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Subject: Postcard

9-Mile Canyon is about 45 miles long. There are no amenities. There are only 7 miles of pavement. The rest of the road is dirt and rocks and voids. The journey is jarring and jolting. The journey is also rewarding.

9-Mile Canyon has the largest concentration of rock art in the country. When you get about 26 miles in, the petroglyphs begin. They are chipped and carved into the dark varnish that collects on the vertical rock surfaces. They are pictures of animals, people, abstractions and supernatural beings, interspersed occasionally with "Steve was here" and "Tony 1988".

We drove down 9-Mile Canyon. At about 20 miles a guy on a bicycle approached us. He was pedaling his camping stuff out. We slowed to let our dust cloud settle. As we passed he took off his hat and bowed.

At about 29 miles we saw an SUV at the edge of the road with a couple of guys standing around looking forlorn. We stopped. One was an Israeli. The other was a Columbian. They were locked out and their motor was running. They couldn't break in and neither could we. We gave them 3 bottles of water and signaled the buzzards.

Almost to the end of the canyon, you find one of the finest petroglyph panels in the world: The Great Hunting Scene. It was chipped into the varnish by the Fremont Indians maybe a thousand years ago. It tells the story of the tribe hunting bighorn sheep. We swatted flies. We guzzled water. We wished for the snow we left at Breckenridge. It was wonderful.





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