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The Baja California excursion had not been undertaken with intent to produce a book on the peninsula, but my photographs had attracted the interest ~~attention~~ of David Brower by dramatizing the exceptional character and beauty of a desert region seldom visited and almost unknown to Americans. In addition to the evidence of recent geological ~~activity~~ and volcanic activity and the presence of exotic xerophilic vegetation that had evolved in semi-isolation, abandoned remains <sup>missions</sup> the ~~remains~~ of ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ Hispanic colonial ~~culture~~ were to be found in remote locations along the peninsula, all of which contributed to its mystery & attractiveness. Joseph Wood Krutch had written a book, published in 1961, <sup>his visits to</sup> about ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Baja California, ~~entitled~~ <sup>and the</sup> The Forgotten Peninsula in which he wrote of its neglect <sup>and gradual abandonment by western civilization</sup> and extolled its fascinating unique characteristics. Joseph Wood Krutch had written a book <sup>called</sup> The Forgotten Peninsula, published in 1961, on the history of Baja California from its discovery <sup>and the</sup> establishment of missions to its gradual desertion by western civilization <sup>including</sup> with a description of some very queer plants which, contrary to logical expectation, seemed to be growing upside down. Krutch journeyed to Baja California ten times by every available means of transportation, which exceeded the prediction that if you went once you would inevitably go again. <sup>Due to</sup> With Brower's enthusiasm and <sup>with</sup> inspiration from Krutch, I determined to make a second visit, this time in the summer when the exotic plants ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> curios and the elephant trees ~~were~~ in bloom and with ~~the hope for~~ a book in mind. The second trip took place in ~~1966~~ <sup>of</sup> July and August, 1966, a month following exploring my return from the Galapagos Islands. I wanted to spend more time ~~in~~ <sup>also</sup> the northern part of the peninsula, which I had neglected the first time, and the central area, where the exotic vegetation was most prolific. Baja California - Geography of Hope was published in 1967 with a text by Krutch.

~~It~~ As a result of the publication of three of my books by the Sierra Club, (the third, Summer Island - Penobscot Country, in 1966,) all of which carried a conservation message, I was elected to the ~~the~~ Board of Directors of the Sierra Club and, in that capacity, <sup>I</sup> was in close contact with conservation <sup>on well as</sup> causes and the conflicts that arose between them and administrative problems.

within the club and were not resolved until after the publication of Baja  
 California in 1967 and Galapagos - The Flow of Wildness in 1968.

objectives as well as with <sup>purpose for</sup> policy conflicts that arose <sup>way of</sup> between the supporters  
 of a publication program and those who believed in a less indirect spending  
<sup>money</sup> of the club's ~~resources~~ for the protection of natural resources <sup>I a conflict</sup> and were not  
 resolved until after the publication of the Galapagos Islands book in 1968.

<sup>During</sup> At a board meeting at the Sierra Club camp in the Sierra Nevadas in 1968 I  
 proudly presented by Brower with  
 was ~~handed~~ the first copy off the press of Galapagos - The Flow of Wildness

<sup>which was</sup> in two volumes as I had requested. My initial delight was soon dampened <sup>however</sup>

by the discovery that my name appeared nowhere on either volume other than  
 as the ~~author of the photographs~~, although later I discovered that Brower in  
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ his introduction had credited me <sup>with the idea for the</sup>  
 books. The first volume contained, aside from the <sup>introduction</sup> ~~forward~~ by Loren Eiseley,

~~fragments~~ and a forward by David Brower, fragments from the journals of  
 buccaneers, explorers and scientists. The second volume was introduced by  
 Kenneth Brower's forward, <sup>and</sup> a long introduction by John Milton <sup>was</sup> followed by  
 my text and several short sketches by Kenneth Brower. ~~It~~ When I asked

Brower why my name was <sup>not</sup> on ~~the~~ either <sup>volume</sup> book, he said it was because there  
 were so many contributors that no one could be named. I was so shaken and ~~speech~~  
 speechless I left the meeting. The number of contributors, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

including Kenneth Brower's ~~contributions~~ and his listing as editor, was not  
 fortuitous; it was David Brower's doing. I should have been prepared <sup>for this</sup>

<sup>Since</sup> during the preceding summer <sup>when</sup> I had received the proofs of my text in Maine,  
 I discovered <sup>that it</sup> which had been drastically abridged, ~~by~~ probably <sup>a</sup> as it turned out, by Kenneth  
 Brower, and when I protested, I was <sup>it</sup> summarily informed that not to accept  
 it might result in none of (my writing) being used.

By 1969 the crisis over Sierra Club finances came to a head. The club  
 had been <sup>operating</sup> running under an increasing deficit attributable by one faction  
 to an extravagant publication program, which it insisted must be curtailed.

The supporters of the program, led by Brower, maintained that Sierra Club books



influence had been a tremendous asset ~~in~~ for conservation and that the deficit was only temporary. As the disagreement became more intense <sup>and</sup> tempers were ruffled, Brower was accused of ignoring the advice of the club officers, misleading the Board of Directors and arrogating <sup>for</sup> to himself the expenditure of funds at the risk of bankrupting the club. His supporters maintained that these accusations were grossly unfair, that <sup>an</sup> executive director <sup>to</sup> function effectively must be allowed a considerable degree of <sup>independence</sup> freedom to ~~make decisions~~ <sup>making</sup> and that under his directorship the Sierra Club had become a powerful force for environmental protection. The division between his critics and supporters on the Board became sharper until <sup>at</sup> a tense Board of meeting, a resolution limiting Brower's freedom in <sup>the</sup> his management of club affairs <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>proposed</sup> offered. The vote was 10 to 5 for the resolution, on which I voted with the minority, whereupon David Brower ~~resigned~~ <sup>as</sup> interpreting it to ~~be~~ <sup>as</sup> a vote of no confidence, resigned as Executive Director.

With David Brower's resignation ~~my~~ and the curtailment of <sup>of Sierra Club</sup> publishing, my relationship with Sierra Club Books came to an end, <sup>it also</sup> and terminated a project proposed to Brower by the director of conservation <sup>by</sup> ~~in~~ of Kenya, who ~~had~~ <sup>and had</sup> was familiar with Sierra Club books ~~and~~ urged the publication of a book on African Wildlife <sup>which was</sup> ~~which was~~ threatened by uncontrolled poaching. David asked me if I would be interested, and I replied, "very much so; in fact Africa had been a goal since medical school days, <sup>when it was</sup> ~~Africa had been~~ a subject of discussion with several of my classmates <sup>if</sup> who held similar romantic ambitions, and an agreement was reached that <sup>whoever</sup> ~~he~~ who first got there would entertain the others with a lavish celebration. <sup>however</sup> That was long ago, <sup>and</sup> the bargain <sup>had been</sup> forgotten or terminated by death, <sup>the</sup> of the other participants. <sup>the</sup> I was fortunate in having a relationship Jack Macrae, Editor-in-Chief ~~of~~ at established with ~~another publisher~~ Harper & Row, the publisher of the Adirondack book, who asked me to photograph the southern Appalachians, ~~for a similar book~~ which <sup>this</sup> I began in the autumn of 1967 and where ~~I~~ returned in '68 and '69.

In the mean-time Macrae had left Harper & Row to become Vice President of ~~his family's~~ E. P. Dutton, a publishing house owned by members of his family. He informed me that the agreement with Harper & Row still held, but that he

hoped I would be willing to go over to E. P. Dutton with him, which of course I was glad to do, and Dutton became my publisher, as successor to the Sierra Club. I told Jack Maxrae about the African proposal that had been abandoned following Brower's resignation with the hope that he would pursue it <sup>as</sup> and eventually he did.

The year 1967 became as busy a year as 1966 beginning with a trip

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

With the Galapagos Islands and Baja California behind me, 1967 began with no photographic project in prospect, but ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ <sup>which was</sup> a plan, not primarily photographic, soon captured Aline's and my enthusiasm. Among our friends were several couples from Los Alamos, the laboratory north of Santa Fe famous for the development of the atomic bomb, (physicists and mathematicians, Nick Metropolis, one of the mathematicians, was a Greek by descent, who with his wife, Patty, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ <sup>and was</sup> by their adulation of all things Greek, were the instigators of a visit to Greece. <sup>In our group</sup> we were five couples, <sup>and we planned to</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>would</sup> meet in Athens <sup>then</sup> and in three cars <sup>(travel around to</sup> ~~XXXXXX~~ all the historic places. None of us except for Nick had had any direct experience with Greece; I knew Greece only from history and architecture, <sup>but</sup> and nothing about modern Greece or the Greek temperament beyond The Greek Way, Edith Hamilton's romance with Greece.

Aline and I flew to Rome In March, picked up a car and drove around Sicily, visiting all the Greek ruins of which Syracuse, Agrigento and Segesta were the high points. We were late for the almond blossoms, but the wild flowers were at their peak. I was particularly moved by my first sight of a Doric column, <sup>only</sup> it was imbedded, ~~XXXXXX~~ half-exposed <sup>(announcing holding its ancient cultural enveloped)</sup> identity in the wall of a church that had ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ <sup>been built into</sup> the original temple for structural support. The Greek theater in Syracuse, <sup>was</sup> a monolithic structure, <sup>as to stir a vision of</sup> of such beauty and <sup>as if</sup> was in a nearly perfect state of preservation, <sup>only yesterday</sup> as though only yesterday the great plays of Euripides and Aeschylus had been performed there. And nearby <sup>prison</sup> was the quarry <sup>defeated</sup> in which the Greek ~~XXXXXX~~ soldiers were held captive and died. We crossed the Adriatic from Brindisi and drove <sup>through Achaea, south of the</sup> to Athens ~~south of the~~ Gulf of Corinth, to Athens <sup>S</sup> where we <sup>n</sup> rendezvoused with our friends.



Greece is at its best in the spring; Wild flowers ~~in profusion~~ <sup>with vernal extravagance</sup> grow everywhere. Fields are red with poppies and anemones where ~~they have been taken~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~possessed~~ <sup>have crowded</sup> the land and ~~crowd~~ <sup>Flowers</sup> out all visual competition. ~~The~~ carpet the ground between the olive trees, and they grow in intimate association with the stones of the ancient ruins, ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> annual celebration of their historic significance. There are crocuses in many colors, iris in wet places, ~~Several~~ varieties of cyclamen - (the wildflower called shooting star in America) - papery-petaled rock roses, bee orchids and many other kinds.

We drove to Sounion, the cape from which <sup>in Greek mythology</sup> ~~watch had been~~ <sup>was</sup> kept for the return of Theseus, who had sailed away to Knossos ~~to slay the Minotaur.~~ <sup>would tell of</sup> White sails ~~on the returning ship were to announce~~ <sup>of</sup> victory, black sails/defeat. The ruins of the white marble temple at Sounion bore evidence of the many visitors who had come there to gaze out across the Aegean sea, as had the watchers of so long ago, straining for the first glint of a sail. They had carved their initials in the marble columns, a practice unacceptable today, far in the past but when done ~~in the long ago~~ <sup>in the long ago</sup> may add an historic interest to the site. Thus Byron's initials increased the appeal of the romantic setting. Contemporary graffiti are a defacement; ancient graffiti are an archeological attribute.

At Delphi we ~~visited~~ <sup>visited</sup> the grotto of the famous oracle, whose forecasts and guidance, ~~had been~~ <sup>such</sup> sought throughout the Greek world, were delivered ~~always~~ <sup>in</sup> ambiguous terms that ~~left the~~ <sup>the</sup> pleader was always left in doubt. When Midas ~~King of~~ <sup>King of</sup> Sardis sought the oracle's advice on war with Persia, he was told he would destroy an empire ~~his own it was~~ <sup>he destroyed</sup>. In Corinth we saw the remains of the fountain of Pyrene where Pegasus came to drink and was captured by Bellerophon. We drove south into the Peloponessus to the ruins of Mycenae and Tyrins, to Epidaurus and west to Pylos, Bassae and Olympia. The use of a tripod with a camera for photographing Greek ruins is considered a commercial activity <sup>by Greek authorities</sup> for which a permit is required ~~for each site~~. By inadvertence Olympia was not ~~listed~~ <sup>included</sup> in the list of sites on my permit, and I was told by a guard that I could not use my tripod. When I protested, the guard led me to the office of the superintendent to whom I

explained my predicament. He was sympathetic and gave me permission to use the tripod inspite of the omission, but the guard ~~pretended~~ continued to object <sup>that</sup> because Olympia was not named on the permit, whereupon the <sup>in</sup>superintendant wrote/Olympia<sup>11</sup>, saying, "It is now" <sup>much</sup> to the chagrin of the bureaucratic guard. On our way back to Athens we stopped in a little village to photograph a house. I asked the owner for permission, and he replied with a most congenial smile, "With complete liberty". As I was packing up, Nick Metropolis, ~~xxxxxxshakingxxxxxxwith~~ who was riding with us, <sup>ed</sup>sensing that something special was about to happen, <sup>and</sup> said not to drive off right away. Sure enough, in a few minutes the owner returned from behind his house ~~with~~ carrying ~~axlarge bouquet of~~ <sup>three red</sup> roses, which he presented to <sup>Aline</sup> my wife. One of our last excursions was by ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>several</sup> cruise ship to <sup>and to</sup> Aegean islands, to Ephesus in Asia Minor, Rhodes and Crete. Our first calls were at Mykonos and Delos in the Cyclades. On Delos the sloping fields were so solidly cloaked with red poppies <sup>that</sup> they distracted attention and wonder from the Mycenaean stone lions, the chief attraction of the island. While the ship was in Crete, a political coup took place in Athens in which the colonels took over the government, <sup>ing</sup>and resulted inexplicably in curtailment of our visit to Sir Arthur Evans' reconstruction of the Minoan palace in Knossos. Back in Athens, we went north ~~to~~ into Thessaly to Mt. Olympus and on to Alexander the Great's palace at Pella in Macadonia before our group broke up. ~~xxxxx~~ Aline and I on our way back to Naples and home on the Italian liner, Raphiello, ~~we~~ spent a week in Corfu, where the Durrells lived as children and where one can walk on the white pebbled beach on which, according to legend, Ulysses swam ashore.

Martin Litten, a director of the Sierra Club, had become an enthusiastic river runner, and had made several trips down the Colorado through Grand Canyon. He used a special class of wooden boats called Mackenzie dories, <sup>which were</sup> guided by oars <sup>rather than</sup> and without <sup>motors</sup>, which he felt were a travesty to true wilderness experience. At the last Sierra Club Board meeting he offered to take me on his next run through Grand Canyon, which was scheduled for June, 1967, soon after my return from Greece. <sup>while</sup> In New York, <sup>having returned</sup> just (back from Greece) I <sup>called on</sup> stopped ~~in to~~



7a

nine

There were ~~twelve~~ of us in the party in addition to Martin Litten, his son \_\_\_\_\_, and Francois Leydet, the three experienced oarsmen who would guide the boats through the rapids. Among the others were <sup>very</sup> photographer Philip Hyde, my son, Patrick, and Ron \_\_\_\_\_ a Hollywood actor of modest distinction for western movies.

7b

were with  
by the boats

Major rapids were approached with more caution and run well separated in <sup>collision</sup> ~~sequence~~ to avoid any possibility of interference ~~between boats~~. ~~As the lead boat~~ As the lead boat slid into the fast water where the rapid begins <sup>an</sup> it would often be <sup>appear</sup> ~~seen~~ ~~from the following boats to~~ drop out of sight into a hollow in the river, but to reappear a few minutes later on the next <sup>up-welling</sup> ~~wave~~ of water. <sup>Steering</sup> ~~Managing~~ the boat during that moment / required considerable skill <sup>in order</sup> to avoid mishaps; which, <sup>onesuch mishap did</sup> unfortunately ~~did happen~~ to Martin Litten's son when he lost his grip on an oar ~~and it slammed~~ <sup>cutting</sup> against his shin ~~knining~~ it to the bone. Since I was the only member of the party who had a medical degree, <sup>I had</sup> ~~although~~ <sup>surgical</sup> no practical experience with first aid, it was up to me to sew up the wound. This I was able to do with the very first aid equipment provided by <sup>the</sup> ~~Martin~~ <sup>foresight</sup> of Martin Litten's adequate ~~medical supplies brought on the expedition~~ that included such essentials as surgeons needles and hemostats. I had <sup>on</sup> ~~bite~~ a stick ~~of~~ <sup>wined or</sup> ~~wood~~ during the suturing, and he never complained of my clumsiness. The <sup>who was</sup> ~~who~~ was confident that he could do anything requiring wound ~~did~~ not become infected. Ron kept begging Martin to let him row. <sup>physical skill</sup> ~~from~~ ~~He knew less about rowing than I did~~ ~~as a result of my Maine~~ <sup>in of Maine</sup> ~~eastal~~ / summers, which Martin did not recognize as adequate training for handling a Makenzie dory. Finally <sup>Martin</sup> he weakened and gave the oars over to Ron ~~at the top of~~ <sup>Some</sup> very mild rapids. I was standing in the bow pointing out obstacles when Ron, misunderstanding our wildest gesticulations, <sup>ran</sup> ~~plowed~~ full onto a rock with such force that I was pitched overboard. That stimulated Ron's Hollywood-conditioned heroism <sup>and</sup> ~~whereupon~~ abandoning his oars, he leaped overboard to rescue me. By that time I had climbed out on the rock and Martin had taken command of the dory, and after some skillful maneuvering, we

OVER

able to get  
were both ~~gotten~~ back on board. Ron was ~~not~~ the least phased by this episode, nor did it deter Martin from again letting Ron row.



~~see~~ Jack Macrae at E. P. Dutton and told him about the Grand Canyon plan.

He immediately expressed an interest and wanted to know if it would be possible for him to go. I thought not, but ~~suggested~~ <sup>said</sup> that I ~~inquire~~ <sup>would find out</sup> about other trips later in the summer ~~by~~ <sup>of</sup> the more conventional ~~means~~ <sup>kind</sup> with ~~motorized rubber rafts~~ <sup>motorized</sup> and agreed to make the trip a second time.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Martin Litten's river trip in his/wooden dories started on June 13 at Navajo Bridge, the only road-crossing of the Colorado between Moab and Boulder Dam, and terminated ~~at~~ in Lake Mead~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ (241 miles

down river and seventeen days later on June 30. There were twelve of us in

the party including photographer Philip Hyde and my son Patrick. Because it was not a money making venture, as most of the rubber raft trips <sup>are</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>and we</sup> ~~XXXXXX~~ <sup>fixes</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>and</sup> each contributed <sup>our</sup> share of the expenses, <sup>and</sup> our progress was leisurely. We

stopped often to explore side canyons and occasionally stayed two nights at a camp site. Martin knew all the collateral canyons and which ones were most interesting, and he always allowed us to adhere to ~~next~~ <sup>plenty of</sup> time.

to. He/ ~~xxxxxx~~ the photographers, ~~Philip Hyde and Max ~~xxxxxx~~~~  
 4 For the the flowed south the junction  
 / The first sixty miles ~~xxxx~~ the river/ ~~were~~/ through Marble Canyon to/ ~~xxxxxx~~  
 xx with  
 with the Little Colorado, where it turned westerly and entered the Grand Canyon.

and upper Granite Gorge, below which many tributary canyons opened onto the Colorado and rapids were more frequent, adding to the excitement of the trip.

It was hot in the Grand Canyon in June <sup>so that</sup> ~~from which~~ even in our scanty clothing the wetting we received running a rapid offered welcome relief. We wore our

life jackets constantly ~~in~~ for safety~~in~~ in case of an upset, and frequently in search of more effective relief from the heat, we would jump overboard and

float through <sup>under</sup> rapid. The sensation ~~was~~ <sup>find</sup> if not unpredictable, was quite unexpected; you suddenly ~~found~~ yourself quietly floating in the river, not

buffeted about, just drifting along with the current as you bob up and down with the waves. There is no <sup>perception</sup> ~~sensation~~ of speed until you look at the bank which you are amazed to see is rushing past.

~~One of the tributaries~~ Tepeats Creek is a tributary we attended

for several miles to a fork where half the flow issues from a cave high in

the side of a perpendicular wall. It is an underground river pouring forth ~~xxxxxxx~~ in a spectacular flow, as though an enormous faucet had been opened. Near Tepeats is Deer Creek, revealed by a waterfall at the river's edge, behind which ~~to those who explore further~~ lies a <sup>narrow</sup> ~~beautiful~~ sinuous gorge, beautiful and tantalizing to those who look down into it, <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ inhibiting to descend <sup>canyons</sup> ~~into~~. We also explored Kanab, Matkatameba, and Havasu creek, which flows down from the Havasu Indian Reservation <sup>that I had from above</sup> ~~xxxxx~~ visited during my first winter in Santa Fe. Tuckup Canyon and Fern Glen were <sup>another of</sup> ~~two among~~ the many ~~other~~ places <sup>we</sup> visited during our seventeen-day expedition.

I had made arrangements for a second trip in September and invited Jack Macrae to stay with us for two days before we set out from Santa Fe for the Colorado River. <sup>For</sup> This river trip <sup>we</sup> would use <sup>rafts</sup> ~~xxxxxxx~~ with inflated ~~pontoon~~ ~~and~~ outboard motors and would last no more than ten days. During the summer I had printed some of the Greek pictures which I had on display during a party for Jack. He asked me what I <sup>was planning</sup> ~~expected~~ to do with them <sup>and</sup> ~~to which~~ I replied that I expected ~~xxxxxxx~~ to publish them. Before that could happen, <sup>centennial publication diary</sup> Macrae proposed a ~~book~~ on the ~~Colorado River xxxxxxxx~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~xxxxx~~ of the first trip through Grand Canyon by John Wesley Powell in 1869 <sup>with</sup> ~~being~~ my photographs from these two <sup>river</sup> trips.

In October I started photographing in the Great Smoky Mountains for a publication ~~the book~~ on the Southern Appalachians that Macrae had commissioned ~~xxxxxxx~~ <sup>after</sup> when the Adirondack book ~~was published~~. I returned again the following May, establishing ~~my base of operations~~ my base of operations in Gatlinburg, Tennessee as I had done in the fall. The Appalachians are famous for their abundance and variety of wildflowers found there. The species include not only many southern varieties at low altitudes, <sup>more commonly native in to</sup> but ~~flowers~~ high in the mountains, <sup>flowers</sup> ~~indigenous~~ northern latitudes. The reason for this distribution is that <sup>last</sup> during the glaciation of North America many species ~~had been~~ driven south as their habitats became buried under miles of ice. When the ice melted, many of the northern species retained their positions on the cool tops of the mountains. In order to cover all seasons, I photographe



also in the summer~~of~~ of 1968 and again in the winter of 1969/  
original (later canceled)

Jack Macrae had not forgotten the Sierra Club proposal to ~~publish~~ <sup>publish</sup> a book on <sup>wildlife</sup> ~~XXXXXX~~ East Africa and had been looking around for a possible collaborator <sup>for the text</sup> to write ~~about~~ it. He was familiar with Peter Matthiessen's ~~books~~ accounts of his travels to remote parts of the earth and his recent ~~visits~~ journey up the Nile to Uganda and Kenya. I also had read ~~several~~ <sup>especially</sup> of and had been very much impressed by several of his books, in particular The Cloud Forest and Under the Mountain Wall and so when he suggested a collaboration <sup>with Peter on</sup> an East African book I was enthusiastic. I met Peter in Jack's office at Dutton and we agreed immediately to work together. Arrangements were made to start <sup>early in</sup> ~~early~~ in 1970 on a preliminary trip in February <sup>at which time</sup> ~~when~~ Peter had already planned <sup>for us</sup> ~~was planning~~ to be in Kenya and to return in June for a much more extended visit.

~~period of several months~~ Aline was also enthusiastic about going to East Africa to see the wild animals, especially <sup>since</sup> ~~as~~ the February trip worked <sup>well</sup> with other plans we had made to return to Greece with <sup>some of</sup> the ~~same~~ friends ~~with~~ whom we had traveled three years before. In the Gallapagos Islands I had met Allen Root a charismatic photographer from Kenya <sup>who offered to organize photographic safaris for me if ever I visited</sup> ~~XXXXXX~~ <sup>visit</sup> ~~XXXXXX~~ I wished to ~~see~~ Africa photographic safaris ~~XXXXXX~~ could be organized through his partnership with Richard Leakey. Therefore, through Root & Leakey arrangements were made for our February and later and longer travels in East Africa. In the Gallapagos Islands I had met Allen Root, an adventurous film producer from Kenya who offered to arrange safaris for me with Root & Leakey, (his safari business with Richard Leakey,) if I should ever visit East Africa. I, therefore, ~~made~~ wrote to Allen Root that I would be coming to Kenya <sup>on a</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>venture</sup> ~~the~~ to photograph the wildlife and scenery and requested his assistance in organizing safaris.

And Jack Macrae <sup>realizing</sup> decided that this was an opportunity for him to see Africa too, and <sup>made plans</sup> ~~XXXXXX~~ decided to join us for part of the trip ~~to go with us to the Serengeti~~. Aline and I flew ~~XXXXXX~~ by way of Athens to Nairobi and there, as the plane approached the airport, I had my first <sup>unbelievable</sup> glimpse of wild Africa, a group of ~~giraffes~~.

giraffes browsing like domestic livestock almost within the city limits. Jock Anderson, the representative of Root & Leakey, met us at the airport and drove us to our hotel. We had a week ~~to spend~~ before Jack Macrae would arrive, which I wanted to spend climbing Mt. Kenya, an extinct volcano on the Equator, to photograph the unique vegetation that ~~is found~~ <sup>occurs</sup> only at high altitudes on a few African mountains. Jock Anderson made reservations for us at a comfortable lodge at the foot of Mt. Kenya, from which we ~~would be~~ <sup>were</sup> driven up the mountain to the end of the road and from there walk, with porters <sup>as Gikuyu, who carried</sup> ~~for~~ our equipment to <sup>(in Teleki Valley</sup> was a simple establishment ~~for~~ a base camp at twelve thousand feet. The camp, ~~had been established~~ <sup>it</sup> for these mountain climbers and other visitors to the mountain and provided tents, canvass cots, bedding, and ~~simple~~ primitive facilities and meals. Aline found the climb ~~exhausting~~ <sup>very tiring</sup> and remarked that this was ~~not~~ what she had expected to come to Africa for. A ~~sympathetic~~ <sup>porter</sup> Gikuyu, who stayed with her all the way to the camp, showed his sympathy for her exhaustion by saying, "I think you are very tired". The camp was situated in a broad ~~swale~~ <sup>swale</sup> from which the ~~peaks~~ <sup>peaks</sup> of Mt. Kenya rose above it for several thousand feet, <sup>↑</sup> a ~~serated~~ <sup>serated</sup> wall of black lava ~~spires~~ <sup>spires</sup>. The dominant vegetation was a variety of giant grounsel that looked like cabbages on ~~high~~ <sup>and grew to the height of a man</sup> woody stalks/ and a giant lobelia that at a distance suggested enormous, furry asparagus shoots. The temperature dropped every night below freezing, a condition to which the vegetation ~~was resistant~~ <sup>adapted</sup> had developed resistance, as exemplified by a yellow, <sup>↓ daisy-like flower</sup> prostrate ~~composite~~ that froze solid at night and thawed out undamaged in the sun. The camp was quite uncomfortable, especially for Aline, largely because of the altitude, and after three days of exploring Teleki Valley and visiting a tarn in a cirque ~~formed~~ <sup>from</sup> the wall of peaks, we returned to the lodge at the foot of the mountain.

From Nairobi with Macrae and Peter Matthiessen, and Jock Anderson as our guide we finally set out on the safari to the Serengeti in Tanzania. This was the part of the trip Aline had been looking forward to. As Jock explained safaris can be as luxurious as desired with all kinds of special amenities



Jack Macrae joined us in Nairobi, and we set out on a safari to Tanzania with Jock Anderson as our guide. This was the part of the trip Aline had been looking forward to. Safaris, as Jock explained, can be very luxurious affairs with many special amenities, but our safari was comfortable without being luxurious, which gave us a taste of the way Africa was experienced between the wars. We did have a very expert cook and facilities for showering at the end of the day.

menacing  
warning

In Ngorongoro Crater we heard the low, <sup>menacing</sup>intimidating roar of a lion <sup>zebra</sup>and saw our first <sup>warning</sup>herds of ~~zebras~~ and ~~heard their surprising~~ unhorse-like bark. <sup>of the zebras</sup>The most frightening sound, however, was produced by a small animal whose nearest relative is the elephant. It is the tree hyrax, that after sun-down from ~~a~~ his concealment in a thorn tree above your head, lets go with a blood-curdling scream, which is answered by his companions until ~~the~~ you are convinced <sup>that</sup> the chorus is a protest against some horrible disaster. From Ngorongoro we went <sup>to</sup> Lake Manyara <sup>park</sup>to see ~~the~~ elephants and giraffes and troops of baboons of all ages. The lions in this park climb trees and lie stretched out on horizontal limbs ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~, where they <sup>ed</sup>rest in bored indifference to our presence even when we drove our vehicles under them. In the plains of the Serengeti we saw the great herds of wildebeasts, the clowns among the antelopes. With an exuberance of spirit <sup>are</sup>they perpetually <sup>leaping and jumping about and</sup> <sup>= crowned</sup>shaking their horned and bearded heads, as though life were just a game and they had not a worry in the world for the predators always alert for a kill. On a bare stretch of ~~plain~~ the plains devoid of all vegetation we came upon a cheetah with <sup>his</sup> <sup>(disembowled)</sup>prey, a Thomson gazelle, ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ <sup>he</sup>on which ~~the~~ <sup>it</sup>was feasting. Standing nearby at a respectful distance, a group of vultures awaited their turn at the carcass and in their greedy eagerness slowly pressed forward until the cheetah, in apparent exasperation, charged to drive them back. They retreated with great flapping of wings to a safer distance ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ from which they <sup>advanced</sup>again slowly moved forward. Eventually, the cheetah, his appetite appeased,

stood for a moment ~~facing the~~ confronting the vultures and then, with what appeared to be utter disdain, turned and walked slowly away. Thereupon the vultures leaped upon the carcass and in the combative turmoil that ensued, the ~~gazelle's~~ remains of the gazelle <sup>were</sup> quickly torn to pieces.

by Allen the Roots  
Back in Nairobi we were invited to spend our last nights in Kenya as ~~their~~ guests in their house on Lake Naivasha. Allen and Joe <sup>an</sup> always had a great many animals around their place that they had raised, <sup>or had</sup> been rescued, ~~max~~ brought to them <sup>be treated for injuries</sup> ~~or tamed~~. A few were even house broken and enjoyed the privileges of the house. When we arrived we were introduced to a young hippo on the lawn where he came ~~xxxxxx~~ out of the lake to be fed when hungry. Like ~~xxxxxx~~ all tamed animals he recognized a good thing, accepting all handouts as a matter of right. We were shown into the guest room, and after only a few minutes I began to experience itching eyes and difficulty in breathing, which I recognized as <sup>the</sup> allergic symptoms I suffered from <sup>contact with</sup> ~~exposure to~~ domestic cats. When I told Allen that I couldn't possibly sleep in that room, he said <sup>that</sup> he had kept a caracal - an African cat similar to the North American Lynx - there recently and ~~xxxxxx~~ would put me in another room. Aline was <sup>not</sup> allergic to cats. That evening after supper a young female striped hyena came into the living room and jumped up on the sofa beside me. She had been raised from a pup, having been deserted by her mother, and was very much a pet, albeit rather rough in her behavior. She bit my hand when I stroked her as a young dog might, not viciously. Her fur was very soft and silky and had a pleasant animal smell, not ~~unpleasantly~~ disagreeably <sup>or</sup> odoriferous as hyenas are reputed to be.

We flew to Greece to rendezvous with our Los Alamos friends for a more ambitious tour, which included Macedonia, more of the ancient Greek colonies in Asia Minor and a longer stay in Crete, which <sup>Colonel's</sup> on our first trip had been cut short by the ~~xxxxxx~~ coup, where we visited many of the mythological places, including the ~~xxxxxx~~ birth place of Zeus and the cave on Mt. ~~Aida~~ where he was hidden from Cronus



Back in the United States I had to prepare for the longer and more comprehensive trip to Africa, which was to begin in June. Two of my sons, Patrick and Stephen, and Stephen's second wife, Marcie, were going with me and their personal luggage selected. But even more important, all my photographic equipment, cameras in duplicate and spare parts ~~as xxxxxxxxxx~~ of loss or damage and a plentiful supply of film had to be shipped in advance by air freight to Nairobi. Our flight via Athens was uneventful, and we were met as before by Jock Anderson. ~~Thaxfirst~~ Our first obligation was to decide on our itinerary for which the wishes of Peter Mattheissen, who ~~was~~ had preceded us to Nairobi, were determinant. He proposed a safari into northern Kenya with Lake Turkana, (formerly Lake Rudolf), as our ultimate goal, <sup>and</sup> with intermediate visits to North Horr and Mt. Marsabit. North Horr is a military outpost maintained as a protection against incursions by the Shifters, the wild tribes <sup>of eastern</sup> northern Kenya and Somalia. I ~~took some photographs of a group~~ photographed the Kenya flag and a group of camels in a corral adjacent to the army ~~xxxxxxx~~ headquarters ~~and in the Kenya flag~~, whereupon I was immediately accosted by a guard who told me it was illegal to photograph the flag or military equipment <sup>which</sup> meaning the camels. He wanted to confiscate my camera, ~~my camera~~ was saved by Jock by the compromise solution of removing the exposed half of the film <sup>and surrendering it</sup> ~~which was surrendered~~ to the commander of the station. Marsabit is a national park, a mountain oasis in the surrounding desert that includes most of north-eastern Kenya. As a result, many of the animals of Marsabit are naturally confined to its limited area.

Our destination on Lake Turkana was Loiyengalani, a village of the Lo Molo tribe <sup>of</sup> the east shore. The tribesmen demonstrated spear fishing and fire-making by friction and put on a social dance for our entertainment. We explored the country around and drove north to visit Richard Leakey's camp near the Ethiopian boarder, where he had made important anthropological discoveries. We lost our way and were running out of gasoline and water <sup>so</sup> when we were forced to turn back. We were reduced to drinking beer and cooking with beer until we discovered <sup>a</sup> spring in a lava flow, which showed evidence of ~~xxxxxxx~~ having recently been a Shifter camp site. We drank our fill, filled our water cans, <sup>5</sup>

bathed and left. The gasoline held out until we reached the nearest source of supply. We stayed a few more days in Loiyengalani before starting back to Nairobi by way of Thomson Falls, where we celebrated our return to civilization by staying in the Thomson Falls Lodge. At supper that night we all became high over drinks and wine, and in the spirit of the moment, Pat suddenly began to sing cowboy songs, much to the entertainment and amusement of everyone in the dining room.

Our next safari took us into Tanzania, to the places I had already visited with Aline and Jack Macrae, Ngorongoro Crater, Lake Manyara and the Serengeti, but also to Mt. Meru and the Momela lakes, Ngurdoto Crater, Engaruka and Ol Doinyo Lengai, the most recently active volcano in East Africa, (In Kenya we visited Amboseli and the elephants and watering holes in Tsavo East) which at one time we had thought of climbing, but were deterred by its formidable slopes. Nearby we were invited into a Maasai manyata, a collection of mud houses surrounded by a thorn hedge, into which at night the cattle were herded for protection from lions. The center of the manyata is a heap of dried dung on which the Maasai women sit to do their beadwork handicraft. Marcie indicated by signs an interest in their beaded collars, and amid great hilarity they tried them on her, but they wouldn't part with them, money having little meaning for them. On the way back to Engaruka we stopped at a Maasai camp and were offered to share their blood and milk (repast, but didn't have the courage to accept. in Tsavo East game preserve). In Kenya we spent several days following elephant family groups made up entirely of females and calves, (the bulls remaining separate and solitary) and were able to get close to them at watering holes, where they came frequently to drink.

Our longest and last safari took us into Uganda, first south to Queen Elizabeth Park that borders Rwanda in a branch of the Great Rift Valley, where Africa is slowly coming apart, and then north to Kidepo Valley in the land of the Karamojan just below the Sudanese border, which was some of the most beautiful country we had seen. It <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ here that a spectacular elephant



migration ~~takes place~~ <sup>that the ~~elephants~~ <sup>they</sup></sup> crosses a steep escarpment/~~depend~~ by sliding down on their rumps, a spectacle I hoped to see, but it was the wrong time of year. The most awesome and overwhelmingly impressive <sup>geological</sup> natural phenomenon in Uganda was ~~on~~ the Nile River, the source of which had been the goal of explorers during the early years of the last century. The river had been followed to Lake Albert and south to Lake Edward in Queen Elizabeth Park, but a doubt persisted that this was the principal source because of another river that flowed into Lake Albert close to the emergence of the Nile. By following this river Murchison came upon a tremendous falls, now bearing his name, ~~and Beyond~~ <sup>extends</sup> that the river ~~is~~ continued for more than 200 miles to its ultimate source in Lake Victoria; This is the Victoria Nile.

We took a boat ride on the Victoria Nile <sup>below the falls</sup> to see the riparian life of the river, crocodiles basking on sand bars, ~~and~~ hippopotamuses grazing on the banks, <sup>snowy</sup> ~~and~~ ~~many~~ headed fish eagles, (larger than American bald eagles), <sup>both sides of the river</sup> perched in the trees. We drove up to ~~the~~ Murchison Falls, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~river~~ to overlooks from which one could look into <sup>the</sup> gorge. The river was divided by an island, which diverted most of the water to the left bank, from which ~~side~~ the most spectacular views were obtained. The river was funnelled into a black, narrow pit into which it disappeared to emerge beyond in an enormous plume of turbulent water. In the river below were the bloated bodies of hippos that had been carried over the falls.

This was the last safari for Steve and Marcie, because Steve had to return ~~to~~ home to a teaching job at Cornell. Pat stayed on with me for another two weeks until he, too, had to ~~xxxxxx~~ return to continue his college education. I stayed on into November. On our Serengeti safari we had been assigned a Maasai guide, whose name we were told, <sup>but which he felt was demeaning.</sup> was "Sam" for easy communication, ~~but~~ We soon learned <sup>that</sup> his real name was Ole Saitoti, and later that he <sup>his</sup> had a first name <sup>was</sup> "Tepilit." I returned to Seronera, park headquarters in the Serengeti, after my sons had ~~left~~ departed and ~~asked~~ <sup>my</sup> requested Ole Saitoti for a guide. He is an educated Maasai, speaks several languages, ~~and~~ is a humorous and entertaining companion and very good at finding animals; we became very good friends.

He listened sympathetically to my account of what I hoped to accomplish, and offered to be my driver and guide throughout East Africa but there were too many obstacles to the realization of such an association. Ole Saitoti was the lead ~~xxxxxx~~ actor in "Man of the Serengeti" a film produced by The National Geographic Society, and was brought to the United States for its first showing; <sup>with the film</sup> and <sup>he</sup> stayed on lecturing, entered Emerson College in Massachusetts to improve his education and graduated from the University of Michigan with a degree in game management.

There was a great deal more to East Africa than I had seen, <sup>or</sup> and that <sup>one</sup> I should <sup>see</sup> visit for even a superficial view ~~of these xxxxxxxx~~. One place I wanted to return to was Mt. Meru, <sup>with</sup> ~~to xxxxxxxxxx~~ <sup>ghost</sup> the forest of lichen-shrouded trees in its crater. I <sup>also</sup> wanted to see the flamingoes on Lake Nakuru and Lake Hannington, and to drive into the Aberdare Range and onto the north slopes of Mt. Kenya. For all these trips I <sup>all</sup> ~~needed~~ <sup>required was</sup> a driver ~~but since I and could~~ <sup>and would take advantage of the</sup> stay in the nearest available tourist lodges. Jock Anderson drove me to Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to see the <sup>we</sup> antelopes, and on the way back <sup>which was</sup> came across an elephant that had <sup>only</sup> moments before <sup>given</sup> birth to a calf, still wobbly on its legs. The mother was supporting it with her trunk as she led it away, but first she leveled a rise in the ground <sup>country - the</sup> that the baby ~~was~~ <sup>land</sup> unable to negotiate. I wanted to see the <sup>land</sup> and herds of animals from the air and to fly over Kilimanaro to photograph its glaciers and crater. A Dutch pilot flew me over the mountain at 20,000 feet, at a temperature way below freezing so that I could hardly operate my camera. ~~xxxxxxx~~ "It's an illegal flight," he said, because we have no oxygen, but we circled the mountain once before diving to warmer air. For more conventional flying Jock found a pilot who would fly me around for several days. I was to meet her in the morning at a small air field near Nairobi, but when I arrived there no one was around except for a young girl sitting in a corner of the waiting room. When Jock arrived, he asked if I had met my pilot, and when I said I hadn't, he said, "there she is," pointing to the girl in the corner, and introduced me to Janet Holmes, <sup>several</sup> a 17-year-old girl with long ~~long~~ blond hair.



down to her waist. We took off in a Cessna 150, a two-seater with a small baggage compartment behind the seats. As we taxied down the runway and began to lift off, she said <sup>that</sup> ~~this~~ the plane was grossly overloaded, <sup>because of my equipment</sup> but we became airborne without apparent difficulty. Our first destination was Amboseli on the Tanzanian boarder, and here we flew around looking for game before checking in at the Namanga lodge. Janet refueled and we took off in the morning for Seronera. On the way we scouted around for herds of animals, and whenever I wanted to photograph, Janet would swoop down so that I could get the best possible pictures. She was an expert pilot and caught on quickly to what I wanted. ~~Of~~ As might be expected, we got to know each other quite well; she told me about her early life in Kenya in the <sup>country</sup> ~~region~~ around Nyeri, where during the Mau Mau troubles they sent their servants home at night because they couldn't be trusted. I asked her how she got ~~into~~ <sup>into</sup> ~~in~~ flying, and she said it was because she wanted to do airobatics - trick flying, rolls and loops - and <sup>asked it</sup> ~~would I like her to demonstrate~~ <sup>give me a</sup> ~~replied~~ <sup>later for not being</sup> to which I ~~said~~ <sup>replied</sup> "no thank you." ~~I was not, however,~~ <sup>a nervous passenger</sup> for which she complimented me after a steep landing at Seronera that would have frightened most passengers. At Seronera we had rights to fuel on demand by order of the director of ~~Tanzanian~~ <sup>the</sup> Tanzanian Nation Parks in Anusha, <sup>Swings</sup> even if it meant the grounding of the Serengeti's directors own plane. I had my mind set on Lake Natton, a shallow alkaline body of water just south of the Kenya boarder, famous for its colorful deposits and millions of flamingoes. Janet Holms ~~wanted to see it~~ <sup>flew</sup> so we ~~went~~ <sup>on the</sup> there <sup>flight</sup> as ~~my~~ last objective. We approached the lake from the north, where the colorful deposits were most spectacular, <sup>low</sup> and out over the lake to the area where it was literally solid with flamingoes feeding on crustations. They were ~~not~~ <sup>and then</sup> alarmed by the plane until we ~~dropped~~ <sup>all together</sup> down close to the water when they rose in a great pink cloud. At the end of the lake we flew by Ol Donyo Lengai so that I could photograph its steep sides that I ~~had been~~ <sup>me</sup> deterred from climbing, and <sup>we</sup> then returned to Seronera a ~~n~~ the next morning back to Nairobi.

In mid November I flew Home by way of Athens and Paris. My TWA flight from Orli Airport took off after dark on a clear, moonless night on a course over London at 35,000 feet. As we approached London the pilot called our attention ~~the~~ to the spectacle which even impressed <sup>him</sup>, and because <sup>it</sup> there were ~~so~~ so few passengers, I was invited up into first class so that I could see <sup>it</sup> better. From seven miles high London <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ a web of beaded strands of gold and silver lights, a sequined cloth; the Thames <sup>was</sup> ~~a~~ dark rent in the fabrick. It <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ a galaxy of stars, the hot center a nebulous mass of light sparkling with bright jewels.

Along the highways and byways leading out from the center each individual light <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ clearly visible; yellow sodium light marking <sup>ed</sup> the main arteries, white lights the lesser roads. Residential areas <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ frosty patches at the ends of golden chains. London was spread out like a great net of golden ropes, <sup>finger</sup>ing out into the black surrounding emptiness of the countryside. The middle of England was a mesh of lesser galaxies all interconnected by beaded, sinuous strands, each with its bright, bejeweled center; it was an unpatterned fabrick without geometrical symmetry.

The plane

~~we~~ landed at Kennedy airport at nine in the evening, having almost kept pace with the rotation of the earth. I was met by Aline and Steve, and that night my internal clock was so far out of synchronization with New York time <sup>that</sup> I could not sleep.

I returned to Greece for the third time in the spring of 1971, and this time my only companion was Paul Stein. My purpose was to visit the Hellenic sites of the period in <sup>ical</sup> history between Alexander and the Roman conquest, but we did spend part of the time in Greece proper, in Athens ~~xxxxxxx~~ to see the acropolis once more, in Eleusis of the mysteries and in the Peloponnesus where we photographed the ruins of Nemea and Megalopolis. In Turkey with a guide and a driver we went to all the famous towns of Ionia. We explored the <sup>ancient</sup> Aesculaeian sanctuary and temple of Dionysus, <sup>went</sup> the acropolis of Pergamon, ~~xxxxxxx~~ and the ruins of Sardis and again to Ephesus of the marble street, ruined library and theater - <sup>was photographed</sup> always there were ~~theaters~~ rooted among the stone seats had captured the theater, ~~theaters~~ and to Nyssa where olive trees ~~xxxxxxx~~ of the theater. ~~theaters~~ always there were theaters.



We drove east to Laodicea and Aphrodisias, <sup>earthquake=shattered</sup> celebrated for the temple of Aphrodite and the largest stadium in the Greek world. We went ~~on~~ down the coast to Priene, Miletus, Didyma and Halicarnassus, from which we sailed by steamer to Rhodes. ~~It was in Rhodes that~~ we were attracted by ~~brilliant~~ <sup>the</sup> lichens that ~~decorated~~ brightly ~~were~~ adorned old building stones, and <sup>we</sup> began to discuss the world-wide distribution of lichens <sup>speculating</sup> and that they would probably ~~be~~ <sup>found</sup> by most prolific farthest ~~distance~~ from industrial pollution in far northern latitudes. They appealed to both of us as attractive photographic subjects, and when all reasonably accessible places <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ considered, Alaska and Iceland led the list. So we tentatively determined to make Iceland with its lichens our next project.

We flew from Rhodes to Athens with one last excursion <sup>planned</sup> ~~intending~~ to visit the island of ~~Tira~~ <sup>Tira</sup> Tera, the remnant of the volcano <sup>that blew up four</sup> ~~the eruption of which several~~ thousands of years ago <sup>destroying</sup> ~~is thought to have destroyed~~ the Minoan civilization on Crete. We had reservations on the steamer to Tera and permission to photograph/recently excavated Minoan ruins, <sup>but</sup> ~~when~~ our tickets were cancelled because the ship was overbooked. This was the Greek orthodox Easter and all the hotels were full, <sup>so</sup> there was nothing ~~for it~~ but to fly home.

The Iceland idea was so appealing that I immediately began ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> inquire ~~into~~ how to go to Iceland and how ~~once there to~~ travel about most freely. I consulted ~~the~~ <sup>an</sup> Icelandic <sup>Travel</sup> ~~Commercial~~ Service in New York, from which I obtained information on air service to <sup>Reykjavik</sup> ~~Reykjavik~~, and ~~the~~ <sup>where</sup> accommodations were available, <sup>on</sup> ~~by whom to be~~ <sup>RS</sup> outfitted for camping and the name of a company for the summer of 1972 that rented landrovers. The first to sign up ~~were~~ Paul Stein and his wife, Carol. I asked my son, Jonathan, and his wife if they would like to come along, and they eagerly accepted, as did Tad and Mary Jane Nichols of the Galapagos Islands adventure. Then ~~Bernat~~ <sup>h</sup> ~~Mattias~~ and his wife, Joan, said they would like to come, but only for <sup>a few days</sup> ~~the first two weeks~~; I had planned on a two month long visit. ~~Bernat was a physicist who had connections with Los Alamos, Bell Labs in New Jersey and the University of Southern California and was a great addition to the group.~~

Berndt, a physicist with intermittent connections with Los Alamos and a friend of great charm, <sup>and Joan</sup> was a very welcome addition to the group.

With the exception of Berndt, <sup>who</sup> joined us a few days later, we all flew to Reykjavik by Icelandic Airlines on June 15<sup>th</sup> and obtained rooms at the Borg Hotel. The first few days were spent ~~obtaining~~ renting two landrovers and purchasing camping equipment, which was readily obtainable (~~outfitting for camping where accommodations were not available, a task easily done~~) since Icelanders themselves are enthusiastic campers. Before venturing far afield we began <sup>ing</sup> exploration of the country near to Reykjavik and went to Selfoss, a stupendous waterfall and major tourist attraction in southern Iceland.

Entirely volcanic in origin, Iceland is situated on the northern end of the mid-Atlantic ridge, which extends across the island from Mt. Hekla, (an active volcano on the south side) in a north-easterly direction to the hot springs area near Myvatn. The beauty of the Iceland landscape is not <sup>limited</sup> ~~confined~~ to volcanic phenomena, <sup>the</sup> mountains of igneous rock, <sup>the</sup> torrential rivers and thunderous falls <sup>or the</sup> ice-filled glacial lakes; ~~xxxxxxx~~ its vegetation is also a major ~~xxxx~~ contributor. The trees are dwarfed and stunted. Tundra covers much of the interior; arctic and alpine wildflowers bloom in ~~the summer~~ seemingly unlimited abundance in summer. But the most striking ~~feature~~ contributor to Iceland's plant life <sup>are</sup> its mosses. Old lava flows everywhere are ~~xxxxxxx~~ encased in pillowy, gray-green, spongy masses resembling sphagnum in coarseness of structure. Bordering streams, below a retreating glacial front<sup>3</sup>, and on cinder deposits, mosses, ~~xxxxxx~~ fed by the mineral-rich soil, ~~xxxxxx~~ become a brilliant gold and ~~emerald~~ emerald. And the lichens that had brought us to Iceland in the first place we found decorating with circular and geometric plaques the older rocks far from the shore. ←

Iceland's affinities are with the sea. Its rocky core sprang from the ocean depths in a prolonged, fiery birth. Its plant life came to it as voyagers from the distant continents. <sup>It has little</sup> Of mammal life ~~it claims~~ scarcely any of its own; what it acquired was brought there by its first human visitors little more than a thousand years ago. But its <sup>connection</sup> ~~closeness~~ to the sea finds ultimate expression



Before setting out on a more ambitious exploration we had made inquiries about the most scenic and geologically interesting places to visit and were ~~xxxx~~ advised to begin with the area north of Mt. Hekla

Before setting out on more ambitious explorations we made inquiries about the most interesting places to see from the point of view of scenery and geology and were given much good advice and several suggestions for trips, most of which we were ultimately able to follow. The first trip proposed was to the region north of Mt. Hekla, a volcanically young area, and <sup>then further</sup> on east to Landmannalaugar, where the Iceland Alpine club maintained a hut, <sup>which was</sup> available for the use <sup>by</sup> of all visitors with preference <sup>given</sup> to club members. The area was accessible from a road up the Pjorsa River valley on a track marked by cairns, <sup>but it</sup> which became increasingly indistinct as it <sup>wound</sup> was followed into the interior, and its location where it crossed braided water courses was a matter of pure guess. In a marshy stream-crossing one of the landrovers became mired down and was extricated <sup>only</sup> with considerable difficulty. On a rocky stretch of the track, caused by extreme <sup>fell broke</sup> jolting, the exhaust manifold on the vehicle I was driving <sup>due to</sup> broke off so that ~~the manifold~~ the rest of the journey was very noisy until ~~back in it was repaired~~ <sup>after</sup> returning we had it repaired. The hut at Landmannalaugar, which we ~~xxxx~~ finally reached through (seemingly impassable) terrain <sup>old</sup> for motor vehicles, was equipped with bunks and running hot water from a nearby hot spring. This was <sup>a</sup> luxury we enjoyed for several days before returning to Reykjavik.

Our next expedition was along the south <sup>coast</sup> coast of Iceland. <sup>by the</sup> Accommodations were available at intervals ~~from~~ where sea birds in thousands nested on the cliffs, <sup>where</sup> and the melting ice of Myrdalsjokull created ice-filled glacial lakes and waterfalls cut deep slots in <sup>old</sup> volcanic ash deposits. In settlements at intervals along the coast lodges provided accommodations for tourists from which we made excursions into the interior. The road ended at the outflow from Vatnajokull, Iceland's largest glacier; ~~from where~~ when attempts were made to extend the road, it was repeatedly washed out. We stayed at Kirkjubaejarklaustur near the end of the road, before retracing our way back to Reykjavik.

in the sea bird population for which the surrounding fish-rich waters provide a lasting source of ~~for~~ food. Puffins by the hundreds of thousands nest on Iceland's cliffs, together with fulmars, glaucous gulls and kittiwakes, whose numbers seem small only by comparison. Fiercely aggressive arctic terns colonize the low coastal plains, which they share with shearwaters and skuas. Shore birds arrive in spring in considerable numbers and varieties, largely from Europe ~~and~~ the small number of land birds all come from Europe. Iceland is literally a self-sufficient land, tenuously connected to Europe by a few venturesome birds and to America by the fading Gulf Stream.

21A Our first venturesome excursion was to Landmannalaugar that we reached by circumnavigating Mt. Hekla. A hut at Landmannalaugar maintained by the Iceland alpine outing club was available to others if not occupied by club members. It had

running hot water from hot springs <sup>near by</sup> and we made it our base for several days. Our next expedition was the south coast of Iceland which we followed to <sup>Kirkjubedjarklaustur</sup> near the end of the road at the outflow from Vatnajökull, Iceland's largest glacier. from which

We obtained accommodations there and at several places along the way ~~we explored some of Iceland's most dramatic coastal scenery.~~ ~~the only remaining place with several blue trips to the interior.~~ So far we had always returned to Reykjavik before starting out again but our third

departure was the beginning of <sup>a</sup> the circumnavigation of the island, and included ~~Snæfellsnes~~ the peninsula ~~that ended~~ <sup>where</sup> with the volcano <sup>was located that</sup> made famous by Jules Verne's

<sup>about a trip</sup> ~~fantasy of going~~ to the center of the earth. We obtained lodgings at a very comfortable hotel in Budir as a base from which to explore the peninsula. After supper one ~~day~~ <sup>evening</sup> Paul and I went out to photograph a golden sand beach and didn't return until after midnight. This was June <sup>and</sup> ~~when~~ at this latitude the sun set after eleven o'clock and rose two hours later.

Paul and Carol Stein, who had obligations at home, were unable to continue with us around Iceland and returned to Reykjavik with one of the Landrovers. This left us with one vehicle for five passengers and all ~~our~~ <sup>so</sup> baggage, so Tad went back with the Steins to rent another car and joined up with us at <sup>had</sup> where we <sup>for</sup> agreed to await him. He turned up a day after we got there with a



<sup>to be</sup>  
would have been

Volkswagen which seemed to me ~~was~~ a rather inadequate vehicle for some of the places we had been; but with one Landrover we could always extricate him from difficult situations. For instance, on the trip to Landmannalaugar (the Volkswagen would have been useless) where streams were forded with water over the floor boards. The ~~Landrover engines could run~~ diesel Landrover engines could run submerged as long as the air intake <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ not under water. The north<sup>ern</sup> coast of Iceland is deeply indented <sup>with</sup> fjords, so instead of following the coast around each headland, we ~~we~~ chose a shorter ~~route~~ inland route to Akureyre, a shipping and fishing ~~and~~ center at the end of ~~the longest and narrowest~~ ~~the longest and narrowest~~ fjord. Akureyre is the second largest <sup>port and</sup> city in Iceland, not one hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle, where one would not expect to find international social influences. We checked into a new modern hotel where we were directed to a <sup>popular</sup> ~~highly recommended~~ restaurant that turned out to be equivalent to any first class restaurant in America. Inside the entrance <sup>in</sup> a dimly lit <sup>there were</sup> bar/tables and chairs ~~were arranged~~ for guests to sit and enjoy their drinks. From the bar, a few steps led down to ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> lighted area ~~in which the tables were arranged around the walls, and the central area was kept clear for dancing.~~ A band <sup>on one side</sup> played popular music. We <sup>may have cocktails</sup> went first to the bar to ~~order drinks~~ not knowing what to expect, and were informed that we could order anything we wanted. When we asked for something to go with our drinks, we were offered a variety of marinated herring and ~~was~~ being undecided <sup>about</sup> on what to order, asked for an assortment. We were brought a platter full of all kinds of the most delicious smoked and pickled fish, most of which we consumed before adjourning to the restaurant below. The restaurant was filling up, the band was playing and people were dancing. I don't remember what we ordered, only that the menu included several <sup>meat</sup> ~~roast~~ and fish dishes, including Icelandic salmon and fresh vegetables <sup>which had been</sup> probably grown in green houses. An Icelandic food that Jonathan and I became very fond of was a dairy product called skeer<sup>skir</sup>, made from milk and <sup>thickened with a</sup> digestive enzyme to which the Icelanders add cream and sugar to make a delicious desert <sup>similar to</sup> somewhat like a blanc-mange.

From Akureyre we continued east to Myvatn, (Vatn means lake) a breeding ground for water fowl, east of which in a spectacular hot springs area where we ~~stayed~~ spent two days photographing ~~and~~ <sup>we</sup> discovered a gyrfalcon's aerie. The Jokulsa a Fjollum river flows north from Vatnjokull and ~~where it drops~~ <sup>plunges</sup> 200 feet into a canyon before entering the coastal plain ~~where is the largest~~ <sup>This is Dettifoss</sup> the largest waterfall in Iceland, <sup>which is greater than Niagra</sup> From Dettifoss we drove to the north coast before continuing on east to Egilsstadir, where we spent the night. We continued on south along the east side of Iceland on a road that closely followed the coast around each headland and promontary to the town of Hofn on the most protected harbor of Iceland. Sheep are raised in the green vallies between the headlands, where many of them are seen grazing with shaggy, unsheared coats hanging from them in tatters, a surprising sight since wool is one of Iceland's principal products, and one ~~would expect~~ <sup>that</sup> presumably that would be thriftily gathered. At Hofn the coastal road continued on west to the out flow from Vatnajokull, where it ended thirty kilometers from the ~~end of the road from the west~~ <sup>distant western road</sup>. Cut from Hofn, for some forty kilometers the road passed through agricultural country dissected by many streams flowing from the glacial lobes of Vatnajokull, and beyond for eighty kilometers it skirted the edge of the glacier on a narrow ~~strip of land~~ <sup>strip barren</sup> the habitat of arctic birds and alpine flowers. The bleakest, ~~and the rawest, most~~ <sup>This coast is</sup> rawest, most from ~~glaciation~~ <sup>glaciation</sup>, beautiful ~~in its rawest, most~~ <sup>rawest, most</sup> recently liberated ~~strip of land~~ <sup>strip of land</sup> the ice yet vulnerable to engulfment ~~by the ice~~ <sup>again</sup> it is the most beautiful of Iceland's ~~coasts~~ <sup>coasts</sup> ~~fragment of ice~~ <sup>fragment of ice</sup> we had yet seen. ~~On the way back to Hofn the landrover became immobile~~ <sup>returning</sup> suddenly without warning the Landrover became immobile except in first gear. ~~Apparently something had gone wrong with the transmission~~ <sup>the transmission</sup> ~~warning that the vehicle could not be driven in reverse or forward except in first gear~~ <sup>the vehicle could not be driven in reverse or forward except in first gear</sup> When we eventually got back we telephoned the rental company/ ~~another landrover would be sent out~~ <sup>and were told</sup> ~~the next day~~ <sup>the next day</sup> by boat the next day. In the morning we drove ~~our~~ <sup>the</sup> vehicle down to the pier for shipment back to Reykjavik and to receive the replacement, which came as promised. On the way back around Iceland we made a side trip into the interior north of Vatnajokull <sup>to a place called</sup> called Askja, a desert



area characterized by an unworldly, moon-like landscape. Since our new vehicle was not running well, we cut ~~(short)~~ the side trip, and as we were approaching Myvatn the rear differential gave out, an unheard of mechanical breakdown. Jonathan ~~was able to~~ <sup>ed</sup> disconnect the rear drive shaft so that we were able to ~~continue~~ continue on to the village in front wheel drive. A bearing had burned out, which was replaced in Myvatn, and from then on we had no more mechanical difficulties.

In Akureyri we celebrated once more at the night club restaurant and drove the next morning to Dalvik on the Eyja Fjord in summer weather <sup>of</sup> at 70 degrees Fahrenheit, <sup>for Iceland</sup> the warmest day, that brought the Icelanders out everywhere to sunbathe.

We returned to Reykjavik by a route directly across the middle of Iceland between ~~two~~ smaller glaciers, Hofsjokull and Langsjokull. At a hot spring area near Hofsjokull people were still skiing on the remnants of <sup>July</sup> snow ~~in July~~. The road was quite primitive and ~~crossed~~ <sup>without bridges</sup> several unbridged rivers that had to be forded. At one we came upon a French party in a state of near panic with a two-wheel drive car stuck in the middle of the river <sup>whom</sup> ~~that~~ we rescued by pushing them out, to their great relief and gratitude. We camped out on this cross-island route, and at a camp near Landsjokull at the outflow from Havitarnvatn we met two Icelanders ~~who were camped there too and~~ directed us to an unusual waterfall. Before returning to Reykjavik for our ~~high~~ flight home, we made one last visit to the Pjorsa River and the cinder area <sup>in</sup> the slopes of ~~the~~ Mt. Hekla.

In 1973 I was asked by Jack Macrae if I would be willing to photograph in Egypt for a book on <sup>Ramesses</sup> ~~Ramesses~~ II in collaboration with Kenneth Kitchen, a Scotch Egyptologist, for which I would receive an advance of \$6000. I accepted immediately with enthusiasm, and ~~xxx~~ arrangements were made to meet Kitchen in Cairo that spring so that he could introduce me to the ancient Egyptian monuments. Aline and I flew to Cairo by way of Madrid, where we picked up our son Patrick, and immediately got in touch with Kitchen, who because of academic responsibilities could stay in Egypt for only a brief visit. He provided me with an outline of the book he had in mind on the life and times of Ramesses II that included diagrams and detailed descriptions of the pertinent subjects that had to be photographed, some in black and white and some in color. Jack Macrae had previously assured me that I should feel free to photograph anything that appealed to me in addition to what Kitchen required. He conducted us on a quick tour of the great temples of the Nile Valley and <sup>talked</sup> ~~talked~~ about Egyptian history in Ramesses's time, ~~and~~ about Ramesses ~~life xxxxxxxxxx~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~xxxxxxx~~ reign, longer than the reign of any other Pharaoh, as long as that of Queen Victoria, and about his <sup>made famous by him</sup> famous queen, Nefertari. Kitchen translated the <sup>incised</sup> ~~carved~~ hieroglyphs on temple walls and statuary ~~and~~ that recorded historic events, and he interpreted the bas-reliefs on the temple at Karnak, built by Ramesses II, that told the story of the battle of Kadesh between the Egyptians and the Hittites. Kenneth Kitchen showed me the tombs of rich merchants of Ramesses time and the tombs of the Pharaohs in the Valley of the Kings, pointing out the frescoes of the scenes to be photographed. Tomb photography required artificial light, and unfortunately I had come unprepared to do that kind of <sup>work</sup> photography, having brought no flash equipment with me, but I was able to remedy the deficiency by purchasing a flash device in Cairo, which subsequently, however, proved to be inadequate for the job.

Kitchen introduced me to Amed, <sup>an Egyptian who had served him in the past</sup> ~~to be my guide and interpreter after he~~ <sup>and who would</sup> returned to England. Under Amed's guidance we visited the temples of Luxor and Karnak, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> in Thebes, <sup>West</sup> ~~east~~ on the bank of the Nile the Ramesseum, and Medinet Habu, and the Valley of the Kings tombs of the Pharaohs in the Valley of



the Kings. We also went up the Nile to Abu Simbel, which had been reconstructed above the waters of the Aswan Dam. Since the theme of the book was the life of ~~we visited and I photographed~~

<sup>Ramesses</sup> ~~Ramesses II~~, every temple and ~~place~~ lesser monument, every statue and carved inscription ~~was~~ related to his reign. <sup>As attested by</sup> ~~From~~ the number and huge size of the temples <sup>at Karnak, Luxor and</sup> ~~from the temple at Karnak~~ temple, Abu Simbel, <sup>and many</sup> ~~his~~ colossal statues it is evident that <sup>Ramesses</sup> ~~Ramesses~~ was intent on leaving an enduring record of his godly dominance of the Egyptian world.

The majority of the photographs taken in the tombs with the <sup>flash</sup> ~~equipment~~ I had purchased in Cairo were failures, which <sup>required a return trip</sup> ~~(~~ meant that I would have to return to Egypt. ~~As it~~ Due to fortunate circumstances this mishap was not as great an ~~inconvenience~~ as it might otherwise have been. I had been invited by the Chief Executives Forum to <sup>talk at</sup> ~~(address)~~ its annual meeting in Lucerne <sup>later that summer</sup> on the subject of retirement. The invitation included Aline's and my air fares to Switzerland. <sup>Egypt</sup> I planned, therefore, to fly to ~~Cairo~~ after the meeting (Aline decided not to accompany me this time.). Meanwhile I had equipped myself with <sup>a</sup> more sophisticated flash with controlled light output. In Cairo I was able ~~to~~ <sup>again</sup> to enlist the assistance of ~~the guide~~ Amed, and with him as my guide we visited all the tombs where I had photographed before and, ~~many other~~ to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered, encouraged by Amed, many other tombs not included on Kenneth Kitchen's prospectus.

I made <sup>prints</sup> ~~prints~~ in both black and white and color of all the relevant subjects, which I submitted to the publisher, and they were sent to Kitchen. Dutton had negotiated an agreement with the English publisher Sphere for the <sup>joint</sup> ~~shared~~ publication of the <sup>Ramesses</sup> ~~Ramesses~~ book, but Kitchen's text was rejected by Sphere as too pedestrian and <sup>consumption</sup> ~~scholarly~~ for popular acceptance, and the project fell through. In collaboration with a more skillful writer the book could still be published.

Following the Egyptian adventure, I had no projects in mind for other publications, with the possible exception of a second volume on birds (the first bird book had been published in 1972) or a more comprehensive work on ~~the United States~~ America, which would involve extensive traveling throughout

the United States. In 197<sup>4</sup> I was enjoying a long summer on Great Spruce Head Island in Maine and looking forward to a productive winter devoted to color printing when in August I received ~~ax message~~<sup>word</sup> from the driver of the mail boat that there had been a telephone call for me from Washington. In Maine ~~people~~<sup>people</sup> ~~whenever the~~ public servants are characteristically curious about the affairs of those they serve ~~when~~<sup>so</sup> when I asked him who called, ~~ix expected~~<sup>expecting</sup> that he would know, he said it was someone from the National Endowment for the Arts and gave me a number to call. On returning the call I was asked whether I would be interested in going to Antarctica. ~~You can imagine how taken by surprise I~~<sup>I was taken completely</sup> ~~was;~~ never had I thought of Antarctica as a place I might some day see; it was a world completely ~~outside~~<sup>beyond</sup> my expectations or imagination. Of course I said I was interested and when I asked more about it, I was told that the National Science Foundation was planning to select a group of artists, ~~painters and~~, photographers and musicians, ~~to~~ record their impressions for an exhibition and that I was one of several photographers being considered, and would be informed later if chosen. In the meantime I was asked to submit some work for consideration. ~~I~~<sup>I</sup> tried not to think about Antarctica, because I expected to be rejected, until I returned to Santa Fe, when I could no longer restrain my anxiety and telephoned the National Science Foundation, whereupon I was informed that I was still on the list and that the final choice would be made ~~by~~ the responsible person as soon as he returned from Japan. Eventually towards the end of September I received a telephone call from the National Science Foundation, and I was asked where I would like to go, not <sup>just</sup> that I had been selected. "Where would you like to go?"!! Where would I like to go? I knew nothing about Antarctica; what were the choices? ~~You~~<sup>I</sup> could go either to the Palmer Station on the Antarctic Peninsula or to the McMurdo Base on Ross Island, an impossible choice for me so the Antarctic Peninsula was recommended. I was told I could join the N.S.F. research vessel HERO, which was in California for servicing, either in Tierra Del Fuego or in Valparaiso on the way down. I chose Valparaiso. And then I was asked ~~whether~~ whether I would be interested in doing a book on



Antarctica, to which I replied that I would, provided that I could go back for a second trip. I was assured that this~~x~~ would be possible. I had already purchased my air ticket to Valparaiso when I received a telephone call from the National Science Foundation ~~in~~ informing me that the Hero had burned out a bearing in the gear box and had been towed into Manzanillo on the Pacific coast of Mexico for repairs. So I flew to Manzanillo and boarded the ship there. Because of the delay caused by the breakdown, the course to Tierra del Fuego was changed from the inner passage through the Chilean islands to one due south across the Pacific Ocean to <sup>in close</sup> ~~to~~ the proximity of Easter Island and ~~fr~~ <sup>to</sup> on ~~we were to be~~ for more than a month <sup>at sea</sup> south-east to Cape Horn. The new course went a thousand miles west of South America across the most vacant area of the south Pacific Ocean. To many <sup>such</sup> people a voyage of ~~such a nature~~ <sup>only</sup> would have forecast a period of great boredom, but for me the tropical seas, the full width of which we would cross, <sup>and in the</sup> ~~had been introduced to them~~ Galapagos Islands ~~where~~ I had first <sup>held</sup> ~~experienced~~ the tropics and enjoyed such a pleasant experience, <sup>indolence they inspired</sup> ~~was~~ an attraction I <sup>eagerly</sup> looked forward to with keen anticipation. <sup>besides</sup> ~~and~~ I enjoyed shipboard life.

The crew of the ~~HERO~~ HERO was a very convivial group <sup>and due to</sup> with whom <sup>by the</sup> informal atmosphere I was quickly made to feel quite at home. The only other non-crew member aside from myself was a young ornithologist, Bob Pitman, whose <sup>project</sup> ~~function~~ was the collection of pelagic birds during the voyage south. The days through the tropics followed one ~~after~~ another ~~in a slow progression~~ with little apparent change from one day to the next, in a slow progression that seemed to <sup>up</sup> speed as ~~the~~ we entered the less tranquil southern latitudes. But the <sup>monotonous</sup> ~~similarity~~ was only superficial, for each day was distinct from all that preceded it in many subtle variations of sea and sky, the colors of the waves and the clouds, of the birds and the flying fish, and of the sequence of events. These variations engrossed my attention from dawn to dark.