

Exhibit B
my companion

Eliot in red ink
Wally in blue ink
DRB, in pencil, for photo

The Canyon That Was

(to forward) [Eliot Porter describes a place that was alive when he saw it. We have lost the tense as it was, even though the canyon never will be again.]

The architect, the life-giver, and the moderator of Glen Canyon is the Colorado River. It slips along serenely, riffled only in the few places

where boulder-filled narrows confine it, for nearly two hundred miles. For all the

serenity, The first canyon experience is too overwhelming to let you take in more than the broadest features and boldest strokes. The eye is numbed by vastness and magnificence, and passes over the fine details, ignoring them in a defense against surfeit. The big features, the massive walls and towers, the shimmering vistas, the enveloping presence of light, are all hypnotizing, shutting off ^{out} awareness of the particular.

ok
camp
Later it is possible to
But one day you begin to focus on the smaller, more familiar, more comprehensible objects which, when finally seen in the context of the whole, are endowed with a wonder no less than the total. It is from them that the greatest rewards come. ^{then are seen} You begin to see for the first time the velvety

camp
lawns of young tamarisks sprouting on the wet sandbars just vacated by the retreating flood, ^{notice} or how the swirling surface of the green, opaque river converts light reflected from rocks and trees and sky into a moire' of interlacing lines and coils of color, ^{dream} or how the festooned designs, etched into the walls by water and lichens, ^{evocation} evoke in a free imagination scenes of great ^{long forgotten experiences} events, caricatures of life, even the flight of birds.

It is an intimate canyon. The feeling of intimacy comes partly from your being able to travel through it by boat—~~from~~ ^{at} a close association unknown in a canyon seen only from above or dipped into/only a few places.

The intimacy also comes from the calmness and congeniality of the river and the

closeness of the walls. Life along the banks and bars is unhurried. Every bend ^{offers} is a good campsite. Clear springs ^{are not far apart, providing in a shaded setting of mossy,} are close; their rocks and flowers

^{dripping} are good. ^{Evenings can be superb—the glow of burnished cliffs, a quiet}

peace settling on ^{the} boatmen ^{gathered to} close by the ^{their} campfire, subdued voices accentuating

^{faint gurgling} the voice of the river, ^{big} sliding into a night that spreads fast, stars and

^{the} a diminished sky ^{the canyon's} dimly silhouetted, ^{the canyon's} walls, and there is a

security between them.

^{OK} The rocks through which the canyon was carved are old monolithic sandstones ^{rising hundreds of feet, in places straight from the water} and you need to know three of their names to understand what they are doing.

The Wingate formation at the upper end weathers through vertical cracks,

extending down from the surface, into massive, burnt-red, columnar blocks and

slabs. When these break off and fall, shattering on the steep, narrow talus

bordering the river, they strew the slope with upended, jagged fragments; their

faces, like the cliff above, oxidize to a polished purple-black, ^{this} a dark

^{reflecting the sky, turns in the shade to} varnish which is deep metallic blue in the shade and ^{but in the sun shines a} dazzling white, in the

^{OK} sun. Downstream ~~the river~~ the Wingate formation drops out of sight below ^{the surface.}

~~the many-layered Kayenta formation.~~ Its place is taken by Navajo sandstone,

and the character of the cliffs changes strikingly. ^{Here,} The plateau weathers

into rounded domes and the rim curves, ^{and is less sharp. Water} Ephemeral streams have streaked the

walls with ribbons of color that cling like wet tapestries. ^(folds of) The dark stains

^{caused by} are the algae and lichens that manage to grow in the ^{persistent} occasional films of

moisture; the bluish-white bands ~~xxx~~ mark where chemicals ^{have been} leached from the

sandstone. Where water seeps through cracks or where springs flow, there

are caves green with tangles of rank vegetation.

(and, on WES?)

imposed on these shapes, giving emphasis by contrast, oxidation has added to the yellow and orange stone a blue and purple cast; and within following the same pattern superimposed on rock-facing rocks a texture of cloth & tapestry.

Plt
Bd
row
as noted

The Navajo sandstone cleaves to produce immense arches and bays and all manner of rippled and shell-like structures. Slabs spall off the cliffs from time to time, one layer after another. The fresh scars and those of great antiquity combine to shape and blot out the tapestries. High on the face of the canyon walls in many places, like the pupilless eyes of marble statues, huge lenticular depressions have flaked out—the beginnings of caves, in which water oozes out along the fracture lines supports. If the caves are shaded, they contain a heavy growth of maidenhair fern and mimulus.

The tributaries of Glen Canyon are a unique natural museum exhibiting examples of erosion found nowhere else in the world. The walls of the canyon as a whole are like worm-eaten wood, riddled with tunnels on an enormous scale. The smooth bores of their unroofed, twisting holes converge on the common river channel. Most of them are quite short, no more than a mile in length, the shortest snaking back only two or three turns before ending abruptly in a circular chamber surrounding a pool into which a trickle may descend through a sculptured channel in the roof.

as
advising

The similarity of the tributary ground plans shows that the same forces were at work molding them. Their courses are S-curves twisting back into the sandstone of the Colorado Plateau. Some straighten out as they advance headward, but others twist for miles back from the river. Twilight Canyon, which my youngest son followed for 5 turns without coming to an end or detecting a lessening of still has not ended, nor has the height of its walls (lessened.) It and several other canyons are dry and dead; nothing grows among heaped up boulders, except perhaps for a wisp of green high enough above one or two of the inside corners to miss the minor floods. No flowers spring from the barren walls, and no water shows, unless it is deeply shaded under a massively undercut wall. Such a canyon is no place to be caught in a flash flood.

OK
OK

side canyons

But most, even those carrying no permanent stream, are luxuriant. For

all the havoc the floods work against lifeless structures, they are ^{infectious} helpless against the frailest living things which, like the sea algae of a surf-bound coast bend to the irresistible force and spring back after the torrent has passed. The power of ^{and} fertility soon reseeds the plants that are uprooted.

Thick grasses, myriad flowers, tall canes, and creeping vines ~~of~~ cover the sand banks at the bends. Oaks grow almost impenetrably in the sunniest

spots and redbud fills the shady corners. Cottonwoods ^{seek out underground pockets of} remember where the water was. Down all the tributaries pour intermittent floods burdened with sand, each grain a chisel able to liberate imprisoned grains from the ancient walls. The streams batter the canyon edges, ^{sides} tearing away all loose material, and gouging out deep troughs.

The narrowness of some canyons—their sides may be hundreds of feet high and less than six feet apart at the bottom.—is dramatic evidence of the rapidity of erosion. A few evidently started as tight meanders in the surface in which fast corrosion deepened the channels into wide passages beneath ~~solid~~ walls of rock. At the sharpest bends the pounding waters have scooped out deep caves, the girdling walls of which envelop an opposite rounded peninsula of rock.

These gigantic structures are like loosely articulated elements of an immobile ball and socket joint. If you stand in the stream bed in one of these caves, facing outward, and look up at the top of the dome-shaped inner wall, you see the sky as a crescent of blue, bounded above by the overhanging dark surface of the cave rising behind you. The magnitude of ^{these} awesome shape expanding over your head out of the narrow confines is almost too ^{of the canyon flowing down the} visual evidence isn't enough. ^{of the} much to believe. ^{a lot of credulity.}

Even the sounds are incredible. The sounds of the spaced notes of a chord seemed to develop rules of their own, the individual notes turning back on themselves as they try to pass the upstream and downstream curves. The

notes blend, hang in the air for a while, then fade. You are ready to believe that the light itself is echoing and re-echoing the way the sound does. Of all the phenomena of the side canyons, it is the light, even in the farthest depths of the narrowest canyon, that evokes the ultimate in awe. There are somber, rocky caverns of purple and ochre stone into which the sun rarely strikes, shallow pools glitter in brass from sunlit cliffs high overhead.

Wherever there is a damp cleft, maidenhair fern and scarlet lobelia and white columbine grow. ^{their drooping leaves turn} They reflect a dusky cyan-green in the blue shadows, ^{creating} (their drooping leaves imparting) a subdued, almost funereal atmosphere. It is reflection that ^{imparts} is the magic essence of the waters of the Glen Canyon and its tributaries. You may find reflections first in the slowly evaporating

pools on some of the rounded floors--pools that never quite become dry because they are fed by seeping water, ^{others} are replenished from time to time by storms. ^{Every} All the pools, ^{and} each rill, ^{every} the individual sheets of flowing water, every wet rock and seep ^{these} mirror with enameled luster the world

about. In narrow chasms streams of melted gems flow over purple sand past banks of verdant willow. ^{with underlying} Small tarns ^{guddles, like shining eyes, fuse} mix the colors of pink rocks and cerulean sky, and wet ripples of mud may do the same thing. ^{and to the changing light} Nothing remains the same from year to year. Flood and drouth, heat and cold, life and death incessantly ^{or hour to hour from day to day, and from} alter but they leave unchanged the grand plan, the essence of the Colorado's masterwork.

^{But now another} One kind of change now occurring will obliterate all the places that ^{mean most, wiping them out for all foreseeable time,} With nothing tangible to evoke the past, even the memory of the river's history will go. This last and final act of obliteration is, as it was with Colorado River gold-seekers fifty years ago, materially motivated. The wealth of the river this time is its power, ostensibly at least, although there are those who see a less forthright purpose--the ambition of a federal bureau to build an

empire out of river development, with sincere regard, no doubt, for one kind of public welfare, but with an unknowing disregard of many less tangible aspects of human well-being. (OK)

(It is self-evident that a long-term need exists for something more than material benefits. But ^{public} effort seems increasingly to be determined by men whose key criterion is short-term economic feasibility, a standard that can measure neither spirit nor beauty.) Glen Canyon dam may appear to exemplify this standard. ^{ambition} But neither does its imposing magnitude alone justify it, nor can the dam serve all the beneficial functions attributed to it in the process of obtaining legislative support or as a subsequent apology. (What it does to beauty is tragic.) (OK)

The waters impounded by this plug of artificial stone will spread back through Glen Canyon for its entire one hundred and eighty-six miles, inundating the sparkling river, swallowing its luminous cliffs and tapestried walls, and extinguishing far into the long, dim, distant future everything that ^{gave} made it live. ^{life} As the waters creep into the side canyons, enveloping one by one their mirroring pools, drowning their bright flowers, backing up their clear, sweet springs with stale flood water, a fine opaque silt will settle over all, covering rocks and trees alike with a gray slimy ooze. (OK)

Darkness pervades the canyons. Death and the thickening, unbrageous gloom take over (a place) where ^{life} the living river and shimmering light were the glory. ^{of the river} (OK)

* * * * *

Before the bureau chose drastically to change what was there, Glen Canyon was a place to remember, and I remember these things lost: (OK)

The Glen Canyon ^{forms of life have been} trench is a microcosm ~~now~~ separated from the world in its depth, in its atmosphere, and in its living things. ^{as well as by its desert borders. Its} (OK)

non seq.

~~Sketch for transition~~

and for WET:

a favorite haunt is the Narrows in Bridge Canyon on the trail to Rainbow Bridge.

with their four-toe prints

Great blue herons ^{border} mark the muddy edge of the river; their four-toed prints ^{border} every lagoon and shallow backwash, where the herons have stood motionless watching for small fish or frogs. Approached too closely, they rise smoothly, legs dangling, their powerful wings beating slowly in unhurried flight down the river.

In the side canyons, along the narrow water courses where deep pools are carved in rock and the flow is clear and constant, lives a small, plump, gray bird with stumpy tail, (the water ouzel). ^{He} is truly aquatic, (and) although not web-footed, he is as much at home in the water as a duck. He makes his living in the flowing streams and cascades of high ^{country} (basins) and canyons of the west; he cannot live without them and he never departs far from them.

He builds his roofed nest and rears his young in the spray of waterfalls. ^{He is the} ^{tipper or water ouzel and when} (You will probably first encounter him as he bobs) ^{ed well in all probability be bobbing} on a stone in midstream; ^{and to you} (He may) ^{must he may} astonish you by suddenly plunging into the foaming water. Over his ^{it is a strange sight for those who are etc. etc. etc.} ^{into No} ^{shiny} somber dark gray suit he instantly slips a resplendent jacket of silvery bubbles and walks about on the bottom picking up aquatic larvae here and there with the same ^{in this outfit} ^{as he would} ^{as little} ^{concern} (an ordinary bird would show) on dry land. In a moment he pops out again, leaving his bright diving suit behind, and as dry as before he dove in, continues about his business. He is apparently pleased with his mode of life, bursting into song most unexpectedly after emerging from one of his underwater ^{foraging} expeditions. (There are technologists who allege that birds sing merely to proclaim territorial right. But the ouzel) ^{He} ^{for} sings his ebullient, varied song throughout the year for no other assignable reason than the sheer joy of doing so. He (himself) is the only audience (he) ^{where} (requires, for more often than not) he sings unheard in the mist of a thundering cascade.

To the murmuring and chattering by the river, the raven's harsh caw is added now and then from a point in the ^{high ledge or from} sky where he balances ^{between} the law of gravity with the law of convection. ^{and} He hangs ⁱⁿ there, rocking slightly as

^{drifts and soars,} he ~~exists~~ ⁱⁿ seeks out the ^{current} rising air, his black profile punctuating ^{on his words} a voice—^{uninterrupted words of all the part of his race.} The raven—a voice that fits peculiarly well the stony world in which he lives. He is a bird of parts; ^{he is not} neither showing off nor ^{does he hide his talents} shrinking. He saves a

particular quality in his voice for special occasions, and though he cannot ^{in the usual meaning of the term,} sing (what we call song), ~~and~~ he is able to introduce a bell-like quality into his ^{croak adds a} caw which ^{is touch} is music without melody. ^{like the caw, the raven but appears to delight} He does not live to exist, but to enjoy—especially to delight in his greatest accomplishment—flight.

A small group may spend hours playing in the air currents, soaring effortlessly, chasing one another in an endless game, ~~diving~~ ^{chasing}, swooping, ^{on} wing, turning upside down in a wild exuberant melee, racing past the face of a cliff, feeling desperately for the upsurge that will give an advantage, uttering guttural cries that release all the pent-up excitement just as ^{out} children cry in their play. ^{who can say not their way?} (I think this is an expression of joy.) The very

place incites it. ^{when, on the first morning} But it is dark now, and ^{just above the bank except for the mous soft voice.} quiet. (I feel it when I turn in my sleeping bag toward the east. A faint

light is just perceptible, and it soon will give way to the waxing twilight of morning and the world will fill with color. This is a positive time, a time of expansion and increase and expectation. ^{unlike} (In the waning ^{evening} twilight) of evening ^{when} everything is closing down and in retreat, ^{but} at dawn each moment is brighter; the path into light, into activity, is full of hope and ^{promise and} renewed energy (and the promise of clarity.) The sun, still a long way beneath

almost inaudible sounds come from the sky when I turn my sleeping bag toward the east

the rim, routs the last stars down the brightening sky. They make a (final) pale stand in the thinning shadow of the earth, until Venus alone holds out, resisting the stampede. Directly overhead fleecy clouds sail from the northwest across the narrow, rock-enclosed sky, preserving the order of their ranks while their shapes shift and flow. ^{Presently} A tinge of pink is spreading over them, changing gradually to salmon and then to yellow, when suddenly from some notch in the horizon the sun bursts into this hemisphere. It lights the top of a butte, transforming it into a metallic crown. Slowly, the color slips down its sides, copperplating them and enveloping the canyon in warmth. The river picks up the color and multiplies it, ^{still in shadow} Gray stones along its muddy bank ^{route} are uncut lapis lazuli embedded in molten bronze. Blue highlights thread the dry sand ripples. Day is near and earth (will soon turn) ^{will blaze} into the canyon depths. ^{all the began moving} ^{color fade with the day's swift advance.} (The advance is swift. Purple banks and blue dunes become common mud and sand, the morning colors refert, the river becomes muddy green, ^{and} the rocks turn to brick and clay, ^{as} and the sun appears above the canyon rim. ^{climbs}

We have had our breakfast, pack our few possessions, and are ready to shove off into the current lapping at the loaded boats. We check the sands again for forgotten objects, postponing the final moment, loath to depart the ^{which} little world/for a night's stop was the focus of our lives in an eternity of timeless existence. We push the boat ^{out}, wading knee deep in mud to gain the deeper water before climbing on board. The day is bright and still. No wind ruffles the river ^{glazy surface of} (glass,) lined with swirling striae, ^{by the upwelling} where the current ^{is} upswelling. ^{mirrored} The sandstone cliffs are distorted near the boat, but down the river's reach they are nearly perfect. ^{by reflected} In the winding canyon dark and light

reflections replace one another in slow succession. The gentle wake of the boat breaks these images into undulating spots and patches. Each wave for a moment holds a fragment of sky mixed with golden globules of sunlit rock.

striped g. canyon
The walls pass in review, and the breaks in their defenses pass by too, some of them in striped cliffs undercut by the river, *which has left* No talus, not even a sand bank or bar, *to* separate them from the water, (and the cliffs) are sliced unexpectedly by narrow perpendicular slots. At high water the river deposits its load in them, *dripping* sand, in the eddies at the entrances and the finer sediments precipitating in the quietest waters. Back in the slots, these fingers of the river blend into a bank of gray ooze which thickens (without detectible discontinuity) into a slippery bed of clay of uncertain depth extending from wall to wall. After the spring run-off has subsided and the river withdrawn, these slots are left plugged to their mouths with mud and silt that dries slowly to a cracked, crusted surface *on which* you can walk (on). But the first local freshet will wash it all out until the next high water.

Like the half-concealed passages into long forgotten tombs, these narrow slots give no hint of the strange sights inside their portals. We plunge apprehensively into the mud and water. Sometimes it is waist deep; sometimes we have to swim. We struggle through the sucking clay, one laborious step at a time, to higher and harder ground where we make our way within, unimpeded.

In Mystery Canyon, after traversing a winding corridor of tangled woodbine gardens, we find ourselves at last in a circular arena, confronted by overhanging, inaccessible walls. Dark viridescent lumps of moss dot the surface and, trembling in a perpetual current of air, green fern tenacles

grow around them from the slippery rock. From a (sculptured) groove at a higher level a thin stream slides into a black and fathomless pond. The whole interior of this tenebrous chamber, with blindly waving greenery lining its sides, is like the ciliated cavity of ^{a huge sea} (an exquisite anemone. OK

In Cathedral Canyon, beyond a series of immense, vaulted bends, we come to a sudden closing in of the walls where the flood disappears into a water-filled trough no wider than a man's body. Swimming through it is a dreamlike adventure. Shivering we glide along like seals, chin deep in the water, through still depths into an inscrutable solitude. Only the hollow sound of our slight splashing reverberates along the contorted channel back into the stony labyrinth. ^{we touch a warm shimmer with surprise} Now and then, ^{my to meet} the mysterious bottom, a stone or a graveled ledge, ^{as it rises to surprise us} as it rises to surprise us. We climb over wedged boulders from one ribbon pool to another in a journey reminiscent of Kanadu, "through caverns measureless to man," with walls and towers girdled round. A sudden shaft of sun, giving a dimension of reality, penetrates the upper stories through an unseen window. It lights a strip of wall with a dazzling yellow and is reflected to our eyes at water level, ^{from the thin concave lips of} where ~~it meets~~ the pool laps the rock in gentle undulations; ^{and} golden threads reaching ahead to delineate for a moment the waving separation of water and stone. ^{from} (At last, OK

^{over} ^{drops} at the end, ^{is} is a wisp of a waterfall from unseen heights overhead, slipping ^{down} ^{OK} over a smooth and algaed chute into a slatey pool. Shivering, we retrace our way, glad to emerge at last into the August sun. OK OK

Little Arch, we discover, is a short canyon, ending in a waterfall up which an earlier explorer cut shallow steps in the wet sandstone. We

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014

slut
slut
(5th)

but they strike the face hard. The black cloud now possesses the entire opening of sky and a cold, chilling wind sweeps through the canyon.

Another flash of lightning brightens the obscurity and thunder crashes again, much louder, reverberating from higher terraces, rolling and rumbling up and down the gorge, dying in the cul de sacs. The rain comes down hard now.

The wet cliffs have lost all color, but glisten from the sheets of water pouring over them. Through the notches and dips in the rim, wherever the walls were streaked, streams pour down; thin bands of wetness follow the stripes of oxidation down the cliffs. Through larger notches torrents spume

over, free-falling hundreds of feet with a roar, some white and clean, others brown and opaque, all of them drowning out the thunder. The downpour retreats

as quickly as it came. The waterfalls diminish, cease, and the sun comes out again. The rocks lose their wet sheen, only a few puddles lingering. (We and

the trees glitter, drip briefly, and dry off. The creek roiled and full is the last to forget the storm. (Before long the internal warmth from food

and the external warmth from sun has exorcised all residues of misery. We move on into the day, living, as all good river travelers should, in the present.)