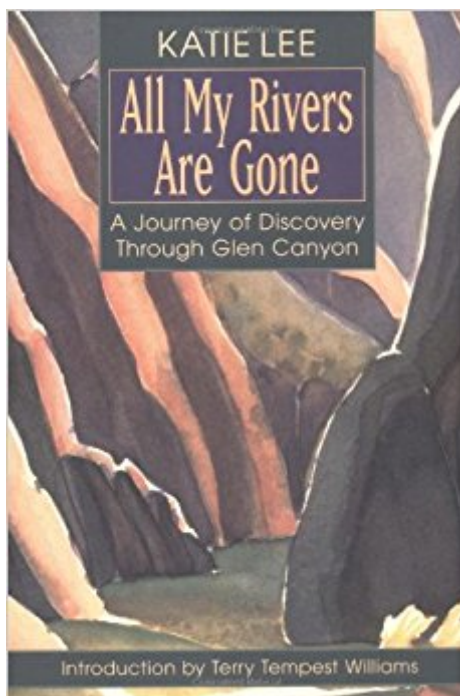


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All My Rivers Are Gone: A Journey Of Discovery Through Glen Canyon



Synopsis

"Katie Lee's "All My Rivers Are Gone" is a unique book. It is a journal filled with strong emotions about a wondrous place on the American landscape. Her entries tell the sad saga of the decision to flood Glen Canyon on the Colorado River. Her words and songs make the canyon come alive and they provide a vivid picture of what has been lost. "Katie Lee uses eloquent and forceful words to present a compelling case for restoring Glen Canyon. Her steadfast efforts to educate a new generation of activists about the beauty of this mystical place is important to us all. "All My Rivers Are Gone" is an exciting trip to a magical place. It is a must for all those who care about rivers and our environment." —Dan Beard, former Commissioner, U.S. Bureau of Reclamation (1993-95)

Book Information

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Customer Reviews

In 1963, Glen Canyon, a 170-mile gorge that spans the border between southern Utah and northern Arizona along the Colorado River, was flooded and Glen Canyon dam built to generate hydroelectric power. The flooded gorge became Lake Powell, now a recreation area. Before the creation of the dam, during the 1950s and early 1960s, Lee--an actress, folk singer, song writer and author (*Ten Thousand Goddam Cattle*)--made 16 trips down the river, exploring the canyon and venturing into little-known side canyons. After her first experience running the river, Lee fell in love with Glen Canyon, becoming a part of regular expeditions on which she would sing and play her songs for the passengers. In the journals she kept, portions of which are excerpted here, the author successfully evokes the magnificent trails, beaches and waterfalls, as well as the unusual colors and smells, of

the canyon. Lee was adamantly opposed to building the dam and, at the time, lobbied politicians to stop the project. She is now part of an effort, spearheaded by the Glen Canyon Institute and the Sierra Club, to drain Lake Powell and restore the canyon. Lee's disorganized ramblings, while testifying to the beauty of the canyon, fail to clarify the complexities of the controversy for her readers. B&w illustrations. (Nov.) FYI: An audiotope of Lee's Colorado River Songs is available from Katydid Books & Music (P.O. Box 395, Jerome, Ariz. 86331; 602-634-8075). Copyright 1998 Cahners Business Information, Inc. --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

In 1963, the Colorado River was dammed at Glen Canyon, creating Lake Powell while flooding a great natural wonder. Like thousands of environmentalists, Lee would like to see Lake Powell drained and Glen Canyon restored. She writes poetically and soulfully of her years as a river runner in the 1950s and of the beauty, solitude, and excitement of a wild place visited by very few. As a folksinger and Hollywood performer in the late 1950s and early 1960s, she protested the damming of the river to no avail. In response to a letter she wrote, Sen. Barry Goldwater observed that Arizona's need for power and water required the dam and praised the reservoir's potential for recreation and beauty. That being the predominant mindset throughout Western expansion, it now seems surprising that there is support, in the form of the Sierra Club and Glen Canyon Institute, for the dismantling of some dams and water projects and that the people involved in the original works now think they may have been wrong. Recommended for all libraries in the Southwest and those with Southwest collections. ?Thomas K. Fry, Penrose Lib., Univ. of Denver Copyright 1998 Reed Business Information, Inc.

She remembers for us, and thank God for her for that. This book is an intimate tale of Katie's introduction to her River. There are a lot of rave reviews about all of her books, she's an amazing writer, but this is by far my favorite. I recommend for anyone getting interested in river activism or curious about the history of Glen Canyon, and I HIGHLY recommend getting to know Katie Lee no matter what. ~Free the Rivers~

I enjoyed her written adventures through the Glen Canyon. Some of her narrative is hard to follow since it seems she does the "stream of consciousness" style sometimes. Katie has a great sense of humor and great descriptions.

A must read for anyone who loves the south west and adventure and particularly the Colorado River.

Loving the canyon country, this was a must read for me. The author shares so much of her emotion, both sad and joyful, that I felt like a member of her trips. While the canyon is drowned, her memories and writing keep its essence alive.

An awesome book, one of the most personal I have ever read. It took quite a while to read, because every 10 pages or so I would burst into tears. Wonderfully funny, wonderfully ... uh, wonderful, but mostly wonderfully sad. A must read for any water-or-electricity-user in the West.

In *All My Rivers Are Gone*, Katie Lee, an aspiring, young Hollywood performer in the 1950s, falls suddenly, unexpectedly, passionately in love. Not with a man, nor even a woman, but with a place: Glen Canyon, on the Colorado River. When a childhood friend invites her on a Grand Canyon trip, she is smitten by the river. But it is another year before she meets her true love, as she floats the San Juan River and enters Glen Canyon. With a combination of contemporary narrative and journals of her many expeditions, Katie takes us through the initial flush of first love, to an infatuation overwhelming her mind and body, and on to the inevitable heartbreak as Glen Canyon is snuffed out before her eyes by Glen Canyon Dam. As she looks on helplessly, the reservoir rises, killing, canyon by sacred canyon, mile by irreplaceable mile, her beloved river. Curiosity, love, wonderment, and delight; foreboding, disbelief, horror, and fury; and finally sorrow, heartbreak, and a resolute conviction to neither forgive nor forget, keep this love story moving, much as it has kept Katie vibrantly alive when others her age have faded or passed on. In Glen Canyon, Katie Lee found her love requited, found a peace and perspective she had lost in her other life in the limelight. As its end approached, Katie vowed to memorize and keep the dying Canyon within her, resolutely returning to its deathbed again and again during its final days. She has remained to her love—her rage has simmered for some forty years. In *All My Rivers Are Gone*, she has reconjured the heart of the canyon country, complete with its subtleties of light, its sensual forms, its erotic canyon sinuousities, down to the giggling, gurgling, sighing voice of the river itself. For those of us too young to have known the Glen, she paints a vivid and irresistible portrait of her lover. And it is only through this meticulous recreation of the Glen as a living, breathing entity that we are able to share her outrage and horror in its needless death—the deliberate drowning of an innocent Canyon, the pointless crucifixion of a gentle, loving and magical river. Now Katie, a devout

Pagan, and her audience await, like Christians awaiting their entombed Christ, for the rolling back of the stone, the voiding of Glen Canyon Dam, and the resurrection of what was, and will once again be, the salvation of the human soul.

Invoking the Colorado River GodsKatie Lee's book, *All My Rivers Are Gone* (Johnson Books, Boulder, CO) should be read by all wilderness lovers. It beautifully invokes what it is like to have the freedom to explore one's deepest values within the intimacy of nature's rapture. Sadly, this freedom is increasingly diminished by the commercial clutter of a river that is increasingly being managed as a theme park for the wealthy. In conjunction with the book, Katie has also released two CDs/cassettes: *Colorado River Songs* is a compendium of all the river songs Katie has written, collected and sung on river trips. *Glen Canyon River Journeys* features Katie reading excerpts from the book and singing river songs. Katie's works are paeans to the "wild, sacred heart" of a paradise lost. She was the third woman to run the rapids in the Grand Canyon. For more than a decade, she regularly ran Glen Canyon before it was buried under trillions of tons of water in 1962. Her book recreates the beauty of the Glen, describes the characters that lived there, and tells how it changed her life. "My trips through Glen Canyon and the river that ran through it gave me an understanding of myself, my talent and its limitations; taught me about intimacy and the value of observation. Together they resurrected my spirit and melted my heart with their beauty; showed me time was not my enemy, and, with their power to entertain, mystify, and nearly kill me, diluted my ego to its proper consistency. The Glen gave me roots as tenacious as the willows along its banks." (Lee) Katie describes how river runners got to the put-in at what is now Hite Marina after driving for hundreds of miles on lonely roads, loaded supplies in their oar boats, and shoved off down river. No pay-for-play permits. No competition for camp sites. No helicopter racket. No buzzing of jet skis. No waterproof river maps. No nothing. Just the smell of a silt laden river, the lilt of the canyon wren, fern grottos, sandstone, and that incandescent canyon light which Katie so beautifully captures in prose. "Light sets the stage for canyon mood changes. Forever ongoing. . . I enter a space of "quiet light" where no direct sunlight falls, yet is lambent-a liquid light that comes from all around and underfoot. Far out of sight overhead, it has ricocheted down and spread itself in ways that confuse the senses. It gets so weird in here sometimes I think I'm hearing the light, smelling the temperature and feeling the sound." (Lee) In *All My Rivers Are Gone*, Katie recreates the joy of going down river with only cherished friends: creating a schedule according to feelings; the private banter and jokes; the exuberance of walking and swimming naked; and the love of discovery and exploration of a wilderness largely unknown, since many of the canyons hadn't heard footfalls since the Anasazi.

She and her friends snaked up steep walls on the narrow Moki steps; swam (and nearly drowned in a deep pot hole); and named many of the side canyons: Driftwood, Cathedral, Dangling Rope, Dungeon, Grotto, Little Arch. Oh, to have heard Katie sing in Music Temple, the first "real" church she ever sang in. "A song can be heard from beneath that dome to the river, nearly a half mile away. A nostalgic spot, so full of whispers of the past, so lovely—the pool, the stone estrade, the bank of ferns and columbine backing the pool, hanging baskets of them overhead clinging to a seep, and the sandstone spire twisting mysteriously out of sight way above, from where pours a crystal ribbon of water that drops musical notes into the pool." (Lee) Throughout the book are the treacherous undercurrents of impending doom—the disbelief at the early rumors that a dam would be built and the futile attempts to protest, an action Lee describes as "trying to put out a wildfire with a teacup." There are excerpts of the correspondence between her and Barry Goldwater, who recanted his position in the 90's. Today, Katie's invocation to the River Gods to let the Colorado River run free has been given new life by The Glen Canyon Institute. Although the idea of draining Lake Powell is instantly condemned by those who earn a living from it, the reasons why it should be are scientifically sane and, after reading Katie's book, aesthetically eloquent. —Diane Rapaport (first published Grand Canyon Private Boater's Association Journal, February 1999)

This book is an amazing collection of memories and experiences. Katie Lee takes you on and in the river with her. You will see the places she's been and imagine the experiences as though you were there. Read this book before you go to the Moab area and your trip will seem strangely familiar. Spend time on the river and hiking the canyons. You can't help but to gain a love for the river and the desert wilderness.

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