

Vlachos' Views

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

Here is volume #6 of Vlachos' Views...



US Route 95 in Nevada. I have a thing for hay trucks.

They're not easy to shoot. They are long and low. They must, by virtue of their shape, appear tiny in a photo. So, how does one make the image carry as much majesty as the actual object? There is no way. One can only appeal to the imagination of the viewer, possibly place the truck in perspective, and hope that there's some good light. A super wide lens doesn't hurt, either.



Lompoc, California. Come around a bend, end of the day, trying to get to a camping spot. Boom! There's the biggest drive-in screen I've ever seen. From the rear, of course. You can almost never see them from the screen-side anymore. They're usually closed up and fenced off. This one, for instance, is now the local "Drive-In Recycling Center." A noble cause, perhaps, but a sad fall from glory. Anyway, this is the rear of the screen. I have other shots that show the whole shebang - the screen and the surrounding fence. Oddly enough, the wide angle shots of the whole thing only serve to make it smaller. I tried to show scale, but I failed miserably, so I'm just showing the majesty of the faded paint and leaving the scale to your imagination. It looked, easily, to be the height of a 10-story building to me, but I was so in awe that it might as well have been the Empire State Building. People once sat in the mist coming off the nearby Pacific and watched films with Robert Mitchum and Robert Ryan before driving home on the darkened Pacific Coast Highway to their homes and their beds.



Blythe, California. I love laundromats at night, especially in the desert.

This one just loomed up. I was slowing down to shoot something across the road. When I stopped the van and turned to get my camera, this sign locked itself into my field of vision. I had to get this first. The other shot turned out to be nothing. I like the palm trees.



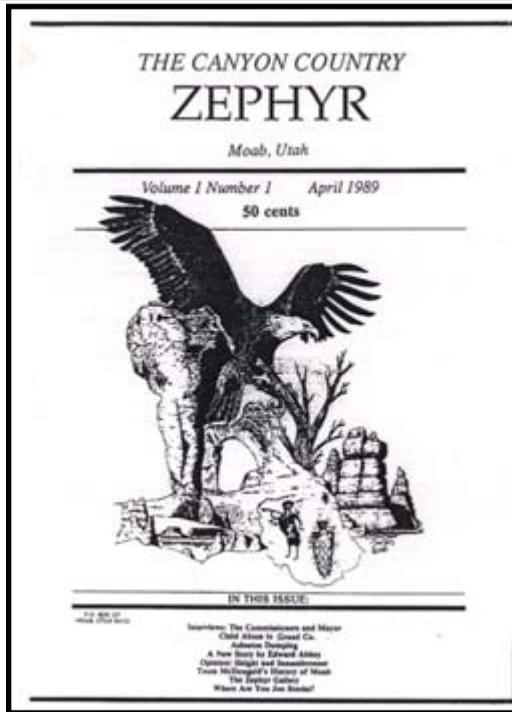
This is a collection of clowns - only a small part of this man's collection - "I just don't have enough room for them all."

It's in the lobby of the motel that he runs in Tonopah, Nevada.

I'm not going to say much more here. There certainly is more to say, but I'm not ready to say anything yet. In fact, I'm invoking my 5th Amendment rights. Or was it some other amendment?

Oh yeah, it's at the Clown Motel. I'll post more photos eventually, but the story involves redemption, mercy and apocalypse.

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



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