

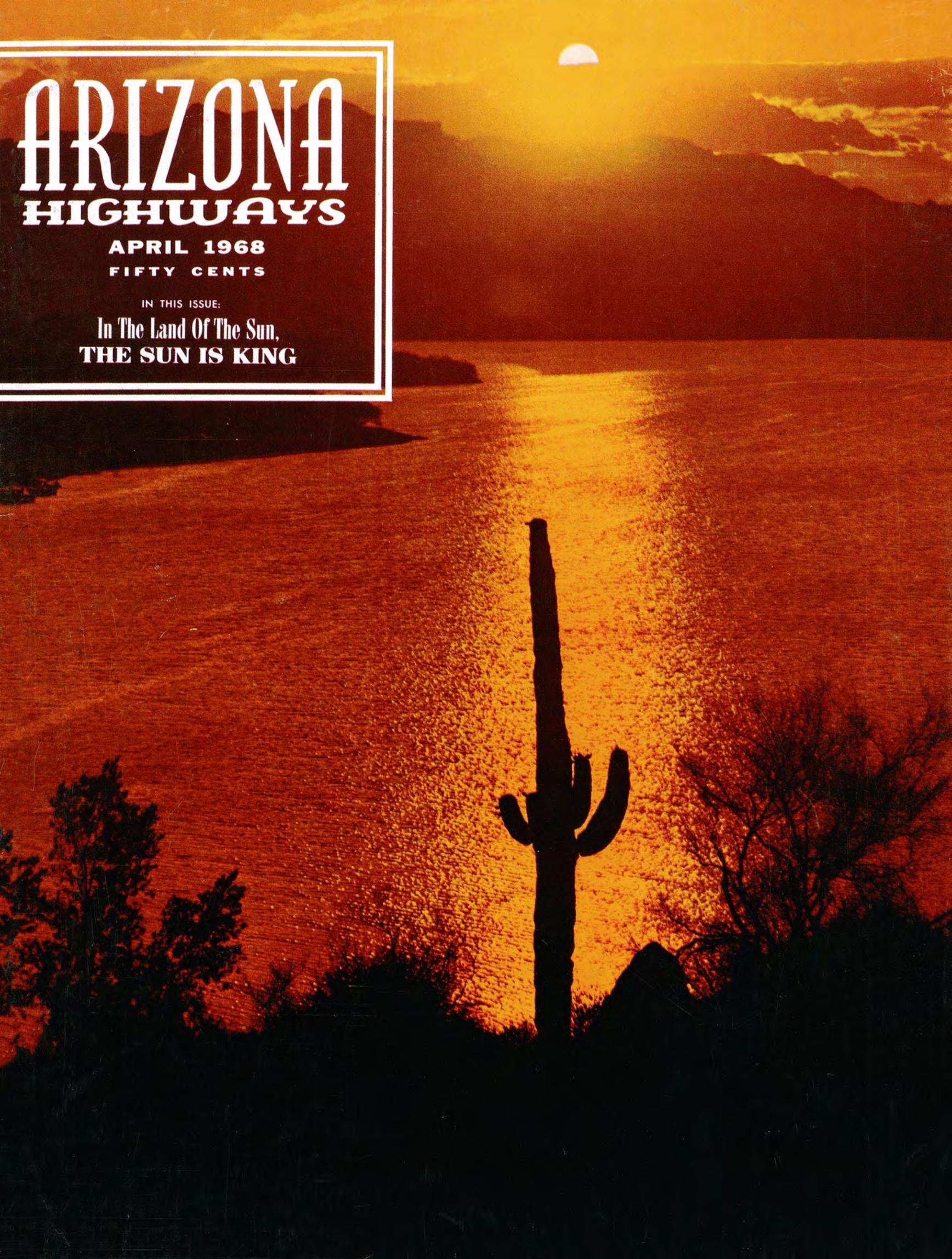
# ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

APRIL 1968

FIFTY CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

**In The Land Of The Sun,  
THE SUN IS KING**





# ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

VOL. XLIV No. 4

APRIL 1968

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*Governor of Arizona*

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ARIZONA HIGHWAYS is published monthly by the Arizona Highway Department a few miles north of the confluence of the Gila and Salt in Arizona. Address: ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, Arizona 85009. \$4.00 per year in U.S. and possessions; \$5.00 elsewhere; 50 cents each. Second Class Postage paid at Phoenix, Arizona, under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted© 1968, by the Arizona Highway Department. All rights reserved.

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BE SURE TO SEND IN THE OLD AS WELL AS THE NEW  
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## FRONT COVER

"SUMMER SUNSET ON CANYON LAKE" BY DAVID MUENCH. Photo taken near a favorite spot of mine — Tortilla Flat on the Apache Trail. View is due west at sunset from the eastern tip of Canyon Lake. That great moment or moments — the setting sun lends, on body of water, a slowly narrowing beam of light at its lowest ebb, a very delicate and narrow beam here complementing the stately silhouette that is a saguaro. Summer sun is here in its full fury, making exposures difficult, with readings in brilliance jumping right off meter's extreme. An orange (G4) filter lends a fiery glow to scene. Surprisingly, beam of light can only be possible with a windy-patterned set of waves with light only reflecting off curve of each wave. Linhof IV camera; Ektachrome E3; f.22 at 1/100th sec.; 15" Apo Ronar Rodenstock lens; August; brilliant light; 16+ Weston Master V reading; ASA rating 64.

## OPPOSITE PAGE

"REFLECTIONS OF A SPARKLING SUN" BY DAVID MUENCH. View taken from along a large pool at Red Rock Crossing, Oak Creek. Just off Alt. 89, Sedona vicinity. Taken on a brisk mid-autumn morning, approximately one-half hour after sunrise. Scene was of extreme contrasts in tone. Blues and grays predominate in scene (typical of pre-dawn and dawn), then sun sends a probing ray of warmth to set off a jewel-like impression. Sun in this exposure is cut off to where approximately 1/3 appears. Photography very demanding as sun in its low, winterlike projectile splintered and splattered across gaps and spires from left to right. Linhof IV camera; Ektachrome E3; f.25 at 1 sec.; 8" Zeiss Tessar lens; November; cold blues predominate, sun's sparkle brilliant and warm in contrast; meter reading 16; ASA rating 64.

~~~~~  
"And God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light!"  
~~~~~

The sun rises and the sun sets, according to the scribblings of an ancient seer, but that is something we and all before us and all after us have taken and will take for granted without a single thought of the wonderful and momentous thing that happens to us each day.

Heaven's fiery orbit is the life and light giver; so where the sun in places on this planet has a stronger impact than it has on other places on this planet, we are honest in assuming such places are especially blessed. Such a place is Arizona. If we call our land the "Land of the Sun," we are not guilty of undue exaggeration as so many travelers and sun-seekers will bear honest and enthusiastic witness. Why Arizona can be called "Land of the Sun" might be questioned by others who assume the sun shines impartially on every one of Earth's crevices, which it does, but factors of geography, elevation, wind currents, protective mountain ranges, etc., tend out this way to make the sun's strength more strongly felt. That is true without any embellishments that may be written by adroit, poetic and nimble pens of those who dream up and write travel brochures.

The sun is much with us this issue. A couple of years ago one of our contributors, a photographer by the name of David Muench, told us he was engaged in a big project — "photographing the sun!" Knowing he was equipped only with a camera instead of the solar telescope at Kitt's Peak Observatory, we wondered whether he was suffering somewhat from over-exposure to the sun, but we went along with the idea. The results of David's photography with lucid script by David's friend, David Toll, are displayed herein.

During all of this, we took a better look at the sun ourselves. We could find no better reason for the very existence of sun than in the simple words of the Bible: "And God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light!" . . . R.C.

~~~~~  
PRINTED IN ARIZONA, U.S.A.  
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## COLOR CLASSICS

*From Arizona Highways*

THIS ISSUE

35mm slides in 2" mounts, 1 to 15 slides, 40c each; 16 to 49 slides, 35c each; 50 or more, 3 for \$1.00. Catalog of previous slides issued available on request. Address: ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, 2039 West Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85009.

S-63 Summer Sunset on Canyon Lake, cov. 1; S-64 Reflections of a Sparkling Sun, cov. 2; CC-58 The Sun Casts Long Autumn Shadows in Canyon de Chelly, cov. 3; S-65 A Setting Sun Walks the Lonely Rails, cov. 4; DS-177 Markings of Time and Weather, p. 13; MV-46 Patterns of the High Plateau Desert, p. 14; MV-47 Rising Sun Brings Light to Monument Valley, p. 15; MV-48 August Sun Bespeaks a Hot Day, p. 15; DS-178 A Glowing Desert Torch, p. 16; L-204 Bright Spring Day at Willow Beach, p. 17; L-205 Let There Be Light and There Was Light, p. 17; DS-179 Chollas and Dancing Sunbeams, p. 18; S-66 The Brilliant Sky of the Setting Sun, p. 19; SX-24 Day's End at San Xavier Mission, p. 19; OC-100 Sunrise in the Red Cliffs, p. 20-21; MV-49 The Sun Guides the Sheep Home, p. 22; RI-54 Sun Has the Last Say on Stormy Day at Grand Falls, p. 23; L-206 Sun Says Farewell Until Tomorrow — Hawley Lake, p. 23; S-67 Setting Sun in Saguaroland, p. 24; TA-134 Early Morning Sun Illuminates Aspen Banners, p. 25; DS-180 Sunrise After a Desert Snow Storm, p. 25; WS-47 Nature's Quiet World of Snow, Sun, Silence, p. 25; GC-164 Another Day in a Million Years — Grand Canyon, p. 26; C-36 Light and Shadow in Canyon Depths, p. 27; F-22 Deep in the Sunlit Forest, p. 28.

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NEXT MONTH: THE STORY OF ARIZONA  
FROM WILDERNESS TO WONDERLAND  
~~~~~

# MARY AUSTIN'S COUNTRY

BY  
NANCY NEWHALL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
ANSEL ADAMS

with quotations  
from the writings of  
MARY AUSTIN



**A** WHO WAS MARY AUSTIN?  
strange woman, who had the courage to walk alone. A writer, a searcher, a fighter, who at moments of her life stood revealed as great — as *the* woman in America of her time, even as one of the great people of all time — and then was hidden again for a while in obscurity.

At first glance, from a distance, she was just a little woman whose legs were too short and whose mass of hair was too heavy. Seen close, her face, with its wide mouth, was brooding and resolute, and the heavy-lidded eyes were those of a seer. With her first word, she became a center of force, alternately drawing people toward her and repulsing them, by turns harsh and generous, mystic and practical.

Her country was the West. Even today, long after she is dead, her impress lies across the whole Southwest. Whoever travels there will find her moving before him — will see a hill

move suddenly into the shape of words she gave it, enter with her, through the flicker of saguaros, into the uncanny spell of the desert, hear with her ears the click and patter of aspen leaves, and the higher note of a creek rising, swollen with snow water, in the afternoons. And whoever pauses where she once paused, or lived a while, will find the spirit of the place as she evoked it, still hovering there, invisible and potent.

**H**ow did she come to write? In 1902 she answered shyly. "There is really nothing to tell. I have just looked, nothing more . . . and by and by I got to know where looking was most worthwhile. Then I got so full of looking that I had to write to get rid of some of it and make room for more." Actually there was more, much more to tell, and when she was old and near death, she wrote some of it down.

Of a lonely child, unwanted, who felt her mother turn away from her. Whose most appalling early memory was being left behind while her family vanished down a boardwalk into the hot distances. A child for whom the world changed, one summer morning, when she found God under a walnut tree. A child who crept in her nightie to her parents' door at night and huddled on bare boards to listen at the crack while her mother read her ailing father to sleep. A child who soaked herself in the memories of her elders until, though she was not born until 1868, she felt she had herself known the sights and sounds of the Civil War. And in earlier memories, too: what her father as a young man saw on the Mississippi — the rafts, the canoes laden with buffalo meat, the birds in the canebrakes, and the slaves passed from house to house north to freedom. And earlier still: what her grandmother saw, crossing the prairies with a spinning wheel and a johnny-cake pan. A child even then sensing the pulse of America as it beat through the Midwest. A child who soon learned to turn from the ache of being unwanted to making images in her own head and finding books that had in them "room to walk around in."

Of a lonely, gawky girl with an intelligence too big and rough for small-town boys, an intelligence only whetted by intermittent years at college. A sick girl — all her life she was more or less sick — who at twenty journeyed with her widowed mother to California, where her brother had started a home-steading project near Bakersfield. And of the first years, years of drought when dying cattle had to be driven from the settlers' water barrels and buzzards darkened the hills.

**A** homely and peculiar girl, thought her new neighbors, who snubbed and disliked her. A girl, who, having made the taffy for a candy pull, would leave the party to wander with her hair down, out over the desert in the night. ". . . There was seldom an hour when I could not turn from all my poor affairs to the living shape and pulse of the land . . ."

She sat so still that wild things whirred or padded or scurried past her; she shared a shack with an antelope during a storm. She ate wild green grapes and began to get well and to look around her. At the gay grace with which Spain had fitted into the hills and hollows of California. At the



Man is not himself only . . .  
He is all that he sees:  
all that flows to him  
from a thousand sources . . .

— *Land of Journey's Ending*

TWILIGHT—MONUMENT VALLEY





stubborn ignorance with which her own kind were trying to make the country conform to their ideas and their memories of older landscapes. At the brutal wars in which cattlemen, sheepmen, ranchers and railroaders fought each other for possession of the land and its scanty water. She began to study "history for the sake of the land."

Daughter and sister of shiftless, dreaming men, she married another, misled by what she thought was sympathy and understanding. And followed Wallace Austin into the huge, mountain-haunted Owens Valley, where he drifted from failure to failure. As a wife, Mary was lonelier than before, and discovered in her own courage her sole staff and shelter. "I have never known what it was to be cared for." Pregnant, and suddenly evicted from her hotel without warning, she sat long hours on her trunk beside the road, waiting in vain for her husband to return. At last she rose and found a boarding house where she could cook and earn a living for both of them.

A valiant woman, who battled an eagle to save her baby. A woman who could, when the stage driver fell ill, take up the reins of the four horses and bring them over the rough desert road to the next stop. One night in Red Rock Canyon, while the stage labored through sand, a figure, looming up out of the dark, brought guns to the hip. The stranger wanted to know was there anybody on board who could pray out loud? "I could pray," said Mary and, climbing down over the wheel, followed the swinging lantern down the dark canyon to where a man lay dying.

A mother who watched with horror her one beautiful little daughter grow into a mindlessness punctuated by meaningless rages. Her own mother wrote her: "I don't know what you have done, daughter, to have such a judgment upon you!" Years later Mary could write, "That nerve ached out at last."

More and more Mary turned to the land. For her, the knotted thrust of mountains and the fall of hills were music; to her, the dynamics of storm, rock, water and life were what the tangling passions and ideals of mankind are to most writers. She looked at the death and the life around her and wanted to see it and hear it whole, from the immensities of sky to the delicate trace of wild claws and what passed through the minds of men. She listened to the Mexicans, to the Chinese, to the Basque shepherders among their dogs and flocks. She listened to the Paiutes, and tried to get into her own body their subtle skill and sympathy with twig and bark. In their songs and chants she heard a beat and cadence she was later to call *THE AMERICAN RHYTHM*. And in their tales of visions and voices she recognized not only the Presence she had felt under the walnut tree but other experiences familiar to her.

One night a wire came, telling her to hurry to her mother, who was ill in Los Angeles. Distraught, trying to pack and make connections, Mary sat for a moment on the stoop, and was not surprised to behold, through the quiet of the evening, her mother appear, young and smiling, with a rose in her

hair, telling her not to come, that everything was all right. Consoled, Mary fell asleep, only to waken crying, knowing before the next wire came that her mother was dead.

Daytimes, to earn some sort of living, Mary taught school; she had a remarkable gift for delighting and inspiring children. Nights and holidays she wrote. Neighbor women would come in to find her pacing the floor with her hair down, searching for word or phrase, while her own child, Ruth, strapped to a chair, screamed uncontrollably. Though in their mercy, the neighbors cared for Ruth when Mary was out, they did it in protest against what seemed her neglect. Only a few at that time could see through her strange stoniness.

Already a few stories and sketches of hers had been published. Distinguished people, coming to explore and climb the high peaks of the Sierra Nevada, were seeking Mary Austin in "the brown house under the willow tree" at Independence,

Then, in 1903, came *THE LAND OF LITTLE RAIN*. It was an instant success; a new writer had taken material that came past her fresh as the morning and set it down with at once a huge eye-reach and a microscopic delicacy. Mary had found not only her escape but her way to face reality. And she had found her function.

Out of the same background, she wrote *THE BASKET-WOMAN*. For *THE FLOCK*, to renew her feeling for the talk of shepherders and the sounds and rhythms of their flocks, she went back to Bakersfield, where they found her queerer than ever. For her first novel, *ISIDRO*, she needed to study a mission of the Spanish colonial period, and chose Carmel, where Mission San Carlos Borromeo commanded what was then a wild hillside overlooking the Pacific.

After *ISIDRO*, she went back to Independence — and suddenly realized that the whole Owens Valley was doomed. Quietly over the years, under the aegis of the new Bureau of Reclamation, agents for Los Angeles had been buying up water rights. Now Los Angeles could pipe out of the valley nearly all its mountain waters. Mary roused her neighbors; she fought with Los Angeles herself. A committee went all the way to Washington to plead with President Theodore Roosevelt. But he saw water for a booming city as more important than water for a few small towns, mines and ranches. And so one of the most magnificent valleys in America, running for hundreds of miles between the huge granite wave of the snowcapped Sierra Nevada and the brilliant desert range of the Inyos, was condemned to desert.

Mary could not stand the coming horror and desolation. She took Ruth and fled to Carmel, begging Wallace to come with her. But he refused, preferring to drift hopefully where there was no hope. Years later, when Mary finally ended the tenuous relation between them in divorce, she was grieved to find how grieved he was. Meanwhile, shocked, uprooted and seriously ill, she could not care for Ruth and had to place her in an institution where, mercifully young, Ruth finally died. Mary's own suffering the doctors diagnosed as cancer of the breast and gave her less than a year to live. She decided to go to Rome; it might, she thought, be a good place to die in.



The secret charm of the desert is the secret of life triumphant.

— *Land of Journey's Ending*



YUCCA AND THORNS,  
WHITE SANDS  
NATIONAL MONUMENT,  
NEW MEXICO

Instead, she recovered. Perhaps the diagnosis was incorrect. Anyway, in Rome Mary learned from a nun how to escape pain through prayer, went on to discover in the writings of the Christian mystics much that the Paiute medicine men had told her and found, in sensing a new land and a new culture "... how much like prayer is the attempt to get inside art and understand it; how healing is the power of beauty ..."

She went on to London to join her friends Herbert and Lou Hoover and to meet Bernard Shaw, Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, and others, whom she found at that time rather remote and cold. In New York, she paused to see about the production of her play, *THE ARROW MAKER*, then returned to Carmel. Here and there among its pines and cypresses, and along its rocky points and beaches, a number of artists and writers were building their homes. Jack London, Lincoln Steffens, Maynard Dixon and, later, Robinson Jeffers, William Rose Benet, Sinclair Lewis — these were men capable of appreciating Mary. Feeling them respond to her, but awkward after the long years of grief and loneliness, Mary made attempts silly as a schoolgirl's to be glamorous and hold the center of the stage. Seeing her approach with her hair down, when she cherished the notion she was irresistible, men who regarded her with genuine affection and admiration took refuge in derision and even flight. But ridicule and gossip had

never yet stopped Mary; she persevered until finally her friends threw up their hands and accepted as comic this inconsistency in a woman with the force and insight of a sibyl, whose stature as a writer seemed growing day by day.

In her work, Mary was tackling form after form, problem after problem. Play, novel, poem, essay, short story — she tried them all. Nor did she flinch from writing about problems that interested her, whether contemporary, such as the fight for women's rights, or eternal, such as religion. Always her finest work was done when she wrote out of her own intense looking and listening, and let her materials take whatever form was inherent in it. In the best of her writing, the earth itself is her theme. Her people move upon the land, formed by it as are dove and mouse, pine and willow; however, acutely observed, they become transparent. Behind them, beyond them, the land is visible. They move with the quality of myth and folklore under vast skies; their horizons are also those of consciousness. In the subconscious, Mary believed, the whole experience of the race, psychic and physical alike, is stored. From the subconscious, with its instinctive understanding of the universe and man's destiny within it, come the healing and ennobling powers of all great religions. And genius, Mary was convinced, occurred when an individual is born, through whom as through a well or spring, these depths rise into the light.

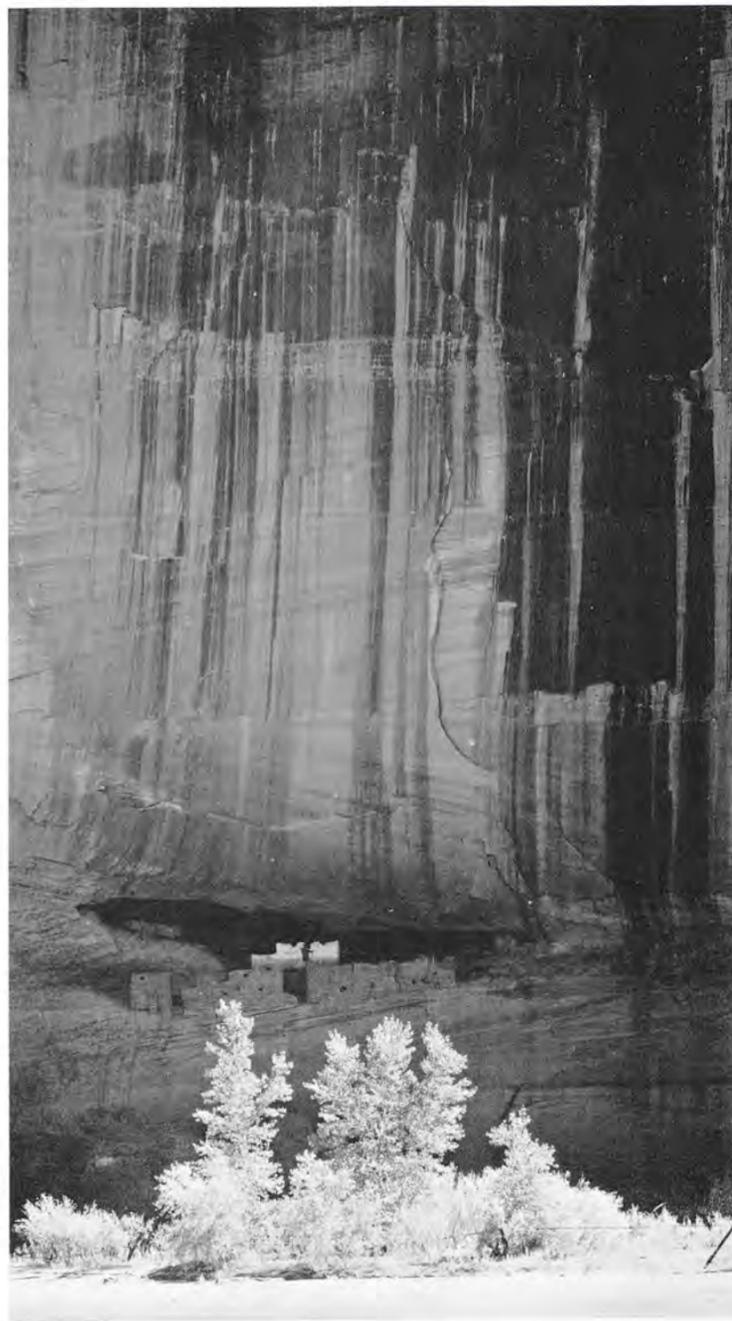


... there is a cactus garden that I can never pass without crossing my fingers against its spell ... So that if I should disappear some day unaccountably from my accustomed places, leaving no trace, you might find me there in some such state as you read of in monkish tales, when one walked in the woods for an hour and found that centuries had passed.

— *Land of Journey's Ending*



ORGAN PIPE CACTUS NATIONAL MONUMENT—OCOTILLO IN FOREGROUND



WHITE HOUSE RUINS, CANYON DE CHELLY, ARIZONA



SAGUAROS, ORGAN PIPE CACTUS NATIONAL MONUMENT, ARIZONA

Eagles mewing about the perilous footholds, great trees rooting where once the slender ladders clung! ... suddenly, high and inaccessible in the canyon wall, the sun picks out the little windows in the walls amid the smoke-blue shadows, and you brush your eyes once or twice to make sure you do not see half-naked men, deer- and antelope-laden, climbing up the banded cliffs...

— *Land of Journey's Ending*



The saguaro ... giving back the light like spears ... make a continuous vertical flicker in the landscape. Marching together ... they have a stately look, like the pillars of ruined temples.

— *Land of Journey's Ending*

Again and again she returned to certain themes as they unfolded before her. To the quality of folk, the American folk, of whatever race or background. To genius — EVERYMAN'S GENIUS, A WOMAN OF GENIUS, Christ as genius in THE MAN JESUS. To religion—CHRIST IN ITALY, CAN PRAYER BE ANSWERED? And to the character of regions — LANDS OF THE SUN, THE LAND OF JOURNEY'S ENDING.

Yet, despite the years in California, Mary never felt she knew it as a whole. In LANDS OF THE SUN, she lamented, "I overlooked much of detail . . . those missed items of delight shimmer on the mind's horizon with a beckoning sense of loss. As if more were lost than can ever be touched again." Around her, the land had changed. The lovely Southern California of the 1880's had been obliterated; the Owens Valley was fanged with the blackened chimneys of burned houses and ghostly with dying trees. Even Carmel was losing its Greek beauty.

When America entered World War I, Mary found herself in New York. She tried to stay there. She quartered the city for walking and discovering. She dived down into it, represented herself as typist or newspaperwoman, worked at odd trades such as making wigs or artificial flowers, and listened. But never from the bastions of metropolis, never from the idioms of talk that swirled above the pavements, did there come the power and understanding she felt when the naked earth was under her feet and space encompassed her.

Moreover " . . . The thing I suffered from worst in New York was boredom." She met many interesting and gifted people, but to her, with the West behind her, they seemed as involved in fads, feuds, and trivialities as if New York were a vortex that had swallowed them. She tried to rescue some of the young writers; she hectored and scolded until one group of them dubbed her "God's mother-in-law." But Louis Adamic

had reason to call her "a strange, grand woman," after her badgerings of both him and his publishers resulted in his early success here. And Sinclair Lewis spoke for a great many people when, after an evening of meekly taking a tongue-lashing for his literary shortcomings, he grabbed her, kissed her and shouted, "God damn you, Mary, I love you!"

Inevitably Mary came back to the West, and more and more she came to the austere and magical Southwest. For her, as for thousands before and after her, it became more than the land of her birth. Here was the land of her heart, her hope, her home, her LAND OF JOURNEY'S ENDING. She built her house of adobe, in Santa Fe, on the Camino del Sol, where she could look across the town at the peaks of the Sangre de Cristo. "It is a mountain country, immensely, dramatically beautiful; it is contiguous to the desert with its appeal of mystery and naked space, and it supplies the elements of

aboriginal society which I have learned to recognize as my proper medium. I have a genius for beginnings . . ."

Sitting under Inscription Rock, she heard it murmur like a shell of time. Walking across a slight mound, she would feel about her the presence of ancient, simple people; excavation would prove the mound a prehistoric house site. Archaeologists and historians could and did find her mistaken here and there, and then find themselves unearthing evidence that documented some intuitive guess of hers.

At wavelike intervals recognition came to her, and her pleasure in it was sometimes a little wry. "Every seven years New York discovers me." When Carl Van Doren called her books "wells driven into America to bring up water for her countrymen," and hailed her as a prophetess, she remarked he should have mentioned what a good cook she was. In 1922, she went to England to lecture before the Fabian Society, and

received, from the same literary giants she had found cold before, the most resounding accolade of her life. But to the oft-quoted remark by a Cambridge don that she was "the most intellectual women in America," her dry rejoinder was that, so far as she knew, he based his estimate on the one thing of hers he ever read — praise of his own book. And her perceptions of H. G. Wells as a human being were not mollified by his praise: "What other woman can touch her? Her work will live when many of the more portentous reputations of today have served their purpose in the world . . ."



...Once it is seen, there is no way afterwards of not seeing it. Anytime now, — and sometimes whether I will or no ... I see it there... the noiseless dance of island towers, advancing, retreating...

— *Land of Journey's Ending*

FROM THE SOUTH RIM, CAPE ROYAL, GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA

NOTE ON ILLUSTRATIONS  
(FROM FIRST EDITION)



We wish to thank the publishers, HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, for granting us permission to reproduce the charming sketches by Mr. E. Boyd Smith as they appeared in Mrs. Austin's



LAND OF LITTLE RAIN, published in October 1903.



Santa Fe, full of poets and painters, could perceive the greatness of Mary Austin even while it laughed at her foibles. Close friends learned that in the mornings, when she was working, she might pass them unseeing and be rude if they interrupted her, yet in the afternoons she might bring a batch of pies still hot from her oven. And they might smile when she lectured and received them wearing a high Spanish comb and mantilla and looking quite regal — until she stood up. But when they wanted a doughty fighter to lead a crusade, they came to Mary. She had long fought for the Indians — Amerindians, she called them; now she fought to protect them against "too great enthusiasm." She fought to save Santa Fe from the "improvements" that had ruined Los Angeles and Carmel. She fought to save from destruction and oblivion the folk arts and architecture of the Spanish Americans; when the Santuario, poignantly beautiful little chapel at Chimayo, was in danger of being sold and its santos scattered, it was Mary who inspired the gift that saved it.

In 1930 the magnificent TAOS PUEBLO appeared; Mary in text and a young pianist, Ansel Adams, in a dozen massive and sculptural photographs, gave that phase of Indian culture an almost classic splendor. The success of what, for him, was a first book, helped persuade Adams to change his profession from music to photography. Both responsive to the character of a place, its moods, its magic, both endowed with the reach and the skill to convey immensity as well as delicacy, they made good collaborators, as Adams was to prove twenty years later, when he interpreted the grandeur and beauty of the Owens Valley for a new edition of THE LAND OF LITTLE RAIN. Together, they planned another spectacular book on the Spanish Americans. With Frank Applegate, painter and ardent collector of santos and bultos, who knew everybody in every hut in the hills, Adams went photographing. But, suddenly, Applegate died, and Mary, shocked by his death and gravely ill herself, faltered over her manuscript, and finally left it unfinished, a mass of notes not yet lifted from the pedestrian.

Now she found herself face to face with the ultimate problems of human existence: *What is death? And what is the meaning of life?* "... the last thing I expected of death," she wrote, "was to be afraid of it."

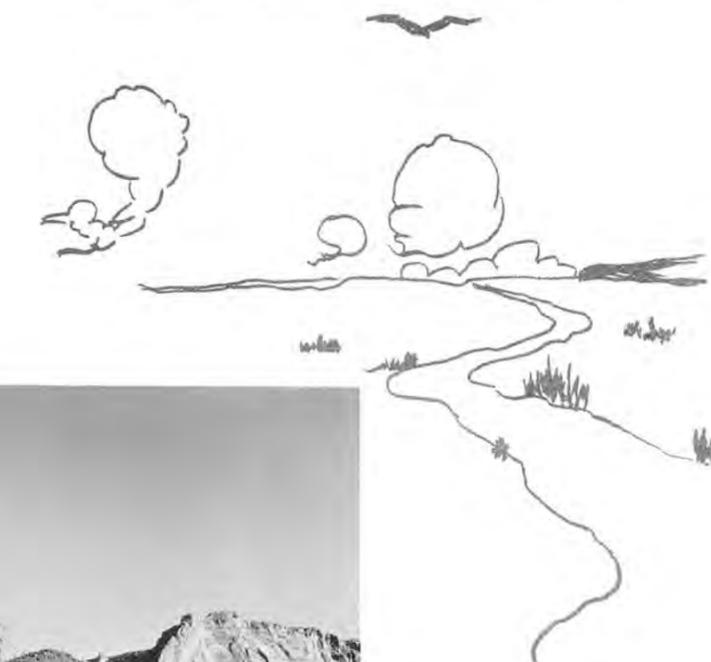
Examining her fear, she found it to be a dread of being senseless — blind, deaf, dumb. "The thought that I should never again see the plum blossoms storm the flanks of Pena Blanca, never again hear the drums of the Keres calling up the He-rain with its winghollows filled with evening blueness, smote me with an insupportable pang . . . I should like a little space to love the world before I leave it." For Mary, no supernatural heaven or hell existed. More and more she had become a mystic, exploring religions, connecting them with myths or folklore, but never adopting any formal creed for herself. She made retreats among Catholic nuns, to restore her soul; she owned a rosary, but used it to tell her subconscious what she wanted to write, and how, and when, so that at the allotted time, she said, "the stories wrote themselves." She had powers others considered mediumistic. "I could get messages for you . . . I could get comforting and convincing things. But I would not know that they did not come to me by the same way that a



... and there you shall have such news of the land, of its trails and what is astir in them, as one lover of it can give to another.

— *The Land of Little Rain*

VERMILLION CLIFFS NEAR NAVAJO BRIDGE, ARIZONA



new character comes for my novel when I need it . . ." Now, in the light of all she had read, heard, and known along the rims of consciousness, she wrote EXPERIENCES FACING DEATH. And emerged with faith triumphant. "I have experienced the Presence of God . . . but nowhere have I found or felt the dark."

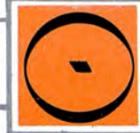
In the same spirit, she examined her own life, seeing, through the character of Mary Hunter Austin, vast panoramas in time and place, seeing the roots of her grief and loneliness with compassion. She could write, "I have been true to the pattern and it has been true to me." And called her autobiography EARTH HORIZON.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS:

Mary Austin's country begins where the Sierra Nevada rises from the level desert into the highest peaks in America; it ends where the Sangre de Cristos, under winter snow, burn after dawn and after sunset like the Blood of Christ. In between lies a huge country whose heights, depths and horizons call to the American mind. Across that country, for any traveler or sojourner, Mary Austin's words move like light. For anyone who has loved it, Ansel Adams has held the moments when it most profoundly reveals itself. Sky-high and root-deep, words and photographs here appear together.

## IN THE LAND OF THE SUN, THE SUN IS KING

TEXT BY DAVID W. TOLL  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MUENCH



The universal Sun sign  
symbolic of Revelation:  
"And God said,  
Let there be light . . .

*Majestic saguaro stands tall in this sunlit composition.*

*Kofa Range area near Yuma, Arizona.*

A yawling knob of hellish fire drifts untethered in blue-black space. So solitary is this immense lump of boiling flames that it gives light and warmth only to itself and to the few poor droplets of its own cooled flesh whirling near.

In the snarling, rumbling center of this blistering ball of flaming gas, nearly half a million miles deep beneath its surface, 4.7 tons of matter are converted into energy each second. Cobbled with imperfections, raked by surface winds of more than a thousand miles an hour, pimpled with cold black spots more than thirty thousand miles across and whiskered with prominences that tendril two hundred thousand miles into the indifferent void surrounding it, this great furnace has been devouring itself with horrid violence for over a billion years.

It is a star, one of ten billion like it in our galaxy; it is the one we call the Sun, its mass 332,000 times that of Earth, and at a distance from Earth of 92,900,000 miles. It is an ordinary star, a minor star. At its raging heart the temperature is 35,000 degrees fahrenheit, at its seething surface 11,000 degrees. As a luminous celestial body of light, it has a linear diameter of 864,000 miles. At the Earth, the solar energy is about one and a half horsepower per square yard, and, yet, of the sun's tremendous energy output, the Earth receives but one two-billionths. For the next twenty-five million generations, as it exhausts its two million million million tons of matter, the sun will continue as the source of energy, of all life on earth, the core and center of our galactic system.

Man has never seen the sun as it appears in absolute space, but he early understood that his survival was at the sufferance of this hotly staring cosmic eye. At first he invested the sun's power with motive and called it god. Shamash, Ra, Helios, Bog, Amaterasu, Frey, Rama Chandra, Ipalnemohualni — the sun diety wore a thousand names as countless populations begged forbearance from its evident but unfathomable influence over their lives.

The Chinese early recorded the sun's regularity and could predict eclipses, but it was the irreverent Greeks who secularized the sun in earnest. Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Philolaus, Heraclitus of Pontus and Hipparchus of Rhodes had correctly defined the nature and relationships of the sun,

the stars and the planets a century before Christ, and in the twenty centuries following astronomers from every western nation accumulated whole libraries of information about the sun. With each new fact painstakingly gathered and confirmed, the sun was stripped of a little more of its mystery. By the end of the 19th century the civilized world had lost its awe of the sun.

Yet there remain regions on our spinning clod of mud where the sun is not so easily dismissed as just a natural phenomenon of great magnitude. Arizona is one such place. Here the sun, if no longer a god, is still the King, advancing in its daily progress with the pomp, pageantry and power of an absolute monarch. *Continued on Page 30*

## NOTES FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

PHOTOGRAPHER DAVID MUENCH, CHASING THE SUN WITH HIS CAMERA, ASKS US TO JOIN HIM IN HIS CHASE FOR WHAT WE THINK ARE THE UNUSUAL AND OUTSTANDING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE FOLLOWING COLOR PORTFOLIO.

### OPPOSITE PAGE

"MARKINGS OF TIME AND WEATHER" Monument Valley — ripples of time on south exposure of Sand Springs Dune, only a few hundred feet from much photographed sheep crossing at Sand Springs itself. Excitement of late sun skimming across blown sands lends a delineated pattern — sometimes leaving an almost blurred image if viewed too long. The intangible quality is broken only by a lone salt bush and the delicate print of a passing bird's visit. As winds will prevail toward sundown, a steady camera hand is quite often needed to photograph during those late and early moments of rich color and design. f.25 at 1/25th sec.; 8" Zeiss Tessar lens; October; late afternoon, just before sundown; meter reading 13+.

### FOLLOWING PAGES

"PATTERNS OF THE HIGH PLATEAU DESERT" Scene of desert plateau pattern was made on drive in Monument Valley to North Window — looking west to Three Sisters at base of Elephant Rock. Dry run thunderstorms finally relented to a balmy, glowing burst of sunlight toward sunset. Here sun highlights tender growth of desert-plateau brush. Gathering sands lend a background of simplicity to light staccato on the bushes. f.34 at 1/10th sec.; 5" Schneider Symmar lens; August; late afternoon; overcast; meter reading 14-.

"RISING SUN BRINGS LIGHT TO MONUMENT VALLEY" Monument Valley sunrise view of Left Mitten was made from campground at Tribal Park Headquarters. Brilliant confrontation with sun at sunrise can be a rewarding experience photographically. However, precautions are in order. Direct viewing into the sun can be harmful to the eyes — don't stare! Accurate recordings of the rapidly changing moods can only be haphazardly guessed at as light meter readings vary so quickly as to leave out exacting studies. Some bracketing and the touch of luck are a good potent for satisfying results. G-4 filter used primarily in black and white photography amplifies a rising heat on the plateau. f.25 at 1/100th sec.; 15" Apo Ronar Rodenstock lens; August; sunrise very brilliant; meter reading 16+.

"AUGUST SUN BESPEAKS A HOT DAY" Summer sunrise taken south of Sand Springs Dune massif east through Yebechai Rock formations. Monument Valley's 1000 foot Totem Pole on left. Stratus formation of clouds made this image most unpredictable to capture on film. Four or five rapid fire exposures finally turned out the low saturation in moods desired — sun is contained, with under-exposure, to a respectable image in perspective to the scene. f.16 at 1/100th sec.; 15" Apo Ronar Rodenstock lens; August; brilliant sunrise; meter reading 16.

"A GLOWING DESERT TORCH" Twins photographed along old "66" on the western flank of the Black Mountains just below Sitgreaves Pass, Mohave County. Canyon leads west to Colorado River. Rugged, serrated ridges lend rich blacks to set off highlighted blooms of the *Noling Bigelovii*. The "absence" of sunlight is an ever present "must" to delineate its great power in forming the landscape for the eye. f.25 at 1/50th sec.; 5" Schneider Symmar lens; August; brilliant against deep blacks; late afternoon; meter reading 14+.

"BRIGHT SPRING DAY AT WILLOW BEACH" Lake Mohave scene over rabbitbrush taken along beach front at Willow Beach landing and Marina. Well scattered winter rains have lent this brilliant

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN WITH A 4x5 LINHOF CAMERA, IN WHICH HE USED EKTACHROME E3 FILM. OTHER "SHOOTING" INFORMATION ACCOMPANIES EACH PHOTOGRAPHER'S NOTE. THE SUN PROVES A NOBLE SUBJECT!

accent of yellow in Black Canyon scene. f.28 at 1/25th sec.; 5" Schneider Symmar lens; April; mid-morning light; meter reading 14.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT AND THERE WAS LIGHT" Scene made along southwestern shores of Canyon Lake, along Arizona 88 (Apache Trail). Quiet scene brought such a contemplative mood, windstill, reflective, deeply saturated tones seem to bring together the past and future into a precious moment of nothingness. The swooping motion of a motor boat soon broke the spell. f.28 at 1/25th sec.; 4" Wide Field Ektar lens; April; brilliant side light absorbed in saturated quality of scene; meter reading 14-.

"CHOLLAS AND DANCING SUNBEAMS" Teddy Bear (Jumping Cactus) scene made along (just off) Ajo Mountain drive in Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument. Puerto Blanco Mountains in distance. Sun forms "rim light" on delightfully formidable Teddy Bear colony. There is always the fascination of propulsion in the Teddy Bear; however, it is you that jumps when in contact with a stem. *Cylindropuntia Bigelovii*. f.34 at 1/50 sec.; 8" Zeiss Tessar lens; August; brilliant against light; meter reading 15+.

"THE BRILLIANT SKY OF THE SETTING SUN" Scene made in Joshua Forest just off U.S. 93 to Signal (junction ten miles south of Wikieup) in Mohave County. Stratus clouds flow across blazing sun in image of silhouetted arms of the "praying plant" — a personally most profound scene of the desert. You truly may not know the desert until bearing witness to one of these dramatic performances. *Yucca brevifolia*. Sunset glow is again contained in a sea of saturated blues and congealing cloud layers. f.32 at 1/100th sec.; 15" Apo Ronar Rodenstock lens; August; brilliant sunset; meter reading 16+.

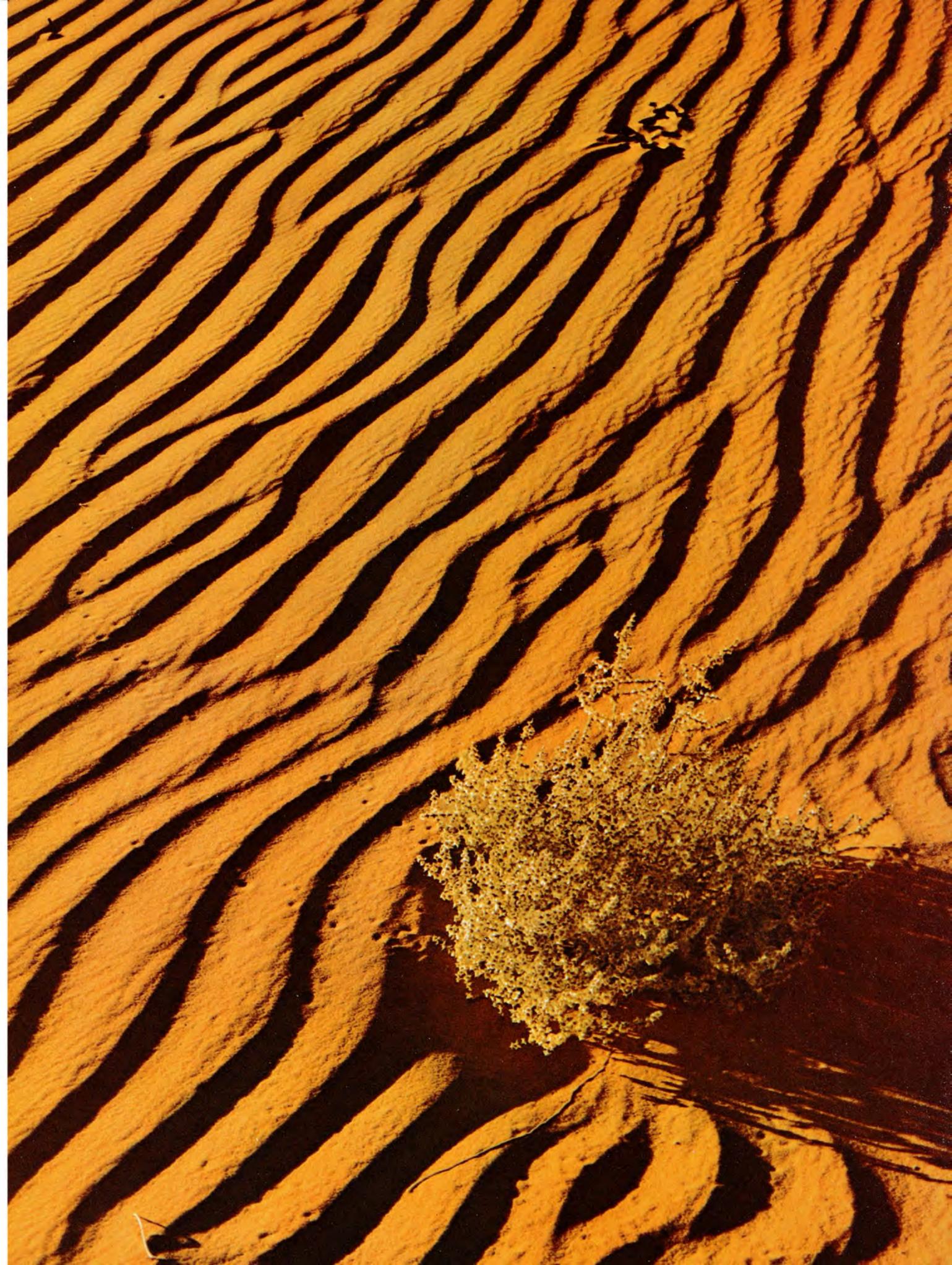
"DAY'S END AT SAN XAVIER MISSION" From the grounds of historic Mission San Xavier del Bac near Tucson. Exquisite "Dove of the Desert" sets a peaceful scene below a most salient mood of the desert in summer. Blazing sun makes a brief appearance through aperture in passing of majestic thunderstorms to the west. f.22 at 1/50th sec.; 15" Apo Ronar Rodenstock lens; August; brilliant sunglow between saturated cloud layers; meter reading 16.

### CENTER PANEL

"SUNRISE IN THE RED CLIFFS" This first snow-view of Oak Creek Canyon's red cliffs was made from along Schnebly Hill Road on the outskirts of Sedona. How rich the reward to come upon the aftermath of a night's snow at sunrise — calm air prevails — the sun for a quick instant lays bare the storm's full glory of white soon to vanish under the building warmth. f.18 at 1/25th sec.; 8" Zeiss Tessar lens; late November; low key winter-like saturation; meter reading 12+.

"THE SUN GUIDES THE SHEEP HOME" Monument Valley — again the scene is on the Sand Springs Dunes area. Sheep and goats of a Navajo herd send shadow-spears ahead for a first quick drink. The late sun plays fascinating games with unsuspecting objects in its relentless path across the zenith. A sandstone monolith rises with great weight against "El Sol" seemingly into obscurity — almost, but rarely, is there a lack of reflective light. f.25 at 1/100th sec.; 8" Zeiss Tessar lens; October; late afternoon; brilliant light; meter reading 15+.

(Please turn to page twenty-nine)





*"Rising Sun Brings Light to Monument Valley"*

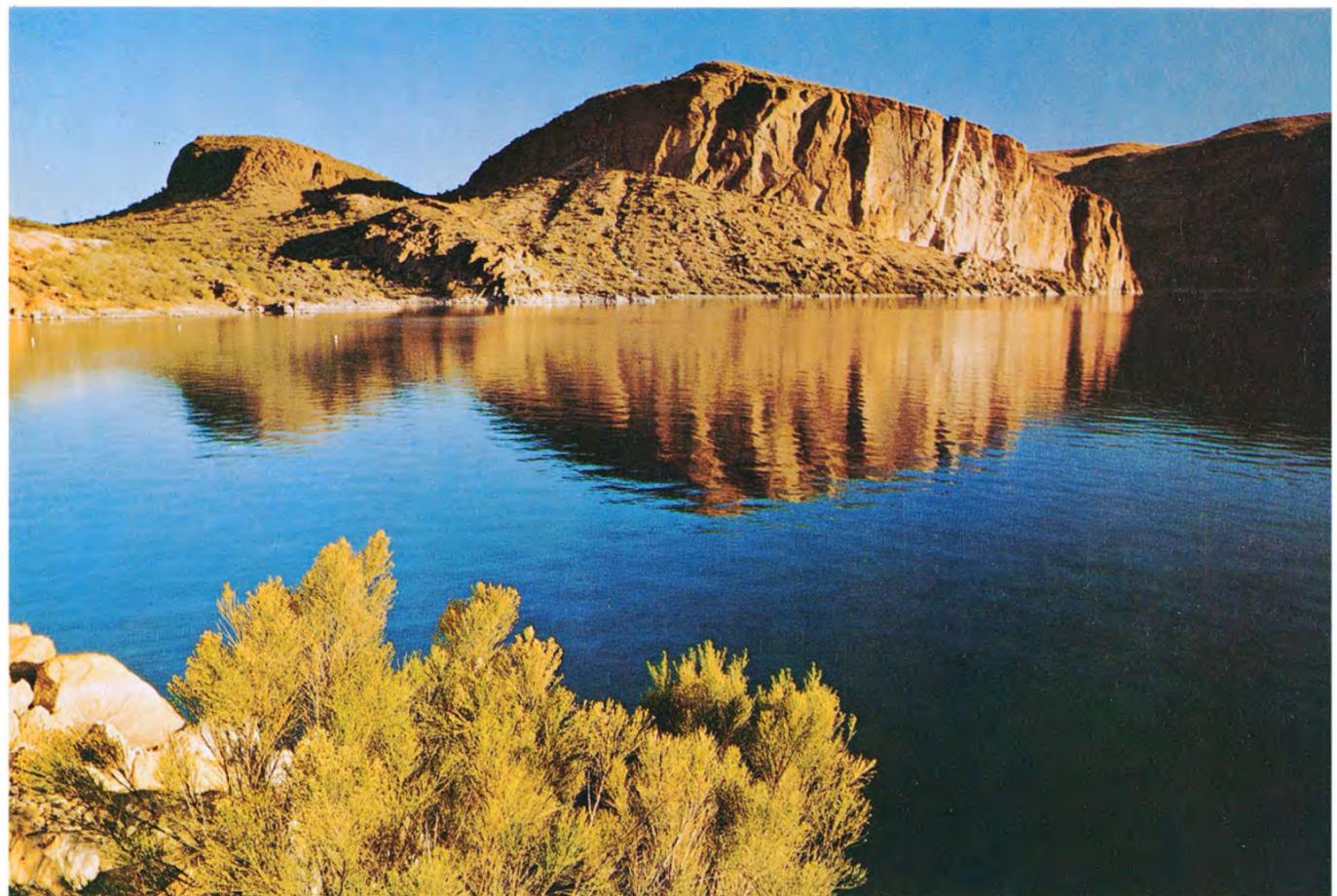


*"August Sun Bespeaks a Hot Day"*

◁ *"Patterns of the High Plateau Desert"*



*"Bright Spring Day at Willow Beach"*



*"Let There Be Light and There Was Light"*

◊ *"A Glowing Desert Torch"*

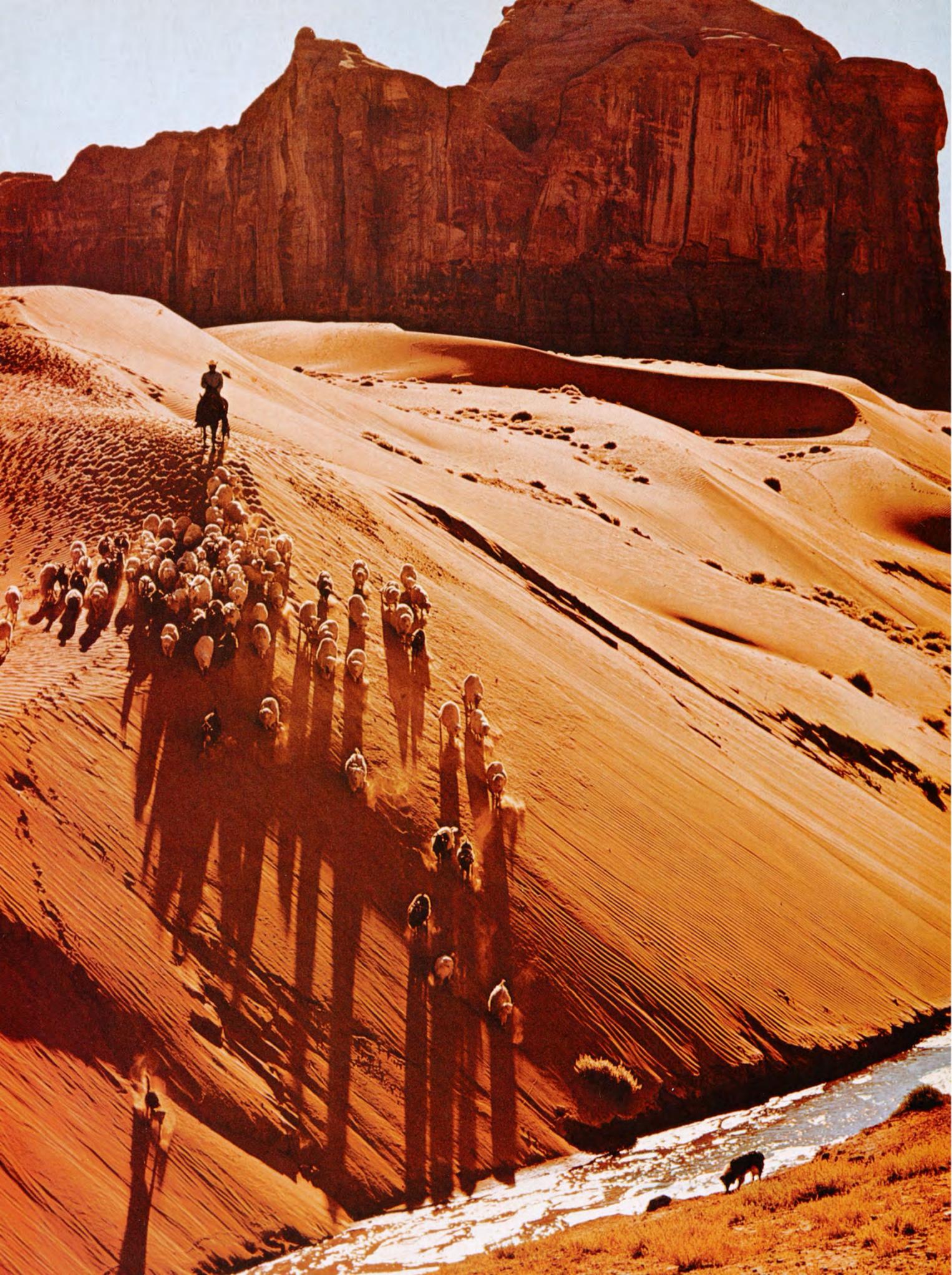


*"The Brilliant Sky of the Setting Sun"*



*"Day's End at San Xavier Mission"*



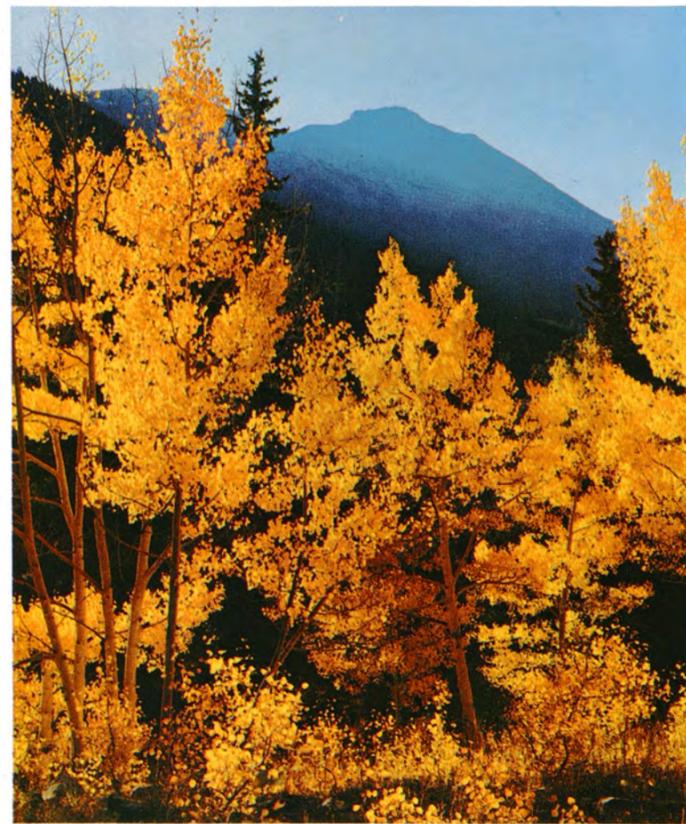


*"Sun Has the Last Say on Stormy Day at Grand Falls"*

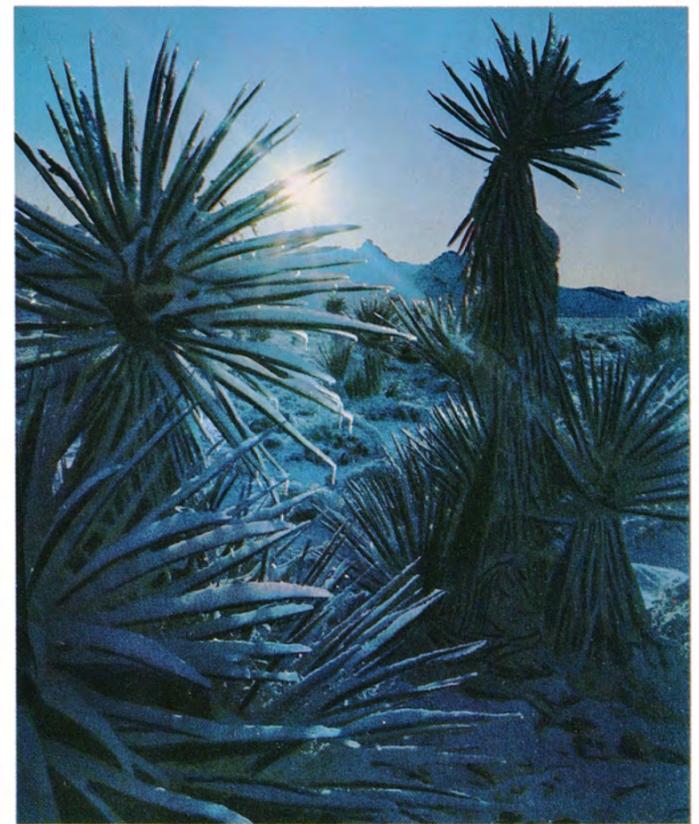


*"Sun Says Farewell Until Tomorrow — Hawley Lake"*

◁ *"The Sun Guides the Sheep Home"*



*"Early Morning Sun Illuminates Aspen Banners"*

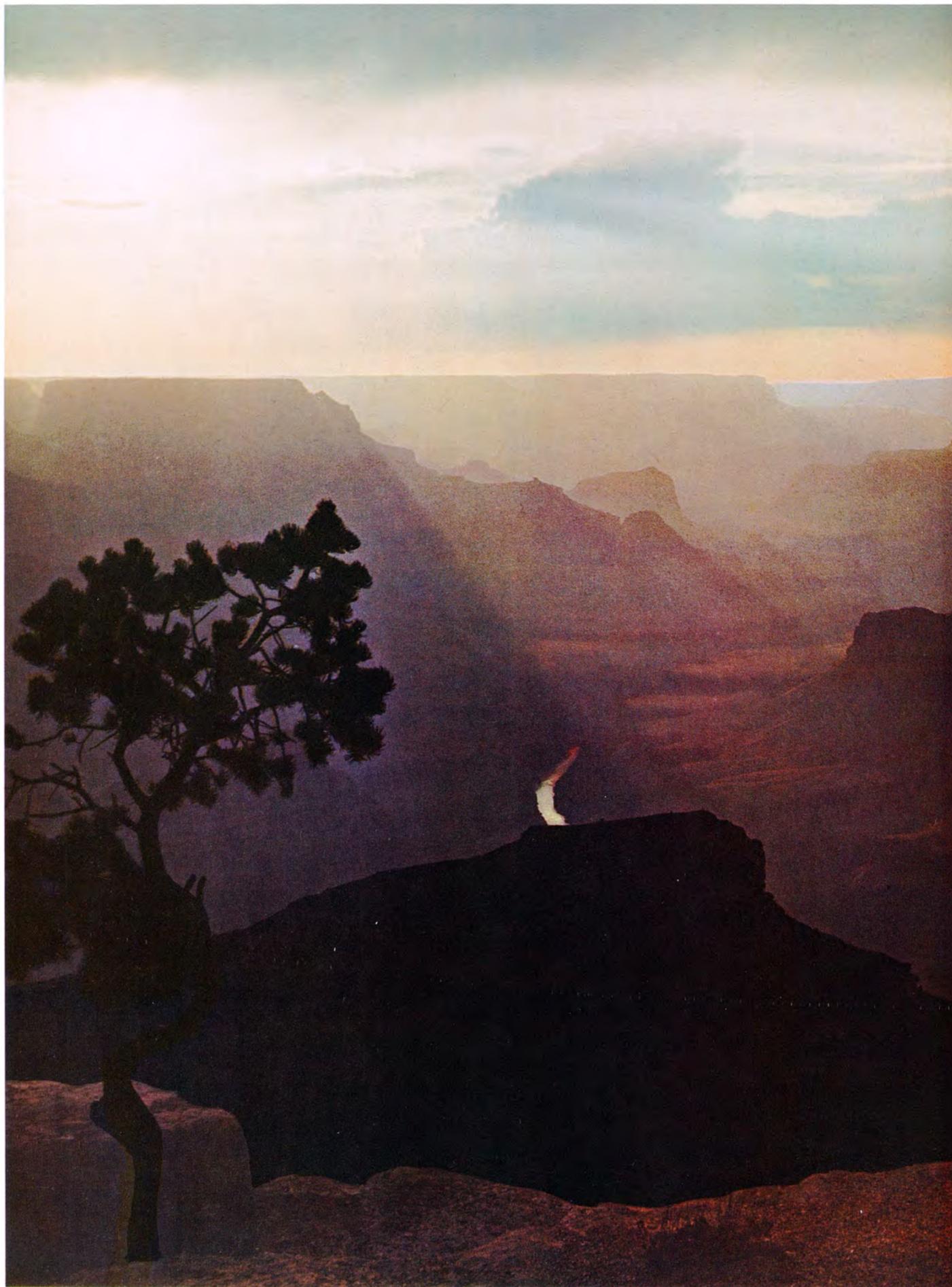


*"Sunrise After a Desert Snow Storm"*

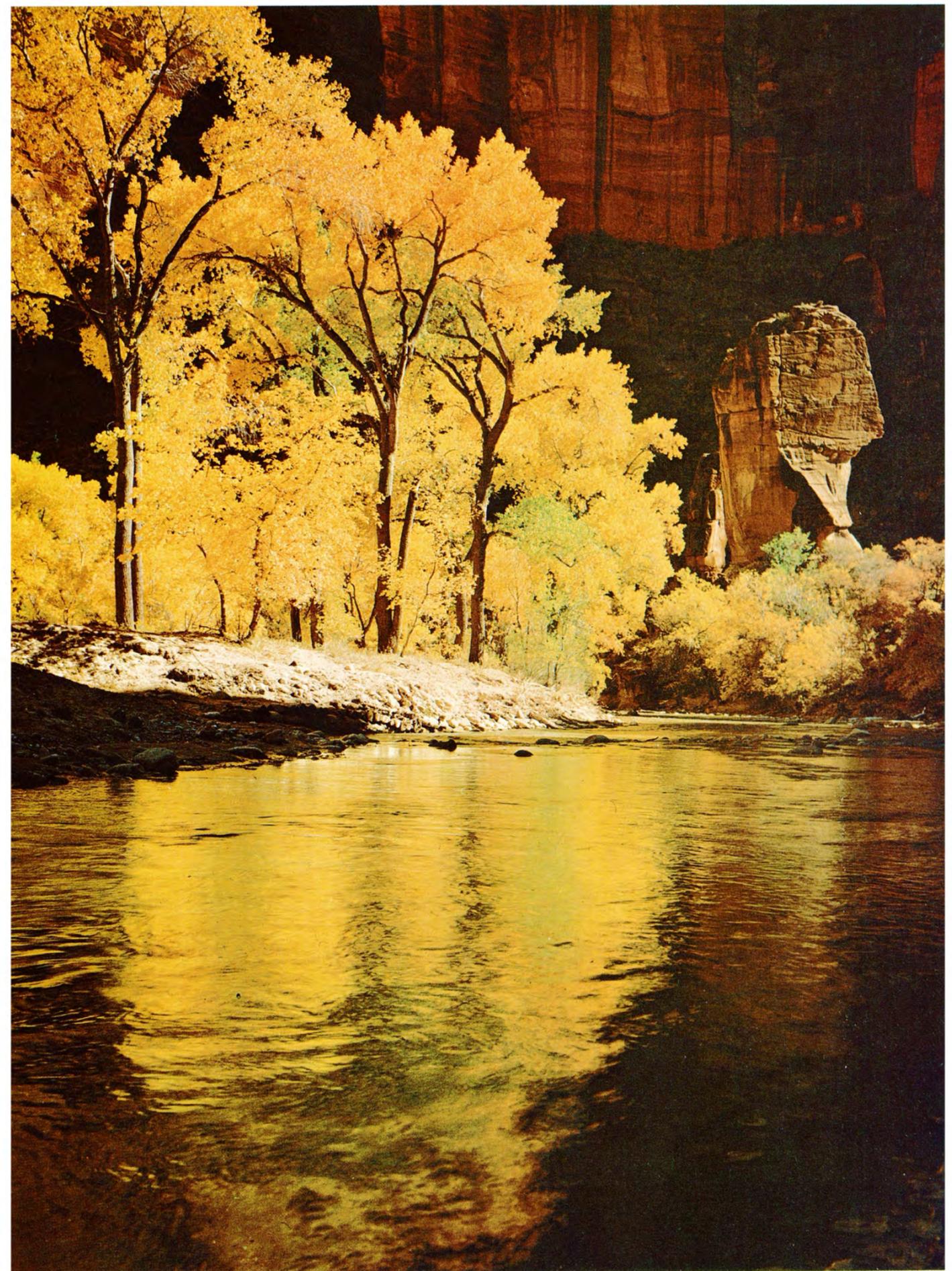


◊ *"Setting Sun in Saguaroland"*

*"Nature's Quiet World of Snow, Sun, Silence"*



*"Another Day in a Million Years — Grand Canyon"*



*"Light and Shadow in Canyon Depths"*



NOTES FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS . . . *Continued from page twelve*

“SUN HAS THE LAST SAY ON STORMY DAY AT GRAND FALLS” Grand Falls is the termination of a well marked road nine miles off the Flagstaff-Leupp road in Coconino County. The sun’s ego in its full glory — a white puff of cloud — a drop of rain — a few more — soon a stream — then a finale of madly dashing, roaring river of mud and debris — all culminate in this phenomena that is Grand Falls — truly a “Niagara of the Desert.” The occasion is of short duration as Little Colorado usually runs little water. One photograph of this boisterous excitement is devastating on camera equipment — taking a good portion of the day to cleanse the unique “mud-mist” from every exposed element. *f.14.5 at 1/100th sec.; 4” Wide Field Ektar lens; August; contrasty light.*

“SUN SAYS FAREWELL UNTIL TOMORROW — HAWLEY LAKE” Hawley Lake is a well-known White Mountain resort summer retreat area south of Arizona 73. Sunset image is across lake from its northeastern shores. Scintillating points of light gather in narrow shaft of light blending in stature with the noble Western Yellow Pine. Autumn winds prevail on into the dusk with intensity during this season of transition — despite the brilliant parting of the sun, the mood calmness persists. *f.20 at 1/100th sec.; 15” Apo Ronar Rodenstock lens; late October; slightly diffused for a sunset mood; meter reading 15—.*

“SETTING SUN IN SAGUAROLAND” These saguaros are a part of younger saguaro community found in Saguaro National Monument — western section in mountains. Sunset image made a few hundred yards from Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. The sun makes brief trespass on a desert summer evening — all day storms wallow in moisture laden air, intensifying with each moment. Then, as if from a preset signal, diminish and pull up reins into a canopy of stratus clouds. Saguaros stretch their design. *f.28 at 1/100th sec.; 15” Apo Ronar Rodenstock lens; August; brilliant sunset against dark blacks; meter reading 16—.*

“EARLY MORNING SUN ILLUMINATES ASPEN BANNERS” View along forest roadway leading into San Francisco Peaks amphitheatre. Agassiz Peak above. Autumn’s glowing transition begins early at the upper levels of the San Francisco Peaks. The sun has nurtured these quakies in its daily rendezvous since its vernal equinox. Now a final flush of orange terminates in another cycle in Nature’s color spectacle. *f.22 at 1/50th sec.; 8” Zeiss Tessar lens; October morning; brilliant contrast; meter reading 14.*

“SUNRISE AFTER A DESERT SNOW STORM” This community of Mohave Yuccas are on the flank of Cerbat Mountains in Detrital Valley off U.S. 93-466, the Kingman to Las Vegas road. A winter’s gentle carpet invades the desert flats normally held fast by the sun. The quiet interlude is short, for the first warm touch of sunlight quickly melts away the snow. *f.25 at 1/200th sec.; 5” Schneider Symmar lens; December morning; extremely brilliant; meter reading 16+.*

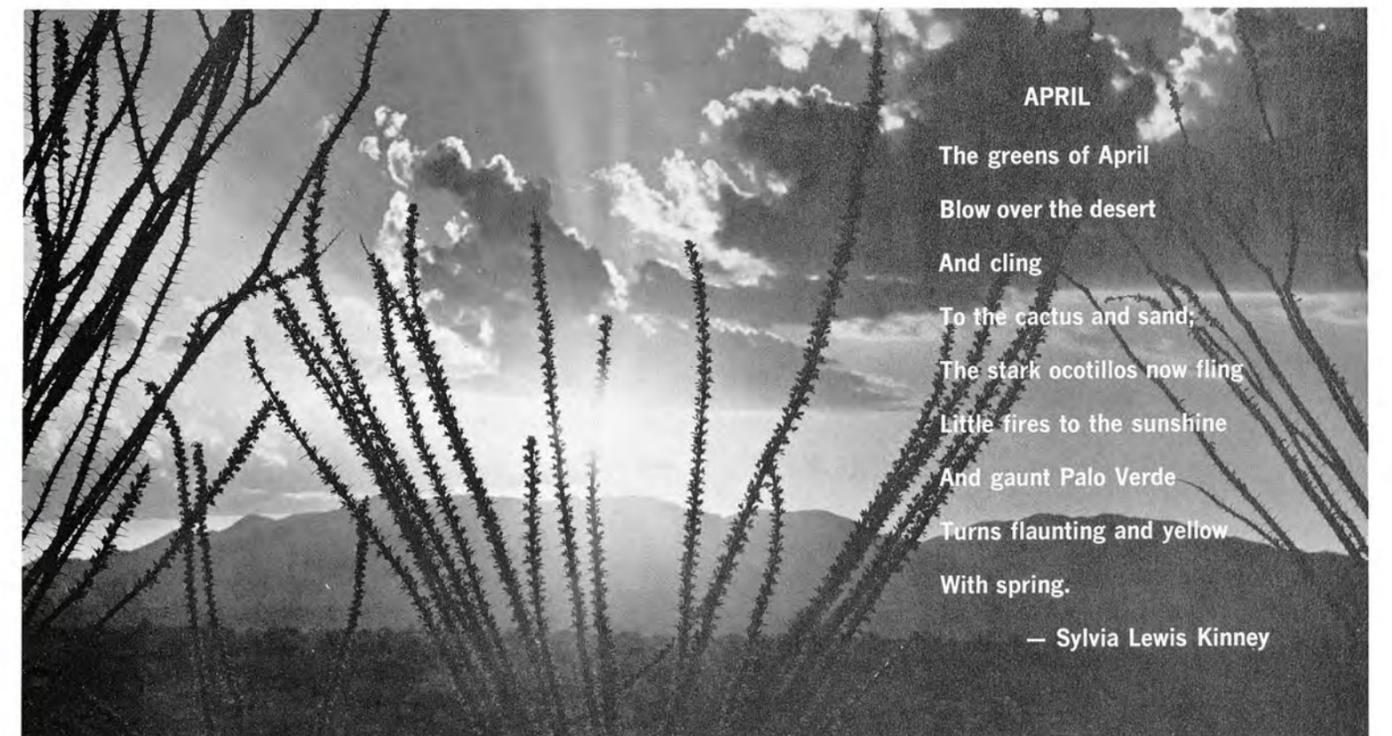
“NATURE’S QUIET WORLD OF SNOW, SUN, SILENCE” Another view taken in Detrital Valley in Mohave County. A driving winter night storm leaves a peaceful transformation on this scene. The sun is making a rapid entrance. *f.32 at 1/5th sec.; 15” Apo Ronar Rodenstock lens; December sunrise; quite dim; meter reading 12—.*

“ANOTHER DAY IN A MILLION YEARS — GRAND CANYON” Sunburst image made from Hopi Point, South Rim of Grand Canyon, looking west. “Man” is so dwarfed in these depths. Time and space unravel from a matrix, displaying hundreds of millions of years in Nature’s handiwork. *f.25 at 1/200th sec.; 5” Schneider Symmar lens; August afternoon; extremely brilliant; meter reading 16+.*

“LIGHT AND SHADOW IN CANYON DEPTHS” This canyon image made along Virgin River in Temple of Sinawava (end of canyon drive) Zion National Park, Utah. Sudden brilliance strikes the dark and saturated scene rustling leaves in its quick passing. The low waters make for easy wading. Here is a place to just sit and contemplate the changing scene. *f.18 at 1/50th sec.; 5” Schneider Symmar lens; dark saturation with bright accent of trees; meter reading 13+.*

OPPOSITE PAGE

“DEEP IN THE SUNLIT FOREST” Scene of Western Yellow Pines taken along Alt. U.S. 89 in Oak Creek Canyon where the highway begins climb to Flagstaff. The sun penetrates the quiet interior of the forest with the hand of the sculptor — drawing the form and drawing a pungent scent from needles, branch and trunk where showers have shortly passed before. A truly fragrant image! *f.28 at 1/25th sec.; 8” Zeiss Tessar lens; August; contrasting; meter reading 14—.*



APRIL

The greens of April  
 Blow over the desert  
 And cling  
 To the cactus and sand;  
 The stark ocotillos now fling  
 Little fires to the sunshine  
 And gaunt Palo Verde  
 Turns flaunting and yellow  
 With spring.

— Sylvia Lewis Kinney

Sunrise marks its first flourishing entrance upon the land. In Monument Valley early risers blink as they watch the sun reach up to pierce the knobbed fissures of the Yebechai Rocks with solid sabers of streaming light. And the sun itself explodes through the sandstone barricades and springs into the early morning sky. On the hillsides sheep tiptoe daintily to be met by dogs that chivy them back to their bands. A few nervous *baa-baa-baas* and the valley is awake, as calm as before, except that Navajo herdsmen now are stirring themselves in the cool light.

Not far away, campers at the Tribal Park Headquarters at the entrance to the Valley are stunned awake by the shattering impact of the sun's light splattering between the sandstone pillars called the Mittens. As long shadows slip smoothly down the fiery red walls of exposed cliffs the sound of rattling crockery drifts from a dozen camps and the aroma of fresh-brewed coffee gives body to the morning breeze.

At Goulding's Lodge the dogs come awake first, grumbling and snuffling as the sun leaps suddenly into sight. A parade of towering stone monoliths, as if on signal, trail out long black shadow capes behind them from the nibbling light unleashed.

More than one hundred fifty miles to the west and south of Monument Valley, at Grand Canyon, the autumn sun rises into a peach-pink and rose-yellow sky like a lemon-colored marble, cold and brittle as glass. Light enters gingerly into the hushed and windless depths of the canyon, like an old man getting into a cold bath. The sun will have its way when the spires and minarets of the canyon walls splash the plunging light of the risen sun into a spray of vivid color, but at sunrise the light is frail and paltry against this abysmal seam splitting the earth's skin.

At the far southern edge of Arizona the sun lunges up from behind the Ajo Mountain peaks to hurl its sharp light vainly after the retreating shadows racing for safety to the lee slopes. There they cling beneath rocks, scuttle into crevices and secrete themselves to cower as the sun marches past overhead.

The freshly risen sun bloodies the sides of ancient Sunset Crater, silhouettes the Wukoki Ruin in Wupatki National Monument as a fantastic desert shipwreck, forever battered by solid waves of jumbled sandstone, and filters through a shimmering sieve of leaves to gleam in the quiet pools and bask on the water-smoothed rocks of Oak Creek Canyon.

Acute sidelighting results in a masterful black and white photograph of the unique Chapel of The Holy Cross and distinctive red rock forms around Sedona and Oak Creek, Arizona.



In early mythology the sign of the wheel cross was a symbol of the Sun.



Long shadows dance on the wind-blown sand dunes near Yuma, Arizona. The closer the sun is to the east or west horizon, the more fantastic are the shadow forms.

The sun has risen over Arizona, and everywhere life responds. A hundred yards from the Kaibab Trail, in Grand Canyon, a rock squirrel emerges from his burrow, scampers in short bursts to the spike-leafed base of a century plant, pauses for one long frozen moment, then leaps for the stalk rising up from the center. Clutching it as it sways under the impact of his leap, the squirrel gnaws at the juicy stem. From a nearby promontory the twitching of that single stem in a forest of stationary plumes catches the attention of a gray fox, and he pads off toward it with apparent unconcern. When the squirrel fells the succulent stem and jumps down to drag it away, he becomes breakfast for the fox. In the flat, desert land around remote Palm Canyon in the Kofa Mountains, tarantulas have waited tensed near their holes all night for the maddening touch of an unwary insect. Dimly they perceive the sun through their eight blind eyes and end their hunting. Lifting their hairy legs in time to an otherworldly rhythm, they creep away in a slow dance to await the night. In the White Mountains, owls clumsily regain their perches, their hunting ended too. In the streets of Flagstaff, Phoenix, Prescott, Tucson and other places, automobiles are ferrying the first platoons of workers to their jobs, many of which the sun created.

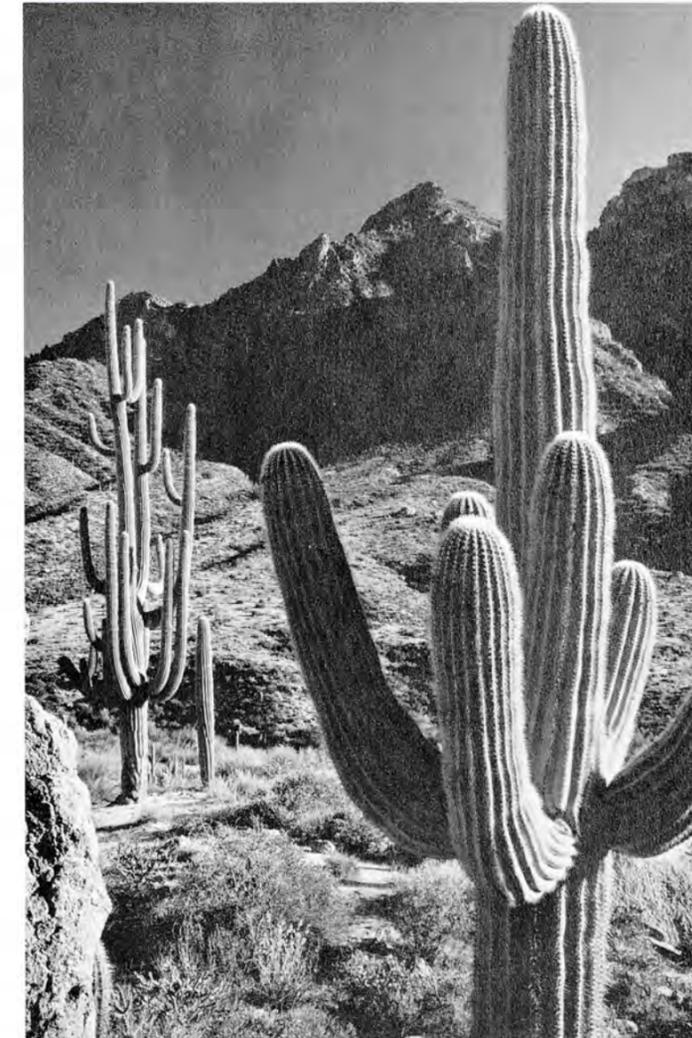


Ra, the Sun god of ancient Egypt was depicted in the form of a winged disk.

With the possible exception of mining, the sun's presence has prompted most of Arizona's phenomenal economic growth in the last century. It is the uninterrupted sunlight that permits from six to eight harvests of certain crops in several localities of the state and three to four in others. It is this sunlight that nourishes thirty varieties of vegetables, twenty kinds of fruit, and feed and seed crops as well as cotton, which is the principal crop grown in the state. Agriculture and livestock account for substantially more than a half billion dollars annually in the Arizona economy. (\$567,900,000 in 1966.)

Surprising, perhaps, to the stranger, is the fact that the major source of revenue to the state's economy is manufacturing. Even more surprising is the sun's part in the growth of this activity. For decades, growing numbers of skilled, able men and women have deserted the deep-wintered east and midwest for the sun drenched Arizona landscape, creating as a side-effect a large reservoir of labor in the state. To expanding industry looking for new site locations, this surplus labor pool has been an attractive inducement to locate in Arizona, and many have done so, and are still doing so. Manufacturing accounted for \$450,000,000 in income in 1956. Ten years later the figure was \$1,350,000,000.

Early morning or late afternoon light increases the highlight and shadow contrast. Accentuating the textures and patterns which distinguish the Apache Trail country.





*Saguaros stretch their arms heavenward to welcome the morning sun*

Two astronomical signs symbolize Morning, the rising Sun;



*An enchanting summer mood, often enjoyed by Tucson-Nogales travelers*



and Evening's Setting sun.

Mining was a major Arizona industry from almost the first moment of man's arrival, and it has been pursued vigorously by Indian, Spanish, Mexican and American populations. Many Arizona communities now and in the past have been organized around prominent mines: Tombstone, Jerome, Oatman in years past were major population centers; Ajo, Bisbee, Globe, Morenci, Miami are the same today. By far the majority of the Arizona mines are copper producers, and the state accounts for more than half of domestic production in this country.

With an average year of more than 300 sunshine days, the sector of the economy which traces its vitality most directly to the sun is also the fastest growing: the business of catering to sunseekers. Each year, Arizona is besieged by growing

armies of travelers. They come to wonder at the spectacular scenery, to laze along hiking and bridle trails, to explore the patched and sagging ghost towns, to swim, to ski, to hunt and fish — but most of all to feel the effect on their exposed skin of the 0.29 calory of heat energy per square inch per minute cast to the earth's surface by the sun. Because of a benign sun and a gentle climate, and because Arizona's hosts (motel, hotel, resort, ranch, trailer court) have created superb accommodations for the visitor throughout the year, Arizona is one of the nation's leading travel and vacation states. Tourism, in all its ramifications, is a "big business" in this state. Tourism and travel expenditures in Arizona in 1966 was \$450,000,000. Ten years before, it was \$200,000,000.

The sun dictates the quality of life here, orders the conditions under which man and the most minute plant spores shall live. They, and all forms of life in between, are thriving.

At midday the sun decrees a different character for the land. In summer the earth shimmers under the merciless heat of the lowlands. Shadows, dwarfed by the brassy presence overhead, tuck themselves deeper into tiny places of concealment. Animals and insects go to cover, except that gaudy lizards dart and skip over the rocks in stupid recreation, their tiny minds excited to a frenzy by the blazing heat.

One variety of lizard that lives in shifting dune sand has feet especially fringed to speed his movements over the yielding surface of his territory. Other creatures in the land of the sun

have adopted special characteristics, such as the kangaroo rat, who lives without drinking water. The moisture he requires for life is extracted by a highly specialized metabolic process from the solid vegetable matter on which he feeds.

It is well that they do adapt, for the penalty for the lack of this ability is death or banishment. Ten thousand years ago, when man first settled in the sun's domain, he hunted mammoths, ground sloths, horses, camels and buffalo until his own prowess and the drying climate annihilated them or forced them to more humid lands.

In the sky clouds appear. Little white pufferbellies at first, they swell to impressive size, sides stretched as smooth and glistening as carved soap. The edges darken. In moments the



clouds are obese tumors blotting up the sunlight and wadding every crevice through which the sky appears. And then they burst, splitting open everywhere at once like waterbags, drenching the soil and passing on. Within an hour the steaming earth has sucked up what moisture has not rushed down long-dry washes, boiling with mud and furious with energy to nourish the rivers.

Summer's rains are gifts from the sea, products of warm, moist air that slips like a fugitive around the edges of an Atlantic Ocean high pressure area and smuggles itself into Arizona via the Gulf of Mexico. When these masses of unstable air are roughed across the southern and eastern mountaintops like sopping coveralls over a washboard, rain crashes down with thunder and lightning. Mainly, summer storms are imports from Mexico, products of tropical disturbances off her West Coast which cross the border with cloud wrappings intact to spill down rain over wide areas of the state in a steady downpour.

Winter's storms are seldom those received in other parts of the country, for the storm belt of the middle latitudes does not often reach south to Arizona. Instead, billowing knots of cold, fretful air drift east from Hawaii and loiter over Southern California for several days before being dragged up into the high, northeasterly jet stream. Above Arizona these air pillows relax their grip on the chilly moisture carried in from the sea, letting fall rain and snow in various grades of intensity.

Precipitation is niggardly at all seasons in Arizona, but it is stingy in the northeast corner, beyond the Little Colorado River, and in the desert regions of the state. These regions are efficiently barricaded against the intrusion of moist air by brawny mountain ranges.

Because water reaches Arizona's surface so seldom, and in such small amounts, and because much of what does fall to earth is lost at once to evaporation, the climate is extremely dry, the humidity extremely low. Only in the central mountain belt is precipitation relatively heavy and reasonably dependable from year to year.

Cactus plants gorge themselves with water until they bulge. Creosote bushes, their tiny varnished leaves washed free of dust, perfume the air with a rich turpentine scent. To survive the impact of the sun's enormous presence in Arizona's lowland deserts, plant life has been forced to daring gambles.

The saguaro cactus, for example, the sun's emissary to the south, sends roots braiding out from the base of its trunk in every direction, scarcely a finger's length deep in the sandy soil, to capture every possible molecule of moisture that penetrates the ground for yards around. It grows no leaves from which water might be lost by evaporation, hiding its food producing cells inside uplifted arms and in its single trunk instead, where no pores can let the precious fluid escape to the wind. The glossy skin of the saguaro is impervious to sun and wind alike and sheathes a layer of small chlorophyll-green cells which in turn contains flesh of the plant, a network of butternut colored hexagonal cells storing the moisture sucked up from the sand by the roots. Like the camel, the saguaro stores its own water for survival in the droughted provinces of the sun, and can survive incredible lengths of time even when separated from its roots.

Some cactus species have developed thickly bristling spines which protect them still further from the sun's largesse by casting a soothing, latticed shadow grid across their glistening skin.



*Blooming agaves witness the dramatic play of thermal activity over the Apache trail.*

The ocotillo, too, has solved the problem of the overpowering presence of the sun. Its thin, naked, thorny stalks rise up in a bundle to twice the height of man, but they feather themselves with leaves only briefly, in the spring, when necessary to the unfurling of bright red flowers from the tip of each nodding pole. The Palo Verde tree has leaves, but they are so tiny in deference to the evaporative heat of the sun and the dry air that they cannot hold enough chlorophyll to sustain the life of the tree. So branches and twigs take on this function, too, providing the graceful tree with a cool, misty, all-green cast.

Each plant in the desert lowlands bears evidence of bowing to the demands imposed by the sovereign sun. They are tough, these sun-baked vegetables, and small and sinewed, sharply spined and often bitter to the taste. But few regions of the country can equal the variety of Arizona's 3,370 species of plant life.

In autumn, midday sunlight seeps down the crenellated walls of Zion Canyon to ignite the cottonwoods like red and

yellow bonfires against the shadow-patterned walls. At Canyon de Chelly a thirsty band of sheep flows over the valley floor like a woolly flood and dams itself around a pool of water to drink, delighting the watching children.

In winter, skiers glide under a jolly sun, their bright clothing like mosaic chips against the snow spread across the side of Mount Lemmon in the Santa Catalinas. East of Yuma the sky is dank with clouds flung up like greasy rags from Mexico to drape the sky. From above Kitt Peak a hem drifts down to catch at the mountaintop and glaze it with snow.

In summer the afternoon sun begins its downward journey like a sleepily blinking eye gently swabbed with cotton clouds. Already in the canyons and on the eastern hillsides shadows are moving tentatively out of hiding. At Grand Falls, on the Little Colorado, the river celebrates a summer thundershower hours after the event. Tons of muddy rainwater crash over the falls in reckless violence, grinding its bed microscopically deeper in the channel.

Old tarot fortune-teller cards pictured the Sun as the Happiness omen on the nineteenth card.



Solar jewels — "sun sapphires" on Lake Hawley, White Mountains.



*McMath Solar Observatory at Kitt Peak, near Tucson.*

An old Sun emblem uses three cross-bar rays to symbolize the sky vault.



A later Gnostic Sun monogram uses more cross-bar rays to represent the vault of the heavens.

At sunrise the crosslight brings out the patterns and textures of the splendid cactus display in the vast Superstition Mt. desert area.



Now the day is waning, the sun descending with majestic languor beyond the Colorado. The desert animals brave the heat again. A Gambel's quail, perched jauntily on a cholla, calls for a mate with his sad, low pitched lament. Plume wagging, he repeats his giddy invitation before fluttering away alone. Above a rain pool in the Canyon Diablo, two thousand bats are flying madly, violently, impossibly in a squeaking, shrieking swarm. In the remote highlands of the Chiricahua Mountains parrots from Mexico chatter absentmindedly to one another as they search the landscape for prey.

In winter the sun sets early, its chilly rays illuminating the snowbound San Francisco Peaks. As light departs from these battlements, shadows slither across the timbered slopes like a sudden tremor of gooseflesh. Everything is cold blue and green, and the sun gives little more warmth than a flashlight.

The autumn sun descends behind Mission San Xavier del Bac like a floating red balloon, immense with power, gilding the White Dove of the Desert with its rich light.

At Easter the sun sets on Organ Pipe National Monument with such symphonic verve that the earth seems to tremble. Shadows as softly purple as baby blankets swathe the throats of Teddy Bear and Estes Canyons and rush out across the plains like floodwaters, faster than a man can run, until they reach the mountains.

And then, in the cloud-cobbled sky overhead, to the never-ending wonder of the crowds that gather at Organ Pipe, at the Grand Canyon's Hopi Point, and at hundreds of viewing places around Arizona, the vanished sun imprints its magnificent signature across the western sky: a miles-wide strip of madman's bacon, sizzling with all the colors of the universe. Gold, pale green, red, every shade of blue, bone white, orange, silver, salmon pink, violet, bright yellow, magenta, peach — the sun breathes them across the clouds in stately measure. Arizona's fabled sunsets seem to last forever, yet end suddenly.

The hogans of the Navajos face east. Thus the first light of morning sweeps night away and the hot bright light of afternoon is exiled to the back yard. Like all creatures of the sun's domain, the Navajos respect the sun. They have good reason. As children they learned that Coyote, First Man and First Woman found the First World they inhabited too dark and mean, and so traveled to the Second. There, in the dim, gloomy light, they met the two men who would become Sun and Moon, but Sun approached First Woman and attempted to seduce her. Coyote called together the four beings who dwelt within the glimmering lights illuminating the world as arbitrators and they decided that all five should move on to the Third World where there was enough room for Sun and First Woman to live apart forever.

The five were welcomed into the broad, placid Third World by the people who lived on the slopes of the mountains. One mountain rose up at each corner of the world, and at the foot of each mountain was a lake. The mountain people cautioned the newcomers against angering *Tieholtsoodi*, the Water-Monster.

But Coyote, irrespressibly curious, explored the lakes and found in one of them two of the Water-Monster's children whom he thought so attractive he could not resist bundling them up in a blanket and hiding them in his pack. The Water-Monster was furious at the disappearance of his children, and when he realized that one of the five newcomers had stolen them he caused the waters of the lakes to rise. The people were forced to pile all the mountains together in the central plain to escape the swelling flood, and still the waters rose. At the summit they planted a giant reed which grew until it pierced the floor of the Fourth World and Sun, Moon, Coyote, First Man and First Woman climbed into the hollow center of the stem with all the people. They climbed four days, emerging into the Fourth World on the fourth night.

The Fourth World was much like the Third, but larger, lit by three dim mists and obscured by a fourth dark one. A river bisected the mountain-cornered land from west to east. For four years the people dwelt peacefully there.

One day the earth was soft under foot. Water began to creep forth over the banks of the lakes and the river. The Water-Monster had discovered them.

Again the people piled up the mountains. Again they planted a giant reed on the pinnacle, and again the refugees clambered up, this time to the Fifth World. But when they had dug upward through the earthen sky, they were horrified to find mud and water above them. Inexorably the water swirled higher below them and agonizingly water trickled down into the giant reed from above. At last Locust volunteered to try the upward passage. Wriggling through the mud he swam to the surface of a large marsh where four swans floated. At first the swans posed an impossible challenge before they would permit anyone to enter the Fifth World, but Locust outwitted them and the way was opened.

As all the fugitives from the Third and Fourth Worlds scrambled up to an island in the swampy lake, the horns of the Water-Monster flashed below them. In guilt and terror everyone pulled open his pack to reveal nothing was there that oughtn't to be. When Coyote was forced to do the same, *Tieholtsoodi's* children were found and cast back toward their parent. At once the waters quieted and began to recede and the three monsters swam off forever.

The people prayed to the god of darkness in the east, and he carved canyons in the unformed land to drain the swamp. Then they prayed to the Four Winds who sent a gale that dried the swampy mud. Gaining the shore, the people piled the damp earth at the corners of the Fifth World into mountains.

Then they took Sun and Moon and threw them into the sky. But they did not manage to throw Sun high enough, and

he remained too near the earth. For four days the earth expanded and the sun drew away, but still he was too close. On the fifth day everything on the surface of the earth was in danger of burning, but still the sun stood motionless at zenith.

Then the people discovered that the sun could not move because they were immortal. Human death was required to set it moving. A chief's wife offered herself for the sacrifice. As her body grew cold and her last breath vanished, the sun moved upward in the sky.

With this experience to climax their progression into the present world the people understood that here, every day, a Navajo must perish to preserve the alternation of day and night essential to man's survival, that in the Fifth World, death is the price of life.

Latecomers to the land of the sun explain the sun's presence in the sky differently, but it is no coincidence that to all mankind the sun is the symbol of truth, of goodness, beauty, happiness, of life itself, of light's bright victory over night.

The sun has dragged its trailing peacock's tail across the sky and gone, leaving the earth to the night, a single great shadow she casts upon herself. For the space of one long shuddering sigh the earth is unreservedly silent.

The sun is set. The lights of Arizona's cities glitter like beads. Coyotes skulk from their dens. Night birds take wing.

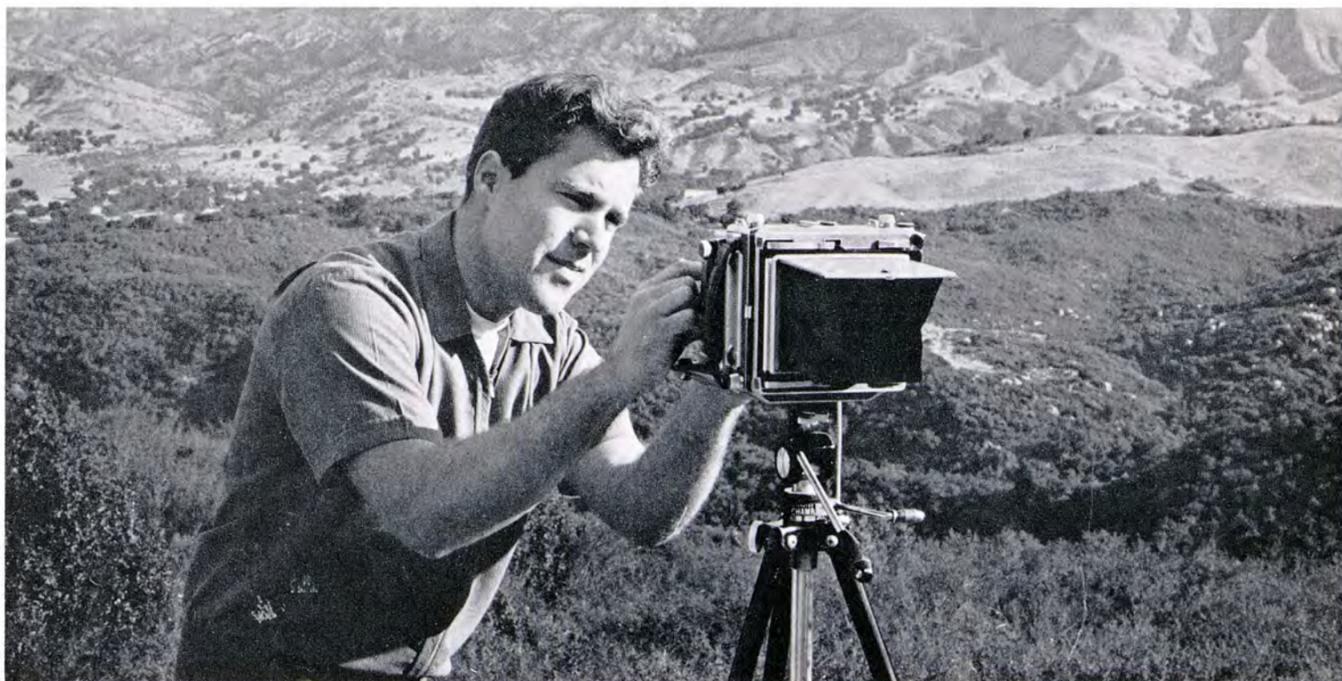
And then the sun, in a negligent afterthought that confirms its majesty, reaches back from beyond the horizon to knight the moon, with dawn's bright sword as its seneschal. Whereupon this pinchbeck viceroy preens itself in borrowed glory and grudgingly doles light dimly down.

For it is the singular duty of this silver bulb in night's black ceiling to hold the earth in thrall — with sunlight — until the King's return. □ □ □



Sun rays through the storm curtain — Oak Creek Canyon.

## IN PURSUIT OF THE SUN



PHOTOGRAPHER DAVID MUENCH

The scene was a serene, pastoral landscape; a brush-choked gully zigzagging through the dappled shadows of overhanging oaks and the stiffly rising, stony hillside that hemmed the edge of a small valley. Everything whispered of tranquility, everything but the anvil-sized stone that arched up from the trembling underbrush to tumble heavily through the air and fall with an echoing thump in the gully bottom. A second, a third and a fourth rock followed the same trajectory up from the rustling bushes until the fifth shattered an outstretched limb of dry, dead oak into chips. Then other stones thudded and cracked into one another, twigs clattered and rattled excitedly, and dirt and pebbles cascaded busily into the wash.

A forest animal in a trap? No. A few moments later a big blond head thrust up above the tops of the bushes and called eagerly to me: "Come over and have a look at this!" As a diaphanous pall of dust settled to the ground, David Muench was about to take a photograph.

His camera, atop a precariously balanced tripod, was aimed through the window he had whittled through to the landscape. It was a fine picture: a golden meadow stippled with cattle, framed by dark green oak limbs and dominated by the warm, rich light of late afternoon.

Also in that picture, almost tangibly in it, are nearly twenty-five years of study, experimentation, trial and error. David was six years old when his distinguished photographer-father, Josef Muench, gave him the camera with which he snapped his first photograph. For more than a decade afterward David accompanied his father on the field trips which resulted in many beautiful pictures in this and other magazines. Young David was constantly watching, studying and asking questions as his father worked. Not only did he receive an exceptional education in nature photography, he learned from his father an enduring love and an abiding respect for the land and for nature.

After comprehensive training at New York's Rochester Institute and at the Los Angeles Art Center, David put the urbane, imploded styles he learned at advertising and fashion photography behind him in order to specialize in western scenic landscapes. Whereupon the army drafted him and sent him to Florida as a company clerk.

Once out of service, David began testing the theories he'd digested about landscape photography and devising some of his own. "Everybody says," he told me once, "that a photograph has no memory, that it's a slice out of time, a frozen moment. But the more I work at it the more it seems to me that a good landscape includes the sense of on-moving time. Of course, to get that feeling you have to snatch at the one moment in which all the elements of form, composition, light and shadow come together to make precisely the right statement about the subject."

Beyond technical proficiency with the camera, David relies on three factors to produce his exceptional photographs. The first of these is an encyclopedic knowledge of the terrain. As we traveled Arizona I gained the distinct impression that there was no road, no track, no footpath in the state that David hadn't explored in search of a picture. "About four miles up there," he'd say as we hurtled down the highway, "there's an outcrop of white and red rock with saguaros grouped around it like gentlemen out on a stroll . . ." And his voice would trail off as he studied the morning sky. "The sun ought to be rising just where I need it on the 24th or 25th of December." On he drove, making a mental note to spend a Christmas there at the first opportunity.

Which introduces his second "good picture factor:" time. David would no sooner set out to take pictures without enough time than he'd start without enough film. "You've got to be willing to wait until everything is just right, until the light splashes with just enough warmth, from just the right direction,

at just the right time of day — or year. And if there's something wrong, too many clouds or too much wind, for instance, you've got to take the time to wait it out or to go on to something else and come back later."

Deciding when more time is required is a function of the third factor — the mind's eye of the photographer himself. David takes every picture in his mind before he uses the camera. And then he waits to click the shutter until the landscape duplicates this mental image. Many times he has to go back and back again before the camera will capture exactly what the inner eye has seen.

David realized early that most often the difference between a memorable landscape and an unexceptional one is the quality of the light. "Light unfolds the quality of the subject and reveals its character," he says, "and much of my time in the early years was spent in learning how to recognize what is appropriate to the subject and what is not. Sometimes the sunlight is so powerful that it bounces and ricochets violently over the landscape and calls up an equally powerful reaction from the shadows, the absence of light."

As he learned to discriminate in his choice of light on the landscape, he began to photograph the light itself; the romantic moods of sunset, the sparkling promise of sunrise. "Later on, as I became more familiar with light's potent qualities, I began to see the excitement implicit in less romantic times of day — blazing noons, storms, hushed mornings."

And then, inevitably, he began to consider the source of light itself as a subject. "I remember when the idea struck me, and it struck with the force of a blow. I was shooting a sunrise, waiting for the early light to descend the eastern slope of the San Francisco Peaks, tensed, looking over my shoulder at the rising sun and straight ahead at its light settling down the mountainside, when one look caught the sun just as it was poised to leap directly from a mountaintop into the sky. For the first time I became aware of the sun itself as distinct from the light it throws." David got his mountain sunrise photograph, but it was almost sheer reflex, for his mind was already occupied with the complexities of photographing the sun.

Capturing the sun's many likenesses on film is no small challenge. If there is a key to David's success in meeting this challenge, it is that he considers the sun just as he would any other object.

No single photograph can say everything there is to say about the sun, and David began by choosing those aspects of the sun which interested and excited him. There were many: the sun as serene herald of the day at dawning. The sun as implacable dictator at midday. The benign sun that nourishes all life with its light and warmth. The sun whose light competes with the shadows for the land. There is no limit to the ways we can see the sun.

But we do not see it abstracted. If its rising excites us, its relation to the horizon is important. If we thrill to the sun as life-giver, we are aware of the evidence of that gift: a field of cotton, a single desert blossom. In imagining the different faces of the sun, David selects settings appropriate to them.

Not just any horizon for a sunrise, but one that underscores the sun's buoyancy and the fragile quality of its light. And so on through every aspect of the sun. He began taking the photographs he saw with his inner eye, waiting for months, if necessary, until he was satisfied with conditions.

And then he studied the photographs he'd taken, searching his recollection to determine if they might have been improved by waiting just a moment longer or just a moment less. If his critical eye saw a better picture possible, he went back again.

The results are reproduced here. They are startling in their intensity — or in the questions they pose. Is, for example, the close view of a cholla, its needles like a furry halo in the late light of afternoon, is this a photograph of a cactus or of sunlight? And if it is both what is their relationship?

David worked for a year and a half, exactly, exhaustingly, to produce these photographs. Then he stopped. Not satisfied, exactly, but emptied of the subject.

I caught a speculative glint in his expression toward the end of this search for the sun, and I suspect that another challenge has engaged his attention now. This time I'll bet he's going to shoot the moon!



CACTUS KINGDOM

When April charms the desert ways,  
she leaves a path in flowers  
so gay and so exquisite that  
they jewel the Springtime hours.

But when you start to name them,  
all romance flies away  
for if you want to label them,  
here's what you'll have to say . . .

That one's a staghorn cholla  
and that's a prickly pear;  
this pink one's devil finger,  
that's hedgehog over there . . .

There's jumping cholla, beavertail,  
saguaro . . . barrel, too,  
but beauty flowers in spite of all  
that prickly names can do!

— Lorraine Babbitt

APRIL FOOL

April is more fool than I,  
Sponsoring a fickle sky  
That smiles one moment, scowls the next,  
Without excuse, without pretext.

April is the fool, not I,  
Thinking Winter's dogs will lie  
Asleep while she steals softly in,  
And not break forth with frightful din.

April, you're the fool, not I.  
Every year I wonder why  
You start unpacking your trousseau  
Before old March decides to go.

— George L. Kress

APPOINTMENT

Morn, I woke  
to canopies  
of apple blossoms  
and brown bees.

Noon, apples jeweled  
in the sun . . .  
I plucked and ate them  
one by one . . .

Evening came —  
all sunset glow —  
apple blossoms  
turned to snow . . .

Night, my fragrant  
fire will keep  
rendezvous with bees,  
and sleep . . .

— Vilet

FUSION

The sky drips down into the sea  
And no horizon marks just when  
The twilight ball of sun becomes  
A ruby-water denizen.

And who can know when stripes of sun  
That ribbon from the sky to ship,  
Float merrily upon the wind  
Or lie upon a high wave-tip!

Whitecaps join hands with gay white clouds  
To dance away an afternoon,  
And on a sparkling summer night,  
The laughing waves splash up the moon.

— Lenore Eversole Fisher

MORA PLAQUE  
AT RAINBOW BRIDGE:

. . . In the August and October, 1967, issue of ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, you write about the plaque at Rainbow Bridge by Jo Mora, honoring the Indian guide Noshja-Begay. I have never seen a published picture of this plaque. I have also talked to many people who have been to



Rainbow Bridge and never saw the plaque. I thought that it would be nice if you could print a picture in your magazine. The enclosed photo was taken on the 17th of April, 1963, when my daughter and I went down Glen Canyon from Hite to Rainbow.

Lowell Tid R. R. R.  
Ukiah, California

• This photo shows the true artistry of Jo Mora, and will forever honor the memory of the Indian guide who led Dr. Cummings to Rainbow Bridge. The inscription reads:

TO COMMEMORATE  
THE PIUTE NOSJHA BEGAY  
WHO FIRST GUIDED THE  
WHITE MAN TO NONNEZOSHI  
AUGUST 1909

CHINESE GREETINGS:

. . . The purpose of this letter could have been accomplished with an order card from the ARIZONA HIGHWAYS calendar. However, in this case I feel a letter is more appropriate.

I am assigned as the Public Information Officer for the Military Assistance Advisory Group, Republic of China, stationed in Taipei, Taiwan. In this capacity I am privileged to work closely with the Chinese Air Force major general who is the Military spokesman for the Ministry of

National Defense. This position is equivalent to our Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs.

As it is the custom in the Orient to exchange gifts on the Lunar New Year (January 30, 1968), we of the MAAG also participate in this custom by exchanging gifts with our Chinese counterparts and associates. Rather than giving the usual locally procured gift, I feel that as an Arizonan I have a unique opportunity to present to the spokesman a gift depicting not only a part of America but also my home state.

Therefore, please accept my order and check for one personalized copy of the 1967 bound volume of ARIZONA HIGHWAYS. The name to be embossed is:

MAJ GEN LIU HSUN-WU

Warren J. Field  
Captain USA  
Public Information Officer  
APO San Francisco, California

• We, too, wish General Hsun-Wu warmest greetings for the New Year, and we hope he enjoys glimpses of Arizona as seen through the pages of our bound volume. Greetings, also, to Captain Field.

PHOTOGRAPHER-WRITER:

. . . I have just completed a thorough look at the January issue of your magazine — as thorough as one look can be — and thank you for it.

I have been a subscriber to ARIZONA HIGHWAYS almost as long as you have been its editor — in the early issues, only black and white photographs appeared. I vowed never to part with one issue, but after all, one's house can contain only so much! So our state hospital for those less mentally fortunate than others was on the receiving end of my necessary clearing out — but I did keep a representative copy from each year. Sadly, I shall soon have to repeat the process.

However, this issue will be one of those I save! Esther Henderson has done herself proud in this one — I have looked at her pictures so long that I almost think I know her personally.

Ruth Canaday  
Tulsa, Oklahoma

• The favorable comments on Esther Henderson's work in our January issue continues to come in. Long recognized as an outstanding photographer, she has been real pleased (and so are we!) with what readers say about her writing.

OPPOSITE PAGE

"THE SUN CASTS LONG AUTUMN SHADOWS IN CANYON DE CHELLY" BY DAVID MUENCH. Scene in Canyon de Chelly is photographed from Tsegi Overlook, looking north over steep-walled canyon along South Rim drive. Late afternoon shadows penetrate meandering canyon. Towering cliffs dwarf and magnify a delicate image of two horses moving upstream. Note present-day Navajo hogan. Here is an exciting example of man's living in balance with his environment. Linhof IV camera; Ektachrome E3; f.8 at 1/25th sec.; 15" Apo Ronar Rodenstock lens; October; cold and contrasting — autumn lighting; meter reading 10.

BACK COVER

"A SETTING SUN WALKS THE LONELY RAILS" BY DAVID MUENCH. View along AT&SF R.R. line (main) just off U.S. 66 at Walapai, near Kingman, Arizona. Mountains are portion of Hualapai Range. One of my luckiest images — a truly photographer's dream to have sun, in its low winter projectile, finally settle down just above symmetrical track perspective. This, with a straight track for miles. Magnetic excitement felt when sun was obscured for much of pre-sunset time. Then, after having practically given up, out from its hiding pops this creator of all! — slowly to pass from view again. Exposure again reflects a brilliant image. Meter appears to go erratically berserk. Linhof IV camera; Ektachrome E3; f.25 at 1/100th sec.; 8" Zeiss Tessar lens; February; warm-brilliant-contrasting; meter reading 15+.



