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space. Feel on your face the spray sent up from the great Lower Falls. Look out across that chasm and up into the sky, still peppered with the brighter stars which outshine the dawn.

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Or some night lie at the mouth of a rock-carved amphitheater two or three times the size of anything you've ever been in. Look up the two-thousand-foot wall to the billion stars and listen to the murmuring of the river still carving deeper the slot of canyon you're in. Think of nothing but what you see and feel and hear and smell.

What a campsite we had picked! We were on a high place above the river, on a rock-ledged terrace. The riverbank was a series of mammoth rock steps rising from the water. Each level was flat and large enough to accommodate all of us. We had made our campfire in one of the numerous pot holes eroded in the rock. The one we chose made a perfect shelter for our fire. Beyond us, the river made a lazy curve to the left and there the canyon wall rose straight up a thousand feet. For a mile and a half this cliff followed the river before the wall fell back again. The face of the cliff was stained with long, black streamers from the water which cascaded over the rim in wet weather. It was an imposing sight, a gigantic backdrop—a motionless hanging tapestry—behind us, soft in the light of early evening.

Tony, Don, and I stayed behind when the *Brontosaur* set off on the morning run. With the cameras and tripods, we climbed to the highest ledge—over a hundred feet above the river—where we could get an uninterrupted view of the full sweep of the river as it made its path through the red rock and under Tapestry Cliff. How amazingly ephemeral this solid mass of a million tons of sandstone looked.

The river below, almost the color of the surrounding rock, would have been lost in the scene had it not been for the thin line of green tamarisk bushes lining the banks to mark the course. In the boats we knew the river *was* a big stream, but high up where we stood, it was a thin, golden, serpentine thread. We could barely make out the *Brontosaur* as she traveled downstream. Knowing how big she really was, we could understand the scale of things. This country was big.

Another twilight and we were at another good campsite. Nearby was an old deserted cabin; the home, one time, of a gold prospector. All along the way there had been ruins of old mines where men had come and dug with hope. But their sights were aimed too short. The gold was here all right, but it wasn't the kind one can take to the assayer's office and get a price on. If they left in poverty it was because they were unable to see.

running from the twisted, broken branches. Tons of rock had come crashing down and there was a mammoth scar on the face of the canyon wall to mark its source. Across the narrow canyon, the walls were scraped where rocks had ricocheted.

Fred and I painstakingly crawled across the rockfall. When we came to the end of the debris we found ourselves buried deep in a narrow passage into the rock beyond. The sides of the canyon were no more than eight feet apart where we stood. They were nearly two thousand feet deep in the sandstone crust of the earth. No sunlight had ever entered the depth of this place. Down the center of the canyon floor ran a trickle of a stream.

The hidden passage twisted and turned as we followed it through the rock, and presently we came to a sharp turn. Here the stream had cut diagonally through the rock. The sky was shut off from our view completely; only the rock hung overhead. The canyon wall on the opposite side of the turn followed upward, parallel to its companion wall, and the two sides were like giant pieces of a jigsaw puzzle jarred slightly apart. Fred and I stood at the middle of the turn where we could look up and down the canyon as it wound its way deep in the earth. As we looked up through the slit the rock wall opposite seemed like the prow of a supernatural ship turned upside down. Behind us, the stream had gouged out a deep cave, and in front of it a soft dune of powdery sand lay piled high. The air was heavy with the green of ferns.

Fred and I wandered on, unable to believe what we saw. In places the bottom of the canyon narrowed, leaving only room enough for the stream to run between the walls. In other places the stream had eroded deep pot holes and we had to work our way along the slanting wall to get around them. At one place there seemed to be a mild enough pitch to the wall to allow us to climb to a ledge above, but we could not. The rock was too slippery, for here small springs gushed from the wall, making the wall wet. Wherever there was a seep in the canyon wall, ferns grew.

It was getting dark by the time we turned back, not yet having come to the end of the narrow passage, even though we had walked a good two miles. We had been so entranced with the place that we forgot the hour. Now we thought of that rock slide with the jagged-edged boulders we'd have to climb over to get back to camp. We hurried out as fast as we could. It was dark when we reached camp. Cid was sitting on her cot by the water's edge. We came upon her first. "You must see this place," Fred said, "no matter what, you must come with us tomorrow up that canyon!"

"We'll spend all day there exploring," I explained. "It's incredible!"

"Like the inside of a conch shell," Fred told her, and I could see the excitement of the place in his eyes. Cid must have too, for she caught the magic of it next day [and later published a poem about it in her book].

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A short distance downstream from Hidden Passage we came upon a great alcove in the rock. If we searched the world high and wide and deep, we could find no grander temple. Here was a domed chamber in the yellow-brown sandstone, more than two-hundred feet high, five-hundred feet long and at least two-hundred feet wide. In the center was a high mound of rock and sand on which grew a grove of box elders, cottonwood trees, and ferns. It was like a Japanese garden, and Fred remarked that it could not have been more perfect had it been landscaped deliberately. At the far end of the vast chamber was a clear, still pool in which, we were certain, lived a water sprite, for every few moments a tiny spout of water would break the surface, leaving behind a perfect ring which would slowly enlarge and spread out until it was stopped by the edge of the pool. The pool was deep—so deep we could not see bottom, and around it, on the rock wall, grew a thick bank of maidenhair fern. Above the pool, through the ceiling and up through the rock for a thousand feet there was a narrow, winding skylight which had been carved out by a little stream which runs only when it rains. What a sight it must be to see it cascading in a two-hundred-foot free fall to the center of the pool below! And, what a lovely sound it must make here, for the acoustics are perfect.

"We are pleased to find that this hollow in the rock is filled with sweet sounds," Major Powell wrote in his diary on August 1, 1869. "It was doubtless made for an academy of music by its storm-born architect; so we name it Music Temple."

It was here that Powell and his men camped and sang. And here it was, too, that Seneca and Oramel Howland and Bill Dunn, along with the others, carved their names on the rock wall where they remain, almost as distinct as on the day they were made. Powell, on his second journey down the river in 1871, revisited Music Temple. Seeing the names of those three men of his first expedition, Powell thought this place would be a fitting memorial to Dunn and the Howland brothers. They had deserted him in the Grand Canyon, convinced that the party was doomed to disaster. They climbed out, only to be killed by Indians when they reached the plateau above. As we stood looking at those names carved in the rock, we wondered what Powell would think, were he to know that this place, too, would be destroyed by reservoir waters, and later by silt which would cover it forever from men's eyes. Powell was aware of the potential water

resources of the Great American Desert, and he believed in utilizing nature in man's behalf. But he was also keenly aware of the resources which feed men's souls. Meeting this need, too, was in man's behalf. How would he have felt about Glen Canyon reservoir?

Five miles below Music Temple we found hundreds of petroglyphs—one of the many sites to be found in Glen Canyon where the prehistoric red men had left their marks in passing.

"An almost universal human wish," Cid remarked, "to leave some sign that will last when we are gone—to hack away at the hard stone with the urgency of our mortality upon us."

Near the petroglyphs another narrow side canyon cut its way back through the rock. We decided to explore it. Perhaps we'd find another hidden passage. Instead we found a hidden amphitheater, unexpectedly. The narrow canyon took a sharp twist and there it was—so big Madison Square Garden could have fit into it without a squeeze. Again, as in Hidden Passage where the creek curved in an almost complete circle, the rock was cut down at a diagonal and the far wall had been deeply gouged out.

The great domed roof above us must have been ten stories high and five-hundred feet across, and coming down the center of the chamber was a gigantic rock peninsula. Near its base at the dry creek bed was a flat area, large enough to hold a symphony orchestra and a full chorus. As we sat on the talus which rose high against the wall opposite, Tony and I speculated on what a glorious concert could be held here. "If Stokowski could only see this, I'll bet he would arrange it!" I said. "He has the imagination for such a thing—just the conductor to do it."

"Yes, and we'd haul everyone down in boats. It would be the most magnificent concert ever given," Tony added enthusiastically. We sat back and speculated. A fantastic idea? Perhaps, but a possible one, I thought. It would certainly be the music experience to end all music experiences, what with the build-up the audience would have just getting to the place. I closed my eyes and could imagine the sound of a great orchestra here.

I kept my eyes shut for a long time but opened them when I heard Al call for our attention. His voice seemed to come from everywhere, close to me, yet far, far away. "Where is he?" I asked.

"Over there—on the rock, climbing down. You can just make him out." Don pointed straight across the chamber to the rock peninsula. In the twilight of the place—for here, too, the sun had never entered—I spotted Al—a small spot no bigger than the period at the end of this sentence.

"Come across," Al shouted, "you can see the sky from here." We walked over and looked up to the crescent-shaped slit of blue winding around

Twilight Amphitheatre

just this much with a photo ?

I like the deliberate relating of this amphitheatre to an orchestra

We need more of this tie in with art, architecture, music, etc.

cultural beautiful idea

over us. Above the dome, where the chamber ended, rose a sheer wall of solid sandstone another thousand feet. Up there were millions of tons of rock and we were in the very heart of it. All that weight above, the bigness of the place; it was too much for me—too superhuman, too vast. I had to get out of there, get back to where I was my right size again. I felt as I had a few nights before, when I lay on a rock ledge staring into the sky, where every star that was there was brilliantly lit. The longer I looked up, the more three-dimensional the sky became, and I sensed the spatial distances in it. Seeing the universe spread out above and around me that night made me feel as infinitesimally small as the sky was infinitely big. Now I found myself almost running to get out of Twilight Amphitheater. I was glad to be in the open again where I towered above something, even though it might be only a sagebush.

"What a place!" Tony said when he caught up with me. "It was like being in the belly of a whale!"

While we were gone, a strong wind had come up. It kicked up high waves on the river, and we had a hard time fighting our way as we continued downstream. The waves tossed the *No Name* about and the motor's propeller alternately dug into the water and whirled futilely in the air. The sun beat down on us relentlessly. When we could hardly endure it much longer, we saw Navajo Mountain hovering in the distance. We knew we were nearing the mouth of Aztec Creek, the entrance from the river to Rainbow Bridge.

"Almost there!" Don shouted from the small boat, "think you can stand it a little farther?"

"Yes, yes—go on!" Cid shouted back to him from behind the piled-up duffle in the middle of the *Brontosaur* where she sheltered herself against the wind.

It must have been another half hour before we pulled into a quiet bay which was sheltered momentarily from the wind by a sheer, high wall on the opposite side of the river. We dragged the food boxes across the sandy beach to a wide, flat shelf of rock. Here the campfire was built in the shelter of a small crevice and the table set up as the sun went behind the cliff on the other side of the river. "At least we'll be in the shade," Don remarked caustically. That hot night we huddled in our sleeping bags like pupae in cocoons. The blowing sand was more uncomfortable than the heat.

A climax was ahead. Well hidden up the side canyon was one of the wonders of the world—Rainbow Bridge; Nonnezoshie, it was called by the Indians. A rock arch like a rainbow in the sky, a place held sacred

Rainbow Bridge

and secret by the ancient Indians; I dare not be so close and miss it. As I lay huddled in my sleeping bag thinking of that place, the wind suddenly stopped and all was at once quiet; so quiet I could again hear the murmur of the river beyond. I popped my head out of my bag to listen to that soothing sound and breathe the clear air again. When I looked up I saw the stars. To the northeast was the Big Dipper that had followed us all those 650 river miles we had come. Only one night had it deserted us—back in Cataract, where we had slept on the rocks below the Big Drop. The 3,500-foot cliff above us had hidden it from our view. It hadn't occurred to me until now that every night except that one I had looked into the night sky and had seen that one familiar thing in this unfamiliar world, and I had felt at peace, at home in the universe—secure. This night, seeing the Big Dipper there, I felt in place again after the day of incredulities.

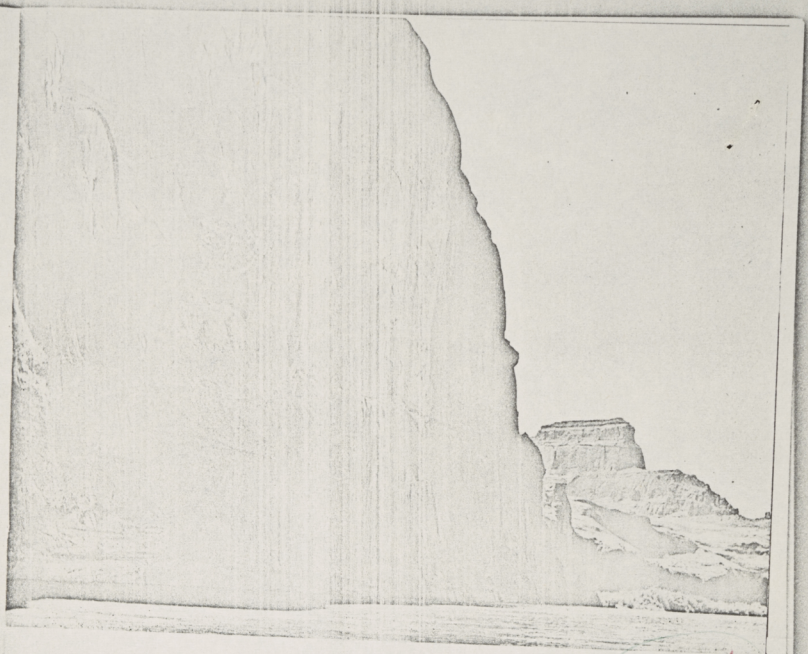
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Strange that one should walk so far and suffer so much to see a mass of stone arched across the sky. Perhaps this was why it was such a thrill. It was something one had to exert oneself to see. I wonder whether we aren't making a big mistake in making it so easy for people to see things. Nearly every week I receive press releases informing me that this road or that one in our national parks is being "improved," widened, paved, made into a highway. It is getting so that almost everything can be seen from the car window. People boast about how many parks they have "covered" during their vacation. Only recently I spoke to a couple who, in the course of their auto trip across the country, had seen Yosemite, Sequoia, Death Valley, the Grand Canyon, Bryce and Zion canyons, the Tetons, Yellowstone! *Seen* them? I wondered. *Felt* them? *Understood* them? Hardly. Their pictures showed a two-dimensional experience, all seen either from their car window or from an overlook beside the road. They could almost as well have stayed home and looked at pictures in a travel magazine. Their appreciation of what they had seen was in exact proportion to the time they had spent. One has to get out of the car and walk—feel the ground beneath, the earth around, smell the air, hear the sounds. What is a waterfall without the spray in your face? What is a forest without the spongy feel of the thick layer of needles cushioning your feet? What is a desert without the sand burning through the soles of your shoes or the cactus spine pricking your leg? All these are a part of the whole. And if there is effort involved, the more the appreciation.

Most of what we walked through, and that set the stage for the deep appreciation we would feel, is soon to be erased by the fluctuating reser-

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ed in the maze
man will think
age—and wish



The last days of Glen Canyon . . .

Drifting here, you learned to perceive, not to preconceive, what makes a land beautiful. Beauty is where you see it and you saw it often where the big river, thin-edged with green, slid along under the pastel tapestries. An old river had built the stone grain by grain, and the new river was shaping it—imperceptibly aided by artists who left long ago. You didn't quite catch the river in the act of sculpturing, but the color of the Colorado assured you that creation was still going on.

FOURTEEN PHOTOGRAPHS
BY PHILIP HYDE

