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TAKE IT or LEAVE IT...

By Jim Stiles

tue. If The Zephyr can open that narrow viewpoint just a little, I will feel as if I have accomplished something.

If you are reading this, and you live in a different part of the world, or if you live far beyond the boundaries of the Colorado Plateau, and you have a story you wish to share, please send it to me. I cannot promise you I will print it, but if it is well done and offers a different perspective, I'll give it serious consideration. And remember this...and I am going to put this in capital letters for emphasis:

**YOU DON'T NEED TO AGREE WITH ME
TO GET PRINTED.**

I welcome different points of view, even angry rejections of my words or those of other Zephyr contributors. In the current Feedback section, a reader calls me a "moron" and expresses delight that the paper Zephyr has gone out of existence. But he is articulate (and he's right...I DID spell Jimmy Carter's name wrong!) and so it is included along with other more favorable letters.

I've said it many times before. I will say it again—we need a good debate. Even among our friends and allies. I think that is a message that President Obama would embrace. At least I hope so.

What else...



A few technical points. In order to open each thumbnail, your computer will need Adobe Reader. As far as I can tell, almost all computers come with it installed. And of course, it just occurs to me that it's stupid to be suggesting you load Reader here because if you don't have it already, you can't possibly be reading this...we're doing streamofconsciousness stuff here folks.

Also, this is very important—one of the great components of Adobe Reader is the ZOOM TOOL. If the type is

too small, you can simply click on the zoom tool at the top of the page and make the text larger. I do not want to hear anyone whining about the small type ever again.

Finally, imagine this. Most of this publication was put together on my trusty laptop computer while either 1) sitting in a campchair, the front seat of my 1983 Datsun ute, or my tent at various locations around Western Australia, or 2) perched on a five inch tall footstool in front of a coffee table, at a friend's home in a suburb of Perth. I am extraordinarily flexible for my age group.

So that's it...included on the home page is a blog. I am just learning how to use it. Bear with me. New links/buttons for John Depuy's art and Herb Ringer's photographs are under construction and should be up very soon.

I hope you like what you see here...I welcome your comments.

It is good to be back.

**How we can hope to restore
"prosperity" in material terms,
is a mystery to me.
Re-defining "prosperity" to reflect
the aspects of Life that really matter
is the challenge**

A DIFFERENT ZEPHYR...A DIFFERENT WORLD

Last September, I packed up my books and music and cowboy movie DVDs and shipped them to Perth, Australia and climbed on a plane a week later, ready and eager to embark upon a new life, 10,000 miles away.

Here in America, the presidential campaign was in full swing, Obama led slightly in the polls and there were rumors in the media that the global financial system was in trouble. When Lehman Brothers folded suddenly, the public took note but could scarcely believe it could get worse.

A debate had raged within many Americans about the wisdom of maintaining large stock portfolios in what seemed to be a very dangerous time to make risky choices with limited resources.

In the weeks and months that followed, the world changed. My life didn't turn out as I'd expected it to (a very short note on that at the end of this column).

The world economy and, indeed, the lifestyle the "developed world" has come to expect, now hovers perilously on the brink. It limps along, precariously propped up by enormous government infusions of cash—money borrowed by the world's governments to buy some time.

Billions of people fear they will lose everything. Nobody knows where the bottom of all this lies.

Will government intervention work? It's anybody's guess.

Are there lessons to be learned? Absolutely.

Are there opportunities to change the way we live so that this kind of disaster never happens again? Only if we have the wisdom and the courage to try.

SO...WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Almost a year ago, when I realized The Zephyr was not likely to survive in print, I had a glimmer of an idea—that maybe I could re-create this publication online. That I could maintain the feel of the original paper Zephyr, with its cartoon ads and unique layouts and put them onscreen. It has been an evolutionary process.

One day it occurred to me I could finally embrace color; after all, I no longer had to worry about printing costs. My first epiphany was that I could at long last display my old friend Herb Ringer's magnificent photographs of the West in the 1940s and 50s the way they were meant to be seen.

Then I thought, why not do the cartoons in color as well? One thing led to another.

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at 32 pages for years.
This issue is, in fact, the largest
I've ever assembled.
It even defies the laws of nature!**

And again, because I am no longer limited by printing and distribution costs, there is no need to restrict the Zephyr's size. The Z had been frozen at 32 pages for years. This issue is, in fact, the largest I've ever assembled. It even defies the laws of nature!

It is impossible for a print publication to end in an odd number...it simply cannot be done. But welcome to the world of cyberprint. This issue has 41 pages. Another Zephyr First.

As you begin to open the thumbnail images of each two page spread, you will discover why I call this publication the "Planet Earth Edition." It has been my hope to present a broader view of the world than what the old Zephyr could provide. Never has there been a time when a more expansive view is needed.

There is no place more insular than America. Even the more liberal among us rarely seem to look beyond their own narrowly defined agendas. Tunnel vision is not a vir-

Pain, the damage
don't end the World.
Or despair. Or...beatings.
The World ends
when you're dead.
Until then, you've got
more punishment in store.
Stand it like a man.
And give some back.

Al Swearengen
DEADWOOD

THE CANYON COUNTRY ZEPHYR Planet Earth Edition

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since 1989*

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Many analysts and pundits have compared President Obama's challenges to those that Franklin Roosevelt faced in 1933. And there are similarities. The noted historian William Manchester described the causes of the Great Depression in his brilliant account of recent American history, "The Glory and the Dream:"

In the aftermath of World War I, the techniques of mass production combined to increase the efficiency per man-hour by over 40%. This enormous output of goods clearly required a corresponding increase in consumer buying power—that is higher wages. But the workers' income in the 1920s didn't rise with his productivity...In short, the ability to buy did not keep abreast of the volume of goods being turned out....Customers of limited means were being persuaded to take products anyhow, the exchange being accomplished by an overextension of credit.

But the similarities end there. While in the 1930s Americans found themselves in debt because they dared to buy ONE car, or ONE radio, or ONE refrigerator for their homes, or even ONE home itself, this generation of consumers has created an economy that REQUIRES we buy a plasma TV for every room in the house. That we have two, or three or four cars in the driveway, and a home that is four times as large as the space we need, preferably with a four car garage to accommodate the vehicles. Or several homes. We are all complicit.

How we can hope to restore "prosperity" in material terms, is a mystery to me. Re-defining "prosperity" to reflect the aspects of Life that really matter is the challenge.

I hope that the mainstream environmental community... might finally acknowledge it damages its credibility to the point of disgrace, to be funded and directed by some of the very billionaires who fueled this worldwide crisis in the first place.

I take no joy in this, but for a decade this publication has tried to show the link between unbridled greed and materialism and the decline of our society, our *real* quality of life, and the very destruction of our natural world.

Now, as citizens around the planet express outrage at the forces of greed that helped push us to the brink of economic and environmental collapse, surely progressive, liberal citizens of this country and elsewhere, will accept some of the blame for what's gone down.

And FINALLY, I hope that the mainstream environmental community in the United States, right down to the grass roots organizations on the Colorado Plateau, might finally acknowledge that it damages its credibility to the point of disgrace, to be funded and directed by some of the very billionaires who fueled this worldwide crisis in the first place.

(Read 'Canyon Country Watchdog'...pages 8/9)

I welcome your comments.

JUST A FEW PERSONAL WORDS...

While I have been known to wear my heart on my sleeve, when it comes to the more intimate details of my personal life, I tend to keep my big mouth shut. However, I was in an unusually expansive and optimistic mood last autumn and spoke freely to many, including a couple of magazines and an NPR affiliate in Salt Lake City, about plans to re-locate to Australia. I had high hopes of getting married and becoming, at this late stage in my life, a 'family guy.'

Just a few words are needed here. I am sorry to say that it didn't work out.

My former fiancée and I ultimately had different visions of a future we had hoped to spend together. Incompatible dreams.

I will, however, always cherish the time I spent there and will especially miss an amazing little six-year old named Cassie, who brought joy to my life and revealed a part of me I did not know existed. I used to hear parents say they would throw themselves in front of a train to save their children. Now I know what they mean.

Cassie will always be in my thoughts and prayers. I hope she doesn't forget me.

While I was in Australia my father died. He was 84 years old and had been in declining health for several years. He and I never really saw eye-to-eye on much of anything; we had diametrically opposed views of the world and rarely found common ground. I wish I could say that we finally made peace —I last saw him in August 2008— but sadly that didn't happen.

A few days before his death, as he lapsed into a coma, he said to my mother, "I never understood Jim, but I always loved him." That was good enough for me.

I hope that other sons and daughters out there can find resolution with their parents before it's too late.

And I hope my father is out there somewhere, watching a sunset, and fully enjoying it, finally free of the cares of this world.



WE'RE STILL ALIVE... BUT WE NEED YOUR HELP...

As you open the next 40 pages of the premiere issue of the online Zephyr Planet Earth Edition, you'll see many new 'faces.' And some old ones. The new Backbone members have made an enormous contribution. Many of the original Backboners have stayed with us. AND a core of longtime advertisers will stay with the Z until Hell freezes over. They are the ONLY reason we're here. Keeping The Zephyr going will take even more participation from many of you. Please go to our home page and consider ways to support this publication. If we can build The Z back up, to a real "peoples' paper," we will continue to be heard... Thanks in advance for your support...Jim

IN THIS ISSUE OF

THE ZEPHYR

VOLUME 21 NUMBER 1

APRIL/MAY 2009

4/5...FEEDBACK

The Readers Respond

8/9...CANYON COUNTRY WATCHDOG

By Doug Meyer & Jim Stiles
From Flagstaff to the Bookcliffs... Facts and Opinions

10/11...THE ABBEY PAGE

This issue: a handwritten excerpt from the 1975 journal Ed and his wife Renee kept at Numa Ridge fire lookout at Glacier National Park.

12/13...PLANETARY OBSERVATIONS

Expressions of Grace, Grit, Greed &... Gormlessness!

14/15...'SIGNS & WONDERS'

This time...Aussie images

16/17...BOOM & BUST in the Great SW.

(Aussie style)...By Jim Stiles

18/19...LOSING SOLITUDE

By Martin Murie

20/21...Herb Ringer's AMERICAN WEST

FINALLY...after 20 years, we can bring you Herb's incredible images in color.

22/23...OLD WORLD WAYS in the NEW RUSSIA

By Michael Brohm

24/25...From the OUTER BANKS

*By Judy Banks
This month...a poem by Ms. Banks
'GOOD MEN: Long Time Passing'*

26/27...MUDD'S FICTION

'The King of Music' By Ned Mudd

28/29...NATURE IS NOT ALWAYS PRETTY

A Gopher snake encounters a cottontail at Arches National Park.

30/31...THE SEARCH for SOLITUDE in the 21st CENTURY...

*How to keep the riffraff out!
By Jim Stiles*

32/33...TAKING THE EASY WAY OUT

A Look at DENIAL from BOTH SIDES of the Global Warming DEBATE

By Doug Meyer

35...The Art of JOHN DEPUY

36/37...Willie Flocko's COUNTRY KITCHEN

From beyond the grave, our old pal Bill Bengé keeps his recipes alive.

38/39...POINTBLANK

'SUNDAY MESA' By Allan Greenwood

40/41...THE FORTY-FIRST PAGE

Publisher's Prerogative... ABBEY...has it really been 20 Years?