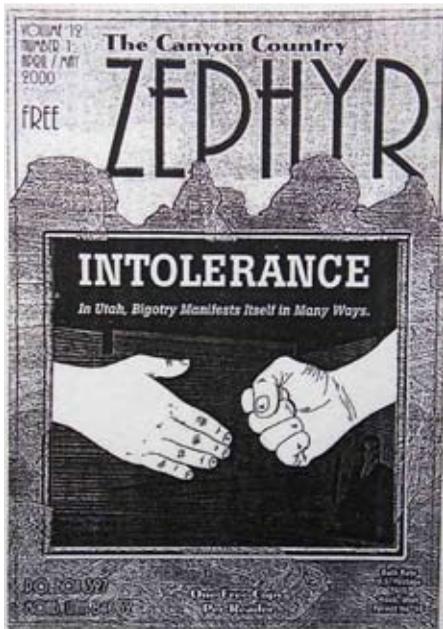
"Glen Canyon is not destroyed. It's all still there, under 27 million acre feet of water. What was it Abbey liked to say? "Glen Canyon still exists; it's just in liquid storage." And "the Colorado River is still there--it just flows under the reservoir." Something like that.

"It's easy to forget but it's true. Staring at the flat expanse of dead water, we can convince ourselves that the world does not extend below the surface of the lake. That places like Hidden Passage and Dungeon Canyon and Cathedral in the Desert and the Crossing of the Fathers and Music Temple have simply ceased to exist.

"But we're deceiving ourselves. Perhaps because it is easier to cope with the loss that way. Perhaps because it is too frustrating to think for very long that the difference between a polluted reservoir and a living canyon is a few hundred feet

of water. But rest assured Glen Canyon is down there in the cold and inky blackness. All those magical and mystical places that I never saw but only heard of are treading water and waiting for salvation."

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/archives/takeit-april-may98.html>



And when an ugly racist incident occurred in Moab—an interracial couple was attacked by a couple of self-proclaimed skinhead racists, we devoted an entire issue to the subject of intolerance.

"If you do not live in Moab, and certainly if you reside outside of Utah, you are probably unaware of an ugly incident that occurred here on New Year's Eve. Two young local men allegedly assaulted an interracial couple with racist epithets and one of them was charged with a third degree felony, based on Utah's new hate crime law...Whether the man is found guilty of the alleged crime is up to a jury of his peers to decide. The fact that the incident underscores a nasty racist and bigoted underside to this community is undeniable. A few weeks after the incident, stories of an underground white supremacist subculture in Moab persist."

INTOLERANCE IN UTAH:

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/archives/takeit-april-may00.html>

BEING GAY IN UTAH:

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/archives/gayinutah.html>

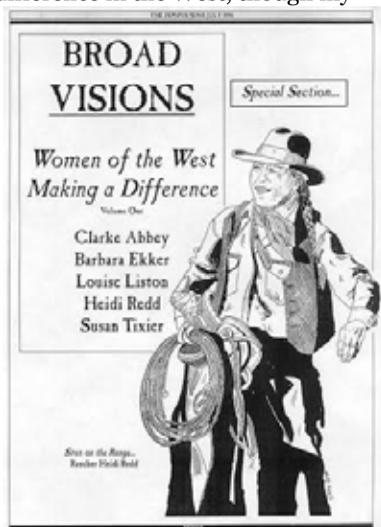
RACISM & THE INDIGENOUS PEOPLES OF THE WORLD

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/promoab/zephyr-editorials/oct-98.htm>

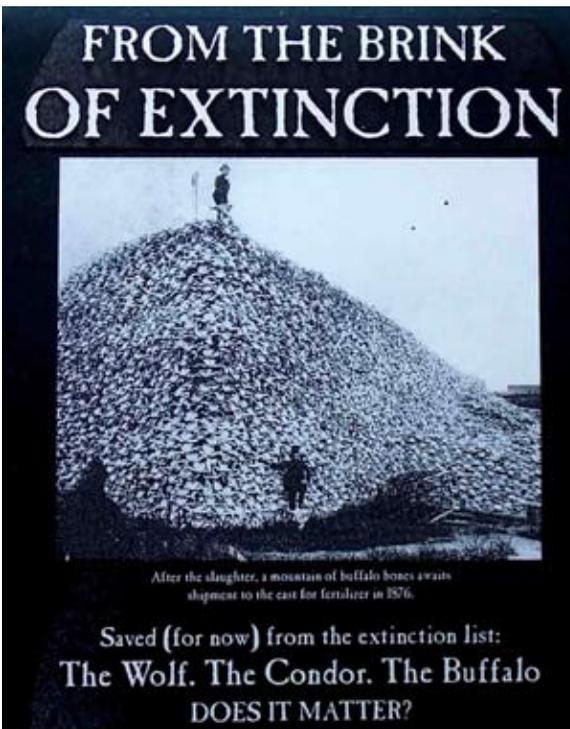
The Zephyr honored women who were making a difference in the West, though my title still drew groans from the politically correct: 'BROAD VISIONS: Women of the West,' including this tribute to San Juan County rancher Heidi Redd, by Anne Wilson. Anne wrote:

"Heidi is well-spoken about her beliefs and she is polished, but her passion belies any feeling that her words are simply rhetorical. Lest you think she is a closet "tree hugger", read on. During her 31 years in red rock country, Heidi has seen a change in the visitors who come by this place that is the gateway to Canyonlands National Park. She has as hard a time with some of them as she does folk who use the land irresponsibly in the more traditional exhaustive ways. In the early years, days would go by without a car kicking up dust on the dirt road that led to Canyonlands. When they did, tourists would often stop by the ranch to chat or have a drink, and to share delight in the desert. Today, the road is paved and visitation is skyrocketing.

"They don't come for solace anymore," Heidi says. "They are as frantic in their rec-



reation as they are in their jobs." She concurred when I remarked that the land seems like a giant outdoor gym to many "soft" recreationists - mountain bikers, climbers, etc.



- who most probably would self-classify as environmentalists. "It's something additional for them to conquer," she agreed.

And we raised a few pioneer hackles (the white kind of hackle, that is) when we devoted an issue to Native Americans in SE Utah called: "THEY WERE HERE FIRST."

We examined the way we humans have a history of annihilating other species of animal, and whether or why it even matters. It included essays on the North American Wolf, the American Bison, the Condor...

'FROM THE BRINK OF EXTINCTION: Trying to Survive the Follies of Man'

I contributed a story called, 'Where the Buffalo Roamed.'

and recalled this observation from Army general Phillip Sheridan:

"The hide hunters will do more in the next few years to settle the vexed Indian question than the entire regular army has done in the last 30 years. For the sake of a lasting peace, let them kill, skin, and sell until the buffaloes are exterminated. Then the prairies can be covered with the speckled cattle and the festive cowboy, who follows the hunter as the forerunner of civilization."

And in 1996, when President Clinton created Grand Staircase/Escalante National Monument by proclamation, I stuck my neck out a bit, questioning the wisdom of the decision in a piece called, "Taking the Long View." We also offered pro- and con- opinions from SUWA's Ken Rait and The Zephyr's "token conservative" Hank Rutter.

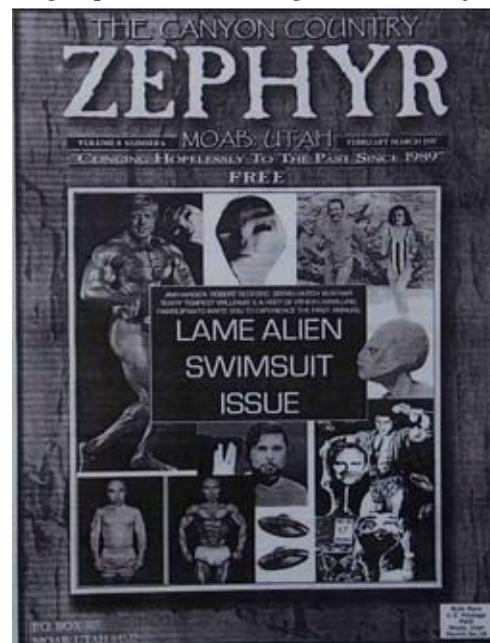
THE NEW MONUMENT...TAKING THE LONG VIEW

<http://www.canyoncountryzephyr.com/oldzephyr/promoab/zephyr-editorials/dec-96.htm>

And while I've scribbled the same admonition in the last few months, at least I've been consistent. In that 1996 essay, I warned:

"The people who will profit from such booms, whether they are coal mine-generated or urban exodus-generated fall into two groups. Foremost, they will be the out-of-town investors who will see a profit to be made and will have the resources to exploit the opportunity. They will have the cash and the capital to invest in new business. Second, there is always the small group of local citizens who are already wealthy, who will have the resources to take advantage of the boom.

"But for the most part, remember this: When the governing body of an economically-depressed community sets a course of action to improve it, the advantages of



those actions will mostly fall upon the citizens of that community's future, not the ones who are struggling to survive in the present.

"One thing is certain. All those millions of displaced/relocated Americans who will move to the rural West in the next century will descend on places like Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument in droves. It may take a while. It may be decades before places like the Kaiparowits start to feel crowded. But it'll happen...someday it's going to happen.

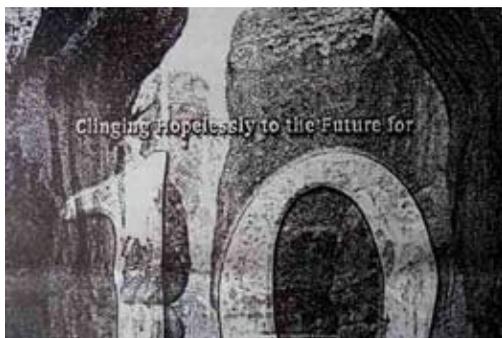
"And so I'm ambivalent about the Monument. I'm grateful for the protection it will offer in the short-term. I hope it puts an end to ridiculous notions like Andalex. But I worry what damage the spotlight of such a designation means when we look a bit farther down the road."

But the issues weren't always painfully serious. We celebrated Moab's tendency to collect 'stuff' when we devoted an entire issue to, 'MOAB'S BELOVED JUNK,' though we still managed to stir up controversy by annoying all the good folks in Moab who wanted to clean up the 'surplus assets' so many Moabites clung to.

We celebrated our great friend Kelly Stelter and his uncanny ability to befriend some of Hollywood's best and beloved celebrities. We called it: 'KELLY STELTER: Mingling with the Twinkling Stars.' Hopefully, in a future issue, I'll re-post that great series of stories about our pal Kelly.

At the end of each year, as we wound down and prepared for our month-long hiatus, we combined several themes that we'd used over the past decade to create the 'LAME ALIEN SWIMSUIT ISSUE.' Once again, our graphics/computer man Dan O'Connor put his magic to work and created some of our funniest/edgiest issues. No one was spared from dan's morphing fingers, but most took the experience in good stride.

And for all our gloom and doom, we even produced an edition called 'THE GOOD NEWS ISSUE.' Some thought I'd had a breakdown or something, but no...that would come later! I seemed inexplicably optimistic for a brief window in time as we approached the New Millennium. In fact, if one looks closely at a few of the covers from that period, a subtle change can be detected....instead of proclaiming, "Clinging Hope-



Some thought I'd had a breakdown or something, but no...that would come later! At the time, I seemed inexplicably optimistic for a brief window of time as we approached the New Millennium."

lessly to the Past since 1989," it reads, "Clinging Hopelessly to the Future. In retrospect, and in light of a string events that began in late 1997, I wonder if I wasn't just trying to create a false hope—for me and my readers.

But while the fun lasted, it was also the Age of Marooney. Mike Marooney came to Moab in the mid-90s to open the "Dos Amigos Cantina." He was like no other. He was larger than Life Itself! Magnanimous! Bellicose! Tender! Vulgar! Crude...Sensitive! Good friend and pain in the Ass!!! Marooney contained Multitudes.

He once got in trouble for allegedly goosing a UPS employee and a representative of the company showed up to investigate. I don't mean to make light of this at all but this is what happened:

The UPS representative asked Marooney if he had indeed acted inappropriately and Mike could only say 'yes.' But, he argued, it wasn't gender-driven. I had just arrived for lunch and stepped into the middle of this confrontation, so I wasn't full aware of what was happening.

"Stiles!" Marooney called out. "Did I goose you yesterday when you were here with Bengé."

I thought a moment. "Yes," I sighed, now that he'd reminded me, "You DID goose me and I wish you'd stop doing that."

"THERE!" Mike proclaimed. "You see? I may be a stupid f*ck and I may do inappropriate things on a daily basis. BUT they are NOT driven by gender bias! I'm merely a non-discriminatory idiot. I goose everybody, even my little buddy Jimmy."

"I hate it when you call me 'Jimmy,'" I added.

The UPS man chuckled, though he struggled to hang tough. "Okay, Mr. Marooney, we'll let you off with a warning this time, but never again. Understand?"

"Yes," Mike said meekly. "No more goosing."

"That goes for me too," I said. "And Bengé has grown a bit weary of it as well."

"Yes," Mike snarled. "But I assume you still want me to provide you special privileges at the 'Big Shots Table' and give you, Bengé, Till and Mulligan great deals on lunch."

"That goes without saying," I said.

Mike's 'right-hand' person in all this, the Rock that Mike needed to counter his Madness, was his chief server/troubleshooter/ voice of reason/salt-of-the-earth and good friend Holly Dinsmore. Imagining the Dos without Holly was never a remote possibility. She kept everything on as even a keel as was possible under the conditions. I could go into the Dos, alone and grumpy, and know that Holly would be there to offer a kind word and a friendly pat on the back. Nobody could feel lonely when Holly was there.

But Holly's life changed forever on the night of November 24, 1997 when her husband, John, was shot to death by a Moab police officer.

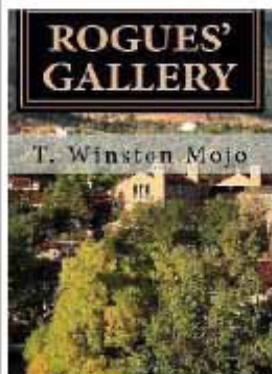
THE DEATH OF JOHN DINSMORE

This is a long and difficult story to tell, even all these years later. At the time, it appeared that no one in law enforcement wanted to talk about it either. John had been depressed, had been drinking, and had expressed thoughts of suicide. Holly called the police for help. Several Moab City officers and Grand County deputies arrived on scene and surrounded John on his own driveway. John confronted the officers and was

I waited for an investigation, heard a variety of stories and wondered which version was true. Or closest to the truth. When it appeared there would be no official investigation, I decided to conduct my own.

wielding a kitchen knife; he alternately threatened himself and the officers. Fifteen minutes later, John would lay dying from the blast of a 12 gauge shotgun.

I waited for an investigation, heard a variety of stories and wondered which version was true. Or closest to the truth. When it appeared there would be no official investigation, I decided to conduct my own. It took me months to review the testimony and



ROGUES' GALLERY

My 27 years at Rocky Mountain University...

T. WINSTON MOJO

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