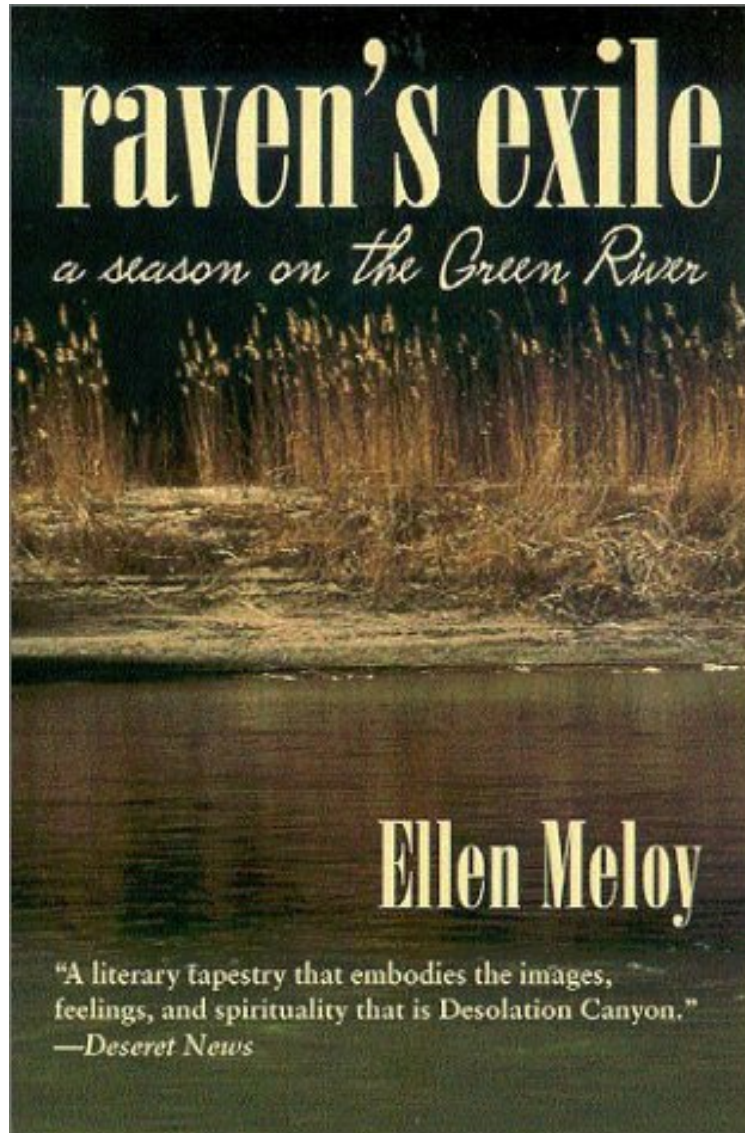


[Mobile book] Raven's Exile: A Season on the Green River

Raven's Exile: A Season on the Green River

Ellen Meloy

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#1373047 in Books University of Arizona Press 2003-03-01Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 .59 x 5.54 x 8.64l, .70 #File Name: 0816522936256 pages | File size: 20.Mb

Ellen Meloy : Raven's Exile: A Season on the Green River before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Raven's Exile: A Season on the Green River:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Her very bestBy ChilaThe first book I read by Ellen, and my favorite. A beautiful, lush, incredibly well-written view of the desert southwest.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy Anne M. AdkinsBook in wonderful condition!1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy Suzan Noyes-MangoldMay have commented on this prior but it's a very touching and enjoyable

read from a naturalist's POV.

More than a century after John Wesley Powell launched his boat on the Green River, Ellen Meloy spent eight years of seasonal floats through Utah's Desolation Canyon with her husband, a federal river ranger. She came to know the history and natural history of this place well enough to call it home, and has recorded her observations in a book that is as wide-ranging as the river and as wild as the wilderness through which it runs.

From Publishers Weekly Each summer, Meloy, a freelance writer, and her husband, a river ranger with the U.S. Bureau of Land Management, raft Utah's Green River through the 84-mile-long gorge at Desolation Canyon. In this scintillating account of one season on the river, she uses rich and sensuous language to convey the breathtaking beauty of the region--the play of color and light on steep canyon walls, the force of spring windstorms and the mystery of abandoned Indian cliff dwellings. Although Desolation Canyon is relatively unspoiled, the threat of human meddling is ever present; Meloy considers ravens, wily birds whose absence from Desolation Canyon she has never been able to explain and which become a symbol of everything that is, and should remain, beyond human comprehension and control. This paean to the beauty of desert wilderness includes the author's drawings of ancient petroglyphs found on the canyon walls. Copyright 1994 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal Meloy describes this as a book about place. That place is mainly the Green River, the Colorado's longest tributary, as it passes through Desolation Canyon. Her husband is a ranger for the Bureau of Land Management, and together they spend summers monitoring use and abuse of the canyon, often from a raft on the river itself. Meloy is extremely protective of Desolation Canyon, so much so that her narrative is more prohibiting than welcoming. She left this reader with a feeling of having been told, "Don't come here; you're an outsider" rather than of being invited to come along on an armchair visit to a spectacular area. Her history lessons, both natural and cultural, are not quite in-depth enough to be completely fulfilling, yet are still informative. Suggested only for regional and Colorado River collections. Nancy Moeckel, Miami Univ. Libs., Oxford, Ohio Copyright 1994 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Booklist The Green River flows for 730 sinuous, rock-cradled miles across Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah. Just like the mighty Colorado River, it has been dammed and tampered with, but it's still ruffled with rapids and rampant with spots of raw, intimidating beauty, such as Meloy's beloved Desolation Canyon. Meloy and her river ranger husband spend half the year on the river, happily ravaged by sun, wind, sand, mud, and insects. Meloy, spiritual and literary kin to the great desert canyon champion Edward Abbey, writes about Green River life in all its diversified forms in bracingly caustic and exhilaratingly poetic prose. She is as prickly as a cactus, as observant and teasing as a raven, as sensual as a cat--and downright funny. Meloy peppers her marvelous survey of Desolation Canyon's natural and human history with a renegade's shrewd and provocative social commentary. She describes the life cycles of gnats, cougars, otters, chubs, toads, and peregrine falcons as well as the Anasazi, Fremonts, and Hopi, white explorers, such as John Wesley Powell, and present-day defenders Ken Sleight and Jack Schmidt. And Meloy doesn't lose her edge away from the river: Her scathing analysis of the politics of water in the West culminates in a hilarious visit to Desolation's gaudy opposite, Las Vegas, the capital of bad taste and poor judgment. Donna Seaman